

Chapter One

A Mistake On A Porn Site

I first saw her in the UK whilst I was working as a Project Manager in 2014, installing some new equipment for the city hospital. I was staying in a bed and breakfast for the duration of the contract. The contract was to last for four months. I used to have lunch every Saturday and Sunday in the main square. I was fascinated by her. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She would walk by with an older boy, which I assumed was her brother although it might have been a boyfriend. They would look at the ice creams, cakes, and other things, but I never saw either of them buy anything.

I think I have to tell you a bit about me before I continue. My name is Max, I'm twenty-six and a project manager. I live in a deserted village in Spain. My father bought the entire place and started to renovate it. It wasn't a big village, around twenty houses, all empty, a few shops on what had once been a Main Street, a church, a couple of bars and the mayor's house, which is where I was now living. My dad had completely renovated the house. It had a big pool, gym, sauna, and the house had eight bedrooms, four of them with en-suite bathrooms, and a bar, TV room, several lounges, library etc., I lived alone and although I didn't need to work, I took short-term project management jobs that interested me, wherever they happened to be.

I didn't have a wife or even a girlfriend now. When I was six, my aunt who was staying with us for a couple of weeks, had taught me how to pleasure myself by jerking off. A couple of years later, her daughter, my cousin had taught me how to fuck her. When she had gone back after the holidays, I found some girls at school who were keen to experiment with sex and make use of my new-found expertise, so everything was fine. When I had left school, we moved to a different town. I had a

girlfriend and after a few dates, she took me to her place. Everything was great until she got undressed. She had rather large breasts and a mass of black pubic hair that smelled of stale urine. Both items just turned me off completely. I mumbled excuses about the food, but that was the end of a beautiful friendship. It happened twice more before I gave up the idea of girls and when I had to do, I would pleasure myself. I had never even thought about sex with younger girls. The thought of an older man, fucking an under age girl, was strictly taboo, but there was no harm in looking, was there?

When the contract had finished, I went back to Spain and carried on renovating some of the houses. The village I owned was in the middle of nowhere, but I had the idea of renting the houses out for vacationers, and opening a car hire service. One night I was feeling a bit down in the dumps, so I fired up my computer. The Internet connection sucked big time, but it worked albeit very slowly. I started browsing a porn site hoping to find something which might excite me. Suddenly, I froze. There was a clip entitled. "Watch me fucking my sister" the face of the girl looked familiar. I watched the clip and to my surprise, the girl was the one I had enjoyed watching in the UK at weekends. There was just a glimpse of the boy's face, and it was him. The same boy that I had seen her with, in the square.

As I watched, I could imagine myself fucking this gorgeous, angelic, little girl, her lovely body lying in the bed with me, my erection buried deep in her little, bald pussy. My dick was bursting, and it was at that moment I realized to my horror, I was a budding pedophile, a pedophile with a huge problem. I could never, ever force a child to do anything it didn't want to do and I would have cut my own throat instead of hurt one. So what now? Ah well, I still had two hands and I imagined myself with this little angel as I jacked off several times.

For the next couple of weeks, this clip and the girl occupied all my thoughts. First, how had it got onto a porn site? It was illegal to show children under eighteen. OK, this girl had beautiful small firm breasts, and I suppose one could assume that her little bald cunny was shaved, but once you had seen her in the flesh, anyone would

instantly know that she couldn't be a day older than twelve or thirteen I was having trouble sleeping. All I wanted was a chance to fuck this little darling, but how? I could blackmail her, but the problem would then be that although she would probably let me, she would be unwilling and I couldn't imagine fucking an unwilling girl. They certainly didn't seem rich, maybe, just maybe, if I made a deal with the brother, he might introduce me and persuade her to spend a night with me or even an hour.

I called the B&B where I had stayed and booked two weeks with them. It was May and nice and warm. The afternoon I arrived, I spent in the square and sure enough, the pair of them walked by with their school satchels. On the third afternoon, I deliberately turned and bumped into the boy. I made it look like an accident.

"Oh, I'm so sorry." I apologized. "Did I hurt you? Here let me help you." I bent down and picked up the two books that he had dropped. I was wearing an expensive suit, white shirt, and tie. I had guessed that this sort of attire wouldn't scare them.

"No, it's all right, mister. Thanks" as I gave him his books. I looked at the titles one of them was Algebra.

"I see you are doing Algebra. Do you like maths?"

"Yeah, it's my best subject."

"So how old are you then?" I asked.

"Almost sixteen. I want to go to University when I'm finished at school. I want to read Physics"

"Good for you. Here. Let me buy you both an ice cream to make up for almost knocking you down." They looked at each other. The girl nodded.

"Thanks, you don't have to do, but we won't say no." I found an empty table. They liked any ice cream, so I got them each strawberry and vanilla sundaes, big ones. I watched them eat, and I guessed that ice cream was something they didn't get very much of.

"I'm Max." I told them. "I'm a project manager. I was here earlier putting in some new equipment for the hospital." The girl smiled.

"I know. I saw you here several times before. It's hard to miss a big man like you, always dressed up. I thought you might have been a doctor or something. I'm Susan. This is my big brother Peter. He looks out for me." Too bloody true, I thought and then some!

"So are you in the same form as your brother then." I asked.

"Good gracious no. I'm fourteen in September. I've also at Peter's school. I'm not as clever as Pete, especially maths. I hate it."

"So Pete is going to be a world famous physicist, what are you going to be?" I asked her.

"Me? I just want to find a nice man who will love me, and I want to have a baby, but I don't want to end up like mom. She had me when she was twelve, and my father just ran off and left her on her own. Then, Peter's dad married her and he also ran off and went to Canada and mom got lumbered with both of us. I'm glad though. Pete always looks out for me." I was surprised. First, because she was so relaxed and talkative and secondly because her mother must have been very young. I saw Pete give his sister a warning look and I saw the slight frown

"So how old is mom then?" I asked.

"Susan talks too much." He snapped. "She's twenty-four, and she's a wonderful person. She works, and she does everything for us."

"It must be hard for her." I ventured. "Not easy sending two children through school, with no dad. I hope you both try to help her." There was a far away look in the boy's eyes. I wondered it was only his sister that he was fucking. I bought them both another ice cream and a tall glass of fresh orange juice each.

"Do you come here every afternoon?" Susan asked.

"Yes, but I'm only here for a few days, just tidying up a few loose ends at the hospital. Tell you what. If you come this way tomorrow, we could share an ice cream again. It's been great talking to you. I live alone when I'm not working, so it's nice to have someone to chat to." Susan looked pleased.

"Hey that would be great. Aren't you married? Where do you live?" I could see that Peter wasn't that enthusiastic, but he didn't object.

"Not married, no children, live in Spain."

"Spain?" They both echoed. Susan looked disappointed. "That's a long way from here, so that's why you've got such a great tan. When do you go back? I wish we could go to Spain." I was starting to get ideas. We chatted a bit longer, and then I left, promising to see them the next day.

For the next three afternoons, we met up and I bought them ice creams and orange juice and we had a few fancy cakes. The next day would be Saturday, so when we finished. I looked at Susan.

"Well, tomorrow's Saturday. I guess you are all off somewhere for the weekend, so I'm still here next week, I guess we'll see each other on Monday." Susan looked at me wistfully.

"I come her sometimes at the weekend. Maybe . . ." I stopped her.

"Hey, I hate being alone at the weekend, why don't you bring mom and we can all three maybe have a meal and go somewhere?"

"Er, I'll talk to mom when we get back." Peter seemed reluctant.

"I'll be around tomorrow afternoon anyway." Susan smiled at me. I was thrilled. She seemed to like me. Maybe I wouldn't need to do anything underhand. I decided to wait and see what happened.

The next day, I went down to the square. I was surprised to see that Susan was already there, but I didn't see anyone with her. When she saw me, her face broke into a big smile, and she hurried over. The more I saw of her, the more beautiful she was and the more I wanted her.

"Where's Peter and mom?" I asked. She looked a bit disappointed and she seemed to pout a bit.

"Aren't you pleased to see me then?" She asked. I wanted to hug her, but that would certainly have been a bad idea.

"Don't be silly. Of course, I'm glad to see you. I'm just surprised that mom let you come alone. After all, she doesn't know me."

"Mom trusts my judgement. I told her that I like you, and you're nice and she said that if I trust you and I didn't think that you wanted to hurt me, that I should come. She says that maybe we can all meet up tomorrow if I think it's a good idea. I think we should sit down somewhere and talk. Not here, let's go for a walk down by the river." We walked until we found a quiet spot, and we sat down.

"Max, I want to ask you some questions. Will you promise to answer truthfully? Please. If I offend you, you don't have to answer. It's up to you."

"I promise to answer truthfully." I told her.

"OK, here we go. Why aren't you married?"

"Never found anyone that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with."

"You aren't, you know, you aren't gay or anything?"

"Good God, no."

"Have you had girlfriends?"

"Yes. I had quite a few when I was your age, but in the last few years, I've been really busy, but I've had a couple. Just didn't last."

"Second last question. Have you ever, you know, done it with a girl? You know what I mean, had sex, you know?"

"Yes I have."

"You aren't, I don't know how to put this. You know, some men are much bigger than others; you know where I mean. You're a big strong guy. Er, are you sort of, er much bigger than normal." OMG, in for a penny, in for a pound as they used to say. I looked her right in the eye.

"Only average, six and a half inches. You can have a look if you like." You could have warmed a house with her blush. She went bright red.

"My turn. Will you answer my questions truthfully."

"I'll try."

"OK. You're thirteen, I'm twenty-six. Why the grilling?"

"Almost fourteen, I like you Max. I like you a lot. Mom says that if a girl likes someone, she should be able to ask him questions and see if he meets her expectations."

"Do you trust me?"

"If I didn't, I wouldn't be here right now. Yes I do. Mom says it's important to be able to trust a man if you like him. She doesn't want me to make the same mistake that she did."

"Susan, be honest, have you, done it as you call it? Have you had sex with a man?"
She looked me right in the eye.

"Yes, not with a man. I've done it a couple of times with Peter. Mom didn't want me to experiment with sex with some boy at school who might give me a disease or hurt me. She told Peter, and I we should do it. I haven't done it a lot, I didn't want to get between Pete and my mom. Oh shit. I shouldn't have said that. Sorry." That explained a lot. I nodded,

"It's OK, Susan, I understand. It doesn't matter. Thank you for being honest with me."

"Please don't let on that I let that slip, Max."

"Your mom sounds like an intelligent woman. I would never interfere. I like you a lot; in fact, the only reason I came here was to try to get to know you. After I saw you here when I was working, I couldn't get you out of my mind, so I came back, just to try to get to know you."

"OK. Here's the last question. Where are we now? I'm twice your age, but age doesn't matter. We can't hook up here because they would throw us all in jail. There are ways and means. I would like this to go on, maybe even make it permanent. There's only one little thing that bothers me a bit. Are you sure that Pete hasn't got you pregnant or are you being careful?" She started laughing.

"Mom got me on the Pill before she let Pete touch me. I've been on it now for more than six months. I told you. Mom doesn't want me to make the same mistakes that she did. I want to be with a man who will stay with me and look after me and not drop me in the shit, like my father did with my mom. My father was only seventeen when he got my mom pregnant. She thinks a man should be more mature than seventeen. I hope that we can be more than friends. I told my mom; I know exactly what I'm looking for. I don't want some limp-wristed dope that would cringe and whine if someone were trying rape me . I want a man, a real man. I think it would be nice if it were you. The problem is that you live in Spain, and I won't see you once you go home."

"Susan, I think you are beautiful and wonderful. I want a girl like you. I want you to come to Spain and live with me. We need to get to know each other better. I can be difficult sometimes, but if we can get past each other's differences, I would like to

make it permanent. I do have an idea. See what you think of this. It's two months to school holidays. You all three get passports. You all come over to my place for the school holidays. Pete and mom can do their thing, you and I can get to know each other better and then we can all decide what we want to do."

"That would be fantastic, but we can't. Mom is hard put to feed us. We scrape by. Passports and travel cost money. We've never been on holiday; we just can't afford it."

"Silly Susan. It won't cost you a cent. I'll help with the passports, I'll pay for your tickets and once you are there, it won't cost you a cent for anything. I'm not a millionaire, but I'm not short. It will be worth it." Susan was almost in tears.

"Oh Max, I want to hug you and kiss you, but I can't. We can't be seen like that. I told one of the kids at school that saw us together during the week, that you were a cousin from Spain and a fitness instructor. I would really like to, you know, be alone with you before you go back. Mom wants to meet you tomorrow. She said I should be sure that we both wanted to get to know each other better and if I were satisfied that we should meet up tomorrow. I'll tell Peter your proposal. He can talk mom into anything."

The next day, I was in the square, but Susan was alone. Before I could even ask her, she told me that she wanted me to come home with her to meet her mom so we could talk in private. They lived in a two bedroom flat; it was small. There was a bed settee in the living room. I guessed that it was probably for show. Susan's mom was very pretty, and very worldly. Her name was Lorraine.

"Susan like you and trusts you. Peter says you seem to be a sensible bloke, so let's not beat around the bush. Let's just be honest with each other. We all have to take the responsibilities of our bodies. I don't believe that children can't decide what

they want to do. I protect my kids from outsiders. I fucked up when I was young. I don't want these two to do the same. Peter and I are very close. Susan knows about men and sex. If she thinks you are right for her, I'll go along with her judgement. I trust you won't hurt her, and you won't let her down. You need to get to know each other properly. Peter says you want to take us to Spain for the holidays. Normally I would refuse, because I'm not a charity case, but I know that you can't take Susan on your own, and I'm not going to stand in her way, so as long as you let me do the cooking, cleaning and anything else I can help you with. I say thank you from the bottom of my heart. I hope it works out. The walls in this place are so bloody thin that we have to be very careful and quiet; we can't even allow the bed springs to squeak."

I gave her five hundred pounds to cover passports, luggage and whatever else. I gave all three of them my telephone and mobiles, email address, and postal address. I told Susan that if there were anything else that she needed, she should call me and I would send extra money. I promised to stay until the following Sunday morning, and we would meet every afternoon in the square. Some days Peter came with her, sometimes she came on her own.

"Max, can't we find a place where we can be together for a couple of hours?" She asked. My body wanted to, but we had to be careful. She was a bit disappointed. "I'm not going to do anything with Peter again, I swear to you. I'm going to wait until we can be together properly." On the Saturday morning, I took her to the bank and opened a savings account for her with a hundred pounds in it.

"If you need any extra cash between now and the holidays, just call me and I'll transfer some more money into this account." After lunch, I took her home and we went into her bedroom and kissed and cuddled. My erection was painful. She stroked it gently.

"Poor Max, but don't worry, I feel just the same. I'm going to count the hours until

we can be together.” She was in tears when we kissed goodbye and I left.

Before I left, I confronted Peter with the video clip that I had found on the porn site. He was horrified. Apparently, his best friend boasted that he was having sex with his sister. Peter made the mistake of saying “me too.” His friend called him a liar, so he made the clip to prove it to him. His best friend (I suspected now EX-best friend) told him that he had deleted it, but Peter had no idea that he would post it on a porn site. He begged me not to tell Susan or Lorraine, so I promised to get it removed. I told him the truth that if I had never seen the video, I would never have met any of them.

Every day I got an email from her. How her day he been at school, how much she missed seeing me every day, how she eagerly awaited the day when we would be alone together. Her letters were very sexy, but not lewd. She certainly had a way with words, and she was amazingly mature for her age. The waiting was an agony. All that I could think about was Susan and I naked together making love. I downloaded the video clip of her and her brother and then got onto the porn site and complained that this showed an underage girl and I threatened to report it to the police. In a few minutes, it was gone from the Internet.

I hired a private aircraft to take me to the UK and to take me back with my passengers. I told the family to be ready, and I hired a car and drove to collect them. We landed, and we drove from the small airport to my home. They were astounded to see the extent of the land and houses that I owned. They could hardly believe that other than myself, only one man with a couple of trained guard dogs lived in the village my house was in the shape of a Y. There was the entrance leading to the living room, then past there was the dining room, kitchen, and study. Through the study was a short passage and then two doors. One led to the left of the Y, with four bedrooms two en-suite bathrooms a living room / kitchen and sliding doors leading to the communal courtyard with a big swimming pool. At the far end of the courtyard was another building, which housed a well-equipped gym and a mat area for martial arts. The right side of the Y was the same. I gave Lorraine

and Peter the key to the one part.

"What you want to do from now, is up to you. You can be private and stay on your side, I can be with Susan and we can all decide after a couple of days when, if, how and everything else. Let's just spend a couple of days getting to enjoy being with each other and after that, we can take it from there. You'll find plenty of food and drink in your side, but we can drive down to town it's about twenty kilometers away and stock up tomorrow if you like. The pool is there. The gym is open. Enjoy yourselves."

I took Susan in my arms, and we started kissing. We had both been dreaming of this moment and the kisses got hotter and hotter. I opened her blouse, she wasn't wearing anything underneath and I kissed and fondled her two beautiful breasts. She unzipped my fly and stroked my erection. She was wearing jeans. I unfastened them and slid my hand down to the fine down which covered her mound. We were both breathing very hard. I found her clit and as I gently rubbed it, she got a hold of my erection and stroked it in time with my hand. It took only a minute or two before she grabbed me tightly and gave a loud drawn out moan. Her body convulsed in the throes of her orgasm. As she did so, my cock almost exploded drenching my shirt and pants with jets of my semen. I cried out as my orgasm rocked me.

"Oh my God, I needed that so badly." I told her. "I've been lying awake at night dreaming of making love to you and before we even got a chance, look what a mess I've made."

"I needed it just as much." She told me. "We have lots of time to make up for. Come on, let's get those wet clothes off you and get them into the wash. My pants are wet as well."

"Did you buy some swimwear?" I asked.

"Yes, I bought a bikini. I hope you like it."

"I'm sure I will, but you can also skinny dip as well if you want. I'm sure that Peter and Lorraine have seen your body before." She smiled.

"Yes, but there's a problem. None of us can swim."

"Put that bikini on then and let me teach you. If you don't wear something, I doubt much swimming will be on our minds." I put my trunks on whilst she changed, when she saw me she started to giggle at the bulge in the front of my trunks.

"It's nice to be a girl sometimes. It isn't quite as obvious as it is for a man, but if we don't get into the water quickly, there's going to be a wet stain in front of my pants!" We were in the pool for about half an hour, then Peter and Lorraine came out. I put a dressing gown over Susan. I was worried that she would get sunburn, so I made her sit in the shade whilst I tried to get Peter and Lorraine to keep themselves afloat. We all agreed that we would have dinner together and Lorraine and Susan cooked a lovely meal. We opened a bottle of red wine and after dinner we watched a movie. I had a good collection of DVDs. I led Susan into the bedroom. And we undressed each other. At last. My dreams had come true. My beautiful little angel that I had been dreaming about for so long was mine. We lay together naked, exploring each other's bodies interspersed with bouts of hot kisses. Every time her hand got near my penis; I took it away.

"Susan, my love, let me make it clear. There are no neighbors or thin walls here. I was taught by a wonderful woman, that a decent man should follow a set of rules with a woman that he loves. First, ladies always come first. Second, ladies are like Faberge eggs. They are delicate creatures. Third a decent man is just a tool to be

used by his lady to extract every possible scrap of pleasure. There are no rules in sex; you can be an animal if you want. You can cry, shout, swear, and do anything that pleases you. Just try not to do any real damage, but if you accidentally give me bruises or a scratch, I won't complain, because I'll know that it was an accident of passion. You also have to teach me what gives you the most pleasure, so talk to me and help me to learn how to best please you." Her hand found my erection. I took it away.

"No ways." I told her. "It's all right for you girls; you can climax as often as you want. We poor blokes have to rest after each one. It isn't fair, because I don't think that you are going to get too much sleep tonight." Three times, I brought her to body wracking orgasms, with tongue and fingers. This was perfect. She had beautiful small, firm breasts. They brought back memories of the girls I had fucked when I was at school. The triangle of golden fine down, was nothing like the harsh black public hair of the previous women that I had gone out with. There was no smell of urine, and she tasted delicious. Eventually, I could take it no longer. I got between her open legs.

"Are you ready for this?" I questioned.

"Max, to tell you the truth, I've been ready for this since the first time I set eyes on you in the square, long before I met you. I used to dream about you, but I thought then, that this would never happen and that it would remain a lovely dream. I know I'm only young, but I know what I want. What I want more than anything else right now, is you and if you even think about another woman, I'll scratch her eyes out and yours as well. Now stop talking and start fucking, before I lose my mind." She guided my erection into her lovely young body. She was incredibly wet and wonderfully tight but comfortable. She raised her hips to get more of me in her and I started with long, slow strokes, she closed her eyes, lost in the feeling. I felt very tender and protective. She was meeting my downstrokes with her up strokes. We were in perfect sync. She increased the tempo, but after a few minutes, she clutched my arm.

"Slowly again, my love. I want to make this last. I've dreamed of this almost every night." I also wanted this to last. It was almost out of this world. We kept varying the tempo and sometimes stopping when I was on the brink. After about half an hour, she opened her big, brown eyes. "Please Max, I can't hold on any longer. Fill me with your love Max. Oh, sweet Jesus, oh, my God." Her body jerked, and she gasped. Then another and finally she grabbed my arms. "Mmmmaaaaaaaxxxx, I love you so much." Two or three more thrusts and I joined her in paradise. We just clung to each other, our combined juices were all over us and the bed, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, the world had ceased to exist; there were just the two of us. It was a mind-blowing experience. I had never felt anything as good as this before. I stroked her hair and nuzzled against her, reassuring her of my undying love. We were just lost in the moment.

Several hours later I woke, we were still clinging to each other. My arm was numb; I was getting a cramp in my legs. As I extricated myself, she woke up. We made love again, it was even better this time. When we awoke in the morning, we made love again. What a wonderful way to start the day. We all met at the pool for a morning swim before breakfast. Lorraine hadn't quite got the hang of swimming yet, but Peter and Susan could already keep their heads above water, and Peter was helping his mom.

We all had breakfast together and then decided to drive to town for some shopping. When we got out of the car, I put my arm around Susan. She pulled away.

"Don't be silly, someone might see us." I laughed.

"It doesn't matter, love, the age of consent here is still thirteen, but the clowns in the UK and USA are pushing the EU to make it sixteen, but it hasn't happened yet. It makes me sick to think that these bloody fools that call themselves a government,

think they can regulate how young people feel and what they can and can't do. Sure there are bad people who take advantage, but changing the law will just make things worse because now innocent people who are in love will be victimized." It was Lorraine who gave me the idea.

"Max, why don't you make your little village a haven for people like us who genuinely love each other?" That was how it started.

Chapter Two

A Lucky Miss

Julie woke up and jumped out of bed. She rushed into the kitchen and made a pot of tea, some toast, butter and marmalade and took it up to her dad in bed. Julie's mom had died when she was ten, and now she lived with her dad. She would be thirteen in five months time. She had the best dad in the world, she loved him with all her heart, but he wasn't interested in her. She was well developed for a twelve-year old. She already had two lovely breasts, long muscular legs, a six-pack tummy and long, honey blonde tresses that fell in waves over her shoulders. All in all she looked about fifteen. Her daddy was a keen bodybuilder and she wanted to be the same. Many nights she would lie in bed and masturbate, fantasizing her daddy was making passionate love to her. She'd tried plenty times to turn him on. She frequently had tried to get a glimpse of his penis, but all she had seen so far was one of the little boys at school who was taking a pee. This morning was no exception. She wore a blue shortie nightie and almost transparent pale blue panties, which just covered her pussy. She put the tray on the bedside table and sat provocatively on his bed.

"Morning daddy, wakey, wakey, I brought you some tea and toast." He rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"Good morning, my little angel. My, you're bright and early this morning." Julie kissed him full on his lips. There was no response.

"I want to get everything done this morning, you know I'm going off to the park with my friend Mary and then off to her place to play some games. What would you

like me to cook you for lunch before I go?"

"No, it's OK, sweetie, I'll get something in town after the gym. Now don't be late tonight and make sure that you get a taxi home. I wouldn't want anything to happen to my little girl. I expect you back by ten at the very latest." Julie did all the housework and then went up to her room to get changed. She wore a tight angora sweater that showed off her breasts and a pair of tight jeans. She felt sorry that she had lied to her dad, but the truth was; both her and Mary had dates. They had met these two boys almost a month ago. They were quite a bit older, but they were really pleasant. Faisal had told her how beautiful she was, she felt very flattered, he was the first boy to tell her that and his friend Hamid had fallen for Mary. The two boys were very attentive. They had lots of money. They had first taken them for ice creams, then the following week they had taken them to a fun fair in a nearby town. Faisal had a car, a BMW, he had won them two teddy bears on the shooting range. That week the boys met them almost every night after school and they had kissed and hugged. That weekend, the boys had taken them to a Disco. They were too young to get in, but Hamid had a friend there, and they had got in without any problem. The boys had given them a pill each, to enable them to dance longer, then they had bought them Babychams each. They had never drunk alcohol before, but it tasted good. The boys made sure that they were home well before the ten deadline.

This week, the boys were taking them to lunch and afterwards, they were going somewhere special. Both girls were excited. Julie met up with her friend, and they both rushed to where they had arranged to meet the boys. They were waiting, they kissed and climbed into Faisal's car and drove into the big town. Faisal had a reserved parking place behind an Indian restaurant. The girls felt very important. Even the waiters deferred to them. They had another Babycham each and lots of fine food and an ice cream. Then, Hamid bought more Babycham, both girls knew they shouldn't but the boys encouraged them.

"Don't worry, drink up, nothing will happen to you whilst you're with us." They

drank up. Soon, after Julie started to feel dizzy and light headed. Mary was also feeling the effects

"Ooh, I think I'm drunk." She giggled. The boys helped them up, still giggling. They walked out of the back of the restaurant and across some empty land. Everything seemed great, she felt great, but tired and dizzy. She giggled when Faisal started to paw at her breasts. He'd never done that before, but nothing seemed to matter. They went into a building and into an elevator. Julie's legs were giving way; she giggled helplessly. Faisal picked her up and carried her into a room and sat her on the bed. She saw Hamid leading Mary to another room.

"I think that second Babycham was too much for you." He said. "Don't worry, I'll look after you. You need to rest for a while." He started to take off her sweater; she had a training bra underneath. He helped her off with that. "Now, lie back." He told her, "and just relax." She giggled helplessly when he fondled and sucked on her breasts. She tried to push him away, but she didn't have the strength or the willpower. Nothing seemed to matter; everything was all right. Someone else came into the room. They tied something around her arm.

"Keep still." Faisal told her. "It's OK. I'm here with you; no one will hurt you. Just relax." There was a prick as a needle was pushed into her vein. Then there was a wonderful feeling of warmth. She felt detached from her body. It was wonderful. She felt her shoes and socks being taken off, then her jeans and finally her panties. Part of her told her that she should struggle, but it didn't seem important. Some kind of soft cloth was put over her eyes to keep the light out. She fantasized that it was her daddy who was fondling, sucking, and nibbling on her breasts. Somehow, he managed to suck both of them simultaneously. Her legs were opened very gently. At last, her daddy was going to make love to her. He put his finger into her pussy and something cold and slippery was pushed into her.

"Shhh, it's all right, just relax, no one will hurt you. You will enjoy this." The voice

seemed to come from miles away. She knew she was all right; daddy was kneeling between her legs. She felt something being pushed into her waiting pussy. Oh this couldn't get any better. There was a sudden sharp pain, but it was OK. She had always fantasized that her dad would take her virginity. Slowly he slid his hardness into her. She gladly received it. Then, he started to fuck her. Slowly at first, oh how sweet it felt. She had wanted this for a long time. She felt her orgasm building. She tried to clutch her dad, but she couldn't move her arms, he seemed to be holding them. Wave after wave of ecstasy swept through her body. She cried out as spasm after spasm rocked her. She heard a loud groan, then the thing inside her swelled and she felt floods of warm fluid being spurted inside her. Oh God, daddy had come inside her. She seemed to think that it was a bad time of the month, but it didn't matter. Having daddy's baby would be fine. She heard a voice say

"That was worth every penny of my hundred quid, fuck, that's one hot little cunt." That wasn't daddy's voice, and he wouldn't say that, would he? She felt someone wiping her clean. A finger slid inside her and there was a laugh. She heard Mary cry out, "Ow, stop it that hurt really badly." Then, she started to cry. Someone closed the door and the sounds died away.

"Shhh, it's all right, just relax, no one will hurt you. Just lie back and enjoy it." The disembodied voice spoke again. She tried to see who had spoken, but something was over her eyes. She tried to sit up, but strong hands held her. She felt something being pushed into her pussy again. This wasn't her daddy. This was wrong. She tried to struggle, but she seemed to have no strength. Maybe she was dreaming. For a moment she started to panic, but the voice came again.

"Shhh, it's all right, just relax, no one will hurt you. Everything will be fine. Just relax and enjoy it." Someone was fucking her. She somehow knew that it was Faisal. It didn't seem that important, there was nothing that she could do anyhow. She lay back and tried to enjoy it as he pounded away at her until she felt the warmth of his semen flood into her. She felt a bit ashamed, but she hadn't the strength or the willpower to get away.

"Just one more." The voice said. "Shhh, little one it's all right, just relax, no one will hurt you." Another penis was pushed inside her. The newcomer pumped away for what seemed hours, until finally; she felt him come inside her.

"Now, sleep a while, little one. Just lie back and relax, no one will harm you. I'm with you." Hands stroked her body. She felt a finger in her pussy and someone was wiping her clean. Her head was lifted, and she was given something to drink. It tasted a bit bitter, but she swallowed it. Then, she fell asleep. She dreamed that the room was full of men. In her dream, she heard men talking.

"You got a real beauty this time." Another voice. "Yes and she enjoys it. It's fucking good value, fifty bucks for a twelve-year old cunt." Another voice. "Nice tits, I'm going to fuck this one plenty times." She wondered whom they were talking about. Some time later she woke. Someone was shaking her.

"Time to wake up, little one. Just relax, no one will harm you. I'll be with you all the time." Someone was between her legs again. She felt something hard against the opening of her little pussy. It entered her, but it was bigger than any of the others. She heard the man grunt. She was being stretched wider than before. Slowly and inexorably the huge penis pushed inside her tiny pussy. Then, it started to fuck her. The man grunted with each stroke. She felt something on her face. It was a man's beard. She tried to struggle, but the hands that held her arms and legs were too strong.

"Aaarrggghh." He cried as he pumped stream after stream of his hot semen inside her. Another man took his place. She was sore now, it was starting to hurt.

"No, stop it. Let me go." She cried.

"Shhh, it's all right, just relax, no one will hurt you. Just enjoy it one more time, then I'll take you home. We don't want you to be late." Another huge penis was roughly pushed into her. It was the biggest one yet. She was crying in pain as he pumped away at her. Then, he pushed himself into her as far as he could. There was intense pain, and he seemed to be coming forever as load after load of hot semen was pumped into her.

"Have some nice black baby juice you white whore." A guttural voice said. "And there's plenty more where that came from, bitch." She was crying now. Flood after flood of warm liquid had been pumped into her little body. Then, he was gone. She heard a door slam, and she heard her friend Mary crying. Whatever was over her eyes was taken off. She was in a dimly lit room. Faisal was holding her naked body tightly to him. A river of semen was running out of her.

"Don't cry, Julie. I'm sorry, but that made me do it. You must promise never to tell anyone about today. If you do there'll be trouble and they'll kill me and you and your family as well. Don't worry as long as you behave, I'm here to protect you. I'll make sure that no one hurts you. Promise me you won't ever tell anyone, and I'll be able to take you home. Otherwise . . ." He left the statement unfinished.

"OK, I promise. I don't feel well. I feel sore and sick. Can I go home now, please?"

"Yes, come on, let me help you dress." She stood up shakily. She felt semen still dripping out of her and running down her legs. Faisal took a hankie and mopped her up. She felt sick, sore, ashamed, and defiled.

"I don't feel very well." She said. Faisal helped her stagger to the lift. They went down, and he got her into the car. "Where's Mary?" She asked.

"She's fine, Hamid is taking her home. You'll feel a bit down, but I'll meet you after school tomorrow, and I'll bring you something to make you feel on top of the world again. Don't worry, you're my girl and I'll make sure you get everything you need. Now remember your promise, I got you home early, it's only nine fifteen. Here you get out here, you just have to walk around the corner and you're home." He pressed some money into her hand. "There, that's for being such a good girl. You made seven of my friends very happy. They each gave you five Pounds, and you enjoyed it as well didn't you?" She didn't answer. "You can earn a lot of money, and when you are old enough, you'll have your own car and your own place and lots of fun." She got out. She felt ill and ashamed. She had read stories about women getting into a bath of hot water and then cutting their wrists so that they could die. She wondered how it would feel. She staggered into the house and almost fell down. Her dad jumped up and caught her. He held her in his strong arms. She felt ashamed. She had lied to him and betrayed him. She was probably pregnant. The only way out was to kill herself. Sobs racked her body. The money fell out of her hand onto the floor. Her dad picked it up and counted it.

"Thirty-five Pounds. Where did you get this my sweet? Did you find it somewhere?" Her sobs got louder. She was a whore she'd been paid for sex. She just wanted to die. "Whatever is the matter?" Her dad asked.

"It doesn't matter." Julie sobbed. Her tummy heaved. "I think I'm going to throw up." Her dad grabbed her picked her up and rushed her to the bathroom. He held her as she vomited. When she had finished, he wiped her face and gave her some water to wash her mouth.

"Better now?" He asked. She nodded. He picked her up as if she were a feather pillow carried her into the lounge and sat her on the settee. He put his arms around her and held her close. He stroked her hair, and she sobbed against his chest. "Now come on, out with it, what has happened? You're my precious daughter, and I love

you very much. Now tell me. What has happened?"

"I can't tell you. They made me promise. If I tell you, they'll kill me and you as well."
Julie's dad shook her.

"After all these years and you don't know me well enough to realize that I will never allow anyone to hurt you much less kill you and anyone who wants to kill me can have a try. It won't be that easy. I'm asking you again. The truth. What happened?"
Julie sobbed even more.

"Daddy, I lied to you. I've betrayed you. I feel awful. I'm filthy, I'm a slut and a whore. I just want to die. I need a bath."

"Well, my precious little girl, we are going to sit here until you tell me exactly what you have done. Whatever it is, I already forgive you, but we have to make it right. So once again who has hurt you?" Slowly and painfully, she told her dad how Mary and she had met these two boys, what they had done the past three weekends.

"Today, I think they put something into our drinks. I was disorientated, but I felt like nothing in the world mattered. Then when he had undressed me, they injected me with something." She showed her dad the needle mark. "Then, someone came and started to have sex with me. I thought it was you daddy. I've wanted you for so long. I was sure it was you. It felt so good. Then there was another one and I realized it wasn't you, it was Faisal, then another one came. I think there were six or more of them, and they all came inside me. It's just the wrong time of the month. I think I might be pregnant as well. I don't know what to do. I feel bad and it's getting worse. I just want to die. I don't deserve to live." Her dad hugged her.

"Julie. I didn't know. It's not right for a father to love his daughter in that way, nor is it right for you to love me like that. Now I'm going to take you to the hospital, they'll take some samples from you and we'll call the police. No one will harm my little girl; I promise you. Tell the police exactly what happened, best not to tell them you were thinking of me!

They went to the hospital. A woman Doctor took samples from her vagina. A female constable interviewed her and took a statement. Julie told them everything. Afterwards, Julie's father spoke with the constable.

"Will my daughter have to appear in court?" He asked. The policewoman looked at the floor.

"I doubt it will come to that, you heard your daughter say that she went willingly. She helped him undress her. She even had an orgasm, she let it happen; she was drunk. There are traces of heroin in her blood. She didn't try to stop them. The Prosecution Service will say that it was consensual sex, so I doubt that they will bring charges. These people can afford the best lawyers in the country."

"But she's only twelve years old. That's Statutory Rape no matter if it's consensual or not." Julie's father was irate. "They also threatened to kill her and me as well. Surely that counts for something." The policewoman looked apologetic.

"Things have changed. You see back in their countries; girls as young as nine are allowed to marry. A Civil Rights lawyer will argue that they didn't know any better because it's their custom back where they come from, and she was willing. They'll say that she even instigated it. You aren't the first person in this situation. We tried several times before, but it never gets to Court, and we get reprimanded for racism. If I were you sir, I would go home, and try to forget about it. Your daughter has been given pills to prevent pregnancy. I doubt she has enough heroin to get her

addicted, but you'll need to keep her at home for a few days and watch her. We'll open file and warn them so I wouldn't worry about any threats. They were just empty threats to scare your daughter, they wouldn't actually do anything because if they did, we would have to act and they don't want that. Just keep your daughter away from them."

Julie's dad, Andrew, took her home. He sat by her bed all night. The next day she felt ill. He made her stay in bed, and he brought her food in bed. She was still scared. They had put some ointment into her and given her several injections; so the soreness had almost gone completely. She took all the medication that they had given her. She really loved her daddy and she saw this as a chance to try to make amends. That night, she refused to go to bed claiming that she was too scared. Andrew sat up with her all night. The next morning a policeman called.

"We interviewed Mary Jones, sir. She denies your daughter's story. She says that they went to lunch, but during the meal, your daughter left with a man. She went shopping and then to the cinema. She was home before ten, and she seemed fine. You told us that she was actually paid. So in view of this, I'm afraid we have to close the case."

That night, Julie went to bed. She stayed there only for a few minutes. She waited until she heard her dad get into bed, she rushed into his room. Andrew switched on the light.

"Julie, what's the matter?"

"I'm scared, daddy, I don't want to be alone." She sat on the side of his bed. "Please can I stay here with you daddy? Please." Andrew moved to the other side of the bed.

"All right, just for tonight, but this is wrong Julie. Very wrong. You know it is." Julie started to cry.

"All right, I'll go back to my room. I know that I lied to you and let you down, I'm just a little slut, I know and now my own daddy doesn't love me anymore." Andrew put his arms around her and hugged her.

"That's not true Julie, I love you very much, but you're my daughter and you shouldn't feel that kind of love for your father and I can't allow myself to feel that kind of love for you. Not only is it wrong, it's also illegal. It's incest and could be locked up for that."

"So it isn't wrong for a man to give me drugs and then let all his friends pay him to have sex with me? He doesn't get locked up for that, but if I love my daddy, it's wrong. How does that work?" Andrew didn't know what to say. He felt her breasts pushing against his chest. Here was his lovely daughter offering him her body. She was right, she had been defiled, against her normal will, drugged and raped by six or more men and they had got away with it.

"You're right." He whispered. "Come here." He pulled her to him and kissed on her lips. It was a long and lingering kiss. His hand strayed to her breast. She pulled away and took off her flimsy green shortie nightie. For the first time since she had grown up, he could admire her body. Hungrily, his lips found her breasts. He licked sucked and nibbled her rock hard nipples. Julie moaned with pleasure. She almost ripped off her tiny panties whilst he was busy with her nipples. She kissed him and tore open his pajama top. Buttons flew. Andrew managed to get the rest of his pajama top off. His hands strayed down her flat tummy until he found the jewel he sought. She almost screamed as he traced along her wetness to her clit. She was beside herself with lust. She squirmed around until she could get his pajama bottoms off.

She found his erection and moved down until she could kiss the head of his penis.

"I never saw one of these before." She said. "It's beautiful. I want it daddy, please. All I've been able to think about since Saturday was how awful and degraded I felt after those men defiled my body. I want to remember your love daddy. I need you. I know that you won't be my first, but please forgive me daddy." In reply, he fought his way down the bed until her could run his tongue along the length of her slit. He lapped her juices as wave after wave of ecstasy racked her body as she orgasmed. Andrew positioned himself between her legs and stared down at her naked body, spread before him. It was a magical moment.

"Are you sure about this?" He whispered.

"I've never been surer about anything in my life." She told him. Andrew's penis was threatening to burst. The lips of her vagina were open, like the petals of a rare pink orchid. He rubbed his sopping wet penis against the wetness of her pussy, mixing their juices. Gently he inserted the head of his penis.

"Oh God, daddy." She groaned as slowly he slid his length inside her until his pubic hair was resting on the soft, golden down, which covered her mound. They met each other's thrusts. For the first time Andrew took stock of the situation as he pleased his daughter. He doubted that any man who could raise an erection, could resist the offer given freely and unconditionally of a twelve-year old girls body, especially when that twelve-year old was his very own daughter. The sensations that he was experiencing were incredible. She gave a loud moan as a shudder passed through her.

"Oh daddy, daddy, daddy." She cried. Her head and shoulders came right off the bed as wave after wave of magic passed through her body. She felt Andrew swell inside her and fountain after fountain of his hot sticky seed splashed inside her

waiting body. The same seed that had made her, was now inside her. She was ecstatic, and another orgasm ripped through her. Andrew pushed himself deep inside her and stopped moving. His penis was softening, but it was still firm. He made to pull out, but Julie grabbed his buttocks.

"No, please daddy, please. Don't move. It's too beautiful."

"But sweetie, if I don't pull out, I shall have to start over." She clutched him even tighter.

"Oh God, yes, daddy, yes please. I don't want this to ever stop. I've never felt like this before. I think I'm in heaven." Slowly and carefully Andrew started to move again. The flood of semen he had put inside his baby was making slurping noises and churning into a white foam. This time there was less urgency. Andrew marveled at the thought that the very same sperms that had helped to create his little angel were now swimming around inside her body. It was such an erotic thought, that he couldn't just hold on.

"Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry, I can't . . ." As his first eruption exploded inside her, Julie gave a loud cry.

"Dadddeeeeeeeeeee." Great shudders went through her body; her muscles milked her daddy of every last vestige of his sperms. They were welded together by some invisible force. What a wonderful thing it was to perform the ultimate act of love with your very own baby girl. They lay, locked together for some time, then Andrew's flaccid penis fell out of her.

"I'm so sorry that you weren't my first daddy. I always dreamed you bring the first to

take my virginity."

"It doesn't matter my sweet. I should be feeling guilty, but I'm not. It was the most wonderful thing that I've ever done. I love you my angel."

They clung together, exhausted from their torrid lovemaking. Julie was satisfied. Never again would she have to sleep alone at night. Never again would she have to masturbate fantasizing about her father. She would keep him satisfied for the rest of his life. She fell asleep, dreaming of their future together.

Chapter Three

A Tale Of Three Nymphos

Part One - Vicky

I'm the younger of two brothers. I'm Bert, and my brother Adam is almost seven years older than I am. We both have different fathers. When I had been growing up, I watched my brother fool around and waste his time. He wasn't interested in school, he smoked, he drank, he was arrested for shoplifting and he was a general layabout. He was a good looking bloke, so he had no problem landing girls and he fucked everything in the neighborhood. I was a real bookworm. I studied hard. I wasn't that much interested in girls. I wanted to become a veterinarian. There was one girl at school that I was rather sweet on; she was a year younger than I. I passed to a university and studied hard. I never came home in the holidays, I found work with local vets and worked as an assistant.

After I had qualified, I came home. I found my brother married to the girl I was sweet on at school, and they already had a six-year old daughter. He'd got her pregnant at fifteen and had the good grace to marry her, but I doubted whether he really loved her. I'd managed to keep hold of money, I wasn't a gambler, but the odd flutter on the horses had paid off and I'd had a few fairly good wins on the football pools, so I decided to treat myself to a sabbatical. I went to Las Vegas and my luck was good, because I had a few very hefty wins on the slots in the form of a couple of jackpots, and I took some of my wins and played blackjack. After my months holiday, I had accumulated a substantial amount of money. It was all in the bank, and I'd made a few gilt edged investments.

I decided to have a real holiday, and I went to Cape Town where I spent two years working for a big veterinary consultancy. It was time to return to my roots. I phoned my brother, but his wife, Alice told me that he was now a mercenary, somewhere in the world. He'd had another run in with the law and decided that instead of go to jail, he would get out of the country, just leaving his wife, and daughter behind. I asked Alice whether she could find me a small flat. She offered me to come and stay with her, but she was my brother's wife still and although Alice told me that she would get a divorce, there was just no way that I could risk staying with her. The temptation would be too great. She saw my point I think, because she found me a nice little flat at a small rent, so a few weeks later I moved in. I told no-one that I had money, not even Alice.

I went around to visit them several times. Alice came from a fairly well off family, her dad had died and left her a fairly large sum of money. Her mother was in Australia, so Alice wasn't exactly suffering or missing her black sheep husband. Her daughter Vicky was the spitting image of her mom when she was younger. She was now eight and a half, very athletic like her mom used to be, tall for her age, perfect legs, long dark brown wavy hair and she was doing very well at school.

Several months passed uneventfully. I bought a small car, nothing fancy. I wasn't going to waste my money. I stood in several times for an elderly vet, to help him out when he wasn't well. Then, I got a frantic phone call. It was Alice. She was close to tears, her mom had cancer and she was dying and asking for her. Alice wanted to go to her mom, but she didn't want to break Vicky from her school and drag her to Australia. Would I please move into their house and take care of Vicky whilst she was away. I wasn't too keen on the idea of being lumbered with a kid, so I pointed out that it was only a week or so to summer holidays, so why not take Vicky with her for a holiday?

She told me that she would be way out of town, shuttling to the tiny local hospital and she would be in a bed and breakfast and there were snakes and poisonous spiders and she wouldn't be able to watch her û there was a long list of reasons. I

capitulated, she would book a flight straight away. She called back an hour later, she was booked on a flight leaving at eight on Saturday morning from Heathrow. We would have to leave at four to get her there in time.

On Saturday morning, I arrived at the house at three thirty, Alice and Vicky were ready. We saw Alice off and then drove back. Vicky had slept most of the way down but by the time we got home she was wide awake. I cooked breakfast; Vicky did her homework, and then went round to one of her friends. In the early nineteen sixties, in villages, there was almost no crime, a few fights in pubs, the odd bicycle got stolen, but folks didn't even bother to lock their doors. She was back shortly before six that evening. I had prepared a good hot meal. After dinner, we played a game of chess, she was a pretty good chess player. I decided that it was bedtime.

"Now then young lady, I have strict instructions from your mom. Bath, then bed by eight-thirty. If you aren't grubby and sweaty, I'm not going to insist on a bath, but you are grubby and sweaty tonight, so off you go." Vicky looked at me.

"Well come on then."

"What do you mean, come on then."

"Mom always helps me bath, washes my back and makes sure I don't hurt myself." Came the swift reply.

"No ways, you're a big girl now. You can bath by yourself. It isn't right to have a strange man in your bathroom whilst you are in the bath." She pouted.

"But you're not a strange man, you're Bert, my dad's brother. What if I slip and fall and hit my head and drown?"

"Vicky, what if an asteroid comes through the roof and into my head, what then?" She giggled. .

"That'll never happen."

"Nor will you fall down. Get bathed and get ready for bed, young lady, NOW." She looked disappointed, but off she went. I turned on the TV. About twenty minutes later he came back. She had brushed her hair, and she was wearing a pink shortie nightie and skimpy pink lacy panties. She pirouetted in front of me.

"How do I look?" She asked. "Do you like me uncle Bert?" She looked lovely.

"Of course I like you Vicky, you look lovely." I told her. "Now off you go to bed."

"Not just yet, PLEASE, let me sit with you for a while, PLEASE." Well it was the first night she had been without her mom, so I relented.

"OK, but just for a little while then." She jumped onto my knee. She smelled fresh and delicious, her shapely bare legs and her bum pressing against my crotch, did the inevitable. I started to get an erection. I just couldn't stop it. She turned her head to me and kissed me softly full on the lips. It definitely didn't help. I was very embarrassed. She stroked my face and kissed me again.

"I'm so glad you are here uncle Bert. I like you a lot. We are going to have a lot of fun, aren't we?" I was about to respond when without warning, she put her hand on my erection. "Oh, uncle Bert, you really do like me. Why you're getting all big and hard." The little minx started unfastening the buttons on my fly. I grabbed her hand.

"Vicky, stop that, right now." I said hoarsely, "it's not right."

"But I only want to play with it for a bit. Don't be mean. Dad lets me play with his." I almost choked. "Please, just for a little while." She was still trying to undo the buttons.

"Your dad would never let you play with it." I retorted.

"Oh he does so. And all white stuff comes out. He likes it when I play with it. Don't be mean, uncle Bert. Pretty please." By this time, I had a raging hard on. I knew it was wrong, very wrong, but I stopped fighting her hand. She had the buttons undone, and she fished me erection out of my Y-fronts.

"Ooh, it's nice, uncle Bert, I think it's a bit bigger than my dad's. Hold on." She jumped off my knee ran to a draw and came back with a ruler. She stroked it a couple of times and then carefully measured it. "I was right. It's just over half an inch longer and I think it's a bit fatter as well." Slowly and gently she started to jerk me off. There was no way that I could even try to stop her. She nuzzled close to me. "There, there, see how nice it is. Now don't rush, just lie back and enjoy it. There's lots of time." Not for me there wasn't. The sight of this little miss, wanking me and the sweet smell of her had its inevitable conclusion. My balls started to rise.

"Oh Christ, Vicky." She had undone all the buttons on my shirt as well. "Oh my

God, Vicky" I almost screamed her name as a huge jet of semen spurted out it hit my neck and ended almost at my navel. Fountain after fountain spurted out. I was covered in it. All the time she kept gently massaging my dick. Her hands were covered in it as well. She kept a hold of it until it softened. She licked her hand.

"Ooh, my you taste nice as well." And she started licking the pools of sperm that were lying on my chest and tummy. Finally, she felt in my pants pocket and found a hankie and she gently cleaned me up.

"Was that good for you uncle Bert?" She asked innocently. I couldn't help myself.

"It was fantastic, Vicky. Thank you." She hopped off the couch, stood up and pulled her shortie nightie over her head and dropped it onto the floor. Then, she hooked her thumbs into her lacy panties and wiggled them over her bum before dropping them onto the floor as well. I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came out. She lay with her legs over mine, her little hairless pussy in line with my dick that was already starting to get hard again.

"My turn now." She told me. I looked down. Her outer labia were puffed up and slightly open. I could see the pink inside, and she was sopping wet. "Come on uncle Bert. Surely, you know how to do this, or should I show you?" I couldn't speak. He propped herself up. "Give me your hand." She demanded. She got a hold of my index finger. "Now put this into my pussy. Gently." She guided me into her hot wet love tunnel. "You can put it in all the way. Dad put it in too far once, and it hurt really bad and I bled a bit, but it's never hurt since. He said that it wouldn't. Now rub my little clitty, be gentle it's very sensitive." I did as I was told. She lay back and closed her eyes. Her hips were moving as I finger fucked her and massaged her clit. She started breathing hard. "Oh Bert, it's so nice, you do it real good. I don't think it's going to take very long tonight." Her movements got faster; I could see she was very close. Then, she gave a huge lurch, I could feel her little cunt and her tummy tighten. Wave after wave of spasms went through her. She groaned and cried out

with each one. It took a while before she finally lay still, just looking at me with those big, brown, innocent eyes. I found it hard to believe that an eight-year old girl could have such a major orgasm.

"That was a really, really nice, uncle Bert. Wow that was a big one. Thank you. Can we go to bed now?" After all that and the busy day, I was dog tired. I stood up. She left her night clothes on the floor. She took my hand and led me to the stairs, she switched off all the lights downstairs and there was just the light at the top of the stairs. I tried to push her towards her bedroom, but she resisted.

"No, uncle Bert. I want to sleep with you. I'm scared at night now mom isn't here. Please let me sleep in your bed with you. I don't wet the bed. I don't snore, and I promise to be good. I'm really tired now." After all, we had just done, what could I say? She climbed into bed stark naked. I took off my pants and shirt and climbed in with her. She snuggled up to me.

"I really, really like you Bert." She mumbled sleepily. "We're going to have a lot of fun whilst you are here." Within minutes, she was fast asleep. I wasn't far behind.

I awoke the next morning. My sleep ridden brain was starting to remember what had happened the night before, cautiously I moved and looked around. I was alone in the bed. I relaxed. So I had been having a dream. I felt a bit ashamed that I remembered enjoying it so much, but I was relieved. I wasn't a pervert after all. The thought didn't hold for long. The door opened and in came Vicky, with a tray, a pot of tea, cups and saucers, sugar and milk and a rack of golden brown toast with a butter dish and a pot of marmalade. She was as naked as the day she was born. She put the tray on my bedside cabinet and hopped into bed with me. She kissed me gently on the mouth and then grinned.

"Come on, sleepy head, pour out some tea, and pass me a plate and some toast.

Gotta keep your strength up." So I hadn't been dreaming. It had all been real. I WAS a fucking pervert after all. We ate the toast one drank our tea. She snuggled up to me. "We can have a bit of a lie in this morning." She told me. "We need to discuss this week. Tomorrow morning, it's school. We need to leave here at eight thirty, unless you don't want to take me, in which case I have to catch the eight o'clock bus." I cut her off.

"Don't be daft, of course I'll take you." She carried on

"Now, Tuesday is the end of term sports day. Mom always comes. I'd really like it if you would com, but you don't have to do if you don't want. Wednesday the school breaks up, I'm not sure what time, probably soon after lunch, but I'll catch the bus home. Now, Thursday is my birthday; I'll be nine years old. Mom always lets me have a little sort of party, and I invite my two friends over. I'm not sure what you want to do. Then the rest of the holidays, I don't know. Depends on when mom comes back, I suppose." How could I refuse anything for this gorgeous little creature?

"Right, I'll take you to school and pick you up. On Tuesday; of course, I'll come to your sports day. On Wednesday, I can come to the school after lunch just wait outside for you. On Thursday; of course, you can have as many of your friends over as you like. Just tell me what food and drinks to get and what you need for after food."

"Just some soft drinks, orange juice, lemonade, sandwiches, I'll help with those and maybe some buns or something. I only have my two best friends, Miranda and Trish. Thanks uncle Bert, you're the best." She kissed me. A long, lingering kiss, full of promise. She put her head on my shoulder, and I held her close to me. My dick was going crazy, but I fought the urge. We lay together for about twenty minutes, and then we got up. I let her dress and leave first.

The day passed uneventfully. Alice called to tell us that she had arrived safely. I gave the phone to Vicky, and she chatted to mom for a while. At about eight o'clock, Vicky came over to me.

"Should I get a bath tonight, uncle Bert." She asked.

"No, I don't believe in bathing too often it removes the oils in your skin. You need only to bath if you are grubby or smelly, OK?"

"Great, shall we go to bed now?" I looked hard at her.

"Oh, so last night, you wanted to stay up and tonight you want to go to bed early? What's wrong?" She rubbed my crotch.

"Play time, I think it will be much nicer in a soft bed together than on this hard old settee. Don't ya think?" I pretended to be shocked, but inside, I was very eager.

"But it's wrong, Vicky, you must know that. Are you sure that you want to do this?" She grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the stairs.

"Oh, uncle Bert, stop pretending. You enjoy me playing as much as I do. Come on, it's going to be great again tonight." I stopped resisting. She giggled as she saw my erection making a bulge in my pants. She rubbed it gently. "Let's do something about that, come on." We couldn't get our clothes off fast enough and we both dived onto the bed. I hugged. Her and we started kissing passionately. All my good

intentions were gone. She slid down the bed and stroked my rock hard erection a few times before she gently started to lick it from top to bottom. She licked the head and then got it into her mouth, and she started giving me a very professional blow job.

"For God's sake Vicky, you're going to make me come." She stopped and grinned at me.

"Isn't that the whole idea? Just let go when you're ready. You taste good, uncle Bert." She got my throbbing dick back into her little mouth. It was just too much. I tried to hold back, but I couldn't. She was gulping it down as fast as she could, but some of it was running down her chin. I just couldn't believe how fucking fantastic it was. If only I could fuck this sweetie, but I had to be content with the enormous pleasure, I was getting.

"Drop the uncle, Vicky. I'm only uncle when we are outside, OK? Now come here you randy little minx, it's your turn." I pulled her up onto the pillows and then got my head between her legs and started to gently flick her clit with my tongue.

"Oh my God Bert, what are you doing to me?" She cried. "It feels incredible; I've never had it like this before." She was writhing so much I had a problem keeping her still, I noticed for the first time how pronounced her clitoris was for such a young girl. I sucked it into my mouth and started continuous licking. She was going absolutely wild. It took only about two minutes before she grabbed my head, and I thought she was trying to pull my entire head into her little hairless pussy. She gripped my head in her legs. Then, she cried out.

"Oh shit, oh Bert I can't hold it, oh God, I'm coming. Oh no, I wanted it to last, aaarrggghh." Her whole body convulsed; spasm after spasm swept through her until eventually, she lay exhausted. I held her in my arms and caressed her.

"Vicky, you are the most incredible girl that I've ever known." She smiled sleepily at me.

"I've never had it like that before, Bert. That was the most wonderful thing ever." Minutes later, she was fast asleep. Next morning after a big breakfast I took her to school. I cleaned around the house and then went into town to buy a mixture of cold drinks, buns, and general stuff for her little party. I bought her a gold chain in three pieces which could all clip together so that she could make it bigger when she grew up. I bought a small, simple gold pendant to hang on it.

That night we did the same again. This was one very sexy little girl. On Tuesday, I attended her sports day. She won several items. Seeing her doing so well in her little shorts, gave me serious problems, and I had to keep my jacket across my legs to hide the bulge in my pants. Afterwards, she introduced me to her two friends. Miranda was a very Spanish looking girl with long black hair, her mom was with her, typical English, but turned out that Miranda's dad was Spanish. Trish was a very shy little blonde, exceedingly pretty with beautiful golden hair that fell in waves over her shoulders. The parents were a bit off-handed when they learned that I was Vicky's uncle, but they warmed a bit when they learned that I was a vet.

We got into the car and started home. Vicky put her hand on my crotch.

"Poor Bert, I could see that you were having a hard time." She giggled. "But you did a good job hiding that bulge!" As soon as we got into the house, she pulled me to the stairs. "Stop fighting and come with me." She commanded. By this time, I was her slave. I meekly followed her. She pushed me onto the bed, pulled my shirt up and opened my pants. She grabbed my erection.

"Come on, Bert. Time for some relief from all the afternoon you suffered, come quickly, we can do it again and take our time later." It only took about a dozen strokes before I decorated my chest and stomach and my shirt as well, with a flood of semen. She smiled. "Poor uncle Bert, does that feel better now?" I nodded.

"How about you, sweetie?" I asked.

"No, I'll be OK until later." Later that night, I got another amazing blow job and I used hand and tongue to bring her to another body wracking orgasm. Wednesday followed the same pattern. Alice called every second day to enquire if everything were OK. We both assured her that it was. She still had no idea how long the old lady would last, but she was sure it wouldn't be much longer.

On Thursday afternoon Miranda and Trish with their moms came to the party. They had food, orange juice, lemonade, ice cream, and then settled down to play some games. I expected noisy games from typical kids, but I was wrong. They started playing monopoly. The two mothers and I retired to the sewing room or library, and we had a glass of port and some sandwiches. Even though I say it myself, I'm not a bad looking guy. I'm very fond of sports, and I had a good muscular body. The two moms soon warmed to me, especially when they found that Adam was only my half brother and we weren't close. It was obvious he was disliked in the area.

After they had all left, I put the chain that I'd bought around her neck. She was ecstatic.

"It's the most wonderful prezzie that I've ever had." She kissed me. "It must have cost you a lot of money. Thank you so much Bert."

We watched some TV, but I could see that she was feeling very randy, so I suggested we get an early night. Instead of almost tearing off her clothes, she waited until I had undressed and then stripped, slowly before me, making sure that I savoured every inch of her wonderful body. Then, she came into my arms. We kissed and cuddled, I nibbled her little nipples and stroked her body.

"Please don't be cross and please don't say no, Bert, but I want something different tonight." She whispered.

"I could never be cross, sweetie. Whatever you want."

"I want to do it properly tonight Bert. I want you to put it inside me. I want you to fuck me. It will be my first time. Dad told me that when I was nine that he would put it inside me, but I would much rather you do it." I didn't know what to say. This was the answer to all my prayers, but I still felt guilty.

"Are you really sure about this, Vicky my angel. I really want to do, but it's very big to get into your tiny pussy. I would hate to hurt you. You don't have to do this. I'd be quite happy to . . ." She put her finger on my lips.

"Shut up, Bert. I've wanted to do this with you since our first night, but I decided to wait until I was nine. Dad says that if he slowly did it I would stretch and after a while, it would be fine. If it starts to REALLY hurt, I promise that I'll tell you Bert my love and then you can stop, but I really want to do this."

We kissed more, I played with her nipples; I stroked her body. I knew that I wouldn't be able to last for long, so I tried to get her as worked up as I possibly could. When she was almost beside herself. I got into position she held my engorged erection

and guided it into the entrance of that wet little virgin pussy. I pushed very gently. Slowly millimeter by millimeter my penis was vanishing inside her little virgin body.

"Am I hurting you?" I kept asking. I could see it was uncomfortable for her. She kept shaking her head. When I was about three quarters in her, I stopped.

"How is it feeling?" I asked. "Is it still hurting?" She reared up and looked down at the sight.

"No, don't stop now, I want it all, Bert. I want to be a woman. I want to pleasure you. It's a bit tight, and I feel, well, full, but it isn't painful. Come on my love, keep going until it's all inside me." I complied. I was being very careful. It was a massive strain. Slowly but surely I kept going until my pubic hair was against her bald mound.

"How's that my angel?" I asked. She reared up and looked again.

"Oh Bert, it's all inside. Can we just keep still for a little while longer until I get more used to having it inside me?" I nodded. I couldn't keep perfectly still, but I moved a few millimeters at a time. It wasn't long before she held me and looked into my eyes. "I think I'm ready now, lover. Just be a bit gentle for a while." We started to fuck. I was watching her lovely face; it wasn't long before the slightly strained look was replaced with a look of pleasure and satisfaction.

"Use your fingers as well my love." I told her. "Just enjoy every second." I wondered if I would be able to hold on long enough. Her hip movements got more; the tempo was getting faster. We were both sweating and clinging to each other.

"Oh Bert, I'm almost there. Fill me my love." Her body started to stiffen. I increased the tempo and stroke length. "Oh my God Bert, what's happening. I've never felt anything like this. Oh Christ." She screamed as her orgasm started and again as my first fountain of hot semen splashed inside her, decorating her little virgin womb and her vagina with rope after rope of my hot sticky semen. I thought that she was going to faint; her eyes were rolled back. It was the longest, most massive orgasm that I had ever known. I rested on my forearms. My dick had softened. She opened her eyes.

"Oh, wow. That was the biggest ever. I thought I would die from pleasure. Oh it was the most wonderful thing ever." Suddenly, her eyes widened. "Christ Bert, what's happening? I can feel you getting bigger inside me. I think I'll die if we do it again." Slowly I started moving, semen was still running out of her, but now she was really lubricated. There were obscene squelching sounds as I plunged my prick into and out of her little body. Now, I was wild with pure lust. She was grunting and mumbling unintelligibly as she slammed her hips up to meet mine. It didn't take very long.

"Oh Christ Bert, I'm coming again, oh God." She had another orgasm almost as big as the previous one. As I felt, the muscles inside her little cunny squeeze me; I let go. I was just lost. The entire world stood still as I unloaded into her and she milked every drop out of me with her inner muscles. I lay still, just buried inside her. Those long, shapely, well muscled legs were around my waist holding me tight. Eventually, she just collapsed under me. I rolled off and took her into my arms.

"Vicky, my sweet that was the most wonderful thing that I've ever done. You are wonderful. What the fuck am I going to do when your mom comes back?"

"Why don't you move in here, Bert? I heard mom tell one of her friends that she wished that she had married you and not your brother. Then, we can be close." I thought about it for a minute.

"Vicky, your mom is very nice. I had a crush on her when we were at school together, but she's married to my brother and that's only a part of it. How can I move in then your mom would expect me to sleep with her and all the time I'd be thinking about you and it wouldn't be fair, because you would lie in bed thinking of me fucking your mom when I only want to do it with you. Your mom would be very pissed off if she thought even for a second that we were doing what we are doing."

"Then I'll just come and visit you every weekend." She retorted. "And I'm not jealous. I could live with you fucking my mom, provided that I got my share as well." I had to laugh.

"Why, you little minx, you're enough for me. You'd wear me out! You are so bloody hot and sexy." I told her. We fell asleep in our own juices. When I awoke the next morning, Vicky was quickly all over me.

"Yesterday was the best birthday ever." She whispered. "I want to try some of those other positions that I saw on some of dad's secret tapes." She claimed astride me and slowly sank onto my rigid cock until she had swallowed the entire length. It took her a while to get the hang of doing most of the work, but once she mastered it, she went at it flat out. She was happy with a single orgasm. It took me a bit longer than usual, so I had to carry on for a few more minutes before I could reach my climax. I think I'd exhausted myself the night before.

"Can we try it on my knees tonight?" She asked. I nodded furiously.



Part Two - Miranda.

On Saturday, she went around to one of her friends for the afternoon. When she came home at around five thirty, she brought her friend Miranda with her. I made food and both girls helped. Miranda was very outgoing; she was a year older than Vicky. After we had eaten, we sat on the settee. Vicky sat on one side of me and Miranda on the other. Without any warning, Vicky started to unfasten the buttons on my fly. I grabbed her hand.

"Vicky, stop that." I hissed. "Your friend is here or have you forgotten?" Vicky laughed.

"Don't be such a fuddy duddy, Bert. Miranda is my friend. She's been doing it with her dad for a long time, but he's rarely home these days. He's working over in Spain they want to move there when Miranda leaves school, but she gets lonely when her dad isn't there to play with her. Isn't that right Miranda?" While she was talking, she had hauled out my dick. I already had an erection. Miranda looked at it.

"It's fine Vicky; it's bigger than my dad's. It should be good. Can I touch it?" Vicky handed it to her. This was insane. Here was a little ten-year old, raven-haired beauty, holding my prick in her hot little hand. What the hell was I supposed to do?

"B-b-b-but Vicky," I stammered. The two girls grabbed my hands.

"Come on, let's go upstairs, it's nicer on the bed. We can have some real fun. I'm not jealous, Bert. I told you; poor Miranda hasn't had it for well over a month."

"No Vicky, it's been six weeks. It's not the same when you have to give yourself a hand job. Don't worry Bert, I'm on this new thing, it's a pill that stops girls from

getting pregnant. My mom works for a pharmaceutical company, and she gets them for me. She can get some for Vicky as well." I was speechless. I just looked at her. Miranda seemed to guess what I was thinking. "Oh mom knows that dad fucks me. She says it's better for him to do it than some boy at school who'll hurt me and knock me up. Dad's very kind and gentle and Vicky says you are as well."

We got into the bedroom; the two girls helped me shed my clothes. Then they both stripped completely naked. Little Miranda had two beautiful small developing breasts. They were very sensitive. She kissed me passionately. This was one very hot little girl.

"Miranda can go first." Vicky told me. "I know how to make her happy. Don't hurry, we have all night."

"What?" I gasped. "What time must she be home?" Miranda was gently stroking my erection. Vicky was sucking Miranda's bullet hard nipples.

"Oh, didn't I tell you, she's here for the weekend, her mom is going to visit friends for a few days. She'll ring when she gets back. Probably Monday or Tuesday, so Miranda can have a bit of fun with us." I just couldn't believe my good luck. Not one but two beautiful young girls to fuck. What a weekend this was going to be. I started kissing little Miranda again. She was very good at it; both Vicky and I worked on her nipples and breasts. I slid down the bed and gave her a tongue job, and she exploded into a very noisy orgasm. She took the lead, she got on her knees and I started fucking her doggy style. She knew how to make it last. Then, she indicated that she wanted to go spoon.

"Please, not yet." She pleaded. "It's been such a long time." Then we went into missionary. Then, she wanted to go back to doggy. "I'm very close now, Bert" she whispered. Hold me tight and come inside me. I felt her first spasm, and I almost

exploded. Vicky was massaging my balls with one hand and Miranda's flat little tummy with the other. We both climaxed together. After I had unloaded everything as deep inside her as I could, she knelt gasping. Her vaginal muscles milked my softening cock of every last drop of semen. Slowly I pulled out. There was a small waterfall of liquid spunk followed by big lumps of jelly-like creamy semen which oozed out of her little cunny and dripped onto the bed. It got me going again. I grabbed Vicky.

"Your turn now," I got her on her knees and started to fuck her doggy style as well. Miranda knew just how to get little Vicky aroused. It was only minutes before Vicky climaxed. I kept going. We rolled over. Miranda moved out of the way. Now, I was on top. Vicky was getting the works. Miranda was kissing her and playing with her tiny tits and nipples as well as working her clit. Vicky screamed as she had her second orgasm. There, she lay as I continued to fuck her. Miranda was whispering to her between kisses.

"Come on Vicky, you can do it. One more time. Come on, concentrate. Do it for me." I just couldn't hold on.

"Vicky, I can't hold it, Vicky oh shit, I'm coming." As the jet of sperm splashed inside her, Vicky had her third orgasm. We all three just lay together in the wet bed holding each other. Poor little Vicky was completely spent. Her hair was mussed, but so was Miranda's. We were all three drenched in sweat and covered in semen and our own juices. My dick was sore. I guessed the two girls were as well. I lay there in amazement. I would never have believed that I could fuck for so long. Then, the truth hit me. That's why I'd never followed my brother's path of womanizing. I had a thing for little girls. They turned me on so much. I knew that I could never force myself on one, but I also knew that I would never be able to enjoy sex with a woman as I was doing right now. I wondered if I would be able to enjoy it as much with either of these two darlings when they got older. I would have to wait to find out.

Eventually, we managed to get up. I put fresh sheets on the bed, and we all bathed. The girls climbed into bed with me. One on each side and we fell asleep. Holding each other. Next morning Miranda and Vicky got out of bed early and cooked breakfast. Then, they woke me and we set at the kitchen table. Miranda was just lusting for more. Afterwards, we cleared the table and washed the dishes. Miranda came to me and hugged me.

"Yesterday was wonderful, Bert. You're a very good lover. How do you feel this morning? Do you think we could do it again that is, if Vicky doesn't mind. How about it Vicky, what do you think?" Vicky grinned.

"To be honest, Miranda, I've only just started as I told you and after last night, I'm a bit sore. But you go ahead, I'll come and help you, but I can wait until tonight." I grabbed Miranda and dropped her onto the rug.

"You poor deprived little thing." I told her. "Here we go." I fucked her for well over half an hour, she had three or was it four orgasms, before I could climax. I rolled off her. "Is that better now?" I asked. She nodded and fell asleep on the rug. I picked her up and carried her into the bedroom and covered her up. She slept until almost midday. That night after a good mean, we watched TV for a while and then went to bed. We all three agreed that tonight we would rest, but in the morning, I had to satisfy both of these nubile nymphets again. It was hard work, but I enjoyed every second of it. I looked around the house and came upon a big tube tucked behind the drawer of the bedside table. I saw the words vaginal lubricant. The rest of the label was gone. The entire weekend was a massive fuckfest. Miranda was very demanding.

On Tuesday, Miranda's mom called and I took her home. Miranda promised Vicky to get her a supply of this new pill. Little Miranda was well satisfied, even more so when her mom told her that daddy was coming home for a couple of weeks.

Over the next week, things settled to a more relaxed routine. Alice called every day. We both assured her that everything was fine. I took Vicky to the cinema, we went fishing; we went to the seaside. She was having a great holiday. We slept together every night, but our sex had calmed down to two or three times weekly, but it was getting more passionate and more prolonged. Several times we were both overcome and did it during the day as well. Vicky was a model companion; she helped with everything. Then, she dropped one on me. We had just made love, and we were lying together hugging.



Part Three - Trish

"Bert." She said. "Please don't be cross I want to ask you a favour. Do you remember my friend Trish?" I nodded.

"She's a very pretty little thing, but very shy." I ventured. "Why, what's the problem? Have you quarreled?"

"No, it's not like that at all. She's very shy. She's tried it with her brother, but he comes almost as soon as he gets it inside her. She wants to try sex with a real man, but she's very shy. I asked her whether she liked you, and she says she likes you very much. I asked her whether she would let you help her; she just blushed. I know she would, but we would have to be very patient. She won't even get undressed in front of me. I want to ask her round for a sleepover. Her mom doesn't mind, she likes you and because you are a vet, she thinks that you are perfect. Can I ring her, please?" My heart jumped. By this time, I had qualms about having consensual sex with a little girl, especially one as pretty, sweet, and innocent as her friend Trish.

"How old is her brother?" I asked.

"He's thirteen, but she says he has a huge dick, it's almost eight inches long."

"So she isn't still a virgin, I presume. Just checking."

"If you had eight inches in your cunt, would you be a virgin?" She joked. "Seriously, Bert, would you like to fuck her a few times. I told you. I'm never jealous just as long as they don't try to steal you from me. You're mine."

"She's lovely; of course, I would, but I would never try to force her. In my book, sex with a girl or woman, no matter how old, must be consensual."

The following weekend, I was informed that Trish would arrive on Friday afternoon and stay until Monday morning. Her mom called me on the phone and asked me whether I was sure that I didn't mind her coming to play with Vicky for the weekend. I told her that Vicky was very well behaved, and I was sure that they wouldn't bother me as they usually played board games. Alice called, it seemed that her mom was hanging in there. She wasn't sure what to do. She asked me whether she should come home now, but I told her to stay with her mom, that everything was fine and there were no problems.

On Friday afternoon around six o'clock, the doorbell rang. I went to open it and there stood this gorgeous little girl. She blushed.

"Vicky invited me over for the weekend, sir. You don't mind, do you?" I wanted to pick her up and hug and kiss her right away, but I just smiled.

"Come in Trish, you're very welcome." Vicky joined us and took Trish into her room. They were there for some time. I heard voices from time to time. Eventually they both came down. I had made a really nice dinner for them, with ice cream and milk shakes. Afterwards we sat down. Trish looked very embarrassed. Vicky winked at me.

"Can we all have a small drink, Bert. A glass of port would be nice." I smiled.

"As you don't often have friends around, I suppose just this once it will be all right." I poured three glasses. We drank in silence. Vicky got up and grasped Trish's hand.

"Come on Trish, stop being so shy. Bert will never hurt you." Trish was bright red.

"I know Vicky, but I'm scared." She was close to tears. Vicky put her arm around her friend.

"Trish, we've known each other since we were four years old. Have I ever done anything bad or wrong when I was with you?" Trish shook her head. Vicky led her over to the settee and sat her down by my side. "Trish, you don't have to do anything that you don't want to do. I'm only trying to help. So just sit there and look. Bert, please put your arm around my friend and hug her." I obeyed without hesitation.

"Trish, you are a very lovely girl. Believe me, I would never do anything to hurt you." She relaxed almost imperceptively. Vicky unbuttoned my pants and hauled out my erection.

"See Trish, it isn't bigger than your brother's. I told you. Here touch it." Very slowly she put out her little hand and stroked my penis.

"Are you sure Vicky?" She asked. "Don't be silly, Trish." She turned to me. "Bert, would you enjoy making love with Trish. You wouldn't do anything abnormal or hurt her in any way, would you?" I turned to Trish and held her a bit closer to me.

"Trish. I think you are gorgeous. I would never ever hurt you in any way, and I would be so very happy if I could make love to you and make you happy." She gave my penis a gentle squeeze.

"I really want to, but I'm so scared. I think you're nice and I want to try, maybe I can try tonight before we go to sleep." She turned to Vicky. She was close to tears. "Would you mind terribly if I just tried for a little while on my own. You know how embarrassed I get. Maybe if Bert would leave the light off . . ." I nodded

"Vicky will sleep in her room tonight. You and I will go to my room. I'll put the lights out, and you can decide what and how far you want to go. If you decide that you want to be on your own, you can just go to Vicky's room and she'll come back to me. Is that all right with you?" She nodded. As we watched TV I could see that she was dreading bedtime, but a little later I took her little hand and gently led her upstairs to my bedroom. She was trembling.

"What do you want me to do?" She whispered.

"Nothing at all." I arranged some more pillows so that she was not lying flat then I patted the bed. "Don't be scared, I won't do anything that you don't want." She

climbed onto the bed and lay beside me. Every few minutes she would tremble a bit. I put the light out. She started to relax a bit. "Tell me about your brother. What happened? How did he hurt you?"

"We used to play together. He's a lot older than me. He used to tease me a lot and try to put his hand up my skirt. One day, caught him, playing with his, his, you know. I'd never seen one before. He told me to touch it. I did, and then he showed me how to hold it and pump it up and down. I only pumped it a few times and that white stuff came out. He really enjoyed it he said. After that he got me to do it quite often. Then, he persuaded me to let him see my pussy. He stuck his finger in me, and it felt good. Then, later he pushed me on the bed when mom was out and he pushed his great big thingy into my pussy. I screamed with pain, it hurt real bad and I was bleeding. He pushed it in and out a few times and then all that stuff came out inside me. He told me that if I told mom he would tell everyone at school that he had done me. A week or two later he came into my room whilst mom was out again, and he persuaded me to let him do it again. He said it wouldn't hurt so much. Finally, I gave in and let him. He only worked for a minute or two, and then it was over again. I told him that I wanted to feel good too, and he promised that next time it would be better. We did it five, or six times and it was always the same. Then, I told him that if he did it again I would tell mom and she would take me to the police. So he never tried again." All the time she was talking, I was holding her close and stroking her arms and the little bumps that were her budding breasts. By this time, she had relaxed. I kissed her gently on the lips.

"That was very mean of him, Trish. I would never hurt you like that." I rubbed her little nipples through her T-shirt. "You're really beautiful, you know. I'm not hurting you, am I?" She snuggled a bit closer.

"No, you're very gentle, not a bit like my brother. I like you very much Bert." I slipped my hand under her T-Shirt and rubbed her little budding breasts and nipples. She tensed a bit at first and then relaxed again. "That feels nice." She whispered softly.

"Come on sweetheart, let's take it off, please." I started to lift up her top.

"OK." She helped me to take off her top. I desperately wanted to see her, but I would have to wait. I lovingly caressed and played with her buds and my hand stroked a bigger area until I got down to her tummy. We must have laid like that, just gently kissing and stroking for the best part of an hour. I moved my hand to the top of her jeans and started to unfasten the buttons. She tensed a bit, but made no attempt to stop me. I slid my hand down to top of her jeans and under her panties, just gently rubbing her.

"If at any time you want me to stop, you only have to say so," I whispered into her ear and then kissed her again. For the very first time, my kiss was returned.

"No, it's OK." She murmured. Slowly my hand went lower. Her panties were soaking wet. I found her pussy and gently moved my fingers up and down the length. She moaned.

"Don't you think it would be better if we took them off?" I whispered. She helped me to pull off her jeans. "Lift your bottom a bit, my sweet." She did, and I got off her panties. I stroked her mound and gently stroked up and down her pussy. It was sopping wet. My finger slipped inside a little way, and I moved up to her clit. She jumped as though an electric shock had hit her. I rubbed it very gently. She squirmed, and suddenly she went rigid. My God, she was already climaxing. Her fingers dug into me. She tried not to make a noise, but she couldn't help it. Wave after wave of ecstasy swept through her body. Then just as suddenly, she started crying.

"Oh Bert, I'm so sorry, now I've spoiled it for you. I knew I would." I was amazed. I

hugged her and kissed her. Tears were running down her face.

"Whatever's the matter my love. You haven't done anything wrong. Didn't you like it?"

"I did exactly what my brother did. I couldn't help it, honest. It just felt so good. It just happened. Now I spoilt it for you." Her naivety was surprising.

"No Trish, it doesn't work like that. Men are different. We can have an orgasm, and then we have to wait for a while to recover. Girls can have many orgasms. You didn't spoil it silly. I wanted you to enjoy it. We don't have to stop now unless you want to do." She stopped crying.

"Are you sure. I don't want you to stop. It felt so good. It's just that I've been dreaming of being with you ever since that day you came to the school. I knew I would never be able to be with you, but I used to imagine that I was. I was terrified that you might not like me. I was scared that I wouldn't be able to please you. Oh Bert. Please don't stop. I'll do whatever you want. I think I'm in love with you. I only want to please you." I slid down the bed and gently opened her legs. I licked her juices and pushed my tongue into her hot little pussy as far as I could. The I started on her clit. She held my head in her hands. Within minutes she climaxed a second time. This girl was hot, hot, hot.

"Oh God, I never knew anything could be this good. Don't stop, don't ever stop."

"Can I put the bedside light on, my love?" I asked. "You are so incredibly beautiful. I just want to please you, so relax and let's enjoy being together."

"OK." I switched on the light. I almost lost it right there. She lay naked beside me. Her golden tresses spread across the pillow, her legs spread and her knees raised. I just had to fuck her. I positioned myself between her legs. She found my rock hard erection and carefully guided it into the entrance of her vagina. I wanted to take it slow, but her brother had done the work and with very little effort, I just slid all the way inside her. She groaned. I kept very still.

"Am I hurting you?"

"No, I can't believe how good you feel. I don't think I'm going to last every long this time either."

"Don't worry about it my love." I told her. "Just let it happen as soon as you are ready. Don't worry about me, we have the whole night ahead of us to satisfy each other. I slowly and carefully started to fuck her. She was right, she wasn't going to last long, neither was I. It only took a few minutes before she cried out.

"Oh Jesus, I can't help it. Yes, yes, yes." Her spasms rocked her body. I shot my load fountain after fountain of my hot semen pumped into her wonderful little body. There was so much, it was running out of her as I pumped it in. It was amazing sex. I rested on her. My dick softened.

"Did I do it right?" She asked. "Did I please you?" I looked down at that innocent little face. It was hard to believe that a little girl was asking me whether she had pleased me, when usually it was the other way round. My cock was swelling again inside her. She felt it. Her hips started to move.

"My God Trish, I've never felt like this in my life before. I can't believe how good it

is. Are you OK to go again." She ground her hips against me.

"Please, just fuck me I can never get enough of this, it's magic." Now, we were like animals. Gone was the shyness and the uncertainty. She was hungry for it. We must have fucked for close to an hour. She had two more orgasms. We lay together in each other's arms. I forget what we talked about; it didn't matter. We were lost in each other. My prick rubbed against her and it started swelling yet again. She kissed me and with her hand, she quickly brought me to a full erection. I remembered the tube I had found. The label had torn, but I could read in small letters, 'Vaginal Lubricant'. I pulled it out of the bedside drawer and squeezed out a good portion and carefully inserted it into that wonderful bald, red, and swollen little pussy. I coated my dick with it. I moved her onto her side and penetrated her from the rear. Now, I could caress her buds and nipples and hold her lovely little flat tummy as I fucked her. She made gasping and groaning noises. I have no idea how long we lay like that. I was lost inside her. I had no desire to climax. I wanted this to go on and on. I lost count of her orgasms. We would stop for a little while, and then start up again. Finally, I just had to come.

"I have to do it now my wonderful baby." I gasped. She slammed back against me.

"Oh God, Bert, hold me tight, oh dear God. It's sooooo good." We both climaxed together. It took some time before we both recovered, my penis fell out of her. I was physically exhausted. We hugged and talked and kissed and stroked each other's bodies. It was unreal. Neither of us could or even wanted to sleep. I came inside her little body five times that night. I lost count of her orgasms, but there were a lot. Finally, drenched in sweat, spunk, and our juices, we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I awoke to a knocking on the door. For a moment, I had no idea where I was. Trish was still asleep curled up beside me.

"Come in, Vicky." I called. She opened the door and came in.

"Are you both all right?" She asked. "It's almost ten o'clock. I've knocked half a dozen times already, but there was no answer. I peeked inside, and you were both fast asleep." Trish woke up. Her hand went directly to my penis. Then, she realized where we were and what had happened. She sat up. Her hair was a mess. There were flakes of dried semen all over her. Vicky giggled.

"Oh my God, someone enjoyed themselves last night. And I was all alone." Trish held out her arms to Vicky. They hugged.

"Vicky, it was wonderful. I can never thank you enough. It's beyond my wildest dreams. I've never felt like this before. I don't want to come between you and Bert, but please Vicky, let me share him with you, please. I don't ever want anyone else to touch me. I love this guy. I want to be with him forever." I hugged Vicky as well. For the first time she looked a little bit concerned.

"You don't have to worry Vicky; you said that you weren't jealous. Don't be. I love both of you, and I don't want to lose either of you. I don't want any other boy or man even to kiss either of you, let alone enjoy your bodies. As far as I'm concerned, I want to spend the rest of my life with both of you."

I found it difficult to keep up with them both. Little Trish couldn't get enough of me. I was optimistic that one the stay ever ended, that we would be able to regulate outperform love making. By the time Trish had to go home, I was a physical wreck. I just wanted to sleep for a week, but I knew that Vicky was going to want more. I gave Trish my flat address and my phone number. I made a promise that we would find a way to be together whenever possible. Two days later Alice's mom passed away. After the funeral, she was coming home. The same day I got a call. It was for Alice, but Vicky took it. She went very white and slowly put the phone down.

"Whatever's the matter?" I asked. .

"It was one of dad's friends. He got blown up by a land mine." Tears ran down her face. "I know he was a bad man, but I loved my dad in my own way. How am I going to tell mom?" I tried to call Alice, but she had already left. We went to the airport when Alice landed. Vicky hugged and kissed her mom. Then, I told Alice the news. Instead of crying, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I didn't want to tell you or Vicky, but I already applied for a divorce. You know it can take years and Adam was contesting it. He wanted custody of Vicky. ." When we arrived home she sent Vicky to the shop and took me aside.

"Look Bert, I'm going to be Frank with you. I didn't realize what I was getting into when I married your brother. I know he was having affairs with other women. I suspected that he was doing things with Vicky, but she didn't complain, and she seemed happy enough so I kept quiet. What I didn't want was for him to get custody of her and abuse her. He had an awful temper. Now, Vicky seems to have a thing for you. You can move in here if you like. I don't expect anything of you. Just be good to Vicky." I thought about the offer. if I accepted, how would I handle Trish?

"Alice, you know I was sweet on you at school. I really appreciate the offer, but it wouldn't be fair to any of us if I moved in with you. I'm going to keep the flat and I'll come around, two or three evening a week to help Vicky with her homework and I'll take Vicky out whenever I can at weekends. We'll work something out."

It worked out well. I spent my time divided between the two girls we had sex whenever we could. It wasn't ideal, but it worked. Both girls passed to the same

University. I found a house within short driving distance, and we lived together so the girls could come home every day. Vicky became a specialist endocrinologist. Trish qualified as a vet and after university we moved to a different country, where Trish and I opened a surgery together. Vicky was a specialist at the main hospital; we lived together. When Trish was twenty, we married, mainly for tax reasons. I couldn't marry Vicky that was illegal, and she was also my niece. We all slept together. When Vicky was twenty six, we decided to have a child. She gave birth to a lovely little girl; we called her Alice. I think Trish got a bit jealous, so a year later, she also got pregnant and had another baby girl. We named her Nicola or Nikki. We decided that we should school the girls ourselves at home and that they would follow the same path as Vicky and dad would start to teach them about sex when they were eight and move on the final stage when they were nine. But that's a whole different story.

Chapter Four

A Tale Of Two Orphans

Every day, we see countless numbers of people, but we don't really see them; they are like ships passing in the night. Our eyes see them, but the brain doesn't 'see' any detail at all. They might as well be faceless. They all look alike. Occasionally, we see someone that catches our attention for a fleeting moment. Maybe it's their laugh, maybe their clothes, maybe a beautiful woman. The brain registers these, but they only remain imprinted for a very short space of time. If we were asked to describe one of these 'noticed' people, we would be unable to recall any real detail. Maybe the color of their hair, or their shirt, whether tall, short, fat, thin, pretty, or ugly, but no real detail.

In normal every day life, it's rare to take any real notice of the people around you or their behavior. This particular day, I was driving home from a visit to a friend in Northumberland. I was hungry so I decided to stop at a pub / restaurant for a meal. I parked my Mercedes, and I was aware of a man with two children who had parked up almost simultaneously as I. What drew my attention was the bright yellow shirt and the way in which he grabbed the older one by the arm and almost dragged her away from the car. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but he looked angry, and the two children looked scared of him. As they passed by, I saw that the bigger girl had bruises on her forearms. Caused no doubt by the rough way in which he grabbed her.

I wasn't really interested in kids, I was twenty-six, unmarried. I hadn't had much time for women. My uncle had left me his home and quite a lot of money in shares, so I had studied the market and almost tripled what he had left me. I was a qualified veterinary surgeon, but I knew that I would never have to work again with all the money I had made, safely invested. I wasn't exactly the idle rich. I have a love of

music and was working at composing music for advertisements, and I had already done the score for a TV series.

I went into the restaurant part of the pub and found a seat. The waitress came, and I ordered a beer. Then, I noticed the same man and the two children had taken a table right opposite me. The man had his back to me and the two kids were facing me. For the first time, my mind took stock of them. The taller girl was exceptionally pretty, but very skinny. The younger was probably going to be even prettier when she got older. I guessed the taller one to be around ten and the younger, seven or eight. I couldn't hear what was being said over the noise in the restaurant. The waiter went to their table and took an order. The two kids looked miserable. The younger one saw me looking at them and gave me a furtive smile. I smiled back. The waiter brought the man a beer and the two girls a sparkling orange.

I got up and went to the gents, before I ordered. I went into one of the stalls to relive myself and take a dump. Then, I heard a man talking on his phone. He was talking to someone called Laura. He was speaking French, which I understood perfectly. He told her that he was driving down to Heathrow, and they would soon be together. I was a little disturbed when I heard him say. "I'm just leaving them here, Social Services will look after them, I'll be long gone." I waited until I heard him leave and then quickly went out. There was the guy in the bright yellow shirt, still talking into his phone. I followed behind him, and he left via a side door. I watched him get into his car and drive away.

I returned to my table. The two kids were still sat there. I had two choices, pretend that nothing had happened and just carry on, or try to help. I went to their table and sat down where the man had been.

"I'm sorry, sir, you can't sit there it's my step-dad's seat. He just went to the toilet." I smiled at the younger one.

"I don't think he'll mind me sitting here until he comes back." I replied. "But I think you have a problem. I just saw him get into his car and drive away." The two kids looked at each other.

"I think you made a mistake, sir. He wouldn't just drive off and leave us here." The older one looked a little worried as she spoke.

"Oh yes he would." The younger one burst out. "He's mean, and horrid, and I hate him. I hope he has gone away forever." I sat looking at the two of them. The waiter came.

"Would you like to order now, sir?"

"Just give me a few minutes please." I handed the girls the menu. "At least have something to eat and a drink whilst we wait for your step-dad." The older one looked at me suspiciously.

"We don't know you and you don't know us, so why would you buy us a meal?" She asked.

"OK, point taken. First of all, I'm Jim, what are your names?" The younger one grinned at me.

"I'm Amanda or Mandy, and that's my sister Nicole or Nikki. I'm very hungry, and I would like some lasagne." She pointed to a dish on the menu. "And a strawberry

milkshake." Nikki looked shocked at her sister.

"Come on Nikki, you kids look as if you haven't had a decent meal for weeks. Be my guest, it's my treat. If your dad comes back, I'll still pay, and you don't have to worry about a meal at least."

"Are you sure?" Nikki asked. "We haven't had much to eat, with all the packing and such. I'm very hungry. If you're sure, I would also like a milkshake and the cod and chips looks good."

"Can you both eat a full adult plate?" I asked. They both nodded. I beckoned to the waiter and gave him the order. "Please bring the bill with the food." I told him. "Then I don't have to hang around when we are finished." When he had left, I turned back to the children. "Now, we have to see what we are going to do. I think by now; you know that your step-dad has left you here. Where is your mom?"

"She had an accident and died. She had only been married to my step-dad for about eight months when it happened that was three months ago. He sold the house, and we were supposed to be moving to a new place that he had bought today."

"Do you have the address?"

"No, it was to be a surprise?"

"How about mom's sisters and brothers, grandparents, other relatives?" I think it was at that moment the enormity of their situation hit Nikki. Her eyes misted, and

tears ran down her face.

"There aren't any, we are all alone. Oh God, what are we going to do? That bastard. He's taken everything. All our clothes were supposed to be at the new house, we have nothing, no money, no clothes and nowhere to go."

"How old are you Nikki?" I asked

"I'm just past ten, and Mandy is not quite eight; she'll be eight next month." Nikki was crying now, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Mandy held on to her sister.

"Don't cry Nikki, please. That's why I came to your table. He did the most despicable thing I can imagine. I guess he took the money from the house, and now he's gone off to someone called Laura. I heard him talking on his phone. I just couldn't leave the two of you sat here until you panicked. I want to help you." The waiter came with the food. I gave him my gold card. We ate in silence. They finished everything on their plates. When the waiter brought my card back, I ordered two more milk shakes and a coffee for myself.

"As I see things, we don't have a lot of choices. Here are all the options that I can think of. If you can think of anything else, tell me. One, I can call the police, tell them the story. They will take you to the police station, call Social Services and they will take you and try to find you a foster home. Let's be brutally honest, you are orphans now. Second I can call Social Services and they will come here and take you away. Third. If you can trust me, and only if you can trust me, I can take you both to the police or to Social Services. There is only one other possibility, and you need to be very careful with this one. If you can trust me, I can take you to my house, and you can stay there until we work something out. Believe me, the cops will do nothing, and I hate to think of you both being split up and dumped into a foster home, but I think you would be taking one hell of a risk. I could be another Jack The

Ripper for all you know. Come on, let's go outside, and you need to tell me what you want to do." We walked out to the car park. They could see that their stepdad's car wasn't there. Nikki started crying. There was a bench. I took them to the bench.

"Sit here and decide what you want to do." I told them. "I'll wait in my car." I sat in the car with my feet outside. I saw them talking animatedly. They kept looking in my direction. After about ten minutes, they came hand in hand to me and stood in front of me.

"We've decided." Nikki still had tears in her eyes, but she gave me a wan smile. "Mandy trusts you. I think I do as well. You seem to be a nice man. Can we please come with you. At least for a while until maybe something else happens. You wouldn't hurt us, would you?"

"I would never hurt anyone unless I had no option." I told them. "If you come with me, I promise you that you'll get good food and I'll look after you both and protect you. Fortunately it's school holidays, so we have quite a while to work something out. You'll have to help around the house a bit and not break things, but you both seem well behaved, so that shouldn't be a problem." They sat huddled together in the back of the car. I drove into the garage and opened the door to the house.

"Well, here we are, you were supposed to move into a new home today, and so you have. Come on, I'll show you around." I took them around the house. It had six bedrooms. It had a well-equipped gym and an indoor heated pool. The two kids were very impressed. "Do you want separate rooms or would you rather both sleep in one room?" The two girls had different ideas. Mandy wanted separate rooms, but Nikki decided on one room and a double bed. Nikki won. I left them to explore the house, and I made up their room for them and settled down to watch TV. Eventually, they came and sat down. "Well, have you had a good look around?" I asked.

"It's a fantastic place. What do we call you? Jim, uncle Jim?"

"You can call me either." I told them. "I just want you to be comfortable and safe. You are both very thin. I don't think you've been eating well. If you are going to stay here, we need to get some meat onto your bones. High protein diet. Protein milk shakes, workout in the gym. I'll teach you. Swimming and plenty of rest. You'll ache all over for a week or two, then you'll feel a lot better. I normally get up at seven, spend an hour or so in the gym, then a swim, then breakfast. How does that sound?" They both groaned, but they agreed.

The next day, I took them shopping for clothes. I gave the girl in the store my credit card and told her to let them have whatever that they wanted. I expected them to come out loaded, but they bought only the minimum. I had to take them back inside to get extra outfits and shoes. They dressed very conservatively, and I was very proud of them.

We soon settled into a routine. After a couple of weeks, they were looking better. They were certainly getting stronger and fitter and it was good to see that they both really tried hard in the gym. At the end of the second week, I decided that it was decision time. When we were together in the evening. I made my little speech.

"You've been here for two weeks. you both seem happy enough, but now we have to face a serious question. Do you want to stay here with me, or should we look for something else?" They looked at me horrified.

"Have we done something wrong? Of course, we want to stay here with you. I don't know what we would have done if you hadn't come along when you did."

"I have to know girls, because if you really want to stay here with me, I'll need to get lawyers busy and try to either adopt you or become your Guardian. It isn't easy for a young man to have two kids living with him, so it will take a lot of legal hoops, but when you have money, nothing is impossible."

"Just do it Jim. Whatever. As far as we are concerned you are like a father to us."

"I'll get my lawyers onto this tomorrow." I told them.

Next day I got the lawyers onto the problem. A bit of money opens doors that would otherwise remain closed. I have no idea how it all worked, but by December I was their father and they were my adopted children. The girls worked hard at school and in fact at everything. I think they didn't want to disappoint me after all that I had done for them. I decided to keep the news about their adoption to myself until Christmas and make it a sort of Christmas present. The girls had been out shopping and I had no idea what they had got for me as a Christmas present they had both been very secretive.

On Christmas Eve, I had booked a table for us at a swanky hotel and we had a very nice meal. We arrived home after midnight, so I showed them the paper proving that they were both my children now. They were delighted.

"Right, let's have you two into bed now or Santa will miss you." They both ran off giggling. I knew they were plotting something to surprise me. I waited until they had gone to bed and then turned in myself. I had only just got nicely comfortable when the bedroom door opened. The passage light was on and in the doorway, stood Nikki. She had a short, red Father Christmas robe and a Father Christmas hat, red with white fur trim to match the robe. She looked lovely. She walked into the

room and switched on the light after closing the door.

"I've brought you your Christmas present, well one of them anyhow." She told me. I looked to see what was in her hand, but she just dropped the robe and stood in front of me stark naked, except for the Santa hat. "Do you like it?" She whispered. I was dumbfounded. I opened my mouth, but nothing came out.

"N-n-nikki," I stammered. Her eyes glistened. She was on the verge of tears.

"Don't you like it?" She whispered, her lip was trembling.

"Don't be silly; of course, I do, you look adorable, but Nikki" my voice trailed off. She came right to the bed and looked at me.

"Please, I've wanted this for some time. I'm sorry you aren't the first, but, please Jim, I need this." Carefully, she lifted the sheet and got into my bed. By now I had a raging erection.

"What do you mean, I'm not the first. You've done this before?" I asked in amazement. "With whom?" A tear ran down her cheek.

"Please don't think too badly of me, I'm sorry, but before school broke up and we met you; we were playing around with one of the older boys at school. He had some beers, and we had a drink or two and then we were messing around and we started kissing and I let him fondle me and then we had sex. It hurt a lot at first, but then it started to feel really good. Then, he filled me with his sperms and it was all over before I got a chance. It only happened once, honestly. Mandy did it with him

as well. He lasted longer with her and she had an orgasm. She enjoyed it." I was horrified, but there was nothing I could do. She snuggled up close to me. She started to stroke my chest.

"Please forgive me, Jim, please love me. I want to do it with you." Her hand moved down to my erection. She grasped it and giggled. "I think we should do something about that, don't you? You've done so much for us. God knows what would have happened to us if it wasn't for you." I leaned up and looked down at her wonderful naked body.

"Nikki, I would really like to make love to you, but you don't have to do this to say thank you. I've enjoyed being with you both, and nothing has changed. You also know it's illegal and they could lock me up and put you both into care if anyone ever found out." She started stroking my erection.

"It's not just saying that to you, Jim. I really want you to do this. I know it's supposed to be forbidden, but it's my body, and I know exactly what I want. I can't think of anything better that you could give me for Christmas." My will power melted. I pulled her to me and started to kiss her. Our hands were everywhere, all over each other. The kisses got more hot and demanding. She grabbed my erection and started to stroke it. I was fast starting to lose control. I clutched her hand to stop her. I nibbled her bullet hard nipples. My hand moved down her stomach to her pussy. I slid a finger into the sopping wet orifice. Her fingers dug into my skin. She was gasping and writhing. When I touched her clit, I thought she was going to tear my flesh. Her hand holding my throbbing cock never let up the slow movement. I was bursting with desire.

"Oh, God, I'm, oh God. It's happening," her fingers dug into me and she arched her back as her orgasm hit. Eventually, the spasms stopped and she came down. I managed to roll her onto her knees and mounted her doggy style. She moaned softly as my engorged organ slid inside her. I was trying to be gentle, but I was wild

with desire, never in my wildest imagination had I thought that I would ever have the opportunity to fuck a gorgeous, hot, and willing, ten-year old girl.

"Steady." She moaned. "Please take it slowly, you're quite a bit bigger than the boy at school was." I waited for a short while, and then continued to push inside her until my entire length was in her. I kept as still as I could for as long as I could, but then I just had to start moving. I started with long slow thrusts until I felt that she was getting comfortable with my engorged penis buried in her, then I increased the tempo. I had one arm around her flat muscular tummy and the other hand massaged her small but perfect breasts and nipples. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to hold on much longer when she suddenly cried out, and I felt her entire body tense. It only took two more strokes until my first massive fountain of semen jetted into her waiting body. I was trying to get even deeper into her. She moaned out loud as she felt the first spurt of my hot semen splash inside her. Each jet that followed elicited another moan of ecstasy. There were about six or seven huge fountains, followed by several smaller ones. Her inner muscles milked every last drop as with each load; I tried to get even deeper inside her. I never thought I would stop.

After I had finished my orgasm, I just clung to her, pulling her wonderful body close to me. My dick softened, but it was still semi-hard. Reluctantly, I pulled out, followed by a waterfall of my liquid spunk. As I started to rear up, I saw a big lump of thick white semen slowly slide out of her pussy, it fell onto the bed, followed by another even bigger mass. I have never seen anything so utterly sexy. Involuntarily, my dick was suddenly rock hard again.

"My God, Nikki." I rolled her onto her back and got between her open legs. She guided my penis into her. I was just overcome with lust. I started to fuck her wildly. I was like an animal, and she was responding I was suddenly aware that someone else was with us. It was little Mandy. She was wearing a Santa outfit the same as Nikki's. Her hand was between her legs, and she was frantically rubbing her clit and holding her sister's hand with the other hand. Nikki almost screamed as she started another

orgasm. I waited until she had finished, and then I pulled out of her and grabbed little Mandy, tossing her unceremoniously onto the bed. Her Santa robe had come unfastened, and I looked down at her seven-year old body and her little bald, wet pussy, and I knew that I had to fuck her, no matter what.

She grabbed a hold of me and opened her legs as wide as she could.

"Yes Jim, fuck me, fuck me hard." Nikki helped guide me to her sopping wet pussy. I knew that I should take it easy, but I was finding it difficult. How many men ever get chance to fuck an eight-year old beauty who wants it as much as you do? I marveled at my good luck as I slowly and inexorably pushed my throbbing prick inside her. She was incredibly tight, and I could see that I was hurting her, but I couldn't stop. It was an incredible sensation. I looked down to see almost the entire length of my organ disappear inside her little body.

"Sorry Mandy." I groaned.

"It's OK, you're much bigger than the boy at school, but it's just a bit uncomfortable. Give me a minute or two." My cock kept swelling inside her and each time it did, she grunted. I was just moving ever so slightly inside her and after a minute or two, she smiled. "It's OK now, Jim. It's starting to feel real good." Nikki positioned herself so that she could cradle Mandy's head and shoulders as I started to fuck in earnest. It wasn't long before Mandy had her first orgasm. Nikki held her and stroked her body.

"How's that, sis, good?" She asked. Mandy nodded.

"Don't stop, Jim, please don't stop. I've wanted this ever since you smiled at me in

that restaurant. Fill me with your sperms Jim. Just like you did my sister." I was wild with lust, and I carried on fucking her little body. Her legs were trying to get around my waist. She was moaning and moving her hips. I think she had two more orgasms before I unloaded into her. I was amazed at the amount of semen that the body can produce in such a short time. As I filled her with almost as much of my seed as I had her sister.

When I finished I rolled her over onto her side. I was still inside her. My dick had softened, but it wasn't completely soft. I held Mandy close to me, and Nikki turned so that I could hold her as well. It took quite some time before my dick went completely flaccid, and I fell out of her. The bed was soaked. We just lay together for a while, we were all three exhausted. Finally, I forced myself to sit up. .

"We can't sleep in this, girls, let's find some clean sheets and put some paper towels on the mattress to dry it out." The girls giggled.

"Can we all sleep together then, Jim, please?"

"Don't be silly; of course, we can, I wouldn't have it any other way. That was a wonderful experience; I hope that I didn't hurt either of you. I was a bit carried away. I still can't believe that we did this. I know it's wrong, it's taboo, but it felt so right."

"I think we are both a bit sore Jim, but no, you didn't really hurt us.it was wonderful. Next time, it will be better."

"Hmm, next time. I want to talk to you about that." I told them. " We can't take chances, if either of you got pregnant, it would be a disaster. Mandy is probably safe, but not you, Nikki. We either have to abstain or use a condom until I can get

you on the Pill. Then, you have to take it for a month before you're safe. Even so, we should avoid the times of the month when you are ovulating, so when you start your periods, I'll get you a special thermometer so that we can avoid those dangerous days altogether." Nikki looked disappointed, but she reluctantly agreed. Mandy was grinning from ear to ear. I looked at her sternly. "Don't look so smug young lady, I'm not going to make Nikki jealous of you, so you're not getting any more until Nikki gets fixed up."

"No, it's all right." Nikki smiled. "I'll never be jealous of my little sister. You and she can do it as often as you like until I'm sorted out, then she has to take second place for a few weeks to make up for it. OK Mandy?" Mandy nodded.

We changed the bed and settled down to sleep. I awoke as if from a dream. I had a massive hard-on, and Nikki was holding it. As soon as I opened my eyes, Mandy straddled me and Nikki guided it into her. She winced a bit as I penetrated her, but she wiggled until I was completely inside her, then she started riding my erection. Nikki was kissing me and rubbing my chest and stomach as her sister fucked me. It was like a dream. As soon as I felt her orgasm start, I just unloaded into her. She collapsed on top of me until her spasms subsided. I took my hand and slid down Nikki's tummy" she seemed to know what I wanted to do because she shifted her position until I could massage her clit and finger fuck her. I managed to bring her to an orgasm quite quickly. Mandy got off me and cuddled up on one side of me with Nikki on the other. I could see that she wanted more, so I slid down the bed until I could work her clit with my tongue. It drove her wild. She held my head and tried to get my head inside her. Mandy was rubbing Nikki's nipples until Nikki had another massive orgasm. We all three lay together in the wet sheets for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, we reluctantly got up and we all three made breakfast.

After breakfast, Nikki looked very serious.

"Can we talk please Jim?" I nodded and we all three sat down in the sitting room.

"Jim, I know you are now legally our dad, but I don't want to think of you as dad. To me, dad means that as soon as we leave school, you'll expect us to find husbands and get married and leave. Mandy and I have talked about this. We both love you Jim, but not as daughters. We don't want to look for other boys or men. We just want you. We want to be with you forever. We don't want to get married. If we have babies, we want them to be your babies. After my step-dad, I don't want to take chances with other men. Most of them are just wimps now. Are you going to try to get rid of us when we are older Jim, or can we be together forever?" I was surprised how serious and grown up they both were. I was close to tears.

"Girls, what more could any man ever want? You are both gorgeous; we get on well together. We work together and now, we sleep together, and fuck together. Only a complete idiot would want any more than this. You know that we have to be very careful until you are over sixteen. We can't risk either of you getting preggies. We can't risk anyone finding out that we are sleeping together. We can't have anything other than father and daughter relationships outside of the house. You both have to be very careful not to say anything that might lead anyone to even think that I'm more than just a dad. I never had a lot of time for women; I was always too busy. I had a few girl friends, and I've slept with a few, but as of now, I promise that there will only be the two of you in my life. I love both of you equally. As of last night, I can't think of you as daughters either, I can only think of you as wonderful, gorgeous, and very sexy wives. I'm going out later today, but I'm gong to drive a long way from here end then buy a stock of condoms and visit a friend of mine who owns a pharmacy and get a stock of the Pill for you. Just until you start your periods and we can work out temperatures so that we don't make mistakes and have an accident. Now does that make you happy?"

The both jumped on me together. We rolled on the floor, hugging, kissing, tickling until the inevitable happened and clothes came off and we spent most of the rest of the morning having very satisfying sex. I reckoned that as I had taken a chance with Nikki that night, another day wasn't going to make a difference. Fortunately, it didn't.

Chapter Five

An Eight Year Old Girl's Worst Nightmare

Tammy woke with a start. They were at it again. Her step dad had just come back from the pub, probably drunk again and he and mom were screaming at each other. She put the pillow over her head to drown out the racket. Her mom was very beautiful. She wasn't very good at anything at school, and she had no real skills. At 16 she got pregnant by a professional wrestler and body builder. She had wanted to get an abortion, but the man, Maxwell insisted on marrying her and they kept the result, which was little Tammy. She was only eight, but she promised to be even more beautiful than her mom.

Max had been a wonderful dad. They had lived in a big house, big car, and a great lifestyle. Her mom hadn't really been interested in her, but her dad made up for that, and she was the apple of his eye. Then, when she was six, her dad had chanced upon a house on fire. He had rushed in and rescued the two children, both of whom had survived, but Max had died of smoke inhalation in the ambulance on his way to hospital. It was 1961, Mom couldn't pay for the mortgage. She got a job at a local night club as an exotic dancer, and there she had met her step-dad, Brian. He was a coal face miner. He was fat, with a beer belly, he smoked like a chimney and he spent most nights in the pub. His one redeeming feature was that he had his own house and when mom and Tammy had been evicted, he offered them a place to stay. It wasn't a big house. Her mom and dad had one bedroom, and she had the other. Brian had a dog; a big Rottweiler called Sam. Tammy was terrified of it.

Eventually, things went quiet but soon after she heard the noise of an ambulance and there was a commotion downstairs. She got up and from the top of the stairs she saw her mom being carried out on a stretcher. She ran downstairs.

"What happened? Where are they taking mom? What's wrong?" She asked Brian.

"Your mom fell down and hurt herself. Now go back to bed and go to sleep. They are taking her to the hospital." She went back upstairs and eventually fell asleep. The next morning, her alarm went off, so she got up to get ready for school. When she came downstairs, there was nothing on the table. She heard Brian snoring. She got some cereal and made some tea. Then, she left for school, it was Friday, so she had the weekend to look forward to.

After school, she arrived home to find Brian sitting in a chair. "How's mom?" She asked

"Oh, I went to see her. She's all right. She had concussion. She'll be home in a couple of days. Now come on, I bought food; it's in the pantry. Make some tea and make a bite to eat for us both, there's a good girl." She cooked some sausages and made chips and baked beans. They ate in silence. She cleaned the table and washed the dishes.

"I'm going down the pub for a bit, don't wait up. Go to bed like a good girl." She did her homework and then went to bed. She woke up at the sound of Brian coming back. He staggered up the stairs and went into his bedroom, and she heard him vomiting into the en suite bathroom. Some time later, her bedroom door was flung open. Her stepfather stood in the doorway completely naked. His man thing was sticking out. He walked to her bed and yanked the cover off her.

"Come here." He grabbed her wrist, pulled her out of the bed and dragged her next door to his bedroom. He picked her up and dumped her onto the double bed. Tammy was scared, in fact, she was terrified.

"Daddy, what are you doing, please daddy, I just want to sleep." She was struggling to get away, but he slapped her face hard.

"Stop your shit, you little bitch. Just behave and do as you are told. Now take your pajamas off."

"No, daddy, please, just let me go back to bed." He slapped her on both sides of her face.

"Shut up, stop struggling and get your fucking pajamas off right now." He ripped her top open, and the buttons tore off. "Get it off." He slapped her again. Terrified, she took off her top; she was sobbing hysterically. "And the bottoms." He grabbed the bottom of her pajama legs and yanked them off. "That's better." He told her. "Now shut up, stop struggling, it won't help you, just keep still. It's going to hurt a bit, but you'll get used to it." He opened the drawer at the side of the bed and took out a tube of stuff. He was kneeling between her open legs. He squeezed some of the stuff onto his finger and then shoved his big finger deep inside her little pussy. She screamed in pain. He slapped her face hard again. "Now keep still or I'll really hurt you." He rubbed his man thingy and then maneuvered himself into position and pushed his thing inside her little pussy. It wasn't particularly big, only around seven inches, but to little Tammy who had never seen a man's erect penis, it seemed monstrous. It felt as if she were being torn in two.

"Fuck, this is one tight pussy." He grunted and just kept pushing. Every time she screamed, he slapped her face again. "Keep still, we're nearly there." His belly was crushing her. The pain was unbelievable. She was sobbing. It didn't help. He kept pushing, and the intruder made its way slowly but surely until he was buried deep in her little vagina. "There we are, now that wasn't so bad was it?" He started to pull the thing out. Then suddenly he pushed it back in again. It felt as if she were being

rubbed inside with sandpaper. In, out, in, out. He started to pump faster and faster; she almost fainted from the pain. He was dripping sweat onto her, his breath stank of booze; vomit, and stale cigarette smoke and he stank of stale sweat. He farted, and the stench was overpowering. Then, she felt the monstrous thing inside her get even bigger.

"Oh fuck, yes." He grunted, and she felt something warm splash inside her. This was disgusting. Her step-dad was peeing inside her "oh Jesus, yes." Another spurt. Then, he just kept grunting and with each grunt, the intruder swelled and more pee went into her. She could feel it running out of her. Finally, he pulled his thing out of her and a flood of liquid poured out. He collapsed on top of her. She struggled to breathe. She thought she was going to die, then he rolled off her, panting. "Jesus that was good. Best fuck I've had in years. Go on, get into the bathroom and clean yourself up. Come on, get a move on." She jumped out of the bed. "Don't try to get out of here, or Sam will have you. Sam, make sure she stays in here." The dog was lying outside the door. He stood up and gave a rumbling growl. Tammy fled into the bathroom and put on the light. Her tummy and the inside of her thighs were covered in blood and as she watched a big blob of white slimy stuff that looked a bit like snot, oozed out of her little pussy. It wasn't pee, but she had no idea what it was. More oozed out. She ran some water into the bath and washed herself. It seemed that the slimy stuff he had pumped into her was still coming out. She shuddered. Her little pussy was so sore and she was burning inside.

"Come on, don't take all fucking night. Get your arse back in here and look sharp about it or I'll send Sam to fetch you." She dried herself and naked, still crying and trembling with fear, she came back into the bedroom. Brian patted the bed. "Come on, jump in, and get a move on." Trembling and still crying, she got back into the bed. Brian started stroking her skin and playing with her little nipples.

"Christ, you're a pretty little thing." He ran his hand down to her pussy.

"Please daddy, please don't. It hurts real bad, and I'm bleeding. I think you broke something inside me."

"Don't be such a fucking baby, I just popped your cherry. All girls bleed a bit the first time they get fucked and yeah, it hurts a bit, but it's already stopped bleeding and this time it won't hurt as much." He forced her legs open, and she saw his thing was still wet. "Now just keep still and stop trying to fight it. You'll soon get used to it and start to enjoy it." He took the tube and squeezed some of it onto his thing and then started to push it back inside her. He got it all the way inside her quicker than the previous time. She was very sore, and she almost fainted from the pain, but he pounded away at her for much longer this time. It was a nightmare. Then, she felt it swell again and he pumped more of his slimy stuff inside her. He held her tightly to him and rolled right over so that she was now on top, with his thing buried deeply inside her still.

After a while, it got smaller and smaller until it fell out and the liquid poured out onto him and the bed. She tried to get up to go to the bathroom again, but he grabbed her arm and held her.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" He asked her.

"I'm going to the bathroom to clean up." She sobbed.

"No you're not, just go to sleep, it will dry out soon a bit of spunk won't hurt you. Come here." He dragged her close to him and put his arm round her. Within minutes, he was snoring. Carefully she tried to get out of bed. She wanted to put on her pajamas and go back to her own room but the moment her feet touched the floor, there was a menacing growl. She quickly got back into bed. Exhausted from her experience; eventually, she fell asleep.

She was awakened by something pushing into her pussy. She was lying on her side with her back to her step-dad, and he was pushing his thing inside her, holding her close so that she couldn't get away. He was grunting, and he pushed his thing in and out of her. It didn't take very long before he squirted his slimy stuff into her for the third time. It wasn't quite as painful as the previous night, but it still hurt a lot. When he finally pulled out, he stroked her long blonde hair.

"You see, it isn't so bad. You'll soon get used to it, because I'm going to fuck you a lot from now on, and I've got other plans for you as well. You'll just need to learn how to get yourself wet and ready. You've been a good girl so far. If you keep it up like that, I'll take good care of you and your mom, but, if you ever tell anyone, and I mean anyone about what we are doing." He sat up in bed and got a handful of her hair, and he almost lifted her off the bed with it. Poor little Tammy was screaming in pain. "I'll drag you up and down stairs with you hair, and then I'll beat you and your mom until you wish you were dead and then I'll throw you both out onto the street with nothing, not even your clothes." He shook her by the hair a couple more times and then let go. "All that you have to do, is be a good girl, do as I tell you, stop crying and struggling and you and I will get on fine. Now get up and make us both some breakfast. You can do me two eggs and don't forget the toast and marmalade."

After breakfast, he set her to cleaning the house, making the beds and changing the bloodstained sheets and washing them. Around lunch time, he went out, locking her in, and telling Sam to keep an eye on her. He wasn't gone long, and he came back with a pile of fish and chips. They ate, and then he informed Tammy that he was going to see her mom in the hospital. "Can I come too, please?"

"I suppose so, but just remember what I told you this morning. If you ever say a word to anyone, you'll regret it until the day that you die." Mom had a swollen mouth, a black eye, and a cut over her eye.

"They say that I might have a thyroid problem as well." She told them. "They are going to do some tests on Monday, and they say that I should be able to come home either Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning." Tammy was very quiet; she was still very sore and uncomfortable. They caught the bus home.

"Put the Telly on." Brian ordered. "We can watch the Avengers and Saturday Night at the London Palladium." She turned on the TV. "Now, come and sit here by me on the couch." He ordered. Frightened, she obeyed. He put his arm around her and pulled her close. "Time you learned how to give your dad a blow job." He unbuttoned his fly and pulled out his semierect thing. "Now just imagine my penis is a big lollipop and suck it nicely. If you try to bite me, or hurt me with your teeth, I'll feed you to Sam." She looked at it in horror. There was a drop of glistening liquid coming out of the hole.

"No daddy, please." He grabbed her hair and forced her head down. "Open your fucking mouth and put it inside or I'll beat the shit out of you. Don't throw up, don't bite, just suck it nicely. Come on, all the way in." She gagged as he forced it into her mouth. He held her head so that she couldn't get away, and then his hips started to move as he pushed it in and out of her mouth. "Now when I come, I want you to swallow every drop of my spunk." He told her. "If you try to throw up or spit it out, I'll knock shit out of you. Now come on, move your head up, and down, and get me off." Holding her hair and head, he was forcing her up and down getting deeper and deeper into her throat. "That's a good girl. Here it comes. Swallow all of it." His penis swelled in her mouth and the first spurt of his semen hit the back of her throat. She swallowed and gulped, but it seemed that it would never stop. She was choking and gagging, and trying desperately not to throw up, but it was running down her nose and down her chin.

"Good girl. You're a fast learner." He got up and poured her a small glass of Port. "Here drink this. It's a reward for doing such a good job. With a bit of practice, you'll

be an expert." She drank the port, and it took the taste of his slime away. They sat together until the TV was finished.

"Now, go upstairs into my bathroom, clean your teeth and get ready for bed. Then get into the bed. My bed. Don't bother to put pajamas on or I'll just have to rip them off and then burn them. When you're in bed, try and make yourself nice and wet down there because I'm coming up to fuck you again and I don't want any of your shit. Understand?" Tammy was terrified. He was going to do it again. Tears ran down her face. He slapped her hard. "I'm not going to keep warning you. Stop crying. Get used to it, because I'm going to fuck you a lot. Your mom won't help you, because if she starts her shit, she's out on the street." Tammy crept upstairs. She washed and brushed her teeth and then climbed naked into the big bed. She had no idea how she was supposed to make it wet for him. She just lay trembling with fear.

He came into the room, took off his clothes and stood naked at the side of the bed. He fondled and pawed her little body for a while, and then he seemed to reach a decision.

"We'll try it different tonight." He told her. "The sooner you learn the sooner you can start to earn some money. Come on get onto your hands and knees. We'll do it doggy style." Trembling, she did as she was told. He pulled her around until she was on the edge of the bed, and then he stood on the floor behind her. He tried to push his finger into her pussy, but it was very dry, so he took the tube of stuff and lubricated her. "I think your mom might be able to teach you how to get it wet." He told her. "Now keep still and behave." He pushed his penis inside her and started thrusting into her. It wasn't as painful as before, but it still hurt, and she felt soiled and humiliated. His arms were round her, he squeezed and rubbed her budding breasts and nipples. It didn't take very long.

"Oh fuck it, I'm coming." He groaned, and he pumped his slimy spunk into her little

body. He pulled out and watched his slime as it oozed out of her. "OK, time for sleep. No don't bother about cleaning, it soon gets dry. It won't hurt you. I suppose you are too young for me to have to worry about knocking you up, but I suppose we have to be a bit careful or your earning potential will drop." Eventually, she fell asleep. She woke to her stepfather shaking her.

"Come on, wake up, time for a nice Sunday morning fuck. You can come on top this time." He took out the tube and this time he coated his penis with it. "Come on, climb on top of me and sit on it." He stroked his penis until it was hard. "Come on. Stop fucking around. Just sit on it and let it all go inside." She did as she was told. It still hurt, but not nearly as much as before. "Now rock yourself on it, not too far or it will come out. I'll help. " It took her a while before she could do what he wanted, and then he started to move as well. "Fuck it, you are one really beautiful little girl. Men will pay hundreds to fuck you. When you grow some tits, you'll be fucking gorgeous. Oh Christ, I'm going to fuck you plenty times. Come on, speed it up, I want to fill you with my sperms." He made it last a lot longer this time before he pumped another load of his slimy spunk inside her.

He helped her to cook some food for lunch and after they had eaten, he made her sit with him on the couch. He unbuttoned his fly and pulled it out.

"Time to learn how to do a hand job." He told her. He lay back along the couch. "Get on your knees, put your hand around it and work it up and down. Start slowly and when I tell you, get faster and faster until I come." She has no choice but to obey. He lay there as she jerked him off. He kept stopping her. "Hold on, not so fast. I'm really enjoying this." Eventually, she watched in awe as jet after jet after jet of his thick, hot semen spurted out all over his chest and stomach. "Now lick it off me. Come on, none of your crap. Just do it." He sat up. "Let's go upstairs. We can lie down and rest for a bit, and then we can fuck again." He half dragged her to his bed, and they lay down together. She fell asleep. When she woke up, Brian was still snoring. She wanted to get up, but every time she moved, Sam growled.

When Brian woke, he made her turn to face him and after a bit of positioning, he pushed his penis inside her and fucked her face to face. His foul breath and constant farting almost made her throw up, but she was helpless. She had no chance against her stepfather and his brute of a dog.

"See." He told her as he pulled his flaccid penis out. "It doesn't hurt any more, does it?"

"Not as much." She admitted. "But I'm still sore inside, and it hurts, but not as much." He ruffled her hair.

"You can be a good kid. You're a pretty little thing. When your tits are a bit bigger, you'll be a real cracker. All you have to do now is start to enjoy it, because you are going to get plenty. Now off you go like a good girl and make breakfast. While you're busy, I'll pop down to the phone box and call the hospital." He wasn't long gone "Mom is coming home this afternoon, so tidy up and make the bed in case she wants to lie down. Best make your bed as well. She can sleep in your bed whilst I'm fucking you, and you can sleep in your own when I'm fucking her. We don't any jealousy." He laughed. "Don't worry, you'll both get plenty, I promise you." Tammy was pretty sure that her mom would intervene, she had just gone numb and resigned herself to being fucked continually and being a toy for her stepfather. She was helpless. She was only eight, she had no real friends and she shuddered at the thought of what he would do to her if she told anyone.

At tea time, a taxi arrived with her mom. She was smiling. She kissed Brian. "Have you missed me?" She asked. Brian looked at her.

"Not really. I've been teaching young Tammy how to fuck, and she's a quick

learner." Tammy's mother looked horrified.

"You haven't molested my daughter, have you? You wouldn't dare." She looked at Tammy.

"Yes." He raised his huge fist threateningly. "And I'm going to fuck her a lot more. You'll get yours, don't worry. If you don't like it, you can pack your stuff and fuck off, both of you right now. Now before you start your shit, just listen to me. There are men out there who'll pay hundreds of Pounds just to fuck a little girl. I've got a mate at work who knows a bloke. He organizes little girls like Tammy for these rich bastards. They are Bank Managers, lawyers, doctors, fucking Government Ministers who like to fuck little girls. They pay premium prices. I talked to him in the pub after I'd broken her in, and he reckons that he can get five hundred quid from some of these guys just for an hour. He says some of 'em can hardly get it up, but they like to play with kids, and finger fuck them and get blown. We can start her off with one a night and build it up. I reckon she can do five or six every night. That's a lot of money. You can stop working after a while, and so can I."

Tammy couldn't believe her ears. The thought of five or six fat old men sticking their things into her and filling her with their slime was horrifying. She was even more horrified when she saw her mother warming to the idea.

"Yes, but we can't let them come here, Brian, and what if one of them knocks her up? What if you've already knocked her up?"

"She can't get pregnant and have a kid at eight, can she?" Brian asked.

"I doubt it, but until she starts her periods, they'll have to use a condom; we can't

take chances.” Brian thought for a minute.

“No worry. These rich cunts won’t wear condoms. If she does get pregnant, one of my mates knows a doctor who do an abortion for her. They won’t give a fuck if the put a bun in her oven. Once she starts her periods, it will be essy.” Tammy went cold; this wasn’t happening. “When I go to work tomorrow, I’ll talk to my mate and he can start setting things up. The ones that live near will send a car, we’ll stick with the nearer ones for a while until we have a bit of cash in the kitty, then I can take her down to London and stay in a hotel, so some can come to her and others will send a limo to take us to them. I’m going to insist that I watch, to make sure that they don’t mark her. I’m going to give you two weeks until the end of the month to teach her how to get wet and how to at least look as if she’s enjoying it.” Tammy knew that she had only one option and that was to run. She had no idea where. She knew where her mom kept some money. She was thinking furiously. Brian eyed his wife; she was a stunner.

“Come on, let’s celebrate. I think it’s time you got a good fucking. Get undressed we can do it here.” Tammy’s mom started to strip. Tammy got up and went towards the door. “Where do you think you’re going? ” he yelled. “Get your arse back her and get your clothes off as well. You can watch.” Tammy had no option. Slowly she stripped off her clothes. “And the shoes and socks.” He shouted. He started to fondle her mother’s breasts.

“No Brian. I want to watch you fuck my daughter. The thought of you filling her with sperm is too much. Come on love, fuck her good. I can’t wait to see that big ole dick of yours sliding in and out of my little girl’s hairless cunt. Shit, her real dad will be turning in his grave if he can see what we are doing with his little darling” Brian didn’t need telling twice.

“On your knees, both of you. We’ll do doggie.” He stuck his fingers into her mother’s pussy. It was swollen, and Tammy could see the glistening pink. “Tammy,

come and stick your fingers up mom's cunt and feel how wet she is. You have to learn how to get like that." He forced her fingers in, then he picked her up and put her on a low table. It was just the right height so he could penetrate her standing up. He wet his fingers in her mother's pussy and then stuck them into Tammy's. He did it several times, and then he grabbed Tammy around the waist and rammed his swollen penis into her. He started thrusting. Tammy's mom was rubbing herself.

"That's it Brian, give her a good fucking. Oh Jesus, I'm coming. Oh fuck." Brian kept going for about ten minutes, then he pulled Tammy hard against him and thrust his prick into her further than it had ever gone before. She felt it swell and pump his slime into her nine or ten times.

"Oh fuck, Brian, fill her up. Oh shit, this is so fucking sexy, oh Brian, I can't help it; I'm coming again." Brian pulled out his softening penis. It was followed by a flood of liquid semen. Tammy tried to move.

"Keep still." He told her. Great ropes of white creamy semen were oozing out of Tammy's bald little pussy and down her thighs. Her mother just lost it.

"Oh my God, that's the sexiest sight I've ever seen, my little girl dripping your baby juice from her hairless little cunt. "Oh my God, I'm coming again. Oh Brian for Christ's sake get ready and fuck me too."

"Go and make some tea." He told Tammy lifting her off the table. "No you don't need to get dressed. Go on." Tammy ran naked into the kitchen; his slimy semen was running down her legs. She felt humiliated and dirty. Her own mother had turned on her. They were going to rent her out to dirty fat old men who would fill her with sperms and make babies in her. She made up her mind as she made the tea. The next day she was going to run far away, and they would never find her. Maybe she would find someone who would help her, but nothing could be worse

than what her mother and stepfather had planned for her.

When she got back with the tea, her mom called her. "Come here, Tammy. I know this all sounds weird to you now, but you're going to make a lot of money, and I mean a lot. Daddy and I are going to give you twenty-five percent of everything you make. We'll put it into a bank for you. You could be earning as much as five or six hundred pounds every night. If you work a six night week, you could be getting three thousand pounds every week. You'll have to keep your body in shape, as I've done. I hated it at first when your dad made me go to the gym, but look at me now." She stood up. She was naked. Slim and muscular, with her stomach muscles showing. Her breasts were small but firm. She had a triangle of golden hair, the same color as her long wavy hair. "When you get past sixteen, you'll have enough money to set yourself up with a swanky apartment in London and you can be a high class escort for rich old men. As soon as Brian has recovered, I'm going to give you your first lesson." They had tea, her mom buttered some scones, with strawberry jam. Mom and Brian talked about her new 'career' as they called it. Poor Tammy was absolutely mortified at the thought of what they were going to make her do. After an hour or so, mom was playing with Brian's penis and he started to get hard. "Go and put your clothes on." Mom told him. Brian got dressed

"Now Tammy, watch and listen carefully. I'm going to pretend to be you, and Brian will pretend he's a client. It's your first time with him. Tonight, it's your turn, you are going to do this with Brian, so pay attention. Sit there." She got up and went out of the room, closing the door behind her. A little while later, she knocked on the door.

"Come in." Brian called. Her mom came slowly into the room. She had got dressed in a pair of very short shorts and a very short top. She walked in looking very timid and demure.

"Hello, sir." She said to Brian. "My name is Tammy. I'm only eight years old. What's your name?"

"I'm Brian."

"Oh Brian's a nice name. I'd like to be your friend Brian, would you like to be my friend?"

"I would very much like to be your friend, Tammy." Brian replied.

"May I sit near you please, Brian?" Plonking herself tightly next to him. "I do naughty things sometimes, Brian. Do you do naughty things as well?" She put her hand high on his thigh and started to stroke his leg.

"Ooh Brian. There's a lump in your pants. I think we should do something about that, don't you?" While she was talking, she unbuttoned Brian's fly and pulled out his penis. She stroked it gently.

"Ooh, it's beautiful. So nice. I want to kiss it." She bent over and licked the length of his shaft. After licking several times, she put it in her mouth and started to give Brian a blow job. She stopped and looked at Tammy.

"If you're clever and you do this properly, you can get him to shoot his load in your mouth. I'm going to pretend daddy just did. Listen." She bent back down over him and worked for a few minutes, then she pulled her head back suddenly.

"Oh no, oh, I'm sorry. It was just so nice. Boy, do you taste good." She smacked her lips and pretended to lick him clean. "Oh please make it hard again, Brian. I so

much wanted to feel that inside me. I like it when you come inside my little pussy. It feels so good, and I imagine all your little fishies swimming around inside me trying to make me a baby." She turned to Tammy. "If you take your time, you can be sure he won't be able to get it up again before the hour is up. You can either stay and let him paw you, or some men will want to finish right there. Then, once it's time." She turned back to Brian.

"Oh Brian, I'm so sorry that I made you come so quickly. I really do want to feel you inside me.may I come back again? I'd like that." She turned to Tammy. "If you play your cards right, you'll have hooked a regular customer. Now I'm going to pretend that I couldn't get him off, and he wants to fuck me." She turned back to Brian.

"Oh, it's so nice, I can't wait to feel it inside me. Will you fuck me Brian? You won't hurt me, will you? I'm only an innocent little girl. Can we do it in your bed. I like to do it in bed." Brian stood up and took her mom's hand and led her up to his bedroom.

"Let me help you undress, Brian. You can undress me if you like, or I can just take them off." She helped Brian out of his clothes and took off her own. Then, she got on top and straddled him. "Tammy, you should always try to go on top. Some men won't let you, but most will. It's more comfortable for you if you are on top, then when he's done, he won't flop on top of you like Brian does quite often" Tammy knew all about Brian flopping on her! Her mom massaged Brian's erection and then sat on it and took his full length.

"Oooh Brian that feels soooo very good." She started moving slowly. "Ooh, I like being fucked. It's the nicest thing there is." Her movements started to get faster. "Ooh yes, oh Brian, I think I'm coming, oh God, yes, yes, yes. Her mother was having spasms and shudders. "Oh Brian that was so good, please Brian, make me come again, fill me with your sperms, please Brian." Tammy saw that Brian was indeed going to come, and he did. Her mom was moaning and writhing on him.

"Oh my God, I'm coming again, oh yes, so good, fill me Brian I want every drop of your lovely hot love juice deep inside me. Oh, it's beautiful." She sank on top of Brian and lay there panting for a few minutes. Then she reared up and climbed off him. "That was fantastic Brian. Can we do it again soon, please Brian. I like it when you fuck me so nicely. You made me come twice. It was great. Thank you so much." She got off the bed and started to dress.

"Now Tammy, if you do it like I showed you, you'll soon have a whole bunch of regular customers. I want you to try it with Brian tonight before we go to sleep. Even if he smells and you hate him, he's paying for you to make him feel like he's a real man. Some of the old bastards can't even get it hard enough to put inside you. You just have to let them paw you and give them a nice wank or a blow job. Think of the cash and keep smiling and telling them what they want to hear." That night, Tammy's mom took her into the bedroom.

"Before we do this with your dad, I want to show you how to fake an orgasm."

"What's an orgasm mom?" Tammy asked.

"Well, you know what happens where a man spurts his semen into you. To the man it feels really, really good. Once you settle down and get used to being fucked, you'll have orgasms as well, but only with guys that you really like. It's hard to explain, but take your panties off, and I'll show you how to fake it." Tammy had no choice. She took off her panties and lay back on the bed. Tammy's mom stuck her finger into Tammy's little pussy.

"When he's been humping away at you for a while, not too quickly mind you, you start to gasp, then you tighten your cunt muscles as hard as you can on his cock. Now squeeze my finger, harder, as hard as you can. At the same time, you scream something like, oh Jesus, this is so good oh my God I'm coming. Then, you relax

count three slowly then squeeze again. Make a face. Keep squeezing him rhythmically, for a while. Now show me." Tammy did as she was told and practiced until her mom was satisfied.

Next, Tammy had to go through the entire scenario with her stepfather. She did exactly as she had been taught. When she screamed "oh my God, daddy, I'm coming, I'm coming" and clamped down on Brian's dick, he lost it completely and pumped a load of his sticky semen into her.

"That was fantastic." Tammy's mom told her. "You learn very quickly. We can practice this every day for a while, and I'm going to try to teach you how to make yourself ready for sex. You're going to make us all very rich." Tammy slept very badly. She was having thoughts about what she was going to be forced to do. Next morning, she got ready for school. Her mom had made breakfast. Brian already gone to work.

"Are you going to the shops this morning, mommy?" Tammy asked innocently.

"Yes, and I'll bring ice cream and chocolates for you for being such a good little girl." Tammy left, but she didn't go to school, instead, she hid behind some bushes, watching the door. Soon after, her mom came out, walked to the bus stop and caught the bus to town. Tammy went to the house. She had a key. She went to the spare room. She had watched her mom move a piece of the skirting and put money into a box. She carefully moved the skirting. The box was full of money, fives, twos, and one pound notes. She thought that there were several thousand pounds there. Carefully she counted out one hundred pounds in various denominations. A hundred pounds was a small fortune in 1961 and she reckoned that her mom wouldn't even miss. She ran down to the bus stop and caught a bus to Nottingham. She was very scared; she asked an elderly woman where the train station was and found a train going to London. She spent most of the trip hiding in the toilet. When everyone got off in London, she managed to mingle with the passengers and get

past the ticket inspector. Why would expect a little girl with a knapsack and a small suitcase to be traveling on her own?

She looked in a map book that she had brought with her and decided that she wanted to get right down to the south of England, so asking a few more people and riding on a bus with a friendly old woman who took pity on a little girl who was going home after being with her auntie that was too sick to travel with her. At Victoria station, she found a train bound for Canterbury. It was now afternoon. She was starting to wish that she hadn't left home. She walked aimlessly around after she left the station and found the Main Street. She went into the town and found a middle aged man sitting alone on a bench outside of the library. She approached him.

"Hello, my name is Tammy and I'm only . . ." The man scowled at her.

"Go away or I'll call a policeman." She hurried away. She saw a very big church, through narrow twisty streets she made her way to it. People were feeding the pigeons, but they ere mostly couples and women. She decided to go into the big church and find a place where she could hide and sleep for the night. She passed a bench, and a young man was sitting on a bench, with a drawing pad. He called to her.

"What's the matter?" He asked. "Are you lost, have you lost your mom and dad?" He was very pleasant and smiling. It wasn't what she expected or wanted, but she was starting to get very frightened and desperate. He reminded her of her father, big and very muscular and powerful.

"My name's Tammy, I'm only eight years old. I'm scared, and I'm lost. I need a friend. Would you be my friend."

"Sure, I'll be your friend Tammy. I'm Eddie, now where's your mom and dad. You've lost them, haven't you? Come on, where were they? Let's go and find them." He was going to stand up, but Tammy sat down beside him. She started to cry.

"My mom and dad are dead, I'm all alone; I've got no place to stay. I'm tired, and I'm hungry. I've got some money. Will you help me please?" The man looked at her.

"So you're an orphan are you? Where did you live before, how long have you been on your own? You're not a very good fibber. You've run away, haven't you? What did you do? Did you break something. Your folks love you, you know. Running away is a really bad idea. Come on, dry your eyes and let me take you home. I'll sort it out with your mom and dad. They'll be worried sick."

"No, I'm never going home. They want to do really bad things with me." The light was starting to fade.

"It's getting late, Tammy. I can't just leave you here, anything could happen. You can come home with me and tell me all about it and tomorrow; we can try to solve your problem. Come on." He put out his hand, and she held it tightly. He led her to the bus depot, and they got onto a bus. quite a way out of the city, they got off at a bus stop and walked down a lane to a house that stood on its own in a big garden. When they got near the door, Tammy started to panic.

"I'm only a little girl Mister Eddie, you won't hurt me, will you?" He smiled at her.

"Don't be silly, Tammy; of course, I won't hurt you. Do you think I'm an ogre or something, and I'm going to eat you?" He led her into the hallway and put on the

light in the living room. He lit the gas fire, and she sat on the settee. She mulled her options. He was probably going to fuck her, but it couldn't be worse than her step-dad. She hoped he wouldn't just throw her out in the cold after he had finished. Should she tell him the truth or continue with her story. She decided to see what happened. He made a pot of tea and brought some biscuits.

"Now then, Tammy. Tell me all about it. Things aren't as bad as they look at the time. It doesn't matter what you've done; your parents will forgive you. What did you do?" Tammy really started crying. "We have two choices. You can tell me now, and I'll try to get you home before it's too late or tomorrow. I can take you to the police station in Canterbury, and they will contact the police in your town and send you home and if they can't find your parents, they'll put you into an orphanage and God knows what terrible things they'll do to you. A pretty little girl like you would be fair game for some of these people." Tammy decided that her only way out was the truth.

"My daddy was a hero; he died rescuing some children from a burning building. My mom is very beautiful and when he died, she got a job as an exotic dancer. Then, they threw us out of the house and my mom went to live with this coal miner, and we went to live in his house. He smokes and drinks and when he gets drunk, he sometimes hits my mom. I think he hit her too hard a week ago, because she had to go to hospital. My step-dad tore my pajama off, and he fucked me. It was horrible. He kept doing it until mom came home. I thought that she would stop him, but the two of them were going to send me around to rich old men to let them fuck me and they were going to charge a lot of money every time. My mom even gave me lessons on how to do it and how to fake enjoying it. I couldn't bear the idea of lots of fat, smelly old men pawing me and sticking their things inside me and filling me with their slimy stuff, so I ran away." She was sobbing. "That's the truth. You can fuck me if you want to do if you'll let me stay here until I can find somewhere else." Eddy looked horrified. She was a gorgeous little girl, and he could well imagine how much money old perverts would pay to have sex with her. What to do?

"Tammy, I believe you. It's horrible. We could go to the police and tell your story, but you would end up in an orphanage, which could well be just as bad. Let's make you a bed up in the spare room and you can stay here tonight, and we can decide what we are going to do in the morning."

"No Eddie, I'm really scared, honest. Let me sleep in your bed with you. You seem nice. I don't think you would hurt me. I meant it when I said you can fuck me if you like. I've done it repeatedly in the last week, it doesn't hurt any longer." Despite himself, Eddie was turned on at the thought of having sex with this stunningly pretty little girl. Part of him was revolting against the idea, and another part was telling him that he would be an idiot to pass up a chance like this. Plenty of families were doing it, but not using their kids as prostitutes for old men.

He made a meal for both of them. After dinner, they watched TV for a while, then Tammy got hold of Eddie's hand.

"I'm very tired. Can we go to bed now?" She asked. They went upstairs. Tammy took off all her clothes and unashamedly climbed into bed. Eddie put the gas fire and went into the bathroom. He brushed his teeth and washed up and put on his pajamas. He was determined not to do anything to this little girl. He walked into the bedroom, and there she was, lying naked on the bed. Tammy had decided that the best way to stay here would be to give herself to him. Eddie stared at her, he was gorgeous, the thought of this lovely little girl, lying naked on the bed, waiting for him, was making him wild. He mentally skied himself how many men of any age could turn their back on something like this. It wasn't as though he had coerced her or promised her anything, but he knew that he certainly couldn't walk away from this promise of carnal delight.

She watched him as he walked from the bathroom. A bulge was starting to show in his pajamas. He was trying hard to hide it. As soon as he got upon to the bed, Tammy, put her hand on the bulge.

"Oh Eddie that must be uncomfortable. Let me do something about it. She pulled out his penis; it was slightly smaller than her step father's. She got it into her little mouth and started working on it. She wanted to be careful so he wouldn't finish. After a while, she stopped and looked innocently at him. "I like you Eddie. I want you to, please." Instead of getting on her like before, he slid way down the bed and started to lick the lips of her little pussy. It was actually feeling nice. Then, he started to lick her sensitive spot with his tongue. It was feeling better and better. She groaned, she couldn't help it. She had never felt like this before. She started to squirm, and she grabbed his head with her hand. She never wanted this to stop. Suddenly something happened. It was an amazing sensation, her entire body tensed, the world seemed to stop and she was completely lost in a void of sheer pleasure. It was affecting her entire body. Involuntarily she cried out, a cry of total ecstasy. She lay back gasping, her body still spasming. So this was an orgasm that her mom had talked about. It was incredible. If men felt like that when they spurted their stuff in her, no wonder they did it a lot.

Eddie pulled himself back up the bed and kissed her. Her step-dad hadn't kissed her. She kissed back, and soon their lips were locked. Eddie got over her and she guided his iron hard penis. She suddenly realized that she was wet. The entire inside of her little pussy was just full of slippery liquid. Eddie slid inside her. It didn't hurt at all. Slowly he started to move. She had watched her mom and she got her little fingers working on that sensitive spot that Eddie had been licking.

"Oh Eddie. This feels so good. Take your time. I love feeling you inside me. I never thought that fucking could ever feel like this. Oh Eddie, it's so good." They worked together varying the tempo and sometimes stopping so that Eddie could keep himself in check. Finally, he could hold on no longer.

"Oh Tammy, I can't help it, sorry." He swelled inside her and the first fountain of his seed splashed deep inside her little womb. It was just too much for Tammy. She

cried out as her second orgasm hit. .

"Yes, yes, oh God, I'm really coming. Oh yes, yes, yes." She knew exactly what her mother had been showing her how to fake as they we're both swept away in waves of sheer delight which swept over her. They rolled over clinging tightly to each other gasping and panting.

"So that's what it's really like, not like when my step-dad forced himself into me. I never enjoyed it before, even when it stopped hurting. I thought it was just something that women had to put up with, and only the men seemed to get something out of it. I'm so glad that I met you Eddie. You've been wonderful to me, but please don't send me back to my mom and dad or send me to an orphanage. I want to stay with you always."

"Well Tammy, in the short time that I've known you, you've turned me from a nice easy going bachelor into a pedophile and a pervert as well as a dad, sort of. I won't send you home or to an orphanage. There is always a way. All we have to do is find it and make it work."

They did find it and they did make it work. Eddie always did.

Chapter Six

An Unwelcome Surprise

The day started for Jason about five-thirty. He woke up and knew he wouldn't be able to get back to sleep. He got up, dressed and decided to take an early morning stroll. It was Jason's last day in this small village. He was booked on the ferry to go back to Europe at around five that afternoon and he had been busy, and he hadn't had any time to look around.

Jason was a tall, very muscular man. His life was aikido, a martial art and his hobby was bodybuilding, not competitive, but Jason was proud of his physique. He had been here for the long weekend, running an aikido seminar for one of the big clubs. It had been a good few days and a nice break for him. Jason worked from home. He was a musician and songwriter as well as a composer, but a good part of his life was spent on the mat and in the gym. He was twenty-eight years old and despite having had quite a few girlfriends, he had never found one that he wanted to be with for the rest of his life.

There was a park running down alongside the river, and this is where he headed. It was a warm, summer morning, just right for a leisurely stroll. Suddenly, from behind some shrubbery, he heard voices and laughter. They weren't speaking any language that he knew, and normally he would have just kept walking. What attracted his attention was a muffled grunting, punctuating the voices. He walked softly towards the shrubbery and peered through. Four black men were holding a white girl on the ground. He knew it was a girl because her top had been torn off and was lying next to her. Something had been shoved into her mouth so that she couldn't scream. She was struggling like mad, but it wouldn't help against four young men. One of the men, was seated behind her head and he was holding both her arms and his feet were upon her shoulders. Two of the others each had a leg of her jeans, and they

were pulling them off. A fourth man stood watching, rubbing his crotch.

From what Jason could see, three of the men were young teenagers. The man watching seemed older. The girl was struggling as hard as she could, but she had no hope with the four attackers. The older man had a knife in his hand. Jason looked at the situation. He has fought multiple assailants with rubber knives, hundreds of times on the mat. But this was no mat. This was for real and the knife was for real as well. Should he intervene? Even as he thought about it. The jeans came off revealing light blue panties. The men were laughing as they held her flailing legs, pulling them apart. The older one brandished the knife at the girl.

"You gonna 'joy this nice black dick, bitch." He told her. "An' when we all done fuck you, you go dead, white slut." He knelt between her legs as the other two held them apart for him and the cut the panties with his wicked looking knife, before he unzipped his pants. "See a nice big black dick for a white pussy." He laughed

Jason made his decision. He couldn't stand by and let them kill this woman. He pushed his way through the shrubbery and with his mobile phone; he took a picture. "Smile for the camera." He called.

The man between her legs said something to the two boys holding her legs apart. They let go of her and jumped up. One pulled out a wicked looking blade and charged at him. The girl's legs were flailing at the older man, but he grabbed them "You go die, white boy." He yelled.

All those hours that Jason had spent on the mat, paid off. The entire scene now seemed to be playing in slow motion. As the knife was about to impale his throat, Jason turned and the blade went harmlessly past. He grasped the wrist with his one hand, turning the attacker in a circle as the other arm took his assailant, just above the elbow. As the man was still turning, Jason took him down to the ground. He

stepped over him twisting the arm. The knife fell from his hand, and he gave a scream of pain as his shoulder was torn from its socket. Keeping the turn took him face to face with the other youth. He crouched and hit him with the palm of his hand. The hand was attached to a man who could bench press over two hundred and fifty kilos who weighed a hundred and ten kilograms. It was a blow that could easily crush the sternum driving shards into the heart, but Jason didn't want to kill. Killing one of these creeps would involve police and in Britain, he would get put in prison and the attacker's family given compensation. As it was, the blow was aimed to the right rib cage. He felt the bones break in the ribs. The youth gave a strangled cry and fell down, clutching his chest. From the corner of his eye, Jason saw that the man who had been holding the girl's arms had let go. He also had a knife as he rushed towards Jason. He saw his two mates down on the ground, one gasping trying to breathe, pink foam coming from his mouth, the other still screaming with pain. He hesitated and that was enough. Jason turned took step towards him and kicked him between the legs. It was a kick with plenty of ki power. The youth dropped to his knees clutching his damaged genitals, so Jason kicked him in the head, to make sure that he would stay out of the fight. The entire fight had only taken a few seconds. To any casual onlooker, it would have appeared to be part of a well choreographed dance.

As he turned, he saw the older man hit the girl on the jaw with a vicious punch, knocking her unconscious. He seemed oblivious to what was happening behind him. His only thought was to penetrate this girl. Jason kicked him in the side of his head, but the man was already moving to stand up. The man grabbed his knife that was lying on the ground beside him and with a bellow of rage got up and slashed wildly at Jason. Unlike the previous assailants, this man had used a knife before. They circled as Jason waited for the man to commit himself. His penis, still hanging out of his pants was rapidly deflating. His urge to fuck the girl lying on the ground, made him lose caution. Jason easily moved away from the knife and caught the man in an Aikido yonkyo. He screamed in pain as his wrist broke, and the knife fell to the ground. Now, it was pay time, for the next few minutes, Jason enjoyed breaking the spirit of Aikido, but teaching this thug a lesson he would never forget. He hit, threw, and broke fingers and limbs, turning the man into a bloody cowering piece of meat until he lay on the ground, begging for his life. Jason kicked him in the crotch with all the force he could muster. The man screamed and lost consciousness. The first

youth with the torn and dislocated shoulder was trying to get to his feet, so Jason kicked him in the crotch as well and he went back down.

While this was happening, the girl had regained consciousness and was pulling her jeans back on. Her blouse was in shreds and her top half was completely naked. She had two small but perfect breasts. Jason guessed her to be about seventeen. He helped her to her feet and took off his cardigan and gave it to her. Her face was swollen, her lips were cut, and she was still groggy.

"Thanks." She said as she put the cardigan on. It was miles too big for her, but it covered her exposed breasts.

"Come on." Jason said. "Let's get the hell out of here. If the cops come, we'll probably be arrested, not them. I think you need a doctor or a hospital, and then I'll take you home." The girl started crying.

"No hospital or Doctor, I'll be fine. I just need to get as far away from here as I can. These guys." She gestured to the four men. "Will get all their friends and come looking for me." She limped, so Jason put his arm out for her. She took it gratefully.

"I'll give you a ride back home." He told her. "My car is in the hotel car park. It's still early so not many people will be around. We don't want to draw attention and risk being tied to this scene here." She pulled him in the opposite direction.

"No, I must get my bag first. It's all I've got." Together they walked with him holding her up, to a small shed. She lay down and scrabbled under the shed, coming up with a rucksack and a sleeping bag. Jason took them from her and he got it over his shoulder. They walked towards the hotel. No-one was around. He took her to his

Mercedes and opened the rear door.

"Get it and lie down if anyone comes near. I'll put your things in the boot." The girl looked scared. "Please don't leave me."

"I'm going to get my bag and pay the bill. I won't be long. Here." He gave her a blanket. Put this over you. I'll be as quick as I can."

About ten minutes later he was back. He put his suitcase into the boot. People were now in the car park. "Stay hidden." He told her. "Until we are away from here." He drove for a few kilometers and then stopped in a lay by. He helped her out and sat her in the front passenger seat. "Now where do you live? I'll drive you home."

"I don't have a home." She told him. "I left home and I'm not going back, ever. Just go wherever you are going and you can just drop me off and get rid of me." Her eyes glistened with tears.

"Don't be silly. I'm not trying to get rid of you. I want to help you, but I can only help you if you let me and tell me what the hell is with you. Where are you headed? Why did you leave home without a job or place to go to? Have you committed a crime? How did you get involved with those four guys back there?" She started to cry.

"I'm not a criminal; I've done nothing wrong. I don't really know where to go. I thought maybe London where I can disappear, but after today, I'm scared, really scared. They grabbed me as I was walking to get my bag. I'd just been into the village for something to eat, but no-one was open. They were going to rape me and then murder me. I wouldn't have been the first; there have been several that I've

heard about. I just never thought that it would happen to me. You saved my life. Please take me with you."

"Why have you left home?"

"It's a long story."

"I'm not in a hurry, so come on, maybe we can fix things so that you can go back." She looked horrified.

"Never. I won't go back there."

"Come on, the truth, what happened? The whole story, then we can decide what to do."

"Alright." She told him. "I had a great mom and dad. My dad did everything for us. Then, he got killed in a car smash. We were devastated. My mom couldn't handle it and she started drinking. Then, she started bringing men home. Then, she met this one man. I think he got her started on drugs, but she wasn't the mom that I used to know. Then, the man moved in with us. I didn't like him, but I didn't want to upset mom. He smelled, he drank a lot and he smoked continually. Mom went shopping. I was getting a shower when he came into the bathroom naked. He pulled me out of the shower, dragged me into my room and he raped me. It was horrible. He really hurt me, his, er his penis was huge, it seemed to be about a foot long and it was thick and it smelled horrible. I was bleeding, and his stuff was running out of me. I felt soiled. I went back into the shower. He told me that he was sorry that it hurt, but it wasn't his fault that I had been a virgin. He said that it wouldn't hurt next time. He said that if I told mom, he would tell her that I had started it." She paused, and her

lip trembled.

"I kept quiet about it, but a few nights later mom went to Bingo, and he came into my room and raped me again. When he had finished, he held me in the bed and told me that the only reason he had moved in with us, was that so he could fuck me. He told me that if I were nice to him, he would make sure that I was well cared for. I tried to get away, but he's very strong, like you. Then, he got on top of me and started fucking me again, but neither of us heard mom come back. When she saw us she went ballistic. He told her that it was all my fault and that I had begged him for sex and undressed for him. Mom started throwing things at me and told me to fuck off out of her house and that if I ever came back she would kill me. I went to my room, packed what I could into that rucksack in the boot. I heard them arguing and screaming at each other. He told mom that if she made me leave, he would leave her and follow me. I got out of the bedroom window. I almost broke a leg when I got down. I'm still limping. I started walking and I've been walking now for almost two weeks. Just stopping to sleep and buy some food." Jason thought for some time.

"Look, there's a problem. If I lived here, I would look after you for a while until you could get a job, but I don't have a place here. I live in Spain, and I'm heading home today. I can't take you with me because you don't have a Passport . . ."

"Oh, but I do." She broke in. "Dad took us to Disneyland, so I've got my own passport and it's still ok. It's in my bag. I could come with you. I'll cook and clean for you. I'll do anything you want. Oh please."

"What makes you think that I'm not married with a couple of children at home?" He asked. She looked at him

"I hadn't thought of that, but I'll be a maid, a cook. Wouldn't your wife like some

help?" Jason laughed.

"Well, I'm not married and I don't have any children and I don't even have a current girlfriend, but I can't take you across the channel with your face looking like that. They would think it was my work. Don't panic, I have a plan." He called one of his friends in Kent.

"I'm over here for a few days, and I need somewhere to stay. Can I come? I have someone with me. I'll explain when I get there."

"I'll sleep with you." She told him. "You saved my life; you own me. You can do whatever you like with me, you can beat me, or you can fuck me; I don't care. Just don't dump me. I'm really scared now. If it weren't for you, I'd be dead. It's happened once it might happen again and next time . . ." She shuddered.

"You don't owe me a thing." Jason told her. "I only sleep with women who want to sleep with me not because that feel that they owe me. You know, I haven't even got your name."

"I'm Jackie." She told him. "I don't know your name either."

"I'm Jason. Fancy offering to sleep with a man and you don't even know his name!"

Jason took stock of the situation. Her face was a mess, but she seemed that she would be quite pretty when it healed. She had a great pair of legs, nice breasts, and quite an athletic body. The more he thought about it; the more he liked the idea of having sex with her. It wasn't as if she hadn't already done it, so he certainly

wouldn't feel guilty. Maybe she was the girl he was looking for. Only time would find out.

"If it wasn't for you, I'd be dead now and my body dumped in the river probably." She told him as they drove to the house of Jason's friend.

"What in the name of God have you done to this poor woman?" His friend demanded.

"It wasn't him." Jackie jumped to his defense. "He saved my life." They told Jason's friend Dennis the story.

"So what are you going to do?" Dennis asked.

"All that I can think of, is to take her back with me, but I can't go to the ferry with her beaten up face. That's why I need a place to stay for a few days. You were a doctor before you retired. I'm sure you can help us. They may be looking for her if she stays here."

"Yes, I can, but she will need a Passport."

"I've got one." Jackie told him. "In my rucksack." She fished around and waved it in the air.

"So what are the sleeping arrangements?" Dennis asked, tactfully.

"She can have the bed, and I'll take the settee." Jason told him.

"No you won't, I'll make up a second room after I've treated her face."

For the next ten days, they stayed with Dennis. She never offered to sleep with him again. She cleaned and cooked, kept busy, read books and watched TV, but she never made any effort to leave the house. Her face healed up and for the first time, Jason could take stock of what he'd got himself into. Jackie was quite tall around five feet six or seven. She was slim but quite muscular, she had a visible 'six-pack'. Her hair that was lank and dirty when he had rescued her, now hung over her shoulders like burnished gold. She was really quite beautiful now that her face was almost healed. Jason had bought her new underclothes and new jeans, slacks, and blouses etcetera.

It was their last night here. They would leave the next day for Europe. He had bought Jackie a suitcase, and she was transferring all her belongings from the rucksack to the suitcase. Her passport lay on the table. Jason picked it up to check it wasn't out-of-date, and then he saw something that made him turn ice-cold. He couldn't believe his eyes. He looked again. It would be Jackie's birthday next month. Her FOURTEENTH. birthday. He gasped. Jackie saw what was in his hand. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Jason." She sobbed. "You never asked, and I didn't want to say anything in case you dumped me. Please forgive me. The age difference doesn't bother me at all. You saved my life, and I love you." She sank to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably.

Jason was at a loss. What was he going to do? In this crazy fucking country, they

would lock him up. He had never had sex with her, but who would believe him? A twenty-eight-year old man with a thirteen-year old runaway, gorgeous, sexy girl who was no longer a virgin. He could tell her to fuck off. That would let him off the hook, but what would happen to her. Raped, hooked on drugs, a life of prostitution? Once he got her to Spain it would be better, the age of consent in Spain was thirteen but they were going to change it to sixteen next year.

He sat down beside her and put his arms round her shoulders. She clung to him like a leech. "Don't cry, Jackie. It's OK. You should have told me, but I can't just drop you. We'll think of something. Just relax and stop crying. Let me think this out." He called Dennis and explained the situation. Dennis was also shocked.

"If this were the nineteen fifties or sixties, it wouldn't have been so bad, but now they've brainwashed people to enforce these taboo subjects, you will be in deep, deep shit. They'll call you a child rapist, doesn't matter if you did anything or not. It's a huge fucking witch hunt now. There is one thing going for you; she doesn't look her age. I thought she was much older, more like eighteen. She's very mature for her age."

"How about this, Jason?" Dennis was deep in thought. "You have a black Mercedes, top of the range. Most ordinary folks take care not to piss rich people off. Why not dress her like a spoiled rich brat? You are taking her over to France to meet up with her parents who have flown over, but this spoiled brat refuses to fly, so you, her uncle have been instructed to bring her by car. If she can act the part and we dress her up to kill, the age won't get their attention as much as they will feel sorry for you."

"Can you do that, Jackie?" They asked.

"I think so."

"They are pretty lax at the Channel Tunnel on this side. A Merc with Spanish number plates usually gets waved through, but I don't like leaving things to chance." Jason told them.

They put her into Dennis's car early the next morning and went to the shops. Jason got her several gold bracelets, an expensive white dress that moulded to her figure, white stiletto heeled shoes, sheer nylon stockings, and several ropes of pearls as a choker. She looked fantastic. They got her some lipstick, and face powder, and she had to paint her nails. She looked every bit a rich man's daughter. There had been no word of her disappearance anywhere. They were going to take a chance, but Jason decided that it was worth it. Jackie took to the part beautifully. She could put on quite a ladylike, demanding voice. She practiced for a while. A being a petulant brat and she played the part perfectly. "I do watch TV, you know," she told them. She put on dark glasses and draped herself languidly in the back seat.

"Oh do hurry up, uncle Jason." She demanded haughtily. "You know I just hate to be kept waiting." They all laughed. Jason had changed his plans and decided to go via the Channel Tunnel. Dennis had been correct. The spotless, shiny black Mercedes, with a driver in a white shirt with a bow tie didn't draw any attention. The car was pulled out and checked for explosives, but when they got to the French Passport Control, he just had to wave the two passports and the tired looking official just waved them through. Once on the train, they were home, and dry.

"Keep up this behavior until we get home." He told her. "Just in case."

On the way home, they spent a night in a small hotel. Jackie kept up the act, but toned it down considerably. They had separate rooms. Jason knew that when they reached home, the thing he wanted most was to fuck her. He didn't care that she

was only fourteen, well almost. He loved being with her. She made him happy, she was bright, beautiful, a good cook and he had no doubt that they would be good together in bed.

The house was out in the countryside. There were no neighbors. There had been a security service looking after the place whilst Jason was away, but he had called that morning and dismissed the guard. The house was very big in a huge amount of land. The furniture was old, but well cared for. It was late afternoon. As soon as they got inside, Jackie flung her arms around him.

"Thank you, Jason. I was so scared. I thought you would tell me to get lost. I'm so happy to be here with you. You won't throw me out, will you?" She looked pleadingly at him.

"I took a big chance." He told her. "I'm not sure why, but I feel very strongly about you. I'm not a pervert, but you are so lovely, and you were so lost and vulnerable. I can't let anything happen to you." He held her close to him, and she felt the bulge in his pants pressing against her. She put her hand down and stroked his hardness.

"I refuse to take no for an answer, uncle Jason." She said, in the same imperious tone that she had practiced for the Channel Tunnel. "Now take me to your bedroom immediately and fuck me silly. You know how I hate to be kept waiting." He picked her up and took her into his bedroom, laying her gently on the bed. The confident attitude vanished, and she clung to him.

"Please be gentle with me, Jason. You will be the first and last man I want to do this with. I'm not proud of what happened to me before, and I have to admit, I'm a bit scared in case I do it wrong and I don't please you. Please be patient, I'll learn, I promise." He kissed her again, she wasn't very experienced but she learned very fast.

"You don't need to worry, my sweet." He told her. "We have lots of time. Just relax and trust me. I want to ask you a question. Are you sure that your step father or whatever you want to call him, didn't make you pregnant?"

"Thank God, yes. I had my period already, and I'm due again in just over a week." Jason heaved a sigh of relief. He hated condoms, especially the first time.

"Then, we are perfectly safe for a few days." He told her. "After that we need to be careful. You are far too young to get pregnant." His hand wandered to her breasts. The kisses got more and more passionate, his hands more and more demanding. Her breathing was starting to get ragged.

"Wait." She said. "Let me take these lovely clothes off. I don't want to spoil them." She took off the dress and the pearls. He moved to her breasts, caressing her hard nipples with his tongue before engulfing them one by one with his mouth. She groaned and held his head against her. She was panting and squirming. So he started to kiss her body, down past her belly button. She wriggled out of her panties, revealing her triangle of soft, golden hair. When he ran his tongue down her wet slit, she cried out. The labia were open like the petals of a precious pink orchid. He found her clit. For such a young girl, it was quite pronounced and incredibly sensitive. He flicked it with his tongue for a while and then changed to continuous licking without taking. His tongue away from it. She was squirming and wriggling, her breathing was labored and she was making meaningless noises. She grabbed his head, and it seemed that she was trying to pull him inside her. Her breathing got even more ragged. Suddenly, she gave a shriek and her body arched into the air. She was holding his head quite tightly, and it was a painful experience for him. He slowly moved up the bed, kissing her body all the way up until he reached her breasts, which he proceeded to lick and suck noisily. He moved higher until his erection touched her waiting cunt. She grabbed a hold of it and rubbed it up and down against her sopping wet labia. He felt the head slip inside, and he

pushed.

He was surprised how tight she was. He gently and slowly pushed into her willing body. "Oh God that feels good. It's not painful like the other one." She reared her head and looked down. He was more than halfway inside her. She wanted all of it, and she pushed back at him. Slowly and inexorably his penis continued its journey. Looking again she was disappointed to see that there was still about an inch of him still outside, but even as she watched he pushed more, and she watched it slide into her until his dark pubic hairs were intertwined with her soft blonde ones.

He pulled back, and she felt a moment of panic as she thought that he might pull out completely. She grabbed his buttocks and just as she was about to say 'no', he pushed back all the way inside her again. It was a slightly painful, but a wonderful feeling. He pulled back again and then slowly pushed all the way back. It was getting more comfortable as her body stretched to mold with his. In, out, in, out. The tempo started to get faster. Slowly the tempo was speeding up. Her mind was flooded with lust as she desperately tried to stop her oncoming orgasm. She didn't want this to stop. So this is what it was like to be fucked. Not something to hate as she had done with her mother's man friend, but something out of this world as sheer ecstasy overcame her. She clung to him, her fingers digging into him like she never wanted him to get away. A few days ago, she had been sure that she was going to die. Had it not been for this wonderful man looking down at her, she would have been dead.

Faster and faster the rhythm sped up. The strokes were shorter now, but much faster. She couldn't wait. Her body was quivering as she felt the first wave of her orgasm overtake her. It felt as though she were in another galaxy, there were stars and patterns in shades of blue and magenta. Time stood still; she felt that she was floating in space. She was sure that nothing could ever be as wonderful as this moment. Her body stretched; her toes curled around the bedsheets. She started to quiver. Involuntarily she screamed.

"Oh Jesus. Oh yes, I can't hold on. Of shit, I'm coming, aaaarrgggghhh." Her vaginal muscles contracted; Jason felt as if his dick had been caught in a vice. It was too much; it triggered his own massive orgasm as he shot stream after stream of his hot sperms into her waiting womb. Her spasms seemed endless, so did his. He felt that he would never stop as he pumped load after massive load into her. They clung to each other in a death grip. Their sweat-drenched bodies locked together. She felt that she was a part of him. She belonged to him; her very life belonged to him. As she lay clutching him, she vowed that she would do everything in her power to keep him and never let him go.

"Oh, Jason, I would never have believed that fucking could be this fantastic. I was a bit apprehensive before. The experience I had with that horrid man made me worried that it would always be similar. Oh Jason, please don't ever leave me. I love you so very much." He held her tightly in his arms.

"I hope that you realize that according to British law, I'm now a pedophile." He told her, "But I really don't give a shit that was wonderful for me as well. Don't worry, I will never leave you. You've got everything that any man would ever want." His penis had now shrunk and fallen out of her along with a flood of semen, leaving a big wet patch on the bed. He pushed her up away from it and they lay side by side, both clinging to each other until they fell asleep.

They must have slept for hours. When they awoke, it was dark. They were still both locked together. Her arms had gone numb. She groaned and tried to stretch. In doing so, Jason awoke. He too stretched and grunted, then he held her again and kissed her tenderly on her lips. She returned the kiss, but as she did so, a wave of lust swept over her. She wanted him again. Her kisses became demanding. His hands roamed over her naked body. She had watched some porn movies on a friend's computer, so she slid down the bed and took his erect penis into her mouth. It tasted funny, but it didn't matter, she wanted to please him, to thank him for her

life. After a few minutes, he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her back up the bed.

"You aren't getting off that easily." He chuckled. She straddled him and positioned his organ under her pussy.

"No, it's your turn." She told him. "Just lie still and let me do the work." She sat, and his penis entered her completely. It felt even better this time. The slight pain she had felt before as her body tried to accommodate him, had faded. She started to slide up and down. He gripped her and started moving with her. She smacked him on his chest. "I told you to keep still. It's my turn now and get ready to suffer."

"If this is suffering, I like it." He murmured. She started moving again. She kept it up for some time and with kisses and words; she brought him to the point that he knew he would have to let go. She felt him and suddenly stopped.

"No way." She informed him. "I'm just starting to enjoy myself. Don't you dare get off just yet." A short while later he could see that she wouldn't be able to keep it up. Her body started to tense, she leaned over and kissed him as her orgasm hit. He hung on to her until her spasms stopped. She was panting now. He rolled her off and got her onto her knees, entering her doggy style. This was good for him, he could massage her breasts and her tummy as well as her clit as he fucked her. She was gasping and grunting as he slammed into her. There was nothing gentle now. They were like animals on heat.

"You can make it." He told her. "Hurry up, I'm bursting here." The fucking got even more intense. Until he felt her muscles start to contract. For him, that was enough, he rammed into her as far as he could as he pumped rope after rope of his hot semen into her young and willing body. She cried out for release as the first fountain of his hot spunk shot into her and her own orgasm hit. The world ceased to exist, and she marveled at the kaleidoscope of colors that swirled around in her head. She

never wanted this to end. She imagined all those millions of his sperm, swimming around inside her. It was a wonderful feeling to know that the two of them could get such raw pleasure whenever they wanted it, and it cost nothing at all. At last, she was happy and carefree again.

For a few months, they kept out of the public eye. Currently, there was no problem, but the EU was persuading countries to raise the age of consent to sixteen. Once she reached her sixteenth birthday, everything would be fine, but they needed to keep a very low profile once the law was changed and only then would their cohabitation be legal. It didn't seem that anyone was looking for her, but they both decided to keep a very low profile until she reached sixteen, just to be sure. He doubted that her parents had even reported her missing. Kids ran away from home all the time. Even so, with the current hysteria and the witch hunts against so-called pedophiles, they were concerned that maybe the UK could invoke their sixteen-year old age of consent, despite living in Spain where it wasn't a problem. As it turned out, no-one bothered them at all and the pair of them could stay together without any problem.

Jackie refused to contact her mother. So she never found out what had happened to her or the man who had raped her. Several weeks after they had left the UK Dennis informed them that six black men had been arrested for raping and murdering a young girl in the same village that Jason had rescued Jackie in. Two of them had only recently recovered from a brutal beating when they said that they had been attacked by a group of ten or more youngsters. One had been treated for a punctured lung, another for a dislocated shoulder and a third for a crushed testicle. All the men had been arrested and were now waiting trial for murder.

Chapter Seven

Brotherly Love

My first sex experience came when I was about five. I was playing around in my back garden. We had a big shed right at the top. It was a pretty long garden. I guess, looking back it must have been about sixty meters. I heard a noise coming from behind the shed so I went behind. There was my next door neighbor; he was six, because he'd just started at primary school. They had a smaller shed just a few feet from ours. Tommy, the kid next door was sitting on a piece of wood. He had his trousers undone, and he was pumping away at his penis. Of course, I had no idea what it was called back then. It was all swollen and while I watched he suddenly made a noise and seemed to stiffen.

"What're you doing?" I asked. He jumped, but when he saw it was me. He grinned.

"I was having a wank, silly. I like to come up here for a wank. You should try it."

"What's a wank then?" I asked. He looked surprised.

"You know. You do it as well, don't you?"

"Do what?"

"Come on, climb over, and I'll show you." It was easy to get over the fence. He

unfastened my pants and started to play around with my penis. It used to get all hard, for no reason, but when Tommy started to play with it, it soon got all hard and swollen. He started to pump it up and down. "How does that feel?" He asked.

"Feels nice."

"Soon, if you concentrate, it will feel super good, then when it happens, you have to tell me so that I can stop." It didn't take long before I had this amazing feeling. I clutched at Tommy. He slowed right down. My penis started to go soft. "Now, you know what wanking is." He told me. "Sometimes I like to do it two or three times every day. Just don't let your mom or dad catch you or they'll be real cross with you." So that was that. I enjoyed wanking. My little dick used to get hard just thinking about doing it. It wasn't long before my mom caught me. It was really hard, and I was rubbing it through my pants when mom saw me. She slapped my leg.

"Stop that." She shouted. "It's a dirty, filthy habit. You'll go blind if you keep playing with yourself. If I ever catch you doing it again, I'll tell your father and he'll take his belt off and give you a good hiding." From then on, I made sure that no-one saw me that is until my older sister caught me in my bedroom. Sandra was eighteen months older than I. We got on real well together. She'd already started Primary school, and I would soon be starting as well. I was having a quiet wank when suddenly the door opened, and I saw her there. I quickly tried to hide everything, but it was too late. She wasn't mad at me though. She came over and sat on the bed.

"You don't have to stop for me." She said. "It's OK, I won't tell anyone. I do it as well. I'll help you if you like. Mom told me it's a filthy habit, and I should never play with myself or I'll go blind, but that's rubbish all the girls at school do it. Come on Peter, let me help you." Sandra could be quite insistent. She hauled out my shaft and got to work on it. Jeez, when she was doing it, it felt better than when Tommy had done it. It didn't take long before it was over. I held her hand to stop her.

"My, my bro that was quick. Doing that has made me all horny, come on you can help me. Just keep quiet and listen for mom." Mom was busy in the kitchen. Sandra took off her panties and showed me how to make her feel good. It took a long time. My arm was getting tired, when suddenly she grabbed a hold of me and great shudders ran through her body. "Thanks Pete that was fantastic. I never knew it could be better to have a boy help you out. We can do this again any time we get chance."

Over the next couple of years, Sandra and I became almost inseparable. We would do it almost every night after mom and dad had gone to sleep. Then, when I was nine and Sandy was coming up for eleven, it happened. She came running up to me all excited.

"Oh wow, Pete, you won't believe this. Come with me." We went right to the top of the playground. It was lunch break, and I wanted to eat my lunch, but she wouldn't let me. Right at the top of the playground, there was a big log shed. It stood on a sort of plinth. There were lots of trees and bushes. She dragged me behind some bushes.

"Take off your shoes." She said. "Don't make a sound, no talking or anything." We'd been there, hiding for about five minutes when Mr Kinsey, one of the teachers walked up the garden, with Jenny Smith. She was in the same form as my sister. She was a really pretty girl; quite tall and she had small nice little bumps for breasts. They looked around, and then he opened the door and the two of them went inside. Sandra put her fingers to her lips for me to be quiet and she tiptoed to the shed. It had no windows, but by standing on the plinth, there was a crack in the logs that we could see through and we could look down and see inside. Mr Kinsey was sitting on a bench. Jennifer was on her knees, she had his penis out and she was kissing it and licking it like a lollipop. His penis was enormous, and it had a lot of hair around it. Well it was enormous to us at the time! She got it into her mouth, and

he was sucking it and her head was bobbing up and down, my penis was rock hard, just watching. Sandra was rubbing her clit through her pants.

Suddenly, Mr Kinsey got up. There was a mattress propped against the wall. He put it down on the ground, and Jennifer took off her panties, lay down and opened her legs wide. Mr Kinsey got down and started licking her little cunt. Jennifer was going wild. While we watched she had two orgasms. Then to my amazement, Mr Kinsey dropped his pants, took his huge penis and started to push it into little Jennifer's cunt. I couldn't believe that anything that big could get inside her. The head vanished inside her, but he kept pushing. Slowly as we watched his entire length vanished inside her. We watched in amazement as he pumped his dick in and out of her little body. She was clinging to him and obviously having a great time. As we watched we actually heard her cry "oh Jesus, I'm coming," and she started. At that moment Mr Kinsey also cried out. He pulled her onto him, and we saw him tensing just as I did when I reached a climax. Then, he pulled his softening penis out of her and a flood of liquid came out as well. At first, we thought that he had peed in her, but I knew, I couldn't pee when it was hard like that. Jennifer stood up and a big blob of white stuff dripped out of her cunt. She giggled. It was running down her legs. Mr Kinsey gave her his hankie, and she started to clean up. Sandra grabbed my hand, and we climbed down and ran away behind the bushes again. A few minutes later, they came out and locked up the shed.

My poor dick was still rock hard. I pulled it out and started to wank. I knew it would be I over in seconds, and it was. Sandra was doing the same. I put my arm round her, but it took only a minute or two before she hit her climax as well.

"Shit!" She exclaimed. "That's amazing. We've got to try that tonight. I can't believe that anything that big would fit in me. Oh but it looked like really, really good, for both of them. I'm going to make friends with Jennifer and find out what I can." That night, we stayed awake until we heard dad snoring and then we tried it. My little dick was only about four inches long, so it wasn't easy. I think something was wrong, because it only went in a little way, and then there was some sort of obstruction. We

were both frustrated, so eventually, we gave up and went back to wanking.

"I'll ask one of the older girls what's wrong. I might even ask Jennifer. If anyone knows, she will." She giggled.

The next afternoon after school, she told me that she had talked to Betty Jones. "Betty does it with her dad." She told me. "She says that there's a bit of skin that has to break in there. She says that you have to push very hard, but if that doesn't work, I could use the handle of a hairbrush or anything like that. I'm going to try my hairbrush in the bathroom when I get home, because she says it hurts a bit and it will bleed a bit, and we don't want to get it on the bed." Later that evening, she came back from the bathroom, looking a bit pale. When we got into bed, I asked her.

"Did you do it?"

"Yes, it was quite painful and it did bleed for a while. It's still a bit sore, so I think we should miss tonight. It should be all right for tomorrow," it was so we went at it. We were fucking each other just about every night, and then Sandra's periods started. She came to me the next day at school, laughing.

"Mom gave me a sex talk yesterday." She told me.

"What did she say." I asked.

"She told me that I mustn't play with myself, I mustn't let boys touch me, I mustn't let boys see me without clothes, I mustn't let them touch my breasts and I must stay

pure until I get married, because if I start messing around with boy's I'll get into trouble."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? I nodded and said, yes mom, no mom."

"Is that it?"

"Yes. If she knew what we were doing, she'd have a bloody heart attack, but there's a problem. I have to move into the other room. The small room next to mom and dad's bedroom. I passed my exams, and I've got a place at the Grammar School. You must work hard this year so that you can join me."

A few weeks later dad called me aside.

"We need to have a talk son, it's time you learned certain facts of life. Look, you must play with yourself down there." He pointed to my crotch. "It's nasty, and dirty, and it can give you a disease. You should keep away from girls, don't let them touch you down there, they can have a disease. All they want is your money. Never forget that. If you start kissing girls, one thing can lead to another and then you can be in big trouble. Keep yourself pure until you meet the right girl and get married. remember. God is always watching you."

"How will I know when I meet the right girl?" I asked him. He looked flustered and at a loss for words. Then, he told me "Oh you'll know. God will tell you. You'll see." When I told Sandy, we both screamed with laughter. Because we had been split up

it was hard to get together? We each had our own room. It was almost impossible to get together at night, because Sandy had to go through her parent's room to get to mine. During school holidays, we would go out into secluded places and enjoy each other's bodies. I noticed that if I had a wank, some liquid would come out. It got more and more, and I remembered little Jenny and Mr Kinsey, and the white stuff dripping from her cunt. Sandra made friends with Jennifer; in fact, Jenny quickly became her best friend. Both were going to the same Grammar school and in the same class. We heard that my Kinsey wasn't coming back to the Primary school. Both Sandy and I were getting hair growing down there

All to so, holidays were over. Sandy was busy with piles of homework, I was concentrating on passing the exam. We had very little chance to have sex. There would be times when Sandy had very little homework and she wanted to fuck, but we couldn't find a place to go, was so cold. I passed to the grammar school as well, but we had very few chances to have sex. As the end of term approached, the school organized a trip to France for the better French students. I had a flair for languages, and I was the top of my class in French, my sis was pretty good as well, so we both had the chance. Mom and dad were very happy that we had such good reports and they gladly paid for us to go on the trip.

When we had arrived, we were booked into a hotel, there was an odd number of boys. We were to sleep two boys per room. I made sure that I was the odd one out. Sandy was sharing a room with Jennifer, they had become friends. Between them, somehow, the room they got was next to mine with an adjoining door. Jennifer was quite good at picking locks, so they had the door open in no time flat. That night, when everything went quiet the door opened and both girls came into my room. Sandy whispered in my ear.

"You don't mind if Jenny joins us, do you Peter, it's OK this time. We're on holiday, and Jenny is all alone. None of the boys are interested in her because of Mr Kinsey. It's OK, you can do one of us, then have a rest and then do the other. We'll both take good care of you. Just keep quiet." I was a bit shy at first, but the girls kissed

and played with each other's breasts and clit, whilst I fucked them. Jenny was a tall very pretty girl with long, almost black hair, she had two gorgeous titties and she really knew how to get me hard. She showed us different positions. We learned Cowgirl, Reverse Cowgirl, Doggy, Spoon and some other really complicated positions. She told us that Mt Kinsey had shown her a lot of different positions and that he was kind and gentle and very patient, and he'd been fucking two other little girls as well. The girls all loved him because he was good looking and had a lot of muscles.

During the ten days, we were in France, most of the other girls had made friends with local boys and most of the boys had made friends with local girls. There were a lot of whispers about 'did you get any then?' Even though the teachers were trying to keep everything under control, boys and girls sneaked away and I think quite a few had lost their virginity, buy the time the holiday was over. Jenny and Sandy spent every night with me. I would fuck one of them rest whilst both girls fondled me and each other and then, I would fuck the other one. By this time, I was making lots of spunk. Jenny loved the taste of it, and she got Sandy licking and sucking my dick and eating our juices.

All too soon it was over. The new term started, and everything seemed OK until Jenny and Sandy both came to me one afternoon after classes.

"We have to go somewhere where we can talk." Sandy told me. "We've got a big problem." Both girls looked pale and worried. We found a quiet spot and sat down.

"What's the problem?" I asked. Jenny looked at me and started to cry.

"I'm pregnant. I'm carrying your baby." I almost fainted.

"Are you sure? How do you know?" I asked. We had no idea as to how babies were made,

"I haven't had a period since we came back from France." She told me. "I've been feeling sick every morning, and I went to a doctor and he tested me and it's true. I've never been with another boy since I left Primary school. I don't know how to tell my folks. I don't want an abortion. I asked the doctor how I had got pregnant and he explained that the white stuff that comes out of your dick is called semen and it has little things swimming in it called sperms and at a certain time of the month, if you squirt it inside a girl, it fertilizes an egg, and she gets pregnant. I want to keep my baby. What am I going to do?" It was then that Sandy broke her bombshell.

"I hate to tell you this Peter, but I'm pretty sure that I'm pregnant as well. I have the same problems as Jenny. I'll have to see the doctor, but I'm pretty sure I'm the same." Oh fuck! I thought, now what? Back in the day, the rule as that if you made a girl pregnant you had to marry her. I wouldn't have minded marrying Jennifer, but I'd knocked up my own sister and not only was she underage, but it was incest as well. After much thought and discussion, we came up with a plan.

"Look." I said. "I can't marry both of you, but I promise that I'll take care of both of you and the children as soon as I can get a job. If I'm in jail for statutory rape and incest, I'll never get a job. All the boys over in France were fucking the local girls. Maybe some of them are in the same condition. I know for sure that Sybil, Pamela, Janet, and Mary were all getting royally fucked by French boys. Maybe one or more of them got knocked up as well. So you say that you met a couple of really great French blokes, and you had some wine and you let them, just once. You didn't know that you could get pregnant. You don't know their names. It only happened once, and afterwards you regretted it. There'll be a lot of shit, but it's our parent's fault for not telling us how we could get pregnant. The shit will hit the fan, big time but it will soon blow over; mom will look, after our baby Sandy. What about yours Jenny?"

"Yes, mom will be pissed big time and she'll shout and scream and blame the school. All hell will break loose at school, but mom will look after our baby until I pass my 'A' Levels and get a job. I think it's a good plan."

As we suspected, the shit hit the fan big time. My father took me aside and asked me whether I had 'done anything' with the French girls.

"Yes," I told him. "There was this blonde French girl and her sister. They took me to their home, and we had a party. They opened a bottle of wine and next thing I knew, I woke up in bed naked with both of them. I think we had sex." My dad was livid.

"But I warned you about women, didn't I?"

"No." I replied. "You said they were all dirty, and they wanted me for my money and I would know when I met the right one. Maybe God told me that she was the right one. You never told me that I might get one pregnant or what I had to do to get one pregnant. How was I supposed to know? I'm not psychic." Dad gave me a backhander across the mouth. "Shut up." He blustered. "Surely they taught you at school. How am I supposed to tell you? You'd better pray that some bloody Frenchman doesn't come knocking on my door with his knocked up daughter." He was yelling so loud that Sandy could hear. Mom was very angry with her.

"You're just a little slut." She said. I warned you about boys." Sandy decided on the same response as mine.

"No you didn't, you told me that I shouldn't let boys see me naked or play with my tits and I shouldn't touch myself or I would get a disease, but you never told me

what a boy had to do to get me pregnant. I was on holiday. I was at a party with my friend Jenny and a couple of lads who were on holiday. They were teaching us French. They opened a couple of bottles of wine, and we were all having fun. We started kissing and then, the next thing I remember I was in bed with one of the boys. We were both naked, I was sore down there, the bed was wet and there was blood on it. Jenny had the same experience. We got up and got dressed. We both felt ashamed, but it was too late. We didn't know that we could get pregnant. You never explained what we had to do to get pregnant." More bluster from mom who then blamed the school. Mom and dad went to the school; there was another girl who had also get pregnant to a French boy. There was a big stink at the school, but after a couple of weeks it died away. The recriminations at home also stopped. Mom took Sandy to an aunt in Cornwall, where she gave birth to a baby girl. She was called Nancy after her gran. She was beautiful. Jenny had hers at home, also a little girl, they called her Tammy. Both girls missed a month or so at school, but they had been given extra work to enable them not to get too far behind.

Chapter Eight

Chemical Sex

I was in the shopping mall of the big town with a friend, when I first saw her. There was this tall well-dressed good looking woman and a young girl.

"Oh wow!" I exclaimed, "just look at that." My friend saw what I was looking at and chuckled.

"Yes, she is great, isn't she? Nearly every guy in the neighborhood was sniffing after her, but she ended up marrying that great clod Fred, a bloody farmer. Can you believe it? You are too late, mate." I nodded, it wasn't the woman who had caught my eye, it was her companion, the most beautiful angelic, innocent looking little sweetheart that I had ever seen. She had tresses like spun gold that shone in the afternoon light. She was slim and athletic with gorgeous legs. My cock was starting to swell just looking at her. I knew right then, that I had to have her, but how?

"A farmers wife eh?" I looked at my friend. "Which farm might that be? I thought I knew everyone around here, but I've never seen her before."

"That's because they live in a different village right on the other side of town, more on my side than yours." He gave me the name of the farm. "We were all surprised when she married Fred. Mind you, he's a big guy, almost as big as you, but he's got quite a bit fatter in the last couple of years. Spends a lot of time in the Eagle Arms pub. Surly, unfriendly piece of work."

That evening, I made a trip to the Eagle Arms. I had to find out as much as I could about this family. It didn't take long to find out who Fred was. He was sat alone in a corner with a pint of beer. No-one spoke to him. Even sitting you could see he was a big man. I took my beer and went over to his corner and pulled out a chair.

"Do you mind?" I asked.

"Suit yourself!" The music changed, and it was some awful rapper repeating the same words repeatedly. I looked round the bar. By far the majority were middle aged men and a few women. A couple of spotty youths were propping up the bar.

"Do they call this bloody awful noise music?" I asked in a loud voice. Fred looked at me.

"I suppose they do." He said. "No-one seems to want to complain." I stood up. I was a big man, twenty-six, an amateur bodybuilder, not far short of two meters tall and one hundred and eight kilograms. For some reason, folks didn't seem too eager to pick a fight with me. I was also a karate black belt. I stood up and yelled in a very loud voice.

"Must we suffer this crappy noise, landlord? In case, you haven't noticed, most of the people in here are older than teens and we really don't want to sit here and listen to that shit. Can't you either put on some proper music or turn the fucking noise off." Most of the customers just glared at me, but some nodded their heads.

"You're the first to complain." The landlord told me and he turned off the noise and after a few minutes, put on some less offensive music.

Fred was impressed, he smiled. "You won't be popular around here if you talk like that, these bastards are just steeped in political correctness bullshit." So, my on the spot analysis of this guy was correct and I could see that he had started to warm to me. I had no idea how this was going to help my quest, but the more information I could get the better. It was like diagnosing a problem with an animal. First collect as much data as you can, analyze it and then put forward a plan to cure it.

"So I haven't seen you here before." Fred told me. "Are you new around here?"

"No, not really. I'm from the other side of town, but it's nice to make a change from time to time."

"Where do you work then?" He asked me.

"Actually, I'm a veterinarian. When I had passed my exams, I stayed on at 'Varsity, doing some research. That's now finished, so I'm taking a year or so sabbatical, before I start a practice of my own."

"A vet hey, that's good to know. I've got a farm not far from here, not many animals, a couple of cows for milk some chickens a couple of pigs, but most of our crops are wheat, cabbage, and suchlike."

"Well, I'm Tony. If you ever need anything." I stuck out my hand, and we shook.

"Fred," he announced. "Here, let me get you another beer." He went to the bar and come back with two beers. "You married?" He asked.

"Not yet, going out with a nice girl, we'll see what happens." We chatted for a while and then went home.

For the next weeks I went to the pub just about every night. Fred enjoyed chatting to me, we felt the same on a number of issues, so it was easy to befriend him. After about two weeks or so, he asked me to have a look at their dog, it seemed to be unwell. I went with him to the farm and checked his dog it was in a barn and gave it some Imodium. It had the runs. "How much do I owe you?" Fred asked.

"Nothing. I'm always happy to help a friend."

"Come on and meet the family then." We went into the house.

"This is my wife Anne, and this is my daughter Christine, she's eight"

"I'm not eight; I'll soon be nine." Christine said indignantly.

They both shook my hand, and Fred introduced me to them. Christine, up close was even more beautiful than I had thought possible. We all sat down, and Christine brought us each a beer. I was desperately trying to hide the growing bulge in my pants, but I'm sure that Christine saw it because she smirked at my discomfort. Anne was very pleasant, but I could see there was a little bit of tension between them.

"Why don't you come round tomorrow for lunch and bring your wife or girlfriend?" Anne asked. The next day was Sunday, and I had already agreed to meet Susan for

lunch.

"That would be great." I responded. Now, Susan and I had a comfortable relationship. She was very much into younger boys. She liked to teach them about sex. We met up every Saturday and Sunday, and we would enjoy sex together, what each of us did for the rest of the week was our problems. We were both extremely careful to avoid STD or HIV partners.

The following day was interesting. We had a barbecue outside. I noticed that Fred kept watching his wife and when she was out of sight, he would pat his daughter or stroke her back or arms. He obviously didn't upset her, in fact, she seemed to enjoy the attention. After we left, late in the afternoon, Susan confirmed what I had thought.

"That guy is fucking his daughter." She remarked. "The wife suspects it, she makes sure that she watches them all the time. I'll bet she never leaves them alone together unless she has to do." I had to agree. This was a chance. If I could prove that this was true, I could possibly blackmail Fred into letting me have some time with Christine.

Fred invited us around for lunch every Sunday. In return, I looked after the welfare of the few animals on the farm. Christine had a horse, and she was quite a good rider already. We all got on well together. Christine used to greet us with a hug, and she used to rub her body into my groin and grin. She knew exactly what it was and what men did with it. I still had no plan to further my ambition. I wasn't thinking about rape. Rape was something that I regarded as evil. I wasn't into sex with an unconscious woman. I was pretty sure that if I could get Christine alone with me, in the right circumstances, that she would be willing to let me fuck her. The question was, how. I knew which room was Christine's and on the odd evening, I could sneak onto the farm from a side road and have a clear view of Christine's room. Sometimes she would look through the window. She never pulled the blinds, but I

couldn't see her bed and when she moved away from the window that was it.

The day's grew shorter as winter approached. I still had no plan. Then, one evening, Fred was already in the bar when I arrived. He seemed tense and kept looking at his watch. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"Oh nothing really, it's just that one of Anne's friends is in the hospital. She's being operated on tomorrow, so she's going to visit her. I'll just have to pop back home for a bit and keep an eye on things whilst she is gone, she'll only be gone for about an hour, so sit tight, I'll be right back." About ten minutes later he left the bar. I left by the rear door and ran down the lane to the back of the house where I could see Christine's window. A few minutes later, Fred appeared at The window. His shirt was off. He pulled the blinds, but in silhouette, I saw him pick up Susan in his arms, then they vanished from view. My dick was at full attention as I imagined Fred, fucking his beautiful little girl. I stood there in the cold and stroked my engorged member until I shot my semen into the earth. So my theory was right. All I needed to do was prove it. I went back to the bar. After some time, Fred returned. He looked happy as only a man can after sex.

Now all I had to do was find a small camera that I could hide in Christine's room that I could control remotely and then find a way to get Anne out of the house, so that I could get the necessary proof. First, I had to find out how I could plant the device in Christine's room. I looked on the Internet and found a tiny spy camera that I could remotely trigger. Next, I had to find out when the family went out together on a shopping spree or something similar. I could hardly ask them!

As it turned out, all this was unnecessary, because a couple of weeks later, Fred came to the pub, looking a bit despondent.

"What's up Fred?" I asked. He looked at me seemingly with some sudden thought,

and then he sank back.

"No, I couldn't that wouldn't be right." He muttered.

"What? I thought we were friends. If there's a problem, let me try to help." He stared at me for some time. Then after a while, he spoke.

"You probably haven't noticed, but things aren't a hundred percent between Anne and me. I love her, but . . . Anyway, I entered one of these silly competitions. I never win anything, it was just stupid, but the first prize was a two-week Caribbean Cruise on one of these luxury cruise ships. I thought that maybe if Anne and I could go on a cruise like that, it would make things right between us. The problem is, I hadn't thought it through properly, and I won the bloody first prize and we can't go."

"That's fantastic Fred; of course, you must go; you can't let a thing like that slip away."

"Don't be silly. First, they won't allow children and second, although I have a couple of hired hands, I can't just leave the bloody farm for two weeks. Neither Anne nor I have any family that would come over and the few friends that Anne has would never come over and look, after things. I would never leave little Christine alone for two weeks."

"When do you have to leave?" I asked.

"We should have been ready to leave in two weeks time, but there is no way . . ." I interrupted him.

"Listen, Susan has a lot of leave owed to her. I don't have to work. I'm a vet and more than capable of looking after your animals for a couple of weeks. If you tell me what has to be done and introduce me to your farm laborers, Susan and I can stay in the house for two weeks and take care of everything, whilst you and Anne go off and enjoy the Caribbean." Fred looked as though he would burst into tears.

"Would you really do that? I would never expect you to do something like that. Are you sure that Susan would agree?" I stood up.

"I'm going to go and talk to her right away. Have you told Anne about winning?"

"No, because I realized that we couldn't go and she would be disappointed."

"Good, keep it to yourself for another two days. I'll telephone you tomorrow with a definite yes or no, and then Susan and I will come over on Saturday morning and you can tell her that you won. When she starts thinking about abandoning everything for two weeks, you can tell her that we will be happy to do it and if she agrees, you are set up."

"If this works, I'll be in your debt for life." Fred told me.

I went to Susan and explained. This was my big chance. All she had to do was to come with me to talk to Anne and Fred on Saturday, and go there with me on the day that they left. Then, once they had gone, she could pretend to get a call and she could make some excuse to go off, leaving me alone with Christine.

"You wouldn't hurt her or force her would you?" Susan asked.

"What kind of a man do you think I am?" I asked her. "I would never hurt that lovely little girl. I'm sure that once alone, I can talk nicely to her and she will let me have sex with her. It isn't as if she hasn't done it before and if necessary I can tell her that I know about her relationship with her dad."

On the Saturday, Fred made the announcement. It didn't take long before Anne hugged and kissed both of us and agreed. They called Christine who was out with her horse, and they told her the news. At first, she wasn't too happy, but finally agreed that she would be happy for them to have a holiday. They assured Christine that they would make it up to her when they got back.

So the plan was sort of set, but I still had another trick up my sleeve. Some months before, I had heard of something called Bremelatonin. It was a peptide that when injected subcutaneously would produce massive sexual desire in both men and women. I had tried it out. It took anything from five to ten hours to really kick in, and it lasted for hours afterwards. I carefully worked out what dose I could give little Christine to make her really horny, without causing any damage. How to give her the injection? I decided to get hold of some gamma hydroxybutyric acid, the date rape drug. I carefully worked out a dose based on her body weight, just enough to put her out for a couple of hours. During this time, I could give her the Bremelatonin and when she woke up, I hoped that she would try rape me, instead of the other way round!

Susan and I arrived on the day of departure. Everyone knew that I was in charge for two weeks. I had the schedule of what needed to be done and when. Eventually, the car arrived to take them to Southampton; it was all part of the prize. Susan and I went to the shopping mall with Christine. I bought some food and things for snacks, along with a bottle of port and a big teddy bear for Christine. She was thrilled. When we go home, Susan cooked lunch. Afterwards, I brought out some snacks and

we watched a movie. I had a glass of port and gave Susan one. Then, I poured half a glass and gave it to Susan.

"Here you go, just this once, you can join us to celebrate." Susan took a cautious sip.

"Oh, this is nice, and she finished the glass." At about six o'clock, Susan's phone rang. She went into the kitchen and talked for a while. Then, she came back and announced that there was a problem at home and she would have to go.

I went into the kitchen and started to tidy up. Then, I went out and checked around the farm, the animals and the outbuildings. Christine was busy watching TV. When I had finished, I made up some snacks, crisps and bits of cheese on wooden sticks. I put them on the coffee table along with a glass of port for me. As we ate the snacks and I took a sip out of the port, Christine complained.

"That's not fair. You get a drink, and I don't."

"Sorry, what do you want, orange juice or pop."

"Why can't I have a drop of that stuff. It's nice?" I pretended to be concerned.

"Little girls shouldn't be drinking alcohol. There's no telling what effect it could have."

"Oh come on, just this once, pretty please"

"Oh well, all right, just this once." I got up and went into the kitchen. I had already

prepared an almost full glass of Port and my calculated dose of gamma hydroxybutyric acid. Only a tiny amount, I didn't want her to sleep for very long. I gave her the glass, and she started to sip from it until the glass was almost empty. I could see that her eyes were getting heavy. She yawned, tried to stand but couldn't. She slipped back into the chair.

"Are you going to sleep?" I asked.

"Tired." The reply was slurred.

"I knew I shouldn't have given you that Port." I complained. "Come on, let's get you to bed." I carried her upstairs and the main bedroom was the first one. I pretended to almost drop her and entered the main room. I needn't have worried; she was already asleep. I got her out of her clothes, and just left her panties on. Then, I went downstairs and got out my insulin syringe with the calculated amount of Bremelanotide. I rubbed a bit of topical anesthetic onto the skin under and to the side of her little belly button and then gave her the subcutaneous injection, it was only a tiny amount, but I reckoned it would make her super horny.

I didn't want to disappoint, so I went downstairs and gave myself a shot as well. Then, I went back upstairs and sat at the side of Christine's bed, watching her, just in case there was a bad reaction. She flushed for a while, but that's what it does, after about an hour, she was sleeping without any signs of a problem, so I went to the spare room that had been allocated to me for the two weeks, got naked and climbed into bed. I set my phone alarm for midnight. She had the injection at half past seven. Normally, it takes four hours or more to kick in. By midnight, I was already awake with a rock hard erection.

I went to the room where Christine was sleeping. She was moving restlessly. In the dim light, I could see her hand was inside her panties. I leaned over her.

"Are you all right?" I whispered. Her hand reached out for my and held my arm.

"Please daddy, I feel so fucking horny. I want you." This was even better than I had hoped for. I stroked her body and pulled off her panties. She grabbed a hold of my engorged member and pumped it up and down. I started to stroke her slit. She was soaking wet, and she squirmed and groaned as I slid my finger into her. She started to rotate her hips, trying to get me deeper into her.

"Fuck me daddy." She whispered. I gently rubbed her clit. It was quite pronounced for someone so young. Her fingers dug into me as she exploded into a body shaking orgasm.

"Please daddy" I got between her legs and she grabbed my penis and helped me to find her pussy. I wished I could see her, but I was more than happy as I slid all the way inside her. She was tight, but incredibly wet. Her hips started moving and slamming up at me. My entire six and a half inches were buried in her. Her hips were more and more demanding. We were slamming into each other like crazed animals. I never wanted this to end.

It took only a few minutes before another body-wracking orgasm hit her. I desperately wanted to come, but I hung on grimly. As soon as she has recovered from her climax, she started pumping me again. Faster and deeper. Another orgasm hit her and I cried out as her vaginal muscles gripped my cock. I just couldn't hold it. I pushed as deep into her as I could and erupted inside her. Jet after jet of my hot creamy semen fountained into her. I never thought I would stop as wave after wave of pleasures swept through me. I could never believe that a body could produce that much semen. I must have pumped at least ten massive eruptions into her. It was squirting out of her little cunny. It was all over my pubic hair and my thighs and stomach. Her fingers were digging into my back so hard that it was painful.

"Oh my God that was fantastic." She groaned. Then suddenly she seemed to wake up. "Oh God, it's Tony, please don't tell anyone. How did . . .?" I was still buried inside her.

"You were making noises, and it woke me up. I came in to see whether you were OK and, well, you grabbed me and almost raped me, but I don't mind, it's wonderful."

"Sorry, I'm just so fucking horny. I've never felt like this before. Please don't stop. Don't ever stop." Her hips started moving again. My cock had never gone completely flaccid and within seconds I was fully erect again. I pulled out, and she let out a cry of dismay. I switched on the bedside lamp.

"Kneel up." I manipulated her into position. As she knelt before me, a huge dollop of cum slid out of her little pussy and onto the bed. It was a very erotic sight. There is nothing like seeing your own semen dripping from the pussy of a girl that you have just fucked. My cock was rock hard again, and I entered her doggy style. It was obvious that this was new to her. My arms were around her tummy I used one hand to massage her little clit and the other to fondle her tiny budding breasts, and I could move and rub her little nipples. We went at it like animals. There were loud obscene noises with each stroke as the creamy spunk still inside her. was churned to a white foam. We were both oblivious to the fact that we were covered in sticky semen. She had two more orgasms before I shot another massive load into her beautiful little body.

We both collapsed on the bed, clutching each other. We were soaked in sweat and spunk. We started kissing, and she certainly knew how to kiss. Her daddy had trained her well. My cock was still swollen. I rolled her onto her side, lifted her leg, and penetrated her from the side.

"I've never done it like this before." She whispered, "You're an expert Tony, I wish we could do this every day, but your girlfriend will be back and I think she might object." She giggled.

"I'm sure that we can find a way." I told her, "You are a sexy little minx, Christine."

"You must promise me please, Tony, never tell anyone about my dad. They would send him to prison. We did it first about a year ago, but soon after, mom almost caught us and since then, she makes sure that dad and I are never alone. I love my daddy. He doesn't do it as well as you, but he's so kind and gentle to me. It makes me feel all warm inside and wanted."

"You don't have to worry, sweetie, if anyone knew that you and I were lying here like this; they would lock me up as well." She laughed.

"Well stop lying there then, and start moving. Susan will be here tomorrow, and we won't be able to do it again." We were at it all night. We were both completely exhausted. I got up and made a breakfast of bacon, egg, sausage, beans, mushrooms, and took it upstairs, and we ate in bed. We drank tea, and then we started to fuck again. Finally, we fell asleep.

I was wakened by my phone ringing. It was Susan.

"So how did it go?" She asked.

"Oh, everything is fine, my dear." I let her talk for a while, then I said,

"Look, if you can't get back for a day or two, I can manage here OK. Family is important, so stay until everything is one hundred percent. If I do really need you for anything, I'll call you, I promise. Christine is very well behaved. I don't think she'll be a problem." I finally hung up. Christine started to laugh.

"Tony, I'm going to wear you out, I promise. They'll carry you out on a stretcher. I suppose we should get up, strip this bed so that it can dry out and get a bath, we both stink. After that you should see to the farm and then we can have lunch. I'll do the cooking, just conserve your strength, you are going to need it!"

For the next two weeks, she kept her promise. Sex with her was fantastic, and I pumped load after load of my hot semen into her wonderful little body. Then, the time drew near to its end.

"I'm going to miss you, Tony." She told me. "I love sex. It's just fantastic; I hardly ever get left alone with dad. It's been a terrific time, but now I'm going to feel really frustrated. Is there any way we can get together for time to time?"

"I'm sure that we can make it happen." I told her. We did, but that's another story.

Chapter Nine

Deceived By Political Correctness

The end of school bell rang. It was time to go home; Sally closed her desk and went with the crowd of other girls to go home. It was Monday. She had cleaned up everything at home over the weekend, so she could concentrate on her schoolwork when she got home. She lived quite close to the school, it was about a ten or fifteen-minute walk. Outside the gate were a couple of boys waiting for their girlfriends. Sally was ten years old, she was a pretty blonde with blue eyes and a pony tail. Quite a few of the girls at the school had boyfriends, but so far no one seemed interested in her. Maybe she wasn't as outgoing as some of the others. As the first girls out had begun to drift away, Sally went out into the street. A boy was standing there alone. He smiled at her. He was black, and he was a lot older than she. She felt that she needed to smile back she didn't want people to think that she was racist. After all, on TV, all the top jobs were held by black people and it was normal for white women to be married to black men and vice versa on the TV. Her mom had told her repeatedly that all people were equal and the color of a person's skin didn't matter. So, she smiled back.

That was all that it needed. "You're very pretty." He told her. "Do you live around here? I've only been here a few days. I'm from Africa, I escaped from persecution there and I've come here to start a new life, but I don't know anyone. What's your name pretty girl?" Sally was flattered. It was the first time that a boy had told her she was pretty.

"I'm Sally." She told him. "I don't live very far from here. Where are you living now?"

"Oh, I'm just staying with some more people who came from my country. I don't know anyone around here, really. Do you stay with your mother and father?"

"My dad's dead." She told him. "I stay with my mom, and she isn't very well. She has a problem with her heart, and I have to take care of her. She doesn't get out very much." The boy smiled.

"So you're all alone like me. Can I walk you home?" He put out his hand. She wasn't sure what to do. This wasn't what she expected. If she didn't let him hold her hand, would he think that she was racist? She decided and let him take her hand. They walked together to her house, chatting. When they reached her house. He shook her hand and said.

"I'll wait for you tomorrow after school. I'll buy you an ice cream." She couldn't refuse.

"OK, see you tomorrow then." She went into the house and told her mom what had happened. Sally's mother was a little concerned. Her daughter was very beautiful, when she grew up; she would be able to marry any man she wanted. She had heard some stories about young black men having sex with young white girls, but she couldn't say anything because she didn't want her daughter to think that she was prejudiced.

"Just be careful, my love." She told Sally. "Remember what I told you about allowing boys to touch your private parts. You should keep yourself pure until you are at least sixteen."

"I know mom, but I can't just ignore him. What would people think, besides, he's

much older than me. He just wants someone to be his friend. That's all." The next afternoon, he was there. They walked to a corner shop, and he bought her an ice cream.

"What's your name?" She asked him. "How old are you?"

"You can call me Bennie." He replied. "And I'm only seventeen. How old are you?"

"I was ten last month." Bennie grinned.

"So you haven't had a lot of boyfriends yet?" He laughed.

"No, mom says I shouldn't have boyfriends until I'm older."

"Mom is always right." He told her. "I just like talking to someone from around here. People don't like me because I'm black. There are a lot of racists here. But you're not like them." Sally was flattered. They ate their ice cream, and he walked her home.

When she came out of school on Wednesday, he was waiting for her, but this time there was an older man talking to him. As she got close to them, the man said something and walked away.

"Was that your dad?" She asked.

"Oh no, it was just some guy wanting to know the way to the post office, so I told him." They walked back to her home. On Thursday, he wasn't there. A small part of her felt relieved, but she was also disappointed. On Friday, he was back.

"I missed you yesterday." She told him. He was very apologetic.

"I'm so sorry, Sally. I had to go to the police station. It was about my permit to stay here. What are you doing tomorrow afternoon? We can maybe get a bit of Kentucky Chicken and a cool drink, and chat for a while. You can show me around as well if you would." Sally was a little concerned. She had the housework to do; she normally spent the weekend at home.

"Oh, I can't really. At weekends, I do all the house cleaning and look after mom." She told him. He sniffed.

"Yeah, I think you just don't want to be seen with a nigger, do you?"

"No, it isn't like that, I like you. I would never use that word. I would love to come out with you, but my mom isn't well." He squeezed her hand.

"Come on. Not for long, just for an hour. I'll meet you by your house, we'll walk into town, have some Kentucky and a drink, then straight back to your mom. How's that?" What could she do? She didn't want him to think she was as prejudiced as some others.

"OK, just for an hour then." He grinned.

"Great, see you tomorrow. Two o'clock right here" When Sally went in, she explained to her mother. Her mother was worried.

"But Sally, love. He's a lot older than you, and you are far too young to be dating boys. Do you really like this boy?" Sally hugged her mom.

"No, it's not like that at all. It's not a date. He's a refugee. He had a bad life in his home country, now he's here and he's alone, his mom and dad are probably dead. He just wants someone to talk to. Besides. If I tell him no, he thinks it's just because he's black. He's OK. I just feel sorry for him, but I don't want to be his girlfriend or anything like that." Her mom was slightly mollified, but alarm bells were sounding. She didn't want to try to stop Sally. She didn't want her daughter to think that she was prejudiced, but something just seemed wrong.

"All right, love but just be careful." Next day she worked extra hard to get everything done. She made lunch and then put on her jeans and got ready. She kissed her mother

"I won't be gone for long, back before you know it." Bennie was waiting. As they walked down the road, he said

"I was thinking. If you give me your phone number, if I get held up another time, I could phone you. Better still I could text you. What's your mobile number?"

"We don't have a phone." Sally told him, "And I don't have a mobile; they are too expensive." He looked incredulous.

"What?" You don't have a mobile? Tell you what, I can fix that." He pulled out a brand-new iPhone. " I got a new one, but you can have my old one. It's the model before this one, but it's still working fine. Come on, let's go get it and we'll skip the Kentucky." Now, Sally was excited. She'd always wanted a mobile phone, but that would never be able to afford one, so she jumped at the offer

"Wow that would be great, are you sure? Is it very far?"

"Only about fifteen minutes, come on, let's hurry." They were walking away from town. It was very desolate out here. They turned up a dirt road, and she saw a structure that looked like an old barn up ahead. She stopped.

"What is his place? Where are you taking me? I don't like it here. Take me back now." She tried to pull away, but he suddenly tightened his grip on her arm. He was hurting her.

"Ow, stop it, your hurting me." He suddenly twisted her arm behind her back and propelled her forwards.

"Shut up, you stupid bitch. Stop struggling and move or I'll really hurt you. We're going to have some fun." Sally started crying. Now, she was scared. She tried to struggle, but he tightened his grip. When the reached the barn, he kicked at the door. It opened, and he pushed her inside. There were a group of eight or nine young black boys waiting inside. They were talking in a language she didn't understand. Two of them grabbed her by the arms. The others were all around her. Sally was crying. The boy's hands were all over her. Bennie took his phone and called someone. She couldn't understand what he was saying, but now she was terrified. Bennie addressed the boys. They brought out a dirty old mattress and

pushed her onto it before one of them grabbed her hair and another kicked her legs until she was kneeling on the mattress. Bennie grabbed her cheeks and pulled out a knife.

"Now listen to me carefully, you stupid little white whore. Today, me and my mates are going to have some fun. Now if you keep struggling and making a noise or if you try to bite one of us, here's what will happen. First, I'll cut off both your fucking ears. Then, I'll take a pair of pliers and rip out all your fucking teeth. Then after we've finished with you, we'll all go and visit your mom and when we've finished with her, we'll finish both of you." The knife pricked her neck. "First, you're going to give us all a nice blow job." He unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis.

Sally had never seen a naked man before. She'd seen pictures of men in a book with their penis, but it had been a little thing. The one she was looking at was rock hard and about six inches long. There was some liquid oozing from the tip.

"Now, bitch. I'm going to train you. I want you to imagine this is a lollipop. First, I want you to lick it all over, just like a lollipop. Then, you open your mouth and put it inside. Just like a lollipop and I want you to suck it. If you try to bite it, or hurt it with your teeth. Remember your mom and your fucking ears and teeth." He grabbed her hair pulled her towards his erection. She tried to pull away, but he slapped her hard on the face. She started licking. Tears were streaming down her face.

"Open wide." He commanded. "And start sucking. Remember black baby juice is precious, so when I come, don't waste it, swallow every drop." She had no idea what he was talking about, but she had no choice. She started to suck, but he grabbed her head in both hands and pushed his thing right down her throat, she started gagging, and he pulled it a little way and then started to pump this huge thing in and out of her throat.

"That's a good little whore." He muttered huskily. "Get ready, here it comes," she felt the thing swell even bigger and then suddenly a flood of warm slimy liquid pumped into her throat. She was choking and gagging. Stream after stream of this stuff was pumped into her little mouth. She thought that she was going to die. It was running out of her nose and mouth. She was coughing, gagging, and choking. He pulled her head further back.

"Swallow it, swallow, you stupid white bitch. You're wasting it." He pulled his penis out of her mouth and slapped her hard on her face. "I'll forgive you this once because it was your first time, next one, you swallow every fucking drop. Do you understand?" Terrified, she nodded dumbly. She could see all the boys had their penises out of their pants, and they were stroking them. Terrified, she realized that she had to do this to every one of them. The next boy stepped up. His was bigger than Bennie's. He didn't bother about licking; he pushed it straight into her mouth. She sucked frantically.

"Fuck!" She heard him exclaim. It swelled. This time she was frantically swallowing, trying to stop herself from choking five or six streams flooded her little mouth. She still gagged, but she had managed to swallow most of the filthy stuff.

One after the other, the boys unloaded into her mouth. She felt sick. Then, Bennie came back.

"Time for round two, bitch." Before he could put it in her mouth, they heard a car pull up outside.

"It's Mo." Someone shouted. There was a knock on the door. Bennie rushed to open it. Into the barn came the man that she'd seen talking to Bennie outside the school. The boys dragged Sally to her feet. The man came up to her and looked her up and down.

"Nice." He said. "Are you sure that she's a virgin?" He grabbed her blouse and ripped it off. Underneath she had a training bra. He pulled out a razor sharp knife and just cut it upen. The boys pulled it off her. He squeezed and fondled her little breasts. "Very nice indeed. You did well. When we are done, I'll give you the two hundred that I promised you, bring the table." A couple of boys went off to the back of the barn. The man took off his shirt and dropped his pants. Sally looked in horror at the enormous thing sticking out between his legs. It must have been at least nine inches long and as thick as her arm. She would never be able to get that into her mouth.

"Don't just stand there." He yelled at the boys. "Get her shoes and socks off and get her jeans off. I want the little white whore completely naked." She tried to struggle, but there were too many of them, they pulled off her jeans and just tore off her panties.

"Stand the bitch up and let me see what we have here." He told the boys. The dragged her to her feet and held her up. The man fondled her breasts again.

"Nice little tits." He announced. Then, he stuck his finger into his mouth and wet it. Then, he pushed it roughly into her little pussy. She screamed with pain.he pulled his finger out of her and sucked it. The horrible truth then hit poor Sally. He was going to push this enormous black thing into her little pussy. He grinned at her.

"I've been saving this for you ever since I heard about you." He told her, fondling his testicles. "I've not had a fuck or a wank now for a week. I've got a nice load of black baby juice here for you bitch. You lucky little whore. I saved it all specially for you. I'm gonna really enjoy this. I just love little blond white whores."

"Oh no, please no, not that, please, I'll do anything, but not that." She pleaded. he pushed her and the boys dragged her to the table they had brought out. They pushed her onto the table. Her legs were on the floor, but the upper half of her body was on the table, face down. Just her head and shoulders were over the edge.

"Open her fucking legs" the man shouted. The boys dragged her legs apart. She started screaming, but one of the boys shoved a dirty rag into her mouth. "Hold the bitch tight." He told them. "And keep her quiet." She felt something cold and wet rubbed on her pussy, and then a finger shoved something cold and slippery inside her. Then, he rubbed his enormous thing up and down her pussy and then he started pushing. She felt the head go inside. She was being stretched to the limit. The pain was intense. All that she could do was make gurgling noises.

"Yes, she's definitely a virgin." He announced. "Now hang on to her. This is one tight little bitch." He shoved harder. His fingers bit cruelly into the flesh of her hips. She felt something tearing inside, and she fainted from the pain. She wasn't out for long. He would ease back a little bit and then push harder. She felt that her entire body was being split apart. She felt something running down her legs, and she guessed that it was her blood. Then, the pain got even worse and she fainted again. Dimly she heard the boys clapping.

"He's got it all in her." One of them said. The man tightened his grip on her hips.

"Yes, all nine inches." He announced, proudly. "And now I'm going to fuck the living shit out of this little white bitch. If any of you guys want to face fuck her while I'm busy, feel free, but I suggest you let me get going first so she stops trying to scream." Thankfully, she felt the monstrous thing being pulled out, but when it was almost all the way out, he shoved it all the way back in. She was past pain now and only semi-consciousness. Her body was in shock. The thrusting got faster. He was slamming in and out so hard now that the table was moving.

"Hold the fucking table." She dimly heard him yell. A boy shoved his penis into her mouth.

"Remember your mom." He hissed. She knew it was Bennie. The pounding of the man went on for what seemed hours. Bennie and several other boys unloaded into her mouth. Then, she felt the man grip even harder. His nails dug up into her tender flesh.

"Here it comes you tucking little white whore." He yelled. he pushed his thing into her so far and she felt it swell even bigger than before. A huge jet of his vile stuff flooded into her. He pushed even harder. Jet after jet streamed into her little body. She felt that she was going to burst. Finally, he loosened his grip and pulled his still swollen penis out of her. He walked around the table and lifted her head by her hair. His penis was still swollen and covered in blood, and it was still dribbling his slimy stuff.

"Lick it clean you fucking white bitch. It's your filthy white blood that dirtied it." Past resistance and seemingly in a dream, she obediently licked it until it was clean. It was shrinking as she licked. "Now get her on her back, and you can have your turns now." He told the boys. Most of them either had their pants off, or they were naked. Bennie got to go first. He got between her outspread legs, held open by two other boys and pushed his penis inside her. It felt like sandpaper despite the fact that she was still full of the other man's slime which was oozing out of her. Bennie didn't care. He started fucking her like a mad thing. There were obscene squelching noises, and he pushed in and out. She was living in a fog. She barely noticed that he had finished, and another boy had taken his place. So it went on. She heard the man talking into his phone.

"Hurry up and get here quickly." She heard him say. Then, he took his turn again

between her legs. She lost consciousness again as he pounded into her. Vaguely, she heard another car pull up. The boys opened the door, and another adult man came in. He wasn't as black as the others; he looked more Indian.

"In the back boys." She heard him say. Boys rushed out and came back in with some crates and a bottle. The crate was full of beer. The man opened the bottle and took a swig. Then, he passed it to the other man. Little Sally struggled to get up. She sat up, but the new man came over to her. He pawed her little breasts and then held her head and put the bottle to her lips.

"Drink, little girl." He told her. "You're gonna need this." He raised her head and held the bottle to her mouth, forcing the fiery spirit into her. She coughed and gagged, but he kept it to her lips until she had swallowed quite a lot. He dropped his pants. Right in front of her face, she saw his enormous erection. It was much bigger than the other man's. He would never get this into her.

"Yes little girl. You can look. Here is eleven inches of throbbing hot cock. Just for you. I'm going to enjoy this, but I don't think you will." The whisky he had forced down her throat was starting to take effect. her head was spinning. He pulled her to her feet punched her hard in the stomach and smashed the back of his hand across her face. There was a coppery taste of blood. He dragged her back to the table and pushed her face down onto it.

"Hey, one of you pass me that gel." She heard him say. A minute or so later she felt the cheeks of her bottom being pulled apart. The cold slippery stuff was rubbed onto her backside. And a finger pushed some into her anus.

"Oh God, please no, please. Not there." She slurred her words. There was a cruel laugh. One of the boys punched her in the face.

"Oh yes, your cunt has been relieved of its virginity. Now I'm about to relieve your arse of its virginity as well. Better brace yourself. This is going to hurt. A lot." She felt the enormous thing being pushed into her bottom. She started screaming with the pain. Blows rained down on her face and another rag was pushed into her mouth. She knew that she was going to die. He had his belt in his hand and lashed her hard across her back and buttocks. She could never take this monster into her without it ripping her apart. The pain was getting worse. She was in a different world. The whisky had numbed her brain. She was swimming in a sea of pain. The rag was taken out of her mouth and she vomited and then mercifully she fell unconscious

Dimly in the back of her mind, she heard a banging sound. It took a while before she realized it was the man pounding his monstrous thing in and out of her little bottom, she could smell faeces and she knew that she had messed herself and peed herself as well. She felt a flood of liquid being pumped somewhere deep inside her, but she was past caring now. She knew that she was finished. She couldn't take any more.

The man pulled out of her. She was barely conscious, but she knew it was best to stay unconscious. There was a lot of talking.

"I think she's going to snuff it." one of them said. "Look at all that blood. I think you broke something inside her." The boys sounded pleased. The first man that the boys had called Mo, didn't sound even a bit worried.

"That's what all white whores are good for. They were just born for us to fuck. All right, we've all had a turn, time to call an end to this. Stupid white bitch. Get one of those old blankets, and let's get her into the back of the van." She was aware of several of the boys, still naked, pumping their penises until they shot their slimy stuff

into her hair and on her face. She lay limp and still. They rolled her onto the blanket picked her up and carried her outside. It was already dark. Wherever would her mom be thinking. The car sped away. She fell into unconsciousness again. They seemed to drive for hours, then she felt herself being lifted and carried in the blanket. They tipped her out onto ground, covered in paper, tins and other rubbish. She kept perfectly still. She felt something warm being poured onto her back, and eventually she realized that the boys were peeing on her naked body.

"I think she's had it." She heard Bennie say. "Die, fucking white whore." From another

"Probably, but it doesn't matter. Even if someone does find her out here, we're in the clear, we are at a party in Rotherham with our friends and we have twenty witnesses to swear to it. The cops won't bother us, we're black and in this country we can do as we like and no one dare say anything because if they do, they get branded as a racist. It's fucking great." They walked off. Several minutes later in the distance she heard a car start. She was sure that she was dying. Her only thought was to try to get back home to her mom, to tell her how sorry she was for being so stupid. Painfully and slowly, she started to crawl towards where she heard the car start. She was dragging herself along by her fingers, she was too weak and too drunk to stand. After what seemed hours, she fell into a ditch. The cold water in the ditch, spurred her on and she climbed up the other side. She saw lights coming towards her and she heard the shriek of brakes. A car pulled up beside her. She daredn't look. Maybe they had come back to kill her. A man and a woman got out.

"Oh my God," she heard the woman say. "The poor kid's been badly hurt. Quickly, let's get her into a hospital before she dies."

"My God." She heard the man say. "She's completely naked. She stinks of booze, piss, and sex. Look where she's bleeding. This kid has been raped and sodomized by the look of it and dumped in refuse. This is a well known spot for fly-tipping. I

think that whoever did this, got her drunk and then pissed on her when he had finished with her.”

She felt herself being picked up and put on the back seat of a car.

“I just want to see my mom.” She croaked, hoarsely.

“Just lie still and relax. You’re safe now.” The woman told her. She was dressed in a white polo-neck sweater.

“Are you an angel?” She whispered. “Please tell my mom that I’m so very sorry.” Then, blackness overtook her.

They took her to the nearest hospital in Maidstone. She was rushed into emergency. They waited until the doctor finally came out to them.

‘This seems to be happens a lot recently.” He told them. “It’s the third one we’ve had here this last month. This one was lucky. The other two didn’t make it. They were all gang raped. We’ve collected semen from her and urine. I’m guessing that when the results come back there are ten or more involved, the previous ones were the same and generally the same DNA results. The police are on their way, but they won’t be able to do anything. They want you to please wait for them and give statements. We’ve stitched her up. She has internal injuries as well. We’ve put her on a blood transfusion. She’s very weak and delirious. We’ve sedated her. She should make it. She’s in critical care.

Half an hour or so later, two police constables arrived a man and a woman. They

first talked to the girl, and then they came back to the man and his wife.

"We would like to take statements from you both." They told the police, where they had found her, but that was really all that they knew. The male constable spoke.

"She claims that she was lured to a building, by a young black man and then he and eight or nine of his friends forced her to perform oral sex. Then an adult black man arrived and raped her and that was followed by all the boys, she thinks several times. Then, the man raped her again. Finally another man arrived. She thought he was Indian. He forced her to drink some sort of spirit and then sodomized her. Then, they took her in a van and dumped her and then they urinated on her. It's the third case here. All three came from the Colchester area, so we have to pass this to the Colchester branch to investigate."

"But Colchester is miles away from where we found her." The woman said. "If this is the third time, why haven't you caught them yet?"

"Unfortunately not. You see it's quite possible that these people are either refugees or just plain African illegal immigrants. Their DNA isn't on any of our databases. So unless we can catch them dead to rights, there isn't much that we can do. Our hands are tied." The man was quite angry.

"But surely you can get DNA samples from the people in the area." Both policemen looked at each other.

"If we tried to do that, sir, within hours, we would have protests, there would be riots, cars set alight, shops looted and it might spread all over Britain. There would be as many white people protesting as black. We can't do anything at all. Even if we

catch one if these people red-handed, there are protests and we are accused of racial prejudice and my officers get branded as Nazi's. We know there are gangs of Pakistanis, grooming young girls and getting them hooked on drugs and being used as sex toys, but there is nothing that we can do. There is so much fear of being labeled racist or prejudiced. To be honest with you. There's a huge elephant in the room, but no one is allowed to see it. It's political correctness gone mad. Quite; frankly, I think it's too late to do much about it. If we start clamping down on this, I think the UK will burn. It isn't just here; it's all over Europe as well." They just stood dumbfounded. The cop continued.

"If, and it's a big if, she could positively identify one of them, we might but it's very unlikely, to be able to get a confession, but within a short space of time after we take one into custody, there will be a queue of civil rights lawyers, queuing up to represent him. Look, we have your details. If there are any developments or if we need you for a court appearance, we know where to contact you. Have a good evening both of you and we thank you for being so civic minded."

For days, the couple watched TV and scanned the newspapers, but there was never any mention of the incident.

Chapter Ten

Graham Gets A Surprise

I was twelve years old when it all started. Back then we had eleven plus exams and grammar schools. I passed my eleven plus and started at one of the best grammar schools in the area. My best subjects were Maths and English. Our English teacher was a very pretty woman. For this story, I'll call her Miss Smith. She taught English and Physical Education. My name is Graham; I was a tall well-built lad. Back then, kids were expected to work on the farm and not sit around texting their friends and playing computer games. I was pretty strong and by the time I was twelve, I was already five feet eleven.

I just loved writing essays and Miss Smith always gave me top marks and she asked me whether I was planning to be a writer or journalist. I told her that I wanted to be a veterinarian. I was also one of the best in the gym. Miss Smith was a slim, dark brunette, with long wavy hair. She used to dress in what was called a pencil skirt, which showed off her figure, and she wore low cut blouses. Whenever I went to her desk, I peered down the top of her blouse, well I tried to. As the end of our first year got nearer, one day, after gym, she told me to please report to her office after school. I wondered what I had done wrong.

She had a small office at the back of the gym. It was a storeroom that she had added a desk a couple of chairs and a filing cabinet. I knocked on the door. "Come in." I walked in. She gave me a big smile. "Hello, Graham. Come in and close the door. Sit down please." I sat down. She had never used my first name before. "I'm very pleased with your progress this year." She told me. "I've just got the roster about next year; you'll be going into higher form. I won't get you for English any longer, but you'll be in my PE class." I was sorry that I wouldn't have her for English.

"That's a shame." I told her. "I enjoyed your English classes, but I enjoy PE as well." She gave me a mischievous smile.

"Yes, I've noticed how you enjoyed trying to look down my blouse." She gave a little chuckle.

"Sorry Miss, but you're very pretty, and all the boys think you are great."

"You don't have to be sorry, Graham, I'm actually flattered. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Can I trust you, Graham. You swear not to tell anyone, ever?" I wondered what was going on.

"I swear, Miss, cross my heart, and hope to die."

She got up from behind her desk, walked over to the door and locked it. Then, she came back and sat in the chair beside me.

"After spending an entire school year of trying to look down my blouse and as you're one of me best students, your efforts should not go unrewarded." As she was speaking, she was unfastening the buttons of her blouse. She pulled it open. She wasn't wearing a bra, and she didn't need one. She had an all over tan. I looked in

awe at those two beautiful titties. All could say was

"Wow."

"You can touch them if you like Graham. Just be gentle." I didn't need a second invitation. I had never seen a real live woman's breasts before. I stroked them and caressed them. "You can lick, suck, whatever. As long as you don't hurt me, for the next few minutes you can enjoy them."

"Oh wow, they're so beautiful and soft Miss."

"You won't tell anyone about this, Graham, ever. I would lose my job, and you would be in trouble as well."

"I swear, I'll never tell anyone Miss. Thank you so much, you really are wonderful." She put her arm around me and held me close as I licked, sucked, and nibbled at her rock hard nipples. She groaned several times. My dick was bursting. She saw the bulge in my pants. She put her hand down and gently stroked my crotch.

"I think that I can do something about this as well." She said as she carefully unfastened the buttons of my fly. I have to admit, I was a bit scared. She fished inside my underpants and pulled out my extremely erect penis. I used to measure it every month; it was almost five inches long. Gently she stroked it.

"I've never done this before." She whispered. "So tell me whether I'm doing it right, or hurting you." I could only gulp. I was very close to a very messy finish. "Do I need a hankie?" Fuck, she needed more than hankies. I nodded. "Don't move." She

propelled her chair a little way away, opened a drawer and brought out a clean towel. Carefully she draped it over my shirt and under my twitching Dick. Then, she gently started to stroke it again. I wanted to make it last. It wasn't everyday a beautiful woman wanted to wank you off. I knew it was no good.

"Oh, Miss, oh God, I'm . . ." A huge fountain of semen spurted out. Lucky she had the towel up to my chin. Some of it landed on my face. It just kept coming. I had never shot a load like this before. She didn't let go of my aching Dick.

"That was very quick, Graham. I can see that you needed it. Did you enjoy it?" I nodded furiously. "Maybe you would like to wait a bit and then do it again? There's no-one around now I don't think. I'll lock up when we leave. This is our special secret. Is that OK?" She kissed my lips. I'd never been kissed like that, but I held onto her boobs, and she held onto my dick. She gently squeezed it rhythmically. I couldn't believe it. I was already starting to get hard again. "If I didn't know better, I'd think that you were enjoying playing with my titties." She chuckled. "My word, you recover quickly." She took a hankie and wiped my face. She gently wiped the cock and then her hand on the towel. "I think we should have a nice clean towel, don't you." I could only nod. I had no words. She draped the towel over me again and this time she got onto her knees and took my entire length into her mouth. Then, she started bobbing her head. I had never felt anything like this. Suddenly she stopped. She held it in her hand and looked up at me. "Don't rush it this time, Graham. Take your time and just enjoy. There's no hurry, think about maths or something else. Try to hold on as long as you can." I tried really hard. I must have lasted at least three minutes this time. As she felt me stiffen and start to swell, she took it out of her mouth and continued with her hand. I shot all over the towel again, but not quite as much. She held me to her naked chest.

"Was that good?" She asked. "Please keep this a total secret. I live alone; I don't have a husband or a boyfriend. I think I enjoyed that almost as much as you. Would you like to do it again, some time?" My heart almost stopped.

"Oh yes, please Miss. That was incredible. Thank you so much. Any time, Miss and I swear; I'll never tell anyone." She kissed me on the lips again. I was starting to get the hang of it, so I kissed her back.

"My name is Geraldine, but when we are alone, and only when we are alone, you can call me Jenny. If you slip up and call me Jenny when there are people around I shall have to punish you or people will start to wonder why, and we must always behave like teacher and pupil, unless we are alone. Now it's time to go home. I really enjoyed it and I promise you; we'll do it again soon." I scurried home one very contented boy. I had another wank, before I went to sleep. I couldn't get the experience out of my mind.

The following week was the last week of term and year. She called me into her office at lunch time.

"Come in and close the door. Nothing like last time; I just want to ask you something. If I were to offer extra tuition during the holidays to help you with your writing skills, do you think your parents would agree to it?" She saw the way I looked at her and laughed. "I promise to dress a little more, how shall we say, discreetly. Would your mother come to see me if I give her a note, or should I rather come to the house? I assumed that you could look a little enthusiastic, because you'll have to come to my home once a week. That is unless you are going away, or you don't want to do"

"I really, really want to Miss, I'm sure mom would be happy. My dad left us a long time ago. I could take you home with me after school if you like."

"I'll have to pop home and change first. Go home tell mom that one of the English

teachers has offered to help you with your writing skills over the holidays and they will pop around later for her permission." It's impossible to describe how excited I was. I rushed home and told my mother. I didn't need to pretend to be excited. I really was beside myself. Mom was a bit dubious.

"I hope it won't cost a lot. Did they say how much it would cost?" I shook my head.

"I don't think it will cost" I think she's really impressed with my essays and my English. She's coming around later. You can ask her." An hour or so later, the doorbell rang. I ran to the door. She had on slacks, a baggy top, she'd done her lovely hair up into a bun and she was wearing cheap glasses. Mom came out and offered her tea. They chatted, and then mom called me in.

"Your teacher says that you should think about being a writer when you grow up. At least part time. She's kindly offered to give you some extra tuition during the holiday, but you have to go every week, and you have to be on time and you have to do your homework. She says if you don't listen, or you skip classes, it's over. She's doing it as a special favor for you, and she won't charge. Do you agree?" Jenny looked at me over her glasses.

"I expect your full concentration, or we'll just stop."

"Yes Miss." I said meekly. "I promise to do whatever you ask."

"It might be different days every week." Jenny continued. "It depends on my schedule. Is that all right?"

"Yes Miss."

We broke up on the Friday afternoon. I took home a glowing report. Jenny called me aside. "Here's my address, next week Wednesday at two in the afternoon. OK?" I nodded. I would rather have gone with her right now, but I had to wait. It seemed to take a year before Friday came. I tried hard not to wank for a few days before I went to her. I got to her house at around one thirty. She opened the door. I'd been clever enough to bring my satchel and some books. She nodded approvingly.

"That's good thinking Graham. Now follow me." It was small house, but detached, and it was out of the main town; so there were very few houses in the area. She led me upstairs into her bedroom. I was trembling with excitement. Maybe I'd get to see the rest of her. She was barefoot. She took off her top.

"There, is that what you wanted?" I nodded furiously. "Have you ever seen a woman completely naked?" I started to sweat. My prick was going wild.

"No Miss, I mean no, Jenny."

"Well we can fix that too." She dropped her skirt and stepped out of it. All she had on were some skimpy, lacy black panties. My heart almost stopped. I stood rooted to the ground. She put her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and wriggled them down over her hips until they fell onto the floor. She turned around twice. I couldn't move. Her tan was complete. Right down to the triangle of lush brown hair between her legs. "Well don't just stand there Graham, if I can be naked, then so can you, or shall I take them off for you?" I've never got undressed so quickly in my life. She got a hold of my hand and pulled me to her. The feel of her naked body next to mine was unbelievable. This was more than I had ever hoped.

"Right, Graham. You will learn some new things today. It won't be English, but I want your full concentration. How much do you know about women, sex, babies and such like?" Back in the day, there was no sex education. I'd seen pictures of women's boobs, but only the top half. I knew women didn't have a dick like men, I'd heard talk of fucking, cunts, blow jobs, but I had no idea what all that really meant.

"Almost nothing." I gulped.

"So keep still and listen to me for a minute or two. Women have monthly cycles. Every twenty-eight days, they have what is called menstruation or periods. During that time, they bleed from their vagina. It lasts four or five days. For a few days before their period that can safely have sex, without having to worry about getting pregnant. After that it's not safe for sex again until about eight days before their next period." She took my hand. "Hold out your middle finger." She took my hand and guided my finger to the triangle of soft dark hair between her legs. It was wet and slippery. She got my finger to the entrance of her vagina. "Don't be shy sweetie, push your finger inside me." The feeling was incredible it was so soft, warm, and slippery. She guided my hand upwards until I found a small lump. She gasped as I touched it. "This is my clitoris. It's the equivalent of your penis. Just like your penis, if you rub it, it gives me an orgasm. That's the same as you get, but nothing comes out. It lasts a lot longer, and unlike men, women can have two or three or more orgasms, successively. The downside is that it takes a woman quite a bit longer before she reaches a climax. That's why I told you to make it last. Now, the clitoris is very sensitive so you have to rub it very gently. You can suck my boobs whilst you are doing it. It feels really good when you play with my nipples or suck them. Now, it's your turn to pleasure me first, so get to work, lover."

She had to help me and correct me a few times, my dick was dribbling everywhere. She was moaning and grinding her hips as I rubbed, and my teeth nibbled her nipples. It didn't take very long, only two or three minutes before I felt her whole body go rigid.

"Ooh fuck yes, I'm coming, oh Christ I needed this." Her body went into a series of spasms she gripped me tightly. "Ooh, my God, yes, yes. It's even better than I expected. Put your finger inside me, quickly." I did as I was asked. She moved my finger in and out until eventually, her spasms stopped.

"That was really nice." She pulled me close to her and kissed me. "Now it's your turn. But I'm not going to use my hand. I'm guessing that you've worked it out, that I want your penis inside me, and you can do the work. Come on, I'll show you. Get between my legs." She helped me into position. "Use your hand to keep your weight off me or your forearms. Here, I'll guide you inside." It took a couple of attempts, but suddenly I felt my dick slip inside her. It was too much. I shot my load, and it was one hell of a load as well. As she felt me start, she grabbed my arse and pulled me inside her as far as she could.

"Sorry." I muttered contritely. "But I've never felt anything like that." She kept a hold of my backside.

"Shhh. Just keep still for a minute it two, then you can start over. You'll last longer next time, I hope." I felt my prick bring squeezed rhythmically. "How does that feel?" She asked. My cock was already starting to grow again. She kept squeezing it until I started moving. I soon got the hang of pumping it in and out by using my hips. Several times, I came right out, but she guided me straight back in. Her hand was busy rubbing herself. I had never felt anything this good. Suddenly she cried out.

"Oh Graham, my love. Oh Jesus." I felt her spasm start, and I just lost it, two more frantic pumps and I pushed my dick inside her as far as I possibly could and started pumping my sperms deep inside her. We were both lost, clutching each other as we both went to heaven and the stars and back again. So this is what it was like to fuck

someone. It was just incredible. We just lay together for a long time. Eventually, she sat up.

"My Graham. That was wonderful. I hope it was for you as well."

"Jenny, I think, I love you. It was the most wonderful thing I've ever done. I'm sorry that I couldn't hold on longer; I'll try harder next time."

"You did fine my darling. I should start my period on Friday, so if we get together again on Friday next week, it should be fine. Is that all right? " If she had wanted me at three in the morning, I would have been there. "One more thing, Graham. I hope that I don't really have to tell you this, but I will anyway. You and I are together now. I don't want you pestering other girls. You should remember for the rest of your life that you should only have one partner at a time. Otherwise you can get diseases. So if you get horny, do it by hand until next Friday, but save a bit for me! Here's some homework for you to do. You don't have to do it, but it's looking better if you do." We got dressed, and she hugged and kissed me before I left.

The following week, I spent much of my time in the town library. I researched everything that I could find about women and sex. I found the word cunnilingus mentioned and once I'd been through that, I decided to try it out the next time. As before, we went straight up to her bedroom. I knew now about foreplay. I got to work. I sat astride her and rubbed my erection on her nipples. She was getting really worked up. When I got down between her legs and started to massage her clit with my tongue, she went wild. I managed to bring her to two major orgasms before I mounted her and started fucking her like a madman. We rested and kissed and hugged, and then she got up, still naked and made coffee for us. When she came back, she taught me how to fuck her doggy style.

All through the holidays, and all through the second year, we got together almost

every week. By year, three I had learned everything that there was to know about women. I think we fucked in every position that had been known. Neither of us could get enough of the other. I was madly in love with Jenny. I planned that when I was sixteen, we would run away and get married. At the end of term and school year in grade three. We had just finished a torrid session of love-making.

"I saw that your German grades weren't so good this year, and it's given me an idea. Do you think, your mom would let you go on a school trip to Germany for ten or fourteen days."

"I don't think we could afford it Jenny." I told her.

"Oh that's easily fixed. As a prize for being top of the English and English Literature classes for three years in row, you've won the chance of. free trip. You give her a letter on school paper. My signature is unreadable. You want to try?"

"How many more will be there?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. Just you and I ,of course. Just think, two whole weeks and we could sleep together every night."

"I'll sure as hell try. Just give me the letter." As I had expected, when mom heard that it was free, she was very eager. I got her to sign the permission, the day we broke up. I caught Jenny.

"Here you are. When are we going?"

"Just hold on for a while, let me look in my diary. Just come and see me before you go home." I saw her just before I left.

"I think we can go in three weeks. You need a passport. We leave on Tuesday. We fly over, and I'll hire a car on the other side. I spent the afternoon, booking a lovely little cottage for fourteen days. Here's a letter to give your mom with a kind of itinerary. You can send her some postcards and call her every two or three days."

"Mom applied for a passport for me as soon as I told her." I said. "What else should I bring?"

"All you need is your body, love and plenty of stamina. I'm going to fuck you silly."

We arrived at the secluded little cottage. The next fourteen days were the best I had even imagined. She fussed and pampered me. She fed me vitamin pills, and we fucked every day. Most of every day, we were in bed. She wanted more and more. There were a couple of days that I wasn't feeling too good, but she nursed and pampered me until I was ready. On quite a few days, we fucked more than once. She couldn't get enough. It was great. I sent mom postcards. We would drive to different towns, but she had a whole bunch of cards in her case of many different places. I called mom three times. When the holiday was over, I was completely exhausted, but we still got together for our weekly sex.

The new term started. I had Miss Smith again for English. After a couple of months, she told me that I wouldn't be able to come to her house for a while because there was work being done. It was disappointing, but I had two hands, and they would have to suffice for a while. A week later we had a new English teacher. Miss Smith wasn't there. I asked the teacher where she was, but he didn't know. I went to the

headmaster and asked whether she was sick, because I had some work that she had given me. The headmaster was surprised to see me.

"Yes, it was rather sudden. Miss Smith resigned. I believe she has a new post, teaching in South Africa. I thought she had told her classes" I was horrified. Something was wrong. I rushed to her house, but there was a sign outside 'To Rent' the house was empty. I was completely devastated. I tried to put on a brave face, but for weeks, I couldn't concentrate on anything. My end of term report was not good. Everyone was mad at me. It took a while, but I eventually got over it.

I gave up the idea of going to university and becoming a veterinarian. I left school at 16 and when I was eighteen I left home and rented a terrace house in Derby. I wrote a novel, about a secret agent who had lost his love. It was a hit. The money rolled in. I played the Stock Market and doubled my earnings. At twenty four, my third book was published. I had dated a few girls, but I just wasn't interested in any of them. It was more of a mechanical fuck. Rather like going to the toilet. I immersed myself in my work.

One afternoon there was a knock on my door. I opened it and standing there were a middle aged woman and a very beautiful little girl. I say little girl, because she looked about twelve, but she was almost as tall as the other woman. She was a picture of health and fitness, but the older woman was very thin, pale, and frail. The young girl reminded me of my Jenny. A wave of horror crept over me. No, it couldn't be. Could it?

"Jenny?" My voice was a weak croak. She nodded and then turned to the little girl.

"Helen, meet your daddy. This is Graham." The little girl held out her hand and did a little curtsey

"Are you really my daddy? Hello." No. This wasn't happening. I was speechless. The woman looked at me.

"This is your daughter, Helen. Graham. If we can come in, I can try to explain." Numbly, I took them into the house.

"I'm sure this is a surprise for you, Graham, but Helen really is your daughter. Please let me try to explain. I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am, for not telling you, but it was for the best. I want Helen to hear this as well. She has heard much of the story. I've never tried to hide her from reality, and I've never lied to her about anything. When I was ten, I was brutally raped by two men. I thought that I would die. After that, I could never bear the thought of another man touching me. By the time, I got to your school, I desperately wanted a baby of my own, but I knew I could never have sex with a man. Then, you came into my life. Not a man, but a boy who ticked all the boxes as the kind of person I wanted to father my child. When you were fourteen, I carefully planned that trip to Germany. I picked a time when I knew I would be most likely to get pregnant. I fed you vitamins, and I did my best to get pregnant and I did. When I was sure, I resigned and went to one of my aunt's in South Africa. I didn't tell you, because I knew that you would do everything possible to stop me even going as far as to admit that you were the father. I would have lost my job, probably gone to prison, certainly been blacklisted, you would have been taken as a ward of the state. All hell would have broken loose. I'm so sorry, but it was for the best."

During this time Helen had been silent. Now, she looked sad. "Poor daddy. Did you love her very much?" I nodded. Jenny went on.

"When Helen was five years old, we came back to England. Over the years, Helen kept asking me about her father. I tried to find you, but there are hundreds of

people with your surname and a first name starting with a G. I didn't even know if you were in the UK. I had a couple of big wins on the football pools. I invested the winnings, and I'm actually reasonably well off. I bought a house with a huge garden in a tiny village in Kent. Helen has made wonders of the garden, all on her own. Then, I started to get sick. Eventually I collapsed. Helen was very scared. They took me to hospital. I contracted something called Bilharzia from the water in South Africa, and I also have a rare blood disease. I had Helen tested, and she is clear of almost everything. She has antibodies for all manner of disease. I think she got it from you. The truth is, Graham, I'm dying. The doctors gave me six months. That was three months ago. It won't be long before I have to go into a hospital. I gave up trying to find you. Helen promised me that she would never stop trying. Then, I went past a W.H.Smith's bookshop and I saw a new book. I took a look at the author's name, it was one you had used at school. I picked up the book and started reading in the shop, by the end of the second page I recognized your writing style. I was so totally convinced it was you, I called the publishers. I told a nice young woman that I was your teacher and when I mentioned your real name, she gave me your address. I asked her whether you were married, and she said no. So here we are." To say, I was stunned would have been an understatement. Helen was biting her lip and trying not to cry, but her eyes were moist.

"I don't know what to say, Jenny. What you did was cruel. It took months to get over you, and I lost all interest in women. I do understand why you did it. You're right. I would never have let you go. I had no idea that I was a father, but I'm not quite sure what to do or say now." Helen started to cry. There was a tear in Jenny's eye as well.

"Every day, I dreamed of meeting my daddy. Mom never stopped telling me how big and strong and gentle you were. I tried to build a picture of you in my mind; the other girls at school all have dads to look after them. I dreamed of this day for so long." She ran over to me, put her arms around me and started sobbing. I stroked her hair and held her close.

"Well, Helen, now you've found me and I want to be a part of your life." Jenny

interrupted.

"Graham. When I die, which won't be long? They'll put Helen into an orphanage, she has a good chance of being brutalized and raped. I don't want that for our daughter. I've made a Will. I've left everything to you on condition that you take over our daughter, protect her and love her. Do you think that you can do that?" She opened her handbag and handed me some papers. I took them and looked at them. One was Helen's birth certificate. It gave my name as the father. Occupation was listed as a journalist and writer.

"I've explained everything to Helen. You have proof that she is your daughter I want her to be your daughter, and I want you to take care off her every need for the rest of her life. I do mean every need and that included her sexual needs as well. Yes. I know it's illegal, but I've done a lot of research. There's very little chance of your children having problems. There are plenty of societies where inbreeding is practiced without detriment and with your and her genes; it could be wonderful. Please do this one last thing for me Graham. I'm begging you." I got up and hugged her.

"Jenny. I forgive you. A moment ago, I thought that I would maybe have a legal battle to get my daughter, but I'm so glad that we have an understanding. There is no way on this earth that I'll let my daughter be taken away. As for sex, that's up to Helen, not me. We'll have to leave that to her. Now, you are not leaving here alone. I'm going to drive you both back. Then I'll just tell my landlord that I'm leaving, pay him a couple of months in lieu, pick up my books and computers and suchlike and move in with you both. I'm not going to argue about this. That's how it's going to be. Now, I can take you home right now or I can book you both into a hotel for the night. Which is it to be?"

"I'd like to get home if we can. I'm not feeling well enough to stay in a hotel." I got them into the car, and we drove down to Kent. At the house, I was going to drive

back and start the process of getting out, but Jenny wouldn't hear of it.

"No. you sleep e tonight. . I don't want you falling asleep. You can drive back in the morning. Now, I want to go to bed. You can stay in Helen's room."

"OK, is Helen going to sleep in your room with you then, because I can sleep on the settee or the floor." Jenny scowled at me.

"Don't be a fucking idiot Graham. It's not like you. You can sleep with your daughter. It doesn't mean that you have to fuck her. She has a double bed. Get a good night's rest." She gave me a peck on the cheek. I turned to Helen.

"Are you agreeable to this?" I asked. Helen hugged me. "I'm so glad that I've found my daddy. If my mom says you are the most wonderful, gentle man in the world, I believe her. I'll be happy to sleep with you, daddy."

"Only on one condition."

"What's that daddy?"

"You wear some night attire." She looked very serious and then gave a little chuckle.

"I suppose so." I kept my T-shirt and underpants on. We got into bed. Fuck, I had a daughter, a young version of her mom. I just tossed and turned. There was no way that I could sleep.

"Daddy, what's wrong?"

"Nothing and everything." I replied. "I'm twenty-four years old. I suddenly find out that I have a daughter. The woman that I used to love is dying and now, I'm in the same bed as my ten-year old daughter. What a day." Helen leaned over and kissed me on the lips.

"I'm ten years old. I never thought that I would ever find my father. Then, I find my mom is dying. She made me promise that if we ever found you, I would take care of your every need. She explained everything about sex to me. She said that you were a big, powerful man, sweet and gentle. You are better than I expected. I'm so very glad that I've found you. I'll do anything you want, dad." I was sorely tempted, but I decided against it. It was too soon.

"All I want right now, my daughter is for us both to sleep. You are very lovely. I'm so proud to be your dad, and I promise that I'll look after you to the best of my ability. Now please go to sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a long day. We can talk about other things another time. Is that OK?" I swear that she was disappointed.

"OK, dad. If you need anything, wake me up." Eventually, I fell into a troubled sleep. The next morning I awoke. I was alone. I smelled coking bacon. I got up and got dressed. Helen was busy in the kitchen, cooking breakfast. She put a huge plate of bacon, sausage, eggs, mushrooms, and tomatoes in front of me.

"Come on, dad, eat up. I'm just going to take mom breakfast." All that Jenny had on the tray as some yoghurt and a pot of tea. "Mom is going down hill fast now." She told me. "I've resigned myself to her dying. I know there is nothing the doctors can do. I've been selfishly dreading it happening, because I was so terrified of what

might happen to me. I'm so glad we found you. I know mom has been frantic, because she couldn't find you. Please hurry up and come back dad. Mom needs you and so do I. I know it's selfish, but I'm scared."

"As soon as I've finished eating, I'm going up to Derby. I'll see the landlord and pay him, then I'll pack my stuff that I need into the car and I promise you; I'll be back before bedtime."

I drove up and talked to my landlord. He was very understanding. I packed all my stuff into boxes I took my guitar and keyboard, along with my books, papers, and computers into the car. It was full. Even the front seat was full. I hoped that I wouldn't get stopped because I knew that I was way overloaded, I stayed inside the speed limits and I arrived back at the house just before eight that evening. Helen helped me to unpack the car, and we just piled everything into a corner. I slept with Helen again that night. I was careful not to touch her. She was only ten and she was my bloody daughter. My own flesh and blood. I shouldn't be feeling as I did towards her.

In the next days, I settled in. Back in Derby, I used to go to the gym twice or three times a week. Now, I had to look for a new gym, but Jenny wasn't well, so I stayed home. I wanted to make up a bed in the spare room, but Jenny wouldn't hear of it.

"Until you came, I took Helen to school every day and collected her in the evening. I dread anything happening to her, as it did to me. I promised her that you were the only person that she could trust and that you would take care of all her needs. I've taught her all about men, sex, rape and love. I taught her how to masturbate. I've told her how to pleasure a man and he has promised me that she will stay with you after I'm gone until she dies. I expect the same commitment from you. She's a wonderful girl, and I want her to be happy." Something inside my head told me that it would be so very wrong to have sex with my own daughter, especially whilst her mother was in the next room. Helen was a bit upset.

"What's wrong, dad. Don't you like me. You don't even give me a hug in bed. Am I really that horrible?" I really didn't know what to do. My body longed for her, but my brain was saying NO.

"It's not that Helen. You are lovely, but you are not only very young; you're my own flesh and blood. Of course I love you. Yes, I have feelings about you, but your mom is in the next room and I just feel that it's so very wrong." Helen put the bedside light on and stared at me.

"Dad, mom asks me every morning if anything happened. She says she won't be happy until you and I have done it and committed ourselves. I keep telling her no. It's making her unhappy. She thinks you are wonderful. I have feelings for you too. Not just because mom wants me to, but I've missed having you for ten bloody years of my life, and I don't ever want to lose you. For God's sake dad, stop thinking it's wrong. It's only wrong if I don't want you. I don't even know what it's like until it happens. I don't want to rush you, but please. When you're ready, so am I."

"Helen, the reason I don't kiss you or hug you is because I can't trust my own body. You don't realize how uncomfortable it is for a man to be in bed with a beautiful girl, let alone his own beautiful daughter. I just know that once I start hugging you, I won't now able to stop and . . ." She pulled the bedclothes back and straddled me. My prick was like an iron bar and she was sitting on it. She unbuttoned the top of her pajamas, she had lovely budding breasts, firm and well formed. God she was beautiful. I tried to will my cock to soften, but I had no chance because she was grinding on it. She grabbed my hand and forced it to her naked breast. She was quite strong. I half-heartedly resisted, but it was no good. I was done for. I knew it. I pulled her to me and started kissing her wildly. She responded in kind. I explored her breasts I pulled her down and tasted the sweetness of her nipples. She smiled.

"See, isn't that better than trying to fight it?" She muttered, huskily. "Please, at least let me try to make you feel good. Mom told me how to do it, but I've never had chance to try. You'll have to help me." She got off me and lay beside me. Slowly and carefully, she unbuttoned my pajama top. Then, she threw it open and started to kiss and lick my chest and my nipples. I groaned and put my arm around her. She opened my pajama bottom and revealed my engorged penis. She gently pulled back my foreskin. Then, she put her little hand around the shaft and slowly started to move up and down. I held her hand.

"Just move your hand up a bit higher." I whispered. I showed her where to hold it. When she started again, I felt as if I were trying to explode.

"Am I doing it right?" She asked. "Does it feel good?" I was beside myself. I felt like the first time that Jenny jerked me off when I was twelve. I knew I couldn't hold it.

"Oh Christ, Helen. Oh shit, look out." I unloaded. I was covered in it; the first spurt was so powerful that it shot over my head and into my hair and on my face. My chest and stomach were covered, so was her hand. She grabbed a handful of hankies from the bedside table and gently wiped my face and hair.

"There." She murmured. "Wasn't that nice, daddy?" I yanked open her pajama bottoms, revealing her hairless mound. I slid my finger up and down her wetness several times until I found her clit. I kissed her as I gently rubbed it.

"Your turn." I whispered. "Does that feel good?" I found her nipple with my mouth. I slipped my finger inside her little virgin vagina and with my thumb; I worked her clit. She started gasping and writhing. The semen from my chest and tummy was now all over her as well. She held her breath. I could feel her start to stiffen.

"Oh my God, daddy. Oh my God." Her entire body convulsed, I moved my finger inside her until her spasms died down. Her eyes were closed. For a while, I thought she had gone to sleep, or fainted. She opened her eyes as I kissed her.

"Thank you daddy. That was terrific." Now, it was my turn with the hankies. I carefully cleaned us both up, but she was already asleep. I fell into a deep sleep myself. Part of me felt guilty, and the other part was full of wild optimism. My own daughter. I actually had been so close to fucking her.

I woke up, to find her cuddled up close to me. Slowly she opened her eyes.

"Last night was great. Mom was right. It's better when you have a man to help you. Why didn't you go all the way? It's OK by me. I want you to."

"Steady on, sweetie. Just take it slowly and let things happen as they will. I hope mom has told you that the first time can be very painful."

"Hah, I really don't care. I've had painful things before, and it's only once. I just want you to know. I'm ready." For the next few weeks, we masturbated each other every night. I wasn't ready to penetrate her. Jenny was getting worse. When she came out of the doctor's office, she looked a bit gloomy.

"Doctor says that it's time I went into the hospice." She informed us. "Look you can visit me, but not every day. Twice a week will be fine. I'll be in good hands. I'm not scared of dying. I'm just so happy that I found you for Helen. I was only scared of dying because I was terrified for our daughter. She means the world to me. I don't want either of you to grieve for me. Let's put it this way. If you believe in God, I'm going to a better place, so you should be celebrating, not crying, and mourning. If

you don't believe in God then I'm going to sleep and never wake up, I'll be free from the pain and the worry about things, so why weep. Have a party.instead."

Helen and I slept that night. The house seemed empty without Jenny. Later that afternoon, we were watching TV. I'm not sure what it was, but I remembered my grandfather telling me after I left school. "The only way to make sure that your wife doesn't seek the arms of another is to keep her happy. If you keep her satisfied, she will never be unfaithful to you." There was a world of wisdom in that statement.

"Helen, come her, please." She came and sat beside me. "Helen, we've reached a crossroad now. We both have to decide. Do we want to live together as father and daughter or do we want to go all the way. I don't want another episode as I had with your mom. You are beautiful. I love you, far more than a father should ever love a daughter. I would like this to be permanent, but you don't have to do what mother told you to do. If you are one hundred percent sure that you want this. You must tell me. If you do, it's permanent. I don't want you coming home one day and telling me 'There's this guy I met . . .' I don't think I could take that, or you just going off one day with someone else." I told her what my grandfather had said. She started laughing.

"Funny, mom told me exactly the same thing. Mom could never let a man touch her, only you. I don't want anyone else to ever touch me, only you. Incest or not. I don't care. Mom thinks everything will be all right. I take her word. If something happens, we'll cross that bridge together, if and when the time comes. Mom doesn't want me to get pregnant until I'm over twenty one, so she's been getting this birth control pill for two or three years. She started me on them as soon as she saw your book. I have a good supply. I'm sure we can find more when the time comes." I had heard bad things about the pill.

"No, Helen. You can take those until your periods start, after that, we only do it without a condom, when it's the safe time of the month. Now let's get down to the

bedroom, because tonight is our first night together." We almost ran to the bedroom, shedding clothes as we went. We knew each other's bodies completely by now. We kissed and indulged ourselves until we were both half-wild. I pushed her onto her back and rubbed my throbbing erection around her little bald pussy. I get the head inside and soon met resistance. "Ready my sweet?" I asked and before she had time to nod, I gave a big push. The resistance was gone. She took a sudden deep breath and bit her lip. I could see that it had hurt. I kept very still to give her vagina time to adjust to me"

"It's all right, my darling daddy, it hurt only a little bit." She was pushing her hips up to meet me. I had to keep pulling back and then pushing a little bit deeper. She was very tight. It took a while before my entire length vanished inside her. She wrapped those long, muscular legs around my waist. "Fuck me daddy, just fuck me. I want to feel you come inside me." We started fucking. It was like being inside a warm, slippery velvet tunnel, I never wanted this to stop. Her vaginal muscles were massaging my dick. She was moving her hips to synchronize with my thrusts. We were both starting to breathe hard. She reached a climax. She almost came clear off the bed. I slowly massaged her and kissed her until she came down from a long, shuddering orgasm. Then, I started again. Her eyes widened.

"Oh daddy, I love you so much." Now, we were both wild. I was lost. We pounded each other her hands were all over me and all over herself. I was getting very close now. I desperately held on. Her hands dug into me

"Oh, yes," she gasped, "oh yesyesyrsyeyesyesyesyes." My balls rose, my dick swelled so much I thought I would burst. I dug my toes into the mattress. I think I wanted to get my entire body inside her as I shot jet after jet of my hot, creamy sperm inside my very own little girl, she was bucking and going wild. Shudder after shudder ripped through her. We held each other tight. I was buried inside her. I never wanted to come out, but I knew that I should, or she would be very sore the next day. Reluctantly, I pulled out my still swollen organ. I was holding her close to me and grinding my still swollen dick against her leg. She lay gasping for several

minutes, then she realized.

"But daddy, you're still hard."

"I know my darling, but I think you've had enough for tonight or you'll be very sore tomorrow." She nodded.

"I am a bit sore, thank you daddy, but I'm not going to leave you like that." She got a hold of my dick and gently jerked me off. It took a while before I could reach another climax, but she worked at it until I had decorated her hand and my tummy with a fresh load of sperms. We held each other close. Her head was on my shoulder.

"Thank you, daddy. I love you so much. Mom will be pleased." She murmured as we. Both drifted off to sleep. The fact that we were both covered in semen and the bed was wet with it, just didn't matter. She was my daughter and my lover and that was all that mattered.

Chapter Eleven

Happy Birthday

Vicky was twelve. They lived in a little village in Hampshire. It was 1954. She had been very busy with her parents packing. They were moving up North to a new house that dad had got in Yorkshire. He was a bank manager and had been transferred to this new branch. It was their last night before they left the tiny village.

Vicky had a best friend, Edna. She and her brother Joe used to go with her sometimes to the morning matinees at the cinema. She'd also been fishing with him a couple of times. She liked Joe, he was nice; he was fourteen. Sometimes they would kiss and cuddle. The last time they were together, he had put his hand up her sweater and stroked and fondled her growing breasts. She had already had her first monthly. As this was her last night in the village, she would spend the evening with her friend Edna. "I want you back home before nine." Her mom called out as she left.

She skipped down the short walk to Edna's house and rang the bell. Joe answered the door. "Hi, Joe, where's Edna, is she in her room?" She asked.

"No, she popped out with her mom I don't think they'll be very long." Joe lied. In fact, he knew they had gone to the cinema and wouldn't be back until after nine. "Come on, we can watch TV." They went into the living room. The only light was the small black and white TV. They sat on the floor by the settee. Joe put his arm around her and started to hug her. She liked it when Joe hugged her. They started kissing, and Joe put his hand up her top and started fondling her breasts. She was breathing hard. It felt real good when he did that. Gently he pushed up her top until

her little breasts were exposed. She was a bit scared at first, but when he started to lick and suck them, her breathing got heavier. Her pussy was getting very wet. She put her hand down between her legs, but Joe caught her hand. "Let me." He whispered, huskily.

"No, you shouldn't. ." Her protest was very half hearted, but he put his hand down there and started to rub her pussy gently. She was getting hot now. She had never felt like this before. "Oh, Joe that feels nice." She panted. "But I think we should stop now. What if your mom comes back?" Joe put his finger into her wet little pussy, she gasped.

"If they come back, we'll hear them. Relax, it's the last time we'll see each other, I'm going to miss you, Vicky." He was also panting now. Gently, he moved her around until she was lying on the carpet. He put a pillow under her head. He was fumbling around, but she couldn't see what he was doing. Suddenly, he moved so he was lying between her legs.

"Joe, what are you doing?" She asked. "Shhhh, sweet Vicky, just lie back and relax, it might hurt a little bit, but you know I love you." He was fumbling with her pussy. Suddenly, he put something inside her. It was much thicker than his finger. She felt herself stretching. "No, Joe, stop it. You're starting to hurt me." Then, she let out a choking scream as suddenly he pushed really hard. She felt something tear inside her and whatever it was he was pushing into her was going deeper and deeper.

"Oh fuck, Vicky that feels so fucking good." He started rocking, and the thing inside her was moving up and down. It hurt like hell. She beat at his back with her fists.

"It hurts so badly." She whimpered. "Please Joe, stop it." He paid no attention. His thrusting got deeper and harder, then she felt the thing inside her get even bigger. He dug his fingers into her flesh.

"Oh Jesus, I'm coming" he gasped and she felt something warm being squirted inside her. It hadn't taken more than a minute. Shortly after, he fell with all his weight on top of her and then rolled off. "Jesus Vicky that was good." He mumbled. "Did you enjoy it as well.?" She got up. Something warm was running down her legs. The pain was still there; she was sore. She ran into the bathroom and looked in horror as blood and slimy, white stuff oozed out of her and ran down her legs. She got a face cloth and tried to clean herself. She had no idea what had happened. She knew nothing about boys, anatomy or sex. All she knew was that her best friend's brother had shoved something inside her pussy, hurt her and made her bleed. She locked the bathroom door and sat on the toilet. The bleeding seemed to have stopped, but she was very sore inside.

Joe knocked on the door. "Are you alright, Vicky?" He asked. "I'm sorry if I hurt you a bit. But, it always hurts first time. It won't hurt next time."

"You bastard." She yelled at him. "I don't know what you did, but I'm bleeding down there and it hurts real bad. I'll never speak to you again. I hate you; I hate you." When she was sure that the bleeding had stopped, she cleaned her pussy and her legs. Her panties were still wet and there was blood and the other stuff on them. She ran out of the bathroom and ran to the front door. Joe tried to stop her, but she got past him and ran into the night. She said nothing to her parents. She threw her panties away. They moved the next day.

Everything was fine for a while. Then, she started to feel nauseous when she got up in the morning. She had no idea why, or why she was suddenly so hungry. Her tummy started swelling. Then, her mom caught her throwing up in the toilet. "What have you been up to young lady?" She asked. "When did you have your last period?"

"Not long before we came up here." She answered.

"What!" Her mother almost screamed. "Four months ago. Come on who was it?" Vicky started crying.

"Who was what? Mom, why are you mad at me?" Her mother was livid.

"Don't you lie to me you little bitch who fucked you?" Vicky had no idea at all what she was on about.

"I don't know what you mean mom." She sobbed. "What have I done wrong? Why are you yelling at me? It's not my fault that I threw up. I couldn't help it."

"Vicky, I think you are pregnant. You're going to have a baby. Now for that to happen, some boy had to stick his dick inside you and fuck you. You mustn't tell me that no one ever did; you aren't the Virgin Mary." Vicky went white.

"Oh mom, it was Joe. That last night back home. He started rubbing me, and then he put something inside me; it hurt really badly. I was bleeding, and there was this slimy stuff running down my legs. I didn't know what he was doing. It was dark. I don't know what he put inside me. I couldn't see."

"I told you plenty times not to go with strange men and to keep yourself pure until you married. There's no excuse. Now what are we going to do? It's a disgrace to the family. Your father will be so mad." When dad came home there was a massive row, she lay in her room, but she could hear them.

"You were supposed to teach her what sex was and how to stop boys from fucking her. You say you told her to keep herself pure until she got married. How in the name of a God is a little girl supposed to know what the fuck that meant. It's all your fault."

"It's so embarrassing." Her mother retorted. "My mother never told me anything either, and I didn't get pregnant before we got married."

"You silly cow." Her dad screamed. "You were just lucky. We'd been fucking for months before I decided to marry you." The war of words went on for several days. Then, her mother packed a suitcase. They got on a train and went up to Scotland and her aunt Ethel. Ethel was her dad's sister; she was also pregnant. They took Vicky to the doctor who confirmed that she was four and a half months pregnant.

"I think you'll both pop simultaneously." He joked. They did, Ethel gave birth to a baby girl, the day before Vicky gave birth to a baby boy. It was a month before her thirteenth birthday. Ethel breast fed both babies for two weeks, then Vicky's little boy they called him Richard, was put onto a bottle. After that, Vicky had to bottle feed him when she was home and Ethel would look after him whilst Vicky went to school. After a month, Vicky's mom came and took her home. Now, Edna would look after Ricky. All that Vicky had to do was tend to him when he cried at night and bottle feed him when she was home. Edna wouldn't even trust Vicky to change his diapers. Ricky called Vicky momma, and Edna was granny

Vicky left school at sixteen. Ricky was three. She got a job as a waitress in a local store whilst mom looked after Ricky. Dad got killed in an accident at work and shortly after Ricky started school, mom got diagnosed with cancer. Six months later she was gone. Vicky inherited the house and moms savings.

With the interest on the savings and the money she got from her job, life was reasonably good. She couldn't afford expensive clothes or holidays, but Ricky always got good food and by the time he was thirteen, he was an inch under six feet. He had broad shoulders, and he excelled in every sport at school. She was very proud of her son. She had grown into a very beautiful woman, she was a honey blonde, five feet eight, slim and sexy. Over the years, many men had tried to date her, but she wasn't interested. Many people had asked her why she didn't remarry. They all got the same answer "I will never allow another man to touch me. I don't need a husband. My son will look after his mother until I die." Vicky lived alone with no real friends other than her son.

Vicky's twenty-sixth birthday, fell on a Friday. Ricky arrived home from school with three carrier bags. In one, he had bought a Chinese meal for them both. It was piping hot. In the other bag was a birthday cake, with Happy Birthday Mom in icing on the top. In the third bag, he had six bottles of Babycham a popular drink back then. Normally, Vicky didn't drink at all.

Rick quickly laid the table, and they sat down to a delicious Chinese meal. They put on the TV and each had a piece of birthday cake and a glass of Babycham. There was a good movie on TV so she didn't notice that Ricky had kept her glass topped up. By the end of the film, she had drunk almost five bottles of Babycham. Her head was starting to spin, and she started giggling. Rick kissed her "Happy birthday mom. I think you're a bit tipsy."

"Snot true." She giggled. "Can't get drunk on one glass." Ricky pointed to the empty bottles lying by her chair.

"Try five bottles, mom." She giggled some more.

"Smy burfday." She hiccuped. Rick took her arm.

"Come on, mom, let's get you up to bed." He put his arm around her and she hung onto him as he tried to help her step by step up the stairs. It was just too much for her. She tried to sit down on the stairs, but Ricky picked her up as if she weighted nothing and carried her still giggling into her bedroom. He put her down gently on the bed, undid the buttons of her jeans and yanked them off.

"Watch it, kiddo, I'm your mom, remember." She giggled again. She had a sweater on. He lifted her up.

"Arms up." He commanded. Giggling she raised her arms, and he pulled off her sweater. Before she could lie back down, his hands were round her back and he unfastened the clip of her bra. He gasped when he saw her firm young breasts.

"Stop that, Ricky. 'Snot nice, I'm your mom. She tried to cover her breasts, but Ricky pushed her firmly back onto the bed and started to suck and nibble her nipples. At first, the sensation was fantastic, but then she remembered. This was her son. "Stop that. Stop that right now. How dare you? I'm your mother, have you forgotten?" She was sobering up very quickly.

Ricky reared up. Vicky tried to get up, but he had one hand on her chest, and he held her down. "Yes, you're my mom. My own beautiful mom. You tell everyone you'll never remarry and you'll never let another man touch you, and you don't need a husband because your son, me mom, your son will look after you until you die. Do you think I'm going to be a monk and stay celibate until you die. Well fuck that. I'll look after you until you die. That I promise you. I love you mom, but I want something in return." He picked up a pair of her dressmaking scissors that were on her bedside table. Still holding her down, he cut through both sides of her panties and pulled them from under her, revealing the triangle of soft golden hair.

Now, Vicky was starting to panic. "Rick. Stop that now. This very minute and get out of my room. If you don't, I'll call the police and have you locked up. Now, do you hear me, right now." In reply, Rick unfastened his pants and let them drop. He was wearing nothing under them. She looked in horror at his huge rampant penis in front of her. The blue veins stood out on the sides. The skin of the purple head was stretched tightly like a drum and clear liquid was oozing out of the tip. She tried to fight him, but he held her down easily with one hand. With the other hand, he slipped his finger into her pussy, then he fumbled with her pussy lips. She was yelling desperately for him to stop. She had never seen an erect penis; in fact, she had never seen one at all, not even her own son's until now. What she couldn't understand was why she was getting wet, despite her fear.

Then, she felt it enter her. She had expected it to be painful, but it wasn't. Slowly and gently he pushed and pushed until it was all buried inside her. Slowly he started moving. This time it didn't hurt, in fact, it was starting to feel good, very good. She stopped shouting. And trying to hit his back with her fists. Suddenly, her arms went around him and her legs hooked into his. The sensation was incredible. She started to grind her hips with him and meeting his thrusts with her own. "Oh, Ricky that feels so good, fuck your mommy Ricky. Fuck me my baby." The thrusts got deeper and faster. She had never experienced anything this good. She clung to him. Gasping and moaning.

"Come on mom. I won't last much longer." Frantically she pushed and pulled him ever deeper into her.

"Oh, sweet Jesus Ricky, oh Christ, yes, yes." Her entire body convulsed. A kaleidoscope of color engulfed her. She felt as though she had left her body. Ricky cried out as he shot jet after jet of his hot, sticky sperms deep inside his mom's waiting body. Soaked in sweat and gasping, he rested his body on his forearms and kissed her.

"That was so very wrong, Ricky. You must never, ever do that again." His penis was still inside her. It had softened, but just remembering how good it had been, and seeing his mom, her long, wavy golden tresses spread over the pillow and those two firm breasts with their rock hard nipples, got him going again. Her inner muscles involuntarily squeezed his hardening Dick. Slowly and almost imperceptibly he started to move again. There was a look of alarm on Vicky's face. "Oh God, Ricky, what are you doing?" She could feel it getting bigger and bigger inside her and starting to fill her up again. "No, Ricky, no, we mustn't, it's wrong." Her voice tailed off as he started thrusting again. She couldn't help herself. Her arms went round him again as she started to enjoy it again. There were loud squelching noises as he thrust his engorged penis up and down inside her. This time, the wildness was gone, slowly and patiently Rick held on until his mom cried out. "Oh Ricky, my sweet baby. Yes, now, now." This time he beat her by a few milliseconds as he shot another massive load of his sperms inside his moms receptive body. Wave after wave of ecstasy shot through Vicky's body. Her fingers dug into her son's flesh. This was even more intense than the time before

Silently, they lay as before until his penis shrunk completely and fell out of her, followed by a flood of his incestuous seed. He rolled off her. Then, he reared up and kissed her. "Now Rick, please go to your room. What we just did is so very, very wrong. It mustn't happen again." Rick answered by putting his arm around her and pulling her to him.

"Forget it, mom. From tonight, your bed is my bed as well. I'm sleeping here with you. I'm going to look after you until you die, physically and sexually as well. Grandma told me what happened to you when you were my age. It wasn't nice, but I'm glad you had me. From today we live together, we laugh, cry, and fuck together. I love you mom, you're still young, you're beautiful, you have a fantastic body and be honest, just for once, you enjoyed sex with me. Didn't you?" Vicky put her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, I did, but what if you make me pregnant?" He laughed.

"Yes, but not yet, but maybe later, when I leave school and start working. Meanwhile, my friend is a Catholic, he told me about the safe times of the month û today, according to my calculations and I've been watching, it is very safe, but I'll get a supply of condoms, because you and I will fuck ourselves to sleep many times. There are plenty of cultures that do sex with family members" She snuggled closer to him.

"I never knew anything about sex. Your father tricked me. I didn't know what he did. All I know is that it hurt me and I vowed never let anything like that happen again. Until today, I had never even seen your penis or any other man's." She put her hand down and gently stroked his flaccid member. "If that's how you feel, I can't argue any longer. It was great doing it with you. I know it's wrong, but I've missed this all my life. What a fool I've been. If we ever do have another baby, I promise you that we'll teach him or her about sex before they get to twelve. Now, let's get some sleep. Maybe you can remind me how much I like it and how much I love you, when we wake up. Thank you for the best birthday ever and the lovely present that's still making the bed wet."

Vicky woke in the middle of the night. She felt her son's naked body lying close to hers. She found his penis and began to stroke it. Slowly but surely it started to get bigger. He was still asleep. Carefully, she climbed on top of him and straddled him. She held his erection and guided it to the entrance of her sopping wet pussy. Slowly and carefully, she lowered herself onto it. Ricky groaned and woke up. "Lie still, my baby, and let mommy do the work this time." She whispered. His arms went around her, and once again she experienced the joy that she had been missing for so many years.

Chapter Twelve

In The Right Place At The Right Time

To say, that I was pissed off would have been an understatement. I was seething. I had been up into Derby for a symposium, but I had forgotten my laptop with my notes for an address the next day. As soon as the day had finished, I got into my car and drove back down into Kent to collect it. When I got home it was quite late. I didn't want to wake my girlfriend who was staying with me, so I tried to be very quiet. My laptop was in my study, but I also needed some clean hankies, so I tiptoed into our bedroom and got a surprise. The bedside lamp was on, and lying on the bed sleeping and naked was my girlfriend, but with her, also naked was another man. A used condom was on the bedside table. I felt like beating the shit out of both of them, but common sense prevailed so I put the light on and threw them both out onto the street naked, along with all my girlfriend's possessions. Then, I called a security firm and requested an immediate guard and dog to make sure that neither of them could get back in whilst I was away.

I'd got back late the next day and missed one of the key speeches, that afternoon I did my own presentation, and then after the final dinner and get together, I headed for home, still hopping mad. I hadn't gone far before I needed to pee, so I pulled in at a truck rest spot. It was full of trucks. I found a spot to park. To the right of the parking area was a grassy area. On the other side of the grassy area was another road with a sort of a lay by, which was deserted and a bit further was a wooded area. I walked across the grass over the road and into the wooded area. As I was taking a pee, I heard a vehicle pull up. It was a black panel van. Two men got out. I was about to go back to my car, when one of the men said,

"Get the bitch out, he'll be here in a minute or two." They opened the door, and I heard muffled noises and what sounded like a chain. I kept very still. In the pale

light, I could make out the figure of a woman, she was in leg irons and I could see duct-tape on her mouth. She was trying to struggle. One of the men punched her in the stomach.

"Shut up you stupid cow. Enjoy the sky, it's the last time you'll ever see it." The other man, the bigger of the two, obviously the alpha male laughed.

"Don't waste your breath, she doesn't understand a word. I actually feel a bit sorry for her. If she'd been a virgin, it would have been better for her, but only a whack job like our client would pay top prices for a girl just to torture and listen to her screaming in agony." The other man shook the girl.

"Yeah, I would have liked to fuck this one, but if he found out that we had, we'd be in very deep shit. I believe he kept one of them alive for almost ten days before she finally snuffed it"

"Well, he certainly can't fuck 'em, so I guess he gets his jollies by listening to them screaming in agony as he cuts them up." The other man added. I made up my mind right there. I would never hurt a woman, and I sure wasn't going to stand by and let this happen.

I had been raised in the Far East. My father had been a business tycoon. I had been born in the UK, but I grew up in Japan and China. I had been fascinated by martial arts, and I had spent years studying Aikido, Ninjutsu, and Kung Fu. I usually carried a few extras with me û just in case, but they were in the car. I had no doubt whatsoever that I could handle these two, but before I could do anything another vehicle came in sight.

"Here he is." The leader said. "If I had my way, I would never do business with a sick fuck like this, but ours is not to reason why." A red van with the words 'Excelsior Fire Services' pulled up and out came the fattest man I had ever seen. He struggled to get out of the car. Wheezing he waddled to the two men. He grabbed one of the girl's breasts and squeezed; there was a muffled cry.

"Oh yes." He wheezed in a high pitched voice. "This will be a good one, nice and fresh and healthy, I can keep her to play with for a long time." He grabbed her cheeks in his fat hand and stuck his face into hers. "Oh yes, you are going to scream and wish that you were dead, but I won't let you die that easily, you fucking whore." I stepped out silently from the trees. First, job was to take out the leader. I coughed. He spun round as my fingers stabbed into his throat. It was followed by a vicious kick to his testicles, and a heel of palm strike to his ribs. I heard the satisfying crackle as ribs broke. With a muffled cry, he just sank to the ground unconscious. His colleague tried to grab me, and he swung a punch at my head. I took him down to the ground with a simple arm lock, dislocating his shoulder, breaking his wrist, and finished with a kick to the head. Two down one to go. I almost burst out laughing. The fat fuck had pulled out a Browning pistol. His fingers were so fat he was trying to get to the trigger, but the hammer was down, and the safety was probably on. I whipped the gun out of his hand and jabbed my fingers into his eyes; he gave a shrill cry. As he tried to raise his hands I cupped my palms and boxed both his ears, rupturing both eardrums. To finish him off, I kicked his kneecap on the one leg. I'm pretty sure it broke. He went down like a big blob of jelly, crying like a baby. I kicked him in the head to keep him quiet. I motioned to the woman to stand still, but with all the chains and duct tape, it was pretty much an empty gesture.

I ran to my car, grabbed some rope, and a few of my ninja tools and ran back. The poor woman was standing where I had left her. She was shaking with fear, and tears were streaming down her face. The leader was trying to get up. I took a short blow pipe and puffed a tiny dart, not much bigger than an apple pip into his neck. Soundlessly, he just dropped like jelly. The darts were coated with a special mixture from the Far East. You could eat it and swallow it without harm, but the smallest prick completely and instantly paralyzed the victim for anything up to half an hour. I

repeated the process with the other two and then very carefully retrieved my darts. Then, I tied them up lying on their bellies with their legs bent and a rope from the ankles around their neck, if they struggled they would strangle themselves.

Now, I turned my attention to the woman. I took a small lock pick and quickly unfastened the locks on her chains and took them off. Her wrists were taped with duct tape, which I tore off. Then as gently as I could, I took the duct tape from her mouth. For the first time I could actually see that this wasn't a woman, it was a young girl. I guessed around fifteen or so, she was quite tall, around five feet seven, very athletic looking. She had on a short black dress adorning a perfect body; her face was red and swollen from crying. But even so, she was stunningly beautiful. Her legs were beautiful, she had dark brown hair that suited her perfectly. I took out my phone to call the police and turned to leave, but she grabbed my arm.

"Please." She whispered huskily. "Don't leave me here." I was taken aback. I assumed from what had been said that she spoke no English.

"Oh, so you do speak English?" I asked.

"Yes some, but not so good."

"Where do you live?" I asked her. "I can take you home if you like, but I'm calling the police, and they will look after you." She fell to her knees and grabbed my leg.

"Please, I beg you, don't leave me here, they will hunt me down and kill me. Please take me with you. Those men sold me to the fat man, and he was going to kill me. You saved my life. I can never thank you enough. I belong to you now. I'll work for you, I'll do anything, but please take me away from here." I looked at this beauty.

This could be the answer to my prayers. .

"How do you know that I won't kill you like the others?" I asked.

"You saved me; I belong to you. If you hadn't come, I would be screaming in agony. That's what he said. I don't believe you are like that. But it's a chance I have to take. If you leave me, they will find me, and kill me. There are others beside these men They are everywhere." I took her hand.

"Let's go." She got into the front seat, and I called the police and told them what had happened.

"Is the girl still with you, sir?" The cop asked.

"No," I replied. "She ran off as soon as I released her. Look, I don't want to get involved. I just happened to be there." They wanted my name, but I refused to give it to them. I had deliberately used my phone with a prepaid, unregistered SIM card, so it was easy to take out and destroy. She sat quietly beside me until we drove to my home.

I owned quite a few properties; dad hadn't been around much when I was growing up. Mom had been killed in a car accident years ago and as I was the only child, I had inherited all my dad's companies and properties, world-wide. My home in Kent was way off the beaten track. It was actually a farm and I kept it running as a farm. The foreman lived on the property in a cottage with his wife, and he took care of everything. When we got into the house; I sat her down. I made tea for me and coffee for her. Several times she had tried to speak, but I had held up my hand and stopped her. When she had finished her coffee and biscuits, I poured another for

both of us and a large cognac for each of us.

"Now, you can talk." I told her. "First, I'm Vince. What's your name, how old are you, where do you live and how did you get into this mess?" Slowly and hesitatingly, the story came out. Her name was Angela. She had been born in Serbia, and she was indeed, Serbian. Amazingly, she was only thirteen. After the war when her dad had been killed, she lived with her mother who developed cancer. She had been offered a chance to start a new life in the UK. Her mom had paid five thousand Pounds to get her over to the UK, where she had been promised a job, working in a home taking care of the house and children and she would be able to complete her education. She had been taken in trucks and containers right across Europe, until they got to the UK. There had been five girls together. Once in the UK, two girls had been taken off and ostensibly gone to their new jobs. She and the other two had been taken to a house where there were four men and a woman. There were two Armenians and two English. She had pretended to speak no English, because something seemed wrong. The woman had been a doctor of some kind. She had taken a blood sample and examined her and then done an internal examination. She left her on the table, and Angela had heard her say,

"This one isn't a virgin. You know where she will have to go. The other two are OK. So keep your paws off then until after the auction." They gave her pretty, lacy under ware and the sexy black dress. They'd taken pictures of her naked and in the dress, then she had been paraded in front of cameras. An hour or so later, they had loaded her into the van and then I had found them.

"I was raped by a teacher at the school, when I was ten," she told me. "I told mom. She went to the police and the teacher got fired." It took well over an hour before she finished the story.

"So what now?" I asked her. "Do you want to go back to Serbia? Do you have friends here?" A tear ran down her lovely face.

"I have no friends here. I have nowhere to go. I can't go back to Serbia, even if I wanted to do, because these men have a big organization and if they find me, they will kill me. That I am sure of. Please can't I stay here with you? I'll work for you, I'll do anything you ask, please don't send me away." It was then that I made my decision. I would keep her, legal or not, fuck it. She was alone in the world, so was I.

"Angela," I told her. "You don't have to work for me, but you are welcome to stay here. Even if you had been sixty years old, I would still have done exactly the same with those men. You can stay here as long as you like, and you don't owe me a thing. I'm only glad that I saved you from that fat, demented pig." I led her up to one of the spare bedrooms.

"You can sleep here tonight" I told her. She grabbed my arm. "Please, I'm so alone and scared, please let me sleep in your room." I could see that she was genuinely terrified.

"But there's only one bed . . ." I started.

"I don't mind, please, Vince. Those men will kill me. I don't want to be alone." I shrugged. My mind was working overtime. we went into the bedroom, and I dug in my drawer and found a pair of my pajamas. They were a mile too big for her.

"Best I can do for tonight." I told her. "Go on, pop into the bathroom and put them on. You can roll up the bottoms." She came out a few minutes later. I normally slept naked, but tonight I put a pair of pajamas on as well. I was already in bed when she came out. She climbed into the bed and lay beside me. Every few minutes tremors would run through her body.

"It's OK, Angela." I told her. "No-one will harm you in here. Now try to relax and go to sleep." She turned and looked at me.

"You can, if you want to. I owe you my life. I'll do anything you want. I'm not very experienced, but you can teach me." She was almost in tears. I'd given this quite a bit of thought that night. If I had made a girl myself, I couldn't have matched what lay beside me. She was my kind of age; she was amazingly beautiful. I didn't have to see her naked to know that under her clothes she had a body to die for. She wasn't well used, she was athletic and I didn't want to lose her. Yes, I desperately wanted to fuck her, but it would be meaningless. It would be sex for gratitude, more like sex with a prostitute, she wasn't offering for cash, but to repay me for helping her. I knew what would happen. She would let me, she would probably fake enjoying it but after a while once the memories of her experience were gone, she would leave and I'd be back alone and on my own again. However, if I threw this chance away, I might never get another or it might make no difference to the end result. I knew that I wanted this girl, not just for a quick fuck, but permanently as a soul mate. I took the plunge, right or wrong, only time would tell.

"No, Angela, you don't owe me a thing. When I intervened I had no idea that you were young and beautiful. I would have done the same for any woman, and you don't have to give me your body to repay me, because you don't owe me. Now be a good girl, and go to sleep. It's almost tomorrow already."

"Are you sure?" She asked. "You aren't a you know . . . homo, are you?" I laughed.

"Definitely not."

"Don't you like me then?" I could see that she was baffled.

"Angela, you are beautiful, sexy, desirable and any man who would turn you down under normal circumstances would be stark raving insane. But these aren't normal circumstances. I'm not interested in sex as payment, but for love. Now, I'm tired. With you lying there, I don't think I'll get much sleep, but you can." I turned off the bedside lamp. Her hand found my face, and she kissed me. Her face was wet with tears, but the trembling seemed to have stopped. I had a massive erection, and it was some time before I fell asleep. Suddenly, I was woken by a piercing scream. I jumped up and put the light on. Angela was sat up, she was wet through with sweat and shaking. I put my arm around her.

"Shhhh, it's OK. You were just having a bad dream." She put her arms around me, and I hugged her.

"I was dreaming about what that man was going to do to me. It was horrible." I hugged and patted her.

"By now, he's in prison and I doubt that he will ever come out. So go back to sleep. I'll be here to protect you." I kissed her forehead and lay her back down. She put her head on my shoulder.

"Please hold me, Vince. I feel safe with you." I didn't get back to sleep again. I lay holding her until she awoke at almost ten in the morning.

"Ah, so sleeping beauty awakes." I laughed. "Please can I have my arm back now?" She gave just the tiniest hint of a smile.

"Sorry." She said sheepishly. "You're very good to me."

"Well you can pay me by helping make breakfast, then we can go and do some shopping and get you some clothes." A look of alarm and terror spread across her lovely face.

"Oh, please no, Vince, please don't make me go outside. If anyone sees me and recognizes me they will come and kill me and you as well. These men are ruthless. You and I caused them a problem yesterday, and they'll never forgive us. They don't know who you are, but they have photos of me, and you know all their colleagues will have them too." She clung to me and started crying again. I hugged her.

"All right, sweetie. You don't have to go out if you don't want to do. Just give me your sizes and I'll pop out and get some things for you."

"No." She held me even tighter. "Please don't go out and leave me alone. I'm so scared. Please stay with me. Please." I calmed her down.

"All right, we'll do some internet shopping and have the things delivered." She looked at me with those dark brown eyes.

"Vince, it's very nice of you, but I have no money, no job, nowhere to go and no way to ever repay you and the only thing that I can offer; you don't want. I don't know what to do."

"Angela, Angela, I'm not short of money. I don't want anything from you; you don't have to repay me for anything. I just want you to be safe and happy. I'll look after you, feed you, clothe you, and protect you. If you want to repay me, you can help me around the house. You can pick up your schoolwork again on the computer, you

don't have to have perfect English for everything, maths, music, art, chemistry, physics, you can study without having perfect English. There are online translators as well. All I want from you, is to see you smile, laugh, and be happy." She put her face up and offered me her lips. I tried to give her a quick peck, but she held my head and gave me a long very passionate kiss. I was squirming, desperately trying to control my wayward penis.

We made breakfast and afterwards, we got onto the Internet and ordered her clothes. She was horrified at the amount of money that I spent.

"But Vince that's a awful lot of money,are you sure?"

"Believe me, that's not a lot of money." I told her. "I own companies in China, Japan, Europe, America, Africa, and right here. Fortunately, I do most of my work from here over the Internet and telephone. I have a Dojo in town, but I have another guy running it, so I don't have to go there every day. I would like to take you and teach you, but as long as you don't want to go outside, I won't try to make you."

The clothes arrived the next day, even in casual things to wear around the house, she looked gorgeous. That night, she slept in my bed again. Twice she woke up, but it wasn't as bad as the night before. After a week, she had settled down nicely. She smiled and even laughed a bit. I waited a few more days and then decided to test the water.

"Angela, how about we make up one of the spare rooms for you. You can redecorate it and . . ." She looked alarmed and cut me off.

"Why, Vince? Have I done something wrong? Are you tired of having me here?" A

tear trickled down her face.

"Of course not silly, I just thought that you would feel more comfortable if you had a room of your own and your own bed to sleep in." She started crying.

"But I like being with you. I like sleeping in your bed. I like to feel you close to me. You don't understand. I love you Vince, but you don't want me. It's OK. I'll sleep alone if you want to get rid of me." Now, I was really alarmed.

"For Christ's sake Angela, don't be silly. Of course, I want you. I always have, but not for gratitude. I want something permanent. It's very uncomfortable lying in bed next to you, knowing how lovely you are and well, you know what I mean. It gets very uncomfortable." She grabbed me and grabbed my hair.

"Vince, you idiot. I get just as uncomfortable. I've always wanted you. Yes, I suppose the first couple of nights, there was some gratitude in the offer but I also get uncomfortable. Girls have their needs as well, you know. I'll be honest, my body wants you, but in my mind, I'm just plain terrified. I can't forget how painful it was when that teacher used me. You've done so much for me. I WILL find a way to repay you, but not in that way. I want you to make love to me. I'm scared, I'm not sure what to do to make a man happy, but I know that you'll try not to hurt me. That's the only thing that I'm lacking and I want it to be permanent too. I don't think I could ever trust another man. Please Vince, if you want me, then for God's sake take me." She crushed her lips to mine. This time I returned the kiss. She took my hand and placed it on her breast. Within seconds, we were exploring each other's bodies. I picked her up in my arms and ran with her up to the bedroom. We were busy tearing each other clothes off on the way, buttons flew off; clothes were torn. At last, we both lay naked on the bed. Her hand lovingly caressed my erection. Her body was even better than my imagination. I made a meal of her two gorgeous breasts. I caressed them, sucked them, nibbled them. We were both already sweating. Our breathing was ragged. I kissed her beautiful flat tummy, she had a six-pack that

would make body builders envious, I found my way down to the triangle between her long, well-muscled, gorgeous legs. I just couldn't get enough of her. I lapped her juices. When I got to her clit, she cried out. Her body arched as she tried to bury me inside her. It only seemed to take a few minutes before she started shaking and shivering as waves of ecstasy swept over her. She started to cry.

"Whatever's the matter?" I asked, concerned that I'd hurt her in some way.

"No, it was just so wonderful. I've never been able to have an orgasm before. After that bastard raped me, I seemed to die inside. I tried myself frequently, but I never really enjoyed it and I never reached a climax before. I thought I was dying it was so wonderful." I got myself between her legs.

"Let's see whether you can get another one." She held my rock hard erection and rubbed it against her wetness. I slid slowly and gently into her until my entire six, and a half inches was buried deep inside her.

"It feels so good to know that someone really loves me." She whispered. "I want to have your babies, Vince. I want to belong to you forever." We moved together. It was as if we had practiced this for years. It felt so right there was no hurry; we were lost in time. I never wanted this to stop. I held on. Gently thrusting in and out, still synchronized together. Now, I was feeling the strain, my thrusts became faster and deeper, she moaned. Her hands grabbed my buttocks.

"Oh God, I'm almost there again." Her voice rose. Now, I was going at it like a mad thing. My balls started to rise. She cried out and at the same time I let go, pumping load after load of my semen deep inside that wonderful body. We just clung to each other as she milked every drop out of me with her inner muscles. If I had stayed inside her, I knew I was going to get hard again, but I didn't want to spoil it for her, so reluctantly, I gently eased out. She gasped as I left her and rolled onto her side.

She got a hold of my shrinking penis. It was still dribbling semen, but it didn't bother her.

"Was it all right?" She asked nervously. "Did you enjoy it? I'm not very experienced, you'll have to teach me." She looked anxiously at me.

"It was wonderful, my darling." I kissed her. "I don't ever want to lose you." She sighed with contentment and snuggled up close to me. Her hand still held my manhood. Within minutes, she was fast asleep. I reached over and put out the light and fell asleep as well. I woke several hours later. We were both still in the same position. Her hand was covered in flakes of dried semen. I gently moved her hand. She gave a little sort of sigh and shifted slightly. I turned over and held her and went back to sleep again.

For months, she wouldn't leave the house. When I had to leave she locked everything up. The house had a safe room, and she worked and slept in it most of the time. Only leaving to make food. I made sure that I was never away for more than three days at a time. Eventually, there was big news that Interpol and police in various countries had arrested most of the men involved in the trafficking and it was only then that she started to really relax completely. Fortunately, she looked much older than she actually was. She had no papers, the traffickers had all of them, but I planned to get some documents for her. Nothing is impossible if you have money. She had a great taste in clothes, and she looked every inch a perfect lady. It would be some time before I could introduce her to others, but we were together and that was all that mattered.

Chapter Thirteen

It All Went Wrong

"Dad, why are girls such bitches?" My son Danny was in a mood. I could see. He was twelve, well built, muscular and quite a good looking lad. Well most of the girls at his school thought so anyway, but he had eyes only for one of them. At thirteen, he already was thinking about girls.

"So now what has she done?" I asked him.

"I try so hard, dad, but she treats all the boys with contempt. She dropped her hankie today, so I picked it up and gave it to her. She didn't even say thanks. She just snatched it out of my hand and walked away" I laughed. "She doesn't like you Danny, it's that simple. Maybe she's a lesbian." He looked downcast.

"I don't think so, dad. All the girls in school hate her, she's by far the prettiest girl in the town and they are all jealous. She really is gorgeous dad. I really want to go out with her, but she doesn't even see me." I never took Danny to school, he usually went on his bicycle or if it was wet his mom took him.

"Hmm, I'll need a look at this wonder girl." I told him. "I'll take you to school tomorrow, and you can point her out." I didn't have a full time job. I was a musician. I composed music for TV and advertisements. I was also a keen body builder and martial artist. I had black belts in Jiu-jitsu and karate. I used computers to generate my music, and I knew computers so well that most of the folks from the gym and the clubs, asked me to fix their PCs if they got a problem.

Next morning I took Danny to school, we parked over the road and waited. It wasn't long before a black Mercedes arrived, and this girl got out. Danny was right. She was stunning, she looked about sixteen, quite tall, slim, curves in all the right places, dark brown hair, done in a pony tail and this girl was working out that was obvious to me. Then, her dad got out of the car to wave to her and surprisingly, he was one of my karate students. "There she is." Danny told me. "Her name is Angela." I watched her go into the school and waited for her dad to drive off.

"You're right about her being a beauty, Danny. But isn't she a bit old for you? She must be fifteen or sixteen."

"No way." Danny said. "She's in the same year as me." I was surprised. I'm a happily married man, but my wife understands that men sometimes need a bit extra, so as long as she knows who I'm going with and it won't be permanent; she's quite OK with it. I would never go behind her back. If I fancy something, which so far hadn't happened. I had to tell her before, and she wanted to be sure that I wasn't running any risks of social diseases. I made up my mind there and then that I wanted to fuck this rude little brat, first to teach her a lesson and secondly to open the way for my son to at least have sex with her a few times.

I went home and told my wife, she thought that it was a good idea, but we both had principles. No rape. No violence, but other than that, all's fair. For the next few weeks I watched her carefully. She only went out on her own on Sunday's. She seemed to have no friends. On Sunday's, she took her bicycle and went down to the river. She would sit in the sun and read. Then, she would go to the shops and look in the shops. Have coffee and an ice cream, and then either go back to the river or to the park. There was a covered pagoda thing in the park and if it were raining she would sit in that.

At the same time, I started to cultivate a rapport with her dad. He was in my beginners class, so I took a bit of extra interest in him and suggested that he might like to join the gym. He told me that he had a small gym at home, and he trained with his two girls. He had another daughter as well-called Diana; she was only six years old. He quickly discovered that I was a bit of a computer geek, so a few weeks later, he asked me whether I could have a look at his daughter's computer as he thought it needed more memory. I had no idea which daughter it was, but I took with me a tiny camera with a fairly wide angle lens. Fortunately, the computer was in Angela's bedroom, I opened it up and Fred, her dad, just left me to it. I found the perfect place for my spy camera. No-one would find it unless they knew it was there. It transmitted the scene via a wireless connection over a very secure VPN to my computer at home. I was hoping to get some video of her naked and even better, masturbating and I could maybe use this to get her to cooperate. I checked her mail and looked for social networking software, but there was none. This girl indeed had no social life at all.

When I got home that evening, I watched the live video stream. She sat down and worked on her computer for a while, then left the room, then a couple of hours later she came back, went into the bathroom and then came back in her pajamas and climbed into bed and went to sleep. The next night was the same. On the third night, it changed. She came from the bathroom and instead of getting into bed; she sat on the edge of the bed waiting for something. I didn't have sound, but I could see she was calling someone. A few minutes later, Fred and his wife came into the room. She kissed her daughter goodnight and went out, leaving Fred behind. Fred started kissing his daughter. She kissed him back; clothes started to be removed. The next thing, Angela was on her knees giving Fred a blow job. This was more than I had ever expected. Then, they got onto the bed and after a couple of seconds of foreplay, Fred started fucking her. I watched as he went at it for a good fifteen minutes, and then he dumped his load, deep inside his twelve-year old daughter. They then got into bed and put out the light; so mom obviously knew what Fred was doing and approved. It was more than I had ever hoped for. I had the entire show on HD video.

I showed my wife Julie. As expected, she wasn't surprised. To us, there was absolutely nothing wrong with it. Angela seemed to have enjoyed it, I suspected that she was either on the pill or it was the safe period of the month, because there was certainly no condom involved. "Well you have her by the short curlies." Julie laughed. "Are you going to let Danny have her as well?"

"Let's wait and see what happens." I told her. "I am definitely going to have a piece of this."

"Looking at her, I suspect that you are going to have quite a few pieces of that. Well, she's clean, she's gorgeous, and I'm sure that you'll enjoy it. Just try to make sure that she does as well. Don't be rough or horrid to the poor kid." By this time Angela had seen me with her dad, so she knew who I was. The next Sunday, I drove down to the river. As always it was very quiet where she used to sit. It was a beautiful day. She put her bike on the ground and went to her usual spot and sat down. I waited for a while and then walked down picked up her bike and put it into the back of my station wagon. She didn't even notice that I had it for a while, then she saw it in the back of my vehicle. She got up and came running over to me.

"Hey, that's my bicycle, what the hell are you trying to do?" I slammed the back closed. I grabbed her wrist.

"Get into the car, now. I'm not going to hurt you, you know me. I want to show you something."

"I'm going to tell my dad about this as soon as I get home. You'll be in big trouble mister." I drove her to my house. I took her through the side door into my study.

"Sit down and shut up." I told her. Now, she was really pissed.

"When I tell my dad that you forced me here and you took my bicycle, he going to go straight to the police, you bastard. I thought you were a friend of my father. How dare you bring me here?" On the wall was a very large TV screen. I switched it on.

"I don't think you'll be going to the cops anytime soon." I told her as I switched on the DVD that I'd made. She watched in complete disbelief as the scene unfolded. She started to cry. All the bluster had vanished.

"Please turn it off." She sobbed, as her dad started to fuck her. I'd done a bit of editing.

"Angela, just sit and listen very carefully. Here's how it is. I have no problem with you and your dad getting together, what I do have a problem with is your bad attitude. You treat everyone like shit. You are rude and antisocial and that has to stop. If you tell your dad or go to the cops, your life is over. Your mother and father go to prison; you get taken into care along with your little sister. As far as I am concerned, no-one will ever get to see this DVD. It will go into my safe. It's up to you." She looked up at me; tears were running down her face.

"You don't understand. No-one understands. It's not my fault."

"How can it not be your fault? You have a really bad attitude." She grabbed my arm.

"It's not me. Look, my dad and I do it. I didn't mind. He's kind, he's gentle, he

doesn't hurt me. I love my dad, but he's very jealous. He won't allow me to talk to boys, and he gets pissed off if I try to make friends with girls as well. It wasn't so bad when we started doing it when I was ten, but he's got more and more jealous. He's even got a couple of girls at school that watch me and report to him. I think he does them as well. Mom won't interfere, she says she would rather have dad do me every week than some boy who'll give me a disease and hurt me. She put me on the Pill and dad is allowed to sleep with me for one night every week. I'm allowed out alone on Sunday's and that's the only time that I'm almost free. Please don't tell anyone about dad and me. I don't want him to go to prison. I just wish he'd cut me some slack. What do you want from me? I don't have any money of my own." I started to feel sorry for her. Tears were running down her face. I sat down by her side and held her close. She didn't fight with me.

"Angela, you are very, very beautiful, and you know it. I'm not surprised that your dad is jealous, but if he carries on like this he will ruin your life. Either that or he'll ruin your mom's life because when you get older. He's probably going to be forced to choose between your mother or you, and you'll be stuck. What happens next is mostly up to you. I say mostly, because you and I are going to have sex and more than once. I promise to be gentle and to try to help you to enjoy it, but it WILL happen, and the first time is going to be today." She looked me up and down.

"I could do a lot worse I suppose. I can't really refuse, can I? What about the things that I can control?"

"You know that your dad comes to my karate club, and he also started working out at the gym. I've got to know him reasonably well. I won't do it now, but with your permission, I'll have a word with him. I will try to make him understand that whilst I don't disapprove of what you and he are doing, if anyone ever finds out, it's the end of everything. I'll make it clear that I actually approve of what he's done and is doing, he mustn't let his jealousy ruin your life and maybe his and your mom's as well." Angela sat and thought about it. She certainly wasn't stupid.

"That has worried me a bit. See, mom talked me into letting dad do me, when I was ten. I started getting interested in boys, and mom told me that dad loved me and wouldn't be rough like a new boy would be and he would teach me. It hurt a bit the first time, but mom warned me that it would. After that, I would get to sleep with him every Wednesday night. Sometimes he would do me at weekends and during holidays when mom went out. She didn't mind him doing me. It was nice. He never hurt me, he always used that Durex stuff. I like the Aloe Vera one best. I've had orgasms a couple of times. Yeah, I'd like it if dad gave me some slack, but if you talk to him, he'll know that I told you."

"No, if you tell me who the two girls are that watch you, I'll get it out of them. Then, you are in the clear. Is your dad the only person who ever had sex with you?" She looked a bit shocked.

"Yes, I'm not like that. I don't mind dad doing me. It makes him happy and as I said, it's OK he doesn't force me or hurt me." I took her hand.

"Come on Angela. Let's try to rectify your one man only. My wife and son are out shopping and the cinema, they won't be ready to come home before five and I know that you only start for home about then, so we have lots of time." I led her upstairs to the spare bedroom. "Angela. I want you to try to enjoy this. I know that you can't say no, but I really don't intend to hurt you." She stroked the bulge in my pants.

"You're nice. I never expected anything like this to ever happen, but it has. It's no good trying to fight. You've got me and I intend to try to enjoy the new experience." She unfastened my belt and unzipped me. My pants dropped to the ground she yanked down my shorts and stroked my erection. "I'm glad this isn't as big as the rest of you." I helped her to take off her top, revealing two small, firm,

very kissable breasts. They were perfect. She was wearing a pair of very short hot pants. She unfastened them and they dropped to the ground. She hooked her thumbs into the tops of her lacy pink panties and wiggled out of them. We got onto the bed, and I started kissing her. It didn't take long, before she warmed up to the occasion. I stroked and kissed and caressed her lovely breasts, with tongue and fingers. My hands were working down her body, getting closer, and closer to the treasure I was seeking. It took me about ten minutes to reach the pot of gold. She gasped as my fingers traced the length of her pussy and found her clit. I had noticed in the movie that Fred didn't go much for foreplay, so I made a meal of it. I started kissing her down, past her breasts, down past her belly button until I could get my tongue to work on the prize. She was getting wet, very wet. Her breathing was getting ragged. I was just flicking her clit with my tongue, but as she got more and more excited, I sucked it into my mouth and started licking it continuously. Her hands gripped my head and she ground her hips against my face. Her head was rolling from side to side. then she cried out. It was more a long, loud groan, which reached a crescendo as her body tensed and the upper half came up off the bed. A long series of shudders started. Her eyes were closed. Her face was red, and she was gasping for breath. She just lay there for a moment, and then she opened her eyes.

"Oh my God that was something else. I almost died of pleasure. If this is being raped, my God I like it." We started kissing again. She grasped my erection. It was like an electric shock. I thought it would burst. We lay facing each other. She helped me to find the entrance to the tunnel of love. My dick was soaking wet and so was she. I slid inside her. It was like heaven.

"You need to teach me." I gasped. "I really want you to enjoy this as much as before, just tell me where and how it feels best for you." I varied the length of the stroke and the speed. I reached a certain point where I was about three quarters inside and moving only an inch or two when she gripped me hard.

"That's it. Just keep it like that." Then only a minute or two later. "Oh shit it's good.

I've never had anything like this. Oh I can't, oh yes, please hold me tight." The height difference stopped me from seriously kissing her, but I pulled her close as she cried out, and her second orgasm started. It seemed to be even more intense than the first. I couldn't wait any longer. Ropes of my hot sticky seed decorated the inside of her vagina. She clung to me like a drowning man, her fingers digging painfully into my flesh. This was amazing; she was so fucking desirable. I knew this relationship couldn't last for any length of time, but I never wanted to stop. My cock wanted to shrink, but her vaginal muscles were milking my cock and my brain as well, I was still semi-hard. As I looked at her wonderful little body and thought about what we had just done, my dick started to harden again. She felt it swelling inside her.

"Oh my God, no. Not again. I think I'll die if I do it again." She moaned. I couldn't have stopped, even if I had wanted to. I started moving again. My desire was more intense that it had been for a long time. After a minute or so, she started to respond, and moments later we were fucking like two wild animals. She was muttering incoherently, and our movements were synchronized as we just fucked each other. Time stood still. Only the two of us existed, nothing else mattered we were lost in each other. I was in a warm velvet tunnel. We made obscene noises as my dick slammed in and out of her little body. How long we fucked I had no idea, neither of us wanted it to stop. Eventually, I could tell that she was on the brink.

"Come on, Angela. I can't hold it much longer." Her response was to dig her fingers into me and slam against me even wilder. Then, she cried out.

"Aaaaaaaarrrrrgggghhh." She crushed herself against me as I held her tightly and rammed my dick into her as far as it would go as I spurted a second load of my hot sticky semen into her perfect body. I thought I would never stop. I completely emptied myself into her. We hung together like that for a long time until my dick just fell out of her. We never spoke. We were just drenched in sweat, and we could hardly breathe. We separated for a moment, and then she put her head on my shoulder. I had my arm around her and held her bum and pulled her close. Within

minutes, she was fast asleep. I followed her soon after. When we woke it was almost three o'clock. She yawned and stretched lazily.

"How was that?" I asked. She grinned.

"Do you really need to ask? Let me put it like this. Are you going to rape me again next weekend? I think I like being raped," I kissed her.

"I want to rape you as often as I can, but I didn't hear you screaming very loud for help."

"Well I'm just a poor little girl that's being forced to protect her daddy's virtue. At least, that's my story. I'm going to give you. The names of the girls that I think are spying on me for dad and if you can get anything out of one of them, I would like you to talk to my dad. After today, I want him to stop. I belong to you from now on. It was the best day I've ever had. Can we do it again next Sunday?" We showered and cleaned up. We went downstairs and had a very late lunch. Then, we kissed and cuddled until half past four and she left.

When my wife came back, I told her what had happened. I didn't hold back. We had always been honest with each other.

"I feel about her, the same as I did about you when we first got together. I know the plan was to try to fix up Danny, but I just can't do it." My wife was a very understanding woman.

"I suppose that I should be jealous, but I'm not. I don't see why you shouldn't have

a mistress, or another partner as long as it makes you and her happy and you don't stop loving me. I can't regard a fourteen-year old as serious competition. I'm only twenty-seven, and you're twenty eight, so there's a fourteen-year age gap. You'll probably not tire of her, but she may well tire of you. We'll have to see. I have no problem taking Danny out for the afternoon and going to the shops and cinema. We had a great time. What are you going to tell Danny?"

"I'm going to fix him up with someone else." I told her. "First I need to get hold of the two spies and sort things out with Angela's father."

Next day, I went down to the school to pick up Danny. In conversation, I got him to point out the two girls. One was picked up by her mom and the other walked home. Her name was Claire. On Tuesday, I went on foot and followed the girl. In the shopping mall that she went through, I caught up, and 'accidentally' bumped into her quite hard, sending her books flying. I apologized profusely and offered to buy her an ice cream. Like most girls, she was flattered to be offered something by a well dressed bronzed man with big muscles. As we ate our ice cream, I told her how lovely she was. My theory was that if a girl would let Fred fuck her, my chances were pretty good. She was very flattered that someone of my age, and status was interested in her.

"I'm Claire." She told me. "You're nice a real gentleman. I don't have many friends, What's your name?"

"I'm Geoff." I told her. "I'm not sure why, but I like you a lot. How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen." She told me. "I'll be leaving school at the end of term. I'll be looking for a job soon."

"Maybe I can help you when the time comes." I told her. "I know a lot of business people. They come to my karate club. I'll talk to some of them. You'll have to give me your CV."

On Wednesday, I hung around the mall and greeted her when I saw her. I bought her another ice cream and told her that I just wanted to see her again. We met in the mall again on Thursday.

"We have to be careful." She told me. "We don't want people to get the wrong idea. Can't we meet somewhere a bit more private?"

"How about Saturday if it isn't raining?" I asked.

"Oh yes, where though?"

"I'll pick you up at the bus stop down the road from your house at two o'clock. Is that all right?"

She had a skimpy top and shorts. I drove just out of town to a very secluded spot I used to come to with girls when I was a kid. I brought a blanket and a picnic basket. I had food, cake, cold drinks and a bottle of wine. We had a glass of wine, and she put her face up to mine to be kissed. I kissed. Her and she put her arm down my pants until she found my erection. I fondled her breasts, and she helped me take the top right off. She was actually a very pretty girl, but she wore very unsuitable spectacles, and her hairstyle was dreadful. I unfastened her shorts.

"It's OK." She whispered. "I'm not a virgin or anything. You have to understand

Geoff; I don't let any man do this to me. I don't sleep around. Only my brother and one other older guy. It's just that you have a great body, and you're nice." She had my pants off, and I picked them up. She looked alarmed. "What's wrong?" I pulled out a packet of condoms. "You don't need those." She whispered. "I'm on the pill."

"Before we do anything, you know I'm a married man, don't you? I want to, because you're so pretty, but it's not going to be permanent or anything."

"I know. But it's nice. I would really like to do it with you" She opened her legs for me. I started to fuck her. She lay quietly under me. Her eyes closed. There was no real response. "You can come inside me. It's OK." She murmured. After some time, she gave a little gasp and I felt her muscles tighten. I wasn't sure, but I guessed it was an orgasm of sorts. I pulled out and covered her tummy with a puddle of my semen.

"Better safe than sorry." I murmured. "That was great." I lied. "Was it good for you?"

"Oh yes, my brother does sex with me whenever he comes home. I have to keep still and be very quiet because we don't want my folks to hear they are very old fashioned. The other guy. I only let him do it once"

"Do you do it a lot?" I asked her. "With dad or boys?"

"Dad's not interested, my elder bro does it when he's home and there's an older guy I let him have sex with me once. He got me. A bit drunk, and I let him, but only once. ." She seemed quite happy to discuss her sex life with me.

"Do I know him?" I asked.

"Girls should never tell. He pays me to watch his daughter. I'm pretty sure that he's doing her, because I have to tell him whether I see her talking to any of the boys. He gives me a fiver every week" that was all that I needed. We kissed and cuddled a bit, and then I took her to the bus stop as the bus arrived. "Can we do it again some time?" She asked.

"I'll try." I replied. "Thanks for a wonderful afternoon. It was great"

"No, thank you." She laughed. "You did all the hard work." Now, I had some ammunition to confront Fred. On Sunday Angela arrived ten minutes early. I opened the door, and she rushed in and flung her arms around me.

"Hold me tight Geoff, please." She was crying. "Please Geoff." She pulled me towards the stairs. She was taking her clothes off as we climbed the stairs. She hurriedly helped me to shed mine. I wanted foreplay, but she stopped me.

"No, Geoff. Please, just do it. I've had a horrible week. I want to feel you inside me, and I desperately need to come. Oh, Geoff. I need you so badly." I obliged. It didn't last long for either of us. When we had finished, I held her close.

"Now tell me what's wrong, Angela. Something is bothering you." She took a deep breath.

"After I left you on Sunday, I knew that you were right. I told my mom that dad is getting too jealous and that its time I stopped having to sleep with him every

Wednesday. She told me. No-one was forcing me, so I told her that dad was forcing me and paying girls to report to him if I even spoke to a boy and that I wanted a life of my own. I told her that if dad went on like this, he would eventually have to choose between me and her and I didn't want him. I wanted to live my own life." She was a bit pissed off at first, but then she tackled dad. There was a hell of a fight. Mom told him that if he didn't stop, and he wouldn't leave me alone that she would go to the cops and file for a divorce. It all ended with dad telling me that he wanted nothing more to do with me and that I could do as I liked and when I got raped or caught some disease, I mustn't complain to him. He told me that men would just want to get into my pants and fuck me and after a few times they would dump me like a bag of rotten apples. It's true, Geoff, isn't it? Now, you've had me, you'll just dump me, won't you, because if your wife finds out . . ." I put my hand to her mouth.

"Don't say another word." I picked up my phone and called my wife. "Julie, can you leave Danny somewhere for a short while, and come back here and meet Angela, the girl I told you about. She thinks that when you find out, I'll be in trouble. Can you get back here and sort her out?" I put the phone down. Angela was white.

"What have you done?"

"I tell my wife everything Angela, and if this relationship is to go on, I'll tell you everything as well and I expect the same of you. Julie knows that men are men. I promised before we married that if I ever fancied another woman I would tell her. I've never had another girl until I met you." Angela sat as quiet as a mouse. I'm not sure what she expected. Julie came in. She hugged Angela.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Angela. I know all about you. I have no problems with sharing my husband with you for as long as it lasts. I'm not actually against polygamy, within reason. Many French and Italians have mistresses. Men will always be men. They will never really be monogamous. I don't know why women make

such a big fuss. If a man has room in his heart for two women, why not? Why should he always be forced to dump one of them? I know Geoff very well. I doubt very much if he will ever get tired of a lovely girl like you. You really are all that he described. You'll probably get tired of him. Anyhow, as long as you both enjoy each other and you don't try to stop him from loving me as well. We won't ever have a problem. If I hear of you sleeping around, then it's over, I promise you. Now let me get back to my son, before he starts to worry." Angela didn't know what to say. Eventually, she broke the silence.

"Geoff, your wife is adorable; she is so beautiful, and so intelligent. Please don't dump me. I like you a lot. I think I'm in love with you. It wasn't love at first sight, but it was certainly love at first fuck. I can't stop thinking about you. I want to be with you all the time."

"Julie's right, Angela. You're only fourteen. You'll probably get tired of me soon and find a young stud. I'm not like your dad. Feel free to do as you like, but when you find another guy, please tell me the truth. I won't be cross. You have a right to live life the way that you want to do and if you make mistakes, you'll probably learn from them. Now it's already after eleven. What do you want to do now?"

"I want you to kiss me. I want to sit close to you and enjoy being with you. Why don't you teach me some karate, or better, let's go upstairs and do it again."

My problem now was Danny. He wouldn't be very impressed with his dad taking the girl that he had the hots for. I had an idea. The next day, I went down to the mall and met up with Claire. She was really happy to see me and her face lit up.

"Hi Geoff, I wasn't sure if I would ever see you again, but I'm so glad. I had a lovely weekend."

"My car's in the parking garage." I told her. "Come on, I want to talk to you."

"But Geoff, it's late. I can't stay out for too long." I put my finger to my lips.

"I said talk, that's all." She looked sad but relieved. When we got into the car, I gave her a kiss. "Now listen to me carefully. Here's my offer, non-negotiable." She looked concerned. I went on. "I'm not sure if you know my son Danny. He goes to the same school as you."

"What year is he in?" She asked. When I told her, she smiled. "Oh, he must be younger than me, then I wouldn't know him, I'm afraid."

"Well, you need a job; he needs a girl. You are exceptionally pretty and intelligent. I would be very happy if you gave him a chance? He hasn't had a girl yet. He won't push you; he's a gentleman. Will you give him a chance?" She thought about it for a moment. Then, she said. "Let me meet him and if I like him, I don't have a boyfriend. I don't see why not despite the ages."

"Right, now I'll come right out to the point. Please don't be offended. I'm trying to help. Your hairstyle doesn't suit you at all. I've made an appointment at a top hair stylist for you, and I'll pay for it. I'm also sending you to a top class optician. Get your eyes tested and we'll get you some fancy spectacles that will really enhance your beauty." She looked at me.

"You are very kind Geoff. I agree, but on two conditions. One that I like your son and two. I want to be with you one more time, call it my gratitude, my folks don't have much money to buy fancy things for me. Is that OK?"

"I agree. We'll meet on Saturday like last week, if it's not raining. Afterwards, I'll buy you lunch and take you to meet Danny. If you like him, offer him your hand to kiss. If you don't, just shake hands. I made appointments for you to go to the hairdresser on Tuesday and the optician on Wednesday." I handed her the two appointment cards. "I'll meet you at the opticians and help you to select. I gave your CV to two people I know. I should know if they are interested by Wednesday. It means that you'll have to take two days away from school, but as its near end of term, and you are job hunting; it should be all right." She kissed me and I dropped her off by her bus stop.

On Wednesday, I met her at the optician. Her hair had been completely restyled, it suited her and the new specs we selected really helped make her very lovely. She would never be as beautiful as Angela or my wife, but very fuckable. Neither of us wanted to wait for the weekend, so we went back to my spot and this time I wanted to really enjoy her.

"Look." I told her. "You aren't at home now. No-one can hear us, so you don't have to keep still or be quiet. Just let yourself go." We started kissing, and clothes were removed. She had nice breasts. A bit bigger than I liked, but, hey, never look a gift horse in the mouth. This time, I got moans from her as I kissed and sucked her nipples. Her labia were already parted, and she was very ready. I got to work with my tongue and fingers and brought her to two major orgasms. I got her on her knees and fucked her for a few minutes. Then, I got her on top. She was having the time of her life. Then, we went back to doggie style again. I managed to get her to her fourth orgasm before I unloaded an incredible amount of my hot sperm inside her. I just clung to her after my orgasm, massaging her breasts. When I finally fell out of her, it was followed by a waterfall of my semen. It oozed out of her. God, it was so sexy. I fought the urge to fuck her again.

"You have an interview next week on Tuesday with one of my students. He's a

veterinary surgeon. He's looking for an assistant, and he'll help you with further studies at the Tech." I kissed. Her and I dropped her off back in town.

On Saturday morning, she came to my house. I invited her in, and Julie made tea. When Danny came down, she almost instantly put out her hand for him to kiss. He was surprised. After tea, I suggested that Danny walk her home. She rose to the occasion.

"There's a film on that I really wanted to see, but I'm scared to go on my own." She told him. "There are too many bad people out there. Would you go with me?" I gave Danny twenty pounds.

"Why don't you be a gentleman and take her?" He was very eager, and they left together. An hour later Angela arrived. And Julie and her prepared lunch. Life was good; the two women got on well together. After lunch, I took Angela up to what had now become our room and we enjoyed each other for several hours. I hoped that when she could leave home in a few years, that she would move in with us, and we would be a happy family. When Danny came home, he was very excited.

"She really likes me. I'm going out with her again tomorrow." His jaw dropped a bit when Angela came downstairs.

"Er, h-h-hello." He muttered weakly. Julie came to the rescue.

"She's daddy's new special friend. I think you'll see her around quite a bit." To emphasize the point, Angela and I indulged in a long and quite passionate kiss.

"Your dad told me that you took Claire on a date. She's a lovely girl. Be nice to her, she doesn't have a very good home life." Angela told him. "When I met your dad, I just fell in love with him. Fortunately, your mom doesn't mind sharing a bit of him with me." I wasn't sure whether or not he was mad at me for stealing the girl he wanted, but two weeks later when he had got his first blow job and fucked Claire, he was one very happy boy.

Years later they moved in together. Angela moved in with us, and we all lived together peacefully.

Chapter Fourteen

More Than Kissing Cousins

My dad died a week before I was born. I believe he was killed in a traffic accident. My mom was a hypochondriac and a total prude. In her mind, sex was only for animals. It was the most disgusting thing that a human could do. She had been married for over a year, I believe before she allowed my father to have sex with her and I was a result of that liaison.

I don't think my mother was very interested in me. She was a Jehovah's Witness, and she was either buried in the Bible or one of her Watchtowers, or she was out 'doing the work' or 'bearing witness'. From the day, I was born, I'm sure my mother told me time and time every day, never to touch myself 'down there' unless it was to pee, never to let anyone ever see our touch 'down there' or God would strike me down with a terrible disease. My grandfather brought me up.

He was a bodybuilder when he was younger, and he had one room in the house that was his gym. From as far back as I could remember, I used to work out with him and I would be allowed a sweetie or some treat if I managed to lift a heavier weight each time. I actually enjoyed it and he would cook for him and me, and I would get lots of milk and protein shakes, steaks, fish, chicken, and good food.

When people keep repeating the same thing over and over again, it becomes 'white noise' and you don't hear it. Any longer and I just ignored her, but, I never did 'touch myself down there' other than to pee. I was just over four; I think when my mom developed some kind of illness that entailed her going into hospital. She couldn't leave me alone with my old grandfather, so she asked her sister Joan to

come over, until she got out of hospital.

I'd never met Joan before, but she was a very nice, pretty, kind woman. The first day she took me into the bathroom to bathe me. Everything was all right, until she told me to wash inside my penis. I had no idea what a penis was or how to wash it. Aunt Joan tried to do it and then went into a long tirade about my mother and her neglect.

She dried me off and then took me into the bedroom and started to mess around with what I now knew was my penis. I know now that she was trying to get my foreskin back over the glans, but I had no idea what she was doing then. She messed around for a while, sometimes it hurt a bit and I would wince, but she was very gentle. After some time, she seemed satisfied and gently rubbed my penis back and forward. It started to get hard, and it was nice. "Oh that feels nice Auntie." I told her. She looked at me sympathetically.

"I guess if I don't show you, your bloody mother never will." She sat beside me on the bed and started to massage my penis, it got harder and harder and it felt really good.

"What's happening Auntie?" I gasped. I think I'm going to pee myself." Auntie Joan leaned over and kissed me.

"Just let it happen, kid. You won't pee yourself. Just concentrate on how good it feels until, well, you'll know." Suddenly something happened. I cried out; I thought I was going to die. I dug my fingers into my Aunt. "It's all right; you can relax now. You just had your very first orgasm."

"I've never felt anything like that before." I told her.

"Well, now you know how to do it yourself, but for God's sake, promise me you will never, ever tell your mom or your gramps that I showed you how to do this, and don't let either of them catch you doing it either. It's our secret, OK?"

"Can we do it again tomorrow?" I asked.

"You can do it yourself now, but don't let anyone see you doing it, but maybe I'll help you once more before I go, if you behave."

The next night, in the bath, she showed me how to pull back my foreskin and wash inside. I quickly got hard again. She tucked me into bed and gave me a kiss. "You can help yourself tonight if you feel that you must." She laughed. When she had gone, I worked on my penis until I had another climax. This was a whole new world for me! She jerked me off twice more before she left. The last one, was in her mouth. It was incredible.

Despite being warned every day about 'touching myself down there' and the terrible things that God would do to me if I did, I jerked myself off at least once a day, sometimes even more and God didn't seem to care.

When I was eight, I was a big boy. I was already five feet eight, and I was very muscular and strong for a kid of my age. Just after my eight birthday, my mom was destined to go back into the hospital and she was going to be gone for at least 3 weeks. I was excited, because I thought Auntie Joan would be coming, but it was my Aunt Celia instead, and she brought her 12 year old daughter, Vanessa with her.

Vanessa and I hit it off right away. Normally, I wasn't allowed friends. My mom would take me to school, collect me, take me home for lunch and collect me every night. It was a big chore for her as it interrupted 'the work,' but it was a cross that she told everyone that she had to bear. I wasn't allowed to mix with girls, they were dirty and would give me a disease.

The boys were all diseased as well, so I had to avoid them. Fortunately, it was school holidays now, so I didn't have to go to school for a while.

We had three bedrooms. One was my grandfathers, the other was mine and my mother had her own room.

My room had two beds, because until I was six, my mother had slept in my room, 'to make sure that I didn't play with myself'. That was a bit of a bummer, but there was always the toilet, and sometimes I would sneak to the top of the garden or go into the woods where no-one could see and jerk off up there. By now, I was allowed to bath myself, so I bathed and went to bed. My cousin Vanessa was in the spare bed. She seemed to be sleeping. I hadn't been in bed for long, before I heard Vanessa get up. She walked to the door and very quietly closed it. Then, she came to my bedside and whispered. "Shhhsss, don't go to sleep, just wait until they've all gone to sleep and we can have some fun." Then, she went back to her bed. I was tired, and I must have dozed off, but I woke with Vanessa shaking me.

"Come on, sleepy head." She whispered. "Wake up, time for some fun. Shove up, Tony," and she climbed into bed with me. It didn't take long before I discovered that she had no clothes on. "I bet you've never been with a naked girl before, have you, let alone fucked one. Well, we've got three weeks to sort that out." I had no idea what she was talking about! She unfastened the cord of my pajama bottoms.

"Come on, get these things off." She whispered. I wiggled out of my pajama

bottoms. "And the top, silly." I took off my top. "There, that's better, isn't it?" She got a hold of my penis. Within seconds, it was hard. "Oh gosh, it's bigger than I thought. You must already have about six inches there. It's nearly as big as my dad's. You really don't know anything at all, do you? Here." She took my hand and placed it on one of her breasts. I'd never seen a woman's breast before, but it felt good. "Play with my nipples." She told me. "You can suck them as well. I like that." I did as I was told. I liked it too. Vanessa was making low noises. "That's the idea, ooh that's nice."

All this time she had hold of my cock and she was very slowly and gently massaging it. "I don't suppose you know where my pussy is, do you?" I was surprised.

"You brought your cat?" I enquired. She giggled.

"Give me your hand, you great clot." She took my hand and moved it to between her legs. She didn't have a penis. She took my finger and rubbed it down her slit. It was wet and slippery. "This is a girl's pussy." She told me. "There's a hole here. Put your finger inside me. That's right. Now put your middle finger in as well. Now move your fingers gently in and out. Oohhh that's right. Oh shit, it feels especially good when a virgin boy does it."

"Give me your finger again." She moved my finger to the top of the slit. Something small was sticking out. Her body stiffened a bit. "That's my clit, or clitoris. It is the same as your dick, you rub it gently and it feels really good. You rub my clitty, and I'll rub your cock. I suppose you know how to jerk off, or don't you?"

"Hmmm, I think so." I gently rubbed her clit, and she massaged my penis. She started to go faster, so did I. She started to breathe hard. Her hips were moving.

"Jesus Christ, you're a fast learner, that's real good, oh my God, I'm going to

come." Her body stiffened, and she let out a mewling sound, but she didn't miss a beat on my penis. I reached my peak. Then, I grabbed her hand.

"Vanessa, please, that's enough."

"Oh sorry." She gasped. "I forgot that you don't spurt out any semen yet."

"What's that?" I asked.

"When you're a bit older, white stuff called semen or spunk will shoot out of your cock when you have an orgasm. How long does it take you before you can do it again?" She asked me.

"Dunno. I've never timed it; I usually go to sleep afterwards."

"Right, well tonight's the first time for you with a girl. Did you enjoy it?"

"Did I? Best night of my life. I wish I could have seen you." I told her.

"Leave it to me. I'll try to get my mom to take her father, your grandfather out for the afternoon. Either tomorrow or soon. Then, we can both get naked together. You seem to have a nice sized cock for your age. I can't wait to feel it inside me."

"Inside you?"

"Yes, silly clot, you stick you penis in my pussy, like you did your fingers and then you fuck me, like I let you do with your fingers. Then we both try to hit the spot together." I was starting to get hard again. This sounded good. I took her hand and put it on my cock. "Oh wow, it's already hard again. That was quick. Do you want to fuck me now?"

"You'll have to show me." I explained.

"OK. Just one thing, you'll have to control yourself. If you start getting carried away, the bed will start to make noises and no-one must ever know what we are doing. It's our special secret. You must promise me."

"I promise, Vanessa, cross my heart and hope to die." She pushed back all the bedclothes.

"Kneel between my legs and I'll try to guide your dick into my pussy. Push it in as far as you can. You don't have to worry, I'm not a virgin and you can't make me pregnant." These were all words that I had never heard before.

"What's a virgin and what's pregnant?" I asked her.

"A virgin is a girl that's never had a man's dick inside her and pregnant means that a girl is going to have a baby. Don't you know anything?"

"So you've done this before?" I asked.

"Yes, you must never tell anyone, but my dad fucks me whenever we are alone. He's been fucking me since I was about ten years old. Now come on, don't keep me waiting, fuck me, Tony." She guided my penis to her entrance, and I pushed. It slid all the way inside her right up to my tummy. It was so warm and wet and slippery in there. I didn't need any more explanation; I started to work away with long deep strokes. I came out a few times, but she guided me back in. After a few minutes, she was panting heavily, her fingers were also working on her clit. "You're doing great, Tony, just hold on, I'm getting close. I'll tell you when I'm going to come, and you can try to come as well." Believe me, I was ready; I was bursting. I couldn't help it, it was going to happen.

"Oh God, I'm coming Tony, yes, oh God." Before she actually got there, my poor cocked swelled and I hit my orgasm. I had to try really hard, not to cry out. A microsecond later it felt as if a giant hand had grabbed my cock. It was the most wonderful experience of my young life. The spasms in her vagina kept going, for what seemed to be minutes. She was clutching me to her and I was clutching her just as hard.

It was a while before either of us spoke. "Was that good, cousin Tony?" She asked.

"I've never felt anything that good before, cousin Vanessa. Can we do it again soon?"

"For your first time that was pretty good. The only thing I miss was the flood of semen when you came. Other than that, by the time I have to leave, I'll make you an expert. Let me see what I can do about being alone with you whilst it's daylight." I thought for a bit.

"We could go into the woods." I told her. "Maybe a picnic? My grandfather is the gamekeeper there, so I go with him. I know places we can go where nobody would ever come. If you can persuade your mom to let us go."

"Tony, as far as my mom is concerned you are the safest person that I could ever be with. She told me. Your mom keeps you away from the girls and the boys and that you are totally innocent. I decided to fix that, but you're not quite the innocent that my mom thinks you are. Thank God. I can't imagine staying here for three whole weeks without a bit of sex to liven things up. I would have to be careful with older boys. I don't want to get pregnant, and as long as you aren't squirting out that white stuff, you're as safe as can be. I think I'm going to enjoy my stay here. We can fuck ourselves silly every day. I miss my dad; I don't want to mess around with other boys. I love my dad, especially when he fucks me, but three weeks without a fuck is too long for me." She giggled. "I hadn't realized that you would be such a big strong kid, and I had hoped that you wouldn't be as fucked up as your mom. This turned out to be a lot better than I expected."

The next day, Vanessa asked my grandfather if she could go into the wood to pick some blackberries. He told her that she should take me with her, because knew where everything was. I pretended not to be very enthusiastic, then she suggested that we take some fizzy pop and some scones and make it a picnic as well.

We set off soon after lunch and I took her to a high place in the forest. I think they had dug something out once, because there was a crater below, and we had to scramble up to the top of a small hill. We had a blanket the picnic box and a container for blackberries. On top of the hill, there was a depression, so no-one could see from below.

"Time for you to have some fun. Come on, take my clothes off, and explore my body, then I'll do the same to you." She helped me off with her top, there was nothing underneath, just two breasts. I'd never seen a woman's breasts before. I

explored them, kissed them, sucked them. My cock was bursting.

"Let me teach you how to kiss, Tony." Shit, I enjoyed kissing her; I couldn't stop caressing her breasts. "Now my jeans." I was only too happy to get them off for her and for the very first time I saw a girl's pussy. There was just a bit of fine brown hair growing around it, forming a triangle between her legs. The hair was very short and soft, her pussy was soaking wet and I could see the pink inside the lips. "If you really want to make me happy, you can lick my pussy and my clit with your tongue. It won't poison you. It doesn't taste too bad, and I gave it a good wash before we left and I put a touch of scent down there, just for your pleasure. Come on, Tony, don't be a wimp. Try it out. I'll do the same for you later."

I lay down between her legs and cautiously sniffed and tasted her juices. She was right. In fact, she tasted good. I found her clit easily. It was very well developed. She taught me how to lick it to give her the most pleasure. She was panting wildly. "Stick your finger in me and fuck me with your fingers at the same time, please, Tony." I was only too happy to oblige. She was writhing, and I was trying to hold her hips. Then, she gave a shriek.

"Oh Tony, dear God, I'm coming, oh yes, yes, yes." Her body arched off the blanket. She grabbed my head and ground it into her crotch. She was moaning and gasping. When she let go of me, I could breathe again.

"Oh, wow, Vanessa that was a big one."

"You're telling me. Now one good turn deserves another." She got down and licked my stiff penis. Then, she put it into her mouth and started to suck it. I was starting to go wild.

"Come on, Tony, fuck my face, come in my mouth" she sucked and I pumped.

It didn't take very long before I just lost it. I think she felt my cock swell in her mouth, because she slowly started to swirl her tongue around it as it got smaller and finally limp.

She went back up to lie beside me. I was panting like a horse that had just finished a race. She opened the picnic basket, took out the pop, and took a swig before handing the bottle to me. Then, she wrapped her fingers gently around my limp cock and we started kissing again and I started to play with her nipples. It didn't take very long before I started to get hard again. She reared up and looked down at my cock.

"Oh yes, now we can have a proper fuck. I'm going to show you all the different ways that I know to do this." She told me. "What we did last night was called the Missionary position. Today, we are going to do it doggie style." She got onto her knees with her arse pointing up. "Can you see my pussy, Tony?"

"Yes. Then kneel behind me, shove it in and fuck me as hard as you can. Grab my hips or my titties whatever. Try not to come before I do, or you'll spoil it for me. If you think, you're going to come try reciting you multiplication tables and hang on until I tell you." I pounded that hot pussy like a mad thing. She grunted and groaned and thrust her hips back at me.

"Faster, harder, give it to me, oh yes, just like that. I'm getting close Tony, please try to hang on for me." Then a couple of minutes later. "Yes, that's it, Christ, I'm coming. Pound me. Oh yessssssssss." Her muscles started to milk my cock. I kept ramming her, but it only took about a minute more before I screamed.

"Vanessa, oh my God, oh yes, oh God" It was so hot and wet and slippery in there; I just couldn't lose my erection. It started to soften, but the feel of her breasts, and the sensations that were flowing through my body, wouldn't let go. I started to swell again, and I started moving again inside her. I don't think that she could really believe what was happening. I hung onto her hips and started ramming her again.

"Jesus, Tony, this is incredible, you'll be a real stud."

"Sorry." I apologized, panting and gasping for breath, "I can't help it; this is so good. Please don't make me stop."

"Stop! You must be joking, just keep going until I come again. Give it to me, give me all you've got." I pounded away at that hot wet pussy until she had another orgasm. I was exhausted, I was covered in sweat, my legs were on fire, but a few seconds later I too reached my climax. I just fell off her and lay on my back gasping for breath.

"My God, Tony that was a fucking fantastic fuck. You're only the second person I've done this with. My dad has never managed to do it twice in a row like you've just done. Isn't sex great? We can fuck every day now until I have to go home." We didn't pick an awful lot of blackberries, so we had to keep going back to find more almost every day!

Chapter Fifteen

Jerked Off By Four Girls At The Same Time.

After Aunt Celia and Vanessa had left, I started to take on a new view of life. I was very sad when I knew she was leaving. I told her so. I was close to tears. "Don't worry." She told me, "You have a great body for a boy of your age. I'm sure that all the little girls at your school notice you. You are gentle, and you are the sort of guy that they want to be with. Remember all girls from about six or seven years old want to experiment with sex. They masturbate, and they all want to see a naked man. Just be kind to one of them, let her get to trust you, let her play with your dick and just be patient, she'll let you play with her pussy when she gets to trust you and she'll tell other girls and sooner or later, she'll want you to fuck her. Patience gentleness and kindness are the key." It was close to the end of school holidays, and I prepared for school.

When we started, I looked around at all the girls who were either in my class or a lower class. I found a really pretty one in the form below me. She was about seven. She had lovely blonde hair, a nice smile, good legs and she looked fit. I was always a loner and I didn't make friends easily. Most of the boys avoided me. I was much taller than most of them at the school, and I was very muscular. I sort of hung around close to her. I wasn't sure how to approach her. After a couple of days, I got lucky. She was running, and she lost her footing and was falling down. I grabbed her before she hit the ground.

"Whoa there that was close." I told her. "Pretty girls like you shouldn't be falling down and hurting themselves." She blushed.

"Thanks," and she ran off. The next day, she came up to me. "I never really thanked you for saving me yesterday. I'm sorry, but I was going to be late. My name is Christine, but everyone calls me Chrissie. That was nice of you. Do you really think I'm pretty?"

"You're the prettiest girl in the school, Chrissie. I'm Tony."

"You're nice Tony. I like you. There are a couple of big boys who pester me sometimes. If they see I'm your friend, maybe they'll stop. All the boys seem to be a bit scared of you. I bet you're really strong, aren't you? Will you be my friend, Tony?"

"I would very much like to be your friend Chrissie, and if anyone gives you a hard time, come and tell me."

Over the next few days, Chrissie and I became great friends. I could see that some of the girls were a bit envious, and they would take her aside and whisper to her. I started walking her home after school. The following weekend, I suggested we meet up on Saturday and go for a walk. We went down to the river and walked along the river bank. We sat down, and we started play fighting.

I let her get me down, and she sat on my chest, giggling. I pulled her to me and kissed her. At first, she pulled back a bit, but then relaxed and started to return my kiss. I stopped and stood up. There was a bulge in my pants. I didn't try to hide it.

"Come on Chrissie, we'd better move or . . ." She still sat on the grass.

"Why is that bulge in your pants?" She was laughing. I didn't answer.

"My friend says that boy's willys get hard when tke you, you, you know. Can I see?"

"I don't think we should Chrissie. You never know what might happen"

"Don't be mean." She said. "I just want to have a peek; I've never seen a boy's thingy." I sat down again.

"It's not a thingy; it's a penis. P.E.N.I.S, but not here, Chrissie. What if someone saw us? Then, we would both be in trouble."

"There's no-one around. Come on. Just a quick peek."

I pretended to think about it, then I said, "All right, but not here. Let's go somewhere else." I stood up again. I put my arm around her and kissed her again. "Come on, I know a place." She looked at me disappointedly.

"Well, all right, but only if you promise to let me see it."

"I promise, cross my heart." We walked together to the entrance to the wood. There was a big sign, 'Private Property. Keep Out. Trespassers will be prosecuted.' She pulled back.

"We can't go in there, it's private."

"Don't panic Chrissie. My grandfather is the gamekeeper. The owner knows me. We won't get into trouble, I promise. Don't you trust me?" She hesitated for a moment then said, "All right, I trust you." We walked and climbed to the little hill where I had taken Vanessa.

"Here we are. No-one can see us or disturb us here. If anyone comes in we would hear them long before they got up here." We sat down together.

"Come on then, you promised. Let me see." I unfastened my short pants and slipped them down with my underwear, revealing my very erect penis. She stared at it.

"Doesn't it hurt when it's like that?" She asked.

"It doesn't exactly hurt, but it's very uncomfortable."

"Why does it stand up like that? How do you stop it?"

"Chrissie, when a boy really likes a girl and she's close to him; it starts to get hard like this. It takes a while, but it eventually shrinks, but whilst it's like this it's uncomfortable."

"Oooh, so you really DO like me. Wow. So how do you make it go down? Show it to me when it's down. Make it go down. Can I touch it first?"

"Yes; of course, you can touch it, but It doesn't work like that. I can't just make it go down, but you could." She cautiously touched my penis. Then, she got a hold of it.

"Oh, it's hard, but it feels kinda nice Tony. So how could I make it go down then?"

"Well, you hold it and you gently rub it up and down. Like this." I took her little hand and placed it in the right place and still holding her hand, I moved it up and down.

"Oh, I see, so it's the same as it is with me. You rub it and it feels real good until suddenly wow. It's just fantastic. Is that how it works?"

"Exactly."

"Can I do it for you, please?"

"That would be really good, but only if you want to do. Be gentle, don't squeeze too hard." She started to jerk me off. I told her to go slow at first and after a while I asked her to speed up. I could see that she was getting excited because she was trying to rub her crotch against my leg. It didn't take long.

"Oh, Chrissie, this is fantastic. I'm nearly there. Please don't stop." My body stiffened. My cock swelled. I got a hold of her hand.

"Very slowly, now, it gets very tender afterwards." My dick started to shrink until it lay flaccid against my leg. Chrissie looked pleased with herself.

"Did I do it right? Did it feel good?" She asked,

"Bloody fantastic, but what about you?" I asked her. "I let you look at mine and play with it and make me come, let me do the same for you. I know how to do it, my cousin showed me during the holidays." She hesitated only for a moment.

"All right then, but be gentle." She stood up. She was wearing jeans. She unfastened them and let them fall to the ground then she hooked her thumbs in her panties and pulled them down as well.

I got down and looked at her lovely, little pussy. It was completely bald, and it was wet. Her little labia were already slightly parted. I licked her vagina with my tongue and slowly moved up to her tiny clit. She started to groan and squirm. I sucked her clitty into my mouth and really got to work on it. At the same time, I slid my finger into her super wet pussy, just about an inch or so and started to tickle her G-spot. She went ballistic, and it took only a couple of minutes before her whole body went stiff.

"Tony, Tony, oh yes, oh shit, oh my God, yes, yes, yes!" When she eventually came down, she clung to me.

"That was incredible. I never felt like that. Did your cousin teach you that? It was fucking fantastic."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it Chrissie. I really enjoyed getting you off. We'd better go now, Chrissie, It's been wonderful. We can come up here any time, but don't ever tell your mom or dad or any grownups what we did. We don't want to get you

home too late. Best be in time for lunch."

"I'm not silly; I'll never tell anyone. Can we do it again tomorrow? I have to go to church in the morning, but we can go out after lunch."

For the next three weeks, we came to my little nook. I got a hold of a big blanket, wrapped it in a waterproof bag and hid it in the base of a tree near my 'nest'. I never tried to fuck her. I knew that I was going to do, but as Vanessa had told me. I was being patient and hoping that she would make the next move. She did. After three weeks of jerking each other off, she waited until Friday afternoon when I was walking her home.

"Can I bring my friend Pauline tomorrow please, Tony. She wants to play too?"

"Are you sure she won't tell anyone?" I asked. "Of course, she won't, we aren't stupid you know!"

Pauline turned out to be another girl in Chrissie's class. She was quite pretty, so I wasn't objecting. We went up to my special spot. I brought out the blanket and the three of us sat down. Pauline had brought some sandwiches and a bottle of pop. Chrissie started the ball rolling. She started kissing me and by this time, she knew how to kiss. My cock obliged by making a tent in my pants. Pauline stroked it through my pants.

"Come on, Tony, don't be mean." Chrissie said and promptly started to unfasten my shorts, and the two girls pulled them off. Chrissie got hold of my cock and slowly started to jerk me off.

"Let me try now, please." Pauline whispered. Chrissie, gave her a lecture on how to hold it, how not to squeeze too hard or hurt me and then handed my cock to Pauline who carried on.

"This isn't fair." I complained. "I let you bring your friend, but now you are both fully dressed, and I'm naked. I want to enjoy seeing both of you as well if you want me to come before you both get tired." The two girls giggled, and then both stripped off except for their shoes and socks. I had one at each side of me. I was cuddling them, and playing with their little nipples as they jerked me off. It wasn't quite the sex I wanted, but being wanked off by two pretty little girls when you are only eight, isn't bad! It's even better when you get to eat their little virgin pussies, knowing that you are the very first to be doing it.

The weekend trips were curtailed as the weather got colder, then my grandfather came to the rescue.

"Listen lad, I saw you and two girls in the wood last Saturday. Good for you. I hope you know what to do with them. If you need any advice, just ask. Trouble is, it's coming up for winter and it'll be too cold for anything like that. You know that I have a little cottage on the estate. You can have it every Saturday, for the day as long as you are all out by eight o'clock and you leave the place clean and tidy. I often go there myself and take a lady with me, so I don't want you to go there Sundays. It's got gas heating as you know, so I'll switch it on for you on Friday night so it's nice and warm for you." This was really good news. It wasn't very big, a room with a couch a couple of easy chairs a small kitchen and a small bedroom with a double bed.

"Thanks grandad, you won't tell my mom will you?"

"Don't be daft, I sometimes wonder if she's really my kid. She's got some very funny

ideas. Just you enjoy yourself lad. I was a randy little bugger as well when I was your age."

The next weekend, I took Chrissie and Pauline to the cottage. We played games, helped each other with our schoolwork and of course enjoyed our jerking off. The following week, Pauline asked me whether she could bring her friend Janet. Who was I to argue? Janet was a tall, willowy blonde girl. She wore spectacles, but she got down to business with her two friends and enjoyed three orgasms before the morning was over.

Before we left the cottage, she asked me whether it would be all right to bring her best friend Sybil next week. She said that Sybil really liked me and she was very keen to come. I wasn't going to say 'no', but I thought four would be enough. I seemed to be spending most of the morning eating pussy and getting jerked off.

"All right, but that's the last." I told them.

Sybil turned out to be the oldest. I hadn't seen her at the school. It appeared that she was already in the secondary school; she was over twelve years old. She was very pretty and very sexy. We started the day as normal, joking around and playing the fool, then Sybil said. "Come on, let's get going, I'm feeling really fucking horny this morning." Chrissie grabbed my pants and pulled them down whilst Pauline and Janet helped me get off my shirt. Sybil got a hold of my cock.

"Hmmm, nice. Bigger than I expected." She got down on her knees and started to lick it and then put it in her mouth and started to give me a blow job. I almost blew there and then. After a while, I stopped her. The other three girls looked surprised.

"How can you do that, Sybil? Doesn't it taste bad?"

"No. When he's a bit older and he starts to make sperm, then it will taste much better. Here, have a try, it won't hurt you." All three girls took turns at licking and sucking my dick. It was all I could do to stop myself from reaching a climax.

While they were busy, Sybil was looking around. She found the bedroom. She came and grabbed my hand and almost dragged me into the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed and started yanking off her clothes. She had two small but beautiful breasts. I just wanted to get them in my mouth, but Sybil had other things on her mind. She took off everything and then straddled me. She positioned herself over my rigid cock and lowered herself onto it.

I slid all the way inside her. She was incredibly wet. It was the first time since Vanessa. I grabbed both her breasts as she started fucking me. The other three girls looked in absolute amazement. Sybil bounced on me like a mad thing. I desperately tried to keep myself in check. Sybil was grunting and gasping, and it didn't take long before she arched back and yelled, "Oh sweet Jesus, I'm coming, I'm coming. Oh fuck I really needed this." It just took a couple of quick thrusts, and I had a massive orgasm. I reared up, pulled her to me and got one of her nipples into my mouth. It was far better than any of the jerk offs.

"Fuck, Sybil. That was incredible." I told her. Sybil looked at the other girls.

"Who is next?" She asked.

Chrissie was the first to speak. "How do you do that, Sybil, didn't it hurt? How can you get that big thing inside you? It would never fit in me." Sybil looked astonished.

"You mean none of you girls are getting fucked? I don't believe it. No, it doesn't hurt; it's the best thing in the world. It will fit in you, your vagina stretches. The very first time, it hurts a bit because you need your hymen broken. It hurts a bit, but only for a minute or two, then it feels better than anything else in the world. I can see I have to teach you girls a lot. Right, give the poor guy a while to recover and then, who's next? How about the one who found him first?" Chrissie put up her hand.

"Are you sure it will fit in me."

"I was only six when my daddy first fucked me." Sybil said. "It took him a while to get it inside me, he was quite a bit bigger than Tony. It hurt a bit when he popped my cherry, but after that it was just wonderful. As long as Tony takes it slow, and let's you stretch, it will fit. I think Tony has fucked a girl before. Have you?"

"I did it with my cousin during the holiday."

"Was she a virgin?"

"No."

"All right, here's how it works. You can get your dick inside for a little way, and then it stops, it's just a bit of skin. Best to get it over with quickly, pull back a bit and then give a big push. Once you are through. KEEP STILL. I know it's not easy, but she needs to have a bit of time to stretch and get used to feeling you inside her. She will probably cry out, and she might even cry a bit, but it's no worse than banging yourself on something or grazing your knee. It's only painful for a minute or two, and then it will feel better and better for her. Best if you help him by rubbing your clit

with your fingers, Chrissie until you come."

"Wow, does your daddy still fuck you?" Janet asked her.

"Not at the moment, he's working abroad for the next six months, that's why I'm so horny. I miss him."

My dick was starting to rise again. The thought of fucking little Chrissie was really turning me on. She was my favorite. "I think you should be on top, Tony." Sybil offered. "Do you know how to do that?"

"Yes." Chrissie stretched out on the bed. Sybil helped open her legs, then she got down and started to work on Chrissie with her tongue. When she had the little girl nice and wet, she beckoned to me.

"Come on, I'll guide you in." I positioned myself, and Sybil guided me into her hot little pussy. I only managed a little bit, and it was a dead end. Sybil massaged Chrissie's little clit. She told Pauline and Janet to lay down one on each side and play with her nipples and kiss her. Chrissie was moaning with pleasure.

"Right Tony, do it" I pulled almost right out and then gave a big thrust. I felt it tear. Chrissie let out a yell and started to cry.

"Ow that hurt so bad." She sobbed. I kept very still.

"It's all over now, Chrissie, it will never hurt you again. Just relax, it hurts only for a

minute or two." Sybil told her. She started to rub Chrissie's clit again. The crying stopped. My cock wasn't even halfway in. I pulled back a bit and then in, just a bit deeper. As I continued to gently push in and out, the crying turned to groans. With each stroke, I got in a bit deeper. She was unbelievably tight. It took me a couple of minutes before I got my entire length inside her. "That's it, you are all the way in. How does that feel, Chrissie?"

"It feels real nice. I feel, well, sort of full." Her hips were moving as she spoke. I started to increase the length of my strokes and then the speed until I was fucking her properly. Chrissie was crying out; her hips were coming up to meet my thrusts. It was a fantastic feeling, to be fucking this really beautiful little girl for the very first time. Pauline, Janet and Sybil were all helping her, fondling her little nipples and their hands were all over her body, caressing it.

"Oh shit, this is so fucking good, but, oh Tony, I'm coming, yes, oh God." Her little body arched and stiffened, her vaginal muscles gripped me so hard; I almost cried out. Then I too, exploded inside her. It was the most wonderful thing. My cock started to shrink, and I rolled off her. We held each other tightly. "Thank you Tony that was wonderful."

"No, you were wonderful, Chrissie." Pauline got a hold of me.

"My turn next Tony. My turn." I groaned.

"Gimme a break, I'm not superman."

"Just you lie there and relax." Sybil told me. "Chrissie and Janet will make you a sandwich and some coffee I'll stay her with you and keep you warm. Come on you

two, if you want to get fucked today, you had better be good to the poor guy.” When they had gone, Pauline started to kiss me and Sybil’s hands were all over my body. My dick still had Chrissie’s juices on it, but Sybil didn’t care, she got to work on my dick with her tongue and mouth and by the time the girls came back with the coffee and sandwiches, I was already hard again.

We repeated the performance with Pauline. She had two orgasms and this time I pretended to come, but I didn’t, my prick was sore from the work so it went down as soon as I pulled out. I lay gasping. Sybil giggled.

“Only one to go, big guy and then we might let you rest. There’s still plenty of time, it’s only eleven o’clock. Maybe I’ll get seconds before we have to go home.” Janet was ready; we repeated the same thing as we had done with the others. This time I did have my orgasm. It had been a hard morning for me.

We sat down after we had dressed. “I can’t understand how you guys have been together for weeks and have never actually had proper sex until today. You’ve done it before, Tony. Why didn’t you fuck them?”

“They never asked me to. They were happy to jerk me off, and I was happy to help them. I just wanted to please the girls, same as I wanted to please you. I didn’t want to force them to do anything that they didn’t want to do.” She looked at the three younger girls.

“Did you enjoy it? Are you glad that you did it? Do you want to do it again?”

“Yes, Yes, Yes.” Three voices shouted in unison.

"Right, so you can't expect poor old Tony to fuck all four of us every Saturday morning. Do you have this place at any other time, Tony?"

"Yes, all day on Saturday until eight o'clock at night."

"So let's do it this way, if Tony agrees. Two of us come here with him on Saturday morning and two of us on Saturday afternoon. Can everyone come in the afternoon and what time must you be home by? Chrissie, you first."

"Saturday, mornings are better for me."

"Pauline?"

"Either is OK, but I have to be home by six."

"Janet?"

"My folks don't give a shit. I can stay out until eight no problem."

"So Chrissie and Pauline get Tony every Saturday morning, and Janet and I get him Saturday afternoons. Now listen up all of you. Be careful. Don't fuck around with other boys. That's how you get a disease. Be careful of older men, they will hurt you or get you hooked on drugs or turn you into prostitutes. One guy at a time. We all have Tony; he's a good guy. He might be a bloody fool or the worlds greatest gentleman. Every other boy that I know would have fucked you all long ago! You don't get many of them around! He's big, and strong, and everyone is shit scared to

tackle him, so if anyone gives a problem, tell Tony." She started at the other girls. "I'm doing Karate, so I can help him if there's trouble. Finally, when anyone starts their monthlies, tell me, and when Tony starts to produce sperm, we have to be careful. None of us want to get pregnant, so we can only do it at certain times of the month then. Everything clear?" We all nodded. She had taken charge. Things were looking good.

Chapter Sixteen

Three Weeks Of Hard Work

The regular weekend fuck sessions went on for quite a few years. As we grew older, we had to be careful. We tried condoms, but none of us liked them, so we had to rely on the right time of the month or coitus interruptus.

One by one our group got smaller. First, Sybil's family moved to Australia, where her dad had landed a permanent job. Then a year or so later, Pauline's family moved to Scotland. Then Grammar school for Chrissie, Jennifer, and me. Our getaway together got less and less frequent as we all had careers in mind and schoolwork and study took preference.

Chrissie got accepted by a University in the South East to study Chemistry, I went to University to study veterinary medicine and Jennifer went to a University in the south West studying astronomy. We kept in touch by letters for some time, and then we gradually lost touch. Getting sex in 'varsity wasn't a problem. I got the impression that a lot of the girls went to university just to experiment with drugs, get pissed every night and have sex with as many men as they could. For those of us with career visions, the work was tough and it was either sex or study, so sex took very much a back seat.

In my final year, it was coming up to the summer holiday. Normally, I would work as a student with an established veterinary practice, but I couldn't find a place and I decided to take a break. The week before the holiday, I got a message to call a telephone number. There was no name, only a number. I called, and a woman answered the phone.

"Hi, it's Tony. I got a message to call . . ."

"Oh Christ, Tony, is that really you, it's been a while. I'm so glad I found you."

"Maybe if I knew who I was talking to, I might be either pleased or sorry." I answered.

"It's me, Chrissie, have you forgotten me already?"

"Oh, wow, Chrissie, haven't seen you for ages, how are you doing?" We exchanged news and chatted for a while. Then, she got to the real reason for her call.

"Have you heard from Pauline or Jenny recently?"

"Actually, no. The work here is a lot. I spend most of my time studying."

"Well the main reason I called is that Sybil was trying to find you. I told her that I would try to contact you. If I give you her number, will you give her a call?"

"I suppose so, but calling Australia . . ." She cut me off.

"Not Australia, she came back almost a year ago. She had problems, and now she has another problem. It's better she tells you. Here's my number. Talk to her and

then give me a call.” I wasn’t too happy with this sudden change of events, but hey, I’d enjoyed her body plenty of times, so etiquette said I should try to help. I called the number. Sybil answered the phone.

“Thank God we found you, Tony. It’s been a while. I’m deep in the shit, and I hope you can help.”

“I’ll try if I can”

“Look my elder sister has had some marital problems. They booked to go on a cruise of some sort for three weeks. They leave in two weeks. They want me to go up there and babysit their two kids for three fucking weeks. It’s impossible. They are supposed to leave for the cruise on the Friday morning. There is no way I can make it until the following week, or I’ll lose my job. They say they can’t find anyone else and if I don’t go they’ll have to cancel and whatever happens then, will be faulted.”

“So how can I help?” I asked.

“What plans have you got for the summer holidays?” She asked me.

“Well I usually work with an established vet, but this year there is nothing special, but if I go and offer to babysit, they’ll probably call the cops.”

“No, I have a plan. My sister knows Chrissie and her parents and Pauline as well. Neither Chrissie nor Pauline can do the babysitting, because Chrissie is going abroad to work, but if Pauline takes you to see my sister, and maybe Chrissie can go

with you and if Pauline pretends to be your girlfriend or whatever and says that she is going to babysit with you, then they'll jump at it."

"So why can't Pauline do it?" I asked.

"She's also working, but she can take a day off to go with you to meet them and even take the Friday morning off when they leave. After that you are on your own. You have two little girls, one is almost eight and the other is nearly ten. At that age, we were fucking ourselves silly. I trust you and I know you wouldn't force them or anything, but I think when they have a big guy like you around and get to know you . . ."

I can't say that I was happy, I would rather have had Chrissie or any of the others, but, I couldn't say no.

"OK, but you owe me one. How do we do this?"

Chrissie has the whole thing worked out. "Talk to her."

So, the plan was put into action. I think as long as I had looked vaguely human they would have been happy. As it was, I was a vet, well almost, anyway. People have this strange idea that doctors, dentists, vets, lawyers, bankers, and their ilk are beyond any kind of sin. Afterwards, Pauline and I met up with Chrissie and I had a drink and a chat, she had found a really nice guy and they were thinking of getting married. It appeared that Sybil's mother had caught her husband and Sybil having sex and after a flaming row, Sybil had decided to leave. She had gone back to England. Some months later, she heard that her father had caught syphilis from a prostitute and her mother had left him and was now shackled up with a down and out Australian

somewhere. Pity that she had chased her daughter away! Pauline was doing some part time work with electronics and getting big bucks, she was hoping that the work would become permanent.

On the Friday morning, as arranged, Pauline and I turned up for duty. Sybil's sister had two children, both girls, one, Lisa, almost seven and the other Mandy who was nearly ten. Instruction, bedtimes, food, rules, rules, and more rules. The husband was a very insipid skinny little man with a handshake like a damp rag. He was in awe of my status and insisted on calling me 'Doctor', he was also plainly scared of us both as Pauline was also very fit and athletic. The two kids seemed very placid and scared as well.

Eventually, the taxi arrived and after hugs and kisses, tears and bullshit, they finally left. Pauline went to the phone and called Sybil. After a short conversation, she handed the phone to the eldest girl. After a long conversation, she passed the phone giggling to the other girl. When they had finished and put the phone down, I called the kids together.

"Look, the pair of you. Here are the rules. Pauline has to go to work, so that leaves me. All I ask of you is that you behave. Don't scream, shout, break things, fight with each other or piss me off. I really don't give a shit about all the rules that you got from mom and dad. If you want anything, ask me. If you want to go anywhere, ask me. I'm not a stickler on bedtime either, let's try to be reasonable. You make a mess; you clean it up. Once Aunt Sybil comes, she can take over. Just behave and we'll get on fine." The two girls looked demurely at me and nodded their heads.

"We promise not to be a nuisance, Sir." They whispered something to each other and started giggling.

It was a quiet day. The two children were perfectly behaved. They helped me to

prepare lunch, played quietly together, cleaned up their things and when the evening came they asked me whether they could please watch TV. I agreed. My only worry was that occasionally, they would whisper to each other and then start giggling. Soon, after nine they announced that they were going to bathe and go to bed.

"OK." I told them. They looked at me.

"Well?" There was a pause.

"Well, what?" I asked them.

"We are ready. Are you coming?" I was surprised.

"Why should I come?" I asked. "Surely you are old enough to get bathed on your own?" They looked at each other. Mandy whispered something to Lisa, and then she said innocently.

"But mommy always comes in to watch us in case one of us slips or something like that."

I had no problems really watching two naked little girls get bathed, but I was worried about getting an erection that they could see. Oh well, I would just have to be careful.

"Oh, all right, let's go then."

"Oh no, you have to run the bath for us. We aren't allowed to do that. Don't make it too hot please." Inwardly I groaned. I went to the bathroom and filled the bath about halfway. I made sure that it wasn't too hot and then called the girls. They came in together, holding hands, giggling and stark naked. I sat on the chair in the bathroom.

"In you go then." Still giggling, they got into the bath. They sat and washed their legs and feet and then stood up and faced me. I could see that their eyes kept glancing to my crotch, and seeing two pretty little naked girls standing in front of me was making the bulge in my pants grow.

"Will you wash our backs please?"

Something was afoot here. I remembered that they had talked to Sybil earlier, and Sybil was one very hot little cookie. I decided to play along. This could be interesting, or maybe I was being setup for a big disappointment.

"Sure." I soaped the sponge and started to wash Mandy's back.

"Ouch, not like that." She complained, put the soap on your hand. The sponge scratches my back. I did as I was told.

"Don't forget me!" Lisa complained. I washed her back as well.

"Now the front." They chorused. My cock was almost bursting. I soaped my hand

and proceeded to gently soap their chests, paying particular attention to Lisa's nipples and Mandy's budding breasts. They closed their eyes. I could see they were enjoying this as much as I was. After a while, I stopped.

"There you are, all finished." I said. Mandy grabbed my hand and pouted.

"Not yet, haven't you missed a bit?" She pulled my hand down to her bald pussy. "I need to be clean down there as well, don't I?" I looked at them, and they giggled.

"Stop being little teasers. Come on, hop out, and get dry." They looked disappointed, but they got out and wrapped themselves in towels and went into their bedroom. I gave them a few minutes to dry off and then went back to their room. I heard them scramble into bed as I approached the room.

"I suppose you want me to tuck you in?" I told them as I covered them up and kissed their little foreheads. "Goodnight girls, sleep tight." More giggling.

I tidied up, put the dishes away and then went to the master bedroom, which I had been assigned to. It had been a long day. I was pretty sure that I would be able to have both girls before Sybil came. I thought about their little nubile bodies, and I started to get hard again. I tried to sleep, but I heard giggles and the patter of feet. Suddenly, the bedroom door opened and both little girls jumped onto my bed.

"Oh, Tony we're scared. Can we sleep with you tonight, it feels so strange when mommy and daddy aren't here. You need to protect us." They both got into my bed; both were naked. So was I, I always sleep naked. Lisa found my swollen cock.

"Oh, Tony, what's this thing? Why is it all hard and swollen up?" She asked innocently. Then they both started giggling. I pretended to be cross with them.

"Leave it alone." I said sternly. "You know perfectly well what it is, and you should also know that something might happen if you fool around with it." Both girls started laughing.

"But Tony, aunt Sybil says that you'll let us see it and play with it if we ask you nicely. Please can we see it and play with it, Tony?" I pretended to think about it. Then, I made a decision. I switched on the bedside light.

"All right girls, I won't pretend that I don't want you to, but there's a condition. You have to promise me several things. First, you won't tell anyone at all except maybe aunt Sybil. We could all get into big trouble if you tell anyone. Second, you have to promise me that you won't ask or let any other boy or man, fool around with you until you are grown up. Girls who mess around with other boys or men can get all kinds of really bad diseases and on top of that, some men and boys like to hurt little girls and make them do really bad things. Do you both promise? Cross your hearts?"

"Aunt Sybil visited us a long time ago," Mandy started to gabble. "She comes here whenever she gets some time. She explained all about sex and men to us. She told us that we should never allow anyone at all to touch us or look at us. She told us all about diseases and bad people. Then, she told us on the phone that you might be coming to babysit us and that you were good and kind and you would never hurt us and that we could trust you and you would teach us all about sex and that we could bring a couple of our really good friends that we can trust never to tell anyone. Please be nice to us, Tony, aunt Sybil says that being with a man is much better than playing with yourself or with each other." I was tired. Part of me wanted to enjoy their innocent little bodies, but I knew that it wouldn't be that good, because I was really tired.

"All right, ladies, you win. Sure we can have lots of fun over the next week at least until auntie Sybil arrives, but not tonight. I'm really tired. Please, let's all sleep tonight and when we wake up tomorrow, we can see what happens. Is that good for you?" Both girls pouted for a while, the Mandy had to confess.

"We're tired too, but we've been eagerly awaiting this all day. Never mind. As long as we can stay here with you, we can wait until morning." I kissed them. Both goodnight and they lay, one at each side of me and I went to sleep.

The next morning, I awoke with a massive erection. The girls had pulled off the duvet, and we're both examining my penis. I opened my eyes.

"Ooh, I can hardly wait to feel this beautiful thing sliding inside my pussy!" Lisa whispered. I frowned.

"Take it easy girls, the first time can be quite painful, so don't rush." Both girls started giggling.

"Show him, Lisa." Mandy said. Lisa hopped out of bed, ran into the girl's room and came back a few minutes later. She jumped onto the bed and showed me what I can only describe as a 'Junior Dildo'. It was about five inches long and a bit more than half the diameter of a man's erect penis (well mine, anyhow). She put it into her mouth and got it lubricated with her saliva and then pushed it deep inside her little vagina. Her little face looked ecstatic.

"No, it won't hurt a bit, Tony." Mandy explained. "Auntie Sybil gave it to me when I was six; I shared it with Lisa when she was six as well. Aunt Sybil told us to use it

rather than to experiment with boys because we could get hurt or sick. Last week, she told us that you were coming to babysit us and that you and her had done it lots of times and that you would teach us. She said that being filled with a man's penis was much better than a rubber toy."

While she was talking, Lisa had climbed onto me and positioned my penis against her soaking wet pussy. My dick was almost dripping at the sight of little Lisa pushing that dildo into her pussy. Even before Mandy had finished speaking, Lisa was lowering herself onto my cock. She was tight, but she was so wet, she just sat onto my cock and it slid inside her up to the hilt. Lisa gasped.

"Oh, Jesus, Mandy, aunt Sybil was right, oh, it feels so good, it's so much better than that thing she gave us." She started rocking herself on my swollen prick.

"That's not fair Lisa, I should have been first. I'm the oldest." Mandy said indignantly. Lisa wasn't interested; she was rocking faster and faster on my cock. I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold on. I could feel my balls tightening.

"Oh, oh, yes, yes, oh Tony, this is so fucking good, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit" I felt her body tense. I knew that she was on the brink. So was I. Suddenly, her inner muscles grabbed my cock. I just couldn't hold back. I sat up, grabbed her and pulled her close as my cock spurted jet after jet of my hot semen inside her spasming cunt. Lisa almost screamed.

"Oh my God. It feels fantastic." Ever since I reached puberty, I has produced copious amounts of semen. My orgasm had filled her so full that it was spurting out of her. Semen was drenching my balls and running down between my legs. My prick was starting to shrink, but she continued to jerk and spasm. I fell back onto the bed. She made no effort to get off me. Although my dick has softened, it was still inside her. She sat up straight and started playing with her nipples. Her cunt muscles

tightened every few seconds.

"Oh, Mandy. You've gotta try this; it's fucking fantastic. I felt so full, and then he spurted his stuff inside me. There's nothing ever like this. Oh Mandy, I want to go on forever." My flaccid cock started to swell again at the words and the sight of a seven-year old, pretty little blonde girl, sat on me, with my cock buried inside her.

"Oh, Jesus, Mandy, it's starting to get big again. Oh shit, it's growing inside me, it feels so good., so fucking good." Mandy grabbed her shoulder.

"Come on Lisa, you had first go. Now it's my turn. Get off and let me have a go. We can both do it lots more times before mom and dad get back."

Lisa reluctantly lifted herself off my now hard cock. It came out with a sucking sound, and a small river of my spunk leaked out of her onto my stomach. I wanted to clean up, but before I had chance, Mandy was astride me and she manipulated my penis into her hot wet pussy. She just sat on it so that I vanished inside her right up to my balls. She gave a loud groan.

"Jesus Lisa, you are right. This is incredible. Having a real, hot cock filling you is so much better." She started bouncing on my cock. Gasping, groaning, and wildly. She wouldn't last long, I thought. I was right. It took only her a minute or so before she cried out.

"Oh fuck it, oh, yes, yes, yes." Her vaginal muscles almost crushed my poor cock as she hit a massive orgasm. I sat up and grabbed her. She was going wild. Her little body was twisting and shuddering. I held her until her orgasm had subsided, and then I grabbed her hips and started to move myself. Within a second or so, she

started to help me.

This time it was more controlled. I was thrusting up at her as she thrust down, synchronizing our bodies. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw little Lisa. She had the dildo in her and was frantically fucking herself with it. I could feel myself getting close. Mandy cried out again as another orgasm swept through her body. I held her tight. I couldn't stop. My cock needed release, but it needed a bit more time. Mandy continued to bounce on my prick as my thrusts got harder and faster. The wet semen on my stomach and my balls made smacking sounds as we came together; our combined juices made obscene squelching sounds. The entire bed was moving as we slammed into each other. I was at the end.

"Mandy, Mandy, I can't hold it. I'm gonna come, deep inside your hot little pussy. Oh shit, here it comes."

As my first load splashed inside her, she cried out again and her third orgasm swept through her. Although I didn't produce as much semen as I had with Lisa, it was still a substantial amount and it was leaking out all over me. She fell onto my chest, gasping and groaning. She was hanging onto me as though I was trying to escape. I was exhausted. Little Lisa had obviously had herself at least one more orgasm with the dildo, but she was complaining.

"That was unfair, Mandy, you got to do it three times and I only got to do it once. That's not fair." I decided to mediate.

"It's perfectly fair Lisa. You went first, and you were so exciting that I just couldn't hold on and you made me come inside you quite quickly. A man needs time to recover before he can do it again. It wouldn't have been fair if I didn't get time to give Mandy my love juices, and I only got to do it once with each of you, so that's fair. Anyhow. If you really want to, we can do it again later on." Lisa seemed

mollified.

"Alright, but how long does it take before I can have another go?"

"Hang on. We all need to wash up and then eat. Just look at us, we are all covered in semen, and we all just stink of sex!"

"Semen? Is that what the white stuff that you squirted into me is called?"

"Yes and when you become a woman and you start your monthlies, that's the stuff that makes babies. That's why you have to be careful. Now come on, we can all get into the shower, wash each other down and then I'll make us a nice breakfast so you can get your energy back and if you are good, maybe this afternoon, we can do it again."

We had just finished a big breakfast of bacon, sausage, fried eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms, and baked beans when the telephone rang. It was Sybil.

"So how are you getting on with those two little sex-starved minxes? Have they managed to get you to fuck them yet?"

"You'd better believe it. They're going to wear me out. You might have warned me!"

"I wasn't sure how you would react. People change as they get older and what was normal as children, becomes taboo as they grow older. I wasn't sure and it's not a

good idea to broach the subject without knowing what the person is thinking. Now, the girls have two friends at school who play with them. I got Mandy a small dildo when she started to masturbate. I know they have shared it with their two friends, and I think they are going to want to bring them over. Just so you know. They all know not to tell a soul. There's also a boy at their school that is incredibly shy. His mother and father are very uptight. He's ten years old, and he's a very good looking and very smart kid, but the girls say he gets embarrassed and runs away if any of them come near him. He would be ideal for the girls when you have to go. Maybe between us we can come up with some ideas." I was a bit surprised at the turn of events.

"Sybil, when are you due to arrive here? What do you have in mind?" I asked. Sybil laughed.

"I hope you are going to stay until their parents come home. The girls will never forgive me if I let you go before. I promise not to make demands on you. I think you'll have enough on your plate with four little girls. I hope you still have as much stamina as you did all those years ago!" It sounded good to me. She continued. "I'll be arriving on Sunday afternoon next week. Try not to let them wear you out completely!"

"So my quiet holiday that I had planned will turn into a veritable fuck-fest. As long as their friends aren't spotty, fat little monsters, I guess I can cope." Sybil laughed gaily.

"You didn't complain all those years ago, and it was good for all of us I think. Made us better people and we didn't try out all the boys. I also think it helped us all to get through school as well as we all did. Took away the distractions and gave us real pleasure and relaxation just at the time we all needed it." I certainly couldn't help but agree with her.

The girls dragged me back into the bedroom twice more that afternoon. They wanted to see me ejaculate, so they jerked me off. Then, they wanted to fuck again, so I managed to oblige Mandy and promised Lisa later on. When we had gone to bed, they demanded sex again, so I was awake until well after midnight before I managed to satisfy them both.

"Listen up, you two nymphomaniacs. I'm not superman. You are expecting too much from me. I can't do this six times daily. We will have to slow things down a bit." They looked disappointed, then Mandy burst out,

"Er, Tony, we have two best friends at school, and I wanted to know whether we could invite them over tomorrow for a bit of fun. They know not to ever tell anyone. Can we, can we?" I glowered at them.

"Hmm, aunt Sybil warned me about this. Well, I want to have a look at them. You two are very beautiful girls. I'm very fussy, so I may not like them, in which case, the answer is NO."

We finally got to sleep after yet another shower. We all three must have been exhausted, because I only woke up after eight, and both girls were cuddled up to me, fast asleep. I sneaked out of the bed and made breakfast before waking them up.

After breakfast, the girls went to the phone and made a few calls. Shortly after lunch, there was a knock on the door. The girls were in the garden. I opened the door to find two really stunning little girls there. They must have been around eight or nine. One had black wavy hair, she looked very Spanish. The other had long naturally blonde tresses. They were both gorgeous, but the blonde one was

absolutely stunning! They just wore cotton blouses and short pants.

"Are Mandy and Lisa here?" They asked, nervously. I was very excited. My penis was telling me that it wanted these two beauties. I gave them my best smile

"Sure, I'm Tony. They said that you were coming, but they didn't tell me how beautiful you both were. They are out in the garden. Come in. You know how to find the garden, I'm sure. Would you like some ice cream?" I could see that they were checking me out. I was fighting hard to keep my dick under control.

"Oh, yes please that would be nice." They ran through into the garden, and I saw them all huddled together talking excitedly. I put out four helpings of ice cream and fruit and called them in.

"Come on ladies, ice cream is ready." I put glasses out as well and got out a couple of bottles of cold lemonade.

After they had eaten, Mandy started the ball rolling.

"Tony, this is Gloria," she pointed to the blonde beauty, "and this is Carmen." I gave them both a hug and a peck on the cheek.

"They want a bit of fun this afternoon as well. We all know never to tell anyone anything, but I was just telling them; there is nothing like having a real man inside you. It's a million times better than the thing aunt Sybil bought us." I could see that the two were a little nervous and unsure.

"Now, now girls, don't pressure your friends. Only they can decide what's good and what they like. I will never force anyone to do anything they don't really want to do. So sure, we can all fool around a bit, but your friends don't have to join in or feel that they have to do anything. It all up to them. I know what they would really like to see, so let's start there."

"What do you think they would like to see?" Mandy asked innocently.

"What all little girls want to see. A man with no clothes on. Isn't that right ladies?" I looked at the two newcomers. They nodded vigorously.

"All right then, Gloria and Carmen. If you want to see me with no clothes on, then you had better take them off." Mandy and Lisa started to get up.

"No, not you two." I told them. "You've already seen me, so if your friends really want to see, then they have to do the work. I'm too tired." All four girls started to giggle.

Gloria was the oldest, so she was the first. She came over and started to unbutton my shirt. My cock was getting way out of control. Carmen joined in, and eventually they got the shirt off. They stroked my chest and felt my muscles and arms.

"Wow, you have a great body. You're like one of these super guys in the comic strips." Gloria struggled, but eventually managed to get off my belt. Back in the day, trousers had buttons on the fly, so they managed to unfasten the buttons. I was sitting on the carpet, but was soon as they had all the buttons open. I lifted my backside from the floor. Both girls giggled, and they each took, a trouser leg and

pulled. I lay there in my Y-fronts; there was a big bulge in the front. Nervously, they got a hold of the elastic on each side and started to pull them off, revealing my very rigid engorged cock. They stopped pulling and stared at it.

"Come on, ladies. If you want them off, just do it." They pulled them right off. Then sat staring at my rigid cock.

"Can we touch it?"

"Go ahead. I'm all yours." The girls took it in turns to stroke it.

"Can we join in the fun now Tony?" Lisa asked.

"I guess so, but remember, this afternoon is for your friends, not just for you two."

Lisa and Mandy both got undressed. The two newcomers looked a bit uncertain, so I tried to reassure them.

"Gloria and Carmen, neither of you have to do anything if you don't want to do. No one is forcing you to do anything that you don't feel comfortable with. Just do whatever you feel is OK." Carmen looked at me.

"I'm sorry, I'm just a bit shy. My parents have always told me I should never let anyone touch me. I want you to, but I'm a bit scared. I think Gloria is as well. Please be patient with us." I motioned the two girls to come and sit by me. Mandy and Lisa took the hint, and they sat back quietly and watched. I put my arms around the

girls, one on each side. Carmen stroked my chest, and arms and Gloria seemed fascinated by my erect cock. She gently stroked it.

I put my lips to Carmen's. She had no idea how to kiss, but she was a quick learner. It wasn't long before her breathing started to get harder. I started to gently stroke her arms and chest and after a minute or two, I opened a button on her blouse and found one of her little nipples. Her breathing got more intense and she started to moan.

Gloria nuzzled up to me, so I started to kiss her. Carmen took off her blouse. Gloria was an even faster learner than Carmen and within moments I was helping her take off her top. She already had two small, but perfect breasts and her nipples were extremely sensitive. She started to grind her crotch against me, and she grabbed me, and the kissing got more passionate. I couldn't help myself, I got down and started to nibble and suck her nipples. She just lost it completely. Her hips bucked, and she cried out as she had an orgasm without me even touching her.

Mandy had moved up and was now playing with Carmen's nipples and helping her get off her skirt and pants.

All three girls were now naked. Lisa, Mandy and Carmen were fondling each other. I could see that Gloria wanted more, so I got up, and carried her into the bedroom. She almost tore off the rest of her clothes and stood naked before me. She was truly gorgeous. Her long blonde tresses, her innocent beautiful face, two tiny but perfect little breasts, slim boyish hips, and two beautiful long legs. I held out my arms and our bodies joined. I picked her up and laid her gently on the bed.

I got my head between her legs to admire her beautiful little pussy. There was just a hint of soft golden down starting to show. I stroked her slit with my finger and the labia opened like the petals of a rare flower, revealing the wet, shining pink center. I

ran my tongue up the slit. She tasted delicious.

When I reached her clit, she grabbed my head. I sucked her little clit into my mouth and slid my finger just inside her pussy. Her hips started moving wildly and she started to tense up. I started to flick her little clit with my tongue and gently finger her at the same time. It didn't even take a minute before her legs clamped around my head and her bottom lifted clean off the bed as she cried out in ecstasy. I moved up the bed and held her close until the shudders and spasms finished. She looked at me with those beautiful blue eyes.

"I'm ready, Tony, please put it inside me. I want it so badly. It's OK, my period is due in four days." I hadn't even thought about her already having her monthlies.

"You are the most beautiful little girl that I've ever met, Gloria," I told her, "and I want to make love to you so much that I don't think I'm going to last for very long. If it's your first time, it might hurt a bit." She put her finger to my lips.

"No, it won't hurt. It's my first time, but I've played with Mandy's toy, so the hurt part is over. Don't worry, just do it, you can come quickly inside me, then we can rest a bit and we can do it again slowly if you still want to do. I've read a lot about sex. So that, when it happened, I would be ready."

I was crazy with desire. I rubbed my dripping penis against her sopping wet pussy and then penetrated her. I'm not sure which one of us lost it the most, me or her. As I slid inside that hot, silken tunnel of love, I could already feel myself starting to lose it. Gloria didn't help. As I entered her, she started to push back at me with her hips.

"Oh Christ, Tony, fill me. Oh my God, I never knew anything could feel this good.

Oh yes, yes, yes." She gave a long drawn out cry and her body jerked, her inner muscles gripped my cock like a vice. As it did, my cock erupted a stream of my hot semen as deep inside her as I could get. She cried out again.

"Oh my God, I think I'm going to die. More, more, more." I obliged. I thought I would never stop, seven or eight fountains of my seed pumped into her little body.

"Oh Tony, more, more. Don't ever stop. This is the most wonderful thing ever."

I was beside myself with wild lust. I wanted to fuck this gorgeous little girl forever. There was no way that my cock was going to give up on this. I was already starting to move again inside her. Now, we were really fucking. Her little hips pushed up to meet my downstrokes; we were slamming into each other harder and faster. We were both soaked in sweat. I was panting like a horse that had just won a race. Our movements became more frantic. The squelching and slapping sounds got louder. I didn't care; I was wild.

"Gloria my love. I can't hold on much longer," I gasped as I pounded away. "Come on, sweet thing, give me your love, come for me my angel." Faster and faster we went. I could feel her start to tense.

"Oh Tony, yes, yes, yes." She lifted me into the air as her orgasm hit. Simultaneously, I shot yet another load of my hot seed deep inside her wonderful little body. I rolled us. Both over so that she lay on top of me, completely spent and exhausted. I could feel semen running out of her, down between my legs, over my testicles, and into the crack of my arse. I stroked her head, and we kissed.

"Oh wow, Tony. That really was out of this world. I'm exhausted. Isn't sex messy?"

She giggled. "I'm covered in your sperms, and it's still dripping out of me."

Although my cock was now completely flaccid, it was still inside her. I never wanted to take it out, but I knew that I must. She rolled off me and lay by my side, still panting.

"Poor Carmen. Do you think you can manage her as well?" I smiled.

"I'll need to have a damn good try. I hate to disappoint, but I'll need a rest after this. Don't tell the others, but that was the most wonderful sex that I've enjoyed for many years if not forever. You are magnificent. I can't wait to do it again with you. How old are you anyway?"

"They say I look younger than I am, but I'm just turned ten."

We got up and went to shower. I couldn't believe it. As I soaped her down, my prick got rock hard again. We got out of the shower. I locked the door, and she knelt down whilst I fucked her again, doggie style.

"I don't think I can do it again today, Tony, just enjoy it yourself." It only took about a dozen strokes before I shot my load, yet again. There was very little this time, but we still had to go back into the shower to clean the leakage from her legs.

Gloria put her skirt, and pants back on and I pulled on a pair of shorts before we went back to join the others. They were still naked, and they had their dildo in Carmen. Lisa was playing with her nipples and kissing her, and Mandy was working the dildo, whilst Carmen was rubbing herself. They all looked up as we came into

the room.

"Oh my God." Mandy exclaimed. "You look fucked." She started to giggle at her own joke. Carmen bucked and groaned as she hit an orgasm. When she had finished, she reared up and looked at Gloria.

"So how was it?" She asked her friend.

"Fucking fantastic." They all laughed at the joke.

"I've had three orgasms." Carmen boasted. "Now when is it my turn, Tony? If Gloria can do it and look so happy, then I want some as well." I looked at the three of them.

"Make me some coffee, just give me a break. You're wearing me out!"

They all laughed, but they all ran to the kitchen and made me coffee and some scones, with lots of butter and strawberry jam. Mandy also put some ice cream into a dish for me. The sight of four pretty littles girls, all as naked as the day they were born, was enough to raise any man's flagging libido.

Carmen came and sat beside me whilst I ate and then started to hug me.

"Come on, Carmen." Mandy told her. "The poor guy is tired; you'll have to do the work."

Mandy and Lisa helped her to get astride me, and she sank slowly onto my swollen cock. I was sure that I would never be able to reach another climax, but with Carmen bouncing on top of me, Gloria covering my mouth with very hot kisses and Mandy and Lisa massaging my chest and stomach, it didn't take too long to change my mind.

Little Carmen had her eyes closed, and she rocked herself on my hard cock. She had her first climax after only a couple of minutes. Her movements slowed down, but I grabbed her hips and started to thrust up at her. She looked a bit startled, but Mandy gave her some encouragement.

"Don't stop now, Carmen, come on don't let the side down. If you've had enough, get off and let me have him."

Carmen took the hints and started banging into me harder and faster. I managed to synchronize my movements, until suddenly she seemed to go wild. I just kept still as she started shouting and rocking like a mad thing.

"Oh yes, yes, yes, yes. Oh it's happening again, oh God, yes, yes. Aaarrggggghhh." I held her hips and slammed into her as her cunt muscles grabbed me. My balls started to ache as I shot a burst of my sticky seed inside her. She fell on top of me, gasping for breath. I think we were all completely worn out. We all lay together completely exhausted. After about ten minutes, I looked at the clock.

"Mandy, Lisa, hit the shower." I told them. "Don't use all the hot water. Go on Carmen, you'll fit in there with them. Make sure you are clean, you don't want to go home stinking of sex to your folks." They all ran off, leaving me with my gorgeous little Gloria. For the next ten minutes, we held each other close and kissed like long

lost lovers.

"You are so beautiful, Gloria. You are my special little angel. I hope we can do this again a lot more before I have to leave. You are magnificent."

When the girls came back, I carried Gloria into the bathroom and showered with her again, tenderly soaping every millimeter of her lovely body. After, we had tea and scones and I took the girls almost to their homes and Mandy and Lisa walked with them to their respective doors and waved to their parents.

That night, there wasn't even a suggestion of sex; we slept like the dead until late the next morning. I woke up aching and thinking to myself that this was only the start of the three weeks I had volunteered for. This was going to take a lot of planning and stamina. I just wanted Sybil to come back it might cool the girls off a bit. They were enjoying this far too much for my good. I wanted little Gloria again, before she started her period.

Chapter Seventeen

Training A Replacement

Gloria managed to come over twice more during the week. She was something really special. So young and innocent, but in many ways, so mature and adult. She had a good sense of humor, she was extremely intelligent and I was obsessed by her.

On the Sunday, Sybil arrived. she still looked as lovely as ever. We greeted and kissed. Mandy and Lisa started clapping.

"Are you two going to have sex right now?" she asked. We broke apart. We made tea, and cakes and we all sat down.

"So how was your week?" Sybil asked them.

"It was great, auntie, poor Tony has worked very hard to make us happy, but he's really got the hots for Gloria and she has the hots for him as well." Sybil looked at me.

"Which one is Gloria?"

"She's the oldest one with the long wavy blonde hair. She has her period now, so there's only us and Carmen presently." Lisa told her.

"Now what's the name of that boy at school that you've got the hots for Mandy?"

"Oh, you mean Terry. He's dreamy, but all he seems to think about is his schoolwork. He doesn't play with anyone. He's made himself an outcast. If any of the girls go near him, he turns red and hurries away. He doesn't have any friends. He's much bigger than most of the other boys."

"I think his parents have something to do with his behavior." Sybil said. "If the rumors I've heard are true, they are both Belong to some religious cult, but the extreme type. I hear that they even sleep in separate rooms." That struck a chord with me. My own mother was also religious, and she had also had some very weird ideas about the terrible sin of sex and masturbation.

"Is he allowed out on his own?" I asked. "Does he talk to you?"

"Yes, he goes out and wanders around and sits by the river. He has a bicycle, but he doesn't often ride it. He'll talk to me, but when I asked him what his problem was with other kids, he just blushed and said that there wasn't a problem."

"Do you think that he might talk to me?" I asked Sybil.

"I'm sure that he would. I just have to get him to meet you. I think the best way is that I tell him that I have a visitor who is a doctor and who specializes in problems of children and young people and that I would like him to meet you. If he agrees, I'll bring him here, then take Mandy and Lisa and go to town. If he refuses there isn't much else, I can think of."

A couple of days later, Sybil came back from town. "I'm surprised." She told me. "I saw young Terry and he was very keen to meet you. He actually looked relieved. I've arranged to meet up with him tomorrow afternoon and bring him here. He made me promise not to tell his parents and to promise that you wouldn't tell them either."

The next day, Sybil arrived with a young man. He was also quite tall for his age, around five feet seven or so. He was quite fit and muscular looking, certainly not fat, light brown wavy hair and very good looking. Sybil introduced us and then took the two girls and went out. When they had gone, I asked Terry whether he had problems and we could talk about it. "You must promise me that you will never tell anyone that I've talked to you, especially my parents." He said.

"Anything that happens between a doctor and patient is confidential." I reassured him.

"In return, you must promise me that anything we do or say, is a secret between us."

"Of course." Came the reply.

"Right, now Terry, Sybil, Mandy, and Lisa all tell me that you have no friends, you run away from girls and you seem unhappy. You obviously have problems of some kind. Why don't you tell me everything and let me try to help you?" Terry was close to tears.

"I think I have a disease." He told me. "It's the sort of disease I feel embarrassed to talk about."

"Have you told your doctor about this?" I asked. I was more than a little concerned.

"My folks don't believe in doctors." He told me. "They believe in prayer, but it doesn't work. That's why, when Sybil asked me whether I would see you, I was pleased, but promise that you will never tell my folks."

"I already did." I reminded him. "What are your symptoms?"

"It's between my legs; I think it's called my penis. My mom told me I should never pull that skin covering off it and I didn't. I never had a real problem until about three months ago. Well actually there has always been a bit of a problem, because sometimes it swells up, especially in the morning and it's very uncomfortable. Sometimes the skin at the end gets very red and sore. I found some antiseptic ointment, and I put that on the skin at the end when it gets sore, but that isn't the worst problem. About three months, ago it started to leak slimy stuff when it swelled up. I wipe it off, and I try to put the ointment inside but it doesn't help. Is it a bad disease?" I almost started to laugh, and I felt a wave of relief and anger against his stupid parents simultaneously.

"When it swell up, do you masturbate?" I asked. He looked at me nonplussed.

"What's masturbate?"

"Jerk off, wank? They are common terms."

"How do you do that?"

"All right, Terry. Let's have a look at your problem. Come with me into the bathroom." We went into the en-suite bathroom. "Take off your pants," I told him "and let me have a look." I carefully checked his penis. Then, I ran some warm water into the bath. "Take off all your clothes and stand in the bath, Terry." He did as he was told. I carefully bathed his penis and very gently and slowly peeled back the foreskin. It wasn't attached any longer, but it was very dirty inside. I bathed it with warm water and then a bit of antiseptic soap. He watched me carefully. "My mom told me I should never pull that skin back." He told me.

"Terry, trust me, she is being very silly. You need to pull the foreskin back and carefully wash inside, especially round here." I pointed to the rim of the glans. "If you don't keep this clean, you can get an infection. You should also maybe peel it back when you pee and then just dab the end with a bit of toilet paper and then pull the skin back. Then, it won't get sore. It's the pee that stays on the for skin that causes it to get sore."

"But what's all that slimy stuff which leaks out, isn't that a disease of some kind?"

"No Terry, it's perfectly normal. It means you are becoming a man. Haven't you noticed that hair is growing around your balls? Tell you what, follow me." I took him back into the bedroom.

"Lie down on the bed. Now relax and trust me. You do trust me, don't you? I promise that I won't hurt you." I lay down beside him and gently started to massage his penis. It didn't take long before it started to swell. Terry started to look alarmed. I continued to stroke it slowly and gently.

"Don't be scared, Terry. Just lie back and close your eyes. Isn't it starting to feel good?" He looked at his swollen penis. By now he was fully erect and not a bad size for such a young boy. He was about the same size that I was at his age. He was starting to breathe heavily.

"Yes, it feels good."

"Then lie back and enjoy it." I started to speed up. His body started to tense up. I slowed right down.

"I think you should stop now. It feels really good, but I think I'm going to pee myself." I chuckled.

"Don't you worry, I guarantee that you won't pee yourself. Just enjoy. Don't fight it, let it happen. It will feel better and better until . . . Well you'll know when it happens."

I started to speed up again. His legs stiffened; his head was rolling from side to side.

"Oh, oh, what's happening? Oh, oh, oh." His entire body convulsed, and a long jet of white creamy semen erupted from the end of his prick. It was like a rope. I could actually feel it as it came out. The force was so much that it hit the bottom of his chin and slid down into the hollow of his throat, the spurt ending just above his pectorals. His little body convulsed again, and another rope shot out, landing on his chest, just below the first one. Then followed more spurts. It never seemed that it would stop as jet after jet of hot creamy spunk shot out of the end of his swollen cock. His entire body was covered in his hot sticky spunk. My hand and arm were also dripping with the stuff. I found it hard to believe that a boy as young as this could hold such a massive load of semen

Terry just lay there, almost unconscious. I stopped stroking his dick and just held it gently. My own cock was going wild at the sight of this kid being jerked off for the first time in his life. It was very erotic. With my free hand, I grabbed some tissues and cleaned him off. "What happened" he muttered.

"You just had your very first orgasm, Terry. You did fine. Don't feel bad about it, it's perfectly normal. All men have to do that from time to time. You need to do it, because that stuff just keeps building up, and it's the only way to relive it when it gets really hard and swollen. Did you enjoy it?"

"I've never felt anything that good before, you say all men have to do it. Do you have to do it as well?"

"Yes Terry. If you like, you can do to me what I just did to you and you can see for yourself." He only hesitated for a moment, looking a bit unsure.

"Yes, I'd like that." He replied. I opened my shirt and took off my pants; my cock was like an iron bar. It was about an inch and a bit longer than his, but quite a bit thicker. He carefully examined it. Peeling back my foreskin and feeling my testicles.

"Will mine get like this?" He asked.

"At least as big as mine, probably a bit bigger." He started to stroke it, gently. I didn't intend to make a meal of it, but the boy had other ideas. He did as I had done with him. He varied the speed and length of the strokes, and he kept stopping. Finally, I shot my wad and there was a lot of it.

"Oh wow," he exclaimed. "There was a lot more of mine." I laughed.

"Yes, but you've been producing all that for three or more months without relieving it, and mine is only from last night."

"Only last night, so you do it every day?"

"I should be so lucky," I told him. "I had to do it three times yesterday."

"So how do you know when you have to do it?" He asked.

"I'll show you." There was a TV in the bedroom and a tape deck. I had already put in a videotape especially for this occasion. I switched it on.

The film started with a young boy and girl, holding hands and walking. They found a secluded spot and started kissing. The kisses got more and more passionate and he started to feel her breasts, soon removing her top to reveal two perky young breasts.

Eventually, she took down his pants and started to rub his cock. After some time, he got off all her clothes and they lay naked together. The film moved into close ups as the boy penetrated her tight young pussy with his cock, and it slid all the way inside her. Terry's cock was rock hard in my hand, and I squeezed it and moved it ever such a little bit. He watched awestruck as the boy pumped away at her. Then, the camera zoomed in and we could actually see his cock swell as he spurted his semen deep inside her pretty little body. In close-up, he slowly pulled out and we could see a thick stream of his creamy spunk running out of her little cunt.

Terry's little cock was at bursting point. I teased him and kept him on the brink for as long as I could he was going wild. Finally, I took pity on him and he erupted for a second time. Another massive load of hot creamy semen. All the while he was hanging on to my rigid cock and also stroking it. The sight of his cock spewing another load of spunk sent me over the edge, and I joined him. He was holding my dick in such a way that it was pointed at him, so my creamy load splashed all over him as well and we were both almost swimming in liquid semen. "Now do you understand, Terry?" I asked him. His little cock was still quite firm in my hand.

"You mean, you mean, er you do that to Sybil?" He asked me.

"Why? Would you like to fuck someone as well, Terry?"

"Oh, now it makes sense, so that's what fucking is."

"It has lots of names, coitus, sexual intercourse, love-making, fucking, screwing. Take your pick. Tell you what. Come around again tomorrow at the same time and we'll see whether we can't find someone for you."

"Oh wow, are you sure. Do you really think some girl will let me?"

"Patience young man, wait until tomorrow and just maybe, you'll get lucky." We got into the shower and washed off, and Terry left. About an hour later, Sybil and the girls returned.

"So how did it go?" She asked.

"Luckily, just stupid fucking parents. I got him sorted. Who wants first go with him tomorrow? Both girls put up their hands. Sybil decided for them. I'll collect Carmen. Gloria isn't ready yet, so I think that Mandy should go first, then Lisa and finally Carmen."

"Not a chance," I told her. "What do you expect me to do, pull wire? No, I will take Carmen. Once we get Terry started, I'm taking little Carmen into our bedroom and I'm going to give her a good fucking. After that if Terry has any strength left and Carmen wants more. Then, she is fair game."

Next day, Sybil took the two girls and they went off to collect Carmen. While they were still out, the bell rang. It was Terry, half an hour early. "Am I too early?" he asked.

"Not really, just sit down for a minute or two." Soon, after Sybil came back with the three girls. I introduced them solemnly.

"Now ladies, this is Terry. Terry, this is Mandy, Lisa, and Carmen." Terry blushed and held out his hand. Mandy put her arms round him and kissed him on the mouth.

"You're mine," she told him and she took his hand and almost dragged him to her room.

"Don't worry, Terry. Mandy is a good teacher, and she'll take care of you. Just be gentle and be careful both of you." I looked at the other two.

"Sybil, better make sure that Mandy doesn't be selfish. Poor little Lisa needs some attention as well. I think Carmen and I can have a chat, and maybe you and Lisa can make some snacks and we can have something a bit later." I took Carmen's hand and led her to the master bedroom. On the way, I called to Mandy.

"Don't forget your sister and be a hog. If you do, you'll get big penalties." Carmen and I fucked like rabbits for a good twenty minutes. We cleaned up and went into the living room. Terry and Mandy were obviously finished, because Terry was fucking Lisa doggie style. They were both grunting and gasping like rutting animals. I don't think Terry even saw us come into the room.

"How was he?" I whispered to Mandy.

"Not bad for a first time. He'll get better at it given time." Little Lisa started shouting.

"Come on, faster, I'm really close, oh yes, yes, yes." Her little body convulsed, and Terry stiffened, and almost crushed her as he plunged into her spasming cunt and erupted inside her hot, wet vagina. He hung on to her like a drowning man, making loud grunts as each spurt of his semen was pumped into her. Eventually, he let her go and pulled his still swollen cock out, dripping with his white semen. It was running out of Lisa as well all over the carpet. He saw me for the first time, with Carmen sat on my knee and my hand under her blouse massaging her little nipples.

"That was so hot." She exclaimed as she stroked my cock. "Can we do it again?" Food and drink first, I told her. We had food and coffee. Terry, Lisa and Mandy were still naked as the day they were born. Little Terry already had a hard on again, even while he ate.

After food, Terry, Mandy and Lisa got down on the carpet. I couldn't work out who was fondling who. It was a real mix up. Carmen squeezed my hand and started to unbutton my fly. I dropped my pants took off my shirt as she stripped. "Do you want a go with Terry?" I asked her. She looked at me.

"Maybe some other time, Tony, but I just love the feel of your big hard cock inside me. It makes me feel full and wanted, and I know I have to make the most of you whilst Gloria isn't available."

I wasn't sure how the girls and Terry were going to manage after I had left, and Mandy's parents came home. Sybil said she would make a plan. I knew that between her and the sexy young girls that she would. As the holiday started to come to an end, Sybil took me aside. "Would you mind if we left the girls to Terry just for three or four days?" She asked.

"No, why?"

"Because I want you to fuck me. It will soon be my ovulation time, and I want you to make me pregnant." I looked at her. A bit horrified.

"But why? You aren't married who is going to take care of you and the baby. I've always liked you very much, Sybil, but I don't want to get married just yet." Sybil laughed.

"I'm going out with a guy. He's a great bloke, and I love him, but it's a question of genetics. He is keen to have children; we've been fucking for over a year. I stopped taking the pill a few months ago, but nothing has happened despite trying. He got

himself tested. He has a slightly low sperm count, but the doctor has given him some pills, and he says we should just keep trying but it might take a while. You have great genes and if I can get pregnant, we'll both be happy, and I'll marry him. We'll probably have another later, if we keep at it, but if it fails, after a year or two I'll give you a call and hope that you'll fix me up again. I know you won't be wanting my baby; I trust you. Obviously, we're friends so you can visit us any time, you'll get on fine with Jim and no-one ever needs to know."

I told Gloria that I was going to take a few days to rest, and that we would get together before I left and that afterwards, I would make plans to see her again. Sybil had a son. Gloria and I stayed friends and met up for almost a year afterwards, at least once a month, but eventually she started going out with another guy and whilst we kept in touch for quite some time, we all moved on with our lives. Soon, after this I met up with Julie and Jenny and my life changed yet again.

Chapter Eighteen

Love Potion 141

In January, Tammy went back to school. I had a couple of interviews, but no luck. It seemed that migrants were getting most of the jobs, because they demanded less pay. Mom got a part time job doing the books for a local hotel. Everything was fine until the middle of February. Then, Tammy called me aside. She looked very serious.

"We have a bit of a problem that we need to talk about, Paul. Well actually there are two problems. First, mom is getting very worried. The money is starting to run out, she says that even with the money she is earning, we'll be in the shit before autumn."

"I'm trying, Tammy, I'll take almost anything, but the market is flooded with immigrants who are getting preference. What's the other problem. Have you found someone else?"

"No, silly, of course not. I'm just a bit worried about Janice, I think she is starting to masturbate."

"Just leave the poor kid alone. I'm sure that you did it as well. When she's ready to go further, I'm sure we'll know about it."

A few weeks later, we got a visit from a guy who represented a firm of lawyers in London. From what he told us, dad had a brother. Neither mom nor I knew that dad

had a brother. It appears that he had emigrated to Australia when he was eighteen. He had just died so as dad was his only living relative, his estate was to go to him, but, as dad was dead, the money would be shared equally with his children. It took several weeks, but we found that all three of us had inherited about two hundred and fifty thousand pound each. Janice's money was in a trust fund as was Tammy's until they reached eighteen. But, mine was available so it took much of the pressure off us.

Summer holidays came, and mom took Tammy and me aside.

"I need to talk to both of you. Yesterday, I walked past Janice's door and I heard her mumbling what sounded like Paul. She was lying on the bed, playing with herself if you get my drift. I talked to her and she was imagining that it was Paul. I told her to talk to you, but you know how shy she is. Eventually, she told me that she could never get between Paul and Tammy. Where do you both stand on this?"

The thought of fucking little Janice almost gave me an orgasm in my pants, but I tried to look cool.

"I thought that we had agreed that if she wanted to experiment, she would approach me, and I would make myself available." I said. Tammy, I could see was a bit reluctant, but she ; eventually, agreed.

"As long as she doesn't want to monopolize him, I don't mind. I think Paul and I love each other enough for me to trust him with my baby sister."

The next day, mom took Tammy and Janice aside.

"Janice is too shy and scared to talk to you, so I decided to do it for her. Tammy,

how would you feel if Paul taught Janice about sex?"

"As long as she doesn't want him all the time and she doesn't try to take him away from me, it's fine by me. Janice, just talk to Paul, tell him how you feel and I'm sure he'll help you." Mom shook her head.

"Janice is far too scared and shy to do that. Please go and call Paul, Tammy." Janice tried to protest, but Tammy came and called me in. Janice's face was bright red. She couldn't look at me. Mom took over.

"Paul, Janice has reached that age where she wants to know about sex. Now, I don't want some spotty boy or a perverted one to hurt her, give her a social disease or make her pregnant. I know that she has the hots for you, so will you let her sleep with you, one or two nights every week for a while. Tammy says she doesn't mind." My dick wanted to do a dance. Little Janice was absolutely gorgeous and the thought of her little body, with those big innocent brown eyes lying naked under me almost did it. I took a deep breath.

"I could never disappoint my little sister." I smiled at her. "Any time she wants to sleep with me, I agree." Mom smiled.

"Tonight seems as good as any to me."

"OK. No problem." Poor little Janice was so embarrassed I'm sure she was hoping the ground would open up and swallow her. She ran out of the room.

That evening after supper and watching a TV show, I got up, walked over to Janice

and took her hand.

"Come on, time for beddy byes." Red faced and close to tears, she followed me to my room. I closed the door and led her to the bed.

"Look, I took the liberty of getting your pajamas from your room." I handed them to her. She looked around wildly.

"But the lights are on. Er can I get changed in the bathroom?"

"Sure you can, but hurry up, there's a good girl." I quickly got into my pajamas. Always slept naked, but tonight was different. About ten minutes later she emerged from the bathroom. I switched on the bedside lamp and patted the bed.

"Come on, jump in." She sat on the edge of the bed. She looked terrified.

"I'm sorry, Paul, I'm just a bit scared. I want to do; you won't hurt me will you?"

"I would never hurt my baby sister, Janice. You don't have to sleep here if you don't want to do, but I thought you wanted to."

"I do want to Paul, but I'm just scared, that's all." I pulled back the duvet.

"Come on sis, you shouldn't be scared of me." She was actually trembling as she climbed into bed. "Just relax, lie back and go to sleep, sweetie. You don't have to

do anything.”

“That’s the problem Paul, part of me wants to be with you and find things out, but I’m shy and I’m scared that I do something wrong and you stop liking me.” I wanted to put my arms around her and hug her, but it would have made her even more scared. She inched a bit closer to me. Her face was bright red and there were tears in her eyes.

“Can I just hug you a bit tonight, Paul?” She got close enough to put her little arms around me. I so badly wanted to hug her, but I was scared. My erection would scare her if she felt it.

“It’s all right, Janice. You are only here because you said that you wanted to be. I’m not forcing you to stay or do anything that you don’t want. If you want to stay, let’s go to sleep, but if you want to go back to your own room it’s also OK. I won’t be cross; honest” she put her head on my arm.

“But Paul, I really do want to stay. I want to find out about sex and things, but I’m just a silly scared girl. Try to be patient with me. I’m so sorry that I’m being silly; I just can’t help it.” Oh what the hell. I put my arms around her and pulled her to me. As soon as I had done, I regretted it. My erection was pressing into her. When she felt it, she recoiled for a moment and then pretended to ignore it. I wasn’t prepared to scare her away. Better to wait a bit and then enjoy her fully when she was ready, rather than to satisfy myself now and make it a one time thing. I kissed her forehead.

“Time to sleep now. I know you are a bit shy. Just relax, there’s no hurry.” I could feel the relief as she relaxed. I lay awake; my erection was still there. I waited until her breathing became regular, and I knew she was asleep. I carefully got out of bed, went into the bathroom, and got some blessed relief.

Every week, she spent a night in my bed, but she always had some excuse. She wasn't feeling very well. She was shy; she felt a bit nauseous. There was always something and I was starting to get impatient, but I was careful not to show it.

Then, I had an idea. I got a hold of some Bremolanotide or PT-141 from an underground lab. When it arrived, I told Tammy what it was and asked her to try it, just to make sure it worked. It most certainly did. I only made a tiny dose 0.5 mg. We both tried one and had a pretty much sleepless night as we fucked the night away. I told Tammy that I planned to give one to Janice to try to warm her up a bit. The question was, how. It had to be injected subcutaneously. I had bought some insulin needles, but I needed an excuse to stick it into her. Mom and I came up with a plan. Once mixed, the injections had to be drawn into syringes and frozen, so Tammy and I had made all the syringes and put them into a container in the freezer along with three syringes of just sterile water.

On the afternoon of the next sleeping-with-Janice night, mom came home and took the syringe of bremolanotide and the three syringes of water.

"Paul, Tammy, Janice. I got some anti-flu vaccines from the chemist for all of us. It might give you a hot flush, but it will pass quickly." I went first, and she gave me a shot of sterile water in the loose skin on my tummy. She gave herself a shot, then Tammy and finally Janice, but Janice got the 'live' shot. We all pretended that we felt hot. Janice actually was hot for a while. I looked at the clock. It was six in the evening. The injection was supposed to take about three to five hours before it kicked in.

At nine o'clock, I took little Janice's hand as I always did. And led her into the bedroom. She went into the bathroom as she always did and came out in her pajamas. As usual, I just held the duvet open for her and she climbed in. I was

reading a magazine as I had been doing for several weeks. Usually, she would carefully lie with her back to me and go to sleep. I hadn't even suggested that we do anything for about three weeks already. This time it was different. She lay still for about fifteen minutes. She kept putting her hand down to her crotch and wriggling. She was sweating.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" I asked innocently

"I'm not sure, Paul. I feel sorta funny. I'm all wet and sort of itchy." I put my arm around her and kissed her on the lips. For the first time she didn't tense up. With my free hand, I traced little circles around her nipples through the cloth of her pajamas.

"What are you doing?" She asked. "It sort of feels nice." Her hand went down between her legs. I got a hold of her arm.

"Maybe you should let me help you with that?" I suggested.

"Oh Paul, I don't know. I've never felt like this before." I slipped my hand under her pajama top and played with her budding titties and her nipples. She started to rub herself.

"Stop that, Janice. Let me help you." I took her hand away.

"Oh Paul, I don't know." I unbuttoned her top and started to lick her nipples and suck her tiny breasts. She didn't protest, but I had to grab her hand several times. I moved my kisses down her body, past her little belly button until I got to the top of her pajama bottoms. I unfastened them and started to push them down. For a few

moments she tried to resist, but her body was betraying her.

"Don't be scared." I told her. "You know that you need this." She gave a muffled cry of desperation and then helped me to get her pajama bottoms off. I got to work with my tongue, and it only took a few seconds before her orgasm hit. She crushed my head between her legs and almost pulled a handful of my hair out. She was gasping as if she had just won a hundred meter sprint. She never made a sound. Her hips were moving as if they were possessed.

"Please don't stop, Paul. Please." I stopped and moved back up the bed, getting positioned between her open legs.

"You really need this Janice. I promise that I'll be very careful and gentle. Please don't fight it. We both need this." For a moment she looked afraid and then it was over.

"OK. What must I do?" I rubbed my swollen penis against her pussy. It was soaking wet. Very gently I pushed inside. She was tense.

"Try to relax and help me sis. I love you so much. I don't want to hurt you. Just be a brave girl for a few seconds and then, the hurt will go away. Please sis. We both need this."

"OK." I gave a hard push, but I broke through very easily. Only for a moment she gasped and a look of pain shot across her face. Her fingers dug into my skin.

"That's it, all over now. It will never hurt like that again." I kissed her lips.

"It wasn't so bad. I thought that it would hurt a lot more." Slowly, very slowly I pushed and my penis gradually disappeared inside her body. She was staring into my face with those wonderful big, brown eyes. She was very tight. When I was completely inside her, I forced myself to stop moving. I wanted to give her body time to stretch to accommodate the girth of my swollen organ. Her hand went down to her clit.

"That's it, sweetie, help me to make you happy." I started to slowly fuck her. I was desperately trying to think of other things, instead of this little angel, lying underneath me with my dick buried inside her. It wasn't long before her body tensed.

"Oh Paul, oh yes, yes, yes." I looked into those big, beautiful, brown eyes and just lost it completely. As my first jet of sperms shot into her, she gave a scream and her orgasm shook her body. I thought I would never stop spurting spunk into her angelic little body. She was wide-eyed as I flooded her with my love juice. Her fingers dug into me painfully. As she slowly relaxed after milking my still swollen penis of every last drop of my semen. This was incredible. My erection had softened, but it wasn't going right down. Just looking down at this little angel was hardening me again. Ropes and globs of semen were leaking out of our union. I started moving again. I was churning the load that I had already pumped into her and as we fucked, we made obscene farting like noises.

"Oh Paul, don't stop, don't ever stop, this is so good." I actually felt sorry for her, because for the next twenty minutes or so, we fucked like animals until we reached another massive orgasm. I was pretty sure that she must be as sore as all hell after that. Eventually, my dick, milked of every last tiny drop of semen, fell out of her. She clung to me. I took a hankie and started to clean her up, but she was already fast asleep, with a smile on her lovely face. I was awoken by Janice shaking my shoulder.

"Wake up, Paul, please, wake up."

"Wassamatter?" I mumbled. Her little hand grabbed my limp penis.

"Make it wake up, Paul, please. I'm all wet again. I want you to do it to me again. Please Paul. It's not the same when I do it myself." I was wide awake very quickly my erection was growing in her hand. "Please Paul, put it inside me." Who was I to refuse? We must have fucked for the best part of half an hour. I lost count of her orgasms. When she was finally satisfied. She kissed me. "Thank you, Paul. That was nice"

When we woke up in the morning, she cuddled up close to me. She was a little bit embarrassed as she blushed.

"I've been awake for a long time Paul. I didn't want to wake you." Her hand went down to my penis, and she started to stroke it. It had the usual reaction.

"Oooh, that's nice, it's getting all big, and hard again. Put it inside me Paul. It feels so good." I got her onto her knees and fucked her doggie style. She liked it like that. "It's sore Paul, but it's still good, please fill me with your juice again now." I did as she asked. Her little pussy was all red and swollen. "I'm sorry Paul. Are you sore as well? I don't know what happened. It must have been that 'flu injection. Poor Tammy. If she felt like me, she must have wanted you badly." For the first time she wasn't the slightest bit embarrassed to be completely naked with me. She lay completely spent by my side.

"Thank you for being so patient with me for all this time, Paul. I'm so sorry and thank you for a lovely night. I'm very sore this morning. But, I hope we can do that

again real soon.”

“That, you can count on one, hundred per cent.” I told her. “You are incredible. It was fantastic. I hope we can do this a lot.”

We did, and we didn’t need injections either.

Chapter Nineteen

My First Time With Cousin Jenny

I was just turned ten when dad died, and we had to move. It was a pretty tense time. Mom got one of her sister-in-laws to find us a small house, but it was a long way by train from my current home, and everything was a turmoil.

Mom was very religious, so I remember the tears, having to wear black, visiting the grave, church, praying and food was also scarce, without dad's income, things were tough. Mom refused to stay with her sister-in-law near where we were moving to until we could move into the new house. Instead, we had to stay in a dingy hotel "to protect me." This was the thing. According to mom, all girls were tools of Satan. They would lure boys and men and once they had lured them, they would infect the boy with a disease which was incurable and when he died the boy would be cast into the burning pit. Mom used to read me the story of Eve and the garden of Eden, almost every day. As I grew up, I was very shy, I wasn't allowed to talk to girls and according to mom, most boys and men were evil and diseased as well. She would boast how lucky she was to find a man who was "pure" to be my father.

After a few days, we moved into a new house. It was very small. I had to start at a new school. Mom had a Bible meeting on my first day at the new school. I had to find it on my own. When I got there I saw my aunt Gladys. She was waiting for me. With her was a little angel. I had never seen such a beautiful girl.

"Hello, Jerry, this is your cousin Jenny. It's her first day at school today, she's just turned six. Please look after her for me. Best not tell your mom, though. Jenny, cousin Jerry will help you if you need anything, won't you Jerry?" I just nodded. My

face was bright red, and I couldn't speak. My heart was racing. To my horror, the little girl hugged me. I thought I was going to faint. I didn't know anyone here at all except for Jenny. She hung around me at break and lunch. She was full of life and absolutely gorgeous. For some reason, my dick would start to get hard when I was near her. On the second day, three of the bigger boys got her in a corner and they were pinching and teasing her" I wasn't brave, I just felt outraged that anyone could torment an angel, so I rushed to her aid. There was a scuffle. I came out on top, but I had a big bruise on my face and a cut lip. Jenny was all over me, thanking me. It was horrible. There was this uncomfortable bulge in my pants, and I was sure that everyone could see it.

For a few weeks she hung around me at breaks and lunch, then she started to have friends so her nearness to me drifted away. I made friends with one of the boys. His dad owned a gym and a karate club, so I persuaded my mother to let me go to karate. She was far too busy with her Bible studies and 'The Work', to bother too much about what I did. I started working out several evening every week. Occasionally I would see Jenny. Usually with a crowd of boys and girls, every time I saw her she got more beautiful. At weekends, I started fishing. I would take my fishing tackle on my bicycle and spend afternoons by the lakes and rivers.

Despite being warned that 'playing with myself would be a sin before God and sure eternal damnation, at night, alone in my room, I would jerk off thinking about Jenny, my friend George, lent me his camera one afternoon and luckily, I got a picture of Jenny in very short white pants and a tight tank top sort of thing that showed two small boobs, her gorgeous long muscular, golden brown tanned legs, her long wavy hair that cascaded over her shoulders like spun gold. Pity the pic was only on black and white, but from that day on, I would keep it week hidden and look at it whilst I jerked off.

Nineteen sixty-one arrived. I would be fifteen in February; Jenny would be eleven in the summer. I was still very shy with girls. I didn't know what to say to them. Several times I had chances to make friends with girls. It wasn't what my mom had told me. I

knew that it was all bullshit, but first I didn't know how to talk to them and the only girl I ever thought about was Jenny. In May that year, I was walking home through the park one Friday evening. I heard noises and a girl cry 'no stop that and leave me alone! It sounded like Jenny's voice so I hurried up. There was one of these big wooden shelters with seats it was dark. Many of the kids used to hang around there. When I got there, I saw three black youngsters. They were trying to push her down onto the bench. I saw one was pawing at her breasts and the other two were trying to pull off her jeans. Without hesitation, I climbed into the three of them. This time they had no chance. I already had a blue belt in karate, and I did weight training three times every week. They soon ran off. Jenny was crying. She hugged me.

"Thank God you were around, Jerry. They were going to rape me. I was so scared. That's the second time you've saved me." I wanted to hug her and comfort her, but the bulge in my pants held me back.

"You shouldn't be out here on your own at night Jenny. I'm glad I came by. Next time, you might not be so lucky." I walked with her to the bus stop and saw her onto the bus before I went home.

The next day, I went fishing as usual. It was a nice warm day. I'd been by the river for about an hour when a bicycle bell sounded. There was Jenny on her bicycle. She jumped off and took a box from her saddlebag. She came over and sat down very close to me and handed me the box. It was wrapped in fancy paper.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's for saving me last night. It's not much, but I couldn't think of anything else. I know you don't smoke. I hope you like it." I opened the wrapper it was a box of Black Magic chocolates. I was lost for words. I went bright red and mumbled something like

"Oh you shouldn't have." She fidgeted for a while. Then, she made a decision.

"Jerry, Can I please talk to you? Talk like grown ups. You seem very nervous, and you blush when I want to talk to you. I know your mom is a bit of a nut job, but I don't bite, honest. Please let's talk." I went even redder.

"What do you want me to say, Jenny?"

"Well, don't you like me even a little bit. I've never seen you with a girl. You don't seem to have a girlfriend. You aren't you know, into other boys or something like that, are you?" Funny thing is, once you get started talking to a girl, the flood gates seem to open.

"It's not that I don't like girls, but I'm a bit shy. I never know what to say. Besides, I haven't really found any that I really like. Of course I like you. You're my cousin."

"But Jerry, that's real silly. You say you like me. Well I like you. I like you a lot. Why can't I be your girlfriend? We could have a lot of fun." I gulped. I was almost in tears. I tried hard to think of something else, but I couldn't. Here was the most beautiful little girl in the world, and she wanted to be my girlfriend, but I knew it wasn't possible. I was quiet for some time. Then, I burst out.

"That would be fantastic Jenny, but there are two problems. I'm fifteen, sixteen next year and you are only ten and on top of that you're my cousin."

"That's rubbish Jerry. I'll be eleven next month. There's only five years between us and I'm not really your cousin, because your uncle isn't my real dad. I saw my birth certificate, and I asked my mom straight out, some other boy got her preggies and then your dad's brother married her." She held my arm. "Please Jerry. I was going out with Sam; he was with me last night. His brother was with him. When those black boys came along they, both got scared and ran away. I never want to see either of them again. Fucking cowards. If it hadn't been for you." She went silent for a while. Then, she went on. "After last night, I realized, I was being stupid. I've always liked you. I want to come with you to karate. I want to learn how to defend myself. If you're my boyfriend, no one will bother me. Everyone is scared of you, but I'm not. I could come fishing with you. We could play games. What do you say?" What could I say? My angel wanted to be my girlfriend. I was overcome.

"I'd like that very much." I stammered. She threw her arms around me and hugged me. Then, she kissed me on the mouth. I was so overcome with emotion that I crushed her to me and burst into tears. The shame of it. She hugged and patted me.

"What ever is the matter, Jerry?" She took a hankie and wiped my tears. "Why are you crying?" Her voice was trembling. She was almost in tears herself. I hugged her.

"Sorry I'm being a baby. I'm just so happy. You are the most beautiful girl in the world. I think I must be dreaming." We hung on to each other. Then our lips met. Her kiss was like a fire. I thought I would burst. I kissed her back. We were soon both panting.

From that day on, we saw each other almost every day. I persuaded my Sensei, to let her join the Karate. She started working out with weights as well. We went fishing; we went to the cinema. We were inseparable. Jenny's mom was a bit concerned at first, but she soon warmed to the idea.

"You look after my Jenny." She told me. "You make a lovely couple." Being with Jenny drew me out of my shell. I got into a couple of fights with other boys who tried to take her from me. When it was rainy at the weekend, we sometimes played cards or Monopoly. In September, my mom went up north to see someone. Jenny came round to my house one afternoon; it was raining cats and dogs. She had a small case with her. She pulled out some sort of board game.

"OK, I've got a good game." She told me. "It's a crime and punishment game." I forget now exactly how we played but after half an hour or so, I was found guilty. "Now, you have to be punished." She told me. "The sentence is twenty lashes." She opened her case and pulled out the whip. It was a short wooden handle with a few strips of velvet attached. It wouldn't hurt a fly.

"Oh, please don't whip me too hard." I begged. She led me upstairs to my bedroom. I had one of these old fashioned brass beds. She took it more strips of velvet and tied my wrists to the top bedposts. Then, she went to my feet and tied them to the bottom bedposts. She really had tied me. I couldn't move. She unfastened the buttons of my shirt so my chest was bare. In the spirit of the game, I begged her to stop.

She placed the whip on the bed and then peeled off her white angora sweater. She had nothing underneath. Her breasts were tanned like the rest of her. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I gasped in amazement. It was really embarrassing; the bulge in my pants would have been visible from the moon. I gulped, but then she unbuttoned her jeans dropped them to the ground and wiggled out of her lacy panties. She stood looking down at me with a grin on her face. I my mouth moved, but no words came out; I was awestruck by her perfect body.

"Jenny, for Gods sake what.. ." I started.

"Silence, criminal, I don't want the blood stains on my clothes you fool. Now take your punishment like a man." She unbuttoned my pants. My bulge was now only concealed by my underpants. She hauled out my rock hard penis. Then put it in her mouth and made it wet. Then, she straddled me and holding my swollen member, gently rubbed it on her almost bald mound. She inserted It into her vagina and in one movement sank down until my entire length was buried inside her. It was the most amazing thing ever. I had never even seen a girl naked, now suddenly, the feeling of my penis sliding into that hot slippery tunnel, and watching my erection vanish inside her was just too much. I was overcome with emotion; the sensation was incredible. I recall yelling out her name, over and over. Tears of sheer joy ran down my face. I was lost in time, and then suddenly I realized that I was pumping load after load of my sperms inside her. There was a look of amazement on her beautiful face as she ground herself against me. Her inner muscles rhythmically squeezed my dick. It was starting to soften, and I could feel liquid escaping from her; it was running down between my legs on my pants and onto the bed. She pushed herself down deeper and continued to gently grind herself against me. My dick started to harden again. I couldn't move my arms or legs, but I could move my hips up and down.

"Your punishment isn't over yet." She whispered in my ear. "Try to hold on this time Jerry please, it's my turn now." I started to move my hips. "Keep still and let me do the work." She whispered. "Just concentrate on holding on for me." Loud squelching sounds were coming from us as she pounded up and down on my cock. I was trying desperately to think of other things. Thank God it didn't take long before her movements got faster.

"Jerry, oh Jerry, I'm coming, oh my God. Yes, yes, yes." She thrust herself onto me. She squeezed my cock like a vice. Wave after wave after wave of shudders racked her lovely body. My cock seemed to get even bigger, and I pumped more of my sperms inside her. She collapsed on top of me. I wanted to hug and caress her, but

my arms were tied. The area where we were joined was soaking wet. After a few minutes she reared up. She looked absolutely radiant.

"Jerry, you have no idea how long or how much I've waited for this to happen. I was hoping that you would make a move, but I just gave up. Are you mad at me?" I grinned like a Cheshire Cat.

"What do you think? Now get these ropes off me and I'll punish you a bit later." She took some scissors and cut the velvet from my wrists and ankles. Then, I took off my soaking wet pants and the rest of my clothes and we just got under the blankets and lay in each other's arms. We soon fell asleep.

When we awoke, I had recovered my senses. I wasn't sorry that this had happened, but Jenny was very young to be doing this kind of thing, and I felt guilty although there was nothing that I could have done to stop it.

"Jenny, you're not even twelve yet. I can't say that I'm sorry we did this, but I still feel a bit guilty. Didn't it hurt you?" I had read that virgins experienced pain when they first had intercourse. She looked a bit hurt

"Jerry, please forgive me but you aren't the first. I went out with Greg. You know the one I mean. One day we were alone, and he wanted to. . . You know, do it. I wanted to try, but in any case, he got rough and he did me anyway. It hurt like hell and like you, he lasted only a few seconds, but he was only nine at the time, so nothing came out. I heard that stuff comes out of a man's dick when he comes, but I didn't know it would be as much as that stuff you pumped into me. I slapped him and told him I never wanted to see him again, and I never went out with him again. Then there was that older guy, Mark. He talked me into having sex with him. I wanted to try, but he had such a tiny thingy, and it didn't get very hard. He struggled to get it in, and I got nothing out of that either. The last one was Sam. I was going to let him,

but when he ran away from those black guys, I came to my senses. I had the hots for you in a way ever since you fought those bullies at school to protect me, but I never thought that I could ever have you. It was only when you saved me the second time from being raped that I realized that it's you I want. I want to spend the rest of my life with you Jerry. I promise, I'll never, ever let anyone else touch me. I'm yours." I have to say, I was a bit shocked that my little angel that I had worshipped from afar and put on a pedestal, had been fucked by three other guys already and she wasn't even twelve.

"OK, but we have to be careful. I don't want you knock you up, and it's illegal, so just be careful. I've worshipped you since I met you. I don't ever want to lose you Jenny." We kissed and hugged and despite everything, we made love again. This time it was even better.

Everything worked out. We now have three children of our own. Two girls and a boy. Jenny is proposing that I should be the one to teach the girls about sex. I have to be honest, I'm not protesting too much!

Chapter Twenty

Niece Makes Uncle Explode

I was the younger of two brothers. I was twenty-one, and Tommy was five years older than me. I always thought I was a mistake. We lived in a mining village in Yorkshire. Dad worked down the mine, mom was a bit of a shrew, always finding fault with everything.

Tommy always looked after his young brother, and we were the best of friends. When Tommy was sixteen, he started dating and soon he was dating the best girl in the village. She was gorgeous, and every boy in the area had the hots for her. They went down to Devon for a holiday, and not long after they came back, there was a lot of commotion and shouting and I learned that Tom was going to marry the girl, Helen.

She was a couple of months shy of her sixteenth birthday, and all the boys at school reckoned that he had 'put a bun in the oven' to make sure that she didn't get away! They were married a few days after her sixteenth birthday and Tommy was only seventeen. Himself and I was only twelve at the time.

Soon after the wedding, Tom and Helen moved down to the Midlands. It was rumored to avoid wagging tongues. I missed my big brother. I wasn't going to work down a mine. I had passed the eleven-plus and was attending a grammar school. I took up weight lifting and martial arts. By the time, I was seventeen, I was a very big muscular guy. I had shoulder length brown wavy hair, I was six feet two and over two hundred pounds in weight.

Tom and I wrote to each other almost every week. Helen had given birth to a girl, and they had named her Susan. Dad was involved in an accident down the mine and there were lots of fights between him and my mother because he couldn't work, and one day she just walked out and never came back. When I was eighteen, one of my uncles died. He wasn't married and had no children. He owned quite a few properties, and the family all hated him, but I had always got on well with him. Imagine my surprise, when I found that he had left everything to me. One of his properties was about twelve miles from my brother. It was empty, and it needed quite a bit of work, but once everything was sorted, I could afford to get it fixed up.

Dad went into a retirement home, so I moved down to my new home. It used to be a farm and had several acres of land. I lived in one room, whilst I did a lot of the work myself and only called in outside help when absolutely necessary. I had worked out that if I was careful with the cash, I would probably be able to retire and maybe write a book or something.

Once I had settled in, I went straight around to Tom's. I was quite excited. We hugged each other and Helen, looking just as beautiful, also hugged me. I had already told them about my good luck. We had a couple of beers and exchanged news, then Tom called:

"Susan, come and meet your uncle Tony." Tom introduced us, she was a gawky kid with pigtails and she looked me over and held out her hand.

"Wow, you're a big guy. Hello uncle Tony" then she went back to her room.

"She's six years old now," Tom explained, "Just started school a couple of months ago."

We chatted about the job, mom, and dad, and then Susan came down. She eyed me up and down and then came to the couch and sat down beside me. She squeezed my arms:

"Wow, dad said that you were strong, you're enormous. I'll bet you are very strong." She stayed by my side the entire afternoon stroking my arms and my hair. She ran up to her room and fetched her hairbrush, and she started brushing my hair.

It really pissed me off, but Tom and Helen were laughing, so I just had to grin and bear it. I had very little time for children. I kept out of their way as much as possible. They were loud and gabbled and were just about incomprehensible. A real pain in the arse.

After that day, I used to go round to Tom and Helen every Sunday, for Sunday dinner. Every time I went there, his brat, Susan would be waiting for me. She would shriek

"It's my big strong uncle Tony." Then, she would jump at me and I had to catch her and give her a hug.

After dinner, it was always the same, she would sit at my side on the couch, maul me and brush my hair. When it was time to leave, I had to pick her up and hug her. I regarded her as an irritating little brat, I wasn't married, I had many dates and casual sex, but I hadn't found a woman that I would enjoy being with for the rest of my life

The whole Sunday thing became a ritual then, three years later. Tom pulled me aside.

"Can I ask you a BIG favor?"

"Of course, Tom, what's up"

"I want to take Helen for a second honeymoon." He explained. "I want to take her back down to Devon for a couple of weeks and book into the same hotel where I'm pretty sure I got her pregnant. Just a couple of weeks. I don't want to take Susan, just the two of us. I want to go as soon as school holidays start. I'll stock the house with whatever you want, beer, brandy, food, just tell me what you want. I've got three weeks holiday so if you would look after the house, the cat, Susan and suchlike, I would like to spend two weeks in Devon with my lovely wife."

"Tom, why not take all three weeks, go and enjoy it." I told him "I'll book my holidays if you give me the dates. I know Susan is a bit of a pain in the arse sometimes, but you always helped me, so the least I can do is return the favor. I'll take her to the zoo or somewhere, just don't worry."

"Susan has changed quite a bit in the last couple of years, she isn't doing well at school, she spends hours in her room, she gets up late; she's sullen, and the only time we see her really is when you come round on Sunday's. I'll give you the number of the hotel so if anything at all goes wrong, you can just phone us."

Everything was setup. I arrived at Tom's just after lunch. Susan was still at school.

"I haven't said anything to Susan about our holiday," he told me. "As soon as she gets home, we'll tell her and leave, it should save any scenes that might upset Helen. I'm sure you'll be able to handle any tantrums. Susan really likes you." Sure enough five o'clock, Susan came in. She saw my car outside and their own car.

"What's going on?" She asked. Tom explained that he and Helen were going off for three weeks and that uncle Tony was going to stay in the house and take care of everything for three weeks until they came back. We all expected a big tantrum, but instead, she smiled

"OK, mom, dad. I understand, you need a break. I promise to be good, and I'll try not to make my big; strong uncle cross or he might crush me." We were all a bit surprised. For the next fifteen minutes, rules were laid down, bedtime, don't do this that and the other. Then, they left and Susan and I waved them goodbye.

Susan ran up to her room. I sat down to relax, but soon after, Susan came down. She had changed from her school uniform into a blouse and a skirt. She stood in front of me somewhat timidly. "Uncle Tony, can I talk to you, please."

"Of course, you can," I told her, "I'm sorry it was such a shock, but they thought you might object."

"No, it's not that. I'm just happy that I've got you to myself for three whole weeks." She told me. "Uncle Tony, do I make you cross?" I didn't know what to say.

"No Susan, sometimes people don't feel good and little things irritate than a bit, but, no, you don't make me cross." She turned around several times in front of me.

"Do you think I'm pretty, do you like me, uncle." For the first time, I looked long and hard at her. I'd never really taken much notice of her before, she was just a kid, but in front of me was a smaller version of her mom. She was about five feet four, she had got rid of the school plait and for the first time I saw her long tousled golden wavy hair like spun gold which fell over her shoulders, long tanned legs, and

an athletic body. She had a face to die for.

"No, Susan, you aren't pretty, you are very beautiful, and I like you a lot." She came and sat quietly by my side and suddenly threw her arms around my neck and pressed her mouth to mine, hard.

"Ouch, careful Sweetie, what are you trying to do?" She pouted.

"I just want to kiss you, that's all"

"That's no way to kiss Susan, you can hurt someone like that"

"Show me how, then uncle Tony, please show me how. I have to learn some time." Like a fool, I hadn't thought where this could go. I started to gently caress her lips, and soon she started to respond and very quickly the kisses were getting serious, much too serious. I felt her moving, and I looked down. She had her hand between her legs, and she was rubbing herself. I grabbed her hand and said hoarsely

"My God, Susan you mustn't do that, not here with me anyway." She clung to me.

"Please listen, ever since you first came here when I was six, whenever I saw you, I would get all tingly and wet down there. I asked Tammy, one of the bigger girls and she said girls get like that when they get the hots for a boy. I asked what the hots were, and she said that it's when a girl wants a boy to fuck her. I didn't know what fuck was, and she told me it's when a boy sticks his thing in your pussy and it feels really, really good, she said that she had done it with a man and that it was great. I had never seen a man's thing, so she brought me a photo of one very small,

dangling down. I laughed and told her that it wouldn't do anything, and then she showed me a picture of one standing up. Ever since then, I've spent hours fantasizing that you were with me, while I rub myself." As she was talking and holding me round my neck and wriggling, my cock had started to swell. She must have seen or felt the bulge in my pants.

"Oh wow, uncle Tony, you really do like me, Tammy said when a boy wants to fuck a girl, his thingy gets really hard. Can I see, please." And she started scrabbling with the front of my pants. I had never even liked little girls or schoolgirls. I hardly noticed them, but suddenly this little nine-year old was giving me a hard on. I was horrified. I was sweating. I pulled myself away.

"No, Susan, you mustn't do that, please, it's wrong, wrong, wrong. First, you are far too young to have thoughts like that and secondly, I'm your uncle for Christ's sake. It's illegal. If we were caught doing something like that, they would put you in a home and lock me up forever. Yes, I like you, but we can't do anything like that."

"Please, uncle Tony, please let me see it. I won't tell anyone, ever, I promise." I tied valiantly to shut her up, but with no effect. Susan was one of these girls who were determined to keep going until they got their result. I couldn't hit her, in fact, I was very turned on at the thought of a nine-year old little girl wanting to have sex with me. Maybe if I let her have a peek, it would put her off or shut her up. I wasn't particularly 'well endowed' just an average six and a half inches. I should have known better.

"Alright," I groaned, "Then we stop, this has gone too far already." I unfastened my pants. And pulled out my rock hard penis. She jumped off the couch, knelt down and grabbed my meat with both hands and pressed her face to it.

"Oh, my God, it's so beautiful. Even more beautiful than I ever imagined." She

gently peeled back my foreskin and kissed the head, already leaking like crazy. "Please fuck me uncle Tony. I want to feel you inside me. I love you uncle Tony. I want to be with you forever. I've dreamed of this day ever since I was six years old. Please uncle Tony, please fuck me and make my dreams come true." Tears were streaming down her beautiful face.

I knew that what I was about to do was so wrong, but I couldn't help myself. I picked her up and ran upstairs with her into the main bedroom. I pulled back the sheets and laid her gently on the bed. I unbuttoned my shirt and she literally tore off her blouse. Then, I saw. I had expected two little buds, but instead she had two of the perkiness most gorgeous little breasts that I had ever even imagined. Her nipples stood proudly like bullets, I dropped my pants onto the floor and lay down beside her and caressed those two beautiful mounds. She was groaning and squirming, and I had to take her hand away from her crotch several times. I kissed, sucked, and nibbled her nipples and the my hand slid down her tummy and I unfastened her skirt. She lifted her bottom and helped me to pull her skirt and panties down until she could kick them off. I lifted her legs one by one and took off her little white ankle socks, and there she lay, completely naked with me.

I went back to her breasts. Her breathing was getting faster and whilst I nibbled and sucked her little nipples, my hand went down to that beautiful bald pussy. I ran my hand from the bottom of her slit, she was wetter than any woman that I had ever been with; her labia parted like the petals of a flower and my finger slipped inside. I moved up until I encountered her clit, it was big, it was out of its hood and as I touched it, her body convulsed, "Oh Jesus, oh shit, oh God help me." And she went into a body-wracking orgasm. The shudders went on for about a minute until she started to come back to earth.

"Oh my God uncle Tony that was the greatest thing I have ever done, it was wonderful, now will you really make my dream come true and fill me with your beautiful thingy."

"It's called a penis, my sweetheart, not a thingy," I told her. As I spoke, I slid down the bed until my head was between her thighs and I could look at that lovely hairless pussy, I kissed it and then licked her clit, tasting her sweet juices. I knew that it was so unbelievably wrong, but I knew that I was going to fuck this wonderful horny little girl. I slid my tongue into her hot little vagina as far as it would go, and then I inserted my middle finger and finger fucked her as I worked her clit with my tongue. It was all over in a matter of a couple of minutes and her lower body came clean off the bed as she exploded into yet another wild orgasm. I moved back and kissed and cuddled her until she had properly recovered.

"Please, uncle Tony, please. I want your penis inside me. Make me a woman, make me YOUR woman."

"Susan, this is so very wrong, I can still stop, I don't want to do, but you must be absolutely sure that this is really what you want. If you let me go, any further it will be too late. You won't be a virgin any longer. If we stop now, it's OK."

"No, it's not wrong. I love you and I'm very sure. I'll never be able to let anyone else touch me. Please, uncle Tony. I really want and need this."

I got between her legs and rubbed the head of my dripping penis along the lips of her vagina. She moved my hand and took hold of my rock hard organ herself. She positioned it at the entrance, and I slowly started to push in. She was very tight, but I couldn't believe how wet she was, so I slid in easily until I met resistance. I stopped.

"This is going to hurt, my angel." She interrupted me.

"Yes, I know." Tammy explained. "But she said it's only the first time, and it only hurts for a short time. Please uncle Tony, please." I pulled out a little way and then pushed hard, I felt her hymen break and I slid inside her all the way; my pubic hair was flat against her mound. As I broke her cherry, I saw a look of pain in her face, but she never made a sound. Her eyes were moist with tears of pain. I kept very still inside her, savouring the feel of the hot walls of that pulsating, velvet love-tunnel. After a short time, she kissed me.

"It's OK now, just take it easy for a minute or two." I began to move, very slowly and carefully, her hips started moving.

"Oh God that feels so fucking good, this is far better than I ever imagined it would be." My poor cock was threatening to burst. I started to speed up, she was going wild, her hips slamming up to meet my downstrokes. She was moaning a babbling continually now.

"So good, oh, yes, yes, fuck me, fuck me, don't ever stop." I felt her body start to tense and I knew her climax was near. I slammed harder and harder into her until her inner muscles gripped like a vice, and she screamed. "Oh Jesus Christ, I think I'm exploding." I just lost it and I shot a massive fountain of my hot, sticky semen into her waiting little girl womb. She gave a loud groan and then another as a second massive load erupted into her. My toes were dug into the bed, and I was trying to push my entire body into her. Susan's hips were off the bed, her pussy meshed with my cock as he tried to push me into her even deeper. She was holding my buttocks pressing me harder and harder into her. As the third massive load of spunk splashed into her, she dug her fingers into my arse and cried out.

"This is heaven, oh my God, it's wonderful." After several more lesser spurts, I started to recover my composure, her vaginal muscles were frantically milking me of

every last tiny drop of semen. My cock started to soften slightly. I felt wet and as I looked down at our meshed bodies, I saw a stream of my milky white semen dribbling out of her pussy and running down her thighs and my scrotum. It was one of the sexiest things I have ever seen, and my poor tortured cock got almost instantly hard again.

She gripped my backside even tighter and started thrusting her hips up at me. My penis was quite sensitive, but the sight of a nine-year old beauty with ropes of my hot sticky seed running out of her little girl cunt, gave me added incentive, and we started fucking again. This time it was more leisurely and less urgent than before. Our union resulted in obscene squelching noises as I churned up a pinkish white foam, which was on her tummy as well as mine and all over my balls and penis. I was sure that she must be getting sore, but she kept pumping. We must have been going for at least fifteen to twenty minutes, before she suddenly threw her arms around my neck.

"I'm so very close, now, come on my love, give it to me again." I felt her tense, and I exploded once again, shooting more of my hot spunk into her wonderful body.

Afterwards we stayed locked together until my cock just shrank out of her, we were both covered in semen. The bed was soaked, Susan lay in my arms, completely spent.

I was amazed at what I had done. It was the best and most intense sex that I had ever experienced. This little girl had given herself to me completely, without reservation, without guile, without any pretensions or shame. At that moment my love for her was overwhelming. I held her in my arms for almost an hour whilst she slept. My arms were numb where she lay on them. Eventually, I pried myself loose and gently woke her.

"Come on my angel, time to get a shower, we both stink." She giggled.

"That is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me, uncle Tony. Thank you so very much. I love you." And she held me and kissed me.

After we had washed up, I changed the bedclothes and turned the wet mattress over. I there all the sheets into the washing machine and got it started. Susan came down from her room. I was slightly shocked. She had brushed her hair and had two jeweled clips in it. She had donned a white cotton sweater and a white pencil skirt. She was also now in high heeled shoes. She looked stunning, very adult and incredibly sexy.

I whistled. "Jeez, Susan, you look stunning." She smiled.

"I lay awake at night all these years, dreaming about you. I couldn't concentrate. All I could think about for the past couple of years was you and what we have done this afternoon, but I never thought it could be this wonderful. I know you think I'm just a silly little girl, and I'll change my mind, but you are wrong, so very wrong. I love you with all my heart. I want to be with you forever. I want to marry you, and later I want to have your babies." I tried to speak, but she put her finger over my lips.

"No, I'm not going to change my mind when I grow up. I grew up this afternoon. I will never stop loving you. I'm yours and only yours."

"We can't marry, sweetheart, I'm your uncle, they call it incest." I told her.

"I don't give a shit." She replied. "We will find a way and even if we don't, we'll live together." Suddenly, she stopped, her face became serious.

"You do love me, don't you, uncle Tony? Please say that you do. I live for you; I always will."

Of all the women, I had ever met and had sex with, this was the first that I had even thought about spending the rest of my life with. She was already as beautiful as her mother. I had never had such intense and passionate sex, and the age difference wasn't that big. I thought about it for a moment and then made my decision.

"Susan, you are the most wonderful girl in the world. I swear to you that I will love you and care for you until we die, and you're right, we WILL find a way to marry and have a child. You are mine, and I am yours, and I believe you when you tell me. What we did was wrong, but I'm glad we did it and I have no regrets. I'm guessing and hoping that you haven't started your monthlies yet, because it would really ruin things if I got you pregnant."

"No, mom told me what would happen, but it hasn't happened yet."

We cleaned up the house, made the beds and settled down to watch TV. She went upstairs to go to bed. I went up soon after and went into her room to kiss her goodnight, but she wasn't there. I went into my bedroom, and she lay on the bed, completely naked, except for a black bow-tie around her neck. My God it was sexy, she really knew how to turn me on.

The rest of the holiday was incredible, we slept together and fucked almost every night, sometimes during the day as well. Then at the end of the third week, Tom called.

"We are leaving this afternoon. I prefer driving at night, so I should be back

tomorrow morning." I told Susan the news. Tears ran down her face.

"What are we going to do my love, you can't just go off and leave me." I thought for a moment, then "I'll offer to help you with your homework once school starts and you can come around to my place several times a week." She thought about it and pouted.

"I want you with me all the time, but I guess it will have to do."

Chapter Twenty-One

One Winter's Night

Things were tough after Dad died. We lived in a big expensive house, but without dad's income we just couldn't afford to keep up with the upkeep the bills and the mortgage. Mom decided to sell the house and downsize to something smaller. The house had quite a lot of land, so it wasn't difficult to sell and the price we got for it, enabled mom to buy another place which she could pay for outright and still have money left over to keep us going.

Once the sale had gone through, we had to stay with friends until mom could find a new place. There were just four of us. My mom, and my two sisters. I was already eighteen, and I had my driver's license, my sister Tammy was twelve and my youngest sister Janice was nine. I ended up staying with one of my friends and his parents and mom and the two girls stayed with one of her friends. I had my dad's BMW, we would probably have to sell it if I couldn't get a job real soon, because the insurance was horrendous for a young driver like me. Mom bought a second hand Volkswagen Beetle so she could get around cheaply.

In her younger days, mom had been a real beauty. She could easily have been mistaken for a film star. Tall and willowy with great legs, long, wavy, chestnut brown hair. Great boobs and a fabulous smile. The years and three kids had taken their toll and after Janice, she had let herself sort of go to seed. Tammy was going to be very much like her. At twelve she had a great body, and she was a real vivacious girl who got on well with almost everyone. She had been knocking around with one of the sixth form guys at a nearby school but that hasn't lasted long, and most of her mates were now girls. I often wondered if maybe she was a bit of a budding lesbian. Janice was even prettier than her sister. She was very athletic, full of life, but very shy, she didn't go out much; she was a bit of a bookworm.

It didn't take too long before mom found a place. It was far too big for us, but it needed a lot of work, so it was very cheap. We were living in North Yorkshire, but the house was in Lincolnshire in a tiny village not far from Peterborough. I went with mom to inspect the place. It had four bedrooms, which were great, a small living room, a garage for two cars a bath room and two toilets, but the kitchen was awful and the garden was just overgrown with weeds. The only heating was a small ancient coal-fired boiler. The living room had a fireplace as well, but we wondered if the chimney had probably been blocked up.

We hired a furniture removed company and they moved the furniture to the new house. It was winter, very cold. Only mom and I went to supervise the offloading. We didn't unpack anything, they just took beds into the various rooms and the rest was just dropped anywhere. We went back and that evening, we made a final plan to move in. I was to go first on Sunday morning with Tammy. We would start to unpack bedclothes and kitchenware, and then mom would be just behind us, because she wanted to get a bag or two of coal and some wood. I was to get some wood and try to light the fire and if it didn't work, I was to light up the boiler until mom arrived with the coal.

We set off very early the next morning. Tammy bitched and whined about having to get up so early, but she brightened up when the heater in the car got nice and warm. The sky was darkening, and a few flakes of snow started to fall. When we finally arrived, it was past lunchtime. We had stopped for petrol, and I had picked up some sandwiches and bits at the filling station. The house was freezing. The only wood I had been able to get was damp, and it wouldn't light. Then my mobile rang. It was mom. "Are you all right? It's snowing like hell up here. We had to turn back. What's it like down there?"

"Thick snow and no sign of letting up. It's bloody freezing in here. I couldn't get any dry wood; I can't get it to light. I don't know what we can do." I told her.

"Wrap yourselves in blankets, try to keep warm the pair of you. Keep trying to get a fire going." So that was it. We were stuck.

"We're going to die here aren't we?" Good old Tammy always full of optimism.

"Don't be daft, get those boxes with the bedclothes unpacked, get as many blankets as you can onto our beds. I'm going to hunt for firewood." I went to the nearest neighbor a few hundred meters away. I introduced myself and asked if they had a few dry sticks for tinder to light a fire. They were quite pleasant and gave me a bag of dry sticks. I looked for more wood but there wasn't any to be found. Back at the house I told Tammy what I had found.

"Well light a fire then." I shook my head.

"With this little bit of kindling, I can get a fire going, but it won't last more than an hour or so. My suggestion is that we wait until the snow stops, then the snow ploughs will clear the roads. I'll go out and get coal, and we can use the kindling to get the boiler going." The weather didn't look optimistic. It was starting to get dark. I switched on the lights. Amazingly enough, the power was on. Mom must have organized it last time we were here. We scabbled around like mad things until we found a small electric fan heater in the boxes.

"Tammy, take the heater and put it in your bedroom. Get into bed and try to sleep."

"You're crazy. You'll freeze to death."

"No, once I'm in bed, it won't be too bad." She scowled at me.

"Wait here." She ran upstairs and a few minutes later she was back.

"Bring that bloody fan heater and come with me." We went up the stairs, and she went into my bedroom. She had put almost every duvet and blanket onto my bed. She grabbed the heater, plugged it in and switched it on. I opened my mouth to protest, but she cut me short.

"We can keep each other warm. It's the only way, and you know it." She stripped down to her pajamas. I turned my back while she did it and I too stripped down to my pajamas, but I left my Y-fronts on as well. She jumped into bed and vanished under the covers.

"Come on, for Gods sake, don't be bloody shy, I'm freezing in here." I hopped into bed. I wanted to keep her away from her. She was my sister, but just watching her undress had given me a raging hard on. She pulled herself up close to me.

"Put your arms round me and give me a bit of your warmth." She demanded. I did, but my erection was tight against her body. She gave a little giggle.

"Wow, I didn't know I could do that to you. I've often thought of you like that."

"It's the cold." I protested.

"Cold, hell. That's not cold it's hot." And she slid her hand into my pajamas. "Bloody cheat. Why have you got your shorts on as well. That's not fair. I haven't got

my panties on."

"Because you're my sister and because you aren't even thirteen yet."

"Don't talk such crap. You've been brainwashed as well. There's several of the girls at school who are fucking their brothers and even fathers. It's only a bad idea if you get me pregnant. Not that I would bother if I were older, but a kid now would be a disaster. Now come on, get those shorts off." She vanished under the clothes and started pulling my pants off. Then, she grabbed my shorts.

"Come on, don't be shy." She was laughing at me. Once the Y-fronts were off, I tried to put on my pajamas bottoms but she threw them across the room.

"You won't need those tonight." She grabbed my cock and started to jerk me off.

"Come on Paul, for fucks sake don't be so fucking uptight. I've got two tits and a pussy for you to play with. There's just the two of us, we need to keep warm, so let's make the most of it." She giggled. "I brought a whole pile of hankies in with the sheets," she let go of me and quickly took off all her clothes. And dropped them on the floor at the side of the bed.

"Here." She grabbed my hand and put it on her breast. As I massaged her breast, she started jerking me off again. With her free hand, she pulled my hand from her breast and placed it on her pussy. She was soaking wet.

"Come on Paul." She pleaded, "I've had the hots for you for quite a while. Tonight is more than I dared to hope for. I'm sure I'm not your first girl, so give me a bit of

pleasure as well."

Truth was, I had never had sex with a girl, we had never got further than mutual masturbation., but, I obediently began to rub her clit. It was a lot bigger than any of the girls I had been with before.

"Oh yes, Paul. That feels fucking fantastic. Don't stop, for God's sake don't stop." It didn't take long before she reached her climax. Shudders ran through her body, but her hand on my prick never missed a beat.

"Fuck that was good. Tell me when you're ready." She said. I lost it there and then.

"Oh shit, Tammy, I'm coming." She pulled back the bedsheets just in time as spurt after spurt of my semen splashed all over my chest and stomach.

"Jeez, Paul that felt like a lot. Here clean yourself up. I can't see in this light." I cleaned up and pulled the bedsheets back over us.

"I really enjoyed that, Paul, please hold me tight in your arms. I've always wanted to fuck you, but there's never been a chance until now. You aren't going to get much sleep tonight. I want to fuck you, all the way." I wanted it too, but there was a problem.

"Tammy, to be completely honest, I often got a hard on when I saw you, but I never thought about having sex with you. I would really like to do, but I don't have any condoms."

"That won't work as an excuse for you." She said. "I have a week before my period, so I'm safe, we can fuck ourselves silly and I won't get preggers. I want you inside me Paul, and I'm accepting no excuses."

"But isn't it going to mess up the sheets, won't there be blood and all that?"

"That's one of the things I love about my bro. You are so trusting. I had sex with one of the boys at school. It hurt a lot, and yes there was blood. He was humping away, but the only way I could actually enjoy it was if I closed my eyes and imagined it was my big bro doing it."

We talked and laughed and cuddled close to each other for well over an hour. Then, she started kissing me and my dick started to rise.

"It's too bloody cold to do anything adventurous; she told me. I see only two choices. I've only ever done it once, the usual way. I think it's called missionary, but I've watched some porn movies, and I've seen them doing it side to side. I lay on my side, and you get in from behind. I've also seen them do it face to face lying side by side. I'm not sure how to get there, we'll just have to try to work it out together."

It took quite a while of messing around, but when it's your first time, and it's bloody freezing outside the covers and it's dark, it isn't so easy. We were both going crazy with frustration, so we went back to hand jobs. She had three orgasms. Then finally I had mine.

"I'm sorry that I disappointed you Tammy, please forgive me, but I've never actually

done it with a girl before." She was surprised.

"Well as sure as hell, we are going to cure that tomorrow. We will find a way, and we are going to do it many more times in the future." We slept in each other's arms that night, trying to keep warm. When we awoke, I have a massive erection. We huddled together.

"Tammy, I want you to stay here in bed. There's a bit of heat coming from the heater, but it's fucking freezing. Promise me that you'll stay here snuggled up and I'm going to try to find coal, wood, or whatever. I struggled into clothes" It had stopped snowing but it was pretty deep outside.

I shoveled snow to get to the road. There had been some traffic, so I got the car out and headed for shops. After asking around, I managed to find a couple of bags of the right coal for the boiler and a woodyard offered to bring me a load of logs later in the day along with a few more bags of coal. He knew the house.

"Best thing to do." He told me, "is to get that old boiler lit up, turn off al the radiators except for one or two rooms and you can turn on the others as it gets warmed up. You need to scrap that old heating system and get a new one."

"As soon as you can, please!" I begged. "I almost froze to death last night." I bought some soup, and food we could cook in the microwave and a half bottle of whiskey. Mom called.

"Are you both OK? We won't be able to leave here today. It's almost a blizzard here, and some of the roads are impassable."

"Don't worry, mom. I got wood and coal, and I'm headed back to get some heat into the house." I lit the boiler, made tea with a shot of whiskey in it and some toast and marmalade and a couple of boiled eggs and I took Tammy breakfast.

"Just stay there and keep warm until the room gets a bit warmer. They are bringing wood and more coal, and I'll get the living room fire going." I went down and eventually managed to get the fire going in the living room. There wasn't much wood left, but they guy came and delivered a load of wood and ten bags of coal for the boiler. I phoned mom.

"I bought wood and coal. I've got the boiler going and the fire. I bought us some food, but that took the last of my cash and my debit card is also about finished. Can you transfer a bit of cash into my card. I think it may be a day or two before you can travel, and we don't want to starve to death."

"I'll transfer five hundred Pounds to your card, but please don't waste it." She was quite concerned about our welfare. I though she would have freaked out if she knew what we had been up to last night. I called Tammy.

"It's nice and warm in here now, you can come down." She took out her purse.

"Mom gave me eighty Pounds in case I needed anything. Here, take it, let's nip down to the shops whilst the road is still clear and get some food." I still had twenty Pounds left, so we blew the lot on food. When we got back, Tammy cooked us a proper breakfast. We unpacked some of the boxes and one by one we turned on the radiators. By mid afternoon, the house was nice and warm. We had some big soft rugs among the furniture so we put those down and maneuvered the settee and the two comfortable chairs into the lounge. We went hard at it arranging furniture and moving things around, until we had managed to get the living room and the kitchen looking as though we lived there. I got the TV working. The weather

forecast was pretty lousy.

"Looks like we are marooned here all alone for a few more days at least, Paul. Let's get an early night. It's time that my big bro lost his virginity." We went upstairs and got the headboard and the side tables into place along with the bedside lamps. Tammy just took off all her clothes and stood naked before me.

"Well?" She asked. "Do you like what you see?"

"You are beautiful." I told her.

"Well don't just stand there gawping, get those bloody clothes off, get into bed and let's have a bit of fun. That's one great thing about sex, you can do it any time and it's free." I got into bed with her. We explored each other's bodies in the light of the bedside lamps. She really was gorgeous.

"Tammy, are you absolutely sure about this. If anyone finds out, they'll lock us both up. You're only twelve, and I'm eighteen, and I'm your brother."

"Oh stop being so bloody silly Paul. It's MY body, and I know what I want. What I want is you, so shut up and just enjoy it."

Finally, she got me between her legs and rubbed my penis up and down the length of her wet pussy. I pushed, and I was inside her. It was tight, but so warm and slippery. As I slid inside, I already started to lose it. By the time, I was a bit more than halfway in, it happened.

"Oh fuck, I can't, oh Tammy, oh fuck, I'm coming." My orgasm was intense. I tried to pull out, but she stopped me.

"Please don't, Paul. Don't worry. Just keep still. It's OK." She started kissing me. Hot passionate kisses. The feeling of being inside my twelve-year old sister was so beautiful; I could feel my erection starting all over again. She stroked my back, and her kisses got even hotter.

"I can feel you growing inside me, Paul. What a wonderful feeling. Come on lover, I want every millimeter of you inside me." I was eager to obey. I pushed deeper and deeper until my pubic hairs were entangled with the soft down around her pussy. It was sheer ecstasy. The additional lubrication of the semen I had already shot into her made moving easy. She guided me. Talking continually.

"That's right, long, slow strokes. Oh it feels so good, her fingers were busy on her clit, a bit faster now. I'm almost there. Come on, Paul, fuck me, fuck me. Oh Jesus Christ, oh my God, I'm coming." The last word was more of a scream. My prick felt as if it were caught in a vice. I had never imagined anything could be that good. There was nothing I could do. I spurted rope after rope of my sticky semen inside my little twelve-year old sister. Her spasms milked my dick of very last drop. She clung to me like a leech.

"That was amazing. Oh my God, Paul. I want you so much. No don't pull out. Just keep still. It feels wonderful to have my big brothers cock buried inside me. I wish I could keep it there forever." She grabbed some hankies and tried to push them under her. "It's leaking out the bed will be soaked." I pulled out and helped mop her up. She ran into the bathroom with my creamy spunk still oozing out of her leaving a couple of big blobs on the floor. She came back with a towel and got it under us and over the wet patch.

"Just hold me, Paul. That was something very special for me. I don't know about you, but I felt, so full of you and so very close that I was a part of you for a while. I don't care if you're my brother. I need you." We fell asleep, locked in each other's arms. When I awoke, she was holding my erection.

"Let's not waste this Paul." She climbed on top of me and after a bit of fumbling; she got me inside her. We were both beginners. It was clumsy, and I kept popping out of her it always seemed to happen as we neared climax, so it was very frustrating for both of us. Good sex takes practice, but we had almost eight days on our own to reach perfection. When mom called to say, they were leaving; I was actually disappointed. That meant the end of a wonderful relationship. Tammy would go back to school and find new boyfriends, I would hopefully soon get a job and we would probably never be able to have sex together again.

"We have to get your bed sorted, Tammy." I told her. "We don't want mom to know that we've been sleeping together." Tammy just smiled.

Mom arrived with Janice very late. They had stopped several times, car sick, toilet breaks, food. We all hugged, poor Janice was falling asleep, so mom put her to bed. We sat around the fire.

"You must have both been frozen, sleeping in a house with no heating. I'm so sorry, but I didn't count on the snow." Mom was genuinely concerned.

"Don't beat yourself up, mom." Tammy said. "We both slept together and kept each other warm." I went ice-cold. I expected mom to be furious. Instead, she just smiled.

"Very sensible, dear. I did think of suggesting it to Paul, but I felt that he might object, so I kept quiet." I was about to tell mom that nothing happened, when Tammy put both feet in it I thought.

"Oh, it was great; mom and we did it." I just sat paralyzed. I expected mom to jump up and start calling the cops. I didn't know what to say. Mom just smiled.

"The most important thing is did you enjoy it?" I couldn't believe my ears.

"It was great, mom. It took a bit of practice, but it just got better and better."

"That's good, my dear. Now, I hope that I can stop worrying about you Tammy it's great to know that you have someone who can satisfy you and who won't give you a disease or get you pregnant. I hope that Paul will stay with you and not go chasing others. I'm not so worried about my boy. He can't get pregnant or raped, but he can get a disease." It was my turn to speak. My throat was dry.

"But mom, I thought that you would be furious, but you aren't. Tammy is only twelve, and she's my sister. Isn't that so very wrong?" Mom smiled.

"I don't know why you would think that Paul. All girls want to experiment with sex, some start younger than others. I started when I was eight. Fortunately, my dad loved me enough to teach me and keep me happy until I met your father. It's Tammy's body, and she decides what she wants to do and when and with whom. They can make as many laws as they want, but it won't stop young people wanting sex. When your body tells you it's time, that's it. I'm just glad Tammy found you. I know you aren't diseased. I know you won't hurt her, and I just want you to be

careful for a bit. I'll get Tammy on the Pill for a while until your ardor dampens a bit." She laughed. "I wanted it every day for months, and then it sort of tapered off to a couple of times a week. When my monthlies started, we just did it during safe times. I never liked condoms. I hope this will be more or less permanent, you should have really good babies when you are older."

"But they say incestuous kids are deformed and idiots. Are you saying that it isn't true?"

"This is a matter of pure common sense, Paul. If there are know familial defects, like hemophilia or heart diseases, then it would be silly to make babies, there's nothing like that in our families on either side. There are plenty of cultures, like the Mennonites who intermarry and they produce some outstanding people. Unless you can get some false papers for one of you, you won't be able to marry, which would be a pity, but other than that, I don't have a problem. It's up to the two of you whether you stay together or not. Just one small point. There's young Janice up there. It's just a matter of time before she wants her share of sexual satisfaction. It would be great to think that Paul would do the same with her that he did with you, but that's up to the two of you. Just know that whatever you want to do, I won't interfere. Just stay faithful to each other and if one of you finds someone you like better. Promise me that you'll tell the other one. I don't believe in promiscuity. One man at a time, unless there is only one man and two women like we have here. As long as it's kept in the family, I'm OK with it."

"So you don't mind if Tammy and I sleep in the same bed then?" I asked mom.

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't. Just try not to make too much noise when you make love together and for God's sake, don't talk about it to anyone outside. There's a lot of witch-hunting going on. The ones who promote it most are the worst offenders, because they think if they lead the crusade, no one will suspect them

Chapter Twenty-Two

Runaways From Rape

December 1976 was cold. There was a good chance that it would snow on Christmas Day. I was a veterinarian. I had setup my surgery in a small town in the UK. It didn't have a big population, so I didn't have that many customers, but it didn't matter. I was independently wealthy. My folks had left me a substantial amount of money and properties, but I had no desire to be a playboy and that was the only reason that I was working at all. I had a big house outside town, very isolated. It had belonged to my uncle who had left it to me when he died.

The icy wind was blowing when I started out to my surgery at about half past six on the morning of Christmas Eve. I had only had a single customer the day before, a cat that had a fish bone stuck in its throat. I was planning to stay at the surgery for an hour or so and then leave my emergency telephone number on the door. After that, I would drive home for a relaxing Christmas. I had central heating, but I also had a big fireplace, and I was planning to light up a log fire as soon as I got home.

There were a few flake of snow in the air when I saw them. They were struggling against an icy headwind. The two small figures were walking in the same direction as me. They had a big, very old, and dilapidated suitcase which the bigger one was half-carrying, half-dragging, I could see that they were cold and tired and almost on the point of collapse, as they were having difficulty putting one foot before the other. What caught my attention was the object that they carried between them. I was a dirty blanket but inside, I could see a dog's feet. As I drew alongside, I saw that their faces were red and swollen. They were still crying, because their eyes were wet with tears. I couldn't tell if it were two boys or two girls. I wondered why they were out in the freezing cold so early in the morning.

My first thought was that they had accidentally done something that had injured the dog, and they were trying to somehow get rid of it. I stopped and got out of my car. They looked at me like two frightened animals. I saw that the dog was an Alsatian cross of around six months or so. It was breathing, but hardly moving. The two children looked terrified as I approached them.

"What's the matter with your dog?" I asked. The bigger of the two spoke. Under the untidy and old clothes, I could see that it was a girl. They were both in torn jeans; ragged overcoats with old dirty knitted hats and knitted scarves covering most of their faces.

"I don't know, mister. He can't walk, and we couldn't just leave him."

"What happened?" I asked. They both looked at each other and started crying. My suspicions were confirmed, I thought. They were probably playing and had somehow injured the dog. "Well, I'd better have a look at him, I'm a vet." I told them. Tears ran down their faces. They backed away from me.

"Please don't hurt us mister, we, we don't have any money."

"I don't care about money, let me first see if I can help the dog, then you can tell me what happened." I opened the back of my Station Wagon and motioned them to put the dog inside. They just stood there trembling with cold and fear. Both were girls, but their faces were red and puffed from crying. I noticed that the bigger one had a big bruise on her cheek. I beckoned to them again, to go into the back with the dog. The smaller one was shaking with fright.

"Please don't mister, please don't take us back. I'd rather die."

"Look." I pulled out my wallet and showed them my license. It stated veterinarian. "Look, I'm a vet. I want to help your dog. I want to take you to my surgery. When I've helped your dog, you can tell me what your problem is and I'll try to help you as well." They huddled together and whispered to each other for a few minutes. There seemed to be a sort of argument. Finally and very reluctantly, they got into the back of my vehicle with the dog.

I drove back to the surgery and opened up. Together we carried the dog and put him on the floor of the waiting room. The two were blue with cold and shivering. I turned the heating up. "Would you like tea, coffee, or hot chocolate?" I asked. They still seemed to be scared.

"Could we have some hot chocolate please."

I made each of them a big mug of hot chocolate and whilst they were drinking it, I took the dog into the surgery. I found the dog was covered in bruises and had several broken ribs, and his front leg had a fractured ulna. I gave the poor thing a general anaesthetic. After I had finished patching up the dog, I put him into one of my surgery kennels and went back to the girls. They sat huddled together. They had taken off some of their warm clothes, and I was horrified to see that the smaller one had bruises on her neck. "OK, your doggie will be just fine. He'll need to stay here for a few days. He is badly bruised and has two broken ribs and a broken leg. Now please tell me what happened and then I'll take you home." Both girls burst into tears and clung to each other. "Look, it doesn't matter what you did, the dog is going to be fine. It was an accident, I'm sure." The smaller one looked up.

"It wasn't anything that we did; it was my bloody father." She cried.

"Shut up, Sue. I told you we must never tell anyone." The taller girl snapped at the other.

"I don't care, Kelly, there's no way I'm ever going back there and the bastard and his mates won't do it to me." Kelly started to sob.

"No, shut up. I don't want anyone to know; you don't understand. I just want to die." She got up ran out of the waiting room and into the surgery where she curled up in a corner sobbing.

"So you are Sue, and she's Kelly. Now tell me exactly what happened. I promise I won't tell anyone, Doctor, patient privilege." Sue looked at me.

"You promise? Cross your heart?"

"Yes." Tears ran down her face.

"Dad is a drunk. Mom is a drunk, and she takes drugs as well. The bastard comes home drunk almost every day. Then, he hits us if he sees us and he and my mother fight with each other. We try to make sure that we are in bed before he gets back. Last night he came back early. He was in a foul mood. Mom was so full of dope; she was unconscious on the couch in the living room. He shook her, but she didn't wake up. Then, the bastard turned on Kelly. He slapped her around, grabbed her by the hair and then started tearing her clothes off. She was fighting him and screaming at him to stop, but he was like an animal. He ripped her shirt off and started squeezing her titties; she was screaming in pain. Then, he tore off her panties and dragged her by the hair to the kitchen table. He bent her over, pushing her head onto the table.

The dog tried to bite him, but he kept kicking at him until the dog ran away yelping. Then, he dropped his pants and his great big thing was sticking out. It was huge. I tried to hit him, but he backhanded me, and I flew right across the room and banged my head on the wall." She shuddered.

"He put some butter on his thingy from the butter dish and then rammed it into Kelly's pussy. She was screaming with pain. It was horrible. Then, he started banging at her. All I could do was sit there on the floor and watch. I was sure he was going to kill us. He was grunting like an animal and kept on shouting 'it's time you got a good fucking; you little stuck up bitch'. Then after a while, he yelled 'take that you little bitch, have a nice load of my baby juice,' and he shoved at her so hard; the table moved across the room. He just stood there for a couple of minutes. When he pulled his enormous thing out, poor Kelly was dripping with blood and great lumps of his white stuff just oozed out and ran down her legs. Then, he turned to me and grabbed me by the throat." She paused and fought back the tears.

"He lifted me off the ground and held me against the wall. He stuck his face into mine. 'It's your turn tomorrow you little whore', he yelled at me. I couldn't breathe. With his other hand, he pulled down my panties and stuck his big dirty finger into my pussy. I screamed, because it hurt so bad. He yelled 'It's time you did something useful around here as well. I'm going to fuck the shit out of you tomorrow. I'm going to bring some of my mates back with me, then we can have a proper Christmas Party. It's high time that you two started to earn your keep. When I've finished with you and my mates have finished with your bitch sister, then they can take turns with you as well. I'm sure they'll enjoy some fresh meat. Then, he dropped me onto the floor. Kelly grabbed me. I was fighting to breathe, and blood was running down my legs. It hurt really bad. We ran to our room and locked the door. Kelly was just crying; it was horrible. We were terrified that he might break into our room. Neither of us could sleep, we were so scared. We decided to run away. We waited until we heard him snoring then we put some things into a case and put on as many warm clothes as we could. Then, we sneaked downstairs, but poor Prince, couldn't walk. We weren't going to leave him there, my dad would have killed him, so we decided to take him with us. We got an old blanket and got him onto it. Then, we just ran.

We tried to get as far away as we could while it was still dark."

"Where are you planning to go to?" I asked. Sue started crying again. "We don't know, all we want to do is get away."

"Why not go to the police?"

"Dad knows some of them, he goes drinking and gambling with them; they wouldn't believe us."

"Where is your house?" I was shocked when she told me; they had walked almost four miles in the freezing cold carrying a puppy and a suitcase. I went into the surgery and sat down near Kelly.

"Kelly, stop crying, please. What happened to you was horrible. I can't even begin to imagine how you must feel. I want to help all three of you, but I can only do that if you trust me and you allow me to help. I'll do whatever it takes to keep you all safe." I tried to put my arm around her, but she pulled away and cringed. Sue went to her and put her arms around her.

"It's all right, Kelly. We need some help, or we are going to die. If we don't die of cold, dad will find us. I'd rather die than have that happen again. Please Kelly, I think we can trust this man." Kelly looked at me, then, she came close to me and I hugged her. She clung to me and sobbed in my arms for a long time. Sue sat with us. I think she must have cried herself almost into unconsciousness, but eventually she regained a bit of composure.

"Introductions, ladies. My name is Tony to you, and I gather that you are Susan and Kelly. Now, how old are you Kelly?"

"Almost ten. Sue will be eight in February." This was a truly bad situation. If I let the two go, they would probably freeze to death, but if I tried to help them, I could get into big trouble. I thought of confronting the father. I was a big guy, six foot four and almost seventeen stone. I Had my own gym now, but I had been involved in amateur bodybuilding for some time. I was also a karate black belt, so I wasn't scared of him. I was just scared of what would happen to me. If I beat the shit out of him and he had friends in the police force. I sat in thought for some time.

"Now listen up, girls, we have to get out of here, but first. Where is your mother and father?" I asked. Kelly thought for a moment.

"Mom will be out with her friends or looking for dope. Dad will be at work. Will you really help us? You won't hurt us, will you?"

"No, I promise I won't hurt you or do anything to you. What time will your folks be back? Is there anyone in the house?" I asked.

"What time is it now?" I looked at my watch.

"Just after eight fifteen" I told them.

"Oh mom won't be back before five or six o'clock. Dad probably much later, but one can never be sure. He has a Christmas job at one of the big stores, sort of security, looking for thieves and pickpockets. He starts work at eight, so he'll be

gone already. He leaves the key under the doormat by the back door. After work, he goes around to his mates and the pub."

"I have an idea." I told them. "Please trust me, we don't have much time. Just do what I say and don't ask questions. Both of you, take off your coats and sweater and roll up your sleeves. I'm going to take a small amount of blood from each of you and Prince as well."

"But . . . " I cut them off.

"No questions. Trust me, it won't hurt, just a pin prick" They rolled up their sleeves and I took about one hundred milliliters of blood from each of them. "Which room did dad rape you in?" I asked. "The kitchen?"

"Yes." I took blood from the dog as well.

"What's your address?" They gave me the address and told me that they had left the back door open, but dad would have locked it.

"First I want to take a look at that bruise." I told Kelly. "Go wash your face and bathe it in cold water. Your eyes are all puffed up from crying. You as well, Sue. I'll put some lotion on those bruises around your neck." I gave Kelly an ice pack from the 'fridge. "Hold this on it until I get back. Now please, wait here. Don't show your faces. Don't open the door. I have a key. Don't make a noise and if the phone rings, don't answer it."

I took the case, put the vials of blood in my pocket and set off in the car. There were

only a few cameras back then, and I knew where every camera was, so I took a route to their house that avoided them all. I parked a block away in a deserted side road and went the rest of the way on foot. When I arrived, I saw that all was clear and went in the back door. I kept my gloves on. I went first to the girl's room and strewed the contents of the case all over. Then, I splashed some blood from each vial onto the floor and wall. I splashed some more in the passage and in the kitchen, where I also added the blood from the dog in a dark corner. I opened the door to the living room and was shocked to see a woman lying on the couch. It must be the mother; she must have come home early. I quietly closed the door, being careful not to wake her. Then, I left the same way that I had come. When I got back to the surgery, I took a blanket, and then got the two girls together.

"I'm going outside to look around." I told them. "When I'm sure it's clear, I'll open the back of the car. When I give the signal, you both keep low, run to the car, get into the back and lie down. Then, I'll cover you with the blanket and you stay there and keep still until we get to my house. Understood?" They nodded.

We drove to my house, it was quite a way out of town and it had high fences and electronic gates. I drove to the front of the house and stopped. I got the girls out and led them into the house. The central heating was on and the place was nice and warm. I showed them around the big house. I had my own gym, heated swimming pool, library etc. I showed them the two main bedrooms, both with en suite bathrooms and the other four bedrooms. I lit up my log fire then, between us, we made up the big king sized bed in the second main bedroom.

"Where's the suitcase we brought?" Kelly asked.

"I took it back and took everything out and strewed it around your bedroom with some of your blood." I told them.

"But why? Now, we don't have any clothes?"

"Don't panic, I'll buy you some new ones, but you can't come with me. Just give me your sizes, clothes, and shoes, and I'll nip out and do a bit of Christmas shopping." I drove into town and bought clothes for both of them. Jeans, slacks, skirts, dresses, shoes, underwear, the lot. It wasn't cheap rubbish. I bought the best that I could find from one of the most expensive stores. When I got back, The back of the car was loaded, but I left everything in the car.

"Sorry, girls." I told them. "Everything in your sizes was sold out. I went to several stores. Don't panic, I'll find something on Boxing Day." I gave them each one of my T-shirts to sleep in and after a good meal, I told them to go to bed. The day, the cold, the long walk and the tears had taken it out of them. They were exhausted.

"Please can I get a bath first, Tony." Kelly asked. "I haven't been able to wash since, since he . . ." She broke off, and her eyes glistened with tears. "I feel, sort of dirty and I want to just scrub myself and get all traces of his stuff from me."

"Kelly, sweetie, you are exhausted. You are almost asleep. It's been a long day. Please just go to bed and sleep now and as soon as you wake up, I promise you can have a nice hot bath, both of you and just soak in it for as long as you like. I don't want you to fall asleep in the bath or hurt yourself. Please Kelly. Trust me and rest."

When they were asleep, I got out all the stuff that I had bought, it was all Christmas wrapped. Then, I decorated the living room a bit. No tree, but it was rather short notice! Then, I drove down to a phone box several miles away and called the police. I told them that I had heard a rumor that the man living at the address the girls had given me, had raped and murdered his two young daughters and that he had been seen leaving the house with a suspicious bundle, walking towards the river. Then, I went to bed.

I woke to a terrible scream. It took me a moment to realize what it was. I pulled on a pair of pants and rushed into the girl's room. Kelly was almost hysterical and Sue was trying to comfort her.

"You were just having a bad dream, Kelly. There's no-one here, only Tony" Kelly was looking around wildly.

"But I saw him. He had no clothes on, and he had a knife. He's going to rape me again and then kill me." I sat on the bed.

"Sshhh, Kelly, you were just having a nightmare. There's no-one here, I promise you. Your father will never come here. I'm sure he has problems of his own now." I waited until she quieted down. Then, I went into my room and got out a sleeping bag and a pillow. I went back into the girl's room and closed the door, locked it from the inside and laid out the sleeping bag in front of the door.

"I'm going to sleep right here tonight, Kelly. No-one will get past me. Now go to sleep."

I woke early the next morning and started making breakfast when the girls came down. They were wearing their tatty old clothes. They were excited to see the decorations and even more excited when they saw the huge pile of presents. What they couldn't see was that each was carefully labeled, either Kelly or Susan.

"No opening at all until you have both been back to your room and had a really good bath and washed and dried your hair. You look like a scruffy pair of tramps, and you only get to open one of these when I'm satisfied." I gave them each a parcel. In each one was new underwear, T-shirt, hairbrushes, toothbrushes, perfume and slacks. "You can open these when you have dried and done your hair."

They were both gone for a long time, and when they came back I could barely recognize them. Gone were the two scruffy, unkept kids and they had been replaced by two well dressed, smart, lovely young girls. Until that moment, I had never thought of either of them sexually, but things had just got different. Both had beautiful long naturally wavy hair. Is was a medium brown and whilst Sue had done hers in a pony tail, Kelly's fell over her shoulders, highlighting the two small but beautiful perky breasts that poked at the tight T-shirt she wore. I could see that even Sue was starting get her breasts already. They were both very slim. It was obvious that food had not been plentiful. The swollen faces and red eyes were gone, but the bruises were still very much there. "Is that better?" They asked in unison.

"Wow!" I was lost for words. "All right, you qualified. Now get into that pile of parcels, go to your room, try the stuff on. Be careful with it, because if there is anything you don't like or doesn't fit; I can take it back." They looked at me speechless.

"You mean all that stuff is for us?"

"Yes. You can't stay here with me looking like a pair of waifs." For the next hour, all I heard was shrieks of delight as the opened all their new clothes. I was happy to see them so happy after the terrible experience of the previous couple of days. After all, I had plenty of money and you can't take it with you! They rushed off to their room, and they were gone for a long time. Eventually they came back. They had dressed up in skirts and blouses, and they looked good enough to eat. Before they could speak, I told them to turn around and close their eyes. I had bought each of them a gold fine-linked chain. Well it was really three chains a gold one a white gold one and a red gold one all on a single clasp. I fastened them around their necks and produced a mirror.

"Happy Christmas to both of you." They screamed with delight and hugged me.

"Thank you, thank you." They chorused. Kelly looked serious.

"But Tony, we can never repay you. What if my father finds us? He'll either sell it all or tear it up. I'm so scared of him finding me. What's going to happen to us. We have nowhere to go."

"He won't." I replied. "But as you just brought up a subject, I would like you to give me chance to reply, without feeling threatened or awful or that you have any obligation to me whatsoever. No matter how you respond to what I am about to say, I promise you that it will make no difference. Please just sit still, keep quiet and hear me out before you speak. Is that OK?" The girls sat. They looked confused, and there was a bit of tension in the air. Everything had suddenly gone from excited happiness to very quiet serious.

"What's the matter, Tony, have we done something wrong?" Sue asked with a slight tremble in her voice.

"No, silly, of course not. The problem is that Kelly was brutalized and raped by her own father and you, Susan, had to watch those awful events and you had a horrible experience of your own. I can't say that I know how you feel, because I don't think that any man is capable of knowing what a terrible experience it must be for any woman, let alone ones as young as you, to have to endure such a thing. I'm also sure that this is going to stick in your mind for the rest of your lives, and you will eventually be unable to trust any man or get any joy at all out of a sexual encounter. I know this sounds bad and scary and you might think that I'm just as big a lecher as your father, but I'm not. You had a terrible experience, but you have to forget it, put it out of your mind and move on. If you fall off your bicycle and hurt yourself. The best thing you can do, is to get back on again. What I'm trying to say, bad as it may

sound, is that I have no wife and I broke up with my last girlfriend more than six weeks ago. So the bottom line is that we can all help each other. You can get back on that bicycle, and I'll try to show you that not everyone is an animal and I promise never to hurt either of you or force you to do anything. Sex between two people who trust each other and want it is beautiful, fun, and necessary. I would like to show you. No obligation. Now, you can speak. Please don't think badly of me or run away. What happened, happened? It can't be undone. You have to learn to live with it. When you do something new, your first experience is usually the one that makes the biggest impression. You mustn't let what your father did, color the rest of your lives. Over to you."

Both girls sat, staring at me. I could see that they were both thinking. Finally Sue spoke up. "Will it hurt a lot if you stick your thing in me?"

"First, it's called a penis and the very first time, there's a bit of skin in the way, and yes, it hurts a little bit, but only for a short time. However in your case, I think your father did that already, that's why you were bleeding, but even if he didn't, it's only the very first time and it isn't very painful and it's soon better." Kelly looked at me.

"You're right, Tony. I'm going to have nightmares about my dad for the rest of my life. I decided that I would never let any man ever touch me like that. You've been so good to us. I feel that I should do this for myself as well as to try to give you something back. Maybe you can help me, but I have to be honest, I'm terrified. He hurt me so much, and it was so humiliating. I just wanted to die. I seriously thought of killing myself. It was only the thought of my sister being raped and brutalized by my father and his mates that stopped me. I can still feel his slimy stuff running down my legs." She shuddered. "When do you want to do it?"

"Only when you are ready and I promise you that I won't hurt you or make you feel bad." Kelly was close to tears.

"But you are right. I can't stop thinking about it. It's haunting me. I need to do this and the sooner the better. Why not right now?" I went over to the couch and sat beside her.

"No, not right now. Let's just enjoy the day. It's Christmas Day. Relax, enjoy some good food. Maybe swim in the pool. Just enjoy. I have to pop down to the surgery and make sure that Prince is comfortable and give him food. I won't be long, but you have to give me your word that you will be very quiet, you mustn't switch lights on or off and if anyone calls or the phone rings, be silent. There is a very slim chance that they are looking for you. I doubt it because I want the police to think that your father murdered you and hid the bodies." I told them what I had done the previous evening whilst they were asleep.

The rest of the day went quickly and as evening drew on, I set up the TV and between us we picked a movie. We sat on the couch, and I had a girl on each side of me. As the film progressed, I put my arms around both of them. I felt a momentary tightness in Kelly, but she soon snuggled up to me and relaxed. I stroked their arms and their backs. When the film ended I was hugging both of them tightly. I turned to Kelly.

"Kelly." I whispered and as she turned to look at me I kissed her gently on the lips. She stiffened, and I thought that she was going to pull away, but she didn't.

"Sorry." She murmured. "Please forgive me." I kissed her again, and she returned my kiss. It wasn't very practiced, but she learned quickly. After a few minutes, I turned and kissed Sue on the lips also. She must have been watching the movie, because she put her arms around my neck and pressed her lips to mine. Not a very good kiss, but no sign of tension.

I switched over to the news; Police had arrested a man for the suspected rape and murder of his two daughters and his wife. Police had found blood and semen at the house as well as blood and vaginal contributions from what was suspected to be one of his daughters. The mother had died the previous day as the result of an overdose, which they believed the father must have administered. Police were searching the river for the bodies of the two girls and anyone with information was asked to come forward. Both girls gave sighs of relief. I was a bit surprised to learn that the woman I had seen on the couch had been dead for some time. But I kept quiet.

"Dad must have killed her after we locked ourselves in our room." Kelly said, "I think he must have gone mad or something."

"It isn't over yet girls." I told them. "You mustn't leave the house or be seen for quite a while. I already have a customer for my veterinary practice, and he is waiting for the sale of his property to complete, which he hopes will be early next year. When the sale is through, I had planned to leave the UK and go to either Spain, Australia, or South Africa. We have time to decide where. I'll need to get you some false papers, but I have a contact that can organize these things. Then, we need to change your appearance, dye your hair black or blonde and get you both passports. I promise to look after both of you until you are 18. After that, it's up to the three of us to decide. The good news is, there can be no school, you will have to learn at home until we get out of the UK. I also expect you to work out and keep yourselves in good shape. I can't stand fat girls, but you are both skinny. You need to eat well and get into the gym. I'm going to train you both. I'll teach you a bit of karate and Aikido as well, just in case anyone ever tries to hurt you again."

I did some careful thinking. It was true that I felt that the best thing for Kelly would be to get right back on the bicycle. In short, I was convinced that slow and gentle lovemaking would help her to forget the rape. Without it, I guessed that the nightmares would just keep coming back. I also have to confess that I wanted to have sex with her. I don't believe any man who says that he doesn't get turned on

when a young girl is willing to let him have sex with her. As long as it's consensual, I just don't hold with the witch hunt for pedophiles. When a girl of any age wants to experiment with sex, they will. No law on earth will stop them. If they pick the wrong bloke, they could end up getting very badly hurt or even murdered. With Susan, it was different. She had been violated but not raped. Nevertheless, her first experience with sex would never go away. She was very young to be introduced to actual intercourse, but I would have to leave this up to her to decide. It certainly wouldn't be a problem for me. She was very pretty, in spite of being underfed.

"I have a proposition for both of you. Please don't be scared to say no. As Kelly needs to put her experience behind her, and I guess she is going to keep having nightmares about her father, I'm going to suggest that we all three sleep in the same bed tonight. No-one has to do this and nothing has to happen. Just lets all relax together. You won't need to call me if you have a bad dream. I'll be there with you. I promise to keep you safe, no matter what. What do you think?" Susan was first to respond.

"Do you really think that it won't hurt me?"

"I can't guarantee it, but from what you told me, you are no longer a virgin, and if you aren't, it won't hurt, and you should be able to enjoy it." We had Christmas cake, and a mince pie, and we all three had a glass of Port. I hoped it would relax them. After the drink, we went upstairs and into my bedroom. I felt Kelly stiffen as we approached the bed. We all three sat on the edge of the bed. Kelly started trembling.

"Can we rather do this tomorrow?" She whispered. "I'm so scared. I know it's silly but . . ." I put my arm around her shoulders. She was trembling.

"Shhhh" I whispered. "Don't be scared, no-one is going to hurt you." I hugged her

and stroked her shoulders.

"Would it be better if I went into my own room tonight?" Sue asked.

"No Sue, your sister needs you to be with her. I know you re both scared. Hold her hand, try to comfort each other. You both know that I would never hurt either of you." Sue held Kelly's hand and stroked it.

"I'm here for you sis." She whispered. "Don't be scared. I like Tony a lot. He's done more for us than our folks ever did. Trust him Kelly, I do." We sat like that for a long time. Cautiously I moved my hand until I allowed it to just brush her breasts through the thin silk blouse. She stiffened again, but then relaxed a bit. Very slowly and carefully, I unfastened the buttons of her blouse. I was talking to her the whole time, reassuring her that no-one would ever hurt her again. It must have taken me almost half an hour before the last button was opened, and the blouse fell open revealing two beautiful small, but perky breasts. I was horrified to see that she had dark bruises around both of them, and it was an indication as to just what an animal her father had been.

I had to be very careful. I knew that if it didn't happen tonight, I would lose her forever and she would bear the scars of her rape for the rest of her life. Very gently and slowly I traced rings around her nipples with my finger. Soon, they were hard as bullets, but every few minutes, she would shiver uncontrollably. It took around fifteen minutes before she relaxed and her breathing became shallower. Very slowly I moved my hand down towards her stomach and then back again to her breasts as she started to relax more and more, I gently pushed her back so that the upper part of her body was lying on the bed and her legs were still over the side. Sue lay beside her and took over gently stroking her upper body and breasts. Like me, she could see those bruises and she carefully avoided pressing on them.

Kelly's breathing was getting faster. I stroked her tummy and after a while, I slid my hand down inside the elastic top of her slacks until I reached her pussy. She stiffened and tried to get up, but Sue held her very gently. "Shh, don't be scared. I'm not going to hurt you." I must have said this fifty times over the next half hour. She was starting to get wet, but from time to time, the shaking started again. Finally, I got my hand into position and managed to slide her slacks from under her until I could work them off completely. All that stood between me now was her fear and the thin lacy black panties that I had bought her. I could see the darker patch getting bigger, and I knew that it was now or never. Very slowly I managed to work her panties from under her and take them off. She lay naked before me.

I knelt down and used my tongue up and down her still bald slit. There was just a trace of fine down around it. When I hit her clit with my tongue, it was as if I had given her an electric shock. She started to struggle, but only for a few seconds, because Sue was whispering to her and stroking her face and hair. I gently slipped my finger inside that wonderful tunnel of love. It took quite a while to bring her to a climax, working her clit with my tongue and her G-spot with my finger. Her back arched and she cried out. I held her tightly. My head was on her tummy, and I could feel the contraction of her muscles. I unzipped my pants and managed to get them off. My dick was like an iron bar. She was incredibly wet now and so was I.

As soon as it sprang free, I heard Sue gasp. I was only an average six and a half inches, but to an eight-year old, it must have seemed huge. Slowly and carefully, I managed to position the head of my penis against Kelly's lovely pussy, and slowly and carefully I slipped inside her. Sue was staring open mouthed as my engorged member slowly disappeared inside her sister. She had one hand inside her slacks, and I could see that she was masturbating. I moved my mouth to those wonderful little, rock hard nipples and I sucked at them and massaged them with my tongue. I just groaned with pleasure.

Kelly lay under me as I slowly moved, with short slow strokes. She groaned, and I could feel that she was ready. I increased the length of the strokes, and she began to meet my downstrokes with her hips. The strokes got faster until we were fucking flat out with long thrusts getting faster and faster. I felt her stiffen, and I knew that

she was on the brink.

"Oh my God, oh yes." She screamed, and her inner muscles grabbed me like a vice. I was desperate to orgasm, but I fought it with every fiber of my being. Eventually, her spasms stopped and I started to fuck her again. From the corner of my eye, I saw Sue also hit a body wrenching orgasm as well. Kelly's hips were now slamming up to meet me. She was muttering gibberish; I couldn't make out what she was saying. I felt her start to tense and as she cried out, I just couldn't hold back any longer. Huge ropes of my hot sticky semen gushed out of my tortured prick and decorated the inside of her waiting womb and the walls of her vagina. I thought I would never stop. My body was on fire and my mind was in a different galaxy as wave after wave of unadulterated pleasure, and euphoria shot through me. Dimly I heard Kelly crying out, and I think she hit another orgasm on top of the one that had started. .

We lay, locked together for a few minutes. I took a hankie and pulled out as I slipped the hankie under her pink open pussy. I remembered how she had hated his 'slimy stuff' running down her legs. As I watched great gobbets of my white, sperm-loaded semen oozed out of her. Sue gave a strangled cry and went into yet another orgasm. God knows how many she had already had. There is nothing more erotic than watching your semen drip out of a girl that you have just fucked, especially one that's only ten years old. My semi-flaccid dick was already staring to harden again.

I kissed Kelly and she returned my kiss, locking her arms around my neck.

"Thank you, Tony, thank you. That was wonderful. Thank you for not hurting me and being so patient. I was terrified. But I'm so glad that you helped me, both of you. You showed me that sex isn't horrible. You aren't nearly as big as my father; his penis is huge. It's much longer than yours and a lot thicker. It hurt so bad." Tears ran down her face at the memory.

"I'm glad that I didn't hurt you, sweetheart. Now try to forget what that animal did to you and just remember what we just did and I hope we can do it many more times in the future. Now it's your turn to help Susan." Kelly sat up and saw my engorged penis. She stroked it.

"Sis, are you ready for this?" In reply, Susan rapidly shed her clothes until her naked eight-year old body lay on the bed before me.

"Try not to make it hurt too much." She whispered. The lips of her little bald vagina were open like the petals of an exotic flower. I could hardly believe that someone so young could get so wet. Foreplay was pointless. She had watched me fuck her big sister and that was foreplay enough. Kelly massaged her tiny budding breasts and held her as I slid my throbbing penis into her bald little pussy. She wriggled to try to help me get in deeper. She was wet with sweat and breathing hard. Kelly kissed. Her .and she found Susan's clit with her fingers. She was incredibly tight, but there was no hymen to block my progress. It took some time before I could penetrate her completely.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"No, I feel, well, I feel full, but it's starting to feel good now. Is it all inside?"

"Yes sis." Kelly told her. "It's all inside. It should start to feel really good now." She continued administering to Susan's clit, as I slowly started to fuck her. It was incredibly tight and just a bit painful for me, but as we progressed, and she became accustomed to the invader inside her; it got easier. With Kelly working the clit and me massaging inside, it took only a few minutes before Sue had yet another orgasm. It was a major one; I was sure that my dick was going to be completely crushed. She bucked and writhed and screamed with pleasure as her orgasm took over. Before she had properly come down, I was fucking her again. Sue was

pounding back at me. I grimly held on until she peaked again, and then I shot my load of hot sticky semen as deep inside her as I could. I don't know which one of us made the most noise, because Sue was screaming, Kelly was screaming, and I was also. I could hardly breathe. I was covered in sweat and we all three lay entangled together and watched dollops of my semen drip out of her no longer tiny cunt. The bed was wet with sweat and semen. We managed to somehow pull the sheet over us, and we just collapsed together in a deep sleep until morning. I was dreaming, and I had an amazing hard-on. I woke up. I found that Kelly was missing, and Susan was stroking my penis.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"You don't know?"

"Well yes, of course, but where's your sister?"

"Kelly is making breakfast, so for now, you're mine, at least for a while. Didn't you enjoy having me last night?" I looked into her mischievous brown eyes.

"Of course, I did, you are both very beautiful girls and I love you both."

"Well, don't just lie there, - prove it. You can have Kelly after breakfast. I did ask her because she's the oldest, and she says it's OK."

Well, how can a red blooded young man refuse such an invitation.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Sandy and Sherry

I had a couple of really bad experiences with girls. When I had been ten, one of the girls at my school, Sylvia, gave me a blow job in exchange for a couple of cigarettes. A few days later, I offered her a pack of twenty of her favorite brand if she would let me fuck her. I knew she was pretty experienced, because several other lads had fucked her too. Sylvia was my first, like me she was just past ten years old. I fucked her several more times before she suddenly left the area.

After I had finished school, I started a job. There was a pretty young girl working in the office. I tried to chat her up and date her, but she reported me to the boss for sexual harassment, and I got fired. I soon got another job, but I was very careful not to chat up the girls. One of them actually started chatting to me. I was scared to ask her out, so she latched on to one of the other guys. A week or two later, I was in the pub having a few beers, when she came in with the same bloke. She was tippling them back, and she was all over him. I thought "that lucky bastard will get some nooky tonight" a couple of days later the cops arrested him. He was charged with raping her. I went to the cops and told them that I'd seen them getting real hot in the pub that same night. The cops didn't want to know. According to the fellow, she had taken him to her flat and they had fucked. Next day, she went to the police and told them that she had only wanted to give him coffee. She agreed that she'd had a few to drink, but that he had taken advantage and forced her. From that day, I avoided women like the plague. My only sex was by my own hand.

It was a cold winter night when one of my friends came around to see me. Jim is twenty-six, just a year older than I. He has a small farm, just outside the town. Like me, Jim is pretty much a loner. Like me, he has an eye for, well let's just say, 'younger girls'. Having an eye for younger girls is very dangerous these days. The

old taboo has turned into a complete witch hunt. I live alone in a big old house, set in its own grounds. It was my grandfather's, but when he died, he left it to me.

Jim seemed quite excited. "Come round to my house tomorrow, Phil." He said, "I've got something you must see; it's bloody fantastic." We had some beers and talked a bit, but he wouldn't let on what it was all about. The next day, after lunch, I drove around to his farm and rang the bell. Imagine my surprise when a little girl opened the door. She was incredibly beautiful. It was difficult to judge her age. She had quite perky breasts and a body to die for; jet black hair done up in a pony tail. She had on a pair of white hot pants and a skimpy top.

"Hello." She said. "You must be daddy's friend Philip." What the hell was going on, Jim a father? I couldn't believe it. "Come in." She said and led me into the sitting room. Jim jumped up. The little girl ran to him and stood at his side.

"So how do you like my Tammy?" He asked. I was stunned.

"I never knew that you were a dad." I told him. He gave his little girl a hug.

"Go to your room Tammy, just for a while. I want to talk to my friend. Just go to sleep for a bit, I'll call you." Tammy gave him a hug.

"All right, daddy." She ran off. Jim waited until she had gone.

"So what do you think?" He asked again.

"She's beautiful, Jim. I never knew you were a father, where's her mother?"

"Actually, she isn't my daughter, I bought her, not cheap I can tell you, but worth every penny. I've never been so happy."

"Bought her? If they catch you, they'll kill you." Jim started laughing.

"She isn't real; she's what they are calling an android. She cost me five thousand Pounds. I can fuck her whenever I like and as often as I like, it's fucking marvelous."

"But it can't compare to a real girl; Jim nothing can compare to a real girl." Jim laughed.

"That's why I invited you here, Phil. I know that you will want one yourself. She's fantastic. She learns, she doesn't eat, she drinks water and some milk and I have a supply of pills. I give her one per week. She kisses like a real girl and when you've fucked her, you'll know it's as good, actually it's better than fucking a real girl. The people making these have to be careful for now. When you get them, they truly believe you are their daddy. They have a good vocabulary. It's amazing Phil. You know what women are like. It's only by personal introduction that you can get one. That's why you're here. I'm going to let you try her out."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"I just tell her to go to her room and sleep, and she does just that, turns off. When I want her, I just call her, and she's back online."

"Does she have batteries." I asked. Jim looked horrified.

"Don't be daft; of course, she doesn't, you can examine her and from the outside, she's a real girl. There are no components." He said, "She believes she's my daughter, but she does as I ask, so if I ask her to let you fuck her, she will. I wouldn't let anyone else."

"What happens to your semen if you come inside her?" I asked him.

"I have no idea. I think they absorb it or use it as fuel or whatever. She'll give you a fucking fantastic blow job as well, and she swallows every drop. You can have her programmed to do anal as well, but I'm not interested in that. Best of all is that she never gets older and never gets pregnant. Want to try?"

"Is the Pope a Catholic?" I asked, "Do babies crap yellow? Of course, I do."

"Tammy." He called. "Wake up sweetie." A few minutes later she came down. "Did you have a nice sleep, sweetheart?"

"Yes, thank you, daddy."

"Now my sweet, uncle Phil is a very special friend of mine. He likes you a lot. He's a really nice man. Will you do me a big favour, Tammy?" She looked up at him with big innocent brown eyes.

"Of course, I will daddy, I'll do anything for you."

"Well I would like you to take him to our room and make him happy as you do me. He hasn't been with a little girl for a very long time. I'm sure you'll enjoy it." Tammy looked at me and then him.

"If you're sure that you don't mind, daddy."

"Just this once, please love." She came over to me and took my hand.

"Come on, uncle Phil. Tammy will try to make you happy." Her hand felt real. We went up to the big bedroom. We sat on the bed. I kissed her. She kissed back. This wasn't a child's kiss. This was full of passion and promise; her mouth and tongue and lips felt like the real thing. My hand went to her breasts. "Let me take my top off for you, uncle Phil." She took off her top. Her breasts were small but perfect. I'd felt silicone ones and real ones. These were the real thing. She pushed up my T-shirt. "Let's take it off." I didn't need another invitation. She unzipped my fly and pulled out my erection. "Oh, uncle Phil. It's nice. Can I kiss it?" Christ this was unreal.

"Yes please." I whispered. She got down and took my entire shaft into her mouth. There was no gagging or choking. This felt better than the real thing. "Stop, Tammy, or you'll make me come."

"You can come in my mouth if it makes you happy." She murmured. "It tastes yummy." I unfastened her hot pants; she had nothing underneath except for a bald pouting pussy. She had a clitoris as well, and she was wet and ready. "How do you want to do it?" She asked. "You can teach me if I don't know it." I opened her legs, she opened them wide and guided me to her pussy. She rubbed it along her slit a

few times and then guided me into her. God it was warm and wet; she was already starting to milk me. I wasn't going to last long. "Why not come quickly?" She asked. "Then, we can have a rest and then do it again and take your time. Daddy won't mind. He wants me to make you happy." That did it, I had a massive orgasm; the semen seemed to have an endless supply. "Poor uncle Phil." She whispered. "It must have been a long time. Do you feel better now? Just rest for a while and Tammy will make you ready again. Then, I can really make uncle Phil happy." I hugged her, then for the next ten or fifteen minutes, she licked and sucked me, rubbed my penis on her breasts, ground her pussy on my leg and within fifteen minutes I was rock hard again.

I got her on her knees, we did it doggy, cowgirl, missionary, and finally face to face. I started to tense. My balls were getting ready to explode again. As I got ready to unload, she beat me to it. "Oh, uncle Phil, I'm coming, I'm coming." My prick got squeezed shudders ran through her body. I joined her and pumped another load of my sticky semen deep inside her. I just couldn't believe that this wasn't the real thing. I fell out of her. She kissed me. "Was that good for you, uncle Phil?" She asked. "Did I make you happy?"

"Yes, Tammy, you made me very happy."

"Oh goodie. Daddy will be pleased. I hate to disappoint my daddy." We went back down. She ran to Jim and threw her arms around him. "I made uncle Phil happy daddy. Are you happy now?"

"Yes Tammy, love. I'm very happy. You must be tired after that. Why not go to your room and have a little sleep? Daddy will call you."

"OK daddy." And she ran off

"Well, do you want one now?" Jim asked.

"That is fucking amazing, Jim. I still can't believe she's a machine. How do I get one? How long must I wait?" Jim took out his phone.

"I'll call him now and give him your address." When the phone had been picked up, he said. "My friend Phil that I mentioned to you is very interested. When can you get to see him." There was a pause. Jim turned to me. "How about six this evening?" I nodded. He gave the person on the other end my address.

I went back home and waited for the doorbell; it seemed like an eternity. At exactly six, the doorbell rang. Opened it and a young man came in. I sat him down and offered him a beer. He produced a tablet, turned it on and handed it to me. As I turned the pages, I saw that there were full length pictures of young girls.

"These girls are from about 8 years to twelve years old. If you press the minus sign at the bottom, it will reduce the age by one year to a minimum of 6. The plus will increase the age up to a maximum of 15. If you look on the side panel, you'll see that you have icons to change the hair color, eye color, shade of skin color. You also have items of dress, you can dress your model in whatever you like for delivery and you can add extra outfits at a small extra charge. You can also change size of breasts, the lips, the genitals, legs, whatever you like. I suggest I leave this with you for some time until you select exactly what you are looking for. Remember, the girls have no maintenance other than water which they will drink as necessary. Because of the fluids that you will also give them, we they can get necessary things from that, but once weekly, if they are in use, they will need a special pill that can be given orally and we supply you with enough for your lifetime. If you run out, which is unlikely, we can supply more. It's important to pick your ideal playmate. We hope she will be your companion and pleasure for the rest of your life. The models are

given a good vocabulary. They will believe that you are their father. They don't know that they aren't human. They will have a birthday at your choosing. Whatever name you wish to call them and they will possess all the skills needed to give you maximum pleasure, and you can teach them new things as well. They will also learn tasks like cooking, cleaning, washing, and other household tasks, you will be able to teach them. Here is my card. When you have chosen, give me a call and I'll come back and collect my tablet. Payment is cash in advance, delivery depends on the number of modifications, usually within three days."

After he had left, I spent hours poring over the pictures. Finally, I decided on not one, but two girls. One of nine and one of twelve. After I had made all the adjustments, I was going crazy. I must have jerked off a dozen times, just building them and imagining what they would be like. Eventually after two days, I called him. He came over an hour or two later. I had several questionnaires that I had to complete. Most of them were about the kind of sex I enjoyed. He wanted the length and girth of my erect penis. He was surprised that I ordered two.

"Are you going to have intercourse with them separately? Should they know what you are doing to the other? Do you plan threesomes? Are you all going to sleep in one bed?" Afterwards I handed over almost eleven thousand Pounds for the two girls and extra outfits.

"When can I expect delivery?" I asked. He studied my choices.

"Not too many modifications. Let me see, today is Tuesday, let us say Thursday evening at around eight o'clock. Will that be in order? For your own pleasure, may I suggest that you treat your daughters to a day or two getting to know each other before you initiate intercourse with one or both of them. Personally, I would put one to sleep whilst I pleasure the other a few times, then do the same to the other, and finally, both together. Stress you love both of them equally. The software responds better to lots of loving words. As you have indicated, once sexual activity begins,

after a few days, both of the girls will randomly initiate sex with you.”

I can't tell you how I felt for the next two days. It was difficult not to jerk off several times daily, but I fought the urge. On Thursday, the time seemed to pass so slowly. At eight, the doorbell rang. A very pretty young woman stood there with my two girls, one on each side of her, holding her hand. In real life, they were even more beautiful than I had seen them on the tablet.

“Good evening sir.” She said, smiling. “I've brought your two daughters back from the school.”

“Daddy, daddy.” They both yelled and rushed at me. I hugged them both. “Welcome home Sherry, welcome home Sandy. I've missed you so much.”

“Sit down girls and sleep for a little while, it's been a long journey.” The two girls sat on the settee, hugging each other and became still. “We don't like to think that the girls get to know that they are different. We only deliver to recommended customers. If you have friends, unmarried or divorced who have an inclination for the younger female, you will get a commission of one hundred Pounds per girl sold. They don't eat, but they think that only older people eat and drink. They will only drink milk or water. There are two tins of their nutrients in the vehicle that I brought them in. Please help me to bring them into your garage. You might like to put some into bottles we have provided and put them into their room or medicine cabinet. If they know where they are, they will take them when needed.” I helped her with two drums of tablets, about 10 gallon size, each filled with pills. “The blue ones are for the blonde girl, Sandy and the red ones for the brunette, Sherry. They know which needs which. They have different minerals for the hair and skin shade. I hope the girls give you a lot of pleasure, sir. Goodnight.” And she drove away.

I went back into the room. I looked at my two new daughters. I wanted to fuck both

of them, but I knew the salesman was right; anticipation is great. "Wake up Sherry, wake up Sandy. Come and let me hug you." Both the girls came running over, and one sat on each knee. They felt so completely real. I tickled them and they giggled and squirmed. I had made a room up for both of them. I took them to their room. "You need to decide who sleeps where." I told them. They each picked a bed. "Now lie down and go to sleep Sandy you can sleep too Sherry. Daddy will wake you in the morning."

I didn't get much sleep. My dick was demanding attention, but I fought the urge. I decided to stick it out until the afternoon, and then I would have to fuck one of them, but I still hadn't decided which one would be first. They were equally desirable.

Next morning, I woke them. They played Chess together and then some board game that I had bought for them. Then, they started a really big jigsaw puzzle. At about two o'clock. I decided it was time. I had decided that the younger one, Sherry would be my first. I had her dress in the same outfit that Jim's girl had worn, little white hot pants and a white little top.

"Sandy, you look tired." I told her. "Why don't you go to your room and sleep for a little while.?"

"OK daddy." She ran off. I went and sat on the settee with Sherry. God she was gorgeous.

"Let's play a game, sweetie. I want to play doctors. Can I be your doctor?" She looked at me with her big innocent brown eyes.

"I'd like that, daddy."

"First I have to check your mouth." I told her. "The best way to check your pretty mouth is to kiss it. May I kiss your mouth, Sherry?" She tilted her head and our lips met. It wasn't long before the kiss got demanding. I pulled away. And gently rubbed her nipples through her top.

"That feels nice daddy." She murmured.

"May I take your top off, so I can examine you better?" She nodded. I unfastened her top. Her breasts were even better in the flesh than on the pictures. I picked her up and carried her to my bedroom and put her onto the bed. I licked, kissed, and sucked her boobs for a long time, my dick was bursting. "I want to examine your pussy next." I told her. I pulled off her panties. I could see that the pouting lips of her pussy were already wet. I took off my shirt and pants. She took hold of my rock hard penis.

"Are you going to examine me with this, my daddy? It's very big. I'm only a little girl daddy. I'm only nine. Do you think it will fit? Please be gentle daddy, I'm only little and it will be my first time, but I think that would be nice don't you?" She spread her legs for me and guided me inside. I had hardly got inside before I pumped a massive load inside her.

"Sorry, Sherry. You are so lovely."

"Don't worry daddy, we can do it again as soon as you're ready. It fits in me nicely. I love my daddy. Would you like me to suck it for you, daddy?" I shook my head.

"No, Sherry, let's just lie together and enjoy being together. Just for a while, then we can do it again."

"I'd like that very much, daddy. It was starting to feel real good." She got her little hand around my shaft. My penis wasn't completely flaccid. She gently and rhythmically squeezed it. "Suck my titties again, daddy, please. It feels good when you do that." It didn't take long before I was hard again. She gently massaged my penis. "I can come on top if daddy feels tired." She suggested. I lay back.

"I'd like that very much." She straddled me and sank onto my hardness. They had taught her well. She rocked on me gently, stopping whenever she felt me close to coming. "Get on your knees, Sherry." I rode her doggy style. Finally, I rolled her onto her side and entered her from behind. I was starting to feel the urgency now. I started moving faster. "Get ready, my love." I told her.

"I'll always be ready for you daddeeeeeee." She stiffened, and her body shuddered as I pumped my load into her. We relaxed. I was still inside her, holding her breasts. "Wow, daddy that was so good. I'd like to do that a lot with my daddy, but what about Sandy?" I hugged her.

"I love both of you, so much, but I can't have fun with both of you at the same time."

"Why not, daddy. I'm sure Sandy wants to have fun with her daddy as well. Can I tell her what we did?"

"No, please don't, let me tell her myself." She gave me a cheeky grin.

"I know. Daddy wants to have some fun with my sister whilst I'm asleep. Will it be her first time as well?" I laughed.

"You're reading my mind. I'm not telling you, that's a secret, I would like to make sure that she loves me like you do and likes doing it with me as much as you do. Then, we can all know. Is that cool?"

"Of course, it is daddy, we both love you very much. I know she'll love doing it with you."

"Right, get dressed and let's go downstairs and I'll wake Sandy." We spent the rest of the afternoon playing hide and seek then I showed them how to tidy up and wash the dishes. I made myself. Some food and the girls played together while I ate. At ten o'clock, we all went upstairs. I put both girls into the room and then told Sherry to have a nice sleep until the morning. Sandy went to get into bed, but I stopped her.

"I get very lonely at night." I told her. "Would you come and sleep with me?"

"I'd love to sleep in my daddy's bed." I held her little hand and led her to my bedroom. I put on the small bedside lamp "I'm just going into the bathroom for a minute." I told her. "You can get into bed, I won't be long." I went into the bathroom and brushed my teeth. I got undressed apart from my shorts and went to the bedside. Sandy was lying waiting for me. I dropped my shorts and climbed into bed. Sandy was naked. She snuggled up to me and 'accidentally' rubbed against my erection.

"Oh, daddy is all hard." She whispered. I kissed her and as with Sherry, the kisses

got hotter and hotter. I moved my attention to those gorgeous breasts. She moaned and groaned and squirmed. "Oh daddy, I'm getting all wet, please daddy, play with my pussy, please daddy." As I had arranged with the salesman, she had a good sized very sensitive clitoris. I got my head down between her legs. Also as arranged, she had just a bit of soft golden down on her mound. There was also a subtle hint of perfume and no smell of urine whatsoever. Eating her out had never tasted or smelled so good. I worked on her until she climaxed. It didn't take very long. She moaned and groaned, and her orgasm was massive, Christ, these people really knew what a man wanted.

"Oh daddy that was nice. Now it's daddy's turn." She got down and started to give me a blowjob. It was fucking incredible, talk about deep throating. She stroked and licked my balls and it wasn't long before I unloaded into her throat. She swallowed every drop, well, I say swallowed. It all went inside. I lay back spent. Her hand continued to stroke my balls and gently squeeze my dick as her tongue gently licked the head. Although I was soft, I was slowly starting to get hard again. She rubbed her nipples on my penis and put my softish length between her breasts. How can a man stay soft, with treatment like that? It didn't take very long before I was ready again. Her cunt was fantastic. I fucked her in every position I knew. We must have been at it for twenty minutes before I just couldn't wait. I pushed in very hard. My prick swelled.

"Oh daddy, I'm coming." She cried. It was almost a shriek. Her cunt muscles squeezed me as I shot my load inside her. Her orgasm seemed to go on forever. She clung to me and huge shudders racked her perfect body. With each spurt of my spunk, she cried out. "More daddy, more." She milked my prick of every single drop of my sperms. It was the best fuck ever. I knew that within a few days, Sherry would be doing the same. We hugged and kissed for a while, and then I told her "time for little girls to have a nice snooze."

I had arranged with the salesman that the word sleep would take them offline, but snooze meant that they behaved like any little girl asleep after a good fucking. I lay

in my bed, thinking about life in the future. I had two little girls that I could fuck whenever and however I wanted. They would never say "no" or pretend to have a headache. Fuck, this was what every man wanted. The world had become so fucked up that men were regarded with contempt by women. Men were scared to even ask them for a date, because it would be sexual harassment and if they did go on a date, there was a chance that they would cry rape whenever they felt like it. I knew quite a few men who would pay anything to get a playmate like mine.

I didn't like allowing either of my sweeties to get fucked by another prick, but it was the only way to show people that they were actually better than the real thing. I decided to buy a third girl. I got a big discount. I called her Vicky. She was blonde and beautiful. I used her to sell the girls to others. I fucked her myself from time to time. I also let a few selected boys fuck her. I charge them a fiver for a fuck. Well, let's face it, getting young guys hooked on sex was preferable to drugs and it kept them away from diseases, being charged with rape or sexual harassment. So far, I've sold more than fifty, to guys I know. My sex life is incredible. Women are fast becoming obsolete. I wonder how long it will be before they wake up and realize that men are necessary and not to be treated like shit.

Chapter Twenty-Four

I Find My Cousin Jenny

I discovered the joys of wanking when I was about six years old. I was an only child. My father had passed away two months before I was born. My mother was a hypochondriac and hated men and anything to do with sex, which leads me to believe that I was an accident. A result of probably the first and last time she had sex. She was too lazy to work, so when my father died, she moved back to her parents and sponged on them. We were poor, very poor. My grandfather did his best to keep food on the table. My grandmother was riddled with arthritis so there wasn't much that she could do. To make matters worse, I was born in 1942, so my childhood, if you could call it that, was spent in the middle of World War II.

I wasn't allowed to play with other kids. I wasn't even allowed to go to school until the government forced my old lady to send me to primary school when I was seven. It was good to get out of the clutches of my mother for the hours that I spent at school every day. The school was about fifty meters from the house, but she took me there, collected me at lunch time and took me back again and collected me at end of school. All of this to make sure that I didn't have any male or female friends. My grandfather did his best to dispel the crap that my mother spoke, but it didn't help much.

I was antisocial, shy, had no people skills at all. My only relatives lived in the next village. My mother's brother, uncle Joe. He had a boy and a girl. They were both older than I, but I wasn't allowed to go near them. When I was four, they had another daughter, Jenny. She was born on my birthday. The only reason that I remembered her was that she started at primary school when I was ten and she was the prettiest kid in the school; in fact, the entire neighborhood.

I knew nothing at all about girls or sex. But for some reason, my dick got hard every time I saw my cousin Jenny. None of the other girls had that effect. When I got to the secondary school, she was eight years old. Rumors soon spread about her. She was gorgeous, and she knew it. The boys were all over her. I heard older boys boasting that they had fucked her. I had no idea what fucking was, but whatever it was, I knew that it was something that was wrong. During my first year at the secondary school, I made no friends. I shied away from the girls and a couple of the older boys tried to bully me with very bad results, one was hospitalized with a broken arm and the other was off for a week with bruised testicles. After that everyone kept away from me. In the latter part of the school year, white stuff started coming out of my penis when I wanked. There wasn't very much, I tried to see how far I could spurt it, but it was short of my belly button.

I'd seen girls boobs in magazines, but as far as I knew they had the same tackle as I between their legs. As I said, I was totally ignorant. School holidays came; my mother managed to get herself into hospital again. She was really happy when she had to go to hospital. Her sole topic of conversation was her health and many operations and trips to the hospital she had done.

I would be thirteen next year in February; my sexy little cousin Jenny would be ten. The boys hung around her like flies. She had a fantastic figure. She wasn't tall and skinny, or short, and fat. She had the body of a grown woman, about five feet four, nice boobs, long muscular legs a gorgeous bum and a slender muscular stomach. She had beautiful golden blonde wavy hair. Sometimes she did it in a pony tail, but more often it was loose and over her shoulders. I really, really wanted to talk to her, but I had no idea what to say. She used to look at me a lot when I was in the same area as her, but if she saw me looking, she would turn away.

I had a bus pass, so I used to catch the bus into the city and just sit in the park and read books or if it were wet, I would sit in the city library. It was Friday, mom was in

hospital, so I took a few books from the library and decided to read them at home. The front door had a Yale latch. I had a key, but we never locked the back door, so I went around the back. The door was wide open. I went inside, and I heard a rhythmic thumping coming from upstairs. The only other person in the house was my grandad. I'd taken off my shoes at the door, my mother would whine and complain for hours if we didn't, and I went to the stairs. I thought maybe he was in some sort of trouble and was banging for help. I was about to call him when I heard a girl's voice and the banging stopped. What was going on? Grandad was eighty-six years old. Why was there a girl in his room?

I tiptoed down the passage to his door. It was closed, so I knelt down and looked through the keyhole. Grandad's bed was across the room, so I could see the entire length of the bed. On it was my grandad and my cousin Jenny. She was stark naked. She was now starting to kneel on the bed. Her hands holding the top of the brass bedstead. My grandad was behind her also naked. His dick was rock hard and glistening. I was surprised, because it wasn't much bigger than mine. As I watched he lifted her a bit and I watched him slide the entire length of his penis inside her. Jenny cried out. "Oh grandad, it feels so good. Fuck me grandad, fuck me." He pulled out slowly until I could see the purple head and then thrust it back inside her right up to his balls. One hand was round her tummy, and the other was massaging her boobs. Then the banging started again as he thrust his rod in and out. By today's standards, I should have been surprised to see me grandad fucking a girl at eighty six years old, but back then many old people were still fertile and horny.

I got my hand inside my pants. My prick was rock hard. It took only a few seconds, and I came inside my pants and there was a lot of it, but instead of going soft my dick stayed quite hard, so I kept gently rubbing it. The banging got faster as grandad pumped his dick in and out. "Come on, Jenny, hurry up." He groaned.

"Nearly there, grandad." Then a few moments later. "Oh yes, now grandad." She clutched the bed. Grandad straightened his back and pushed even deeper inside her.

"Here it comes." He cried. I could see that he was pumping that white stuff into her, but he did it five or six times. Each time she groaned, but it wasn't pain. Eventually movement stopped. He pulled his softening prick out of her, followed by a waterfall of his stuff. I couldn't help it; I came a second time in my underpants. They were wet and uncomfortable. Grandad's dick was still dripping his stuff onto the bed. I didn't know what it was called then.

"Oh, grandad, I love it when you fuck me. It feels so good when you come inside me, and I can feel all that sperm going inside." More blobs of jelly-like stuff was oozing out of her. "None of the other boys can make me come three times as you do, grandad." She told him. "That boy Lawrence, he shot his sperm all over me before he even got it inside. They only last for a couple of minutes." Grandad was still hugging her and kissing and sucking her boobs. So the white stuff was called sperms, and I now knew what fucking was.

"You're a great fuck, my sweet Jenny." He told her. "I wish I could satisfy you more often, but I'm not as young as I used to be. Why don't you give young Eric a go. He's got no friends; you could teach him." My ears pricked up I was Eric.

"I like Eric a lot." Jenny told him. "But I don't think he likes girls. He keeps well away from me. He's a big strong boy. Everyone is shit scared of him, but he never looks for trouble. He's only happy on his own."

"That's his bloody mother's fault." Grandad told her. "She hates men, and she thinks sex is filthy. I think if you got him on his own and talked to him, dress sexy and let him see you like him, you could be fixed up."

"But he's my cousin. Isn't it illegal?" Grandad laughed.

"No more illegal than your fucking your poor old grandad. What people do in private is their business. Look I'll try to make sure he's here tomorrow, you come round the same time and I'll go to town and go to the pictures and you and he can be together. I suggest you get him off first and then let him rest a bit, otherwise he'll probably come before he gets inside. We'd better get dressed and go down, before anyone comes." I ran quietly down the stairs, grabbed my books, and shot off down the road. I hung around for about ten minutes and then went back. Grandad was sitting in his rocking chair and there was no sign of Jenny. I shot upstairs to get out of my wet, sperm-filled underpants and trousers.

For the rest of the day, I had a problem. I'd just found out what fucking was all about, and I was going to get to put my dick inside cousin Jenny tomorrow. It must feel terrific, I thought. I lay awake most of the night. My prick was rock hard, I desperately wanted to jerk off again, but I resisted, because I wanted to save it for tomorrow. Eventually I fell asleep. When I woke up, I got a bath, had breakfast, and tried to control my dick.

"Are you going out today?" Grandad asked. I held up one of my library books.

"No, I got some books from the library yesterday. I think I'll stay home and read them." I replied.

Just after lunch the doorbell rang. I was up in my room, trying to read. Grandad answered the door. I heard Jenny's voice. A bit later, grandad called me. "Eric, would you like some ice cream?"

I went downstairs. Jenny was sat on the settee. Most of her was bare. She had on a tiny pair of white shorts. The top was right at the very bottom of her waist. It looked

like one of her brother's shirts that she had tied over her boobs, her entire midsection, legs, arms, and shoulders, were bare. Her golden hair was loose and tumbled over her shoulders. She was the most beautiful, sexy thing that I had ever seen. She patted the settee. "Hi cousin Eric." I blushed.

"Hello Jenny." Grandad came in with two bowls of ice cream.

"Here get this down you before it melts. I'm going to the pictures." He looked at me. "Jenny is bored, why don't you and her play some chess or monopoly or something. There's a bottle of stout in the pantry. You can share it if you get thirsty. There's some ginger beer as well." He picked up his jacket and went out, slamming the door behind him. We ate our ice cream, then Jenny came right up close to me.

"Don't you like girls, Eric, or is it just me that you don't like.?" I almost choked

"I do like you Jenny, it's just, well, I just don't know what to say to girls." She wiggled even closer.

"We've never spoken before. I wanted to, but I thought that you didn't like me or that your mom had told you not to talk to me. I like you too Eric. I like you a lot. I know you're my cousin, but grandad says that it doesn't matter."

"I think you are the prettiest girl in the world." I stammered. "I've wanted to talk to you, but I never thought that you would want to talk to me." She stood up and then straddled my lap facing me. Her boobs were almost in my face. She leaned over and kissed me on the mouth. I'd never kissed anyone before, but I'm a quick learner. I soon responded. We had our arms around each other. She could feel my erection digging into her and she giggled.

"Sometimes, words aren't necessary." She said. She reared up put her hands behind her back for a moment and then her top came off. Up close and personal, those beautiful boobs looked ten times better than before. "Do you like my boobs?" She asked. "You can feel them, suck them, kiss them, whatever you like. Just be gentle." I didn't need asking twice. She got off my lap and sat beside me as I massaged and enjoyed her breasts. She unbuttoned my short pants. I wasn't wearing underpants, and my rampant dick sprang out. "Oh my God, Eric. That's a nice one. It's going to be a whopper when you finish growing" She leaned down and ran her tongue up my shaft as she pulled back my foreskin. When she got to the head, she licked it all over. I was bursting. I think she could see that. She quickly unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it open. Then, she took my dick in her hand and very slowly started to jerk me off. I couldn't do anything. I gave a strangled cry.

"Oh shit, Jenny." I almost screamed the last word as my prick erupted. The massive jet of sperm hit me on my chin and was all over my chest. There was another huge one that shot past my sternum. Then, she clamped her mouth over my dick and the next two shots went into her mouth. She licked my softening Dick clean. Then, she licked as much of my sperms off me as she could and then cleaned me with her frilly hankie.

"There now, Eric. You didn't have to say a word. Does that feel better? You taste good too." I held her in my arms, and we kissed some more. I opened my mouth to speak, but she put her finger to my lips. "Shhh, Eric. Just sit there and relax for a minute." She went into the kitchen and a short while later came back with two glasses of Mackeson stout. My pants and shirt were still open. Her top was still off. We drank the stout. She took the glasses and put them on the table. She held out her hand. "Come on, Eric. You don't have to talk, just enjoy yourself." She led me upstairs to grandad's bedroom. I was hanging onto my pants with my hand. "Let go, silly, you don't need those." I let them fall to the ground. She unfastened her little shorts and took them off. She was also naked underneath. She kicked off her shoes, pushed me onto the bed and lay beside me. It was the first time that I'd seen a girl naked other than through grandad's keyhole.

"Have you ever fucked a girl before, Eric?" She asked. I was staring at her body and the puffy slit between her legs.

"No, Jenny, I've never even seen a girl undressed before."

"Give me your hand." She took my hand and then took my middle finger. She guided it to the slit between her legs. "There, now push your finger inside my cunt."

Oh my God, it was wet, hot, and slippery. She pulled my finger out and guided me to the little button. "Now rub gently there, Eric. No, not like that, like this." She showed me. "Don't press so hard, be gentle. There, like that. Oh that's nice. Don't stop, just keep it like that." I settled down to work. Her eyes were closed. It took a minute or two; my hand was starting to ache. Then, I felt her stiffen and a great shudder went through her body. I knew she had reached that final spot. Time after time her body spasmed. Each time she reared up her head off the pillow. "Fuck, I needed that. Thank you Eric. You're a quick learner. Now, I want you to fuck me. Just one thing. This isn't just for you. I know you guys can only come once, but it's different with us girls. First, it takes longer and second, I like to do it a few times. I know it isn't easy, especially your first time, but please try to let me get off before you flood me with all your beautiful sperm."

"You'll have to teach me." I told her. She guided me between her legs and guided my rock hard dick inside her. I had never felt anything like it. I almost shot my load right there and then, but I remembered the conversation that she had with my grandad. "Jesus, Jenny. Oh my God, I've never felt anything like this." I had to keep still and concentrate. Her hips were grinding against me. "Jenny, keep still a minute. Please." I found that if I thought about other things I could keep moving. I fell out a few times, but she quickly guided me back in. It felt so good as I pumped my dick in

and out of her. I never wanted it to end.

"Nearly there." She gasped. I felt her body start to stiffen. Two more strokes and I unloaded. Her inner muscles clamped rhythmically on my dick. Stream after stream of my hot creamy sperm shot inside her. "Oh fuck, Eric that was good." I expected my prick to soften, but the feeling of being inside the most beautiful girl I had ever seem, the silkiness of her canal, and the muscles working my prick, wouldn't let it go soft. It wasn't as hard as it had been, but hard enough for me to start moving again. "Oh my God, Eric. This is fantastic. Don't stop, don't ever stop, just keep that up." All the time her hand had been working with me. Now, she was really going. Her hips slammed up to meet my downward thrusts. I was crazy with desire. I didn't want to come again. I just wanted to keep this going forever. I pounded away. "Fuck, Eric, I'm coming again," she shouted. I slowed down until her orgasm was over. Then, I carried on. We were like animals. My sperm was leaking out of her. We were making utterly obscene farting like noises as my dick pounded in and out of her. I knew that I wouldn't be able to hang on much longer. I started doing math problems in my head again.

"Come on, Jenny. One more, but hurry, for God's sake hurry." I shouted. Her hand was going crazy, she was slamming against me as hard as she could. Then, she gave a gurgling cry. "Aaarrggghh, oh shit." That did it. I shot my lot for the third time that day. Her nails dug into my back. I realized that we were both drenched in sweat. My heart was pounding, and I could hardly breathe. Jenny wasn't much better. My poor shriveling dick fell out of her along with lots of my sperm. It was all over us and the bed as well. I rolled off her and held her in my arms.

"Jenny that was the most wonderful thing that I've ever done." I told her. "You really are fantastic. I thought that I was going to die with pleasure" She sat up and looked at me.

"I never knew a man could come twice in a row like that before. If you really

enjoyed it, can we do it again û a lot?" She kissed me. "I know you're my cousin, but I don't give a fuck. Will you be my boyfriend? I mean really. I don't care what people think. If you say yes, I promise you, I'll just be yours. I won't do it any longer with any of the other boys." This was fantastic.

"I think I'm already in love with you, Jenny. I'll try not to be jealous, but I don't want you to make other boys feel like you make me feel. I want to be with you as much as I can, and I think I'm going to love fucking you û a lot."

When I had left school, I started working in a hospital laboratory. I found a little cottage that I could rent. Jenny moved in with me. Her parents didn't care what she did. People talked, but we really didn't give a fuck. I saved up my money, and we bought a little place miles away, where no one knew us. Life was great.

Chapter Twenty-Five

As the bus took her the two miles from school to her home, twelve-year old Samantha, Sam to her friends, debated whether to stay home and study for the forthcoming chemistry exam, or to go and visit her mother in the hospital. She had no real love for her mother; she was a total hypochondriac who was only happy when she could lay claim to being sick. Mom had no time for Sam, or her sister Tracy. She hadn't wanted either of them. They were both accidents. A result of her father who would rather spend his money on alcohol and other women than condoms, and her mother who surrounded herself with so many pills that she quite often forgot to take the one pill that actually was necessary; namely, the birth control pill. Sam slung her school bag over her shoulder. She was quite tall for her age, long brown wavy hair, small, pert, developing breasts, good hips, and really beautiful long legs. She was slim to the point of thin, because her parents didn't offer much in the way of decent food. The money went on booze and doctors bills and pills

She got off the bus and started the long walk up the driveway to her home. They lived some distance from town and the house was in a lonely spot. The nearest neighbors were over a mile away. She decided to wait for Tracy who was just turned nine to get home, and she would talk about going to the hospital with her. As she turned the bend to her house, she was surprised to see two cars in the driveway, her father's private car, and one of the police cars from the police station where her father was the Superintendent. She went around to the back door and went through the kitchen and into the living room. Her father and three of his friends, all were policemen, were sitting around. There were a lot of beers and empty cans along with an empty bottle of Southern Comfort on the table. All four men were quite drunk.

As she entered the room, all four men leered at her.

"Oh, you decided to come home did you?" Her father sneered.

"The bus was a bit late, that's all."

"Well go and make us some fucking snacks, you lazy cow. Cheese, biscuits, whatever, and be quick about it." She took a box of Ritz biscuits and put them on a plate with about a pound of cheese chopped up into pieces with a few chopped Viennas and some wooden toothpicks and took them back into the living room.

"I'm going to get changed and when Tracy gets back, we are going to go to the hospital to visit mom." She said. Her father started to laugh.

"Don't waste your time." He told her. "The dozy bitch died at half-past ten this morning. No loss. She was fucking useless in the house and even worse in bed. I suppose I'll still have to use the scrubbers and whores until I can find something a bit more permanent." Samantha was shocked. She had no real love for her mother and even less for her father, but now who was her father going to smack around when he came home drunk at night, and this was quite often.

One of the policemen, Alan, leered at her drunkenly.

"So what's wrong with this one Joe?" He asked as he made a grab at her, "She ain't got much in the way of tits, but she's got a cunt and she's definitely fuckable. Nice legs." Sam didn't know what to say, but her father suddenly grabbed her and squeezed one of her breasts, very hard. She cried out in pain.

"Ow, stop it dad. You hurt me." Her father jumped up and gave her two hard slaps

one on each side of her face and then grabbed a handful of her long, wavy brown hair. He was a big, powerful man. He grabbed the front of her blouse and ripped it off her. She had a vest underneath. He tried to tear that as well, but when he couldn't tear it, he dragged her screaming by the hair to the sideboard, took out a pair of scissors from the drawer and cut the vest up the middle. She tried to cover herself with her hands, but he hit her in the face and punched her in the stomach and threw her onto the two seater couch that was empty.

"Don't you dare answer me back, you bitch. Now put your hands down, so I can have a look at you." He hit her again across the mouth. She tasted the coppery taste of her blood. Then, he grabbed a breast in each hand and squeezed them.

"You're right Alan." He told the man who had broached the subject. "Not very big yet, but they'll grow." Sam just sat, now she was terrified. Her father must have gone mad. She didn't dare move.

"I'll give you fifty pounds if you let me fuck her, Joe." One of the men she knew as Eric spoke up.

"Yeah, and I'll give you fifty as well." All three men were fumbling with their wallets and their faces were filled with lust.

"I'll make it a hundred if you let me pop her cherry, Joe." The man called Alan shouted. Samantha stared at the men in total disbelief. This couldn't be happening.

"It's my fucking daughter." Her father almost yelled. "I spent all my money bringing this bitch up and sending her to school, so the only man who pops her cherry will be me. When I've finished with her, then for fifty quid each, you can all have a turn.

Time the stuck up little bitch earned her keep." He grabbed her arms and pinned her to the couch.

"Come on help me get her skirt off and pants. Pass me the scissors." Sam started screaming and kicking wildly, but the four men easily overpowered. Her and she sat naked on the couch.

"Come on Joe." One of the men shouted; "I'll give you another hundred to pop the other one's cherry." Her father slapped Samantha hard across the mouth again.

"I'd forgotten about that little cow." He stared threateningly at Sam. "Now you shut your fucking big mouth." Her father raised his fist. "If you scream or make a noise to warn your bitch sister, I promise you, I'll knock all your fucking teeth down your throat. George, pass me those handcuffs from the sideboard." Between them, they handcuffed her hands behind her back and she sat naked on the couch. Her father prized open her legs and stuck a thick finger into her vagina. She was paralyzed with fear. They were going to do this. These four men were going to rape her and her little sister and she was powerless to stop them. Tears ran down her face.

"Please dad, don't do this." She whispered. "Please let us go. I promise never to tell anyone." Her father pulled out his finger and licked it.

"I haven't fucked a nice, fresh, tight, virgin cunt since I was a teenager." He leered at her. "I should have thought of this before. You're gonna love it. Now as soon as your brat sister gets home, I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you. Then, I'll do your fucking sister and then my pals will all have a turn as well. So shut the fuck up." They heard the back door open. Her father raised his fist. Tracy walked into the room and one of the men grabbed her. When she saw Samantha, naked on the couch, tears running down her face, she started to struggle. Tracy was only a few inches shorter than her sister, very pretty, light brown hair, shoulder length also slim

and legs similar to Sam's

"Come on guys, strip this little bitch, cuff her and set her down by her sister. Then, we can have a good look at what we've got to party with." Tracy was fighting desperately, and screaming at the top of her voice as they ripped and cut her clothes off and sat her by Sam, with her hands cuffed behind her back. Joe cuffed his nine-year old daughter across the mouth.

"Shut your screaming you little bitch or I'll smash all your teeth down your fucking throat." The four men gathered around. They pawed at both girls. Joe made a decision.

"Right guys, here's how it's going to be. He pointed to Sam. First, I pop this ones cherry, open her up and lubricate her well. You should thank me, Once I've finished, you can all take a turn with her. While I'm busy, you can face fuck or jerk off or whatever you want with the little one, but don't you dare to touch her cunt. That's mine. Once I've popped her as well, then you can all fuck shit out of her." He turned on Tracy and grabbed her by the neck. He shoved his massive fist against her face. "Now just be a good little girl and suck my mates off. If you try to bite one of them, I promise you I will smash your fucking face in, you little shit. Just do as you are told and after a while you'll get to enjoy this. Now let's get this party started." He took off his shirt and dropped his pants. Neither of the girls had ever seen an erect penis before, and they looked in horror at the monstrous organ sticking out of their father. It was about eight inches long and thick. He grabbed Samantha by the hair and yanked her to her feet. She tried to struggle, but he punched her hard in the stomach, knocking all her breath out of her. He dragged her to the back of the couch and bent her over it, hanging onto her hair.

"Come on, one of you, hang onto her hair and keep her still, the one who does can go next." Alan, grabbed her hair and held her. Bent over the couch back, Sam could hardly breathe. Her father cruelly squeezed her breasts and then slapped her

backside a couple of times as hard as he could.

"Just behave yourself for once." Joe told her. "If you know what's good for you, you'll stop struggling. Better get used to this because I'm going to fuck shit out of you every day from now on. You need to get yourself ready and nice and wet for me, because if you don't, then it's gonna hurt like fuck and I promise you it's gonna hurt this time."

Joe spit on his hand and smeared her opening with saliva. He kicked her legs open, then she felt his penis forcing its way into her pussy. She was dry, and it hurt. He kept pushing and she felt him forcing his monstrous penis inside her body. It felt as if she were being ripped open as her father forced his massive organ into her virgin pussy. It felt like sandpaper and her inside felt as if it were on fire. She was screaming with pain.

"Stuff her pants into her fucking mouth, and shut the bitch up." One of the men shoved her pants into her mouth. The man holding her hair stopped her from spitting them out.

"Yeah, she's a virgin still." Joe announced, and he shoved as hard as he could. Samantha felt something tear inside her and she tried to scream again with pain. She almost lost consciousness, but she could feel the huge invader inexorably working its way into her no longer virgin pussy as her father squirmed and thrust at her. His nails were digging into the skin of her thighs as he pulled her onto him. The deeper it went in; the more painful it was.

"Christ, this is one tight pussy." Her father exclaimed. "I'm almost there, though."

She heard Tracy gagging, choking, and gulping. From the corner of her eye, she could see little Tracy on her knees. Eric had his penis in her mouth. George was kneeling behind her fondling her body. He was playing with her nipples and running his hands all over her body and at the same time trying to rub his penis on her body. Eric was holding her head by the hair and pumping his organ into her mouth. As she watched, she saw him stiffen and push his penis right down her throat.

"Oh fuck, yes, here it comes." Tracy struggled like mad. She was choking. The man's semen was running out of her mouth and nose as she coughed and choked. "Swallow it you little bitch." Eric yelled

Joe, having pushed his penis into Sam as far as it would go, started pounding at her and grunting like an animal. With each thrust, it felt like the skin inside her was being torn off. She lost consciousness several times, but the pounding didn't stop. Faster and faster he went. The entire couch was moving. It seemed to go on for hours. Then, suddenly, he rammed into her as deep as he could. She felt the invader in her body swell. Her father pushed into her so hard that her feet came off the floor. He grabbed both her breasts and dug his fingers into them. The pain was unbelievable.

"Jesus Christ, I'm coming, oh shit yes, I'm coming. Oh fuck, this is good," and she felt a huge jet of his warm, sticky semen pump into her innocent young body. He cried out again as a second fountain of the vile stuff flooded into her. He dug his fingers in even harder, and she felt his nails penetrate her flesh. Spurt after spurt of his hot semen filled her body, she could feel it running down her legs as the monster inside her started to soften. The enormity of what he had just done hit her. She had finished her monthly period about eight days ago, so he might well have made her pregnant. He pulled out of her and she felt his juices and her blood running down her legs.

"Fuck, yes. I should have started fucking this little bitch years ago. Christ I haven't

fucked a girl that tight since I was a teenager. Oh yes, I can certainly get used to this and I don't have to beg her like that bitch wife I had. She can sleep in my bed at night. I'll just handcuff her to it so the bitch can't get away."

"Shit, Joe" Alan exclaimed. "You've pumped enough spunk into her to start an army. Where does it all come from. Look at the blobs of it oozing out of her. Jeez, that's a sexy sight. Come on, Joe, let me get into that nice fresh pussy."

Alan took Joe's place and rammed his massive, swollen penis into her. It was even bigger than her father's, and she tried to scream again with the incredible pain. He wasn't gentle. He rammed the entire length into her with one massive thrust. Her insides were on fire. Bent over the back of the couch she could hardly breathe

"She's nice and wet now guys." He announced. "But still nice and tight," and he started thrusting as hard as he could into her. After only a few strokes, he dug his fingers and nails into her hips as he pulled her to him.

"Oh, fuck it, oh no. Oh fuck it, I can't hold it. Shit, I'm coming." The monstrous thing inside her got even bigger, and she blacked out as he spurted jet after jet of his hot semen deep inside her little body. "Oh shit, Joe. That wasn't fair. I haven't had a good fuck for over a fortnight. I got so excited watching you and seeing your jism running out of her pussy, that I just couldn't hold it." He pulled out, and Eric took his place. In a corner of her mind, she could hear Tracy trying to scream, gagging, choking, and coughing again as George literally drooled on her whilst he pumped his penis in and out of her little mouth.

Eric's penis wasn't as big as the previous two, and it wasn't as hard. He pumped away like a crazed animal for what seemed to be an age, until he stiffened. With each thrust, there was an obscene squelching sound as he churned the semen of the first two men. His organ inside her swelled, but very little of his semen came

out. Samantha thought, quite rightly that the biggest load had gone into her little sisters throat.

“Oh Christ, I haven’t been able to come twice in a row for years. Shit Joe, this bitch makes a damned good fuck.” Eric yelled. He held her tightly to him; one hand clutching her sore hips and the other cruelly squeezing one of her breasts. His penis shrank inside her, but he hung on.

“Come on, Eric, don’t hog it, I want my fucking turn. There’s nothing like a nice young cunt to fuck, now get the fuck off and let me have my turn.” George grabbed Eric’s shoulder and pulled him away. He pumped his semi-swollen penis still covered in Tracy’s saliva and his own semen and then jammed it into her. She was so sore now, that it felt like a hot iron. He started thrusting into her with long slow strokes, pawing at her breasts, and she could feel his saliva on her back as he drooled over her. His thrusts got faster; he was grunting like an animal. Several times he stopped for a minute or so and then the pounding started again. Sam was hovering on the brink of unconsciousness. The pounding got harder and faster. It seemed to take hours before he finally ejaculated in her, adding to the sperms swimming around inside her. Like Eric, he hung on to her long after his penis had shrunk.

When he finally had enough, he pulled out and she felt more warm semen running down her legs. Then, he roughly stood her up dragged her by the hair to the front of the couch and tried to push her onto it, but she fell on the floor. Her entire body was a mass of pain. She looked down, and blood and semen were running down her legs. There were red, bleeding gashes on her hips where her father had dug his fingernails into her and there were similar bleeding cuts on the sides of her breasts from her father’s and the other men’s nails. She glanced at her sister. Tracy, was kneeling on the floor and Alan, the man who had followed her father had his huge penis in her mouth. There was semen on her face and in her hair. Tears were streaming down her face as the man pushed his huge penis in and out of her mouth. She saw him stiffen, and she saw her sister gagging as he unloaded into her mouth. She coughed and choked, and semen ran out of her mouth and down her

chin. He pulled his monstrous thing out of her mouth and spurted the last of his semen onto her face. He rubbed the head of it onto her face as it slowly softened.

She heard her father searching in his bedroom upstairs, but soon he came down. Until today, she had never seen a naked man with an erect penis. Her father's was getting bigger and stiffer as she watched in sheer disbelief. It had blood, and his semen on it and there was blood on his stomach. She realized that it was her blood, and that her father was going to try to push this monstrous obscene thing into her little nine-year old sister. The other three men were also naked, but their penises hung limply, shining with either semen or saliva.

"I was sure I had some viagra left, but seems I'm out. Anyhow, it doesn't matter. It's time to pop another cherry. He grabbed Tracy by the hair and bent her over the couch as he had done with Samantha. She wasn't as tall as Sam, and her feet were off the ground. There was still some semen running down her chin. He wiped it up with his free hand and lubricated her pussy and his huge penis with it, then he rammed it into Sam's little sister. She screamed with pain. He grabbed the panties that had been in Sam's mouth and shoved them into hers.

"Fuck it, this bitch is tight." Her father complained. "Pass me that bottle of cooking oil or I'll never get it in." One of the men passed him the bottle, he rubbed some onto his penis and with his finger, he smeared some into Tracy's pussy and started pushing again. He gave a mighty shove, and Tracy tried to scream again. Blood was pouring down Tracy's legs as her father violated her little body. He pounded at her for an age. Tracy had fainted from the pain, and she was in shock. Finally, Joe reared up and pulled Tracy to him so hard that she came completely off the couch.

"Christ, she's so fucking tight, it hurts." He shouted, and Sam watched in horror as her father shot load after load of his sticky seed into her little sister. Eventually, he pulled out and blood and semen poured down Tracy's legs. Tracy just collapsed, so Joe picked her up by the hair and draped her back over the couch.

"Jesus, I've never fucked a cunt that tight before. Who's next?" Joe asked. The other three looked awestruck. They showed no signs of erections.

"Jeez Joe, where do you get all that spunk from. It's running out of her like a tap. Give us a break Joe, we've all already come twice. Takes a bit to recover, besides, you might have broken something inside her Joe. Look how she's bleeding. What are we going to do if it doesn't stop?"

"It'll stop soon." Joe told them. "I have an idea. We're out of beer, and we all need some viagra. Let's go down to the off license and the chemist. Then, we can take a break and let them also rest for a while. When we come back, we can fuck 'em both again."

"You need to think this through Joe." One of the guys spoke. "What do we do with them now? What if they tell someone?" George looked up from staring at his limp penis, which he was trying to massage to get it up again.

"Look guys, we can't take it back, we did it. They can't go to the police here, but they could go somewhere else and if anyone believed them we would all be in deep shit. I've got an idea. If Joe is agreeable, we can go to the station. There is plenty cocaine and heroin there. I suggest we bring some back, shoot them both up. Then, we dose them every day for a week or so and after a week, they'll be happy to eat your shit to get a fix and we can use them whenever we want. We just tell the school that they've been taken into custody for theft." The two girls listened in increasing horror. This was the end of their life.

"I agree." Said their father. He looked at the two girls lying naked and bleeding. "Listen you two and listen good. While we are gone, you'd better decide how it's

going to be from now on. We can clean out the basement and put some heat into it so that its nice and warm, and you can stay down there while I'm at work. When I get back, I can let you out, and you can make food and then one of you can sleep with me at night. If I can get to trust you then maybe later I'll let you stay in the house while I'm out. I want no shouting, fighting, or trying to stop me when I want to fuck you, and I want you to get nice and wet for me. My friends will also get to fuck you from time to time and the same applies. The alternative, if you want to struggle and scream, is to get you both hooked on dope and you can live down in the basement and just get let out for a fucking. It's up to you both. Best decide and decide wisely. There's a plus though, you won't have to go to school any longer." He laughed and turned to his three mates.

"Sam's cunt is mine, fellows and I don't want to spoil her, so you only get to fuck her on odd occasions, and not very often. It's going to cost you to fuck Sam. I guess twenty quid a time is cheap for a nice fresh little slut. I can see me fucking her two or three times daily, well at least for a while. You can all fuck the little bitch as much as you like for now at least until she gets bigger. She's for free until she gets bigger. Let's fasten them up in the garage and we'll go to the station and when we come back, it's party time again for these two. See the bleeding is almost stopped, she'll be good to go again by the time we get back. I'm going to get my money's worth out of the two of them until I can find something to replace them. I never wanted either of them. They were both accidents, but at least they'll earn their fucking keep for a while." All the men started to get dressed except for George. He was massaging his swelling penis.

From where Sam lay on the floor, she could see George who was still fondling her little sister, he stroked her hair, and face. Sam watched fascinated as George's penis that was limp and tiny, probably only about two inches long began to swell. It was getting thicker and longer as she watched, until it started to stand up. She saw a droplet of liquid leaking out of the hole in his penis. He began to massage his penis as he turned to speak with Joe.

"Joe, you three go and leave me here with the little one." It was more like a whine. "I'm ready for her now. I want to take my time with her; I've never done a little girl before. I want to get into that little bald twat and fuck her for as long as I can. You guys always want to hurry. This one is special for me. I've always wondered what it would be like to fuck a little kid."

"Forget it." Joe told him. "You come with us. We'll let you have your time with her when we get back. I was thinking maybe you can fuck her in her room, in her bed while we fuck Sam in my bed. Yeah, we can take our time and really get to enjoy it more next time. No rush. We can get some of that Durex lubricant, make it better for them as well until they learn to get themselves wet and ready for it. So get dressed and let's get going. I might even let you sleep here with her tonight."

The two girls were marched into the garage and their wrists handcuffed together over a two-inch water pipe on the wall. They lay naked on the cold concrete floor.

"You two just stay there like good little girls." Joe told them. "It won't hurt as much next time now that you are broken in. You need to get yourselves ready and get nice and wet for us, because when we get back, we are all going to fuck you again, both of you. Better get used to it, because it's gonna happen a lot in the future."

"Come on then guys." George cried. "Let's get a move on. Jesus, I've always wanted to fuck a little girl. I just can't wait to get my cock into that bald little pussy. I want to fuck her a lot. I bet you enjoyed fucking her didn't you Joe, you lucky bastard. I would have given anything to be the first and pop that little cherry." The men left them, still arguing about who would be next to fuck which one.



Samantha's body was a mass of pain. She was sobbing uncontrollably as was her sister. Her mind was telling her that somehow they had to get out of here. She knew what happened to people who were hooked on drugs. She felt totally humiliated and in deep despair. She looked at her little sister. Tracy was a mess. Her hair was disheveled; there was blood and semen all over her little body. She couldn't see herself, but in fact, she was in an even worse state. Then, she saw it. A paper clip lay on the floor nearby. She tried to reach it with her foot, but she was just a bit too far away. She heard the four men arguing about how they would split the money that the two girls would earn.

"Tracy, help me. For God's sake we have to get out of here. Push me as hard as you can." Tracy stared at her numbly.

"We're going to die, aren't we Sam?" She sobbed, but she did push against her sister and Samantha's toes could just touch the paper clip. After a struggle, she managed to work it towards her until it was in her hand. One of the boys at school had been boasting how he could get out of handcuffs with a bit of wire, and he had showed them how to do it. She opened the clip with her teeth and after a short time; the handcuffs opened. She skillfully opened the one on her own wrist. They were free, but naked except for their shoes and socks. The door to the house was locked. She got out of the garage and tried the front and back doors. Both were locked.

There were a lot of old bits of clothes and stuff in the garage that had been used for cleaning the car. She found two pairs of her old jeans. One had a tear up the one leg and the other had been turned into a pair of shorts. Both were covered in oils and polish, but it didn't matter. She threw the shorts to Tracy.

"Quickly Tracy, put these on." Tracy obeyed mechanically; she was like an

automaton. Sam found a couple of old sweaters. They had holes in them, and they were dirty and far too big, but she pulled one over her head and threw the other to her sister. She grabbed Tracy's hand.

"Come on sis, run. Run as we've never run before." Instead of running towards the road, they ran across the fields towards the woods. She knew that once in the trees, they would have a chance. They could run the mile or so to the main road and maybe get a lift. She knew that they had to get as far away as they could before the men came back and started hunting for them. Every step was pain. There was burning between her legs right into her stomach where her father had punched and then violated her. None of that mattered. Tracy was crying out in pain.

"I can't Sam; it hurts so bad." She wailed. "I think they broke something inside me."

"You must, Tracy or we're done for." She dragged her sister. They were close to the woods.

"I can't Sam. You go. Just leave me here and get away. I just want to die." Fear gave Samantha strength that she never knew she had. She picked Tracy up in a fireman's lift and carried her until they were safely in the woods.

"We can't rest, Tracy. We have to keep moving and get to the road before those men get back, and find us gone. They'll block all the roads and bring dogs and searchers for us. Just keep moving."

"But we shouldn't get into stranger's cars Sam, what if they hurt us or murder us?"

"We just have to hope sis. We can't be any worse off than we are now. If we don't get far away, they'll find us. I hurt everywhere. You can barely walk. We must get away; we must take a chance."

They struggled on, both falling several times until they reached the road. They walked along the side of the road heading away from the town, towards the big city. Several cars passed, but none stopped. Sam waved at the cars to stop, but they just kept going. Then, one passed them and she saw the brake lights come on. The car reversed back towards them. It had a funny number plate, and the driver was on the wrong side. It was a foreign car, a Mercedes. The driver opened his window.

Alexander was tired; he hadn't had much sleep. First, he had travelled from his home in Germany to the UK. He had been to the funeral of his uncle and then looked around the huge old house that his uncle had left to him in his will. He had got the heating started before he left for the funeral, then he had driven to a business appointment in Newcastle-on-Tyne and now he was on his way back to his uncle's house. He planned to have a nice hot bath and then sleep for at least twelve hours. His father had been German and his mother British. He had been born in the UK and went to school there, but once he had left school, he had gone to Germany where he had found work. He now had his own business.

It was dusk, and along the side of the road in front of him he saw two figures at the roadside trying to get a lift. Normally, he would never stop in the UK to give anyone a lift. As he drew closer he saw that they were dressed in old, tattered clothes. As he passed them, he glanced and saw that they were children. Their faces were swollen, and there was blood on them. Part of his mind told him to keep driving, but he could see that they were in trouble, so he sighed, hit the brakes and reversed back to the pair.

"Do you speak English?" The bigger one asked. Alex looked at them. He saw both had swollen lips and a cut, as though they had been hit in the mouth. The bigger

girl had a swollen face, and there were already signs of a bruise. They were filthy dirty; their eyes were red, and swollen from crying. The smaller girl in shorts had blood on both. Her legs the other had one leg of her jeans ripped open, and she had blood on her legs as well. Both had blood and what looked like dried flakes of semen in their hair and faces. He guessed that some boys had beaten and raped them. They were both quite thin, but he guessed that they were both quite pretty before someone had knocked them around.

"What ever is the matter with you? Have you been in a fight or what?" He asked them. The older one seemed to hesitate, and then she tried very hard to smile, unsuccessfully.

"No sir, we were rambling in the woods and we got lost. We got caught in some thorns, and we fell a few times."

"So where do you live. I can take you home." He volunteered. A look of terror showed on both girl's faces. Suddenly the bigger one babbled.

"Yes, we live in Nottingham sir. That's where we are going." It was an obvious lie. How could they be rambling in the woods so far from home? Something was wrong here. He had two choices. The first was to just drive off and leave the two little liars but he could see that they were both exhausted, in pain and terrified. He leaned over and opened the rear door.

"OK, hop in." They had trouble even getting into the car. These two were badly hurt. His first thought was to take them to hospital and call the cops. But, he had no time at all for the police, especially those from the UK and the hospitals in the UK were notorious for super bugs and shoddy treatment. The two huddled together in the back of the big car like two frightened rabbits. He decided to first find out what the problem was and then either take them to the hospital and leave them outside,

take them home to their parents or just drop them off on the road again.

"Whereabouts in Nottingham do you live?" He asked. It took a few minutes before the older one spoke up.

"Er, Beeston sir." He turned off the main road on the way to his house. It was a while before the bigger girl noticed.

"Is this the way to Nottingham sir? We just want to go home." He saw panic in their eyes. They were looking for a way to get out.

"Relax, I just have to make a quick stop. I'm not going to hurt you." Both girls started sobbing. He took out his electronic device and opened the huge iron gates to his driveway.

"I'm sorry Tracy; I'm so sorry. You were right. We shouldn't have got into a stranger's car. Please forgive me Tracy." The bigger one whispered to the smaller one. They clung to each other. He could almost smell the terror. He took his garage opener from his pocket, and the garage doors opened. He drove in, and the doors closed. He turned off the engine.

"Now listen, both of you. You are hurt, badly hurt. I'm guessing that a boy or a couple of boys grabbed you and beat you up and raped you. You were telling me fibs. I don't believe a word of your story. I was going to take you to the hospital and call the police. But I'm also guessing that you don't want your folks to know, so you are trying to run away. I give you my word. I won't hurt you or harm you. I just want to help, but I can only help me if you tell me the truth." He got out and opened the door. The bigger one reluctantly tried to get out, but her legs gave way, and she

would have fallen if he hadn't caught her. "Come on, get out." He beckoned to the smaller one. "You're Tracy, I think. Come on Tracy, I won't hurt you. Let me help you." Tracy tried to get out, but her whole body was a mass of pain.

"I hurt so bad, mister. Please let me stay here. Please don't hurt my sister." He picked the bigger one up, very gently and carried her into the room. It was warm and cozy. He sat her gently onto a big couch. Then, he went out and a few minutes later returned with Tracy in his arms and sat her down as well.

"What's your name?" he asked the bigger one.

"Samantha sir."

"Tracy is your sister I think. How old are you both?"

"I'm twelve sir, and my sister is nine."

"Now the truth. You have been raped. True or false?" They both nodded.

"You need a hospital. They will take samples from you for evidence, then they will notify the police . . ." A look of sheer terror appeared on both their faces.

"No sir, please. I beg you, not the hospital and not the police." They both started sobbing again.

"You're a bit young to be on the run, aren't you. What terrible crime have you committed? The truth now girls. No more lies."

"Please believe us sir, it was policemen who raped us. My father is the Superintendent, and it was him and his mates. They are all really corrupt, sir. I'm not lying sir. They want to inject us with drugs and make us prostitutes. I'm scared sir. I think they may kill us if they catch us." The man looked at them in sheer disbelief.

"Are you telling me that your own father and one of his friends raped you both?"

"Yes, well no, sir. It was my father and three of his friends. They all took turns with both of us, and they hurt us really bad sir. Please don't let them find us. Just let us go and we'll try to hide from them. Please believe me sir, I'm not lying. My mom died in hospital this morning and my dad and his pals were drinking, but dad hates both of us. Neither of them wanted us. Please don't hurt us sir" There was a long silence. What to do? He believed them and he felt nothing but compassion for them. Finally he reached a decision.

"Right. I believe you. First, my name is Alexander. You can call me Alex, stop the sir, please. No police, no hospital. I'm going to call a very good friend of mine who knows a doctor in Derby Hospital. He'll ask her to come here, examine you both and treat you. Until she comes, I'm going to make you both some hot soup and a cup of tea. No, just relax. I promise you that I'll do everything I can to help you, and your father will not get away with this nor will his friends." He picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Hi Tony, it's me, û Alex. I need your help. I'm in the UK and I have a problem." He gave a very brief description of what had happened to the pair. The conversation continued in German; Sam understood a few words. "OK, tell her to call as soon as she can. This is the number. Talk again later." A few minutes later the phone rang.

"Hi, Sylvia, sorry, no time for chat, I need your help right now. Where are you? û Can you get off now. - Right bring your bag. I have two little girls here. They ran away from home. They've both been raped by four adults. They are in bad shape. - No, I can't take them to the hospital or the cops. It was cops that did this and worse, one of them was their father. - Yes, I believe them. The oldest one is twelve, the younger is only nine." He turned to Sam. "She wants to know whether you started your periods" Sam nodded.

"And it's eight days since my last one. That's bad isn't it?"

"Sylvia, unless we do something, she may be pregnant as well. Best bring some. Levonorgestrel with you. Please hurry. They probably think that I'm going to hurt them as well. They really are terrified." He listened for a while and then handed the telephone to Samantha. She listened and started crying, but this time it wasn't the sobs of fear. She passed the phone back to Alex and then turned to Tracy.

"The doctor sounded nice Tracy. She told me that we mustn't be scared of Alex and that he will make sure nothing bad happens to us. She says we can trust him with our lives."

Sylvia came, treated the girls, dressed their wounds, sedated them and put them both into a bed in the spare room and on a drip. She also took photographs of the cuts and bruises along with semen samples that she found in them. She came down when she was done.

"What animals." She cried. "How could a father do this to his children? I have enough evidence here to put these bastards away for life, but they are cops, and it will just get whitewashed away and they'll get off with a slap on the wrist. The

bastards should be made to suffer." Alex looked at her.

"The same thought had crossed my mind, Sylvia. "First we must get both of these fixed up. I'll organize some passports for them, but we need to change their appearance a bit for the photographs. Then, I'll get a bloke that I know over here to find out as much as we can about these bastards. As soon as we have some papers, I'll talk to one of my mates and we can fly them out to Germany. No-one will ever find them. Now can you please get some clothes for them. Don't get cheap crap, get something nice. Have you got a friend, whom you can trust, to come, and restyle their hair and change its color. Then, I think some spectacles for the older one. How much do you need. I've got a couple of hundred Euros here, but I can get from the ATM tomorrow. If you need more. I asked Tony whether he would look after them, and he agreed. It would look very bad if they stayed with me in Germany, two underage girls living with an unmarried man. Tony spoke with Julie, and Jennifer, and they are happy to take them in as their children."

Sylvia came back to check on the girls the next day, she kept them sedated and on drips. Alec sat with them for long periods. On the third day, the drips were taken off and they were allowed to get up. For the next two weeks, the girls just sat huddled together. Very little was said. They watched the TV, as did Alex, but there was no mention of the two girls. As the bruises faded and the swollen lips went down; they were both quite pretty girls. Sylvia had just bought them some underclothes, jeans, and sweaters. She would get the 'dress-up' clothes for traveling later. Tony called and told Alex that new passports were being sorted, along with birth certificates and other papers. The papers were all German, but that they had been born in South Africa and educated in different countries, as their father had travelled a lot. This would account for the fact that they had very little German and spoke English. Tony would be an uncle, so they could stay with his family without arousing speculation. It would take several weeks more before they would be ready. He needed the photographs. He didn't like leaving the girls alone, so he organized with Sylvia to stay with them whilst he went shopping.

By the third week, they had settled down, they started helping around the house and Samantha was quite a good cook. Both would have nightmares almost every night, and this showed little sign of stopping. Sylvia's friend and Alex turned them both into blondes, They changed their hairstyles, and Sylvia went shopping and bought them new clothes. A rope of pearls for Samantha and a figure hugging, salmon colored, knitted dress, with some very sexy spectacles and it's doubtful if her own father would have recognized her. Little Tracy was disgusted, she now had two pigtails sticking out, nerds type, thickly rimmed spectacles, jeans, and a turtle neck black sweater. They took passport photographs, and these were sent by mail to Germany.

Six weeks had passed since Alex had rescued them on the road and finally the passports and papers arrived by courier. Alex called the girls together. He handed them their passports and papers

"Now, it's time for the two of you to disappear. My friend Tony and his wife are coming over next weekend. They will take you out of the U.K. In their car and onto one of the ferries. You will live with them. You'll have to learn to speak German, and school might be tough for a while, but you'll be safe. Tony lives not far from where I live, and it's very beautiful there. We had to give you different names, so you'll have to get used to them. Sam is now Sandra, and Tracy is Macy. I'll take care of your father when you are safely away from here."

"But Alex, why can't we stay with you?" They asked in unison.

"Because I don't have a wife and two young girls living with an unmarried man will make people curious and then people will start asking questions, and then it could get awkward. This is the best way. We will see each other again, but I've done my bit now. Tony and Julie are wonderful people. I know you'll be happy there." The two girls looked a bit disappointed, but nothing else was said. The day passed as usual and everyone went to bed.

Alex awoke to someone shaking his shoulder.

"Alex, I'm sorry to wake you, but I had such an awful dream and I'm so scared." It was Samantha. She pulled back the duvet and climbed into his bed. Alex always slept naked, and it only took him a moment to realize that she was also naked. He tried to move away from her, but she put her arm on him.

"Please Alex, hold me close. I'm so scared."

"Sam, no. This is a bad idea. You mustn't do this to a man. You could get into big trouble." Despite himself, he was getting an erection. "Please Sam, go back to your sister." She moved closer to him, but every few moments, her whole body would start to tremble.

"No Alex, please forgive me, but I really need to do this." She stroked his chest, and then her hand went down to his erect penis. "I can't get the feel of my father and his friends out of my head. I feel soiled and humiliated. Every time I think about this, I just get terrified. Please Alex. I'm scared, but I know that you'll be gentle with me. Please do it Alex. I know that it can't always be painful and horrible. One of the girls at school told me that she had been with a man, and it was so good."

"It's not that easy Sam." He told her. "It isn't that I don't want to do. I don't have a problem with consensual sex. Age doesn't matter, but both people must be sure that they really want to and they must trust each other absolutely. As for you, if you aren't aroused then it would be painful for you. When a girl gets aroused, the blood goes down to her vagina and she gets lubricated. If you're scared, it won't happen."

"Please Alex, just hold me tight. I am so scared. I really, really want to do this. I'll never trust anyone else, but you've been so good to us. I do trust you absolutely. My period is due next week, so it's all right." Alex put his arms around her and pulled her to him.

"Try to keep still Sam, it's quite difficult for a guy when a naked girl is rubbing against him. Just lie still and I'll cuddle you for a while, and then you can go back to your sister."

"Please kiss me Alex. I've never been kissed by a man, so I'm not sure what to do. Please help me." Alex kissed her and in a few short moments she was responding. She was rubbing her body against his. She took his hand and moved it to her breast. "Please be gentle, Alex." He felt the small, warm breasts in his hand. He had a raging hard on. The trembling had stopped. He switched on the bedside light and looked down at her slim body. She was actually quite beautiful. She rubbed her groin against his leg. He felt dampness. He slid his hand down her body, down past her tummy, and to her down covered pussy. She was wet. Very wet. He gently stroked her and moved to her clit. She jumped as if she had received an electric shock.

"I'm very scared Alex, but please do this." She stroked his penis. I really need to feel you inside me. Please be careful and try not to hurt me."

"Sam, this is a bad idea. I know you are ready, I know I won't ever hurt you, but I have a problem. I haven't had sex in weeks. You are a very beautiful young girl, I know that I won't last for more than a few seconds, so it will all be over before you get any pleasure. Maybe tomorrow if you still want to do." She kissed him gently.

"It's all right Alex. Don't worry. Just do it. Even if it only lasts for a few seconds, it OK. Then, we can rest for a while and then we can do it again and I know from

those horrible men, that men recover quickly and then the second time takes a lot longer. Please Alex, I need this. Just do it. I'm begging you. Please be gentle with me." She straddled him and positioned herself over his erect penis.

"Take it real slow, Sam, and if it hurts or you get scared stop. I won't be mad at you." In answer, she slowly lowered herself onto him until she could go no further. Slowly she began to move.

"It doesn't hurt, Alex, it actually feels good." Alex gently massaged her breasts and nipples. She groaned and started to move deeper and faster. Alex frantically tried to hold on, but he couldn't.

"Sorry Sam." He groaned as he sent several fountains of his hot sticky semen deep inside her young body.

"Shhh, it's all right, Alex, my love. Just relax." She made no effort to get off him. She just lowered herself onto him as he softened. She leaned over him and kissed him.

"I think I'm in love with you Alex. You've been so good to us. Please don't send me away to Tony. I want to be with you." She gently rubbed his chest and his arms and kissed him some more. He was overcome with emotion. This lovely little girl, despite all the horror that she had been through, had given herself to him.

Samantha felt his penis growing inside her; she wriggled her hips as he swelled to full hardness. She kissed him again.

"Now, take your time, my love." She told him. "You aren't hurting me. In fact, you feel so good inside me."

"Not this way." He responded and gently helped her off him. She gasped as he popped out of her. He lay with her facing him and between them, they manipulated themselves until he was back inside her again. Slowly and gently he started to move himself inside her. She clung to him and moved to meet his strokes. It didn't take long before she pulled herself even closer.

"Oh Alex, I'm almost there." She was moving more urgently, and then she gasped and her inner muscles gripped him hard. Her entire body convulsed as wave after wave of euphoria overwhelmed her. She was in a kaleidoscope of color, and she groaned as the waves of pleasure swept over her. Alex had almost stopped moving, just enough to massage her gently.

"Please don't stop, my love. I needed this so very much. This is so good." They both started moving again. This time there was more urgency as they combined their efforts. "Oh God, I'm almost there again, Alex." Alex had been on the brink for some time. He sped up a little and as he felt her start to tense, he let himself go. They clung to each other wildly as they were both overwhelmed by the waves of pleasure, and passion swept through them. For Samantha, this was completely different from her previous experience with her father. She had felt soiled and ashamed as her father had erupted inside her. This time it felt so right that it was a perfect end. She was in love. She wanted this man until she died.

Alex lay with her. He had never felt like this before. He had been with quite a few girls before, but he had never felt like this. She was only twelve, and he was twenty six, but it didn't seem to matter. This girl who had been raped and brutalized had given her body to him willingly and it felt so good, that he felt that they were actually one person. He kissed her and held her tight as she softened and finally fell out of her. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except for the two of them.

"I know that you are older than I, Alex, my love, but I don't care. Please don't dump me. You saved my life, and now I belong to you for always. I don't want to be away from you." Alex kissed her again.

"I may have to move in with Tony for a while. There are lots of rooms there. Don't worry, Sam. I won't desert you. Being with you like this feels so right. Together we will work something out."

"Alex, there's something else we need to talk about. I feel uncomfortable, but promise me that you won't be angry with me." Alex was concerned.

"Whatever is the matter, Sam?" He asked.

"It's Tracy. Neither mom nor my father wanted us. They both told us that we were accidents. I've always looked after Tracy. We've always been very close. She actually had it worse than me, because all four of them made her suck them and swallow all their semen. The my father raped her as well, and his penis is much bigger than yours. It was horrible. I thought that she was going to bleed to death. Yesterday, I told her what I was going to do, or try to do, and she agreed that she should maybe do it as well. Yesterday, it didn't seem to matter, but now I feel bad about asking you and I feel bad about sharing you, but I think I should. Would you Alex, please? I'll get her to come into your room tomorrow night, and you can see whether she will be OK. I know she's only nine, and she is much too young for sex, but what my father, and his mates did to us is a constant nightmare. I feel much better now. I'm sure that Tracy will also." Alex thought about this new turn of events for a while. He had never contemplated sex with someone even as young as Sam, let alone a nine-year old, but Sam could well be correct.

"We can try, Sam. Only if she wants it as you did though. I also think it's a bad idea to send someone so young to me after what she has suffered. I think you should both come. I'm not being kinky or anything. I just think that as you are both so close, your presence will reassure her. There is no hurry. We can just see what happens."

The day passed quickly. Both girls stayed close to each other. When bedtime came all three went to Alex's bedroom. He put the light out, took off his clothes and climbed into bed. He heard the two girls getting undressed, and they climbed into bed with him. Tracy was next to him, and Sam was on the outside. She had her arms around Tracy who was shuddering occasionally, but not as bad as Sam the previous night.

"It's all right Tracy." He whispered to her. I would never hurt you. You know that. If you don't want to do anything, it's OK. You don't have to do anything that you don't want to do." She put her head on his chest.

"Hold me close, Alex. I do want to do, but I'm scared. Sam says it's all right, so if she says so, I believe her. Please be patient and please be gentle. Just hold me for a while." Both Alex and Sam held her, and eventually all three of them fell asleep. In the early hours of the morning, Alex awoke to find Tracy sleeping with her head on his chest and Sam still had her arm around her sister. He started to stroke Tracy's body and her tiny budding breasts. She squirmed against him. He stroked her hair and then slid his hand down to her tummy. He was scared to go any lower in case she panicked, but after a few minutes, she put her arm around him.

"I'm awake Alex. I'm not so scared any longer." His hand went down to her bald pussy. He knew that something far bigger than him had already violated her. He moved her over until she lay on her back by his side. He found her clit and started to work on it, she sighed. "That feels good Alex, please do it now. Just take it easy." He reached over to his bedside table and opened the drawer. He took out a

container of lube and coated his penis with it. Very slowly and carefully, he slid inside her. "It's all right Alex; it doesn't hurt. It feels good." Her hips started to move. Samantha woke up and held Tracy, cradling her head in her arms. Tracy was starting to become more demanding. The strokes quickened and became more urgent. Alex was on the brink. He fought it until Tracy cried out.

"Oh Sam, it's so good. Oh yes, yes, yes." And her body convulsed in a shuddering orgasm. They was Alex's cue to let himself go over the edge. He held her as close as he could and sent several jets of his semen deep inside her little body. She cried out as she felt it happen.

"Was that good, little sister?" Samantha asked. Tracy lay impaled on Alex's softening penis. A look of contentment on her face. Semen was starting to drip from her.

"It was really good Sam, just as you said it would be. It will take a long time before I forget my father and his friends, but I know Alex will never let anyone harm us. Please don't ever leave us, Alex. We want to be with you and only you."

They all three slept together for the next three days until Tony and his wife came to collect them and take them back to Germany. Alex took Tony and Julie aside.

"There's a situation." Alex told them. I hope you don't mind if I come and stay with you frequently. We just need one room to sleep in. I know that you of all people will understand. It would seem that I've found two women instead of one. I'm going to have to come back here in a week or two, I have four evil, sadistic rapists that I feel I should have a word with."



Part 3 - Retribution

Joe, Alan, Eric, and George got out of their car in the supermarket car park. They were drunk and boisterous, but even out of uniform, everyone knew them. All four were big, powerful men. Joe and Alan were the biggest. They ruled the force and the entire town with an iron fist. They bought several cases of beer, a bottle of Southern Comfort and some bread. Their next stop was the high street chemist. The owner as an Indian and he was terrified of Joe and his mates.

"Give us eight boxes of Cialis." Joe demanded. The pharmacist handed them over, and Joe gave him two ten-pound notes.

"But it costs . . ." Joe cut him off.

"Be happy or you get fuck all. I'm feeling generous today." Joe sneered at the man. They all laughed and walked out. "Hey, let's get some curry to take home. I suppose we should take some for the other two as well. Got to keep 'em fit and healthy, y'know."

They loaded the curries into the car and drove home.

"Right you pair. We brought you some food so you can eat before we party." He walked into the garage and saw only the handcuffs lying on the floor.

"Jesus Christ." He yelled, "The two little cunts have got out. They can't have gone far, come on fellows, let's get looking."

"Where do you think they went?" Alan looked horrified. "They were bollock naked, so they won't be far away. They can't tell anyone, not around here, anyhow."

"It wouldn't matter if they did." Joe commented. "Who would take the word of two snot-nosed brats over four police officers? We can put out an APB and let's call and get a tracker dog."

"That might not be a good idea Joe." Eric looked nervous. "I mean if they go to the hospital they have all our spunk in them and with DNA tests, it would corroborate their story." All four men stopped. They were starting to sober up, as they realized what might happen. They sat down to discuss the problem.

"How the hell did they get away?" Eric asked

"How isn't important? Look, if they go to the police or a hospital or a doctor, they can get DNA from them for anything up to seven days." Alan said. "Me, I doubt they will go to the police or a hospital. I think they'll hide somewhere until tomorrow and then come home because they have nowhere else to go they have no clothes, and they know that with Joe being a Superintendent, no-one would believe them. If they decided to run away, which is very unlikely because they are naked, they will keep away from roads and people until they can get some clothes. So first we look for them. Second, if we don't find them we come up with a story, just in case. We will eventually have to report them missing, but we can say they told us they were going to the hospital after school and when they found their mother had died, they were distraught and we caught them with some boys and then they came on to us and we couldn't say no."

"They'll head for the woods." George replied. "Let's get searching. I want to fuck

the little one so bad. . .”

They searched for hours, but when they found nothing, they went home. None of them slept very well. The next day they met up again at the house. There was still no sign of the girls.

“We wait until Tuesday and then start making enquiries. That’s already four days gone. Then by Friday we can put out an APB and even if they do blab then, there will be no proof.”

A week passed, now there was a nation wide police search for the two girls, but they had vanished. The men were relieved, but angry that the sex they had imagined had vanished with them. There were some angry exchanges. Alan was blamed for suggestion that they use the girls. He also had two daughters of his own, one nineteen and engaged and the other fourteen.

“You were quick to fuck my two girls, Alan, but now they are gone, how about making your two available to us?” Joe demanded. Alan had been fucking both of them since they were eight, but he wasn’t prepared to share them.

“No, I wish I could, but my wife would go to the papers or worse.”

The weeks passed the girls were gone. Probably picked up and sold to some rich bastard, they thought. The whole business was forgotten until about ten weeks later on a Friday afternoon, a very beautiful woman walked into the police station. Alan was behind the desk.

"I'm lost." She complained. "We were supposed to meet a guy hours ago at the hotel . . ." She pulled out a card and showed it to him.

"You're miles away." He told her.

"Damn, I already paid for the room, He was bringing cash, and I trusted him. Something must have happened to him. He would never turn down. We were all going to have some fun and party for a few days, but now what am I going to do. Mandy and I were eagerly expecting some fun this weekend." She smiled at Alan. "Can't you show me how to get there?" By this time Eric and George had strolled over.

"You said we." George spoke. "How many of you are there?"

"Just me and my daughter." She replied.

"You look too young to have a daughter." Eric told her. "So how old is she?" The woman laughed.

"Thank you for the compliment. She's only ten. I had her when I was sixteen. She might be young, but she likes a bit of fun, with the right person." Eric was beside himself with lust. He wondered how far a bit of fun would go. Would he get to fuck her or just play with her and her with him.

We might be able to take you there." Eric suggested. "Let me talk to the boss."

"There's a high class whore at the desk." He told Joe. "She's fucking gorgeous. Wants us to take her to her hotel. I think she's looking for a good fucking. Her ten-year old daughter is with her. I think she wants a fuck as well. How about it?" Joe looked disappointed.

"Oh fuck it, not tonight, well not right away. I have an appointment to meet up with a guy who is going to triple my pension when I retire. I can't miss out on that. Maybe I can come over after the meeting. Let's have a look at them." They walked to the desk.

"So where's your little girl then." Joe asked.

"She's in the car."

"We'll bring her in. I'll pour you both some tea or coffee. What's your name. I can't place your accent, what part do you come from?" The woman laughed.

Offer himself. "My name is Gabriella, and we come from Sweden." She told him. "Where we believe in free love. Let me get Mandy." She went out and came in a few minutes later with a little girl. George's dick was fully erect. She was the most beautiful little girl that he had ever seen. At only ten, she already had noticeable breasts. Her golden blonde hair was past her shoulders; she smiled at the men.

"Which one of these big, strong men is for me, mommy?" She asked her mother.

"It depends if any of them want to party with us, sweetheart." George fondled the little girls hair.

"I would love to be your big, strong man." He told her.

"Hmm, OK, I think I would like that." She smiled and winked at him.

"Count me in." Eric was quick to offer himself as well.

"Well, well." Joe smiled at her. "I'm sure my guys would be happy to give you a police escort, wouldn't you men? I have to go first to a business meeting. Maybe I could join you later.?" The woman smiled knowingly.

"Oh yes, the more the better. I like some fun. You are very strong looking men. That would be nice."

"I'm sorry, guys. I have to get home." Alan felt bad at having to miss this chance, but his nineteen-year old daughter was due to be married the next day, and he wanted to make sure that he was sober and ready for the occasion, as well as to give her a really good fucking to send her off. She was actually a really gorgeous girl; there was nothing of her mother about her, which wasn't really surprising as she had been stolen by her father when she was still a baby. Her real mother had run into Alan, and he had raped her, but she was already pregnant. When the baby had come, she took to drugs and Alan made sure that she overdosed and took the child home to his first wife. His other daughter had arrived in a similar way. When Rita was six, Alan's wife, tired of being abused, had run away. His latest wife wasn't at all interested in the children and when Rita was eight, she had lost interest in sex and just cooked and cleaned as she had nowhere else to go. Alan decided to use his daughter, so he started having sex with her from eight years old. When Sandra, the younger one reached eight; he started fucking her as well.

"So, it's settled then." She led them to a new Mercedes parked a little way down the street.

"You sit in the back with your new friend, sweetheart." She told her daughter. "Try to behave a bit. Don't wear him out before we get there!" She turned to Eric. "Would you like to drive? You know the way. I don't even know your name."

"I'm Eric."

"I'm George" George told the little girl.

"Hello, uncle George." She pulled herself closer to him. "I like you. Do you like me?" George was ready to burst. He leaned over to give her a reassuring kiss, but as his lips touched hers, she responded like a leach. Whilst kissing him, her hand unzipped his fly and she felt for his rock hard penis, pulling it out. George groaned. "Oooh, it's a nice one." She stroked it gently. "It will feel real good inside me. Are you going to stay with me the whole weekend, uncle George? We can have lots of fun." Whilst she was talking, she was working his penis. George wanted to tell her to stop, but he couldn't. He was right on the brink, when she stopped. "Oh dear, I'm being naughty." She looked at George innocently. "We mustn't waste it. It feels real good when you spurt it inside me." She stopped stroking. George was so wild with lust; he didn't even feel the prick of a needle in his buttocks.

After a few minutes, George felt himself slipping out of reality. He could see and feel everything. But he couldn't move. Meanwhile, Gabriella had already found Eric's swollen penis and was gently squeezing it for him. Mandy tapped her mother and she leaned over and took Eric's penis into her mouth. Eric gasped, and he also missed the feel of the needle in his buttocks.

"Just pull over here for a moment." She whispered to Eric. "We don't want to cause an accident." Eric pulled over. He felt strange. Gabriella turned off the engine as they came to a halt.

"How are you feeling now Eric?" She asked him. Eric tried to reply, but he couldn't talk. He couldn't move. "How's that piece of shit in the back with you darling? I bet his erection went down quicker than it came up."

"He's nice and quiet back here Mom." A black SUV pulled up behind them. Two men got out. One of them was Alex, the other his friend Tony"

"Everything according to plan?" Alex asked them. Gabriella nodded. They dragged Eric and George into the back of the SUV. The two women got in with them. Alex poured petrol and diesel into the interior of the Mercedes, which does been stolen for the job and set the car ablaze, and they turned and sped back in the direction that had come from.

Meanwhile, another vehicle had followed Alan back to his house. He went to the door, but as he opened it, strong hands held him and a needle slid into his neck. He tried to struggle, but they were too strong. Within a few minutes, he was unable to move. They dropped him on the ground and rushed into the house. Sandra, the fourteen-year old daughter looked in horror as two huge men with guns and balaclavas over their faces grabbed her. They stuffed something into her mouth and gave her an injection. They held her until she lost consciousness.

The inner door opened, and Rita, Alan's nineteen-year old daughter, came into the room. The men grabbed her before she could scream, and a needle was pushed into her neck. Consciousness faded.

Joe arrived at the church, where he was to meet the man regarding his pension. They had agreed on this place, because the man from the pensions Dept had told him that it was the only place that he knew. Joe was going to drive him to his house where they would have the discussion. The man was waiting for him by the church. Joe beckoned him to get into the car. The man wore a pin-striped suit and a bowler hat. He looked a typical civil, servant, other than the fact that he was very big, well over six feet and built as Joe later described him "like a brick shit house."

When they arrived at Joe's house. Joe got out. His passenger sat in the car. 'Typical fucking government type, Joe thought. 'Too lazy to open the fucking door.' He walked around and opened the door. As he did so, his passenger suddenly dug his fingers into Joe. He went rigid; he had never felt such pain. Another man, even bigger than his passenger came up behind him, grabbed him, and he felt a needle in his neck. The two men held him until the injection took effect after a minute or two.

A big white van, came up the driveway. Joe was put on the floor in the back. Headphones were placed on his head. The driver flicked a switch on a box, and deafening heavy metal rock blasted his ears. They drove off. A few minutes later they stopped again, and Alan was bundled into the back with him. He also got headphones and the deafening music. Some time later, they stopped again and Eric and George were added to the back of the vehicle. The woman they had known as Gabriella also joined the two men in the front. They drove for what seemed an eternity. At last, they stopped.

The four men were put onto gurneys and one by one taken into a room which seemed to be an operating theatre. the four men were terrified. They had no idea what was happening or why.

All the vehicles which had taken part in the operation, except one, headed for the Channel Tunnel in Folkestone. The vehicle with Alan's two daughters, went to a tiny airfield where the unconscious girls were bundled onto a small aircraft that took off flying very low to avoid detection. The vehicle carried on to the Channel Tunnel once the girls had been offloaded.

Back in the building where the four men lay helpless, things were happening. All four were given another injection. They were unceremoniously stripped naked and dumped onto four hospital beds which were raised so that they could see a huge TV screen that was on the wall. There were no sheets, just a plastic covering over the mattresses. One of their captors inserted a DVD into the TV and a film started. The star was the little girl Mandy. She was dressed in a white skirt, high heels and a white, tight angora turtle neck sweater, which showed off her small breasts. She walked up to a bed, where a man was lying. His face was blurred. Mandy shook him and he reached out for her and pulled her close. They started kissing and after a few minutes, he began to remove her clothes until she was naked. She pivoted a few times for the camera, displaying her beautiful body. She looked like a little, innocent angel.

She lay on the bed and the guy began to work her clit with his tongue. Mandy was writhing and moaning. Then, he got between her legs and the scene moved to a closeup of the guy's penis, sliding slowly into her. Then, they started to move. Mandy was bucking as she met his downstrokes. It didn't take long before she cried out and went into what seemed to be a mind blowing orgasm. The scene changed. Cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, side by side, face to face. Mandy had two more orgasms. Then came the final scene. They were going full blast in doggy style, when the guy cried out and pulled her close. Mandy screamed.

"Oh yes, fill me with your sperms, daddy. It feels so good." It was obvious that she too was climaxing as he unloaded inside her. The camera moved to a closeup of her little hairless pussy, as great ropes of white semen oozed out of her.

Two men come into the room. Both wore balaclavas. The woman they had known as Gabriella stripped naked. She was truly drop dead gorgeous. A trolley with surgical instruments was wheeled in. She pulled on surgical gloves.

"I really hope that you all enjoyed the movie." She said. "I know that you all wanted to get a piece of little Mandy and me as well. We didn't want to disappoint you, so as neither of us wanted you to even touch us, we decided to let you see what you missed." One of the masked men then addressed them.

"I suppose you are wondering why you are here and what is going to happen to you. I will explain. We found two young girls. They had both been brutally raped. The youngest one died in my arms. The older one told me exactly what had happened. She said that the instigator was Alan. She said that her father had raped her and her sister, and that Alan, George, and Eric had raped her and abused her little sister who was so badly damaged that she bled out. She told us how they had been tied up and left and that you were all going to rape them over and over and turn them into addicts. The older one, Samantha, cut open her wrists in a hot bath, because she couldn't face life after what you had all done to her. Now, we take a dim view of rapists, an even dimmer view of rapists that rape underage girls. We held a tribunal and at first, we thought of the death penalty, but death is far too good for you, so here is what is going to happen. You have been given an injection that is a derivative of curare. It's used in certain tribes in poison arrows, and poison darts. It paralyzes the victim. We also use this in hospitals when we operate, except the patient is under a general anesthetic,, so he is totally relaxed, unable to move, but because of the anesthetic, he feels nothing. Now, we are going to castrate all four of you, but you won't be getting an anesthetic. You will feel everything. I sincerely hope that the pain will lead you to think about the pain and damage that you inflicted on these two poor girls. Oh, I forgot, because Alan started all this, he will also undergo a total penectomy. That should make sure that he doesn't incite anyone else to rape their children. He produced an instrument that looked like a felt pen. "You should be familiar with what is in here." He told them. "It's the same dye that they use to protect boxes of money. It's a dye which is almost impossible to

wash off." He turned over each man in turn and wrote on their backs

Joe was the first on the table. George watched in horror. Poor Joe could feel everything and the thought that this was also to be his fate, was too horrific to contemplate. Next on the table was Eric. When she was finished with Eric, George was put onto the table and she repeated the process with him. Now it was Alan's turn. He was put onto the table and an instrument plugged into the mains. The three men could not see what was happening, but there was blood and the smell of burning flesh as they electrically cauterized the wounds. A hood was put over their heads, the earphones and the loud music was switched back on and they were driven off. The pain that they had suffered had driven all three of them almost insane.

The vehicle finally stopped. They were taken out and laid onto a grassy piece of ground. The men and the woman took off the hoods. They poured gasoline and diesel into the vehicle and set a timer. A vehicle was waiting for them. The four men couldn't see it and they couldn't move a finger. They were completely naked.

They heard the car start up and drive away. They lay there for what seemed to be hours. Then they heard a whooshing sound as the vehicle they had travelled in went up in flames. As policemen, they knew that there would be no evidence left behind. Some time later, they heard sirens and saw flashing blue lights.

Just before the timer would set the cars alight, Gabriella phoned the central police station from a call box. She explained that a car was burning and that there were naked men near it. She said that she would wait there for them and rang off. When the police arrived, they saw that the men had all been castrated and as they picked them up they saw that each one had writing on their backs. Joe bore the words "I raped and killed my two little girls". Eric and George had the sentence. "I am a child rapist". They were even more horrified at what they found with Alan. Not only had he been castrated, but his entire penis had been removed and on his back. "I

helped Joe rape and kill his children”

Forensics could find no clues as to the identity of the attackers. Traces of Sam’s and Tracy’s vaginal secretions were found on Alan and Joe’s bodies. They were all four remanded in custody. Most of the time, the men were incoherent, they were taken to a prison hospital. They told wild stories about a woman and a little girl, about masked men, insurance agents and nothing made sense. They had no knowledge of where that had been taken. A search was underway for the two murdered girls and Alan’s two daughters who were also missing. Traces of both Sam’s and Tracy’s vaginal secretions and semen from all four men were found by forensics in Joe’s living room, confirming the rape.

Back at home, in Germany Alex’s basement had been converted into a small prison. Alan’s daughters woke to find themselves in adjoining cells, thirteen by thirty feet with bars, a mattress on the floor, a toilet, sink. Toilet paper and tampons. They screamed and yelled, but no one came.



Part 4. -The final curtain.

Rita went hysterical, screaming and shouting imprecations. Some time later, a huge man came and shoved a plate of bacon, eggs etc on a tray under the bars, with a plastic knife and fork.

“Let me out of here you fucking bastard. I’m getting married today. My father is a policeman; you’ll go to jail for the rest of your fucking worthless life when he finds me.” She picked up the tray and the plate of food and threw it against the wall. The man said nothing, just walked away. Rita was a real bitch. She knew that her father was a criminal. He treated her well and in exchange, she was quite content to let

him fuck her whenever he wanted. She had fucked almost every white boy in her school. If anyone upset her in any way, she would tell her father who would go out of his way to harass them and even arrest them on trumped up charges. Like her father, she hated Black kids; in fact, she hated everyone who wasn't white like her, and even those she treated with absolute contempt. Everyone hated her, but they were terrified of her as well.

She was daddy's little girl. She knew how to make the best use of her sex and her father and his mates. She has searched for someone with a lot of money, because she had no intention of ever working for a living. Finally, she had found a guy twenty years older than she who had pots of money. He was besotted with her and she had landed him. He was fucking useless in bed, even worse than her father. Now, these pricks had kidnapped her and she was going to miss the wedding. By God, her and her dad would make these bastards pay, big time.

In the other cell, Sandra eyed to the plate of food. It looked good. She was hungry, so she ate it. She saw that her daily pill was also on the tray, so she took it out of habit. She realized that she couldn't get out. She was scared, but she was glad to be away from her brute of a father. He would come home, grab her and take her into his bedroom where he would brutally fuck her. He had no interest in her feelings at all. She was on the pill, so he filled her with his sperm and then told her to get dressed and help with the food. He never lasted more than a minute or so, so it was bearable, but he was hung like a horse for a little girl like her. Her sister was daddy's favorite, she could do no wrong in his eyes; she quite often slept with him. Her mother kept quiet she was just happy that he left her alone. She had been slim and beautiful when she was young, but now fat, and lazy.

Alex and Tony called their friends together. They were all martial artists, bodybuilders, and most of them ex-military. They had known each other from childhood. They were completely loyal to each other and trusted each other implicitly. Alex had explained what had happened to Joe's two girls. They had all been horrified. Most of the guys wanted the death sentence for them, but after

Alex, and Tony had outlined their plan; they had been only too happy to help fix up the four policemen and Alan's two daughters.

"We're on fellows." Alex told them. "The bitch has started her period. As you know, we kept the younger one on the pill, but not the bitch. She should be finished tomorrow. We'll give her an extra day, and then they both get fucked. Be gentle with the young one. Do not hurt her. She isn't part of this. You can threaten them as much as you like, but I don't want either of them harmed. They didn't do the rape. So the day after tomorrow, all twelve of us get to fuck both of them and they are going to blow us as well. I don't think the little one will be a problem, she seems to be a nice kid, but you may have to make some very serious threats to the elder one or she'll bite your cock off! After the night, then the elder one is fair game. I want as many of you as possible to fuck her as often as you can for the three days following. After that we leave her and Big Mac will do his bit."

The two girls were fed three times daily. After the second day, Rita started eating. The same man came every day, pushed the tray of food through and left. She had no idea what was going on. She yelled and screamed, but not a word was spoken. After eleven days, her period started. She was glad that there were a couple of tampons for her, but after the second day, she screamed at the man for more. He brought her a box. As soon as her period had finished, three big men came. They grabbed her, kicking and screaming and took her into a shower.

"Either you strip, and shower or we strip you and do it for you." They told her.

"Fuck you." She screamed. They pressed a button on the wall and two more men came in. They were huge, just like her favorite WWF wrestlers. They were both naked. They took a knife and just cut her clothes off. They went into the shower with her and began to soap her down. They both had erections. They massaged her breasts, and one of them washed her cunt. She was sure that they were going to rape her, but they didn't. She wished that they had. The sight of these two muscular

men had already made her wet and horny. They dried her off and marched her naked into a big room. It was full of men. They just wore T-shirts and shorts. They were all very big and muscular. She was screaming and shouting imprecations, but no-one seemed to notice. Then, the door opened and two more men carried her little sister into the room. She saw her sister stark naked being held by two naked men. She realized that they were going to be raped.

One of the men got up, switched on the TV and put a disc into the player. They saw Alan and his friends being led away to a waiting police van with blankets over them. The announcer said that the men had been violently assaulted, but they had been accused of raping and murdering Superintendent Joe's children. Both girls knew that Joe's kids had been missing for some time, but now their own father was being accused of being an accomplice and a pedophile rapist. They were all being held in custody. Police were searching for the bodies of the four missing children. The men denied the charges.

Both girls could well believe it of their father and his friends. They were thugs, but now they were really scared, were they going to be killed as well. Both girls started crying.

"It wasn't us." Rita cried. "Please don't hurt us." She was trembling now. All the bluster had gone out of her and she was reduced to begging like the coward she was. Sandra said nothing. She was sure that they were both going to die and begging wouldn't make any difference.

"If you cooperate you won't be hurt." One of the men said. "I promise you. Your father and his friends raped and killed his two children. They were only nine and twelve. It's only fitting that you two girls also get used as sex toys, but we won't kill you. In fact, we won't hurt you if you behave. Now I'm pretty sure that your daddy broke you. Both in years ago, so unlike Joe's children, you know what's coming. Yes we are all going to fuck both of you, frequently, so best get used to it. Try to bite

one of us, and all bets are off. First, we cut off both your ears, then your tits, and finally we'll open you up from cunt to tits and you can watch your own insides as you die." Menace filled the air

Sandra was sat on a chair, and Rita was bent over the back of a couch. The first man was one of those who had showered her. She was wet just looking at him. He wasn't rough like her father nor was he circumcised like her father. It didn't take long before she cried out as she reached an orgasm. The man pulled her close and shot stream after stream of his seed into her. She saw her sister giving one of the men a blow job. Sandra didn't mind. She had always tried to enjoy sex, but with her father she rarely reached a climax. It was all over far too quickly.

Once the man had filled Sandra's mouth with his semen, most of which she managed to swallow, the man who had just fucked Rita joined the line for Sandra and the man who had finished with Sandra, came to the line for her. She counted the men. There were twelve of them. She realized that all twelve were going to have a turn.

When they had all finished, they were both covered in semen, Rita had been fucked twelve times and Sandra had administered twelve blow jobs. She was feeling a bit nauseous she had swallowed a hell of a lot of semen; her jaws and mouth was very sore. Both girls were sat in chairs and duct-taped so that they couldn't get away. One of the men brought Sandra a glass of Sherry.

"Here, drink this, it will take the taste away." He told her. She drank it all. The men sat around the bar, drinking beers and eating snacks. They were playing music and generally having a party. Rita sat sniveling and crying for the first time in her life she had nothing to say. She was beyond terrified. After an hour or so. They all stood up.

"Time for round two." The leader announced. Now, the girls were swapped around.

Rita was exhausted. She had reached six orgasms, and now she would have to blow twelve men. Her body ached, but she had no choice. Load after load of hot semen was sprayed into her mouth. She was surprised that some of these guys even after having come twice earlier could produce so much semen in such a short time.

Sandra was having the time of her life. She loved sex, but had rarely had time to climax with her father. After about a minute, it was all over. These guys were different. First, they were all muscular and good looking. None of them were pot-bellied like her father. They were gentle. They took their time, they played with her tits and they worked her clit. She was having some mind-blowing orgasms.

Finally, it was all over. Both girls were exhausted. They ached all over. They were getting very sore inside from the constant thrusting into them. They were marched back to new rooms. Now, each room had a double bed, dressing table, easy chair, and a small bathroom toilet and shower. They had no idea what time it was, but they climbed into bed. In Sandra's room, before she could sleep, the door opened and the leader came in. He was still naked. He pulled back the duvet and climbed in with her. He put his arms around her and held her close.

"Go to sleep now." He told her. "You need all the rest you can get."

She woke with someone sucking her little breasts. A hand went down between her legs. She was only half-awake, but despite herself, she was beginning to get wet. She felt her leg being lifted, and next she felt a man's penis sliding into her pussy. It felt so good. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Soon, they were moving in unison. The strokes got longer and faster until both of them exploded at the same time. After a while, the man pulled his now flaccid cock out of her. She felt semen running out of her, but she didn't care. She put her arms around the man and hugged him.

When she woke again, he was gone. She lay alone. What was going to happen now? Not long after, the guy came back; he carried two trays of breakfast. He climbed into bed with her and they both ate in silence. After, the trays were put onto the floor and he pulled back the duvet to look, at her little body. He kissed her breasts and then her forehead and left with the empty breakfast things. Afterwards, he sat her up

"Listen now." He said. "So far, you've been a good girl. I think that you are very sweet, unlike your sister and your father. If you continue like this, you get to sleep with me at night and the others won't touch you. They are all going to be very busy with your sister. Keep behaving and I'll give you a choice. You can either go home to your parents with Rita when we are done with her, or I can arrange for you to stay with nicer people in a different country. It's up to you."

"I hate my mother and father." She told him. "Rita is a real cow. She's mean, sadistic, and cruel. Just like our father. She lets him fuck her, but she hates him as well. She wraps him around her finger, and she has him beat up and harass anyone she doesn't like. My father grabs me whenever he feels like it and just fucks me. Fortunately, he only lasts a minute or two, so I got used to it. You should kill both of them; they are both no good. I'll do whatever you ask, please don't send me home to them. I would rather live in a box or on the street. I often thought of running away, but I'm sure my father would have found me and maybe even killed me for trying to get away from him."

Rita was having a different night. She slept alone. She had no idea of the time. She was awakened by a man climbing into her bed. At first, she tried to struggle, but the man was far too strong. He got between her legs and penetrated her. He fucked her for what seemed to be hours, but in fact it was probably only ten minutes. She climaxed twice. Then, he left. She went back to sleep, only to be awakened again, by another man sucking at her nipples and massaging her swollen clit. There seemed to be no end to it. She would sleep for a while, maybe go to the toilet and the next thing she would be getting fucked again.

After four days of this. The visits suddenly stopped. She was left alone. Food and drink, was brought regularly, but no more sex. She wondered what was going to happen. Four days later, she found out. The door opened, and a huge black man came in. Her father was a racist and the thought of having a black man fucking her was terrifying. She wasn't on the pill any longer. What if she got pregnant? The man stripped off, pulled off the duvet and climbed on top of her, she was screaming and struggling, but it was of no avail. The huge black penis slammed in and out of her, and eventually he shot a massive amount of semen into her as deep as he could.

"Don't worry little girl." He told her. "There's plenty more where that came from." He came back three or four times every day for over a week then he suddenly stopped coming. She was pretty sure that he had made her pregnant. She would get an abortion as soon as she got out of here. Then, the leader came.

"Don't be scared, I just want you to rest for a while," and he gave her an injection. Within a minute, she was asleep. She was taken to an airfield, put onto the same small plane that he brought her to Germany and then moved from an airfield in the UK to Alex's house.

When she woke, she was in a different room. There was no sound of her sister. Then, other men started coming back. Now there seemed to be only three of them, they were all masked with balaclavas. She missed her period, and she knew. She begged the men to let her go, but they just kept fucking her. Her belly swelled. She knew that it was far too late for an abortion. After about six months, she was showered, her hair washed and she was given. A plastic suit to wear. She was gagged, her wrists tied with a plastic tie, a hood put over her head and put into a large crate and onto a truck. They drove for hours. In actual fact, it was only 12 miles away from her home where she had been held. She had just driven around to make sure that she had no idea where she had been held. The truck stopped. The crate was opened. The men told her to climb out. They ripped the plastic suit from her and free her

wrists and legs, leaving her completely naked except for the hood. The truck drove away. She managed to get the hood off. She was inside a wooded clearing. She got to her feet and started walking. She heard the sound of cars, so she headed in that direction. When she reached the road, cars stopped. There was a huge commotion. People rushed to her. Naked and with her swollen belly, she was the center of attraction. An ambulance and several police cars arrived, and she was whisked off to hospital. She was informed that her father was in prison. Her mother had committed suicide, and her sister was nowhere to be found.

They questioned her for days to try to find where she had been held, but nothing that she could tell them as helpful. Her father was brought to see her, he looked like an old man. All the bravado had gone from him. She learned from one of the nurses that he had been castrated, and his penis removed without any anesthetic and the words "I helped Joe to rape and kill his children," tattooed on his back. A few weeks later, she gave birth and looked in total horror and disbelief at the pitch black baby that was put into her arms. She started screaming and shoved it at the nurse, refusing to even touch it. Her rich boyfriend lost all interest in her when he found that she was pregnant. She became the laughing stock of the town, and now she had no daddy to protect her, she they treated her with the same contempt that she had visited on them.

Sandra was quite happy. She didn't want to go home. She was getting all the food, and sex she wanted. She worked out in the gym, she ate good, healthy food. She was still on the pill. She didn't miss her father or mother or even her sister. She asked the man who was called Andrew, and who slept with her most of the time, if he were going to keep his promise and not to send her home. She wanted to stay here. They told her about her father and mother. She expressed no emotion. They told her about Rita and her black baby which had been put up for adoption, and Sandra laughed aloud. She had no real love for her sister.

Eventually, she was given. A new identity and she was moved to Andrew's family. His wife knew what he happened, so there was no animosity to her and she was

accepted as part of the family. The amount of sex she was getting dropped considerably, but the man's wife was content to let her husband fuck this girl from time to time and after a short time; two nights every week were for Sandra and Andrew to sleep together.

Joe was found dead in the prison laundry. Men take a dim view of child rapists. George had gone insane and was now in a psychiatric ward. Eric had to be kept in solitary confinement for his own protection. Alan was found hanged in his cell, the enquiry found that he had taken his own life. There was a massive enquiry, most of which wasn't reported. They never found the bodies of the two missing girls who had by this time completely forgotten about their father and their terrible experience.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Two For The Price Of A Single Chat

It was the 1980's. We didn't have WiFi or the Internet as it is now. No Facebook and other Social Media where people could give away all their personal data and then complain that they were being spied upon. . We had dial-up modems and Bulletin Boards. I was twenty-six years old, and I was a veterinarian. My hobby was weight lifting, sort of a cross between power lifting and bodybuilding. I wasn't really interested in either. It was a hobby, and I had a big enough ego to want to look good. I was also a Karate black belt. Women were always interested, so I had no shortage of girlfriends or sex, but I had never found anyone that I wanted a real relationship with.

I was on a couple of different Bulletin Boards, one was for vets, and the other, political. One evening I logged onto the political BB, and I got involved in a conversation with a woman. Over the next weeks, we met online almost every evening. She was very knowledgeable about current affairs, she loved opera, Shakespeare, dogs and all the things I loved as well. She also hated soccer, so did I, and she was keen to get involved in martial arts. Some evenings we would chat until late in the night. After several months of this, we seemed to know everything that there was to know about each other and she suggested that we meet. We arranged to meet on a Saturday afternoon at a small cafe in a nearby town. She knew that I was six feet two inches tall. I told her that I would wear black trousers and a black sleeveless running shirt. I asked her how I would recognize her, but she said that she would recognize me.

There is always a bit of trepidation when you plan to meet a stranger. I guessed that from her knowledge she was in her thirties at least, so I had no idea what sort of a woman that I was meeting. I sat in the cafe and waited. We had agreed to meet at

two o' clock. When it got to quarter past, I was getting ready to go until suddenly, from the far corner, this incredibly gorgeous girl stood up and walked over to my table. She was around five feet four or five, slim with an athletic body. She wore a tight, white skirt down to her knees, beautiful legs accentuated with a pair of white high-heeled shoes, and a white angora wool, turtle-neck sweater, which set off the curves of two small yet perfect breasts. Her hair was long, wavy, and golden brown, falling brilliantly over her chest. The girl's face was absolutely flawless and she had a complexion like peaches and cream, with beautiful chocolate brown eyes and the most kissable cherry lips. She wore no makeup. She was stunningly gorgeous, like a painting of a goddess brought to life. She could have been a film star or a fashion model that would have graced the front page of any magazine. Her eyes were like stars decorating the night sky. She looked, shy and timid, like a little rabbit caught in the headlights of an oncoming car. "Tony?" Her voice was soft and querulous.

"Julie?" I was stunned.

"Yes, you aren't anything like I imagined you to be." I tried to hide my disappointment.

"I'm sorry that you are disappointed, but you certainly aren't what I expected either." I told her. "I expected a middle-aged woman, not an incredibly beautiful girl like yourself. Anyway I'm glad we have met each other. No reason why we can't still chat to each other online." Her eyes moistened.

"No, please, don't get me wrong. I'm certainly not disappointed. I expected someone who, well, looked older, and was thin with spectacles and looking very professor like. I didn't expect to meet Tarzan or Hercules. I'm just amazed that you are such a big powerful guy, not what I would have expected for someone who is so fond of opera and Shakespeare." The tension was broken. I laughed.

"So you aren't disappointed then? I'm so glad. You are very beautiful, and you are a lot younger than I would ever have expected for someone with such knowledge." She sat down and smiled. She put out her hand and shook hands with me.

"I'm really, really pleased that we've met at last. I can hardly believe that you are twenty six, I wouldn't have guessed you at more than nineteen or so. You really are a hunk. I sat in the corner over there, I was going to run if you had looked creepy or much older than you said. I couldn't believe that you were Tony. I was going to leave, but I thought I would make sure." I looked at her.

"I'm just too stunned right now." I told her. "I was going to be polite and then make some excuse to leave if you had been fat and ugly or much older than I, but you never told me how old you were." Suddenly, she looked nervous.

"Tony, we know a lot about each other. I think we've both been telling the truth. I would like to continue like that. I really want to get to know you better, so please be honest. Do you really like me? Do you want to take this meeting further. Please don't bullshit me."

"Julie, any man who didn't like you would be either dead or completely mad. You are more than I could have hoped for and yes, yes, yes. I do want to see you again, and I do want to take this meeting further."

"Promise me, Tony. No matter what, you won't run out on me. Promise."

"Cross my heart. You aren't married, or something are you?" She laughed.

"Tony, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Please hear me out." I couldn't believe that she was married. Maybe she had leukemia or some other incurable disease.

"OK, I'm listening."

"Both my parents are dead in a plane crash. I live with my aunt. She doesn't really want me, but she's the only relative that I have, so it's a duty thing. She doesn't bother me and I can do almost as I like. She's divorced and looking for someone else, so I try to keep out of her way. The truth is that I'll only be fourteen in November. I can't relate to any of the boys in the area. All they want is soccer, chicks and noise that they call music. I desperately need a boyfriend, and you are the first person who I've met who shares so much with me. Yes I know that the powers that are saying that girls of my age shouldn't have any feelings, especially for mature men, but they are so very wrong. I want someone that I can talk to, confide in and rely on. Someone older who likes the same things that I do. Is this so terrible? Now it's up to you. You can tell me to get lost, but I hope that you won't."

I have to admit; I was stunned. She looked much older than thirteen, and a half and she had more knowledge than most women of forty. My mind was racing as she was talking. Part of me said 'run,' but I couldn't. I studied her lovely face. There were tears in her eyes.

"Ouch, Julie, you certainly know how to complicate a guy's life. You know that I should get up right now and run, but I can't. I know how you must feel. There's no law stopping me from meeting you, but you know that the witch hunt for men who have feelings for younger girls gets more every year. Fortunately, you look and act a lot older than you are, but we have to be very, very careful. I guess that you could be interested in veterinary work, and you could come to my surgery to help out. No-one could complain about that. As long as we stay way out of the town where you live, I guess I could pay you by taking you out for a meal or so. I'm prepared to take

a chance. We can see where this takes us.”

I took her to my surgery, and I showed her my home. When we got back into the car, she put her hand on mine. We held hands. “I don’t need to be home before ten tonight. That’s the only rule that my aunt insists on.”

“That’s great, let’s drive down to a bigger town and we can have dinner together.” After a romantic, candlelight dinner, I drove her home and stopped out of sight of the houses. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. The kiss began to get very intense. I had to pry her loose.

“What about tomorrow?” She whispered.

“Can you get to the surgery? Just before lunch. Bring a notepad.” More kissing.

“Goodnight Tony. Thank you for a lovely day. See you tomorrow.”

I drove home. I knew I was on dangerous ground, but this was the first woman that I had ever met which ticked every box. I didn’t want to lose her, but she was a long way from sixteen, and I didn’t fancy sitting behind bars. Then again, what were my options. If I dumped her then she might pick up with some roughneck who would hurt her.

The next day, she arrived at my surgery about half an hour before we were due to close. My receptionist called me and I went out to meet Julie. She wore jeans, and a T-shirt and flat shoes and she carried a bag. She wanted to be a vet herself, she explained and she wanted to get some idea of what was involved. I told her that

she was welcome to help with the cleaning and feeding the sick animals and suchlike and that she was welcome any weekend.

After we had closed and my receptionist had gone; Julie grabbed me and kissed me. My house was only a short distance away, and we could get to it by crossing the field where my two horses were. "Come on, we can have a drink and I'll cook us a nice lunch." I told her. We went across the field to my house. Once inside, I poured her a glass of wine and we sat together on the couch. She took a sip of the wine and then moved up close to me.

"Please kiss me Tony." The kiss got more and more intense. She took my hand and put it on her breast. It was firm, small but it felt good. She squirmed and put her hand on my crotch. My penis was already threatening to burst. I groaned.

"Julie, I hope you know what you are doing. ." She covered my mouth with her lips and pulled down the zip of my pants. I slid my hand under her T-shirt. Her nipples were as hard as bullets. I rolled them in my fingers and her breathing got harder and her groans louder. She fumbled inside my Y-fronts until she found my penis and pulled it out. She stroked it gently.

"Please make love to me Tony." She whispered. "I'm a bit scared. I've never done this. I'm still a virgin, but I really want to do this. Please Tony, please. Try not to hurt me too much." I stood up and took her hand. We walked together down the corridor to my bedroom.

"Julie, my sweet, I want to do this as well, but please, just think about this for a minute. If we go any further, it will be too late to stop. Are you absolutely sure? Are you on the pill? I don't have any condoms here, and I don't want to take a chance and make you pregnant."

"You should know by now that I do think things through. I'm not on the pill, but my period is due in three days, so it's safe." As she was talking, she unfastened her jeans and let them fall to the ground. She hooked her thumbs into her panties and pulled them down. She almost tore off her T-shirt and stood before me naked except for her socks. She unfastened my belt and yanked down my trousers and Y-fronts. I took off my shirt and tie. We both fell onto the bed. She scrabbled to get her socks off and I took mine off as well. We embraced, and our lips met.

Her breasts were small but well formed, pert and extremely kissable. I massaged them and her nipples. She ground her crotch against my leg. She was breathing hard. My hand slid down to her tummy and then onto the triangle of golden down. It was soft, and she was soaking wet. Her clitoris was very well developed, and she squirmed as I touched it. I slid my finger inside her vagina and with my thumb; I worked on her clit. Her hips were humping my finger; her breathing was getting faster. She was sweating, and then suddenly her entire body went rigid. "Oh Jesus, arrgggh." Her body convulsed. I slid down the bed until my head was on her spasming tummy. I waited until she had come back down to earth, and then I moved lower and with my tongue. I started to work on her clit again.

"Oh my God, this is so wonderful." She put her hands onto my head and pulled me into her crotch. Her hips were moving. I managed to get my finger back inside her and she started to go wild.

"Oh shit, yes, yes, oh my God, it's happening again. Oh Jesus Christ." Her bottom lifted high into the air taking me with it. I held her hips as she went into another massive orgasm. I held her tightly in my arms as she slowly came back down to earth. I found it hard to believe that a girl so young could get such a massive climax. We held each other tight until her breathing got quieter. We started kissing again, and my hands were all over that firm young body. She ground her pelvis against me and took hold of my rigid organ and started to stroke it.

"Please, Tony." She lay back and opened her legs. "I know it's going to hurt, but I don't care. I need everything. I want to be a woman. Please be gentle." I positioned myself between her legs and rubbed my straining cock along the wetness of her labia. My penis was dripping. I gently slid inside her, until I met resistance.

"Ready, sweetheart?" I asked her.

"Yes." I pulled back and then pushed hard. She was very tight, but I felt her hymen break. She gave a short cry of pain. I kept very still. I was only about halfway inside her.

"It's all over, my love." I reassured her.

"It wasn't nearly as bad as I expected." Was her reply? I started to move again, slowly, and gently each stroke took me a little further into her tight pussy. Finally, I was as deep as I could go.

"How is that my sweet?" I asked.

"Don't stop, this is so good."

I started to rock gently inside her. The walls of her vagina were stretching to accommodate my massive erection. Her hips started to move with me, meeting my downward thrusts with her upward ones. The pace started to quicken and her thrusts became harder as did mine, and soon we were slamming into each other.

"Oh my God, yes, yes, yes, oh Tony, oh shit, oh this is . . ." Her voice turned to a scream. Her vagina suddenly grabbed my dick, and it felt as if it had been trapped in a vice. I just couldn't hold it. My orgasm hit me, but the semen was trapped until suddenly she relaxed, and a massive fountain of my hot semen erupted into her. She cried out, and the vice tightened again. Fountain after fountain of my semen erupted into her beautiful body. I thought I would never stop. I think I had eight or nine huge eruptions of my seed into her. I could feel it running out down my balls. I pushed myself as deeply into her as I could. I was in tears; my orgasm was so overwhelming. She lay gasping for breath. We were both covered in sweat and our combined juices. Tears were pouring down my face. I was lost inside her and the moment was just too much for my emotions. She looked at me with those big brown eyes.

"Tony that was fantastic. Why are you cry? . . ."

Her voice broke off. "Oh my God, it's swelling again inside me. Oh Jesus, I think if I do that again, I'll just die." I just couldn't stop myself I pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in. The movement made loud squelches, and drops of semen shot out. Within a few moments, we were pounding each other again. Julia was talking gibberish; we were churning a pink foam that seemed to spray everywhere.

"Oh God, I can't, oh shit, I'm going crazy, please Tony, please, I think I'll die if I climax again, oh my God, it's happening. Oh no." Her body convulsed again. I slowed down for her, but I could feel my own orgasm building. I slammed in about four more strokes before I shot another fountain of my seed, deep into her willing womb.

We lay together, clutching each other, panting and gasping as if we had just run a marathon. We were soaked in sweat, semen, and her vaginal secretions. We were both lost in the moment. It was by far the most intense orgasm that I had ever had. Once I had regained my senses, I got up and carried her into the bathroom and into

the shower. She struggled to her feet and lay against me, still panting. We cleaned each other up, and then we dried each other and I carried her back into the bedroom and laid her gently onto the bed. I knew right then that I never wanted to let this girl go. She meant everything to me

"I never thought that sex could ever be that good." She told me. "I've read about it in books, but nothing can ever describe this. It was amazing. I just have one question for you now Tony. On a scale of say one to ten, what do you rate our chances of this relationship building? Be honest with me."

"From my side, about fifteen or twenty." I told her. "In two and a half years, we can be open about this, we can live together or get married or whatever. On my side, you are everything I ever wanted and will ever want."

"I feel the same, but there is something else. I know that men have a primeval urge to reproduce, and sometimes other women tempt them. I want you to know that I would never stand in your way, but only if I knew who the person was and had a chance to meet her first. That way, I could discuss it with you and I could approve or disapprove. If you need sex with another woman, as long as I know that she is clean and healthy, I could forgive you, but if you just did it behind my back, I couldn't."

"Julie, I not that kind of a guy. I would never cheat on you."

"Never is a long time, Tony, but I'm bringing this up now because I want to ask you to do something for me. This isn't really the time and place, but I made a promise, so I feel that I have to keep it." I was a little puzzled. This wasn't the sort of conversation one would expect so soon after such amazing sex.

"What promise? I'll do anything for you, you should know that." I responded.

"It might be a bit embarrassing, but here goes. I have a friend who is a year older than me. She's a real nerd, wears dreadful clothes, spectacles that are cheap and unflattering, all the boys shun her at school. She is extremely clever, and she wants to be a surgeon. She is a really sweet girl and my best friend. Just like me, she's desperately looking for a boyfriend so I promised her that if we, well, you know and I thought that. . . Oh shit, bottom line is, I offered to share you with her if I liked you enough, if you would agree. I'm sure you'll like her and she and I would be really happy if you would get to know her, have sex with her, and then maybe we can sort out how she dresses and see what happens" She was starting to gabble, so I held up my hand and stopped her.

"Look Tony," she continued, "it's not just a sex thing. A girl needs a man in her life. A man who shares her likes and dislikes. A man who can talk to her on the same level. A man who will help her, care for her, and protect her from the evil things in this world. There are a few girls who like the finer things in life like classical music, opera, world events and politics, science, and the arts as well. Most young men today think only of soccer; noise they call music, and sex with as many women as they can. They get drunk, beat up women, gamble, screw around and think that sex is what they see in porno films. I don't want a man like that. Nor does my friend Jennifer. I want you. Sure there's an age difference. Thirteen years isn't that much. Finding a man in my age group with a brain and a decent body is almost impossible." I was stunned.

"Julie, I'm sure that you know that it's hard for a man to get an erection for someone he doesn't find attractive. I'm amazed that you are offering to share me with your friend. She's lucky to have such a good friend. Just for you and to help you keep your promise, I'll meet her and I'll try, but I make no promises and I would need to get to know her and establish some trust. You and I were different, we shared each other's lives on the computer, but you can hardly expect her to open her legs to a stranger that she doesn't know or trust nor can you expect me to be able to even

get aroused with someone that I find unattractive or who pisses me off. Let's first all meet up. Maybe we'll take an instant dislike to each other and that will solve the problem."

I was flattered that the girl of my dreams, the most beautiful, sexiest girl I had ever met who was more intelligent than any girl I had met before, was offering to let me not only to have sex with her fifteen-year old friend, but to do it on what I gathered would be a permanent basis. We arranged to meet at the cafe, the following weekend. They were already there when I arrived. Julie introduced me to her friend Jennifer. She was a bit taller than Julie and a bit thinner. My first impression was that she wasn't eating properly, and she had zero dress sense. Both were in jeans Julie had a T-shirt that showed off her breasts, whilst Jennifer had a dreadful yellow blouse that didn't suit her at all. Her dark brown hair was done up in a messy bun, and she had a pair of cheap plastic spectacles. She was also painfully shy.

Julie and I chatted for a while; poor Jennifer sat staring at the table. "Jennifer, you seem to be very shy." I said to her. "Come on, I don't bite. Would you like tea, coffee, or hot chocolate, maybe a milk shake?"

"Chocolate please"

"So what do you think?" Julie asked me after I had ordered drinks and scones. We ate in silence. I studied the girl and finally, I replied.

"Your friend is very sweet, but she doesn't know how to dress, and those specs are truly dreadful. I think if she woke up, got some new specs, some decent clothes, started to eat better and stopped being so shy, she could be a very lovely girl." Tears ran down Jennifer's face.

"It's not my fault, there's only me and my mom and we don't have enough money for glasses or fancy clothes. We struggle to pay all the bills and eat." Julie tried to comfort her. I sat deep in thought. I had two choices. I could decide to have two young girls in my life, or I could walk away from the newcomer. Truth was, I was feeling sorry for the poor kid. I made my decision.

"Finish your drinks the pair of you and let's get out of here." Julie looked disappointed, and Jennifer was still crying. We got up and walked to my surgery. Inside, I went to my wall safe and took out five hundred pounds. I gave this to Julie.

"Now listen up the pair of you. Julie, buy your aunt some flowers and a big box of chocolates, tell her you bought a lottery ticket and won the cash, whatever. Tell her that you want to help your friend Jennifer, then take her into town get her eyes tested and get her some decent specs. I don't care what they cost. If you need more cash, call me and I'll get it to you. Take her to a good hairdresser and get her hair fixed. Then get her some new clothes. Lingerie, skirts, dresses whatever, make sure you get enough so that she doesn't have to wear the same things every day. There are no conditions attached to this Jennifer. So I don't want you to even try to talk me out of this. I don't want any money back. You don't even have to see me again if you don't want to. I just want to help out. A girl deserves to look good. Enjoy." Jennifer burst into tears and put her arms around me. I held her tight and patted her. "Don't cry. Just spruce yourself up and let's see what happens." I was reluctant to let Julie go and miss out on sex, but I hoped it would be worth it. We arranged to meet same place, same time the following weekend.

The next weekend I went to the cafe. I had been waiting about fifteen minutes before Julie arrived with another girl. I had to look twice before I recognized that the girl with her was Jennifer. The transformation was amazing, the dark brown hair that had been rolled into an untidy bun, was now over her shoulders, similar to Julie's, but dark brown, and it shone in the sunlight. The ghastly specs had been replaced with stylish rimless ones. She wore a pink, knee length, tight, knitted dress, which clung to her, showing her slim but sexy figure. She wore a choker of pearls

and white high heeled shoes. Except for being a bit too slim, she looked gorgeous. My cock was starting to get hard at the mere thought of being able to have sex with both of these young beauties. I jumped to my feet. "Wow, what a miracle, you both look absolutely gorgeous." I held out my hand to Jennifer. "Jennifer, you look stunning." Tears ran down her face, she couldn't speak for a few minutes, then she sobbed.

"Thank you Tony, I'll never be able to repay you. You are wonderful." We had a drink, and then I took both girls to my house via the surgery.

When we got inside, Julie disappeared, leaving me alone with her friend. Jennifer came and sat beside me on the couch. She put her arms around me. Her eyes were still wet with tears.

"Please hug me and kiss me Tony. I am so grateful for all you have done for me. I'll never be able to thank you enough." I hugged and kissed her.

"You don't owe me a thing, Jennifer. Seeing you looking beautiful and being happy is payment enough." She clung to me. Her kisses were getting very intense. She took my hand and moved it to her breast, and she groaned and ground her body against me.

"I want you, Tony. Please love me and make this dream complete."

"Are you absolutely sure, Jennifer. You don't have to do this. I don't want you to have regrets afterwards."

"Tony, I really want to. I've wanted to ever since we first met. Julie told me what a kind, gentle man you were, but she never told me that you were so big and powerful and that you had a heart of gold. Please, make this wonderful dream complete."

I picked her up and carried her to my bedroom. I helped her to take off her pearl necklace, and she took off her dress, revealing two small but firm beautiful breasts and a pair of fancy lacy panties. She pulled the panties off revealing her triangle of soft hair and lay back on the bed.

"Jennifer," I said. "What about protection, I would hate to make you pregnant."

"Don't worry, I'm well into my luteal phase, so it's fine. I'm all yours, Tony. You can do anything you like with me. I'm yours forever." I stood like a fool, just looking at her. I took my shirt off and lay down with her. She kissed me passionately, and her hand went down to my belt and she got it unfastened. She fumbled with the clip at the top of my pants, so I helped get them unfastened. She unzipped me and tried to get my trousers off. I lifted my rear up and helped her get them off. My penis was rock hard. She gently stroked it through my Y-fronts.

"I've never seen a man before, only some pictures." I yanked off my Y-fronts, and she took my throbbing cock into her hands, slid down the bed and started to kiss it.

"Please don't." I told her. "I'm going to lose it if you do that." I pulled her back up the bed, and I kissed her again and then started to kiss and caress her breasts. She was squirming and making noises. I wanted to pinch myself to make sure that I was awake. I found it hard to believe that I had two hot, extremely beautiful, sexy girls who wanted me.

"Now it's my turn." I told her and slid down the bed until I could get my face in line with her pussy. She was wet, the labia already open. I licked her juices. She tasted delicious. My tongue found her clit, it wasn't as well developed as Julie's but even more sensitive. She gasped and groaned and grabbed my head. I flicked her clit with my tongue and after a couple of minutes, she screamed in ecstasy and almost crushed my skull. When I could breathe again, I slid my finger into her and started to finger fuck her. She was going wild. I could feel her starting to tense again, so I worked the clit with my thumb until she reached her climax. Her entire body stiffened and went into spasms. She was screaming my name.

"Tony, Tony, Tony. Oh my God, what's happening to me? This is so, so good." I moved back up the bed and held her tight until her shuddering stopped. She was holding me so tight; I could hardly breathe. She grabbed my penis.

"Oh God, I want this inside me so badly, please Tony, fuck me like there will be no tomorrow. I need this so badly." My cock was dripping wet. I got her hand off it and got down between her legs and guided it to her sopping wet vagina. She was trying to push herself onto it.

"This might hurt a bit." I started to say, but she interrupted me.

"I don't give a shit, just fuck me right now." She screamed at me. I slid inside her. She was very tight. She grabbed my hips and pulled so I kept pushing until I felt her cherry pop. She didn't even cry out, she just kept pushing harder and harder until my pubic hairs were meshing with hers. Then, she started. Her hips started slamming into me. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around me pulling me ever deeper into her.

"Oh yes that feels so fucking good. Come on Tony my love, fuck the life out of me!" She uncrossed her ankles and got both of her legs on my shoulders and tried to

fuck herself. I just went overboard. I started fucking her like a wild thing, using full strokes to ram in and out of her. Our bodies slapped together; our combined juices made obscene noises. She screamed out again, and it felt as though a giant hand was trying to crush my poor tortured cock. Her orgasm didn't seem to phase her, she just kept going. Her fingers were dug into my backside. Her spasms were still working my cock. I had never felt anything like it. She was like an animal in heat.

"More, more, don't stop, fuck me silly." She yelled. "Don't ever stop, this is pure magic." I rammed ever deeper and harder, until I could feel that I would shoot my load at any minute.

"Jennie, I can't hold on, oh my God." Her one hand went to her clit, and she rubbed furiously. I tried to hold it, but I couldn't, and I just exploded, shooting more semen into her waiting womb than I had ever shot before. As the third eruption left my cock, she screamed out again and reached another orgasm even more massive than the previous ones. Her fingers were dug unto my arse so hard that it was painful. Her entire body was in convulsions, and she cried out loud in sheer ecstasy as each subsequent fountain of my hot semen splashed inside her, decorating her insides with rope after rope of my sticky seed. I could hardly breathe. I was gasping. I was dripping with sweat. Semen was running out of her, but she wouldn't let go. My cock was shrinking. I had nothing left. I was completely spent.

Eventually, she let me go and I rolled off her. We lay together hugging each other. Neither of us could speak. We were too exhausted even to kiss. The door opened and in came Julie as naked as the day she was born.

"Shove up a bit." She complained and lay down beside me, so that I was sandwiched between these two hot beauties.

"So how was it Jennifer?" She asked her friend.

"Christ, now I know what people mean when they say 'I feel fucked'." Jennifer panted. Julie laughed. "It's lucky that the nearest house is a long way from here; you almost lifted the roof." Then, she looked at me. "Don't lie there looking so smug and pretending to be exhausted. You aren't getting off that easily. I'll give you a while to get your breath back, but you still have some work to do. I missed out last week, so I expect you to make up for it. I think you just got yourself two permanent women in your life. I hope you believe in polygamy. I didn't until today. I love you Tony. I'll never stop loving you. I think my friend loves you as well. Am I correct Jennifer?"

"For the rest of my life." Jennifer told her. "I'm Tony's slave and yours as well for making this happen. When I'm quite a bit older, I want to have your babies, but until then, we'll do our best to wear you out in bed."

This was going to be tough, but I couldn't think of anything better that could ever happen to me. Not one, but two sexy, intelligent gorgeous wives/partners. I certainly wouldn't have the time or energy to be unfaithful. Good job I had a king-size bed.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

We Were More Than Kissing Cousins

Gregory was bored. It was summer holidays at school; he was just turned sixteen. It was a hot day and there was almost certainly a thunderstorm brewing. He had been in the garden and cut the lawn and tidied up. He came back into the house and poured himself a glass of lemonade. All he had on was a pair of shorts. He was a tall very muscular young man, very much into sports, judo and weight lifting. He sat on the couch and wondered what he could do to pass the time.

It was back in the 1960's his mother was in hospital and his grandfather was as well. His dad had died a couple of years earlier, so he was now home alone. He had two young girls at the secondary school that he was fucking regularly, but they were both on holiday with their folks. There was no TV and no computers. He had read most of the books in the house. Maybe he would go out to town the next night and go to one of the dances and try to find another girl. Just then the doorbell rang. He went to the door, but there was no one to be seen. Then, he heard a voice from the kitchen at the back of the house.

"Hey, where is everyone?" It was his cousin Jane. Greg had quite a few cousins, most of them boys, and all but his uncle George lived at opposite ends of the country. George had four children, two boys, and two girls. The older girl Mary was about seventeen. She had a body that attracted every male like flies around a honey pot, and she had been fucked by almost every guy in the area. Jane was only twelve, but she was absolutely gorgeous. When she was older, she would be far better than Mary, but he didn't see much of her. It was rumored that she had been going out with a bloke of around twenty, but it was just a rumor.

"I'm here." He called. "What's the matter?"

"I'm bored, everyone seems to be out or away. Our Mary is probably on her back somewhere, and I just wanted to get out of the house. What are you busy with?" She came into the room. He almost stopped breathing. She had a tight white cotton top, and jeans. She looked amazing. Christ, he would like to get her into bed with him, but the chances of that we're about nil.

"I just finished in the garden." He told her. "I'm also bored I'm on my own; you know grandpa and my mom are in hospital.

"Yes, that's why I thought about coming here. Want an ice cream?"

"That would be nice; we could go . . ." She cut him off.

"I'll nip down to the shop and get some. Shan't be a tick. Strawberry or vanilla?"

"Strawberry," she ran out of the front door, leaving it open. The shop was only about two hundred meters away, and she was back in next to no time. He sat on the big settee, and she sat down beside him. She had some perfume on, and she smelled delicious. They ate their ice cream in silence. The smell of her perfume was giving him a problem.

"Got anything to drink?" She asked.

"Lemonade, tea, coffee. What would you like?"

"Isn't there any beer in the house?" She asked.

"Beer!" You shouldn't be drinking beer at your age." She moved a bit closer to him and put her hand on his thigh.

"Why are you such a straight-lace fuddy-duddy? Don't you ever have a bit of fun. You aren't funny û you know what I mean, are you? We never see you with a girl; you never seem to do anything other than study. Why don't you let your hair down a bit and enjoy yourself?" Greg almost burst out laughing.

"Well, Jane, it's like this. Some people like your sister need to tell the world everything that they are doing, and some of us like to keep things to ourselves and not advertise."

"Yeah, well I bet you've never done it with a girl, have you?"

"That's a question that a gentleman doesn't answer."

"Would you like to fuck our Mary?" Greg was a bit shocked.

"Actually, I wouldn't. I don't like girls with huge boobs like your sister's. She's had more pricks in her than a secondhand dartboard." She started to laugh.

"Which one do you like the most, me or our Mary?" She looked Greg right in the

eye as she said it.

"Jane, you are the most gorgeous little girl in the area if not the entire county and when you get to Mary's age, you will be far more beautiful than she could ever be. So yeah, I prefer you." Her hand moved closer to his crotch. Conversations like this aren't good for staying calm.

"So would you like to fuck me then Greg?" Greg's face went red. He wasn't sure how to handle this. Not only was she his cousin, she lived about a mile away and she was only twelve. Greg tried to stay calm, but the bulge in his pants and the quiver in his voice betrayed any calmness. He decided to be honest.

"If you were available and not my cousin and you were older, I would give one of my testicles to fuck you." She giggled.

"Well, I'm available. I don't give a rat's arse about being. Your cousin and you wouldn't be the first. I did it with Steven. He really hurt me. I was bleeding like a stuck pig, and he lasted only for a few seconds before he had to pull it out. I got nothing out of it. I let him try again later, it didn't hurt that time, but within about ten seconds, he came all over my dress. I got fuck all out of that. Our Mary says I should look for a more experienced man, but if you've never done it with a girl, you would probably do the same as Steven."

"Are you trying to tell me that you want someone to have sex with you? If you mean it, I'm definitely in the market, and yes, I've done it more than once." She put her hand on the bulge in Greg's pants.

"Mmm, it's definitely worth exploring. Maybe if we started fooling around, I might

just decide to give you a try. It depends. I hope you aren't as big down there as the rest of you. If you are, I'm not interested. You could start off by giving me a kiss." She didn't need to ask twice, within seconds they were kissing, her hands were all over his body and pretty soon she was grinding her crotch against his leg. Greg's hands unfastened the buttons of her top revealing two of the most perky, adorable little breasts that he had ever seen.

"Holy shit, Jane, you are so fucking beautiful." His mouth was on her breasts; her nipples were as hard as rocks. She was breathing hard now. She started to unfasten the buttons of his shorts. Greg was bursting. After a bit of fumbling, she hauled out his rigid penis. She pushed herself out of his arms and ran her tongue up the entire length of his penis. She took the head into her mouth and then the entire length. Greg was going crazy. Suddenly she stopped.

"Come on, Greg, don't hold back, you can come in my mouth you know. I've done this a few times before. I don't let boys fuck me, so I get them off like this. I'll let you fuck me later, but if you come now, you probably won't disappoint me, so help me to get you off, and enjoy." She got busy again. His hips started to move. He was face fucking her. Greg made it last as long as he could before he exploded in her mouth. She gulped and gulped and managed to swallow just about every drop of the huge load that he had just pumped into her mouth. She sat up and snuggled back into his arms.

"That was nice, you taste real good, Greg." He kissed and hugged her. Suddenly, she jumped up and pulled on her top. She headed towards the door. Greg was horrified.

"Wait a bit. Where are you going? I thought we were going to . . ." He called.

"I'll be back later, just leave the back door open."

"Here, take this." He threw her a spare key to the Yale lock on the front door. "How long will you be?"

"Dunno, got to see my friend Gillian. Might be late." He heard the front door slam as she went out. Greg lay on the bed. What a fool he had been. Fancy imagining that she would let him fuck her. If he had a choice of all the girls in the neighborhood, he would have picked her, but now she was gone and he knew that she wasn't coming back. He should have fucked her whilst he had the chance. But then again, maybe she would come back.

Nine o'clock came and went. No Jane. He had a couple of beers, then at ten, he locked up and went to bed. He lay there for a while, wondering if he had done something wrong, then he fell asleep. He awoke in the middle of the night. Something was wrong! As he moved, he felt a naked body in bed with him. Hurriedly he switched on the light. His heart almost skipped a beat. It was Jane, she was fast asleep and completely naked. What was she doing here? Her parents would freak if she stayed out all night. He tried to wake her, but she was sound asleep. What should he do? He could get one water and wake her like that, or he could just take the opportunity to fuck her. He chose the third option. He went back to sleep.

He woke up to a dream of getting a blow job, but it wasn't a dream. It was Jane! Before he had the time to tell her to stop, it was too late. She gulped it down greedily. Then looked at him accusingly.

"You were fast asleep, when I got back last night. I told you I was coming back. Didn't you believe me?"

"Yes, but when it got really late I gave you up. Won't your folks be mad that you were out all night? I tried to wake you, but you were out cold."

"My mom and dad give a shit about our Mary and me staying out all night? You must be joking. Mary stays out most every night, and I just say I'm going over to my friend Gillian. If they ever phoned or called, Gillian's mom would cover for me. She's a teacher and she's fucking one of the boys in her class, she just tells us to be careful not to get knocked up." She jumped out of bed. "Are you going to be here all day? I'll be back after lunch." There stood this twelve-year old, gorgeous little tease, stark naked in front of him

"You can't just go." He said in despair; I thought we were going to . . ."

"Fuck ourselves stupid." She finished his sentence for him. "Maybe. I hope so, but it's up to you. If you don't come after ten seconds." She laughed. "I'm through with boys who do that. Let's see how it goes." He looked at in disbelief.

"When are we going to see how it goes? This is the second time that you've been promising me, but then you just piss off with some excuse." She sat on the side of the bed, kissed him and gave him a hug.

"Greg, I'm truly sorry, I'm not being a tease, honest. It's just, er, it's just, just a bad time of the month for me. I want my first time, my first REAL time to be bareback, not with a fucking condom. I can do it eight days before my period and four days after my period, without a condom. At any other time . . . I don't want to get knocked up, Greg. I've got to wait two more days before it's safe, so I can come every day, I can sleep with you at night, for two more days, we can fool around, but no fucking. After that, we can do it, and if you don't leave me frustrated so that I have to finish myself off, we can make it regular. As I said its up to you. I want to do it just as much as you Greg. I really like you and I really hope it works out. Can you

hold on for two more days?" Christ, I'd hang in there for a month to get to fuck this beautiful little blonde nymphet.

"OK, Jane, it's going to be tough, but I'll hang in there. What about you though?"

"Me. Oh yes, I'm hanging in there. It's all right for you; you get blown every day. I'm saving it."

"Oh, well in that case I can . . . "

"Fuck that, I'm not having another premature ejaculation. Trust me Greg, I'll take good care of you for the next two days!"

She came back after lunch. Greg went down to the off- license and bought some beer and Mackeson Stout as well as a bottle of Port. There was no TV back then, no computers and refrigerators were for the rich. He took her down to the river on his motor bike and hired a boat. They rowed down the river and spent the afternoon chatting and lazing in the sun. When they got back she left him, promising to come back later. This time he believed her and waited up. She came back at half past ten. They opened a bottle of Stout and then went to bed. She got into bed with him wearing just her panties.

"Come on Greg, on your back. I need to take care of you."

"We'll take your panties off, and I'll take care of you . . ." She put her finger on his lips.

"No. You can play with my tits, we can kiss and cuddle but leave me cunt alone. I'm saving that for only another day, and then you can do your thing. If you let me down, I will never let you do it again, that's why I'm taking care of you tonight and tomorrow night. Then on Thursday. I'm coming here after lunch, and I'm not going back home until the following Monday. I'll have to stay inside. My folks think that Gillian and I are going camping, well Gillian is, with her boyfriend."

On Thursday afternoon, she came. She had on a skimpy white top that covered her breasts, and tiny white hot pants leaving her midriff bare. Her long blonde hair was brushed and fell over her shoulders. No socks or stockings, just a pair of white high heeled sandals. She had an all over tan. She looked really provocative. She had a knapsack on her back. She dropped the knapsack and stood in front of him. She had a very subtle perfume that was already driving him wild. She looked demurely at Greg, giving her hips a slight wiggle.

"Oh, you big brute of a man." She said in a low voice. "I'm only a little innocent girl, and you've lured me here. Why I'm almost a virgin. You won't hurt me or try to stick your thing into me, will you?" Greg caught on to her role play. Greg grabbed her and held her close to him.

"Come here you naughty little girl. I shall have to punish you severely, and you know what that means, don't you?" He gently took her ear. "I'm going to take you upstairs to be punished." He helped her to the stairs. She pretended to hold back.

"Oh no, not that, please. I'm just an innocent little thing and no match for your big muscles. I don't want the cane. I'll do anything but not the cane. If you rape me, I'll scream û but not very loud." He picked her up, almost ran up the stairs with her and carried her into the bedroom.

"Now take off all your clothes, so that I can start the punishment."

"Oh, no sir, I'm too scared, you'll have to help me." The rolled together on the bed, she was pretending to try to get away, until between them they had got her top and her pants off.

"Oh you big brute, look what you've done, I'm all naked and helpless. What are you going to do to me?"

"Just you lie still, and I'll show you." He took off his pants. She pretended to cover her eyes. Her role playing was driving Greg crazy.

"Oh, sir you have such a big thing. You aren't going to try to put that into my little cunny are you? Oh sir, how could you do such a thing to a helpless little twelve-year old girl?" He gave an evil chuckle and got his head between her legs. She was soaking wet and swollen revealing the pink inside. He lapped up her juices. He felt incredibly horny her role playing had really got him going. His tongue found her swollen clit. It was already out of its hood. It was incredibly sensitive, and it only took him a few minutes before she exploded into a series of body shaking spasms. He was wild now with lust. He ran his tongue up and down between her labia, tasting the sweetness of her young pussy yet again. Again, he found her clit and gently caressed it with his tongue. She grabbed his hair and pulled him up to her, grinding her hips against him. Her second orgasm was even wilder than the first. After a minute or so, he managed to escape from her grip, she was panting heavily.

"You wicked little girl. For that, I see no option but to punish you even more." He told her

"Greg, for God's sake fuck me and if you do the same as Steven did, I'll never speak to you again." He kissed her lips and she grabbed his rigid cock and guided it to the entrance of her love tunnel. He slowly and carefully pushed into her. She was very tight. It was obvious that she wasn't like her sister. It was like being in a hot velvet tunnel; her perfume, and her incredibly beautiful little body was doing things to his mind that no girl had ever done before.

"Come on, Jane, you are the most wonderful little girl on earth, take all of me inside you." He gently pushed and very soon, his pubic hair was resting on her bald mound. His entire length was inside her. "This is so beautiful, my lovely cousin. I'm glad that this is a good time of the month for you, because I'm not pulling out."

"Don't you dare pull out. Just fuck me, NOW." They started with long slow strokes, but it wasn't long before her hips were moving faster and her hand was working her clit. She dug her fingers into him and cried out.

"Oh fuck it Greg, I can't hold it, oh Jesus, I'm coming again." She arched up. It took all his will power to hang on as the muscles of her vagina played a tune with his dick. Christ, this was so bloody good. He moved inside her very slowly as she was coming down, it took quite some time.

"Oh Greg, I wish that you had been my very first that was fucking incredible."

"Oh no, you naughty, naughty little girl." He told her. "Your punishment isn't over yet, not by a long way." She seemed to suddenly realize that his dick was still rock hard and buried deep inside her.

"Oh, shit Greg, I think I'll die if I do it again." He started moving again. This time he was crazed with lust. At first, she lay quiescent under him, but she soon started working her hand and her hips. They were fucking now like wild animals. Greg was trying to remember all the Capital cities in the world. He was getting very close.

"Come on, Jane, hurry up for Christ's sake, come on, you can do it. Concentrate." After a few more minutes, she looked up at him.

"Oh Greg, oh yes, please, oh shit, aarrggggg." He felt her muscles start to tighten and at last he could let go.

"Oh Jane, you little darling, here it comes, oh yes, yes, yes." Great fountains of his hot semen pumped deep into her little body. He never thought he would stop coming. It was being forced out, there was so much. Jane was convulsing in what seemed to be a monster orgasm. Her pussy muscles were milking every single sperm out of his body. Her fingers were dug deep into his skin. He knew he was going to have some bruises. Her face was flushed, she was drenched in sweat and she lay gasping helplessly under him. Spunk was running out of her. Slowly he withdrew his softening cock, blobs of his creamy white semen just kept leaking out of her. He was soaked in sweat as well and gasping for breath. He rolled off her and they lay side by side, her little hand crept into his. For some time, neither of them could talk. The bed was soaked in sweat and their combined juices. Eventually, she spoke

"Now you've done it mister. That was fucking fantastic. I don't think anything will ever feel quite that good again. Now, I know exactly what people mean when they say "I feel fucked", I just hope that you enjoyed it as much as I did, because I want more. Lots more. In fact, you're mine. Don't you dare ever fuck anyone else like that. I'm going to hang onto you like a leech cuz. If our Mary knew about you, I'd have to kill the bitch." Greg kissed her.

"You're right, Jane my sweet that was the ultimate fuck. I've done it quite a few times before, but never this good. You are so incredibly sexy, so incredibly beautiful. I think anyone else will fail to meet up with what you have. I want you as well Jane and I don't want to ever think that another bloke will have you."

"Well, I'm not going to let go of you any time soon, my big cousin. In fact, when I'm older I want your babies. Don't come with the cousin crap. I don't give a fuck, and I don't care what anyone says. All our families seem to love sex, we're all healthy and I think we'll make great babies." Greg smiled. With such a beautiful girl who seemed to enjoy sex as much as he did, the future seemed quite bright.