

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

Clare's Cuming of Age

Mg9, Mg9+, MF, MF+g9+, Fg9, Mg7, FF, g9+ g, ped, rom, cons, nc, pett, piv, voy, photo, mast, preteen, humor, coerce, 1st, slow

Author: Broadsword

Warning!

This text file contains sexually explicit
Material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this
type of literature, or you are under age,
PLEASE DELETE THIS FILE NOW. If you wish to read material
Of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Title: Clare's Cuming of Age

Keyword: Mg9, Mg9+, MF, MF+g9+, Fg9, Mg7, FF, g9+ g, ped, rom, cons, nc, pett, piv, voy, photo, mast, preteen, humor, coerce, 1st, slow

Summary: Bob was an average guy in an average job, living in an average house. That is until Clare, his neighbour's beautiful 9 (nearly 10) year old daughter came into his life.

The trouble started though when Clare's mum asked Bob to baby sit Clare and her sister for a weekend. Bob soon got to know Clare in more ways than one and before long they were much more than good friends. Bob realised he was in love.

Unbeknown to Bob, greater forces were at work than he was aware of and in the space of just one week, his life went out of his control with first Clare's mother, then her friend and even the friend's daughter demanding Bob's attention. They made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

Meantime Bob started to develop his interest in photography with some very interesting subjects.

Author's note: I would value positive criticism on this, my first work of writing

Chapter 1 - Wednesday

The day had gone well. I had worked through sorting out some of the usual problems any company has on a routine basis. Having stayed over to finish

up, my boss Alan the Sales Director, was pleased, as this was becoming a regular thing and it kept the pressure off him, I suppose.

"Hello Bob, working late again I see," he said. "Any time you want a little time off in lieu, just let me know. It's easier than having to book it through the company Dragon as official holiday." Mavis was the directors' gatekeeper/secretary/PA and was always referred to as the "Dragon". It had an accurate ring to it.

"By the way" he said, "we need to start work on preparing for that exhibition we are doing in Sweden next month".

The company I work for is a specialist manufacturer of miniature printed circuit boards for a very wide range of applications such as games devices, computer circuits and mini remote controllers. Our customer base includes the usual electronic companies as well as military. The Swedish show was an important annual sales event for us.

"Yeah, I guess so. I have one or two ideas for it and will put them to you in the next few days" I replied.

Driving home that hot mid June afternoon, I thought about the day, and how, if you had a decent job, life could be very satisfying however much you earned, which in my case wasn't a lot. I had hope for promotion though. I enjoyed where I lived, and most of the neighbours around me. I had two passions in my life, my hobby of photography, particularly portraits and people and renovating my old MGB Roadster. Presently I was between girlfriends, so had time to follow my own passions for once.

I pulled into the drive, thinking about what I might do that evening. I live in a two bedroom semi detached house in a row of other identical "little boxes". There are about twenty families living in our road, one or two elderly residents, but as these are affordable low cost dwellings, most of the others are young couples with kids. I smiled as I noticed across the road the usual group of kids playing some sort of game involving running touching and running away again. Being a no through "cul-de-sac" road, there was no traffic other than the residents' own cars, so the kids used it as a play ground. There was a circle of about half a dozen girls of varying ages over the road from my house including my next door neighbours kids and the "Terrible Twins", whose house they were outside. Further down the street some boys were kicking a ball about. It was so hot no one was running about very fast.

As I got out of the car, I noticed Clare glance across and give me a thin smile. Clare was the nine year old daughter of the couple who lived in the other half of the "semi" I lived in. She said something to her younger sister Julie who glanced my way before carrying on her game while Clare skipped over towards me. I couldn't help noticing her school regulation cotton summer skirt bouncing well up her thighs as she moved.

"Hi Bob, how are you doing?" I always got a little heart flutter whenever Clare spoke to me, and today was no exception. Was it her turned up nose, giving her face a cute button look, or her piercing blue with grey rimmed irises or even the long strawberry blond hair pulled into a bunch, which flowed down her back reminding me of a horse's tail flowing in the wind behind a galloper? I think it was more to do with the look in her face which always suggested she said one thing and really had another thought in mind. She was going to be a heart breaker alright. Mine was first on the list.

"Hi Clare good to see you. Looks like you are having a great time over there". I said, glancing across to where the latest mini riot was taking place. The twins were at the centre of the action. With their blazing red hair, it was hard to miss them. Being a couple of years older than the others in the group, Clare was happy to leave them to it.

"Not really," she replied, "to be honest I'm getting bored. What are you doing tonight? Are you fixing up your car? Having a swim? Doing a photo shoot? Seeing your girlfriend?"

I gave her a wry smile "Whoa slow down Clare, what's with the interrogation?" I then saw that coquettish look she was prone to give. There was definitely something about this girl I couldn't put my finger on. "Hmm" I thought, "that wouldn't be a bad idea either! Snap out of it boy, she's only nine almost ten going on nineteen."

Returning to reality I said "Well after I've had a quick bite to eat, I am going to have an hour on the car. The brake pipes are nearly all in and I need to check the pressure's OK and no leaks. Why, did you want to give me a hand?"

She thought for a second and replied "Yes, alright I suppose, but it will cost you".

I gave her a sideways glance "OK what's the damage?"

She clearly had this planned as her answer was immediate "Swimming tomorrow. It's so hot we should go."

I was cornered. "OK it's a deal as long as your mum is happy."

Clare gave me a melting smile as she said "oh, I already agreed it with her".

"You little minx" I said reaching out to swat her bottom, but nimble as she was, she was way out of range before I even moved.

I should explain that over the years of knowing the Nolan family, I had watched their daughters grow and had generally became friendly with them all. We didn't live in each other's pockets, but it was a regular thing to join in a BBQ or do small favours for each other. I had babysat on occasion and had taken Clare swimming once or twice to the local public pool. Her sister couldn't swim properly yet being only seven. Their mother Jenny had a job in

the local hospital as a nurse, while her husband Dick was some kind of techie in a web design company. I had gone to the pub with Dick occasionally, but recently that had stopped. The rumour was he drank a little more then was good for him and being married to a nurse the brakes had been applied.

Half an hour later, I was in my garage struggling into my overalls as Clare popped her head around the corner of the door. I noticed that she had now put on an old T shirt. The angle she was standing at against the light made me see that her boobs were just beginning to show. I had never noticed this before. They were no more than tiny bumps, barely noticeable as yet.

She still wore her school skirt. "That may get dirty." I said pointing this out. "It's OK Bob, it goes through the wash tonight anyway."

"Right young lady, this is what we are going to do. Firstly, I have to tighten up the gland nuts on the pipe ends, fill the reservoir up and then bleed the system of air. To do that I have to work on each brake hub calliper in turn underneath. Then finally pressure test it all. Reckon you can help with that?" We spent quarter of an hour completing the routine. The reservoir was filled so under the car I went. The car was on stands, so was about a foot above normal height to allow me under. As I lay under the car, my head was just beneath the driver's door so I could explain to her.

"Right," I said, "what I need you to do is press the middle pedal when I say".

I had expected her to climb into the drivers seat to do this, but instead she stood by the open driver's door and lifted her foot to the brake pedal. Her knee was almost up to her shoulder in height, whilst she hung onto the door frame for support. I was about to suggest she climbed in, when I glanced up, having previously been concentrating on the job in hand. I had an amazing sight that made me drop the spanner I held. I had a clear view between the child's beautiful legs. Her bent knee had lifted the skirt and she had had to spread her thighs to get her foot to the pedal. Looking further up, I could see her panties were pulled tight across her arse cheeks. I must have stared for what seemed hours, but probably only five seconds. Her curves were perfection. She was a fit young girl and this showed in the lovely shape of her thighs and bum.

"What do you need me to do?" The question shook me out of my reverie. I blinked a couple of times.

"Oh..er..um" I stammered "er take your foot off the brake for a few seconds Clare? Yes that's it". She was now standing by the car, awaiting instructions. I went to the first hub calliper and bled the air out while she again pressed the pedal on command. We then repeated this with the other hubs.

Moving back to where I had started, under the driver's door, I asked "OK would you repeat the process while we pressure test it for leaks? Yes, hold it there". I was having distinct difficulty now. My voice had a wobble in to, my cock was jacking the car up another few inches and I thought my heart would

give out. Here again was the vision of before. However, this time her panties had ridden even higher up into the crevice of her bum and cunt. I don't know about camel toes, but this camel was definitely showing her toes! My view was so unobstructed, I could even see above her panties to her bare lower tummy beneath the waist band of her skirt.

The job was done and the brakes were fine. I wasn't though. I couldn't resist asking Clare to repeat the exercise a few more times.

After about another five minutes, Jenny Nolan's voice could be heard at their front door. "Clare, time to come in for your homework".

"OK Mum, just finishing Bob's job for him" She called back, then giggled and muttered something about "Bob a Job". I smiled at the old scouting reference. I climbed out from under the car, brushing the dust off. My rampant throbbing cock was well hidden inside the overalls fortunately. I thanked Clare for her help.

"Right" she said as she moved off, "We have a swimming date tomorrow then as agreed".

"OK Clare, it's a date."

As she moved out of the doors, she looked over her shoulder and asked "Did you enjoy the view?" Before I could open my mouth, she had vanished.

Shortly afterwards I took a long shower. The unexpected event with Clare resulted in an inevitable long, slow sensuous session rubbing my cock in a soapy delicious massage. The image of Clare's inner thighs and thin, tight cotton covered cunt and arse was replaying itself in my mind like a video stuck in a loop. When I came, I thought it would break the shower glass. I was as randy as a fourteen year old on his first date. Gob after gob fired out. I thought it wouldn't end. The waves rippled over me again and again. Oh the sheer pleasure!

"Get your act together boy, she's only nine, nearly ten and here you are, twenty five panting after her like a dog after a bitch on heat". My thoughts were firing around my mind. Suddenly I stopped feeling any guilt. I had enjoyed the flash of panties. I had enjoyed the time in the shower and had the best orgasm in many months. "It was a one off, wasn't it? Of course." I rationalised to myself. But then again, Clare's final comment seemed to hang in the recesses of my mind.

Chapter 2 - Thursday

The next work day was similar to yesterday. Orders came in, shipments went out. I had a meeting with Alan to bounce some early ideas about the forthcoming show in Sweden. He seemed happy to leave the detail to me, so my day flew past fairly quickly.

It was even hotter now, as I arrived home that afternoon and as usual the kids of the neighbourhood were milling around. As I pulled up, Clare trotted over, followed by her sister Julie. Julie could have been Clare's twin, but for the two and a half year difference in age. She had the same facial features and eye and hair colouring.

"Hi Bob," Clare said with a wide smile, "what time are we off?"

"Off? oh you mean swimming," I replied vacantly.

She gave me a second hand look clearly thinking I had early day dementia. "Yeah, like we agreed. Oh and my mum said she wants a word with you". My heart skipped a beat. Had the little incident of yesterday been reported back to HQ?

Jenny Nolan answered the door with a bright smile "Hi Bob," she said echoing her daughter's routine address to me. Jenny Nolan was a hard working but caring mother of about thirty. She had the same features, hair and eye colour as her two daughters. She looked younger than her years, and could have been mistaken for their older sister. She was proud of her house, modest as it was and even more proud of her family. To Jenny an important part of what made the world go round was the relationships she and her family had with all those around them, and that, I suppose included me.

"Clare says it's swimming night tonight. Are you sure you aren't being pressed into service?"

"No," I replied, "I was hoping to get some exercise in tonight anyway".

Jenny grinned "Well as long as it's not too much bother. You know Clare always seems to get her own way, the little madam." Jenny paused and puckered her lips. "I have a favour to ask though Bob. I know it's asking a lot, but I was wondering if you would take Julie along as well. She isn't learning to swim as I had hoped, and Dick, well Dick is Dick and he doesn't swim and I never have the time to teach her. You are such a good, regular swimmer, I was hoping you would take her along and teach her".

I blinked at this unexpected request. "I don't know Jenny, what will people think if they see me with my hands on your young daughter in a semi naked condition. I might have some explaining to do".

She grinned back at my worried expression. "Don't you worry about what people may think. Anyway lot's of parents go to the pool to teach their youngsters. You will just be loco parentis. I will give you a note to take in case some nosy parker asks stupid questions."

Accepting the inevitable, I got my gear together. Through the adjoining wall I could hear the shrieks as the girly whirlwind prepared to go. In what seemed like thirty seconds flat, a hammering on the door told me they were ready. The journey to the pool was little short of a nightmare. Firstly the choice of who sat

in the front seat. Then choice of music (if you can call their choice that), followed by loud chat and shrieks of laughter about nothing in particular. I was relieved to arrive.

The leisure centre in town provides various sporting activities like badminton, tennis and squash as well as speciality activities like rock climbing, gymnastics and, in the pool area, high diving. The pool is divided into three sections. The diving area, main pool for "swimming lengths" and a shallow tiny tots pool. I always swim in the main pool doing my thirty exercise lengths. When I have taken Clare in the past, I have broken up my routine, so she doesn't get bored on her own, although she is becoming an accomplished swimmer in her own right.

The changing rooms in our leisure centre are communal, in that there is a common unisex area filled with changing cubicles, but separate exits to the pool, where toilet and shower facilities are provided. The changing area is now a few years old and scheduled for re-vamping, but budget cuts, I suppose, had delayed this unessential work. Into the chaos of many families all coming and going, we entered. We turned into a side recess off the main room where there were two cubicles. One was larger than the other, so I ushered the two girls into that, while I entered the other smaller one.

It doesn't take me long to change, and as I was about to exit to place my clothes in one of the lockers, I noticed that there was a glint of light between two of the panels. I leaned over and noticed that the upper panel overlapped the lower and that under this overlap, there was a hole not obvious unless your eye was lower down. Hearing that the girls were spending more time giggling than getting on with it, I couldn't help myself but to take a quick glance. At first, all I saw was pink. Little girl flesh close to the hole, I suppose.

Then there was movement, and suddenly I had a clear uninterrupted view of a beautiful blue panty covered bubble bottom. The cheeks moved up and down gently, suggesting she was moving from one foot to the other. I was hypnotised by this vision of loveliness. Suddenly, the girl slowly started to bend over away from me, pushing down her underwear as she did, so I could now see her bare bum and as she bent further, her arse opened exposing to me her puckered little brown hole then the skin of her perineum and below that the full glory of her pussy with its fat pouting cunt lips. I have seen some sexy arses and cunts in my time, but this was a vision from heaven. As she moved, her legs were lifted and briefly her labia opened and there almost winking at me was her clitoris. I took a sharp intake of breath, blinked and looked again. A moment later, she stood up straight again so all I could see was her bubble bum, not that I was complaining. Then slowly, she turned around towards me and there was the loveliest hairless pubic mound. I couldn't have dreamt of a more desirable vision. Her slit seemed to go on forever. The tiniest fold of skin showed her clitoris to be just showing. My heart was beating 120 to the minute. She turned in profile to me, I could see her mound was very prominent. Not a wisp of hair. Just then a white swimsuit was pulled up obscuring the view. All too soon the show was over and moments later I met the girls outside. I put their bags into a locker with my own kit and

we went down to the pool. I realised when I saw what the girls were wearing that the vision I had seen, was of Clare.

As we went through the changing room to the pool entrance, I noticed that Clare's costume was a little on the small side, showing off every curve of her perfect body. As she turned to face me, her camel toe suggested that her swim suit might not have had a padded gusset, so clearly did it show. Several other men's heads turned as we passed, so I realised I wasn't the only one to notice. Julie on the other hand had a pink bikini on, which was far too large for her. I assumed it was one of Clare's cast offs that she had grown out of. The bikini was simply too big. Not that she needed a top at her age, but the cloth moved like a loose rag. Her tiny nipples, like mosquito bite marks appeared and disappeared in a rhythm matching her step. The elastic of the bottoms was not doing a great job either. With them being large, combined with her almost parallel figure, she had to keep pulling them up.

In the pool, the girls both wanted to use the main swimming area. Clare said she would do a few lengths while I helped Julie. I noticed that a couple of lanes were roped off to allow adults with children a play area not interrupted by the serious swimmers. So we went into that area right at the shallow end. The depth came up to my chest and was enough for me to stand, but too deep for Julie. Being the trusting soul that she is, she just jumped off the side into my arms squealing with delight, drawing a frown from one of the life guards who glanced meaningfully at the "No jumping into the pool" sign, before returning his attention to a scantily clad teen chatting to and trying to impress him.

After a lot of splashing about, holding either onto me or the side of the pool, Julie signalled she was ready for her first lesson.

"OK," I said "hold onto my hands and see if you can kick your legs keeping them as straight as you can and try to see if you stay level with the surface". She had several attempts and slowly got the hang of it.

"Right, now you have your leg kicking right, let's start on teaching you how to move your legs in a breaststroke motion. You're going to look just like a frog swimming" She giggled. We moved to the pool side, where she could hold on for support. I placed one hand under her tummy while guiding her legs with the other. Soon she had the hang of it.

"OK now onto your arm motions". I supported Julie placing one hand back under her belly and the other over her bikini top. I told her to concentrate on her arm motions and not worry about her leg movements just yet. Again she made progress – the young learn quick I guess. I couldn't help feeling her little titties as her chest moved in three dimensions over my hand, while she exercised. They may have been tiny, but they both hardened to the touch as time went by.

"Good," I said, "time to try both legs and arms together". I placed one hand under her belly again and told her to use her arms and legs. Her breaststroke was rudimentary, but it worked in a fashion.

"Right, this time let's see if you can do it yourself," as I reduced the support too quickly. A lot of splashing coughing and panic told me it was too soon. I supported her again. "OK, don't worry, let's try another way. Instead using the hand that's under your tummy I will reduce the support more slowly as we go. How does that sound?" Julie was still in a panic and clung on to me.

"OK Bob, but promise not to let me go?" I promised. Again we got into position and away she went. She could swim perfectly well, but for the panic that told her she would immediately sink if I let her go. I had no intention of frightening Julie in this her first lesson or any other time come to that.

Julie started the arm motions and then the legs. At first I was almost holding her out of the water, but she was doing fine, so slowly I lowered my hand. As I did so the panic welled up.

"Don't let me go Bob" she gasped, whilst spitting water out.

"OK Poppet I promised". So the process continued. Suddenly, I realised she was supporting her own weight, and with her motions, she started to move forward, so I moved parallel to her. My hand was almost superfluous, but the "don't let goes" continued. What happened next caught me unawares. A large wave washed over her. Her eyes widened in panic and she suddenly surged forward in the wash. As she moved, my hand slid along her belly and into her bikini bottoms, the loose fabric giving no resistance whatsoever. Her face was still one of panic. She clearly hadn't noticed where my hand was. I gently placed my other hand under her tummy for support and allowed her to "swim" on.

I now had a seven year old's oh so smooth pubic mound and cunt slipping over my hand in a most public place. To say I was stunned would be an understatement; but at the same time I was in heaven. Right now my cock could have been used as a sea anchor. As Julie kicked her legs in the basic motion of the breaststroke, her slit was continually opening and closing around my index finger. The finger slowly moved in between her cunt lips. As she moved back and forth in her swimming motions, I could clearly feel at first her clitoral hood, then her labia lips and finally her opening. As she moved back and forth, I almost felt a slight slickness there. Julie still in her panic was unaware of what was happening to her. I couldn't continue this for long, so after a while, I made a motion of taking the support away and in her panic, removed the offending hand.

After a few minutes Clare swam over to us with another girl. She had met up with a couple of friends from school and had played various splashing and chasing games with them. "Hi you two, this is my friend Ellie. How's Julie's lesson going Bob?"

"OK I think, but she needs to gain confidence. That might take a few sessions".

She looked over at Julie and removed her swimming goggles as she said with a smirk "Does that mean you're going to have to bring us more often?"

"You little imp," I said, splashing her. Fatal mistake. She simply pulled the goggles back on and splashed back tenfold.

All too soon we were whistled out of the pool, while Ellie rejoined her swimming partner. Our time was up. Walking towards the changing room entrance, I noticed that Clare's white swimsuit was now almost transparent. I know white suits are known to do this when wet, but this was amazing. Her cunt and bum were on full display as if she were wearing cling film. Again more than a few heads turned.

Back in the changing room, I went to our locker to retrieve our bags. The girls had said they were going to take a quick shower. I usually wait until I get home. I found the same two changing cubicles were empty, so used them again. Placing my bag in the one I used before, I then went into the other with the girls' bags. I couldn't help noticing that one was unzipped and right on the top was a pair of blue knickers. They had clearly been stuffed into the bag in haste. For there on the surface was a skid mark where a bottom had rubbed against the cloth. Moving the material along, I could see a faint yellow stain. Bending down I inhaled what was a glorious scent of little girl musk. Her cunt juice, sweat and pee had combined to create a nectar fit for the gods. I took several deep breaths through those panties.

All too soon, hearing the girls returning along the corridor, I went back into my cubicle just before the girls came round the corner and entered theirs. I called to them to say where their bags were. I dried myself in record time, as I wanted to get back to my peep hole. Sure enough, as I crouched down I could see a towel moving in a drying motion. Then it was gone, and across from me I saw the front of the little pink bikini bottoms Julie was wearing. Just then, her fingers eased them down; actually they were so loose they almost fell down. There was the slot I had so recently been fondling. She rubbed herself dry where the bikini had been. I so wanted to touch that slot again. Just then she turned facing away from me and bent down to dry her toes. Her bottom opened up like a flower's petals in the sun. Her puckered brown asterix shaped hole looked so small but at the same time very inviting. As she bent lower, her little cunt came into view and like her bum hole opened up so I could see deep into her; I had wondered if she had been slick earlier in the pool. Now I could see she was, just a very little. I nearly came on the spot. Her skin had a sort of wrinkled look from having been in the water making her look paler than usual. She straightened up and while turning, I could see that she, like her sister had a superb raised mound as she leant back for something, it stuck out magnificently. There was not a hair anywhere, but then again she was only seven. She was as smooth as a babies bottom.

Clare chose that moment to step in front of my viewing hole. It would seem she had been helping her little sister to get dry. While Julie dressed, she would need the little bench to sit on, so they had swapped positions. Clare started to dry herself now, although having had a towel draped around her for the past few minutes, it didn't take long. As she moved, I couldn't help but notice that fantastic camel toe again. Her cunt mound and slit was every man's pedo dream. Combining that with the white transparent swim suit, this was just about as sexy as anything could get. She pulled the costume down, sliding it down those slender legs.

As she straightened out, I again had a full frontal view of her exquisite naked pussy, inches from my face. That mound was to die for. What I would have given to get in there and lick those lips. Like her sister, she now dried between her legs and over her body where the costume had been. Just then, she ran the fingers of both hands over her pussy lips and in a slow sensuous motion, she pushed one lip down and the other up, then reversed the motion, repeating this a couple of times, then she pulled them slowly apart and pushed a finger gently inside. For about 5 seconds, she frigged herself as if in slow motion. During this time I was hypnotised by her undulating movements. This was just sensational. I had never been so aroused. I came all over the floor. Rope after rope pulsed out. Still I couldn't take my eye away. The spell broke, as again like before, she turned and bent over to dry her feet. But, in so doing, she parted her legs. Her brown little asterix shaped arse hole opened up, her pink and coral coloured cunt opened up, her clitoral hood opened up and to my amazement, I clearly saw she was slick; not just slick, but a pearl coloured dribble was running down towards her clit. What was going on?

I continued to press my face to the panel, my erection pulsed, blood rushed to my ears, I had just cum, but the pressure on my cock was still immense. I thought I was going to pass out. Clare had finished drying her feet. As she moved to stand up straight, I distinctly saw her glance over her shoulder at my spy hole. Did I see a little quiver of a smile. It all happened so quickly I couldn't be sure. I used my towel to wipe up the floor, hoping no one had seen the evidence through the eight inch gap between the wall and floor.

In a few minutes we were dressed and on our way. "How about a Macky D's?"

"Yey" they both shouted.

"OK, my treat". I didn't say It was small repayment for treats I had had. The local MacDonalds is near the road we used, so we were soon inside ordering Super Macs and Sweet chilli crispy chicken sandwiches and the like. I couldn't believe the amount these two could put away.

After we had eaten, we were just relaxing and chatting when Julie said she "Had to go". I pointed out where the ladies room was.

While we were waiting for Julie, Clare gave me a look that begged my question "OK what's on your mind, shoot?"

"Well, Bob" she answered with another question "Do you want me as your girlfriend?". I had just been taking a sip. The coffee shot out of my nostrils, so surprised was I at this innocently worded question which had so many ramifications. Clare was falling about with laughter, while I, on the other hand, was trying to regain my dignity.

"Er, what? Where did that one come from Clare?" I asked, mopping up the coffee across the table.

Still laughing at my discomfiture, she also looked a little shy, unusual for her. "Well, firstly do you like me, I mean in that way?"

Still on the back foot I muttered "Well err what brought that question on?"

She gave me that look of hers that suggested she was instructing a small child in how to tie a shoe lace. "Firstly, you like little girls. Secondly you go out of your way to spy on them if given the chance and thirdly, if you can, you like to feel them up as well. We have known each other as long as I can remember Bob, I like you, you're good fun to be around, you make me laugh and I think you're sexy. So do you?"

"What ever made you think I like little girls and why do you say I want to spy on you and feel you up?" I asked in what I hoped was a reasonable voice.

Clare rolled her eyes feigning exasperation and took a deep sigh. "Last night I saw you looking up my skirt. Not just once but several times. In fact it was obvious you had checked the brakes and yet you made me repeat my movements that allowed you to look up my skirt several times. I saw you, don't pretend. Then today, when we were getting ready to swim, I thought I saw movement where the panels join. I wasn't sure so after we went back to dry and dress I checked and found a hole and realised you were drying and I could see you, so you would have been able to see us. Nice willy by the way. I looked along the panel and found another very small gap, just enough to make out what you were up to, and guess what, in a few seconds you bent down and started watching, Julie. Don't deny it. Finally, while we were swimming, I saw you were really concentrating on Julie's lesson. You didn't notice when I came over. I wondered what was so interesting. I pulled my goggles over my eyes and swam under quite near you. I could see you had your fingers in Julies bikini and not only that, you were really feeling her up. Your woody confirmed what you thought."

I must have been a picture, because Clare started to giggle and said "If you don't close your mouth, a fly will go in and have half of your meal". That broke the ice and made me laugh.

"OK young lady if that's true, why did you get dressed where I could watch you?"

She looked around the restaurant making sure no one could hear "Well that brings us back to my question of whether you think I should be your girlfriend?"

You see Bob, I have had a crush on you since, well, I can't remember. I wasn't sure how you felt about me, so I set about trying to find out. God you're dense when it comes to hints! A couple of weeks ago I sat in your lap at the BBQ. Did you respond derrr no. I have tried to let you get a flash from time to time, I have even said leading things. It wasn't until yesterday, fixing your car, did I know you might be interested. So tonight I thought let's give him a real show to find out one way or the other. Did you enjoy it, by the way?"

"Well of course I did, but that's entirely beside the point. It does give me a lot to think about though. First of all, you are so young, and if we took this the way I think you mean, I could end up in jail. On the other hand, what if we leave this as things used to be, what then?" I looked at her enquiringly in the eye.

She paused and held my look. "OK, but you know I have a very special relationship with my mum. I have no secrets from her" She left that floating in the air as Julie came back to join us.

I was pensive and quiet on the way home. I had some serious thinking to do and quick. The girls didn't argue about who was in the front. In fact they both rode in the back playing some game or other. As we got out of the car at home, I helped the girls get their kit from the boot (trunk). As Julie toddled off,

I quietly asked Clare "Let me think about what you said. I think we'll both know how we feel in a day or so". She gave me one of her melting smiles, a quick hug and was away.

As I removed my stuff from the car, Jenny came round and asked how it went.

"It went well. Julie should be able to swim soon. Another two or three sessions and she should be well on the way," I said.

"Oh thank you Bob I really don't know how to thank you. You are such a good neighbour. In more ways than I think you realise. Clare is getting to that awkward stage. She will be ten in a week or so and thinks she is a teenager already. I am sure the hormones are jangling early in that one".

"If only you knew" I thought.

"You seem to have such a good effect on her, which Dick never seems to manage. Well that's Dick just being Dick. He is so good with Jenny. They are like peas in a pod, but when it comes to Clare there is always a barrier, like they don't speak the same language or something," she mused.

I turned to go as Jenny puckered her lips again in that way I was starting to recognise "Oh Bob, while you're here, can I ask you another favour?"

"Er, yes, of course," I replied "what is it?"

"Well, It's Dick's company's annual do tomorrow. Most firms have theirs at Christmas but his, for some reason do it as close to mid summer as they can. I need a baby sitter. Usually I ask my sister on these occasions, but she works in the same firm, so will be there too. Dick doesn't know it, but they are giving him an award for ten year's service. We will be staying in the hotel the other side of town where it's being held. The only thing is, we don't have a spare room, would you be a sweetie and put them up at yours?" Before I knew it, I had agreed, said it was no trouble at all and staggered home to think through the mess my life had suddenly become. But first, I had an urgent appointment in the shower to see if this time I could really break that glass.

Chapter 3 - Friday

The next day work ticked along in the usual hectic way Sarah in accounts had come down to my office for no particular reason, using the Swedish show as an excuse to discuss expenses. Sarah seemed a nice girl about thirty. She had previously worked in a theatre before it closed down, doing make up and hair. She was frustrated because she now couldn't get work in that field. Her real reason for calling by was to drop hints for a date. Strange as she was married to a sales rep, who always seemed to be away. Probably just needed a quick fuck. A week ago I would have jumped at the chance, but all of a sudden my life had altered and I realised I had a new perspective on things. I suddenly knew I couldn't wait to get home.

I turned into the end of the road and saw that the kids had found a paddling pool from somewhere and set it up on the lawn in front of the Terrible Twin's house. Most parents wouldn't have wanted their grass turned to mud, but their mother, Vera Redlock cared little about almost anything, especially her childrens' welfare; actually to be pedantic, the child welfare they got from the state she did care for. What they got up to she couldn't give a shit about. Vera had an unfortunate nickname in the pub, 'The cunt with a grunt'.

Boys and girls were all splashing about in the pool. Most were in their knickers with bare feet. All were having a ball. Today had been the hottest of the year so far, so they deserved some fun. I noticed that the wet knickers showed the shapes of the little bodies inside very nicely. Oh to be ten years old again and join in!

After I pulled up, Jenny came out almost immediately. Clearly she was in a hurry to get away for Dick's company dinner dance, but there was something else on her mind. She had puckered those lips again.

"Hi Bob," came the usual greeting, "I have a really big favour to ask again." This time I was also getting the doe eyes look.

"Go on," I said, "I won't bite."

" Well as part of Dick's ten year award, they have just contacted me to say that they are putting us up all expenses in the presidential suite, but it's for two nights, tonight and tomorrow. Thrown into that there's a race event with a

garden party going on until Sunday afternoon, but only if you can cover for us."

I thought for a few moments thinking through my weekend plans. I had planned on a bit of work on my car and if possible a little photography as well.

"I don't see why we can't manage that Jenny. You work hard and I have a high regard for the way you bring your girls up. Certainly you need a break, even if it's Dick that had the award. It would be a pleasure to help out. I was going to do some photography, the weather being so good, but I guess the girls can come too. Would it be OK to take them along and photograph them too?" Jenny leaned over and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. I actually blushed! How do the Nolan women manage to twist me round their little fingers?

"Right," she said, "I will be round in five minutes with all their gear and contact details and so on."

Right on time, the bell rang. The three of them trooped in, in descending height and age.

"Girls," instructed Jenny "could you take your bedding and clothes up to the room please? I want a quick word with Bob." The thumping up the stairs and across the ceiling pinpointed where the girls had vanished to.

"Now Bob," Jenny gave me a friendly but stern look. "You are not to take any nonsense from those two. Be firm with them please. They dote after you, so I am sure they will do anything you ask. They've been at school all day, so can you give them a bath please? I will leave the time to you, but not too late. Jenny likes a story when going to sleep, and her teddy is up there with her. When they are away in a strange bed, sometimes they don't sleep well. Could you give them some cocoa when they go to bed? I have brought over my knock out drops. I get them from the dispensary at work. I shouldn't really have them, but the pharmacist is a friend of mine. Could you put six drops in Clare's drink and four in Julie's. Clare knows how to do it. They work wonders. You won't hear a peep from either of them until dawn, but then watch out," she added with a chuckle "they'll be awake big style. Here is a list of where we will be and key phone numbers. I am sure you won't need them, just in case. Oh, and in the morning, is it OK for you to drop them off at the leisure centre? Saturdays they have gymnastics at nine o'clock. Here's a note so they know who is picking the girls up."

She smiled and muttered "I am so grateful to you Bob, more than I think you know. I will make it up to you somehow." She leaned over to give me a kiss. I offered her my cheek and found she was kissing me full on the lips. One of her hands was on my tummy the other gave my bum a gentle squeeze. The kiss lasted a second or two longer than necessary, her tongue wiped my lips. "I mean it Bob, I will make it up to you. Look after my little girls for me Bob. Oh!" she turned and with cheeky smile, purred, "and enjoy yourself." Then she was gone.

I went upstairs unsure what I would find. My spare room was also my photographic studio. I had removed the vulnerable lighting and more fragile kit the previous night. My cameras and lenses all had little pigeon hole cupboards on the wall where they would be safe enough. There was a fold-into-the-wall double bed which could be pulled down for occasions such as this which I had set up. The girls had wasted no time. They had placed their pillows set up Teddy in prime position put their clothes into the drawers and wardrobe and generally settled in.

“Looks like you have everything in order girls.” I observed. “The only thing is, you may be too hot using that duvet with this weather. If so, when you go to bed, you can decide whether to use this big double sheet instead, which I will leave on the side for you. It will be much cooler. Right who’s for pizza?”

The evening went well. We ordered in the pizza, which the girls ate with fingers (not allowed at home) and great gusto.

Afterwards I asked “Right do you want a film, then bath, then bed, or bath, then film, then bed?”

A quick silent debate of about three seconds took place resulting in a nod and reply “Bath, film, bed”.

“OK let’s go,” I said.

Julie shot off first, but Clare hung back “Have you come up with an answer yet Bob?”

I looked at her and smiled. “Well I think you will know the answer to that before the weekend is up, but let’s say I really like the idea, but need to work it through in my mind.”

Her face lit up “Oh by the way, how do baths work in the Nolan house? Do you and Julie wash yourselves, or does your mum do it? How do I play this?”

That coquettish look came again “What did my mum ask you to do?”

I thought for a second “She said to give you both a bath.”

“Well then,” she retorted, “don’t ask stupid questions.”

The bath was running. I had set the temperature quite low, as the weather was now very hot and clammy. The girls came into the bathroom together.

Julie giggled. “Bob as you are my daddy for the weekend, will you take my clothes off for me?” Lord above, what a question! I knelt down in front of Julie and started to undo the buttons on her school uniform shirt. I slipped the sleeves off her arms and placed the garment on the stool behind me. As I reached to undo her chequered blue and white regulation skirt, I couldn’t help

but look closely at her little nipples. They were after all about four inches away from my eyes. Flat as a pancake they had been yesterday, now they were little pin head sized bumps surrounded by her little, very light coloured, pinkie brown aureoles. The skirt dropped to the floor next, Clare helped and placed it onto the clothes heap. Julie was wearing panties in light pink, with little red hearts printed across them. I wanted to watch carefully as I placed my thumbs under the elastic and slowly lowered them down her spindly legs to the floor where she stepped out of them. There was that glorious slit again. I could hardly restrain myself from diving in with my tongue right away. Julie lifted one foot so I could remove her white sock and placed it dangerously close to the tent in my trousers. I could just see her little cunt opening a bit as she moved her leg. She lifted her other foot up while I removed it's sock. God I was in heaven. As she turned, I gave her a playful slap on the bum and lifted her in to the water.

"My turn," chimed Clare, she mimicked a baby voice, "would you take my clothes off for me, mister?" My heart skipped at the phrase.

Clare moved over by the bath and stood with her back to her sister. She was looking at me directly in the eye I could just see the tip of her tongue at the corner of her mouth, she pushed her chest out for me to undo her school blouse. Again I worked my way down, but this time my hands were shaking. Julie was splashing and singing some tune and in a world of her own. I was definitely in a world of my own too. As Clare's blouse opened up, I had my first real look at her titties. She pulled her shoulders back and again pushed her chest towards me. Her boobs were still very small, almost non existent. Really no bigger than small cones about half an inch high with nipples not even yet the size of small pencil erasers forming pink tops to each.

"Like what you see Bob?" she teased. How right she was, but I had to get the upper hand with this vixen. As Julie was unsighted, I quickly raised both of my hands and gently rubbed each of her nipples with my palms. I then rolled each one between finger and thumb. I quickly leaned forward and licked one then the other just once. Clare was taken by surprise, there was a sharp intake of breath and a small moan. Julie looked across, so I quickly continued with undoing the skirt. There was a single button and small zip. The skirt dropped to the floor and as Clare stepped out of it, it was placed in the growing pile of clothes behind me.

"Shall I?" I whispered as I placed my thumbs into the waist band of her panties. A little nod was all I needed. Just then, I noticed a damp patch in the crotch of the panties. I didn't give her a chance to move, as I swept a finger through the camel toe which she seemed to permanently display. Again she let out a gentle moan her eyes closed and her head moved slowly back and to one side. This was one turned on girl. I tugged down the panties and she deftly stepped out of them. I saw the little fold of skin that was her clit just showing again and took the liberty of giving it a quick single wipe with the back of my knuckle. Again she gave a sharp intake of breath and a little shudder. Clare's socks were soon off and into the water she sank.

Removing the pile of clothing, I went into their bedroom and folded them. I couldn't resist inhaling the wonderful odour of their panties. Clare's had that musky sexy little girl smell, while Julie's whilst less pungent were very pleasant to enjoy. For some reason I found it a real turn on to see that both had little brown skid marks and further forward a faint line of yellow. Clare's also seemed to show tiny white crusty flakes.

Returning to the bathroom, I asked who was first. They settled on Julie. I decided it wise to remove my T shirt. A soaking here was a certainty.

Picking up the soap I asked, "right girls, do you like a flannel, sponge or bare hands?"

"Hands please," replied Julie "It doesn't feel so rough."

"Hands it is" I said rubbing the soap into a nice lather. First were her arms and then around her neck and back. I asked her to wash her face to make sure I didn't get soap in her eyes. While she did this, I washed her chest and tummy making sure those nipples got the full treatment. It was nice to feel the tiny pin head nipples harden up again. Then one leg, starting at the toes and working up to her knees, and the other.

"OK Poppet, could you stand up for me?" I asked. As she stood, I was lathering my hands with the soap again. I wanted lots of soap for this. I started at her lower back and worked down each bum cheek to her knees. Then back up.

"Could you move your legs apart for me darling?" Into her bum crack I plunged sliding my soapy hands up and down from the small of her back down to the edge of her cunt. I concentrated then on her bum hole and gently pushed my finger in to the first knuckle. Removing it, I put it in again and a third time.

"Do you think you're clean there yet Poppet?" I queried.

"Not quite," came the reply "once more". I obliged with a couple more insertions.

"OK darling, about face." I was looking forward to this.

My jeans were soaked with pre-cum but with all the water around, it didn't show. Soapy hands worked her lower tummy and thighs. Then I took the plunge and asking her to move her legs apart again, I worked my finger up and down her pussy lips. I looked across at Clare. She was kneeling in the bath. The water only coming half way up her thighs. As I rubbed her sister's cunt with my fingers, so she was moving her own fingers in a copying motion, shadowing my every movement. Her eyes never left mine during this stunningly sexy exhibition.

Julie pulled my face around towards her “It’s still my turn.” I laughed and went back to cleaning the inside of her slit. Slowly I moved my fingers further and further back, until her Vulva opened up and my finger slid into the entrance of her pussy. As I moved back and forth, her clit started to harden and her hips moved gently forward and back, swaying with the movement of my finger. Her eyes were closed and she had a dreamy look on her face, a half smile and far away were her thoughts.

“Ahem,” interrupted Clare “my turn I think.” She was right, so I told Julie to swap places with Clare.

I repeated the same washing procedure with Clare and order of working as before. But, when I came to her chest, I really wanted to massage stroke and feel those titties in my hands. I took my time with lots of soap. Those little cones hardened off. She leaned her head back to push her chest out and gave a little moan. Julie didn’t seem to notice what was happening, she was humming a tune and playing with a yellow plastic duck I kept for decoration. Returning my attention to Clare, I came to her bottom, she moved her legs wide apart without being asked. I thoroughly enjoyed running my fingers back and forth through the crack of her bottom and located her bum hole. It was all puckered up and inviting. Clare leaned forward and placed her hands on the wall while I rubbed her poop chute. The in and out motions went on for a few seconds, as I slowly inserted my finger further and further into her lovely virgin bum. Her breathing started to shorten and became ragged. Time to pull out I decided. She turned around and I noticed her face was quite flushed.

This time, after her thighs and tummy were done, she leaned her shoulders against the wall, placed her feet about a yard apart, and thrust her mound out towards me. Skimming my fingers over this miniature mount of pleasure, I felt the smoothest skin I had ever felt before. It was exquisite. I rubbed her slit in the same way as I had Julie’s, then I pushed my finger past her clitoris through her labia and almost back to her bum. I shortened the strokes until I was just rubbing her clit and cunt hole. Then as her breathing increased in speed in short gasps, I inserted my finger right into her cunt. Further and further it went moving in and out, but getting deeper all the time.

I found her barrier intact. “Careful,” I thought, “don’t break that just yet.” My finger started to move in and out a little quicker. From Clare’s movements and moaning, it was clear she could cum anytime. I didn’t want to worry Julie, so had to bring things to a close, much to Clare’s disappointment. After all, I was only following their mum’s instructions giving them a bath, wasn’t I?

“Right girls,” I called, “time for a film or TV. Ten minutes later they were downstairs going through my collection of DVDs finally selecting one called “Frozen”. While the film ran, I decided I had to take a shower, if nothing else to cool off. The soapy, sensual massage I gave my cock while the water ran down me was out of this world. I erupted in seconds like a volcano, certain this time the glass had to go. Then, just as I was coming back to earth, I saw a movement of pink out of the corner of my eye over near the door.

“Interesting,” I thought, “I wonder who that was?”

Returning to the lounge, I found both girls settled into the film. They were lying face down on the carpet with pillows to rest on. They were wearing short light weight summer night gowns. Julie's was white with various Disney characters printed on it, while Clare's I noticed with interest was pink. I sat in the armchair. The girls were in front of me, with their feet splayed towards me. As the film progressed, the wriggling they both exercised, resulted in the hems riding up and up. I had a grandstand view. Far better than watching some documentary. Neither wore panties. Both displayed all their charms.

All good things come to an end and it was getting late. Moans of "Do we have to," and "Mum always let's us stay up at weekends," bought another half an hour.

"Right," says I "who's for cocoa?" Clare came to help while Julie put the DVD away. Soon the drink was ready. Clare got the knock out drops from the shelf where her mother had put them and counted six drops into the mug nearest her.

She said "Bob, do you have any sugar, we usually have half a spoonful each?" I came over with the sugar just as the four drops went into the further mug. We all had a cuddle on the settee while they drank their draft. Up to bed they went. I read a story from a book Julie had brought with her, and all too soon she was nodding off. It was nearly half past ten by now and it had been a long day. They had elected to just use the sheet, as the heat was now almost unbearable. I kissed them "Goodnight," and switched the light out. I went down for a beer and to watch the evening news. It had been quite a day..

I switched the lights out, checked the doors and made my way up stairs. Before I headed for bed, I decided I had better check on the girls. I peeped around the door and what I saw was a picture. Clare on the far side of the bed was curled on her side, facing towards her sister, hugging the teddy. In the dim light I could make out her slim figure. Her breathing was regular. She had a contented look on her face.

Julie on the other hand was lying on her back. Her arms were akimbo and her legs were spread wide apart. One leg was across towards Clare, while the other came over the edge of the bed towards me. She was snoring very loudly. I chuckled, I couldn't believe one so young could snore so loud. I guess the knock out drops had made this happen, but this kid was in a really deep sleep. I was about to leave, when I noticed that the bed sheet was draped over her hips, while her nighty was rucked up and barely covered her nipples. There was a large expanse of naked belly on display.

"Surely one quick look wouldn't hurt?" I wondered.

Quietly, I went over and shook her body gently, nothing, not a murmur, just the ongoing snore. This one was out for the count,

"Those drops must be powerful," I thought. I looked over her shape and decided I just had to have a look. I carefully moved the bed sheet off both the girls, rolling it down off their legs. Julie was now spread eagled on the bed, naked as made no difference. Her legs were at an angle of ninety degrees to each other. I knew the girls both did ballet and gymnastics, so were supple.

"I just wonder....?" my mind thought, as I moved round to Clare's side of the bed and very carefully, lifted Julie's leg and moved it up, until it was over Clare's hip, then I gently lowered it down. I moved around to the other side of the bed and again carefully moved that leg outwards too. There was no resistance at all. It was as if her legs were meant to stick out sideways. Her legs were now in direct line to each other, one hundred and eighty degrees apart.

Very carefully, I moved onto the bed trying not to wake either girl. With the drops, it seemed, there was little chance of that anyway. I slid up until my lips were just an inch from her pussy. In the dim light, I couldn't see a great deal, but perhaps that added to the excitement. I inhaled deeply and again that distinctive smell she gave off aroused a new pain in my jeans. I had to get them off. rolling over I unbuttoned, unzipped and had them off in a trice.

Moving back, my eyes were now adjusting to the dark, I could now just make out that Julie's cunt was wide open, her clit, small as it was, was poking out of its hood and her mound stood over it all like a hill on a moonlit night. I had to taste this. Into her open hole went my tongue. I moved it in and out, up and down and sideways. I lapped and slurped and tasted; and taste there was. Her cunt was leaking moisture. Her clit was now hard and as I continued my fun, I noticed that there was a slow rhythmic movement. She was getting off in her sleep. This was fucking magnificent. I couldn't believe a seven year old could have this effect on me.

I had to get a picture of this! Sliding back off the bed, I reached up for a special camera I have which has a setting for very low light. I took a dozen shots or so of her pussy from various angles and distances. Needing to be sure, I slipped out of the door and checked the results. They were clear as day, perfect! I could see right up into her cunt hole all the way to....

"Whoa, where's her hymen? There isn't one. Fucking hell, why not? Maybe the gymnastics and the ballet had something to do with it, but how would I know?" My thoughts were racing. Well, not my fault.

Returning to the room, I decided my boxers were redundant and removed them. I moved back on to the bed again. Very slowly and carefully, I moved up over the sleeping beauty so that my cock came up towards this fantastic open pussy. Gently, I rubbed the end along her gash. As I am uncircumcised, I have the advantage that a lot of pre-cum will pool inside my foreskin. I pushed my cock against her opening and as I did, pulled my skin back a half inch releasing the pre-cum in quantity. I then rubbed my cock up and down and gave some in and out motion to make sure she was very slick. After enjoying this sensational feeling for a couple of minutes, I moved back down the bed

again so my face was a couple of inches from the action. I placed my right middle finger against her entrance, twisted it back and forth and then gently applied pressure. I thought there would be resistance, but my finger popped in, up to the first knuckle in the first move. I pulled back a fraction and pushed in again and again. This girl was very tight, but far looser than I had expected. My finger kept going in and out, deeper and deeper. It just kept going. Eventually it was in as deep as I could reach. I wished I had a longer finger! I wanted to remember this for the rest of my life I was in ecstasy. I paused and concentrated on feeling every ripple of her cunt hole. I slowly moved my finger in and out, rotated it around and moved in and out again, then wiggled the finger tip, memorising everything to replay later in my mind. After ten minutes or so, I felt that to continue would make her sore and beg questions in the morning. Time to finish. Using an edge of the bed sheet, I cleaned her up so she wouldn't feel too sticky in the morning and wonder why.

I got off the bed and looked over at Clare, who was still lying on her side. "You've done one old chum, why not both?" I reasoned. How was I going to tackle this? As I stood up, I could see she had taken her nighty off before going to bed. She was butt naked. I wondered about lying behind her on the bed and just spooning into her. But, apart from the bed not being wide enough, I wasn't going to fuck her. Apart from being rape, she had a hymen. I pondered for a while before deciding to take a different tack. Firstly, I moved Julie's leg off Clare's hip, back down the bed, where it wouldn't get in the way.

Now, checking to see if she stirred when shaken, I very carefully straightened Clare's legs, then placing one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, I rolled her from her side onto her back. Now I was able to move her legs apart in a similar way to how Julie's had been. Being larger, there was more resistance this time so her legs ended up about one hundred degrees apart.

Reaching for the camera, I again snapped off a set of pictures to grace any album. I would look at those later. Putting the camera away, working in a similar way to before, I moved up the bed and inhaled deeply those musky odours I was becoming familiar with. I then licked her pussy from bottom to top. Her lips were separated nicely, although not quite as far as Julie's.

As I went into the second lick, Clare said "I wondered when it would be my turn!" I think I had a heart attack on the spot. Clare giggled, "Do I take it the answer to my question is a "yes"?"

It took me a few seconds to regain my composure. I was shaking with the adrenaline rush. Fucking hell, I had been caught red handed, or was that stiff dicked?

I lamely said "Oh I thought you were sleep."

To which her retort was "I know you did. You thought those drops could be worked to your advantage, didn't you. I have been watching you for the past half an hour having your fun with my little sister."

I looked over at Julie's lovely outstretched body. "How come you're awake, while she is unconscious?"

"Oh that's easy," came her reply, "when you went to the cupboard for the sugar I switched the mugs, so she had ten drops and I had none."

"Isn't that dangerous? I mean could she overdose?" I wondered.

"No I have done it many times. Now what were you about to do to this innocent sleeping little girl while she was tucked up in her bed with her teddy?" she asked coyly.

Lying where I had been all this time, it took just a fraction of a second to apply another lick along the length of her glorious little girl slit. I gave her as much expertise as I could. I licked above and below, along her cunt lips, dipped into her hole and especially her clitoris, which was now poking out hard as iron from her hood. She started to undulate in time to my licking. I then applied my finger to her entrance and being mindful of that hymen inserted my finger into what was a very slippery cunt hole. She was rising now. Her breathing got ragged and her movements got more pronounced. She was going to cum.

Suddenly, she went rigid, then she began to shake like she was having a seizure, which in a way she was. Then something happened which I had heard of, but never witnessed. She gave out a howl, like a wolf baying to the moon. It went on and on for several seconds. When women do this I think they are called howlers. Just as she stopped her chorus, a sudden gush of her liquid cum juice shot out and hit me in the face. She was a squirter as well! What a sight, what a sound, what an experience.

Slowly she came down to earth. She pulled my hair to indicate she wanted me up the bed and immediately encircled me in a huge embracing cuddle.

"God that was just absolutely awesome," she said, "can we do it again, now?"

"Give it a few minutes Clare, us oldies have to catch our breath you know!" Soon, we were both cuddling and feeling each other as lovers do in a caressing way. After a while, I noticed she was moving in a rhythm again. Could she be multi orgasmic at nine, nearly ten years old? Well one way to find out. I rubbed her gently along her slit inserting my finger and gave her hole and clit full attention. Then, I curved my middle finger up inside her, while rubbing her clit with my thumb. Gently I started to squeeze her clit between my thumb and finger while at the same time massaging her whole pussy area with my palm. I sucked her tit into my mouth and started to roll her tiny but rock hard nipple around my tongue. A few seconds later, I knew she was on a role again. She started the shakes and her howl returned, although not quite so loud. Perhaps she was conscious of Julie's presence. Maybe she didn't want to wake the whole street with every window being open with the heat. I kept the massaging of her clit between my thumb and finger gently going. The spasms around my finger kept peaking and subsiding then peaking again. Clare never stopped cuming.

Eventually, she gripped my hand and said "No more, that's enough." After ten minutes the earthquake had subsided. Clare sat up.

"This is fun, what else shall we do?" she enquired. I realised I had caught a tiger by the tail, be it a little tiger, a tiger pussy. Tigers could be a handful, and this one was going to be no exception.

"I know," I said, "I'm going to give you a nick name, 'Pussycat', what do you think?"

"OK by me, but why?" she puzzled.

Bending the truth I replied "Well I like playing with your pussy, and when other people are around and I call you that, it will be our private joke." Her eyes lit up,

"I like that," she purred.

We cuddled for a while. Then Clare started to rub her hands over my body, exploring and discovering. Quite soon, her fingers were caressing me.

"I like your willy," she cooed, "it feels soft and hard and hot all at the same time."

"I like to call it my cock." I said "Some people call theirs a penis or dick."

She thought for a moment "Cock it is, though my mum calls my dad's Dick, obvious really." She giggled at the joke. "How would you like me to make you feel good, Bob? I want you to show me so I do it right."

I gently took her hand and guided it across my cock, showing her how my foreskin could be pulled back, where the sensitive area under the head was and how to massage there. I explained how when fucking, as she already knew, a man's cock moved in and out of a woman's cunt that this could be replicated by her gripping the cock and moving her hand up and down. If she was good at it she would rub her thumb or finger into the sensitive groove under the cock head to really give pleasure. She wanted to feel my balls and I explained they were delicate, but careful caressing was very pleasurable too.

Clare rolled over and knelt beside me. She had me lay on the bed beside her and took hold of my now rigid weapon. She moved her hand along it quite slowly at first while she got the feel of it. She then speeded up a little and increased her grip. Her other hand joined the first and she now really got into it. Slowly, as she moved up and down, one of her hands slid down and cupped my balls. She gently started to squeeze them in time with her wanking motion. This wasn't going to take long at all.

I didn't know if she knew what to expect. "Clare, do you know what happens when a man cums?"

"Oh yes," she said, "we did it in sex ed at school. The man shoots his sperm out. It makes him feel really good, I suppose like I felt earlier, and it can make babies."

"Yes, I guess that's a summary of it. Do you know what it looks like?"

"Oh yes, I have seen it!" she stated.

"You have," I raised my eyebrows in surprise "when?"

"Yesterday in the changing room. You splattered my foot, and again tonight when you sprayed the shower glass. That was really cool!" Was there nothing this girl didn't notice? She now knew all my dirty little secrets and seemed keen to know me better.

The rising sensations in my cock shook me back to the present. I leaned over and pushed my hand between her thighs. Seeing my intent, Clare opened up her knees and allowed me to insert a finger into her lovely pussy, while another felt her bum hole. Because I was lying up against Julie on my other side, I reached over and placed my hand on her mound and pushed a finger down her slit into her cunt. I quickly found her wet open hole and slid the finger right in. I now had a finger in each sister. This was the most erotic thing I had ever felt. I was gasping now in short pants.

"Won't be... won't be long now pussycat.....ahh, here it comes. Now." I had the biggest orgasm of my life. Even though I had tried to break the shower glass earlier, the first ejaculation shot out into the air and landed on Clare's head. The second and third hit her straight in her face. A mischievous smile came to her and she angled my cock and the next couple of spurts flew into the air and landed on Julie's belly, just by my hand. Clare giggled. I couldn't believe the intensity of this. The sperm just kept coming and cuming. As it subsided, I had the shakes and needed to just lie still for a moment. As I came back to earth, I felt as satisfied as I think I have ever felt in my life.

"Did you enjoy that Bob?" I reached over and pulled her down into a close hug and cuddled her to me. We kissed long and slow. She opened up her mouth as she felt my tongue against her lips and our tongues entwined.

"Oh, I can taste me on your mouth, it's nice," she giggled. As I rubbed her head, I could feel the stickiness in her hair.

"Never fired it that far before," I thought.

After a few minutes, I took the sheet, and carefully wiped the cum from her hair as best I could. I went to wipe her face, but she stopped me saying, "I hear this is good for boob growth," taking a scoop and rubbing her nipples with it and repeating this until all of it had been used up. I may have just cum, but this was one of the most sensuous things I had ever witnessed.

Clare looked across at her sister lying in the same position as before. She crawled over me to check where the cum had landed and saw it on Julie's belly and mound. A little had now run down her pussy and into her cunt lips. Clare gave me a mischievous look, then bent down and started to lick the cum off. Having tasted a little and rolling it around her mouth for a second, she decided it tasted OK and went about licking the rest off. Fucking hell if ever there was a sight to turn on a monk, this would be it. A little girl licking cum off her younger sister. Once the tummy and mound was cleaned up, Clare moved down to her slit and lapped away. She definitely spent longer than was necessary. Clare was in heaven enjoying every moment.

I pulled her back to give her a long cuddle.

"Yes it is," I said.

"Yes it is what?" she replied.

"You wanted to know if the answer to your question was "yes", well, yes it is".

"Hey," she erupted, kissing and hugging and pressing herself into me as tight as she could. "I love you Bob. I have always loved you and now I know I will always love you." She gave a little sigh of contentment.

"I know, my Pussycat, but this love isn't simple. It has to be our secret love. There are many people who wouldn't understand, would chuck me in jail and possibly put you in care and ruin the lives of us and your whole family."

She looked sad eyed, "I know, Bob. We need to be careful and act as before when others are around. But when alone, can we do lots more things to make us feel good? I want you to teach me everything. Even if I don't like something, I still want you to teach me so I can decide what I like or not. Would you do that for me?" I chuckled at the speed this girl liked to run her life.

"Yes my darling we will do that. Now we need to get some sleep. It's two in the morning and you are in gymnastics tomorrow. If you don't arrive raring to go, awkward questions might be asked. It's the simple things that will catch us out, agreed?"

She pouted "Agreed." I gave her a long lingering kiss. She opened her mouth like an expert and tongue wrestled me for a few seconds. I pulled the sheet up over her and Julie and left the room.

Lying in my bed the events of the past few hours raced through my head around and around. I lost consciousness in moments.

Chapter 4 – Saturday morning

I woke at dawn. As I stretched, I felt a naked body pressing into my side. An arm was draped across my chest and a leg was over mine. Clare was just stirring as I turned.

“Hello sleepyhead,” I whispered, “what brings you in here?”

“Couldn’t sleep, needed a cuddle, you were asleep so I just climbed in, played with your will....er I mean cock, and fell asleep. Best sleep ever.” She giggled as she grabbed my cock in a soft grasp. Suddenly her face went serious as she moved her hand up and down again and moved in closer to me. I reached down and found her mound and slit and carefully started to fondle and caress her back. This went on for just a few seconds, getting to the point of being interesting, as Julie flew in like a tornado. The knock out drops had worn off. Jenny had warned me!

“Hi Bob, Hi Clare, what we doing today? Clare why are you in Bob’s bed?” Julie asked. Clare, looking very disappointed with the interruption, muttered something about a nightmare. “Can I climb in too?” asked Julie as she jumped onto the bed, using it as a trampoline, bouncing over to the other side of me, she was in before I could reply. I now had two pre-teens in my bed pressing themselves up against my naked self, while I tried to make sure Julie didn’t notice my woody. Julie wriggled and wriggled, eventually jumping out of bed.

“We have gymnastics today, Bob,” squealed Julie “do you want to see what we do?”

“OK Poppet” I said, not thinking what may follow. Julie did a number of stationary exercises of stretching and bending. Then she explained she was going to do a “straddle press”. Sitting upright, she put her straight legs vertically in the air, her hands, between her thighs, were pressed to the floor just in front of her bum cheeks. Wearing just a nighty without any panties put my cock into attention mode again, which wasn’t helped when Clare squeezed it under the covers. Next she stood facing us and lifted one leg into the air without bending it and held it against her ear. I asked if she could rotate on her one foot while she did that. With difficulty, she hopped around until a fully opened pussy was winking at us, a light crust of white flakes surrounded her lips. My cock gave a surge which was answered with another squeeze.

Clare, getting into the idea, asked Julie if she could do a Bridge. Julie said she could. Laying down on her back, she put her arms over her shoulders and pressed her hands to lift her shoulders. Lifting her bum up, she was now on all fours facing upwards. She lifted her belly up and shuffled her feet up towards her hands. Her whole body was in a backward curve. She was able to bend her head so far back she could look out at us from under her bottom. This looked very hard to do. She made it look easy.

Clare asked her to try another couple of positions the first involved Julie lying on her back, then lifting both legs up until they were either side of her head, then she put her arms between her knees and then used her elbows to push

her knees right back behind her head. Julie's cunt was now stretched wide open. Clare could see exactly where my attention was.

"Let's see how long can you hold that position Julie?" Julie, lying on the floor couldn't see what was going on under the covers, where Clare was now working on my cock while I was bringing her back up to the boil.

Clare said "Am I right Julie that your best position is the handstand, you know the one where you split your legs apart?" Yes said Julie. She stood, then got ready to spring. She took a step back then one forward and up she went. I expected her to fall over and clear the dressing table behind her. Immediately her nighty dropped around her head then slid down her arms and on to the floor. The handstand was steady as a rock. She was good at this. Slowly her legs, pointing at the ceiling came down in a split and opened out horizontally. By now, the movements under the bed were quick and frantic.

"See how long you can hold it." said Clare in a breathless voice. Julie stayed rock steady. I felt the stirrings from my balls rising up.

"Cuming soon," I whispered,

"Me too" came the reply. My finger was pistonning in and out of that delightful pussy. Clare lifted the sheet down so she could see. Suddenly I felt my legs shake and the first spurt shot out. Clare gasped and started to howl. She immediately realised what she'd done and her howl reduced to a moan, but not before Julie stood up and wandered over. Wondering why the two of us looked like statues with far off glazed looks.

"Whatcha doing?" I had to think quick. My mind was blank.

"Seeing who can make the silliest noise," said Clare. I looked at Julie and said

"Hey Poppet, I think I am going to call Clare 'Lassie', because she can howl."

She gave a squinty look and replied "Yeah I thought that's what she sounded like."

I got a sharp elbow in the ribs. Ten minutes of silly noises followed, Julie won.

"Why you not wearing your nighty Clare?" came the next question.

"Coz it's too hot silly," answered Clare.

"Oh right I won't bother to put mine back on then," which was still on the floor from the handstand.

I like your chair Bob said Julie going over to the corner. I owned a swivel chair that had a back shaped as though cut out of an egg. It curved all ways.

“Try sitting in it.” I slipped out of the bed and pulled my boxers on while Julie climbed up into it.

“OK sport try this. Sit in the chair quite low down with your legs stretched out as far as you can. I will spin the chair, and as soon as I have done that, I want you to pull your legs up so you go into a ball. Here goes,” I instructed. Julie shuffled down, I spun the chair it rotated quickly. She then pulled her legs up and the effect was immediate. The speed of rotation doubled. Julie squealed with glee.

“This is the bestest,” she called. Her eyes were just full of the fun of the game. I didn’t bother to explain the physics of rotating masses which created this acceleration effect, the same as ice skaters use when they spin. My eyes were full of the sight of a seven year old wide open cunt and bum spinning around and around in front of me. Another couple of goes followed and Julie had obviously decided I was the most fun person to be around. Her and Clare’s nakedness the most natural thing in the world.

Breakfast was in the kitchen. The girls wore slippers, smiles and little else. I wore a pair of boxers for when Julie reported to her mum how the weekend went. It was still very close and hot. Today was going to be another scorcher.

We cleared away and the girls asked what we were doing today.

“What time does your gym class finish?” I asked.

“About ten thirty.”

“Right then, While you’re there, I will go to the supermarket and do the weekly shop, then perhaps we could drive out into the country and have a picnic. I wouldn’t mind doing some panoramic shots and maybe you could pose for some of them too. How does that sound?”

“Yeah that sounds great,” they chorused.

“I know girls, to make it more interesting for you, why don’t you bring along a selection of skirts, shorts, underwear and tops, perhaps some swim wear and we can try a fashion shoot?” This seemed a popular choice, so while the girls went round to their house for the clothes, I got my camera kit together.

The drive over to the leisure centre was the usual pandemonium, but we arrived without injury, other than to my ears. I dropped them off and went down to the supermarket. I was out after forty five minutes, so returned parked my car and wandered in. There is a parents viewing area for the gymnastics. I was surprised to find The Dragon from work, Mavis, at the door.

“Hello Bob, what are you doing here?” came the obvious question.

“Looking after my neighbours kids for the weekend. They do Gym classes, so here I am, and you?”

She glanced at me as if weighing me up. "Oh I do a little part time work here. I check to make sure no one goes in who shouldn't, if you know what I mean?" To my mind they couldn't get a better security person than Mavis. Nothing got by her. I rustled in my wallet and pulled the crumpled note Jenny had sensibly given me.

"You're quite early to collect them, do you want to go in and watch?"

"Yes, I think I might as well." She eyed me again

"Bob, I am glad you are here, could I ask you something about work?"

"OK, fire away," I replied.

"Well, this must be between ourselves, but I am worried about Sarah. It's nothing specific, but I can't help but feel something's not right there. Have you noticed anything?" I didn't think Mavis needed to know that Sarah had been fishing for a fuck, but it was obvious that's not what she had in mind anyway.

"Well to be honest, no, but I will keep my eyes open. Is there anything in particular I should look out for?"

"Not really, I have just seen her away from her office in areas I wouldn't have expected to see her. It's probably nothing, I just have this feeling." When Mavis got a feeling, most people sat up and took note.

"Of course," I replied, "I will keep an eye out, Mavis. If anything looks wrong, I will bear in mind what you said."

Going into the gymnasium, I saw a scattering of mums mainly, chatting while they waited for their girls and boys to finish their class. There were several classes going on for different disciplines and age groups. Some were on bars and horses, while others were on tumbling mats. They even had rings. In the far corner a trampoline was in use too. Everywhere there seemed to be action going on. I had no idea this was such a popular sport here. Looking around, I saw that all the kids were wearing the proper kit. The boys wore leotard sets, which when on, looked much like shorts and T shirts while the girls had the usual leotards or similar to one piece swim suits. They were all colours and sizes. I have to admit I found the view rather interesting lots of teen and pre-teen flesh running around with skin tight lycra coverings. Some were worn and over tight, others oversized, perhaps hand-me-downs. So as I watched closely, I got a few rather nice camel toes flashing by and some where the gap around the leg elastic was loose allowing a little flash of flesh or underwear that sent goose bumps down my spine.

I saw Julie and Clare over the far side. They were in different age groups. Clare was in a group doing work on the bars, swinging around in what looked to me impossible spins. Julie was on the floor. They were doing some fun exercises, one would do a forward roll over the top of her friend, then staying

on the floor, lie at ninety degrees, while her friend did the same. It was a sort of forward roll version of leap frog. A couple of the mums sitting nearby explained what was going on.

At the end, as the classes finished one at a time, the pupils came over to the benches, selected their bags and got changed right there. One or two went off for a shower. I had a couple of eyefuls, I must admit. Clare came across without me noticing.

“Make sure you put your tongue away before you try walking, or you will trip over it!” She was giggling to her friend, who as it turned out was in the same class at her school.

Clare introduced her. “Bob, this is Ellie, Ellie Bob. You met on Thursday when we were swimming.” I recalled the brief encounter the other night.

I was a little uncomfortable, as Ellie and Clare were in their underwear at this time, having peeled off their leotards.

“Hi girls,” came a voice from behind me. This it turned out was Ellie’s mum, who’d just arrived. “How did it go today?” A brief technical explanation followed that went over my head. I must confess I was eyeing Ellie up. She had a slightly rounded figure, not fat, call it well built. She had emerald green eyes and raven coloured hair. She was slightly shorter than Clare. Being rounded, her panty covered bum had a lovely full look to it. Like Clare she had a camel toe showing, but her cunt lips were obviously larger as it showed more. I really felt my cock stir just looking at it. Liz Green, Ellie’s mum said that Granny was coming later in the afternoon and she had to meet her at the train station, but what would Ellie like to do for lunch in the meantime? Liz was about thirty, and like her daughter had black hair and green eyes. She had rounded features too, without there being any sign of fat. At the same time she carried an aura of just being a beautiful person. She was the sort you liked immediately.

The conversation went on for a minute or two when Clare asked “Bob, have we enough for them to join us in the picnic?”

“Yes of course, if they would like to join us,” I answered.

“Oh I cannot put you to all that trouble,” responded Liz.

“It’s no trouble at all. I have just been to the supermarket and picked up everything we need, it’s all in the car. We just have to call in home to drop off some shopping and we’re away. We are only going up to the lake.” So it was arranged. It turned out Liz was a single mum getting by with hard work and a loving mother who helped out when she could.

A quick call in home, dropping off the shopping, filling the fridge, collecting the bag of clothes and cameras and off we went.

Chapter 5 – Saturday afternoon

We parked the two cars and were up by the lake well before noon. We walked around to the far side, where few people went and found a nice private area of tall grass to sit in, by the water.

The heat today seemed even more stifling than before. No wind, high humidity with hot sun. A scorcher. Quite soon the girls were paddling. Liz meantime realising I was a typical male took over the picnic organisation. She told me her husband had buggered off with one of her friends.

“I miss the friend,” she joked. She worked in a clothing distribution company in some marketing role. As we chatted, it turned out that Liz was a close friend of Jenny’s dating back to their school days. She had been one of Jenny’s bridesmaids. They had seen each other through thick and thin.

“Girls, lunch is ready,” called Liz. The girls trotted up and sat in a circle cross legged on the blankets I had brought. Three nice little pairs of stretched panties peeked out from under the summer dresses. Lunch turned out to be a great success. On a whim I had put in a half bottle of chilled white Chardonnay, which Liz and I enjoyed, while the girls had various fruit and pop drinks to choose from.

I explained what I did for a living and my hobbies. I said I hoped to take a few pictures today as the light should be good later.

“In particular I like country panoramas and people. If I can combine the two so much the better”.

Liz glanced across “That explains that bag of clothes you brought along.” In this heat I wasn’t about to exert myself. I lay back and looked up at the clouds. Liz did likewise while the girls played some guessing game.

“Can we go in for a swim, Bob?” came the inevitable question.

“I guess it would be OK,” I replied “on two conditions. One they don’t really allow swimming here, so don’t attract attention by screaming and shouting, and two, as it isn’t long since you had lunch stay near us where we can keep an eye on you.”

“I haven’t got a swim suit,” said a shy looking Ellie.

“Neither have we,” said Julie.

“Why not use your leotards girls,” suggested Liz, “they have to go in the wash anyway tonight.”

“I don’t think I will bother,” said Clare, “My leotard’s white and will stain, no one’s about anyway and it’s just us girls.” She gave me a cheeky wink. Clare and Julie were butt naked in about ten seconds and walking into the water.

Liz I observed from the corner of my eye was watching them closely. Ellie, being shy with me around took a little longer

"Put your leotard on if it makes you more comfortable," I suggested. She smiled and shook her head and started stripping. Her skin seemed snow white in the bright sunshine as she first took off her one piece summer dress and then the vest, which she had worn for gym. Next went her socks. Finally, turning her back on me, she slowly pushed her panties down her hips and legs. As they went down and she bent, so I had a direct view of her opening bum and a little glimpse of her pussy just showing between her thighs. Then she was off into the water. Liz didn't seem to mind her daughter undressing directly in front of me.

Despite my request, there was plenty of squealing and splashing. I carried on inspecting the clouds alongside a fairly quiet Liz.

"If only every day could be like this," she opined, "you know, relaxed, good company, no pressures of life with the kids having a day they really enjoy."

We chatted for about twenty minutes about many subjects, when Liz suddenly said, "Oh God, I will miss the train if I don't get a move on." Ellie, can you come out now darling, we have to go," she called.

A dripping trio came out of the water, teeth chattering.

"The water is cooler than I thought Mummy," said Ellie. Her lovely rounded features were paraded for my starving eyes to feast upon. Her pussy, because she was chubbier seemed to project out more than the other two girls. She had quite a fold of skin showing suggesting her clitoral hood was large. She openly paraded around now without embarrassment at my presence.

"We have to go and collect Granny so you need to get dressed darling," said Liz

Ellie looked like she was being treated unfairly and asked, "Mummy can't I stay with Clare? I am sure Bob would drop me home afterwards, it's on his way?"

"No darling that would put upon Bob," Liz said unconvincingly.

"Actually Liz, it would be no trouble at all. We will stay here for another couple of hours, I will take my pictures later and then we'll be back home. Ellie would be back by four, in time to see her granny."

"Are you sure," responded Liz, unsure, but clearly very keen to allow Ellie to enjoy her day, "you will do exactly what Bob tells you, Ellie?"

“Yes Mummy,” came the predictable reply. So Liz picked up her few belongings and Ellie’s gym kit and left her naked, nearly ten year old daughter, with an almost total stranger.

To warm up, the girls lay on the blankets in the sun.

“Be careful girls, you might get sunburn,” I pointed out, “do you want some sun screen?”

Clare looked across at me. She had that coquettish look again “Only if you put it on for me Bob.”

“Yeah,” squealed Julie “that sounds fun.” Ellie remained quiet.

“OK who’s first?” I asked. Julie was lying beside me, so I got the bottle out and ladled the cream on to my hands and worked down her shoulders and back then down her thighs and lower legs.

“You’ve missed a bit, Bob,” said Julie, “don’t forget my bum.”

“How could I ever forget your bum, Poppet?” She giggled as I rubbed the cream in well into her crack. “Roll over now.” The process down her front followed in similar fashion, rubbing the cream well into her chest and those mosquito bite nipples and down her legs.

“you’ve missed a bit again Bob,” came the predictable statement “you’ve missed my couchie.” I looked at her and asked

“Do you want to do that bit?” I asked.

“No Bob, you’ll do it much better.” So I rubbed the cream across her belly. She opened her legs so I applied some to her inner thighs and finally up through her slit. I rubbed back and forth a couple of times, but daren’t carry on too long. Ellie by now was mesmerized. Her eyes like organ stops.

“Right, who’s next,” I looked meaningfully at Clare, who slid over the blanket. I repeated the application in the same order as Julie’s and made sure her bum cheeks were well applied with the greasy cream. Rolling her over, I immediately noticed her clit was poking out further than usual. Pretending not to notice, I again started at the top working down to her tummy button, making sure her breasts had been given a good lathering. A dreamy look appeared on her face. Her legs were next. Finally, as I squeezed more cream from the tube, she separated her thighs, wider than necessary. Glancing across at Ellie, I could see was rocking a little with a far away look in her eye. My hand rubbed across Clare’s lower belly, and then around her inner thighs. I made sure there was good coverage and finally into her slit, finding that hard clitoris that had been waving it’s flag earlier. I rubbed several times and Clare was starting to breath quicker. Time to stop.

I looked at Ellie and enquired, “Do you want to do it or shall I?”

She blinked and looked rabbit eyed at me.

“He does it real well,” chimed in Julie “It makes you feel all warm in your tummy.” For answer, Ellie silently moved across the blankets and lay on her front beside me.

“OK here goes,” I said brightly “third time lucky.” I repeated the exact process the others had received. Covering her back and legs, but leaving her bottom.

“Do you want to do that bit Ellie?” asked Clare “or would you like Bob to?”

“I can’t reach,” lied Ellie, “Bob can do it there.” So in for a penny..... I didn’t need telling twice. Her globular bum cheeks were just simply magnificent to massage. They were large and firm but yielding, toned I suppose you would call them. There was a real handful without too much. They were simply magic to rub, and I now had an erection causing considerable discomfort. I couldn’t resist rubbing through her bum crack and as I did, she gave out a low moan, so I rubbed again and a third time. My finger rubbed over her hole two or three times, pressing just a little.

“Ahem,” put in Clare. Glancing across at her, I saw a tiny imperceptible shake of the head.

“Right Ellie, other side,” I cheerily stated. She paused a second and rolled over. More cream on her chest. I really enjoyed rubbing into her budding breasts, which were a slightly larger than Clare’s. Still really only large nipples, they had cone shaped aureoles of a light pinkie brown colour, topped with darker nipples that were rock hard to the touch and definitely the size of pencil erasers. Her eyes were closed now and she moaned as I massaged her breasts.

Moving on to her hips, thighs and lower legs, I finally asked “Do you want to do the last bit Ellie?” She didn’t move. I glanced at Clare. She gave a little nod and looked pointedly at Ellie’s pussy. I applied the cream across her lower belly as I had for the other two. Then asking her to spread her legs a little, I rubbed into her inner thighs. This produced another couple of moans. I then rubbed her mons. I had thought that Julie and Clare had prominent mounds, it was nothing to this one. This was the Everest of mounds. It was like a half tennis ball in the cup of my hand. Not a hair on it could I see. She was as bald as the day she was born. But, not only that, it was so smooth to the touch, it was like running my fingers over the finest eastern silk. Moving down, I glanced at Clare, who was rocking back and forth on her knees. Her hand cupping her own pussy, a finger just moving. She held something in her other hand which was hidden the other side of her. Clare caught my eye and gave a little nod. She lifted her hand to reveal it was a camera she held.

My hands, one either side rubbed Ellie’s pussy lips together. As I moved one lip up, I pushed the other down. Up and down they went, several times, up and down. Ellie was beginning to rock to the motion. I slipped my fingers into her slit. Here was the huge clitoral hood I had seen earlier. I rubbed her back

and forth, up and down. I could feel her hole was already very wet, as the greasiness of the oil seemed to be replaced with a slickness. I looked appealingly at Clare. Again she nodded, the camera pointed.

“Oh fuck,” I thought “what am I doing?” I continued to rub her clit and inside her pussy lips. Back and forth. Ellie was now rocking and moaning with the motion. Further and further I delved. My finger, by now, was well inside her engorged cunt. No hymen here it would seem. I looked again at Clare and saw the camera was clicking away, while her other hand still had plenty of work to do. She had that look on her face again and her smile said she was enjoying this. It only took a few more seconds before Ellie started to go rigid; I felt her whole virginia spasming on my finger as if trying to suck it. Her body gave that shaking motion I recognised.

“Nnnggghhhh, oh fuck, hhhaaaa, oh that's good oh yes, oh yes, there, do it there, oh, oh, oh fuuuccck” Her hips were bucking up and down while her legs had now parted like only a gymnast could allowing me to press as far as my finger could into her passage way.

Silence followed her return from Mount Olympus, interspersed only by her long deep breaths as if she had run a mile. It took a few minutes for her to calm herself. Clare cuddled up to her naked friend and they nestled their heads together.

“Was that nice Ellie?” enquired Clare. Tears rolled down her friend’s face.

“That was the first time I have ever cum. Oh thank you Bob! What did you do to me?”

I was a little surprised. “How do you mean Ellie?”

“Well,” she replied, “at home I play with myself with my fingers, use my hairbrush, even tried one of my mum’s toys once, all I managed to do was pop my cherry, and can never get myself off. You touch me for five minutes and next thing I’m in orbit. Fuck that was good.”

“All part of the service,” I joked, “Bob’s picnics are packed with pleasure, I guess.” Ellie just lay back, absorbing the sun’s warmth, and enjoyed a relaxed pleasure she hadn’t experienced before. I noticed that her legs were still splayed out in the splits. While Clare and Ellie lay side by side chatting quietly, I sneaked a couple of dozen excellent photos of the two of them together and in particular their wide open pussies, both dripping white pearlescent fluid.

“OK girls, who’s for a photo shoot?” I enquired.

“Yeah” They all chorused. Julie came out from the water’s edge where she had been paddling for the past twenty minutes.

“OK what we’ll do is one of you put on some clothes, and while I am taking the photos of them, the other two can select the clothes for the next shoot, so we

aren't standing around waiting for each other. Julie opted to go first. She had brought some blue shorts and matching crop top. Quite soon she understood what I was looking for and the poses and photos flowed. She used a couple of gymnastic positions to get some great poses too. Clare was next with a knee length skirt and filmy white blouse. Finally Ellie put on her own clothes and posed in those. She wore a pair of red shorts and a green low cut top. She was a natural model and the poses flowed easily. The lake provided a lovely backdrop.

"That's great girls, how about underwear now?" They rummaged in the bag and found various combinations. The photos were all the type you might see in clothes catalogues. For fun, they did some sexy poses. Clare orchestrated the positions and poses. Several wide open crotch shots with panty clad pussies. Hands and knees poses from the rear, looking over their shoulders.

I suggested a camel toe competition. Three puzzled looks. "OK, I'll explain, lie down in a row. That's it, legs apart, now pull your panties up as far as you can." I moved along the row, pressing the panties right into the bum and cunt cracks. They got the idea and soon they were all seeing how far up they could push the cotton to enhance the look. Some terrific photos followed.

"Finally," I said "swim wear." Clare went to the bag, and pulled out some one and two piece sets including the white suit she had worn the other day, which she put on.

"I thought you told my mum you hadn't brought your swim suits along," mused Ellie, "that's why we swam nude."

"Did I?" said Clare innocently, "I must have quite forgotten." They all burst into giggles again. For fun, Ellie tried on the pink bikini that Julie had worn the other day at the pool. It was too small for Clare, so when Ellie put it on, they were all in fits of giggles it was so tight. They were fun pictures to capture though. Julie had on a little one piece which was green and blue, with Disney style fishes printed on it. Again the poses and positions rotated. Finally, I whispered in Clare's ear, and she smiled, walked into the water and lay down. I carried on photographing. She then came out in her now virtually transparent suit and posed some of the sexiest pictures I have ever taken. Standard poses, lying, kneeling, standing, arms behind head, from front and back side. Then she went on all fours and I took shots from every angle finally she lay down and I had shots of her on her side, back front, every which way and some cock blowing open legged shots of her pussy clad in a sheer wet transparent film.

In the end, it was time to go home. The girls had another quick dip in the water. We packed up the picnic and headed for home. As promised, I got Ellie home by four o'clock.

As she went to get out of the car, she gave me a little kiss and whispered in my ear "Will you make me cum again soon please, Bob?" Then she was off,

and the door was opened by Liz who waved. I noticed an older woman behind who I assumed was Granny. I returned the wave and we were off home.

I put all the photo shoot clothes we used together with the leotards and swim suits in the washer to remove the grass and mud stains. We made a joint effort to clear up the picnic remains.

Chapter 6 – Saturday evening

“Right girls,” I asked, “what would you like to do tonight? I suggest after a quick bath, we could go to see a movie and have a meal out. What do you think?” I struck gold with that idea.

I again ran the bath at a semi warm temperature. The weather was still hot and close and seemed to threaten thunder. Unlike last time, the girls stripped off their clothes and jumped into the bath unaided. They both insisted on me washing them however, which I was only too happy to oblige them with. I particularly enjoyed running my soapy hands across their bare wet curved bodies, down their chests, tummies and legs. I enjoyed massaging their bums and through their cracks and into their anus openings. Julie even told me I hadn’t done it enough and to do it again. But this time deeper!

Finally I just loved the anticipation of soaping up my hands to massage Julie’s mound and pussy. In I went. Less pretence now about this being anything other than a pleasure for us both. I rubbed her lips back and forth again and a third time. I then inserted my finger, and her knees were apart in a trice. I pushed my finger between her labia lips and massaged her clit. She moaned and finally, I gently inserted my finger into her cunt hole. I pushed in a little way and back and in and back. Going a little further each time. She started to rock a little. I looked at Clare, who was now openly playing with herself in the water. I raised an eyebrow in query and got the same nod I was given that afternoon by the lake. So I continued and quite soon Julie was moving in a rhythm. Her breath was short and she started to hum in time with that breathing. My finger went in further and further. She was slick with her own juices and soap. In and out, in and out and after a few cycles, was taking it nearly all the way out and sliding it in to the limit. I then felt several things together. Julie’s legs clamped my hand, her cunt started to pulsate on my finger, she grabbed my wrist to hold it in place and her hum turned into a long wail. Another howler it would seem. Then, as the wail slowed a little, she was panting and gasping, “Ohh yesss, do it there, yes there again, ohh yesss, nnggghhhhhh.” Julie’s eyes were screwed up tight her jaw clenched. She now held my wrist with both hands, and was trying to rub herself onto my finger and hand. I glanced at Clare, she was glassy eyed, and emitting some quiet moans of her own. She too was cuming quietly. After a minute, the tsunami of water settled.

Clare leaned over to Julie and asked “Was that nice?”

Clare now looked at me with hungry eyes. I moved over to her and rather than washing her, gave her an all over caress with my soapy hands. I wasted little

time on the 'boring bits'. I used both hands to rub her bottom cheeks up and down and crossways. I caressed her hips, and upper thighs I moved her legs apart and massaged her inner thighs moving to within a fraction of her cunt. "Bend over darling," I asked, "I want to try something new for you. Could you open your bottom for me?" She pulled her arse cheeks apart. I reached to the shelf, and picking up some KY jelly, squirted some on my finger. Moving my finger to her now open anus, I rubbed some in and around her entrance. Moving in and out in short movements, I slowly inserted my finger.

"Push, like you need to poo," I said. Immediately, the grip on my finger vanished and my finger slid in to the limit. I moved the finger in and out several times in her buttery passage. Clare moved to reciprocate my movements. When I pulled out of her, after a minute or two, she looked disappointed.

"You never cleaned my bottom that well," observed Julie, who was now coming back to Earth after her trip to Venus and back.

"That's because you're such a clean little girl, Poppet," I replied, "besides, didn't you enjoy your wash tonight?"

"S'pose so," she answered, picking up the duck again to play with it.

I suggested Clare lay down in the bath now. She sat, placed a leg either side of Julie and slid down into the water. Looking at me in anticipation, she lifted her knees upwards and outwards as far as the bath sides permitted. I massaged her mons for a while, then moved over her pussy lips, slowly inserting my fingers, I rubbed her clit until she started to rock a little. Finding her vagina entrance, I pressed in gently, and using my thumb on her clit and finger in her cunt, started a massaging motion. Quickly she rose to the occasion and started to hump my hand. Biting her lip and concentrating hard, she managed not to wail, but as her orgasm hit, she was breathing in and out through her nose in snorts and her moans were almost as loud.

Clare's breathing settled after a few minutes. She lay back and relaxed in a dreamy haze.

I smiled and left the girls to play for a minute. "I'm just going to grab a quick shower," I said, "back in a minute." I went into the shower room and stripped off. That glass was going to get hammered this time.

I was just stepping in, when Clare entered, her wet footprints crossing the floor.

She looked at my rampant cock and said "I thought you might need a hand with that." The water ran down us both as she started to massage me expertly. I knew It wouldn't take long.

Just then Clare dropped to her knees, still holding my cock, looked up at me doe eyed and said "One of my friends at school says this is what boys really

like." And, without another pause, sucked the end of my cock into her mouth. The surge of pleasure coursing through me was instant. Her cheeks sank in as she exerted a huge amount of suction. This was complimented by her tongue finding that sensitive spot under my cock head, whilst pressing my cock against the roof of her mouth. I lifted my face upwards, as I felt that mouth and tongue move slowly over my cock. I am about six and a half inches in length, but quite thick so Clare had to open her mouth quite wide to ensure she didn't scrape her teeth along me.

Soon she was moving at a nice pace bobbing up and down. I placed my hand on the back of her head and helped her set the pace. As time went on, she took me deeper and deeper. It couldn't be considered a deep throat, but for one so young it was a masterful blow job. Her pace increased, and I felt that tingling in my balls indicating I was about to erupt into this nine year olds mouth for the first time.

"Get ready Clare," I muttered, " it's cuming soon... soon....now..... ahhhh." The first pulse erupted into the back of her mouth. She was waiting for it. She already knew she liked the taste, and had heard that boys really liked girls that swallowed, so she swallowed and swallowed. I was in heaven. Clamped to my cock was a nine year old, first time, expert cock sucker. It went on and on and Clare swallowed. Eventually I calmed, my legs stopped shaking and I looked down at Clare's smiling face.

"Did you enjoy that, Bob?" was that same question. She stood, kissed me and pressed her tongue into my mouth, rolling it over my tongue. She hadn't swallowed the last bit, so we passed it back and forth from mouth to mouth. We cuddled for a few minutes then the water started to go cold. Time to get out. We dried each other off and went to get dressed.

Chapter 7 – Saturday night

The evening was a storming success. The movie was 'Sponge out of Water', one of the Sponge Bob series. Appropriate I thought, considering the day's activities.

We found a little family restaurant close by afterwards. The girls behaved in a very grown up manner and were a credit to their mother for their well behaved table manners. Home again, it was now getting quite late. I made the cocoa drink, while Clare applied the knock out drops. I suspected after today, they would sleep well anyway. We cuddled on the sofa for a while and went upstairs. The girls jumped into bed.

Julie cuddled up to me and said "Bob, you are my favourite person in the whole world after Mummy and Daddy and Clare, of course." I read Julie her book and she was nodding off before the chapter was finished.

Clare had a cheeky look on her face.

"What are you up to madam?" I asked "Oh nothing." she said. With Clare, "Oh nothing" always meant "oh something".

"Bob," she said in a sing song voice "can we talk for a minute while Julie goes to sleep?"

"How many drops?" I asked.

"Ten," she replied "won't take long." Julie was soon snoring that loud snore that belied her small size. It is astounding how loud it was.

"Bob, can I ask you some things?" she asked.

"Yes sweetheart, what do you want to know?" I replied.

"Well, I have decided I really love you, because you try to make me feel good, and you're kind to me and look after me. So what I have decided is I would like you to be my first one, the one who takes my virginity. I want you to make love to me later tonight. I don't want a quick fuck, I want you to make love to me long and slow, passionately, in your own bed. Before that, we can have some fun in here, but later, I want the real thing, the full works, I want to give you my virginity in every meaning of the word"

I looked at her, took her into my arms and held her for a long moment. "Are you sure about this Clare, It's not a decision to take lightly?"

"No Bob, I know that, I have thought about little else and now I have made my mind up. Later, I want us to go to your room and I will be yours to take and you will be mine to have. Until then, while we are in here, in this room, let's have some fun. For a start, get that camera out while I get rid of this bed sheet."

Clare moved around the bed and made some poses that almost made me blush. She did headstands against the wall with her legs apart. She went on all fours, looking out through her spread knees at the camera, she held herself open with her straight legs far apart, and then with her knees either side of her ears. Every position she could think of.

Next, she moved over to Julie. She rolled Julie over to get the nighty out from underneath her, removed it and tossed it on the floor. She then said "OK let's pretend things are happening between Julie and me, get your camera ready." Clare spread Julie's legs as far apart as they could go. Julie was now in a similar position to last night. Clare held her sister's cunt wide open with her finger tips so I could get some really fantastic close up "inside" shots. The snoring seemed to increase. Clare then squatted over her sister's face, simulating her being eaten out, while showing an expression of ecstasy with her head back and her hands clutching her boobs. The camera clicked away. These were incredibly sexy shots. Clare sucked Julie's nipples and licked down her tummy. Finally she licked Julies cunt. With her legs so far apart, while holding her pussy lips wide open, Clare could get her tongue quite well

inside. The pictures were sensational. I wasn't sure how much 'pretending' was going on.

"OK," said Clare, "your turn now. I have one rule only which you must obey. My rule is that as long as I am your girlfriend, and I am either there or give my permission, you can do anything with my friends or sister. But unless I tell you otherwise, you cannot fuck anyone else but me, do you agree?"

I was a little taken aback at this, but thought it fair and agreed. "OK, but in return you have to agree to a similar rule of mine. You too can do anything with anyone else, as long as I am either there or you get it on camera for me and you don't fuck anyone else either, without my permission, agreed?"

"Agreed," she sighed.

"One last thing," I asked "does anything mean anything?"

"Of course silly, why, what did you have in mind?" she looked askance.

"Get that camera."

I spent the next ten minutes giving Julie a licking bath. There wasn't an inch she wasn't licked. I spent several minutes pulling her cunt lips far apart to get my tongue in as much as I could. Then, with the snoring still as loud as ever, I rotated Julie around. She was now lying across the bed. I slid her until her shoulders were well over the side of the bed, so her head and neck were unsupported and flopped over the edge. Her head was ninety degrees to her body. I went around to Julie's head. Because her head was so far back, her mouth was agape. The height of the bed was perfect. I knelt down, lined my cock up with her mouth, and placed the head inside. The snoring made vibrations, which were very sensual. The camera snapped and I moved my cock in and out slowly. Little by little I pushed deeper. My cock slid across her tongue and against the roof of her mouth. Deeper and deeper; I entered her throat. As I did, the snore stopped. As I pulled out the snore started. So I started a rhythmic pace of snore, in, out, snore, going deeper until I bottomed out. My whole cock was down a seven year old's throat. Her throat gripped me like a soft vice. Fuck but did this feel good? Out I came, snore, in again.

All too soon Clare said, "Time up. Anyway, the memory in the camera is full. Let's go and make love."

We put Julie back into a comfortable position, pulled the sheet over her, switched the lights out and headed for my room. At first all we did was cuddle.

I asked her "Are you sure about this darling?"

"I've never been so sure about anything in my life." We spent many minutes feeling and exploring and caressing each other. I made sure Clare was very slick with my pre-cum. I rubbed and massaged her in sensuous fore play. I took my time, slowly building her gently up, teasing her with not quite rubbing

the right spot and moving away again. Then taking her a little higher up the scale of passion. Her eyes glazed over, her body started to shake her breathing was like a series of deep sighs while she came. Then she got louder. Not a loud wailing howl this time, but a quiet long low sing song ululation. She slowly returned. We cuddled again.

“If you really want to do this, then what I think we should do Pussycat is for you to come on top of me. That way, you can control the pace and I won’t squash you during your first time.”

I lay on my back and Clare straddled me. Her knees either side of my thighs, her hands on my chest, my cock as stiff as a post up the crack of her bum, resting against the small of her back. We looked longingly into each other’s eyes. She lifted herself up and backwards. I put my hand between her thighs and guided my cock towards her entrance. She then leant forward and brought her head and chest down to lay as close to me as she could while she concentrated on feeling me enter her.

I again moved back and forth rubbing just the tip of my cock along her outer cunt lips several times and pulled my foreskin down half an inch to ensure she was as slick as she could be. I moved my hips very slightly to begin a rhythm. Clare quickly picked up on this and started to rock back and forth, lifting and dropping slightly at the same time. My cock head moved slowly inside her lips and pressed against her entry. She pushed down harder, keeping up the rocking motions. In a few moments, my head popped through her virginia opening. Clare’s eyes went wide, she paused, the pressure eased. Clare looked adoringly into my eyes, she brought her mouth to mine and our tongues were intertwined in a love dance of their own. She again built up her rocking motion. In so doing, my cock went in a little deeper and came up against her hymen.

“Take your time pussycat,” I tried to calm her “It will hurt a little at first, but the pain will go.” I hadn’t spoken the last word, when her athletic body moved down a couple of inches, there was a tearing feeling and I was inside her. She stopped dead. There was a tear in her eye, but no other indication of pain. After a full minute, she moved slightly, as if finding out if the pain was still there. She then started to move back into her rhythm again. In so doing, my cock slowly went further and further into her gorgeous virginia. She was very, very tight. It was almost like I had a condom on three sizes too small. But at the same time, this tightness was itself a wonderfully erotically pleasurable sensation. Every ripple in her love tunnel and my shaft worked together to transmit a stunning series wonderful feelings brought on by the friction between us. It was exquisite. The motions continued, and finally I bottomed out. My balls were up against her bottom, while my pubis was pressed against her mons. My cock head was pressed into her cervix.

Again Clare paused and caught her breath. We kissed again. A long lingering kiss of passion and love. No rush, no grinding of teeth together, just pleasure. We stayed like that for several minutes simply enjoying each other. Clare moved up again and down. A pause and repeated the movement again and

again. She started to quicken the pace and lengthen the stroke. I reached around cupping her bottom with my hands helping to take the weight as she lifted and lowered. I placed my finger against her anus and pressed lightly. There was a sharp intake of breath and speeding up of her movements. Suddenly, Clare lifted herself up so she was again kneeling astride me in an upright position with her outstretched hands pressing into my chest. She then lifted her knees up, so her weight was now on her feet and started to lift herself up and down as if doing squats. Faster and faster she went. As she lifted, she nearly came off my cock, and then she would drop down with all her weight, pressing my cock into her cervix. I realised Clare was going to cum again very soon, and I had forgotten to close the windows. The howl when it came was long and loud. Her virginia spasmed around my cock massaging and sucking and pulling it. I could hold out no longer. Over the past two days I had had some magnificent orgasms, but they were as nothing to the sensational cum that enveloped me now. Pulse after pulse. I erupted and squirted and throbbed and came again and again. Such was the pleasure as I had never experienced ever before.

Just before she collapsed onto my chest, she whispered her motto “Did you enjoy that, Bob?”

I became aware that Clare had gone quiet. That in itself was a new one on me. She looked up at me, smiled, snuggled into my chest. She straightened out her legs and lifted them over mine. A contented sigh was all she emitted. We lay like that for a good ten minutes. Eventually we rolled over so we were on our sides facing each other, still joined in our act of love. Our hands ran up and down each other’s backs into our bum cracks and up again. This was just the most sensuous feeling of passion. The lust had passed. My erection had not withered however, and I wanted to make my child lover remember this as the greatest night of her life. I gently started to rock my hips. My cock slid in and out of her just a little way.

“Hmm that’s nice,” my pussycat murmured, “keep doing that.”

The rocking motion continued slowly. After perhaps five minutes, Clare reciprocated the movements. She was getting stirred to go again. I didn’t know if I would be able to cum again, but if I could give Clare pleasure I would continue. Shortly, Clare started to increase her movements and her breathing became a pant. I rolled over on top of her, her legs spreading and her knees lifted then pushed into my arm pits. I took my weight on my knees and elbows and started a slow, deep, passionate thrusting motion. All the way in, all the way back until I was almost out then in again. Clare’s hips started to move in time with me. I felt her cunt walls start to pulsate around my cock as her lower toned sing song wail started again. I continued the slow thrusting and the sing song went on and on.

This was just amazing. She multi orgasmed. No question. Twenty minutes must have passed still Clare was rocking in time with me and her humming sound ebbed and flowed. The pulsations around my cock never let up for a moment. This girl was astounding. I felt a rising feeling in my balls. I knew I

would cum in a few moments. My pace quickened I was now thrusting harder. A slap, slap sound came from my balls connecting with her bum. My pubis smacked into her clit, my cock throbbed in and out of her immature cunt. As my pace increased, Clare aware of what was coming, went into top howl mode again and the pulsations gripped my cock in a vice like grip, sending me over the edge. My orgasm hit like an express train and I pulsed into her cervix sending my seed deep into her womb.

“Aahhh,” I moaned .

After things calmed down, we rolled onto our sides again.

“Did you enjoy that, Bob?” she murmured, her eyes closed, a calm contented look on her face. Slowly, I felt my cock start to deflate, and in so doing, slip out of her. We both looked down. As my cock head finally out, it was followed by much cum juice and a tinge of blood.

“That was like something out of heaven, are you really an angel?” I enquired.

Clare looked up at me again, smiled, cuddled into me and simply said “I love you Bob.” So few words seemed to express so much more. It seemed that in seconds we were both fast asleep.

Chapter 8 – Sunday

Sometime in the night, the storm came in. The distant thunder rumbled, the wind got up and then the rain came in torrents. I rushed to shut windows before getting back to cuddle my love. Clare and I must have fallen then into a deep sleep. Dawn broke as the storm clouds dispersed. I never heard the other storm, that was the naked Julie, fly into the room leap on the bed, do the half dozen trampoline bounces and climb in alongside me. All I was aware of, as I slowly surfaced some time later, was a lovely feeling of my cock being squeezed and wanked. I drifted off and came round again in a doze. In the dreamy distance I realised now that there were two hands gripping me. I also became aware that one was smaller than the other. Surely not. I pretended to be asleep to see what transpired. Quiet whispering and giggling.

“If you watch the end Julie, you might see something really interesting. When it happens feel the movement in his willy,” whispered Clare. The two handed massage continued. The tingle wasn’t long in coming and all too soon I came in spurts across my belly and their hands. A gasp from Julie told me this was a new experience to her. I still pretended to be asleep.

“What will he say when he wakes,” asked Julie “will he be cross?”

“He won’t know,” was Clare’s reply, “do what I do.”

Next I felt a tongue lapping across my tummy. A slurping sound. I felt another tongue and more slurping. “Hmm, this is nice,” said Julie’s voice, “I didn’t

know it tasted good, let me get that bit on the end of his willy.” I felt a little mouth engulf the end of my cock, and a tiny tongue wipe all around the end. Surely this wasn’t Julie, was it? All too soon they were finished. I allowed myself to doze for ten minutes before pretending to wake. The three of us cuddled in a contented hug.

“What would you like to do today, girls,” I yawned, “anything in particular?” A quick debate took place.

“What’s the weather going to do, Bob?”

“Now the storm has passed, it should be fresher than the last few days, but bright and sunny and warm, I think. I know, why don’t we have a barbecue? We could set up a water slide in the back garden, perhaps borrow the paddling pool and ask your friends for a lunch and afternoon party.” The girls jumped at the idea.

Breakfast, like the day before was a casual affair. Having a couple of nudie little girls to eat with was no hardship at all. The morning was spent preparing for the party. My garden has a slight hill rising behind the house. It was a disused railway embankment, so I set up a long sheet of plastic I had as a slide. When water from the hose pipe ran down it, it should work well. The girls ran around asking their friends and families to come round about one o’clock. I started filling the paddling pool and added a little hot water to take the edge off the temperature. As Ellie is a special friend to Clare, I suggested she phoned and asked her and her mum to come over as well. We suggested everyone brought rugs or fold up chairs to sit on.

I fired up the BBQ, then got my stock of sausages and burgers out of the freezer and de-frosted them, while I got the salads, bread, crisps and a hundred other things together in preparation.

Liz and Ellie arrived early. “I thought I would come over to help to repay your kindness yesterday and by the looks of how you’re getting on here, you need it! I have brought some extra things over in case you run out.”

We beavered away in the kitchen and chatted. More than once I was aware of Liz rubbing “accidentally” up against me while stretching across for something or other. Out the back, the girls were busy getting everything laid out and a couple of tables set up.

“Thank you for yesterday, by the way, you certainly scored a hit with Ellie, Bob. She got home in the afternoon and hasn’t stopped talking about it since. She is normally quite reticent with new people, but you have really won her over. What did you do to her to make that happen?”

I blushed bright red “Well, I just let the girls do their thing, we took a few photos and they had a swim and that was about it.” I replied.

"I don't know," she teased, "you must have the magic touch or something, as soon as Clare called to invite us over today, wild horses wouldn't have kept her away. I think she's got the hots for you," she teased. If only she knew.

People started to arrive and the food was on the heat. I found a beer and started to enjoy the day. Liz was brilliant. She acted as hostess and made everyone welcome. The "Terrible Twins" arrived with their dreadful mother Vera. I hadn't realised that she was not only obnoxious, but odorous too, until she came and stood upwind of me while I cooked. A mixture of stale cigarettes and too few showers. Her daughters, eight years old, very pretty as little girls go, with their blazing red hair, ran around like wild feral animals. After she had eaten and drank a couple of my beers, Vera made excuses and was gone. I suppose a free baby sitting service was how she saw this.

There were about eight or ten girls there, a couple of their brothers and the adults, plus Liz and me, about twenty in all. When the food had gone, the kids asked if they could use the paddling pool. I directed Clare to let the girls change in the lounge and the boys in the loo.

Soon they were jumping in and out of the water. I set the slide running with water and they found this great fun. They ran up the slope, got on the plastic and slid down on their backs. Several times when they came down too fast, they shot off the end of the plastic on to the grass. This braked their motion, and pulled the swimsuits up into their bum and cunt cracks giving some fantastic camel toes! After a while, they tried coming down head first. This was great fun. They were all in hysterics when one young girl of about eight, from up the street left her bikini bottoms down by her knees when she came off the end of the plastic. No one noticed I had captured it all on camera.

We organised tea with sandwiches, soft drinks, crisps and so on. It was while we were enjoying this that Jenny and Dick returned from their weekend away. They got changed and came round to join us. Clare and Julie rushed over to hug them and tell them what a super time they had had. Being old friends of Liz, the two of them linked arms and were chatting animatedly. Certainly something was catching their attention. They glanced my way a couple of times, then went indoors. Clare came over and handed me a beer.

"That's for putting on a great party, thanks for doing it for us, Bob." She skipped away. I pulled the tab on the can. It exploded, beer squirted all over me. The little imp must have shaken it hard before handing it to me. Clare and Ellie had to hold onto each other for support, they were laughing so much.

"I owe you two for that," I said, "you wait I'll bide my time." There were broad smiles all round looking at my discomfiture.

Going in doors to get dry, I went to the kitchen to get a towel. As I entered, I came across Liz and Jenny. They were in a clinch and were kissing, passionately. Liz's hand was up under Jenny's skirt hem. They broke apart as soon as I entered, Jenny made excuses and went to join the others, while Liz picked up a cloth to mop me down.

“I know what you must be thinking, but Jenny is a great friend. She’s going through a tough time at the moment. We go back a long way. She needs all the support and friendship she can get at the moment,” she stated looking me in the eye. I think she hopes you may be able to help her too.

“I’m not judging anyone, Liz, certainly I’m no saint. No more to be said eh?”

“You’re a star Bob, here let me give you a kiss.” She gave me a hug, kissed me, and her tongue was searching mine out in a moment. I felt her hand brush across my trouser front and give a gentle squeeze. She muttered something about plenty more where that came from, and vanished outside.

After I had cleaned myself up, I sat down for a beer with Dick. He said he would just have the one. A stern look from Jenny spoke volumes. He told me how the weekend had gone, and what a great time they’d had. I wasn’t convinced.

“I’ve been meaning to have a word, Bob,” he started, “As you know I do web sites for firms, Well there is a clothing company, local one, Liz has something to do with them, that needs some pictures doing for a new line, but they need them really quick. I know you do a bit of photography, their usual guy is on holiday, would you be interested?”

“I could be,” I answered, “what do they need?”

“Well they specialise in underwear. I think they do other stuff, but that’s what the job is. It’s all kids underwear.” My heart jumped, would I be interested, what a question.

“I tell you what Dick, I will e-mail some samples of my clothing model work. You forward them to the client and let me know what they think. I am owed some time off, so could do it pretty quick.”

“Great,” he said.

Soon the party broke up and we made a joint effort to clear away. It was a school day tomorrow, so no one hung around too long. Jenny came inside with me to get the girls belongings.

“Thank you Bob for looking after the girls. It’s obvious they had a fantastic time. They don’t want to go home. Come here, let me give you a hug.” Jenny gripped me in a bear hug, pressing her boobs into me and ran her hand over my arse and gave a squeeze. At that moment, Clare came through the door to lend a hand, she gave me a wink and the hug was over. All too soon they were gone and life was back to normal. The only job left to do was e-mail some sample photos to Dick and do the final tidying up.

Chapter 9 - Monday

The following day, back in the office, Alan wasn't there, so I fielded his calls and was running around a bit. My office is next to his, and there is a hatch between the two we use to pass work across. This was open an inch or two, when I noticed movement out the corner of my eye. I looked across, and through the gap, saw that it was Sarah. I moved closer, she had opened one of the filing cabinets and had taken out a file. It was on the table just in front of where I was, so I could see it was the Pearson Contract. She had got the signed forms and pricing detail out and was photocopying them. Returning these to the drawer, she was gone in moments.

It was then I realised what was happening. She was taking the contracts, and I assumed others previously. This had but one meaning. I went down to the accounts and knocked on Sarah's office door. I went right in. She was just putting some papers into her bag.

"I think you and I need a little chat don't you?" I said

"What, what do you mean Bob?"

"A little matter of stealing confidential company information. In itself of no value, but to a competitor worth a great deal. Take the Pearson Contract you just copied and put in your bag for example. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Oh God, no, Bob please don't say anything to anyone. I am in debt and needed the money. I will do anything you ask, anything, but please don't dob me in," she pleaded.

"Well first of all, let me have that contract copy. Secondly you will come down to my office in ten minutes we will have a little chat. You said you would do anything, what did you have in mind?"

She licked her lips and said, "Anything Bob, you know, anything."

I looked at her with a little pity, as I no longer fancied her, "I don't think it will come to that Sarah, but I have to think where we go from here. Come down in ten minutes."

I spent the next ten minutes typing into my computer and printing off the result. On the dot, Sarah came into my office. Her head was bowed.

"This is the way we're going to play this Sarah," I said sternly. "First of all sign this confession I have just printed. I will keep it safe, together with the copied contract as evidence with your finger prints on it. I will not say anything to anyone about this on the condition there is never a repetition of this, agreed?"

"What do you want in return, Bob?" she quavered.

“Nothing for now, let’s see how things work out.” She signed the confession and was out of the office like a startled hare.

I had a lot to think about on the way home, but I felt I had handled it right. I pulled up outside my house. The kids were playing one of their games as usual across the road. Clare and Julie were with them. As I looked, Clare eyed me and gave me a watery smile. Something’s up.

I went into the house and almost immediately, the door bell sounded.

“Come in Jenny,” I said when I saw who it was, “do you want a drink of something?”

“No thank you Bob, I just came round for a chat.”

“Oh that’s nice,” I replied.

“Well maybe it is and maybe not, depending on what you have to say. It is difficult to out over.” she was hedging around something.

“Look Jenny, “ I said, “I always find the best way to say something difficult is to just come out and say it. Let me get you that drink. Gin and tonic?” A nod from Jenny.

“Well,” she said, “it’s very complicated, so let me start a couple or three months ago. As you know, I guard my family with my life and would do anything to hold it together.” She sipped her gin. “You may or may not know Dick has a drink problem. Well we came home one night, and he was pretty drunk. I had given the girls some knock out drops and we all went to bed. Anyway, I got up in the night, Dick wasn’t in bed. To cut a long story short, I found him in bed with Julie. He was fucking her while she was unconscious. The bastard was fucking his own daughter, she was six years old at the time. Since then, I have tried to hold the family together. I gave Dick an ultimatum. He had to sleep downstairs, he had to take a sex represent drug which I get through work, and he had to stop drinking. That’s why I was cross with him at your party yesterday.”

“So far this has worked, but now, I find my own life is no longer happy and I am thinking perhaps I should just call the police, have Dick arrested and start my life afresh somewhere else. But if he was arrested, he might reasonably claim the drug was administered by me, so the girls could well end up in care. That would leave all of us unhappy. The girls do love him, and really he is a good father in his way. A quiet divorce would be out of the question. Apart from making the girls just as unhappy, with Dick being Dick, everything would come out into the open. So we would be in the same boat. But at the end of the day, how would carrying on as we are now, leave me? A trapped, lonely, frustrated old woman.”

“Then last week I had a brainstorm,” she continued, “you are the answer. What I want to do is to carry on playing happy families, but once a week, I

want to come round here and for half an hour, for you to fuck my brains out! What would you say to that Bob?" You could have heard a pin drop.

"Er, that's all very well Jenny, but why would I do that?"

"Well for a start," she continued "It would save me making another call to the police because you've been fucking Clare." I sat there stunned, mouth agape;

she continued. "You see, I suspected what you and Clare might get up to. I have seen how she's been looking at you. That's one of the reasons why I asked you to baby sit in the first place. Anyway, I got home last night and when we went to bed, I gave the girls some of the drops. After they were asleep I went in to their room to check Clare over. It doesn't take a nurse long to see when a recent virgin is a virgin no more. Anyway, when Clare got home tonight, I confronted her, and she eventually admitted it. There was nothing else she could say the evidence was there. You might call my actions entrapment, but there it is."

"Don't get me wrong, Bob, I know that Clare is a hormonal time bomb. I realised if it hadn't been you, very soon it would have been some awful spotty youth who would have given her a quickie and a reputation. No, if it were going to happen, let it happen with someone caring and considerate. In fact, knowing this was going to happen sooner or later with Clare, I had you in mind as a "family friend" to help out."

"Thanks" I said sarcastically.

"Don't mention it. So back to my proposal. Once a week for half an hour, you are mine for the asking right? Or do we do it the hard way?"

I finished my gin and sat down. This afternoon, I was threatening someone with the police and now someone was doing the same to me.

"OK Jenny, it looks like you have me cornered, but before I answer you, I would like to speak to Clare." She showed surprise. "Well, strange as it may seem, I didn't want Clare for a quick pedo fuck. I found that I really loved her and she asked me to be her first, and make love to her, and take her virginity. I feel I was privileged to be asked and honoured to have done so. I owe it to Clare to ask her how she feels. You can be present too if you wish." Jenny thought for a moment and nodded. There was a tear in her eye.

"I didn't realise that you are really such a caring person, Bob. I didn't want it to come to this, but what choice do I have?" She stood and went to the door, and waved to Clare who had been watching my front door nervously since her mother had entered.

Clare came in, not knowing what to say, and looked at me in a plaintive way. "I'm sorry Bob." She leaned over and hugged me.

"Well young lady," said Jenny, "as you know I have a decision to make about Bob, but unbeknown to you, he has a decision to make about me. Things between your father and me have ended as far as the bedroom is concerned. You already know that. But, I still want to keep the family together for your sake and Julie's. If I report Bob for what you two have been up to, he goes to jail. For reasons you already know about, so would your dad, and who knows the social services may have ideas about your future. However, we could perhaps find another way. Call it an arrangement between Bob and me. Bob wants a word with you now. Bob?"

"Clare my darling, first of all, I want you to know that I love you more than anyone in the world," I said

"I know that", she gave a weak smile.

"Well your mother has suggested to me that perhaps I can help her with holding your family together. She is unhappy, as your father and she no longer, er..."

"Fuck you mean," she injected.

"Clare," said Jenny "language."

"Mum, get real, call it what it is. So how do you fit in Bob?"

"Well darling, what your mum has suggested is that she and I get together here once a week for half an hour, to er, meet her needs."

Clare looked at me, then at her mother, "So what you are saying, I take it, is that you two will have a flying fuck once a week is that correct?"

"Well I suppose you could put it like that. But you and I have an understanding if you recall don't we? We have agreed not to go with anyone else unless the other consents, so in a way this is your decision."

Clare, who a moment ago thought her world had ended suddenly realised she held the aces.

"So let's get this straight, the choices are that either Mum reports Dad and Bob to the police and they both go to jail and Julie and I probably go into care, or you come round once a week and shag the hell out of each other for half an hour."

"Well," said Jenny, "I wouldn't have quite put it that way, but I suppose that is the gist of it."

Clare smiled, "OK, I would be willing to go along with this crazy idea, but on two conditions. These are not up for discussion. Firstly, I have to be there. Bob is my boyfriend and no one but no one fucks him without me being there agreed?"

Jenny was a little taken aback "Agreed," she said hesitantly after a few moments thought, "and the second condition?"

"That I am allowed to come round to see Bob any time I want."

"Well," said Jenny after a few more moments thought, "it looks like we have an agreement. How shall we celebrate? May I suggest upstairs, right now?"

We all raced up the stairs. The air of relief in all three of us was tangible. Jenny and I went to my room and in a moment she had me in an all encompassing embrace. She was kissing me, her tongue was down my throat and her hands were everywhere. Before I knew it, she was at my belt trying to unbuckle it. In moments my trousers were on the floor and her hand was inside my boxers. I started to undo her top and quickly ran my hands up her back to unclasp her bra. Both garments dropped to the floor together. Jenny didn't have big boobs, but they were beautifully formed, and pert and firm half grapefruit sized, tipped with bullet sized nipples that were hard and projecting.

The rest of our clothing was on the floor before thirty seconds had passed. Jenny pushed me back onto the bed. She went down to inspect my cock up close, grasping and fondling it. I thought I was in for a blow job, but she moved up over me instead, pushing me back down. This was after all nothing to do with my pleasure, rather all about Jenny's.

I was conscious that Clare had now come into the room. She sat in the swivel chair and was watching the proceedings closely. I wasn't sure where she had been for the past two or three minutes.

Jenny didn't waste any time on foreplay. She was here for one thing only, and that was to get my cock inside her as fast as possible. She straddled me with her knees either side of my hips. She lifted herself up, guided my cock towards her entrance and dropped onto my full length in one movement. She was already slick enough. Her cunt was tight for one who had had two children and her mound has covered in a thin coating of very fine pubic hair proving she was a true blond. Her hands were against my chest, and I couldn't help but compare her exact position to that of her daughter's two nights earlier. Like mother, like daughter, I smiled to myself. She even brought her feet up after a minute and was in the squats position so she could lift up and drop down just as Clare had done. I have to say it was a fantastic fuck and I was really enjoying this, but it did not compare to the love making with Clare.

I looked down the bed, and I could see Clare had now removed her clothing. But what startled me, she was now holding a camera and taking shots of everything that was going on. This I found a huge turn on. Jenny hadn't noticed. I reached down, and grasped Jenny's ass. I massaged her globes then moved my finger down the crack of her bum and found her hole. I pushed the finger into her bum and in time to her movement, pushed it step by step right in. In a moment, there was a wailing sound. Her cunt clamped down

on my cock, while her anus did the same to my finger, and she spasmed heavily while she came. The wail went on and on. She had given her daughters the gift of being howlers! Her up and down bouncing seemed to increase.

I sensed a movement to my side, and the next thing I realised was Clare climbing over me. She squatted over my face, facing her mother. She settled her pussy onto my mouth and started to gently move back and forth. I started to lick her out. My cock surged and Jenny's wail went up an octave. Clare started her sing song hum as she too came shortly. She squirted directly into my mouth at the same time, which was very sensuous. Hearing the two of them howling, I had a funny thought "We could start a choir at this rate." Both Clare and Jenny were now bouncing up and down together. One mashing my face the other my cock. This couldn't continue forever, and before long I felt the stirring in my balls. My cock swelled, my sperm pulsed and up my shaft it shot right into the depths of Jenny's womb. She wailed louder and bounced harder. Clare and Jenny were now clinging on to each other for mutual support.

Eventually things calmed down. The two of them were panting to catch their breath.

Clare then said something I never thought to hear a daughter to ask her mother "Did you enjoy that Mummy?"

Jenny laughed. It was a laugh of relief, of self satisfaction and even embarrassment, "Yes darling, I did, I really, really did." The two still sitting on top of me leant forward and cuddled. This was nothing sexual. They simply loved each other.

By this time, I was having difficulty in breathing. I tried to explain but just said "Ngghhh would you hnggegg, Pleash." Anyway Clare got the message, and climbed off. She lay along one side of me cuddling.

Jenny slid along my other side and ran her fingers through my chest hair. "That was the best fuck I've had for many a month."

To which Clare reposted "Mummy, language." We were all paralysed with laughing. The final tension in the air melted away.

As we dressed, I glanced at my watch and couldn't believe it was less than the half hour that Clare had agreed to, since we came up the stairs.

"Would you like another Gin & Tonic, Jenny before you go?" I asked.

She was just pulling her panties up as she glanced over "No thank you Bob, I have to get dinner ready for the girls. Why not come round, I have plenty. Dick wants to talk to you. Something about some photos you are doing. God my panties are all wet already. How much did you shoot in?" The rhetorical question needed no answer.

Chapter 10 - Monday night

Ten minutes later, I was round at the Nolan's. We had a light salad supper as it was so warm.

Dick looked across and said "Those pictures you sent over, Bob, they were all of Clare, Julie and Ellie I see."

"Yes," I replied, "taken on Saturday up by the lake. I just sent the ones of general clothes poses and similar underwear shots, as that's the type your client needs."

"Do you think it was appropriate to have taken pictures of my daughters in their underwear, Bob?" he asked pointedly.

I was about to reply when Jenny interrupted "That's rich coming from you, considering your history. You wanted the photos and now you have them, you have to have a pop at Bob about them. Anyway, Bob told me he wanted to do some photography when I asked if he would baby sit so you could go to your company do and asked if he could model the girls. So shut up."

"OK OK," said Dick backing off "I was just making a point."

"Well keep your dirty little thoughts to yourself," came Jenny's cutting answer.

"Anyway," Dick went on, "the client says they're exactly what they want. In fact they even loved the back drop by the lake. They commented on the fact that the girls had no make up and their hair was wet and dishevelled."

"That's because we were having a picnic and they'd just been swimming. I think it was the hairdresser's day off." We chuckled.

Dick continued "Interesting, as one of the girls was Ellie, because the manager of that department is Liz, her mum. I knew she worked there, but I didn't realise she made the decisions there on advertising content. Anyway the bottom line is they want five different girls, with different ages and colouring. Interestingly they requested that if we could get some twins, that would be a bonus."

The only twins I knew were the horrors across the road. I suppose they were very pretty and had striking hair and if they could pose would be great.

"Leave that one with me Dick, I will see if the Redlock girls could do it. They will need scrubbing first though. Are you OK with Clare and Julie working on this? What does it pay by the way?"

Dick pulled a sheet of paper out from a file. "The models will get one hundred pounds each for the first shoot. Then there will be five hundred pounds which

you and I can split after expenses, let's say you get three hundred and I'll take two hundred. How soon can you shoot?"

I thought for a moment, "what time do the girls get home tomorrow?"

Jenny squinted for a second, "tomorrow they are early about three thirty."

"Would the others be available by then, do you think? I mused.

"I don't see why not. Better make a couple of calls. What about make up and hair?"

"I have just the person in mind. Let's just say I will make her an offer she can't refuse." I smiled to myself. "By the way, you are a web techie, could you do a background on her?"

"Sure," he replied, "simple, who is it?"

"Someone I know at work. There are a couple of points I need to check over. I will e-mail her details to you in the morning."

A few minutes later, I called Liz.

It would seem she had expected my call. "I mentioned the photo shoot to Ellie and she immediately said if you were there, she would do it. What is it about you she craves for?"

"Must be my manly charm."

"No" she retorted, "that would be me. I will bring them round after school. It will give me a chance to brief you on what I want."

Next, I braced myself as I knocked on the Redlock's door. One of the twins answered.

"Hello Abi, could I have a word with your mum please?" I asked.

"It's Zoe. I'll see if she's around." Then in an ear cracking shout, "Mum the man across the road wants you."

Clumping down the stairs followed. "Yes what?" her graceless enquiry.

"Well," I said, "I have a photo shoot to do for a company catalogue. We need five models and already have three and wondered if your girls would be interested?"

"How much?" she uttered.

"Sorry, what do you mean?" I asked.

“How much does it pay?” she sniffed, then took a drag on her cigarette.

“One hundred pounds each.”

Her eyebrows raised at that. “What sort of pictures are you going to do? I mean what have my girls got to do, is it porn. For porn I’d want a bit more?” I was startled, this woman would allow her kids to do a porn shoot without a moment’s thought for a few pounds.

“Well, we are running a whole series of photos for a brand new range of underwear. That is why we need so many models. Is that alright with you?”

“Yeah, I suppose,” she was clearly thinking about the money, “Is this a one off or would you want to photo them again?”

“There may be further opportunities,” I said, thinking on my feet I wondered how gullible this woman was “If you agree, I could do a quick range of shots for a portfolio. Many clients like to see their models in different outfits so they have an idea how it will turn out. Some photos would need to be in the nude though, as they want to know what their figures are like.”

“How much?” she asked again.

Clearly she had thought I was paying for the portfolio, so I deflected her. “Oh I wouldn’t charge you for the portfolio, but It may lead to some very generous jobs if they like the samples. I know some models can earn two or three hundred pounds in an afternoon.”

Vera Redlock licked her lips. She looked over her shoulder “Abi, Zoe, come ‘ere. This man has something to tell yer.”

The two girls appeared “Hello Abi, hello Zoe,” I started.

“No she’s Zoe and I’m Abi.”

“Shut up and listen or you’ll get the back of my hand,” asserted their tactful mother.

“Tomorrow, we are running a photo shoot for a fashion company’s catalogue they need five models to show off their new range of underwear. Your mum has agreed to allow you both to take part. Is that OK with you?”

“They’ll be there, anything else?” she asked on the point of slamming the door.

“Well yes. We will have a make up artist and hairdresser there, but as we are shooting outside, they will need to be bathed before the shoot. As we start straight after school tomorrow, they will need a good bath tonight.”

“Sorry can’t help there, our plumbing’s bust. Won’t be fixed till next week, maybe longer.”

I thought for a moment “Alright, do you want to bring them over, they can use my bathroom.”

“I ain’t got no time, you’ll have to do them. I have a client due soon. They’ll be over in five minutes, she closed the door.”

I rolled my eyes, wondering what sort of client that might be. Walking back I saw Clare. She had witnessed what had happened and was giggling.

“Hi pussycat. Have you got half an hour spare to get those two scrubbed and ready for the shoot tomorrow?”

She looked a little coy “Are we talking about: in, wash, scrub, out, dry, dress, home? Or are we talking about: strip slowly, feel around a bit, slow hands all over wash, make sure all the naughty bits are extra, extra clean, perhaps a quick feel again, possibly a finger in here and there then you needing relief afterwards?”

“Possibly,” I pouted, “depends on how you as director of operations decide it should go.”

Clare went in and started to run the bath. I went to make sure the cameras were ready. Never miss an opportunity. The twins arrived, accompanied by a distinct stink. They needed this. We went upstairs where Clare took over.

“Right you two, what I need you to do is get undressed quickly. We are going to put all your clothes into the washer. I want you in the shower first to get your hair washed properly,” Clare instructed. They stripped and soon there were two eight year olds standing naked in my bathroom. They didn’t seem embarrassed at all. One picked her nose, while the other was trying to find an itch to scratch somewhere between her legs. Clare returned from the kitchen having set the washing machine running. She picked up the camera and immediately got some shots off. The twins went into the shower room and Clare again took charge, using over half a bottle of shampoo before the black water turned clear. Next coming into the bathroom, she had the twins climb into the bath. They obviously hadn’t done this in some time. Perhaps just a cat lick with a sponge.

Clare instructed them, “Right, Bob is going to wash you both. It looks like you are both rather dirty and you need a special wash. Bob is very good at this. You are lucky he is willing to do this for you. I am going to take photos of you for your portfolio. We will only use one or two, so don’t worry if I take lots, we will delete the rest. You first then Abi.”

“Actually it’s Zoe,” the tyke retorted. I picked up the soap and flannel, and lathered up some suds. I took her arm and started to rub the full length, then round her shoulders and down the other arm. Her back was next, under her

chin. She did her own face reasonable well. It just needed behind her ears going over. I picked up her foot and lifted her leg out of the water and washed one then the other. Her chest and tummy came next. Her nipples were just mosquito bite sized pink circles. Clare told her to stand up and that she had to do exactly what Bob said. I dumped the flannel, and got a good lathering of soap and went over her bottom and hips, round her front, making sure her mons was well washed. The feel of her mound sent shivers down my spine. Her skin, with the help of the soap felt like glass covered in oil. Smoother skin I have never felt in my life. Then, I asked her to turn away and ran my soapy fingers through her crack back and forth, back and forth. I could feel the grit of where there was either crusted toilet paper or more probably dry shit.

"Not very clean down here Zoe are you? I will need to do this again." She grunted.

"Open your legs wider would you, that might help," instructed Clare. I ran my fingers through her crack again and again. She even bent over a little to allow me to get my finger into her hole. I only pushed in to the first knuckle, but I did so about a dozen times.

"I think you are about there now, Zoe, could you turn round now?" I lathered up again and started on her inner thighs and then into her cunt crack. I moved back and forth, inserting my finger deeper as I went. I found her hole and pressed into it. Deeper. Why was I not surprised at her having no hymen? I then rubbed her slot more, getting to her clit and massaging it back and forth. She started to rock back and forth her breathing shortened.

"OK," interrupted Clare, "your turn Abi."

I repeated the same process as on her sister, eventually getting to the interesting bits. Again I went through her bum crack and like her sister it needed a double going over. Not that I minded. I got my finger in that hole just the same. She turned around, her mound was as sensational to the touch as her twin's had been. I then went to town on that cunt. Washing, rubbing, sliding along, and into her slot and, of course, my finger was up her hole, again without a hymen, up to the hilt as far as my finger could reach. I indicated Clare to get a close up of that particular shot.

"OK girls, the hard part's over," said Clare, "who would like to play a game?"

The girl's face brightened up. "Yes please," they chorused.

"Right, this is what we're going to do. You both have to kneel in the bath, with your knees apart and your eyes closed. Because you are so dirty, Bob is going to wash you again between your legs, both of you at the same time. The game is this. You have to be as quiet as you can, but Bob is going to see if he can make you cum, er sorry, I mean make you giggle or squeak or make any noise. The winner is the one to last longest, OK."

"That sounds fun," said Abi, or was it Zoe.

The girls lined up. I got my hands soaped up again, ran them down their slits, and between their cunt lips. They were identical twins and certainly I couldn't feel any difference. I found their clits, and rubbed them with equal pressure, speed and care. Soon they were both rocking in time. Click, click, click went the camera. It didn't take long before they were breathing deeply. A gasp, a little moan, but both were holding out. I slipped my fingers in deep into their cunts, another gasp. I started an in and out motion. I felt a little spasm on my right finger and then one on my left. Then another and another and suddenly, they both exploded with gasps, moans and my fingers were being squeezed by the spasms deep inside the girls.

"Nnghhh, ohhh, yesss, again, there, please, yes there," seemed to come from both the twins simultaneously. By now they had both grabbed my hands and were trying to pump my finger in and out of their cunts. I looked at Clare. She was smiling from ear to ear and had the camera in one hand while the other was down her panties rubbing hard.

"Well girls," I praised them after they had calmed down and sat back in the now very dirty water, "that was a dead heat. You both win a prize. What would you like."

"Do you have any chocolate in your house?" one of them asked.

"Yes I do. You have both earned a bar each. Let's get the two of you dry now and see if your clothes are ready yet," I said.

We went downstairs. Clare still photographing the naked twins and me sporting a massive woody needing urgent treatment despite my experience with Jenny only a couple of hours before. The clothes weren't ready, so Clare entertained them by getting them to do hand stands and headstands, seeing who could do the widest splits and generally arranging them in the most obscene positions she could think of while I took the photos. Soon, the washer/dryer clicked off, they were dressed and we sent them home with clean faces, bodies, clothes and looking forward to the next afternoon.

They had no sooner left, than Clare and I looked at each other and leapt into a passionate embrace. This love making was more lustful than the last. The twins had worked us up into a high pressure of steam which needed the relief valve blowing as soon as possible. We were naked in seconds flat, and fucking on the floor in a few more seconds. I had an idea, to give Clare a new experience. I got her to kneel over the coffee table, with a cushion beneath her. I came round behind her in the classic doggy position and recommenced our frantic fuck. I was going in long, deep, hard and fast. Clare came in about the third shove of my cock into her pussy. Her howl, more controlled this time told me where she was at. Her cunt muscles were contracting around my shaft as she pulsed and pulsed her spasmic orgasm I wasn't long behind her in cuming. Those twins had turned me on in a way I hadn't thought was possible. When I came, I fired spurt after spurt deep into my lovely Clare's cunt and womb. We were lovers enjoying every minute of our love making and feeling the pleasure of it to the full. We now knew we could fuck each other

anytime we wanted with her mother's blessing, and we were certainly going to make the most of every occasion and those occasions we intended to be frequent.

Chapter 11 - Tuesday

The following day, Alan was in the office, so I called in and gave him a run down on the previous day's activities and call messages. I asked if he minded if I skipped off a little early that afternoon.

"Take the afternoon off," he said without hesitation, "you've earned it. We owe you loads of time off in lieu anyway."

Next I checked the file, and e-mailed Dick the information on Sarah including birth date, address, insurance number and so on. Then I went down to speak to her. I entered without knocking. Sarah looked up at me. She had a frightened expression on her face. Her red rimmed eyes suggested she hadn't had a lot of sleep.

"Good morning Sarah," I smiled, "how are you today?"

"Alright I suppose," came her halting reply, "What are you going to do to me?"

"Well, I think I may have some good news for you," I said brightly, "I need you to take a couple of hours off work this afternoon. You may or may not know I have a hobby of photography. In fact even though I say this myself, I am good at it. I would like you to come along."

"What sort of photos are you going to take of me, Bob?"

"No, no, not at all," I continued, "I have been commissioned to do a photo shoot for a clothing company for their ad campaign. We have five models lined up for this afternoon. What I need though is an experienced hairdresser and make up artist. You used to do that work professionally didn't you? Would you be interested in helping out? I would also pay you for your time. It would be fifty pounds for about a couple of hours work."

The relief on her face was tangible, "Oh, er yes, yes of course. Where and when will you need me?" I gave her the details, suggesting she arrived about two o'clock to get set up.

I got home just after noon. I went through my cameras, making sure I had all the filters and tripods packed and that the batteries were fully charged. The memory sticks had all been downloaded to computer and cleared. I checked my e-mail and found a reply from Dick. He had done the background check on Sarah.

The thrust of it read: "It would seem her husband had a lengthy criminal record in fraud. She was implicated in a case involving her employer a large

beauticians in town called "Sandras", a few years ago and was given a suspended sentence of five years. She then worked at the theatre where a major fraud took place. Her husband was now still serving a sentence as a result. However, no proof could be brought against Sarah, but the police knew she must have been involved. The theatre closed as a result through insufficient insurance. Following this, she could no longer find work in the beauty field and went into book keeping to earn money. A rumour in police circles suggested they suspected she may still be finding underhand ways of making money, as her bank income didn't cross match her tax return very well." That all made sense, and joined up a few dots as far as I was concerned.

The door bell rang and in came Sarah carrying a large case, with, I presume, her beautician kit.

"Ah hello Sarah, I'm glad you could make it. Are you looking forward to earning a little extra cash?"

"Yes, thank you Bob," she replied, "I am quite looking forward to it. Like old times."

"Oh you mean," I said pointedly, "like when you worked at Sandras?" Her mouth dropped like she had been pole axed.

"What do you mean Bob, what do you know about that?" she stammered.

"Enough to know that following your little stunt at work yesterday, should the police find the evidence I hold, you would be serving your suspended five years, plus extra for the theft of confidential information from us, oh I'd say it would be seven or eight years don't you?" She went pale, and was shaking slightly.

"What are you going to do Bob? You could have dobbed me in yesterday, but didn't. What are you going to do?"

"Right," I said, "this is the way it's going to be. You and I are going into business together, in a sort of a way. The photographic business. Today, we are doing a commercial shoot for a clothing company in town. They need a full presentation for their new range of children's underwear. Perfectly legitimate. For that we need the models looking fantastic, that's where you come in. And you'll get fifty pounds for your effort. With me so far?" I said. She nodded. "Right, I soon intend to expand my photographic work further, though. I intend to make money, a lot of money. What area of photographic work do you think would make most money?" I asked.

"Porn I suppose," she looked perplexed.

"Maybe, but what type in particular, would you say?" I pushed.

"er children maybe?"

"Right in one. So would you like to join me in making a lot of money doing the work you like, working on a part time basis?" I asked.

"Oh that's disgusting, I couldn't get involved in anything like that, you pervert. How could you even consider doing such a thing?" she looked horrified.

"Oh it's alright, Sarah, I haven't started this venture yet, so I haven't done anything illegal yet. We'd better forget the whole thing. Go back to the office and clear your desk, the police will be round later on," I said brutally.

"Look," she stuttered, "can I think this over?"

"You have until the end of today's photo shoot. When the time comes, I am going to set up a trial run. I will get our models to pose naked for us for a few shots. When that time comes, I will tell you to do something. You will do exactly what I say, or all bets are off. Do you understand, exactly what I say, or expect to do five to eight years?" She nodded miserably.

"OK, the marketing manager for the client will be here in half an hour with the first of the models. She will brief us on what she needs, appearance and so on. You had better listen in to what she wants, so you have it clear." The next thirty minutes was spent turning my lounge into a beauty salon. More kit came out of that case than I would have believed.

Then the door bell rang. Liz came in, gave me a kiss, followed by Ellie who swept in and gave me a cuddle and a kiss. Liz in her business "power suit" looked most professional. I introduced Sarah and explained what she did.

"Right" said Liz, "we are introducing this new range to try and capture an area of the market neglected by most of the industry. Most underwear looks plain, white, comfortable and boring. Today's young girl wants to be a fashion leader. She wants to be trendy. She wants to be sexy. She wants to be noticed. So our new range is aimed to cater for that. For this reason, we don't just want front and back plain photos, although we also need those, we want interesting shots that show the clothing off. Make it look all the things the modern girl wants to wear. Make it fun. That's the reason we used so many colours in the fabric. The same applies to their hair. Use your imagination. We aren't selling hair style, but if these girls look dull, the whole photo and thus our clothes will too. Is that clear Sarah?"

"Yes," she said, "I think I understand exactly what you need."

"Good, well I'll be off then, Bob. I have left the clothes in the hall. Each style is in several sizes, so you can make sure they fit right to whoever is wearing that set. Give me a call when you want me to collect Ellie," breezed Liz.

"Don't go out of your way, Liz, we go right passed your house, I will drop her off on the way back." She thanked me gave me a kiss and was gone.

"The other girls will be here in a few minutes, Sarah, best you make a start on Ellie, and I will load the stuff into the car." Sarah became business like, and with her experience in the theatre, it was clear she could do a very quick job. With five girls to do, she would need to be fast.

The next to arrive were Clare and Julie. They both leapt onto me, kissing and hugging, making Sarah look across at me with some concern.

"These girls are my neighbours, Sarah," I explained, "I have known them since they were babies."

Soon, Ellie was finished, and Sarah started on Julie. Clare waved me across and asked if she and Ellie could go upstairs for a few minutes.

"Of course," I said, "carry on. I'm waiting for the twins to arrive. They should be here soon."

About five minutes later the twins arrived and didn't look too filthy, as I feared they might. I left them with Sarah, to go upstairs to see what the girls were up to. I was silent as I went up, curious, no one in the spare room, the bathroom door was open, so they must be in my room. Peering round the door, I was surprised to see Ellie was spread eagled on my bed, stark naked. Clare had her fingers in her pussy, rubbing her and caressing her. I darted into the spare room, grabbed a camera, was back in a moment and had several good shots before they noticed I was there.

"What are you two up to then?" I reasonably asked.

"Nothing really," said Clare, "Ellie, as you know, has had a problem in bringing herself off. The only person who has managed it was you. I said I would give it a try to see if I could help." She might have been discussing the weather.

"Well," I asked, "how did you get on Ellie?"

"Not very well, Bob," she looked disappointed, "Clare touched all the right spots, but she doesn't have the magic your fingers had on Saturday. Would you do it again for me, please?" I glanced at Clare, she nodded.

"OK but we don't have a lot of time." I moved over to the bed. I sat on the edge, and patted for Clare to sit the other side of Ellie. I placed my hand on her lower belly. I felt a shiver as I moved my fingers in small circles. I massaged both her legs and upper thighs. Rolling her over, I did the same to her back, leg tops and that wonderful ample bottom. Moving her thighs apart I worked along her inner thighs, stopping just short of her pussy. Rolling her back over, I then spread her legs wide apart as only a gymnast can. I dipped my face between her thighs, and licked the full length of her pussy. This must have surprised her, for momentarily, she clamped her legs around my ears, but opened them again. I thought she was ready, so I massaged her mons. This mound which I had previously compared with Everest was just stunning. So firm and yet soft to the touch. I then ran my fingers over her outer slit,

slowly working in. I felt slickness inside, and rubbed the full length of her cunt. She was beginning to breath deeper and quicker. I found the entrance to her vagina and pressed in a little, working in and out steadily. Soon, her hips started to buck and she moaned a little. My finger got to full depth. I then curled the end up a little seeking her G spot. At the same time, I rubbed her enormous and now stiff clit with the finger of my other hand. Very soon, she started to pant and I felt the throbbing of her spasm deep inside her cunt pulsing with little squeezes on my finger.

She went over the top at that moment, but quietly “aaahhahaahh, nnnggghhhh, yes, oh fuck that’s nice, ngghhhh, haaaa.”

Ellie calmed down after a moment. Clare, who I noticed had been massaging Ellie’s nipples, cuddled up to her special friend. I stood up to leave them in peace, but paused outside the door.

I heard Clare ask, “Was that nice, Ellie?”

“Oh yes, was that fantastic, or what. In less than five minutes he sent me to heaven and back. It seems no one else can do it. Clare, would you mind asking if he would fuck me?” was the reply. I decided some things are best ‘unheard’, so I carried on downstairs, intercepting Julie on the way. She had come to say Sarah had done the twins and was ready for Clare. I called up and passed the message on.

Twenty minutes later, we were off. I and five girls were squeezed into my car while Sarah followed on behind. The car park near the lake was deserted. Not surprising really on a weekday late afternoon. The light was going to be perfect. We shared the carrying of all the equipment and clothing, and went round to the same spot we had picnicked at on Saturday. Quickly, I set up my tripods and cameras at various heights and angles. I had a good compact outdoor lighting unit to give the right skin tone. Sarah used a light brush and some powder stuff and was giving the girls’ faces a final dusting. In fairness to Sarah, she did a great job. We were ready to go.

We opened the box of underwear. I was surprised by what was there. Each style came in several colours. Some had crop tops, others bras. The bras were revealing in that some were just see through lace, others were cup shaped, to show off the nipples. Likewise, the panties, were all sheer lace or coloured see through materials in black and red and many other coloured combinations. Some were thongs. One pair even had an open crotch. Photographing those in a legal way would be interesting. These could be mixed and matched. This was going to be a long shoot. The permutations were endless. I decided that where possible, we would have the same style on two or even three girls in the same photo together, posing differently. I also wanted to picture them individually. It was useful having the twins there, because it meant I could do, for example, front and back shots at the same time.

I told Sarah to organise what the girls would wear next, so as they came off set, they could change straight into the next rig out. This went well. Each set was photographed in the traditional ways, front, back, side, then various poses and simple positions. Being conscious of our instructions, I got them to do various gymnastic stuff, so there were cartwheels, handstands, jumps and so on. I took the liberty of getting some spread legged crotch shots for my own pleasure. These girls were having a ball.

After about an hour and a half, we were through. I must have snapped a couple of thousand shots. We had what we had come for. I passed round a bottle of fizzy pop.

“OK girls, well done,” I praised, “shall we have a few fun shots now?” The girls had worked hard, and deserved a little “Time off”. “OK, take the underwear off, but before you get dressed, lets have a few of you all together in the altogether.” They thought this a great joke. Sarah was looking anxious.

I leaned over to her and asked, “have you decided what you’re going to do?”

“Do I have any choice?” she asked tartly.

“Oh yes, you can go home now. You’ll get your fifty pounds and a call from the police. Or, you can stay here, join my team, shortly you’ll have the chance to show me you are a committed and willing participant. Then you can enjoy yourself and look forward to earning big money. What’s it to be, willingly in or out now?”

“OK, you win, Bob. I’m in. Actually to be honest it’s taken a load off my mind, as now I can see a way out of my financial problems, and I have enjoyed this afternoon.” She gave me a smile.

The girls were now all nude. I got them to do roly poly, headstands, handstands, splits and various other positions, but all together with the five of them in shot. They were giggling as they went and even suggested poses I hadn’t thought of. I signalled Sarah over.

“OK your turn now,” I said quietly so only she heard, “take all your clothes off.” She actually smiled at me, as she started to strip off.

“Now girls,” I instructed, “have you ever heard of a ‘stack of crack’?” Five shaking heads. “OK what we do is this, who’s the biggest? Oh it’s Ellie, right, come over here, lie face down on the blanket. That’s it. Now spread your legs wide apart. Good, now who is next biggest. Pussycat, you lie exactly on top of Ellie, like you are stuck together with your pussy immediately above hers. I looked across, Sarah was down to her underwear. Interestingly, I noticed she had a wet patch on her panties.

“Next, the twins, yes same again, lie on top of Clare, and you Zoe or Abi and finally Julie. Make sure all your legs are lined up one above the other. That’s great.” I instructed.

I went around the stack and took photos as quick as possible, conscious that Ellie was taking a lot of weight at the bottom of the pile. I then made sure I had really good pictures of their pussies all lined up one above the other. This was the classic 'stack of crack'. I now waved Sarah over, who it must be said had a nice figure. Ten days ago I would have willingly fucked her given the chance. She had shaved herself, which I thought added to what was to come.

"What I want you to do Sarah is stand over the girls, with one leg either side, facing their feet. Yes that's it. Now spread your feet as far apart as you can without actually sitting on Julie, good. Now pull your pussy lips apart and show the inside of your cunt to the camera, excellent that's it hold it." Snap, snap, snap. Moving behind her I said "Bend over as far as you can, and hold your arse open so I can see inside your hole. Good." Snap, snap.

"Now turn around Sarah, face the other way, but same position as before, yes, hold your cunt open again, good, girls, can you all look up and smile at the camera? Great." Snap, snap, snap. I moved again round to the feet of the stack "Finally, Sarah, bend forward again and pull your arse and cunt wide open so I can see right inside, and now look over your shoulder and smile into the camera, good, that's a stack of six cracks. All done, that's a wrap, get dressed, let's go home."

We packed up the equipment while the girls dressed. Sarah wanted to know where things now stood between us.

"When I need to do some photographic shoots, I will call you and you can do the hair and make up. I may have some, one or two model shoots soon. Good job today, by the way. In the meantime, make sure your work in the office is squeaky clean. You don't know it, but the Dragon is prowling around you already. It was lucky I caught you not her. I mean it make sure she doesn't see you doing something you shouldn't. Now, after today's shoot, how would you like payment, I don't mean bank or cash, it will be cash, I mean do you want a fixed hourly rate or five percent of the take?"

She thought for a moment "I'll take the five percent. I have a feeling in the long term I will be better off."

"How do you feel about what we are doing," I asked, "I mean with young girls?"

"Earlier I was revolted by the idea, but as the afternoon went by, I came to enjoy it and at the end, I was quite turned on by it. So yes, you can count me in." She looked at me and gave a shy smile.

"I noticed you were enjoying it. Did you know your cunt dribbled onto Julie's bottom?"

"Oh god, It didn't, did It? How embarrassing," she blushed crimson. "Well it looks like I'm willingly on the team then. By the way Bob, is it possible you could come round and scratch an itch for me later tonight?" she asked.

"Sorry Sarah, apart from commitments elsewhere, your relationship with me must stay entirely business like," I stated.

Sarah headed off home a much happier person than when she arrived. We in the meantime drove down to Liz's house.

Liz came out and waved us in. "As none of you have eaten since lunch, I have just ordered pizza for everyone. It will be here in a few minutes. I have called Jenny and asked her to tell the twins' mum what's happening. By the way, how did it go?" she asked.

"Really great," I replied, "In fact I hope we have got some of the best work I have ever done. If you have a memory stick handy, I will drop the pictures onto it and you'll have them in the morning. Your office is just around the corner from mine." She rummaged in a drawer and found the stick.

The girls were planted in front of a DVD, given some pop and were chatting and giggling as young girls do. Liz meantime waved me through to the kitchen.

"I'm glad we have a chance to chat Bob," she said, running a finger down my shirt front, there was something I wanted to ask you."

"Sure Liz, what did you have in mind?" I asked anxiously.

"Well, Bob, would you have any problem in having a little arrangement with me, similar to the one you have just made with Jenny?" My jaw dropped onto my chest. I must have looked a picture, as she giggled at me.

"Don't be so surprised Bob. You know Jenny and I are very close. You saw that yourself at your party, although you weren't meant to, it's a secret we've managed to keep for fifteen years. Anyway, we tell each other everything, we also do many things for each other. We are closer than most sisters."

My head was in my hands. My world was closing in on me. "Oh Liz, what do you already know?"

"Well, Jenny has filled me in, in that you and she are going to have a nice no holds barred half hour fucking session every Monday night. In return, she tells me she will keep quiet about, and accept that, you have been fucking Clare. She will also allow Clare to come round to your house any time you and she want so you can carry on fucking her. I think that's about it."

"Oh god, what is there to know you don't already know? OK, Liz, so what would your proposed arrangement with me amount to?" I asked pensively.

"Well, Wednesday nights are good for me. Are you free Wednesdays?" She smiled. She was playing with me. She was enjoying my discomfort.

"And the arrangement," I asked, "what were you proposing?"

She looked at me and thought for a moment, "I understand that Clare has to be present if you fuck anyone other than her. Well, I don't have any say in that, but it got me thinking, if Jenny has an arrangement with you that by allowing you to fuck Clare, you have to shag her once a week, well why not have the same arrangement with me and Ellie. Not only that, as she is coming up to that awkward age, I would rather her introduction to fucking were with someone experienced and caring, like you, than some spotty Herbert at school behind the bike sheds. So as long as she wants to, she can come round to your house anytime, providing Clare is there. Whether or not you fuck her is up to you, Ellie, and I suppose Clare. How does that sound?"

I was stunned. It sounded to me that Jenny and Liz had cooked up this whole scheme some time ago. They had tempted and subsequently entrapped me. Having hooked me, they had played the rod and line like great anglers and finally reeled me in hook, line and sinker. They knew what was going to happen to me long before I had even met Ellie and Liz.

"Just one thing, Liz," I asked, "why would you want Clare and Ellie there at all?"

She looked at me as if weighing me up. "Well, I know all about your little dark secrets, so I will confess to one of my own. Jenny and I not only like to play with each other from time to time as a change from the real thing, but we also like little girls. That may surprise you. We don't get the chance to act on it very often. It's one of the reasons I went for my job selling little girls clothing. So the idea of a four way fuck with little girls involved is my idea of a dream come true."

"Right," continued Liz, "tomorrow is Wednesday, what time would you like me to come round? Oh and just so I know what I'm getting..." she reached over and pushed her hand down the waist of my shorts and soon found my half erect member. She also found a large amount of pre-cum, accumulated through the afternoon.

"Aha, what have we been up to down here then? Have we been thinking naughty thoughts while looking at scantily clad little girls?" My cock betrayed me and was by now as stiff as flag pole.

"Hmm, yes that will do nicely," was her conclusion.

We drove home. I had left the box of underwear with Liz, and asked her what time she would be in her office. I arranged an early drop off time, to allow me to get back to work in time. The twins walked over the road and had to let themselves in, as it seemed their mother was out. I asked Clare if she would like to stay with me for a cuddle and chat. But first I would take Julie home.

Jenny opened the door. She had a warmer than usual smile on her face. She asked Julie if she enjoyed it and listened to some of her chatter, before ushering her into the lounge.

“I understand it all went well then Bob,” she said, “Liz tells me you were pleased with the results.”

I looked sideways at her “What else did she tell you?”

“Oh only enough that you are going to have to explain some things to Clare, so she may be an hour or so before she comes back in. Oh and one other thing.”

“Hmm, what’s that?” I asked, wondering what bombshell would hit me next.

“Well, perhaps it’s a little unfair to ask you to do two different half hour sessions a week on top of your obligations with Clare,” great, I thought. they’re going to make it fortnightly “no,” she continued, “I think it would be best if we all came round each Wednesday for an hour.”

“Oh god,” I thought, “just when I thought it couldn’t get more complicated, it does.”

I went in to my home and found Clare thumbing through the channels on TV.

She leapt up from her chair and gave me a huge hug. “Bob, what’s on your mind, I can see you have something worrying you.”

“I don’t know how to put it all to you, Pussycat,” I mused, “It’s so involved.”

“I know, I can see it in your face,” she said, “let’s go to bed and we can talk about it there.”

Within five minutes, we were naked in my bed cuddling up to each other. She had taken hold of my cock, and sneaked under the covers to give me a long powerful suck into her mouth. After a minute, she re-appeared, climbed over to straddle me and lowered herself onto my cock. She was still tight enough that she had to work the pre-cum well into herself before it popped in. A few thrusts and wriggles, and she got herself fully over me.

She then lay there and said, “OK tell me all about it.”

“Well,” I started, “As you know your mum coerced me into giving her a regular fuck. I’m not complaining, she is a jolly good fuck. Not as good as you though.” I got a sharp thump in the ribs for that.

I briefly explained how, unbeknown to us, all along, there had been a connivance between Jenny and Liz, that the whole plan was broader and deeper than a half hour fuck with Jenny and me on Monday night, but instead

included Ellie and Liz. Clare suddenly started to move up and down my cock. She paused and used her cunt muscles to squeeze me a couple of times, and moved up and down again, before stopping and indicated for me to continue.

“Where was I, oh yes, I was fucking your mother, her best mate and her daughter at the same time as you.” Another thump in the chest.

“Well, it would seem that Liz fancies getting between your legs, and your mum would like to do the same to Ellie.” Another sharp clamp over my cock told me how Clare had taken that last comment. “However, they are both keen to have me fuck each of them as well. It would seem they swing both ways and not only want to have a little girl pedo fling, but to combine it with a proper fuck at the same time. What do you think?”

Clare started to move up and down my cock in earnest. Her breathing became ragged and she speeded up. Finally she climbed up into her favourite squatting position and started leaping up and down my shaft as fast as she could manage, which for a fit gymnast was very fast. Her pulsing virginia, wolf howl and brief frozen movement, followed by a slower deep thrusting motion told me volumes. Her breathing slowly calmed and she lowered herself, and cuddled into my chest.

“Do you know,” she finally said, “I think what you have just told me sounds like one of the sexiest things I have ever heard. I could cum and cum just thinking about it.”

I looked down at her. “I’ll take that as a ‘yes’, then,” earning another thump in my now bruised ribs.

“It’s been a long hard day, looking at too many young pre teen pussies,” I yawned, “is there anything you can do for an old man to settle down his hard on before he falls asleep?” Another thump, but Clare looked into my eyes, and started that slow rhythm I was becoming fond of and familiar with.

“Bob, I have something to ask you,” She whispered.

“What is it Pussycat?” I half expected what followed.

“Well you know Ellie is my best friend? And you know how you’re the only one who can make her cum? She asked me to ask you if you would do her the honour of fucking her?” After that, it didn’t take long to reach my zenith with the glorious feeling of thrusting into this nearly ten year old angel and coming in pulse after pulse deep into her immature body.

Chapter 12 - Wednesday

I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke, it was dawn and I was alone. I was up, washed shaved and eaten in twenty minutes. I called round to Jenny’s and asked if she could spare a minute.

"Yes," she said, "Dick has gone into work early today, the girls are just having breakfast." We went round to my kitchen, I poured coffee and we sat at the breakfast bar.

"I had a chat with Clare last night about what you proposed." I started.

"Yes, I know," she grinned, "I heard her wail through the wall. I must teach her how to keep the volume down." This was getting surreal I thought.

"Anyway, we decided to go ahead with your idea. Goodness only knows if my bed is big enough or will take the punishment! Anyway, I am around tonight if that suits you. Shall we say six o'clock, followed by dinner at yours? By the way, are there any house rules, any dos and don'ts?"

"What?" she looked at me askance, "There is going to be five in a bed, including two underage girls, how can there be any rules?"

On the way to Liz's office that morning, I thought back over the past week. Was it only seven days ago that I had been under my car and seen Clare's spread inner thighs and camel toe for the first time? It seemed more like a lifetime.

I arrived about ten minutes early, but she was already there. I handed over the memory stick. I explained that as I wasn't sure where their company drew the line between acceptable and unacceptable poses when it came to their products, I had included ones that were probably the wrong side of the line, so they would need to select from a broad choice. As I now knew Liz would be discreet, I had copied her everything except the nude poses. They were after all for my own use. I mentioned that she was welcome to call round at six that evening, but she smiled back and said that Jenny had already called and filled her in on all the details.

Getting into my own office, I was nearly half an hour early, so cleared my e-mails and other routine things. I wondered down to see if Sarah was in yet. She was and looked bright and breezy. A lot better than she had done twenty four hours earlier. I handed her the fifty pounds she was owed for a job well done. She was surprised when I then handed her an envelope. She tipped it up and another fifty fell out.

"Call it a bonus. Carry on doing work like you did yesterday, and you will soon be making big money," I said seriously. As I was leaving her office, I paused, as she pulled out the other contents of the envelope. They were A4 prints of all the 'stack of crack' photos showing that Sarah, was not only in the group participating, but very much enjoying herself from her expression, standing over five prepubescent girls, holding her own cunt wide open for the world to see, and the world could clearly see the pool of pearlescent fluid running from her cunt on to Julie.

"I just thought you might like those as a keepsake." I wasn't sure how she would react seeing the prints. She had at the end of the day been blackmailed into doing the job.

So I was a little surprised when she smiled and thumbed through them several times before putting them safely away in the envelope and then looked up at me, still smiling and said, "Thank you, Bob, thank you for everything." I quietly closed her door and whistled as I walked back down the corridor.

I called into the design office. Doug, one of the more experienced designers was there. I wandered over to him. "Have you got a minute Doug? I appreciate it's not half past eight yet."

"No problem Bob, what's on your mind?"

"Well we have a client, who wishes to remain anonymous. I think they are in the surveillance world. Anyway, would it be possible to make up a circuit that can be used to enhance cryptic files? What they want is to be able to encrypt files of any type, then the decrypt would only work if this circuit was plugged into the USB slot. Without the device, the file would be impossible to open and the same without the decrypt code. Each circuit would need to be unique, so that only the right unique decrypt code would work with each circuit. The initial order would be for one thousand, but They are talking about regular repeat orders."

Doug sucked his pencil for a moment, smiled and said "I don't see any problem in this at all Bob, In fact I reckon it would be easy to do. We could also pack each of them into an ADSL filter case. They are about the right size." I left Doug to think that one through.

The evening run home that night seemed to take longer than the ten minutes in reality. The kids were all playing in the street as usual. Clare spotted me and was in through her own front door before I had parked in my drive. I noticed that Liz's car was parked in the Nolan's drive already. I went in, and decided that I would set up the gin and tonics in preparation. The door knocked, and I answered it to Liz.

"Hi Bob, as I was early, I thought I would just pop round to have a quick word about the photo shoot results. They are sensational. I selected the shots for each of the different designs and colours and put them to the board this afternoon. I have been instructed to give you a bonus." She smiled at my expression, "No, not the one you'll get in a few minutes time dummy, but this." She handed me an envelope, containing a thousand pounds cash. My eyebrows went skywards.

"No photographer has ever done the ranges justice before. So when this new range came out we really wanted to get it right, and you did, and in the urgent time frame we needed. These are the ones we selected." She pushed across a large selection of thumbnail prints. Many of the pictures were of the gymnastic poses, with the girls jumping in the air with legs spread, or doing

cartwheels. They were certainly sexy. Whether they were legal was for them to decide.

"Now, there was something else I wanted to put by you." She paused and looked down the hall ensuring we were alone. "My company use many models for our products. The only reason on this occasion we had to use the girls here was because of the time scale. Having said that the results were fantastic. No, what I was going to say is that we get many requests for additional work from young girl models. They are usually pushed by their mothers, but that is another story. Well As you know, I am interested, shall we say, in young girls and in particular naked ones, so I have discreetly followed up on some of the résumés we have been sent. After a little probing into a selection of the models' backgrounds, I have been given some interesting offers. I was amazed at just how many very young girls are out there, willing to model naked for quite modest fees. I even know of several, who would be willing to undertake live show work as well even as young as seven. I can see from the bulge in your trousers I have your attention."

I coughed and said "Yes, It is at attention, er I mean you have my attention."

"Good, now what we need is firstly a website we can host, but then a security method, unbreakable, to ensure no casual visitor stumbles on what they shouldn't. This would be an invitation only site. Are you interested, and do you think we can get Dick to design the site?"

I blinked. "It's interesting, as I was having thoughts on a parallel line anyway. As to whether Dick could do the site, yes, with his eyes closed. As to whether he can be trusted to keep his mouth shut, now that's one to put to Jenny. As for the security, I think I have that cracked one hundred percent."

"OK," she said, let me have a word with Jenny about Dick We'll leave that question open. Would your hairdresser/beautician be available and discreet?" For an answer, I took Liz across to my computer. I brought up the file for last night's shoot. Dropping to the end of the thumbnails, I selected the "stack of crack" shots.

"That's our hairdresser. What do you think?"

"She'll do nicely. Now what are these other pictures doing here. My god, let me see. Fuck but these are good. I think I'm going to cum any second at this rate. Show me more. If these are samples of the pictures you can take, we're going to make millions." Liz spent the next ten minutes browsing the photos I had taken over the previous week. She moaned at the twins' pictures in the bath and lounge.

She raised her eyebrows when she came across her friend Jenny astride me on Monday night. "This one, I assume, was taken by Clare?" I nodded. Just then there was a hammering on the door and as we switched off the computer, the room filled with Jenny, Ellie and Clare.

"Who's for a little drinkies?" I said raising one of the gins. These were handed round. "What would you like girls?"

"One of those please," said Clare pointing at the gin, "if I'm old enough to fuck, I'm old enough to have a tipple." She had a point. After a quick silent debate with Jenny and Liz, I poured the girls each a small gin with a large volume of lemonade on top. This seemed to placate everyone.

We went over to the settee. I in the middle, with Liz one side and Jenny the other. Ellie came and sat on Jenny's lap and Clare did the same on Liz. We chatted and enjoyed our drinks. Soon we were cuddling and kissing. Hands started to wander and one by one garments dropped to the floor. Eventually, I suggested we move upstairs. We arrived in a few seconds, having left a trail of the remaining clothes along the way.

"Right," I said, "as this is Liz's night, perhaps she should have the choice of what we do first."

Liz looked around and blinked as she licked her lips. "Right, what I would really like to try is to lick Clare out while Bob takes me from behind doggy style."

I looked at Clare enquiringly. She nodded and hopped to the top of the bed on one side, partly sitting up with a pillow behind her, recumbent, with her legs apart and knees bent. Her cunt was already wet with anticipation.

Just before Liz moved onto the bed between Clare's thighs, she then looked at Jenny and said "What I would also love, Jenny is for you to show my Ellie how to do a proper sixty nine." Jenny smiled, nodded and took Ellie by the hand. Jenny lay on the bed beside Clare, but lower down, resting her head on the other pillow. Just as Liz moved in between Clare's knees, so too Ellie climbed on top of Jenny, facing down the bed placing her legs either side, to straddle her mum's friend, ready to go. I saw Ellie's uncertainty, so gently showed her, by prising apart Jenny's cunt lips, and pointed out to her where to lick and how to open up her cunt while doing so. Finally, I climbed onto the end of the bed. Liz was by now dipping into the lovely cunt of my Pussycat. I felt a tinge of envy, but then looked at the inviting arse and pussy on display to me, to fuck as I wished, my guilty feelings evaporated. Some moaning was already coming up from Jenny, Ellie and Clare all getting a "taste" of and for cunnilingus.

I knelt behind Liz, and positioned my cock towards her virgin entry. I rubbed my cock up and down a little and as usual, pulled my skin back just enough to release my reservoir of pre-come. I pushed into her entry and pressed slowly in. I looked up over Liz's back and looked into Clare's eyes. She was looking back at me. This was as if we were making love only to each other, as if Liz wasn't even there.

Just then a muffled "Get the fuck on with it. I want that cock slamming into me."

I obliged, and sank into Liz's cunt to the full depth in one movement. Her cunt interior felt tight and in particular every time she clenched her muscles, it clamped my cock very hard. I had been given my instructions. I immediately started to slam into her. I gave her all I had. Out (nearly), slam in with a loud slap of my balls and thighs against her meaty bum and thighs, out, in, slap, out, in, slap. I got harder and faster. The slapping got quite loud. Liz was mashing into Clare's pussy every time I slammed into her cunt. I was a little worried that Clare might get bruised. Then I saw the expression. In her face, it was as if it was me doing this to her. She was loving it.

Just then, things went up a level and became incredibly sexy but very funny at the same time. Liz started to come. She moaned and in so doing blew air deep into Clare's cunt. As the air came out again, the noise it made sounded like a loud fart. Again and again this happened. Moan fart, moan, fart. I grinned. I was trying very hard to stop myself laughing. Clare caught my eye and giggled silently when she saw my expression. However, Clare wasn't far off herself, and that, all too familiar, wail erupted from her, as she screwed up her eyes, howled and squirted directly into Liz's mouth. This sent Liz really over the top and the moaning and farting of Clare's pussy reached a crescendo.

Meanwhile, on hearing what had happened the other side of the bed, Jenny reached her peak. Her howl as it hit top note would have made Lassie jealous. She lasted several seconds, took another breath and howled again. Clearly a sixty nine with Ellie was much to her liking or is that licking. After a minute or two, quiet reigned except for the panting as everyone caught their breaths.

"Fuck me but was that good?" puffed Liz, "that was worth all the wait and planning."

I pulled away from Liz, and sat on my haunches. "OK, it is Jenny's turn to decide what happens next. Jenny what do you fancy?"

She looked pointedly at my cock and said "I don't give a fuck, as long as I get that inside me again as soon as possible." We all laughed.

"What I would like," she uttered, as if choosing a meal from a menu, "is to lie on my back while Bob fucks me missionary style. While he does that, I want my best friend, Liz to squat over me, so I can eat her out and taste Bob in her at the same time."

"What about the girls?" I asked.

"They can choose to do something together, or watch us, whatever suits them," she sighed "as long as I get shagged hard I couldn't give a shit." We all laughed again.

We took up our positions and as if the start gun had been fired, we were off. I mounted Jenny, entered her in one movement to full depth. I only paused a second, withdrew and plunged in again. I picked up the pace. Faster, harder, deeper. As my head moved forward, it rammed into Liz's mons causing a little puff of breath from her. As a result all our breathing and motions became coordinated. It wasn't long before I heard the rhythmic hum coming up, followed by a long low howl and a series of tight pulsating clamping grips on my cock. Jenny was cuming hard. Her friend Liz was now riding the bucking bronco, waving a hand in the air, grunting and moaning as if her life depended on it. I had another funny thought, we had the Lone Ranger and Lassie here.

While things were reaching their peak, I glanced across at Clare and Ellie. They were enjoying a simple cuddle. Each had their hand between the other's thighs, massaging in a quiet, gentle, pleasurable way.

I glanced at the bedside clock. An hour had passed. It seemed like seconds. The ladies were lying side by side in a long hug, gently kissing and stroking each other's hair.

"Well, we had better go and leave you in peace, Bob," said Jenny finally, "time is up after all and dinner will be ready soon."

"Not so fast Mummy," replied Clare, "I have a little announcement to make." Everyone looked expectantly at the nine year old. "Well, you have all had your fun now, but you may or may not have noticed that Ellie hasn't cum yet. Ellie has been having a problem over the last year or so bringing herself off. In fact she has never been able to." I looked over at Ellie, who was blushing a little.

"You never told me darling," interrupted Liz.

"Well," continued Clare, "as you know, she is my best friend and even I haven't been able to help her, and I have tried many times. Then this last week, we found that Bob has the magic touch; and twice he has brought her off in a matter of seconds."

"So what's your point darling?" asked Jenny.

"I'm coming to that. As you know, Ellie will be ten on Monday next week, and my birthday is this Saturday. I have decided that I would like to give Ellie an early birthday present. She asked me for this especially, so I know she will like it. I have asked Bob, and he has agreed too. Bob is going to be Ellie's first. Bob is going to fuck Ellie." Clare's speech ended. We looked at each other, not sure what to say.

"Are you sure about this?" asked Liz looking at her daughter "I mean it's a big thing."

"Oh Mummy, yes I am certain. I know Bob will be gentle and kind and make me feel as it should," replied Ellie, looking across at me.

"I expect to be on overtime rates," I quipped, taking the tension away. "Come here darling let's have a cuddle and see how things turn out." Ellie shuffled across the bed towards me. Clare, Jenny and Liz moved off, kneeling around the edges of the bed. I caressed Ellie's face, and kissed her lips. They opened and my tongue went in search of hers. She took a sharp intake of breath, and put her hand behind my head and pulled our faces hard together. I reached behind her and massaged her shoulders, back hips and outer thighs in one long lingering movement and started back up again. On the second pass, my hands ran around then massaged her wonderful firm, ample bottom. Her breathing by now had quickened. I pushed my fingers inside the crack of her arse and found her hole. I pushed in just a little.

Rolling onto my back, I pulled Ellie up, so we were now both facing upwards, with Ellie on top. Reaching around, I gently fondled her conical breasts, which were now as hard as iron. Giving them full attention for a few minutes, I was aware her breathing was now more of a pant. I ran my hands down her tummy. I massaged her smoothest of smooth, Everest like mound with both hands, rotating in opposite directions. Finally, I ran my fingers through her slot, gently massaging her everywhere. My cock, was erect and sticking up between her legs an inch or two below her pussy. I grasped it, and bent it up and placed the end into her pussy lips. I smeared, a large amount of pre-cum onto her cunt and into the recess below. I was now able to massage into her pussy with a lovely slickness. My finger found her virginia entrance in a second, and pushed inside. I started to move in and out of her slowly at first, moving just a little further in each time. The fingers of my other hand meantime had found her large clit and were massaging her in the most sensual way I could. I was suddenly aware that she was starting to cum, when her bottom bent downwards pushing into my belly. Simultaneously, I felt her cunt grip my finger deep inside her and release it, grip it and release it in the fast pulse of her orgasmic climax. I couldn't see her face, but I could feel every shake of her ample body, feel the pulsations from within on my finger and her moans of ecstasy as she rode the wave of the third orgasm of her ten year life.

I looked down the bed while Ellie slowly calmed down. Clare, Liz and Jenny were all mesmerised, with jaws open and eyes popping. I noticed they all had hands moving up and down in complimentary motions.

Clare had a camera in her hand and a grin on her mouth as she asked "Did you enjoy that Ellie?"

Ellie came to after a minute or so. "That was absolutely fucking brilliant. Why can't I do that to myself? I will just have to live with Bob!" We all laughed.

"Are you ready poppet for the real thing then?" I whispered into her ear.

"I have never been more ready for anything in my life," she said, as she climbed off, then in one movement lifted her leg over and straddled my body, her pussy just above my cock. I wondered if she had been given some tips by Clare.

"Now take all the time in the world, poppet. I haven't cum yet myself. When I do, would you like it inside you?" I asked.

"Fuck yes" was the simple answer. I reached between her thighs. She lifted slightly to grant me access. Grasping my very hard cock, I rubbed it along her slit several times and pressing between her lips, found her entrance. I paused, then started some gentle slow rocking movements to open her up without hurting her. I was surprised, when my cock head popped in almost without warning. She gasped, but the next movement was from Ellie. She started a gentle rocking movement of her own. My cock slipped further and further into her exquisite pussy. I was being squeezed by a wonderful silken vice which moved and pulsed with a life unknown. Ellie speeded up further. Her breathing got deeper and faster her hips were pounding away. My cock hit her cervix, just as my pubis ground into her hairless Everestic mound. She gave out a squeak, but continued the movements. As if by instinct or perhaps suggested by Clare, and being the fit gymnast she was, she lifted her knees up and placed her feet either side of my hips. Then she pressed her hands against my chest and lifted herself up. Now she started the squats movement in earnest. She pounded up and down, up and down, going faster and deeper, slapping her cunt against my cock base each time she dropped. I sensed she was reaching the pinnacle. Her eyes were screwed up in concentration on feeling every movement and pleasurable sensation of the friction from deep inside her immature virginia. The timing was good, as I could also feel the familiar tingle in my balls and cock head telling me I was close.

"I am going to cum in you an a moment, Poppet," I uttered between gasps, "are you ready?"

"Yessssssss, I'm cuming," Ellie hissed, "I'm cumingggggg, nnggghhhhhh, ahhhhhhhhh, oh fuckkkk this is goooooood."

Just then my orgasm exploded deep inside Ellie, splashing her womb and virginia walls. "Ahhhhhhhhh, shit she's so tight, she feels sooo good, ahhhhh, yesss," I moaned.

I was vaguely aware there was a round of applause in the distance. It would seem I had not only been Ellie's first, but all present including the nine year old's mother thought it to be a resoundingly good thing. I lay still until Ellie was ready to stir. She rolled off and lay beside me cuddling into my chest. She looked down the bed to her friend and mouthed at Clare a silent "thank you", and was rewarded with a beaming smile.

Ten minutes later, we were getting ourselves sorted out. I took a few minutes to assemble the trail of clothes leading though the house. Liz came over to me.

"I truly didn't know Ellie had had a problem cuming. Thank you Bob for being so sensitive about it and helping her get through it. She now knows she is perfectly normal, It just needs a particular key to open that door." I smiled at

her analogy. We all trooped next door, where I think the dinner Jenny had prepared was getting a little overdone.

I took the opportunity of whispering into Clare's ear, "No one compares with you my darling Pussycat. Tonight I want you in my bed all night just the two of us, loving, making love or just being in love, I don't care, I just want you." She gave me the biggest squeeze and hug. We sat down to eat.

Epilogue

The next few days, weeks and months flew past in a blur of work and a lot of play. That Saturday, Clare's birthday, was a party to remember. As far as I was concerned, this was Clare's coming of age party. She loved the camera I gave to her as a present. It had taken all my bonus cash from the photo shoot to buy it. Clare had all her friends over, mostly from school. I had been invited as guest of honour. There was the usual cake, sandwiches, balloons and party games. She took all the girls upstairs at one point and they returned a few minutes later. It turned out she had borrowed the box of underwear from Liz and got them all to try them on. Coming down, she then arranged the activities to reveal as much to me, Liz and Jenny as she could. The day ended with a very long, all night love making session with no frenzied sex, just love making.

Likewise, Ellie's party a few days later was celebrated on the following Saturday. There was only one present I was able to give which she needed. Clare took her and me upstairs a couple of times and made sure she came enough to satisfy her, before I fucked her into a dreamy comatosed state, leaving her with a large smile on her face and a stream of cum down her ample crack into her bum.

Our web site was eventually put together. The device Doug put together was stunning. It not only double encrypted files, needing a one use only decode, he also built in an IP address scrambler. Quite how it worked I do not know, but it could fool any snooping computer into thinking it was another one somewhere else. Dick put the software together in a few days. Liz had a diary of dates booked with models and I was kept busy with the photo shoots in my studio upstairs as well as outdoor scenes when possible. These were always attended by, Clare to make sure I behaved, rewarded later with a 'frantic' fuck, and Sarah, who, it would seem was getting a taste for young girls, and sometimes was more helpful than necessary when it came to 'handling the models'.

My trip to Sweden was useful not just for work, but for a meeting I had there by accident. There was a conference of international bankers on in the hotel I stayed in. I talked to a Swiss currency dealer, called Hans, in the bar. The conversation resulted in him giving me many ideas on how to set up accounts which were anonymous, and how to transfer funds in the least overt way. I requested his bank provide the accounts on his return to Zurich. This was arranged a few days later.

Dick wanted more from life than the sexless, joyless, suppressed existence he had experienced for the past months. He stopped taking the sex suppressant drug. A couple of weeks later, after being thrown out of the house by Jenny, he moved in with Vera. Strange cars stopped calling at Vera's in the evenings, and they seemed to live in some sort of harmony. The twins must have been a major attraction to him in this arrangement, as I cannot see it could have been Vera. I commissioned Clare to quietly find out what was happening. She wheedled it out of one of the twins that Dick liked fucking them together at once. What he did was to lay one on top of the other. He would then pull his dick out of one cunt and thrust it straight into the other then back again. Each cunt got alternative thrusts. One day, I got Dick to one side and ensured he knew that I was aware of the situation, to guarantee his silence. It would seem that Vera was now happy not to have to 'work' for a living. As long as Dick kept her in cigarettes, booze and spending money, he could do what he wanted with her girls.

Jenny suggested to me that we should knock our two houses into one. The space saved in not having two of everything like kitchens and lounges ensured we had more space for bedrooms, enabling Liz to move in. We kept the two front doors to put the nosy neighbours off. So Liz and Jenny shared one room, Clare and I another, while Ellie and Julie each had their own. Our one hour a week fucking session went out of the window. Clare agreed that as long as it was only one fuck a week each, she would agree to me having a third person in our bed. Time no longer ruled our lives.

When Julie was coming up for her tenth birthday, Clare asked me if it was alright for her to give me to Julie as a present for her birthday night. Julie now looked just like Clare had done a couple of years back. It was as if Clare were giving away a part of herself. We had had a lovely party throughout the day, then evening arrived. At first, it was just Julie and me in that bed, but Clare couldn't keep away. She loved her sister so much, she just wanted to see her get her present, so sneaked into the room. Then I noticed Jenny was there too. In the end, the whole household attended Julie's voluntary first time. Of course it turned into a romp, but that's another story.

After a year or so, our web site was raking in more money than we knew what to do with. Sarah kept to her agreement. Her five percent was giving her more money than she had expected. She sensibly kept all the funds in her Swiss account where the tax man wouldn't notice it. Her husband was due out of prison before too long, and she quietly left the company and changed her name and filed for divorce. Apart from still working for me, she has a little sideline, more of a hobby, giving massage sessions to young girls.

As for me, I am now a happy man, several years have passed. I will marry Clare in a couple of year's time when she turns sixteen. Whether we carry on a polyamorous relationship with the other ladies in our commune remains to be seen. Certainly, I can't see anything changing any time soon. As for my MGB, well I must get round to climbing underneath it again finish the job I started.

The End.