

The Allotment

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This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW!

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Keywords: Man/young girls 8-10, M/g9, M/g5, ped, oral, anal, 1st, lesbian, rom

Summary: Steve was a regular guy, approaching middle age, when his life changed forever. He'd got a small plot of land, called an allotment, and as a result met Anna, his neighbours daughter. Tragedy struck and his wife died. He later married Anna's mother, who also died prematurely. Anna and Gilly, her sister, now his adoptive children, helped Steve get through this most difficult time of his life, mostly by doing everything they could to give him what their mother had given him before, in his bed. This story recounts how Steve's life from that time onwards was transformed for the better. He never looked back in anger.

Allotment: a plot of land rented by an individual for growing vegetables or flowers. In the U.S.A., an allotment is often called a community garden.

Author's Note: A full list of the characters in this story may be found at the end.

CHAPTER 1

Anna Enters, Liz Departs

Anna pressed her firm little bottom against his groin in her sleep, her petite, naked body, seeking warmth and comfort in a world which had dished out so much tragedy to the young girl in her nine short years of life. Steve lay, spooning into her back, she moaned in contentment, safe at last, her hand pressing his to her flat breast.

But I am getting ahead of myself. The story about Steve and Anna, began even before the child was born.

It all started many years ago. Steve's family made the move to a small rural village in East Anglia, England, when his children were in their teens. He worked as an elevator and crane inspector for one of the big London insurance companies. His job was to inspect and certify them for load capacity and general safety. He travelled a lot, his 'patch' being the whole of the east of England, north of London. It meant he stayed away frequently, but the upside was he got a lot of time off in lieu, on different days of the week. The house they moved into was a semi-detached three bedroom brick built place, identical to the other twenty houses in his road.

Life was comfortable enough, their children went to the local school, before university, before finding jobs which took them away where Steve and his wife, Mary, would only see them from time to time, like ten million other families, today. The couple who lived in the other half of the 'semi', Bob and Ellie, were about the same age as Steve's parents, their only daughter, Liz, who was born when Ellie was in her forties, lived nearby, and saw them a couple of times a week. A single parent, Liz had two children of her own, Gilly, three, and Anna five. She leaned on her parents a lot for support with raising the girls. But Bob and Ellie loved their granddaughters, and were delighted to help where they could. Liz and Mary had been together at university and shared a room there. They'd remained friends ever since. It had been Liz who had told Mary about the house being on the market, when they'd moved to the area.

Steve and Bob, despite their age difference became close friends, as did Ellie and Mary. While the two guys, regularly walked down to the village pub, the women, sometimes joined by Liz, would gossip over a gin and tonic. Liz and Mary developed a friendship of a different kind, but Steve wouldn't find out about that until they were both dead, some years later.

Bob was a keen allotmenteer and gardener. He spent many hours a week on his allotment and in his garden, tending his flowers, vegetables and fruit trees. He always won prizes each year at the annual fruit, flower and veg show. It was during one of their visits to the pub, after they'd each had several pints, when Bob mentioned to Steve that the allotment next to his had fallen vacant. Although there was a waiting list for allotments, Bob was the committee member who allocated the allotments, and assured Steve it was prime land, well tended in the past, and if he wanted it, it was his. Perhaps it was the beer, or Bob's persuasiveness, but the next thing he knew, he had signed up for the plot and had the gate and shed keys in his pocket.

Over the next couple of years, Steve worked his new allotment at weekends and on his 'in lieu' days off work. He learnt from Bob what to plant, how and when. After a while, he found he was quite enjoying himself, and was glad Bob had pushed him into taking it on. He even won several second prizes at the third year's show. Bob of course, always won first.

It was at about that time, Liz's partner, with whom she'd had a 'difficult' relationship beat her up once too often, and after a short spell in hospital, she moved in with her parents, bringing the girls with her. It wasn't long after that, they heard her partner was arrested for involvement with a gang raiding ATM machines, and was given a fifteen year jail sentence. She would have no more trouble from him. Despite that, she chose to stay living with her parents, Bob and Ellie.

Anna was now seven, going on eight years old, and took an interest in her Grand-Bob's passion for horticulture, and started to come down to the allotment with Bob on weekend mornings, while her mum and Granny were cooking lunch. She would make herself busy weeding, and planting, hoeing and tidying. But it struck Steve that she seemed to spend just as much of her time picking the soft fruit and eating it. Peas, straight from the pod, were a favourite of hers too.

Bob had bought a couple of compact easy chairs from a second hand shop. He'd put one in his shed and gave the other to Steve for his. When the weather was nice, Bob and Steve would pull the chairs out of the sheds, and relax for a few minutes, with a can of beer, enjoying the sunshine in their break. Anna would come over, wiping raspberry juice off her fingers onto her leggings, and climb onto Bob's lap. He would intertwine his fingers together, resting them on her lap. Steve looked at the child, and smiled as she swung her little legs with their light green wellies, with small dinosaurs printed in multi colours on them.

Although Steve never saw Bob press his fingers into her mons, he couldn't help but notice, that that was where his fingers rested. After seeing this many times, he decided, in the end, it was perfectly innocent.

It became the norm for Mary to host lunch on a Saturday, and Ellie on the Sunday. The two households almost becoming one. Life became good for them all.

It was during that long hot summer, everything changed. The first hammer blow was when Mary was diagnosed with breast cancer. She attended a clinic at the hospital regularly. Had mammograms, biopsies, lumpectomies and even a mastectomy. But a year later, the whole village turned out for her funeral in the little church which Steve had only been in for the carol services at Christmas. The wake was held in the village hall. It was packed. It was only then, that Steve realised, in what high esteem Mary had been held by the village. Liz seemed particularly distraught at her friend's passing. It was only later would Steve fully understand why.

In the months that followed, Bob and Ellie were a solid support to Steve, and stopped him from caving in and giving up on life. It was a long haul, and Steve found that by working hard on his cranes and elevators, and at home, his allotment, he kept his mind off the terrible pain slowly diminishing within him. Life went on, cruel though it was. Then something completely unexpected shook him out of his reverie.

Eight year old Anna suddenly caught Steve's eye for the first time. It wasn't a damascene event in any way, but a series of little moments, like pictures in an album which somehow added up to create a story. The first occasion was, when having lunch with Bob and Ellie, he dropped his napkin, and stooping under the table to retrieve it, glanced across at Anna's knees, only for them to part at that very moment, showing him her pink panties, and camel toe crotch, making him bang his head on the underside of the oak table. When he re-appeared in his seat again, she was grinning at him in a way which expressed more than her amusement at him banging his head.

Then there was the occasion down at the allotment which was the first of many small incidents there, which started to add up to a pattern. Steve's shed and Bob's were side by side. The space between them only two or three feet. Behind the sheds was a thick tall

hedge, beyond which was a farmer's crop. To the front of the sheds, shielding the space, was an old, weed covered dilapidated gate, now useless, but afforded some screen when Anna wanted to go and pee. Steve had noticed, she would come to the allotment with Bob early. About an hour later, he would give her a can of fizzy pop drink, Coke or Fanta, usually, and an hour after that, she needed to go. Steve happened to be in his shed one day, when he heard her say "Grand-Bob, I need to go. Don't look."

Steve was sorting some tools out on the floor of his shed at the time. There was a knothole, through which he saw movement. He couldn't resist it, and put his eye to the hole, and watched as Anna struggled to pull down her leggings and pink panties. She had to be careful as she squatted, to ensure she didn't sit on a nettle and sting her bum. She was facing away from him, and as she peed, he watched her urethra flex, as it squirted out her yellow flow. Her little anus pointed at him, and beneath it, her peach shaped, plump, vulva bulged out towards him, in all it's glory. He was perplexed, because he found the whole thing incredibly arousing. Mary had been dead for several months, and he hadn't even masturbated in all that time, but knew, suddenly, he would tonight.

He watched, as she finally finished, before pulling up her panties and leggings, then going to rejoin her Grand-Bob. It was a week later, a similar day, and he heard her say she needed to go. This time, Steve was ready for the show, knowing what was to come. He even had his cock in his hand ready to pleasure himself, while watching her. He felt a little guilty, but if no one else knew, what was the harm? This time, she was facing towards him, rather than away. She pulled her leggings and panties down, like she had the previous week. She squatted, and he thought she was about to let go, when suddenly, she leaned forward, and in an instant, her face was at the hole. They were literally eye-to-eye. He recoiled back, but even then, could hear she giggled, as she started to pee on the grass beyond the wall. He leaned forward again, watching the final moments, before she dried up. Looking up at her face, he could see a coquettish expression. She was still looking at his peephole. She'd caught him red handed, and they both knew it.

Then there was the occasion when Bob set up the children's paddling pool in his back garden, later that same week. The children were on school holiday. And wanting play time. Being a weekday, Liz was working, of course, and Ellie was in charge of the girls. Bob was away that afternoon, having an appointment with his doctor about a hip replacement operation. Steve called round, and knocked on his neighbour's door.

"Hi, Steve," said Ellie, not even asking what he wanted, "come in. You're just in time. I'm making cakes in the kitchen. Would you watch the girls for me, before I do a King Alfred, and burn them? Gilly's got a friend round. Her name's Sierra. They're in the same class at school." She didn't wait for his answer, but returned to the kitchen. Steve walked through to the back patio doors, and went out to see how the girls were getting on. He pulled up a collapsible picnic chair, and sat close to the pool watching their antics. They splashed one another, ran around the inflatable pool, jumping in, splashed him.

Steve took the opportunity to study Gilly's friend, Sierra. What struck him immediately was despite not being particularly pretty, she had an appeal, a *je ne sais quoi*, which he couldn't define, that drew his eyes to her. She was just seven years old then, slightly chubby, but not obese. She had piercing grey eyes. Her brunette hair was tied up in bangs behind her shoulders, but he noticed when she saw him studying her, she swung her hair forward down the front of her chest. Even at that tender age, she seemed to have an

awareness of her sex appeal. She was wearing a white one piece costume borrowed from Gilly. It was too small for her larger body, so pulled tightly into every crack and crevice, hugging her curvy shape. What really caught his eye, though, was her full mound and cleft, showing through the semi transparent material, displaying a spectacular camel toe. Seeing his stare, she blushed scarlet, but didn't turn away. The girls had a great time, until Ellie called from the house that tea would be ready soon, and would Steve like to stay. Bob should be home soon. She came out of the house, and handed him three towels, asking him to make himself useful and dry the girls off.

Six year old Gilly was first, standing expectantly in front of him, waiting for him to dry her off. Taking one of the towels, he rubbed her down, making sure her legs and arms were dry. She then surprised him, when she peeled off her one piece costume, and stood in front of him, expectantly, her legs apart, waiting for him to dry her crotch, which he did, expecting to hear police sirens from every direction, or at least nosey neighbours shouting at him. So it was with relief, he finally wrapped the towel around her, slapped her bum playfully, and watched as she scampered into the house, closely followed by her friend Sierra, who glanced at him. Her expression could have been coquettish, or conveying some secret message.

He turned towards Anna, who had that same expression he'd now seen once or twice. He was, at the same time both relieved and disappointed, when she leaned forward and took the towel, saying: "Perhaps I should dry myself, Steve. I don't want you to have a heart attack." He smiled as she skipped into the house after the other two girls, wiggling her bottom at him. It was only now, he was able to replay in his mind the sight and feel Gilly had given him, of her pouting mound, split by her deep cleft, which he'd managed to run his finger through a couple of times by 'accident', before she was dry. That, and her friend Sierra, who's little chubby body showed so clearly through her swimsuit. And that look she had given him, as she entered the house. He knew he would think about them both in bed later. But he was perplexed, because although he hadn't touched or even spoken to Sierra, she'd left a lasting impression stamped in his mind. He felt unsettled by it.

There was another occasion a few days later. It was Bob and Ellie's wedding anniversary. Liz wanted to take them out for a meal. They had always asked Mary to baby sit in the past, and felt slightly awkward, but in the end decided to ask Steve if he would mind. They were surprised when he said he'd be delighted.

The girls were already bathed and ready for bed, when he came round at the appointed time. "Could you read them a story?" asked Liz. "The book is on the bedside table. They can stay up until eight o'clock, then it's off to bed." After Liz had read the riot act to her girls and told them not to play Steve up, she and her parents left for the evening

Steve sat in the middle of the three seater settee, with one girl either side of him. It wasn't long before they were leaning over him, taunting one another. Then they were bouncing on the seat, and rolling around. Several times he caught long glimpses as their panty covered pudenda were displayed, their legs in the air spread apart. It was all good fun, and all three of them were laughing and giggling. At last, it was time for bed, and he was quite surprised when they agreed to go up. His own children, at the same age, would have used all delaying tactics to stay downstairs as long as possible.

Soon, he was sitting on the edge of their bed, a three quarter double. It was still very warm, and although the window was open, they didn't want the sheets covering them. Both girls propped up their pillows, and sat leaning against them, as Steve read the next chapter in their story. They were just wearing short nighties and panties. Both had their knees up, their feet tucked under their bums. Soon, their knees drifted apart, spreading their thighs, stretching their panties across their plump vulvas, pushing out against the soft cotton of their panties. Until recently, Steve had never thought of little girls as a target for his lust, but he struggled to read the story to the two girls, who were drifting off to sleep before he had finished. He sat looking at them both, as their breathing got heavier. He realised he missed having a young family. It would be a while, if at all, before he would have grandchildren of his own.

He switched off the light, and put the book back where he'd found it, and simply sat looking at the young girls, as their heavy breathing testified to their innocent sleepy condition, at the end of a busy day playing. He must have nodded off himself, because when he stirred, it was nearly dark, the room only lit by the street light and the landing light outside the half closed door. Both girls had slid down from their half sitting positions, now almost horizontal, but still on their backs, their nighties up around their waists, legs still akimbo.

His heart was thumping in his chest, as he realised he was about to do something which he would never have dreamt of doing before. Something very illegal. But, he knew he was going to do it. He had no doubts in his mind. He was surprised at his own clear thinking. He reached to Gilly's panties, and plucked a crease in her gusset, and drew them outwards and sideways. He looked in awe at her open vagina, her spread cleft, her anus, her cowl with it's little nub just in view, poking out. His cock was bar hard. Already he could feel the pre-cum pouring from him. Holding her panty leg to one side, he let it settle back into her groin, her pussy now fully exposed to his stare. But he already knew he couldn't leave it at that. He had to touch. He just had to. But first, he wanted to see Anna's pussy too. He reached down and grasping a fold in Anna's panty gusset, pulled her covering across, exposing her beautiful girlhood to his lustful eyes.

He let his finger slowly run up and down through Anna's cleft, pulled open by her position, her legs far apart, knees bent. He rubbed her clitty, poking out slightly from her slit, just below the dimple, in her podgy mound, watching her nub swell slightly with his stimulation. He then let his finger drift down to her vagina entry, feeling her plump labia clinging to his pressing finger. His eyes moved back to Gilly, who being closer to him, was more accessible. With his heart now thumping in his chest, he leaned over her, and putting a finger either side of her pussy, pulled her open. Her pink labia whitened under the tension, as her vagina peeled open, it's wet, coral coloured interior displaying itself in all it's glory. He couldn't help himself, as he moved into her, his tongue just touching her, tasting her, as it flicked back and forth over her just seven year old cunt. It was at that moment that he heard a car pull up in the driveway outside. Bob, Ellie and Liz had returned. He quickly straightened their panties once more, pulled their nighties into position, and lifted the bed sheet up over them. He was downstairs before he heard the car doors slamming, opening and pretending to read the book he'd brought from home.

He didn't know when it started, but on several occasions, Liz and Steve went and had a pub lunch together with the girls. Then it became an evening night out, without the girls, and before he knew it, she was in his bed. Mary had been dead over a year. He still felt

guilty, and told Liz of his feelings. He said he didn't feel he should see her again. It was like a betrayal of Mary.

Liz looked perplexed. In the end, she told him to shut up and listen. "I'm going to tell you a secret," she started. "If, after I have explained, and you still feel the same, then we won't repeat what happened tonight. Agreed?"

Steve nodded, unsure what was coming next.

"You are the kindest, most compassionate man I have ever met, Steve," Liz said. "You and Bob are the best friends any man could hope for, you have raised two wonderful children, and will be a wonderful grandfather in your time. You are hard working, unselfish, loving and even amusing. You're discreet and know when to say nothing. You are the best person any woman could ever hope to have as a partner or husband."

"Those are fine words, Liz," he said, "but why is that such a secret? What has it got to do with you and me being in this bed?"

"Yes," she replied, "they are fine words. But they are not my fine words, Steve. They are Mary's." Liz pushed away a tear from her eye. "That last time I went to see Mary in the hospice, the Tuesday before she, you know, died. She said those words to me. And I agree with every word she said Steve."

"I didn't know," he stuttered.

"Of course you didn't," she went on, "why should you? But there was more. She and I were the closest of friends, ever since our time at university together. We told each other things I would never repeat to anyone, especially you, Steve. Let me just say she enjoyed life to the full."

Steve knew Mary was a live wire. She wasn't the sort to let the grass grow under her feet, while he was away in Newcastle, or Manchester, or wherever, inspecting his cranes. He knew she'd had a little fling from time to time. But she'd been very discreet, and as far as he was concerned, no harm was done.

What he hadn't known was that Mary had tried other women and found the experience to her liking. Liz and Mary had become regular lovers. Not long after, their neighbour, Cathy, had joined, forming a cosy threesome lesbian group. They had also found a young stud, who enjoyed older women. They sometimes all went to visit him together. He didn't charge too much either. They were very discreet, and no one else ever knew.

"So what are you trying to say to me Liz?" he asked.

"Mary asked me to look after you, when she'd gone. She told me you wouldn't even consider another woman for at least a year, but after that, she made me promise I would be there for you. I have made good that promise."

Steve was stunned. It was almost as if Mary had sprung from the dead and lectured him, as she always did, on how he should live his life.

“Let me think on it, Liz, would you,” he said carefully. “This has come as a shock. But let me say now, I believe every word you have said. I just need time to think.”

Mary had always dominated his life, right down to what he wore every day, to where they went on holiday, and choices of furniture in the house. He had never felt hen pecked, it was just the way things were. She’d had her affairs. They’d always been brief and shallow. Sex for the fun of it. Nothing more. Once or twice, she’d even tried other women. The only people she’d kept up a relationship with, other than Steve, had been Liz and Cathy, oh and their young stud, Tony.

A week later, Liz and Steve were engaged, and three months later, on Anna’s ninth birthday, married in the same church Mary had been carried out of in her coffin eighteen months earlier.

CHAPTER 2

Building a New Life

Liz insisted that Steve became the adoptive father of both the girls. She didn’t want him to just be their step dad, but their legal dad. Her reasons were that if anything ever happened to her, then her ex might turn up one day wanting to take the girls away. Gilly and Anna loved Steve as much as she did.

They had a delayed honeymoon in Tenerife, taking the girls with them. They had rented an apartment, with an infinity pool, overlooking the warm Atlantic Ocean. It was an idyllic fortnight. One morning, Steve and Liz had overslept, following a late night with plenty of Rioja wine. It was unusual for the girls to be up first. Anna and Gilly ran into the bedroom, and leapt onto the bed, rudely waking Steve and Liz. But in a move which surprised the adults, the girls ripped the bedding off them, much as their mother did to them, when they wouldn’t get up in the morning.

Liz and Steve were naked, of course, he was spooning into her back, his arm around her, her hand pressing his to her breast. It was one of those occasions when a reaction would do more harm than good. So Liz and Steve lay there, unmoving.

“Why are you both bare, Mummy?” asked the just eight year old Gilly “And why are you touching each other like that?”

Steve smiled to himself. She couldn’t see where his half tumescent cock was buried. That would have been a more interesting question to field.

“When mummies and daddies love each other more than anyone else in the world, Darling,” Liz said, “then sometimes they cuddle so close you can’t get anything between them. Not even a fly.”

“Do you love me and Gilly as much as that?” asked Anna.

“Of course I do, Darling,” Liz responded. “I love you more than any other children in the whole wide world.”

"Can we cuddle you too, Mummy?" asked Gilly.

"Yes, Darling, of course you can, if you want to," she replied.

Anna climbed onto the bed, and shuffled her bottom into Liz's belly. Gilly did the same, and pressed her back to Anna. Everyone was cuddling the person in front of them, except Steve, who stretched his arm over the top of Liz, Anna and Gilly, pulling her tightly into the pack. He could feel her tiny hard nipple pressing into his palm, through her thin, cotton nighty. He didn't know why he did it, but he rolled it between his finger and thumb. She placed her hand over his, and pressed him to her.

This was such a loving family scene, and no one was in any hurry to move. Unfortunately, nature always has her way. Steve started to become erect. His crown was already inside Liz's vagina entry, well lubricated from last night's long love making. In the space of the next two minutes, he grew inside her, lengthening, thickening. Liz never reacted in any way, as she felt his crown nudge into her cervix eliciting the most wonderful feelings within her. Liz had always thought to have an open relationship with her children was best, but hadn't considered that, as far as their sex education was concerned. This was decision time. She felt Steve start to pull from her, just an inch or two, before pushing back in again, those tingles intensifying. Then he repeated it, and again.

It wasn't long, before Liz started to climax. Without realising it, she pulled Anna tight into her belly. Anna realised something was happening behind her, but didn't want to do anything which might spoil whatever it was. She could feel her mother shivering, tensing and relaxing repeatedly against her bottom. Her breathing coming, now in short pants. Steve was slowly, gently moving in and out of Liz, his thrusts only small movements, but so arousing, so good. Liz started to moan gently, her breathing ragged. Anna realised her mum was being fucked by Steve, and a little thrill ran through her body, just thinking about it, her pussy tingling between her legs. She wondered what it was like. Then she felt movement, as her mum's mound kept being pushed into her bottom, as Steve entered Liz from behind, forcing her forward. Then she heard Steve grunt quietly. She knew he was cuming. She loved the thought of him squirting into her mum, giving each other such pleasure. Two of her most favourite people in the whole world. She clasped her hand over her mum's hand, still clutching her tummy, and squeezed it, feeling her mum squeeze hers back. She suddenly wondered if he squirted as much cum as Grand-Bob did.

There was no embarrassment between them all, as they spent the morning around the pool, sunbathing, swimming and enjoying their holiday as any close family would. As the week progressed, Steve, Liz and the girls became quite casual about their nudity, not worrying if they were seen wandering to or from the shower, or changing by the pool. In short, they were a relaxed, normal family.

It was on the day before they returned home the following day, that Anna woke up early. She didn't know it was her mother's cries of joy that had disturbed her. She got out of bed, and went to the toilet. She then wandered along the corridor to get a drink from the kitchen, but stopped dead outside the open door of her mum's room. Steve was on top of Liz, thrusting into her hard and fast. Liz's legs were wrapped around Steve's waist. His hands cupped under her shoulders, he thrust repeatedly hard into her. Anna could see as he pulled out, his cock appear, before he shoved back in. That thrilling feeling flowed

through her once again. She realised she was cupping her mons, her fingers pushing through her nighty and panties, rubbing herself.

Steve sensing her presence, turned his head, looking across the room, saw Anna framed in the door, watching. How long she'd been there, he couldn't tell. He smiled at her. He saw the movement of her fingers, realising she was playing with herself. It made him cum instantly, his eyes tight shut, now, as his intense wave of pleasure overtook him. When he turned to look again, Anna had gone; returned to her own bed, to relieve those amazing feelings.

There was a new rapport between Steve and Anna from that moment on. He now knew she was inquisitive, and masturbated. She in turn already knew he was a good fuck. She'd heard and seen her mum on the receiving end. She loved her mum, and she loved Steve. She knew life couldn't get better. What she didn't know was, in a few weeks time, it was to get a great deal worse.

On their return home, things went back to normal. Steve had a backlog of inspections to make at work, and catch up on his allotment. Bob had been finally given a date for a hip replacement operation, at short notice, and was in bed recovering.

Steve noticed the girls had started to call him "Daddy". He hadn't said anything, but found it heart warming to know the girls had accepted him to that level.

Steve kept an eye on Bob's allotment, as well as his own. He spent a couple of hours each Saturday and Sunday morning down there. Anna would accompany him, helping where she could with the weeding and general tidying up. Gilly had been to a sleepover with her friend Sierra. She'd be home for lunch.

That first day, as usual, after an hour, Steve pulled out the easy chair and pulled the tab off a can of beer. Anna asked for a Coke. She came over, and as Bob wasn't there, sat on his lap, just the same as she'd sat on Grand-Bob's, all her life. They finished their drinks, and she reached down and taking each of his hands in hers, pulled them into her lap. He interlocked his fingers together, just as he'd seen Bob do so many times.

They sat and chatted about the work they'd done, Bob's health, their holiday in Tenerife, her school and a myriad of other subjects. Then she made Steve smile with emotion, as she said; "Daddy, you are one of my most favourite people in the whole world." She said nothing more, as they sat like that, watching the birds trying to get under the fruit nets, waving and greeting other allotmenters, as they came and went to their plots of land. They were simply feeling the comfort of each other's presence. Then she got up, and said "I gotta go," moving towards the gap between the sheds, "don't look." She returned, tucking her T-shirt into her leggings, climbed back into his lap, and pulled his hands, once more over her mound.

The next day, they were back, and Anna worked hard on Bob's allotment, pulling weeds for him. Steve noticed that she wasn't messing around as much as normal, but really trying to help get her Grand-Bob's plot straight for when he could return. They had their break, as usual. Anna climbed up onto Steve's lap. "I'm all hot and sweaty, today," she declared. For some reason the simple statement sent a thrill through Steve. They remained sitting for a while longer, enjoying relaxing in the warm sunshine.

"I need to tidy up my shed," said Steve, as he lifted Anna off. "I did a stupid thing earlier, I knocked a box of hand tools off the shelf, and they're all over the floor. There's hundreds of screws and nails everywhere. I need to sort them out." So Steve went into the shed, while Anna went back over to Bob's plot. It was only about ten minutes later, she came to the door of the shed, and said: "I need to go." Steve immediately noticed, for the first time ever, she never added the usual "don't look."

He was already on his hands and knees on the floor of the shed, when he saw movement through the knothole in the wall. He only had to lean forward a few inches, and watched, as she stood facing him, and slowly pulled her leggings and panties down, all the way to her ankles. She then stood facing him for a second or two, before she squatted down. Steve could see she was looking straight at his peephole, knowing he was watching her. Her back was resting against Bob's shed wall, so she was in a sort of sitting position.

She then reached under her thighs, and curled her fingers under her, and pulled her cleft open as far as she could, simultaneously spreading her knees wide apart, affording him a clear view right between her thighs. She then started to pee, but what happened next surprised him, because her pee arced across the gap, and was splashing against his shed wall. A drop or two even came through the hole, splattering his cheek. Finally, she finished. But instead of re-dressing, she remained where she was, and started to move her cleft open and closed, several times. She was giving him a superb display. Steve's cock had never been stiffer. Still watching his peephole, she moved one finger to her clitty, while the other hand held her cleft open. She started to masturbate, and in only a few moments, she threw her head back against the wooden wall, her eyes closed, as a climax swept through her young body. Steve watched, mesmerised, as her little vagina and anus winked open, in time with her heavy breathing.

After a few minutes, she slowed, and finally stopped. Her eyes popped open. She looked again at the little knothole, and smiled, blushing at the same time, knowing he'd been watching her. But then, in her mind, she'd watched him that time, fucking her mum. It kind of made it even. She stood up straight, and was about to pull her panties up, when she grinned at the hole, and pulled her cleft open for a few seconds, then stooped down and pulled her clothing back on, ending her little show.

By the time she emerged from between the sheds, Steve had grabbed a rake, and was outside turning some soil over in a needless task, pretending he'd seen nothing. She came over to him and said: "What's Mum cooking for lunch, Daddy, do you know? I'm really hungry, for some reason." She then Walked back to Bob's allotment to carry on her weeding. She had a definite wiggle of her bottom.

The following day was a repetition of the first time. They sat relaxing talking about all manner of subjects. Then they would go off to do their various jobs, before she said she 'needed to go'. He would sneak into the shed, and she would then give him a sexy display, sometimes, but not always, ending with her masturbating in front of his peephole. Occasionally she faced him, sometimes it was the other way.

They'd been coming alone to the allotment a couple or three times a week, for several weeks, and her pattern of behaviour remained largely the same. Then, one day, it all changed. Anna climbed onto his lap, as usual, and drank her fizzy pop, before relaxing on

him, leaning back as always, with his hands interlocked over her mound. He had noticed, today, that her leggings felt thinner than usual, but, she was wearing panties underneath. Then she said: "Daddy, I want to ask you some things, but I need to go first. Don't look." She hadn't added that last part for several weeks. Perhaps she'd decided her little game had run its course.

She returned, and went to Bob's shed for a minute. When she came out, she was tucking her T-shirt into her leggings. She resumed her usual position on his lap, and they continued their conversation. But both knew she wanted to broach a difficult subject, and she didn't know how. He squeezed her tummy in a reassuring hug.

"If you just come out and ask, Anna," he said, "you'll find it much easier.

"But Daddy, it's so hard. I don't know how to start," she said with a quavering voice. "It's so embarrassing, Daddy," she added blushing once more.

"Why not say the easy bits first?" he suggested. "You might find it easier with the hard bits afterwards."

She remained silent for a minute or so, before she said, "Daddy, I want you to know I love you."

"Yes, I know that darling," he replied, "and I love you too."

"No" she added, "I love you. I really love you. Not like a little girl does, but like Mummy loves you."

"Oh I see," he said, unhelpfully, "well that's not unusual, lots of girls have crushes on older men."

"I knew you wouldn't understand," she said resentfully. There was a long pause, while they both thought through what had been said.

"Let's start again," he suggested, "from when you said 'Daddy, I want you to know I love you,' shall we?"

"OK," she said, followed by a long pause. "What I was trying to say, Daddy, is I love you and want you, like err, a boyfriend, or something. You know what I mean."

"Is that why you've been showing me things when you've gone to the loo?"

She coloured up with embarrassment. "You weren't meant to be watching, I....."

"You knew I was, watching, didn't you?"

"I suppose so," she said sullenly, "but the game was we were pretending you weren't watching, and I was pretending I didn't know you were. Now the game is spoilt."

"But it was a nice game, Anna," he said reassuringly, "I enjoyed watching you. It was nice. Really special for me."

"Why was it special, Daddy?" she asked, genuinely interested to know.

"Because you are a beautiful little girl, Anna, I love you too. More than I think you realise," he added.

"Do you really. I mean really, really love me?" she asked.

"Yes, my darling. I love you more than my own life," he said. "I would do anything for you. Anything at all."

"Would you, Daddy?" she squeezed his hands again.

"But I love my Mummy," she said, a tear in her eye. "I would never do anything to hurt my Mummy."

"Of course you wouldn't," he agreed, "so that sets the limits, doesn't it?"

"But what do I do?" she asked. "I love you sooo much, I tingle, you know, down there," she pressed his hand against her in emphasis.

"So what do we do?" he asked simply. "We carry on as before, or you do something you would hate your mum to find out about. Then there is the other way."

"What other way?" she asked.

"Well, you could set yourself rules," he said mysteriously, "so she never finds out and never gets hurt."

"What sort of rules?" she asked, intrigued.

"I don't know," he said pensively, "but what if you had a rule only to do things here at the allotment. Your mum never comes here."

"That's good," she said, "then what?"

"Well," he considered, "maybe you only do something simple to start with. Perhaps not naughty, something your mum wouldn't mind. Maybe, I could teach you to kiss."

"Hmm," she mumbled, "but I already know I would want to do something a bit naughty."

"OK," he responded, "let's limit it to something very simple at first, and then we'll see how it goes."

"What sort of thing did you.....oh!"

Steve had pressed his fingers the fraction of an inch downwards, feeling her cleft through her leggings. Two things were apparent to him instantly. First, she jerked her legs apart slightly, giving him better access. The second was he realised she'd removed her panties. He could feel her shape almost as if she were naked. His finger only travelled half an inch,

before he found her tiny nub, poking stiffly out from it's hiding place. He didn't need to move his fingers at all. All he did was press to her and release, press and release.

He felt her tense up, her knees lifting and parting an inch or two. She took a short breath, and came. She moaned as quietly as she could, trying not to move, or attract attention from other people around. He continued to press and release, press and release and her orgasm continued. On and on it went. He was so gentle, she never had an earthquake cum, but a very long, long gentle climax, which soothed her, and took away all the tension that had been building up within her for the last several months. It went on for a full fifteen or twenty minutes, with her climaxes ebbing and flowing, until at last she held his hands still.

"Enough, Daddy," she said, "I do love you. I really love you." She squeezed his hand again, before falling silent. They didn't move. Then he realised she was asleep. Still holding her, he stood up, and turned around, and lowered her onto the seat, where she remained absolutely still, a gentle snore the only sign of her somnolence.

It was another hour before they were expected home, so Steve did some digging to get his mind straight. This little dalliance with Anna was great fun, but if he wasn't very careful, life could get very complicated. He was right, but as it turned out, he needn't have worried, for a far more tragic event would overtake them before the year was out.

Steve put all the tools away, and locked up the two sheds. He looked down at the, still sleeping, Anna, and decided he would carry her home. He hoped it wouldn't rain on the chair overnight. He would return in the morning to put it away.

"What's up with Anna?" asked Liz, on their return. "She looks tired out. Has she overdone it down at the allotment?"

"I reckon she has," he replied, "Bob's patch is almost weed free. He'll be really impressed when he sees it." It was at that moment, Anna's eyes opened. It took her a moment to realise where she was. The first person she saw was Liz, and smiled brightly at her mum. Then she turned to Steve, and hugged him round the neck, and kissed him on the cheek, before she pressed the side of her face to his chest.

Liz looked down, and suddenly said: "Anna, you're not wearing any knickers. AND, you've only got on a thin pair of leggings. I can almost see your bottom through them. What's going on?"

"Mum, it's embarrassing," Anna whined. "Steve's here!"

"He's your dad now, Anna. Well?"

"I needed a pee, Mum," Anna said. "I went between the sheds as usual, but I squirted onto my panties, so I had to take them off. I put them in the shed. Steve didn't know, so when he carried me home, I still wasn't wearing them. That's all that happened."

"Well, I must say, you've stained your leggings as well," Liz observed. "They look quite wet. You better go upstairs and change them. I'll put them in the wash."

Steve was really impressed how Anna had handled what could have been a tricky situation, very calmly. He lowered Anna onto her feet, and watched as she scampered upstairs, to change, her little bottom wiggling inside the thin, damp leggings. He wasn't sure, but he thought he caught a whiff of her arousal. He wondered whether that's what had alerted Liz.

"She's growing very fond of you," Liz grinned, "I'll have to keep an eye on you two." She moved off into the kitchen to check on the lunch. As she laid the table, she thought about her young daughter, and how she was suddenly growing up. She had recognised the smell of arousal on the child the instant Steve carried her in. She'd seen the state of Anna's panties in the wash basket, over the last few weeks, often enough. She obviously had a crush on Steve. She'd been the same at that age herself. For her it had been a friend's much older brother. She was ten, he twenty five, when he'd taken her virginity. She loved Steve and Anna deeply. If anyone was going to introduce Anna to the wonderful experiences her body had to offer her, she could do worse than let Steve show her. She would keep her council, for now. She just hoped they didn't do anything really stupid.

CHAPTER 3

The Rainstorm – The Storm of Passion

After that initial scare, Anna was sensible, and tried to act as normally as possible. Life carried on. Steve was away in Luton several days that following week, at the Vauxhall car plant, certifying equipment, and returned late on Friday afternoon, tired and irritable. A long hot soak in the bath set him up though. Liz called up to him asking if he would like a drink, it being Friday. "I'd love a Whisky Mac," he shouted back from under the suds.

He heard the footsteps approaching up the stairs. He sighed in contentment. The door creaked open, and in came Anna, grinning, carrying his drink. "Mum asked me to bring your drink up," she said. "Is there anything else you need?" she teased him. He shook his head, and frowned, trying to communicate that she was breaking her own rule. "Are you sure?" she said quietly, lifting the skirt of her school uniform, with one hand and pulling her panties down a few inches, with the other, giving him a flash of her wonderful full mound, split by her magnificent cleft, her hard nub just visible, before she pulled her knickers back up and dropped the skirt down.

As she was leaving, she looked over her shoulder and said: "I'm really looking forward to going to the allotment tomorrow, aren't you?" Then she was gone, leaving him with a whisky in one hand and a rising cock in the other. Then as she was walking down the stairs, she called out in a voice the whole house heard, "Gilly, Daddy wants you to go and scrub his back for him." He could hear her laughter for another minute.

The following morning, Anna was ready to set off on the short walk to the allotment before Gilly had even finished her breakfast. "You're keen today, Anna," commented Liz. "Are you on a promise, or something?" Liz smiled to herself, as she remembered the previous night. It had been incredible sex. As long as things stayed as they were, she decided, she would turn a blind eye. Besides, like Mary, she had one or two secrets of her own, which Steve need not know about. She and Cathy had a rendezvous with their young man this morning.

Anna looked impatiently at Steve, as he seemed to take forever to finish his last slice of toast, finish his tea and the sports page of the paper. At last, he stood and asked Liz if she needed anything doing before he went down to the allotment. "I wouldn't mind if you could nip down to the shop and pick up.....On second thoughts, I'll do it myself, or Anna will never talk to me again," she laughed. "You two get off and enjoy yourselves. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

As Steve and Anna walked the short distance to the allotment gate, hand in hand, he felt her tugging him, willing him to walk faster. She unlocked Grand-Bob's shed, while Steve did his own. The easy chair was already out from before. It hadn't rained on it, but looked like it might before long. He then went to the shed, and took out a digging fork and his thick leather gloves. He turned, feeling eyes on his back. He knew she wanted to play around, and he knew it was dangerous, and that she needed the brakes applying slightly.

"Are you going to stand there all day," he asked. "or are you going to weed your Grand-Bob's beds for him, so they are nice and smart for when he can walk down here next?" She was perplexed, torn between a sense of duty, and her own desire. In the end, duty won over, and she got the hoe out of the shed, and started to work her way along the rows of vegetables. Steve looked at her bottom, as she bent to the task, an inch of crack showing above the waist line of the leggings drawn tightly over her rounded buttocks.

Just as they were about to have their break, Steve felt a few spots of rain, and quickly pulled the chair into the shed, before it got too wet. Anna came and joined him, wiping perspiration off her brow, from the work and high humidity, leaving a mud smear across her forehead. The wind had got up with the squall the rain had brought, so they went into the shed. Steve's shed door was a stable type, in two halves, so he shut the lower section, leaving the top half open.

He sat down, and pulled the tab off a can of beer and took a sip. Anna reached for a Lilt, and opening it sat on his lap in the usual way. She took a large swig from the can, then burped loudly, grinning over her shoulder at him. They remained like that for a few minutes, neither sure how to make the next move, both conscious of the tension building between them.

"Well done, yesterday," Steve eventually said, making conversation. "You know, when your mum spotted you'd taken your panties off."

"God yeah," she said, rolling her eyes "I nearly fainted."

"That's what I meant about keeping to the rules," he said seriously. "Make sure you only ever do something where you know without any doubt your mum won't see you. And that lesson, yesterday, with the panties shows how you have to check and double check everything. Liz is observant, Anna. She will notice things, especially if you act or do anything differently. Like, when we got home, with you asleep, but all your little girl juices had seeped out and wet your leggings. Mums tend to notice things like that. If you go home from here all wet between your legs too often, she will notice."

"I have been thinking, and I reckon you need to do two things," he said.

She turned, to look at him over her shoulder, with an enquiring expression. "Hmm?" she muttered.

"I think, at home, you need to act a little as though you don't like me as much," he said. She looked horrified. "Think about it. If you're always sitting on my knees, cuddling me, kissing me, then your mum will start to fit the jigsaw together. Don't act like you hate me or anything, but why not, instead cuddle your mum much more. Show her how much you love her."

"And the other thing?" she asked. "You said there were two things."

"Yes," he said, looking at the back of her head, as she leaned against him, "your mum must have had thoughts, wondering why you had wet leggings, which smelt like you'd just cum."

"But I had just cum," she giggled at him.

"I know, that's the point," he said, "I think, if you want to start doing the sort of things you did here yesterday, then maybe you need to have some other clothes to change into while you're here, or even wear a skirt rather than leggings, so when you go home, you smell all fresh. We don't want you going home today smelling like you did yesterday, do we?"

"Was it that bad?" she asked.

"Well I noticed it, so I'm sure your mum did."

"So what do I do today?" she asked "I haven't any spare clothes with me."

"I think you have another two choices, Anna," he said, as if describing what they might eat for supper. "You can either go back to weeding Grand-Bob's plot, or make sure your clothes don't smell when you get home."

"How do I do that?" she asked innocently.

"Take them off," he replied.

She looked at him wide eyed. "You mean be bare, in here, with you?"

"Isn't that what you really want, Anna?" he asked reasonably. She looked at him, chewing her lower lip, twisting the end of her T-shirt between her fingers.

Anna knew this was the moment when she had to make a choice. Ever since she'd met Steve, she'd loved him. Even that first time when Grand-Bob had brought her down from the house, when she could just about walk then. Steve had been a part of her life ever since. She wasn't embarrassed about him seeing her naked. She knew he had seen her several times at home and at Tenerife. She also knew he'd liked looking at her through the peephole. But it was the thought of her no longer pretending. To have him rub her with her clothes on, like last time, was like pretending. But to take her clothes off intentionally so that he could touch her, do stuff to her. It seemed such a big step. But a step she not only desperately wanted, but a step she knew she would take.

She turned and looked at him, almost doe eyed. A most unusual expression for this normally precocious girl. She stood looking at him, as he sat in the chair watching her, in the cramped space of the shed. She seemed to come to a decision, and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her leggings, and pushed them down. She then realised her wellie boots were in the way, and grinned at him, realising her mistake. She turned, and sat on his knee, while she pulled them off, and then continued with working her leggings off. She stood up once more, now only wearing her white T-shirt, white knickers and white socks. She pushed off the knickers, but then surprised him, by pulling on her wellies again.

Seeing his expression, she grinned and said: "I don't need Mum asking why I have black feet when I get home later." She turned in front of him, and stood in her wellies and T-shirt. She moved her feet apart, and put her hands on her hips and asked: "Like what you see, Daddy?" He nodded.

Her comment of "don't do anything I wouldn't do," echoed in his mind. He knew Liz wasn't stupid. He also knew where she was right now. His phone 'Find-a-friend' app showed her to be in the same place Mary had visited so often in the past, close to the supermarket. He'd made some discreet enquiries and found out his name was Tony. He spent a lot of time in the shop, meeting young mothers and recruiting them as new clients.

Steve leaned forward, and cupped her little mound, his fingers trailing further back into her cleft, glancing off her clitty, finding dampness once more seeping from her. Steve knew some girls produced no lubricant at all, others did. It seemed Anna produced gallons. This had been the problem last time, when she'd soaked her clothing. He'd been surprised that Liz hadn't said anything. Perhaps she'd not noticed anything after all. But he knew Liz well enough to know she almost certainly recognised Anna's condition and possibly what had caused it.

He sat back, and put both hands on her shoulders, looking at her steadily in the eyes. "You know what we're about to do, don't you?" he said in a serious tone. She nodded. "Up until now," he continued, "everything that's happened could be passed off as just a few playful games and pranks. Are you absolutely sure this is what you want to do, Anna? We can stop right now and pretend nothing has ever happened. It is vital your mum never finds out about this. I'd be in jail, and she would be unhappy with you for the rest of your life."

Anna looked steadily at Steve, and said nothing for several seconds. Then she said something he would remember for the rest of his life. "Someone once said to me. It was one of my teachers at school, that in this life there are moments, like pages in a book, when you make a choice which will change your life forever. Some you will regret and some you won't. I love you so much Daddy, I know I will never regret this. I have made my choice. I made it two years ago, in fact, long before that, even, the first time I saw you."

"How do you know how I feel about this, Anna?" he asked.

"Lots of things," she replied. "But I knew for sure when you baby sat for us, and did stuff to Gilly and me. That was really cool."

"You were awake then?" he asked, suddenly realising how much trouble he could have been in that night.

"Yeah, but Gilly wasn't," she said, "I wish it was my pussy you licked that night. Seeing you do it to Gilly made me really horny." She giggled.

"So what shall we do, Daddy?" Anna turned, and looked out of the door, and bending slightly, rested her arms on the top of the lower half of the stable door, watching the falling rain. She moved her feet apart, and pushed her bottom back at him. Anyone passing would have only seen a young girl, in a white T-shirt, keeping out of the rain. But with the weather as it was, now, everyone had left for home.

Steve's phone rang. It was Liz. "How are you two doing down there?" she asked. "Keeping dry, I hope."

"We're in my shed," said Steve, tidying up. "Anna's watching the rain, letting me do all the work. Want to have a word with her?" He handed the phone to Anna, then moving the chair, sat down behind her, his knees either side of her legs, his face almost level with her naked bottom.

"Hi Mum," Anna said brightly. "We managed to do lots, before the rain started. I think Steve wants us to stay a while and see if it stops. What are you doing?"

"I'm down at the supermarket to pick up a few things, Darling. I was going to ask Steve to go, but I realised you wanted to get to the allotment."

"Yes, thanks Mum," replied Anna, just as she realised Steve's hands were on the globes of her bottom, his thumbs pushed between her thighs, either side of her labia. "We are having a great time. The rain started just as we stopped for a break. You know what Steve's doing while I'm talking to you."

"No," laughed Liz, "what's he up to?"

"He's been saying he wanted to get round to doing some things in the shed. I think they are jobs he's wanted to get his hands on for ages, and now he can." Just then, she felt Steve pull her buttocks apart, and in a moment his tongue dipped into her little anus, licking her crack. "Oh god," she said, suddenly.

"What is it Darling?" asked Liz anxiously.

"It's OK, Mum" Anna said quickly, trying to regain her composure, "I nearly dropped the phone," she said truthfully. "Steve said he wanted to get to the bottom of something. He's nearly there, I think."

"OK, Darling," said Liz, "you two have fun, down there. I'll have lunch ready in a couple of hours. See you later." Liz smiled to herself. She'd heard Anna's almost silent gasp. Even the tone of her voice had spoken volumes. She now had a window of opportunity herself. Tony, her young friend lived near the supermarket. He was at the local university, studying Psychology of sexual relationships. He liked to get in as much practical experience as he could, and Liz gave him plenty of that.

Liz loved Steve, but she also loved variety and plenty of it. It didn't matter how much sex Steve gave her, she always wanted more. She just couldn't help herself. She'd popped in to Tony's for a quickie, earlier, then rushed round the supermarket at breakneck speed, before returning to Tony's, meeting Cathy there at the prearranged time for a much longer intimate session with them both. Knowing now that Anna was keeping Steve occupied, eased her conscience and probably bought her time as well.

Anna clicked the phone off, and handing it to him said: "That was really mean of you, Daddy. I almost said the wrong thing to Mummy. You shouldn't.....oh!" she muttered, as Steve's fingers drifted under, between Anna's thighs, sinking into her cleft, seeking, exploring. He was still licking her bottom, tasting the tartness of her young sweat, and her anus. He turned both hands now, pressing between her legs, fingers facing outwards. He pushed against her labia, and pulled them gently apart, opening her. She responded by moving her legs further apart. In so doing, her head and chest dropped further down behind the door, just her head and shoulders seen from outside now.

Steve's fingers were now running the full length of her cleft. Ten fingers, exploring pressing rubbing, arousing. He felt her shudder, when he started to rub her clitty rhythmically, working her up.

"Move away from the door, Anna," he said, pulling his mouth away from her bottom for a moment, "I want to do something you might like." She took a step back, making him slide the chair back also. "Bend down, keep your knees straight," he instructed, "and hold onto your wellies." She immediately did as he said. He glanced down, and almost came in his pants. Her spread legs, her bent over position, her aroused state, combined to show him such a sexy sight. Her whole pudenda was spread out before him. Her buttocks parted, the valley between them, showing her open anus; below which her perineum was spread taught; her vagina open, and pouring arousal mucous in even greater quantities than yesterday; her cleft, leading down to her clitty, now standing proud from her cowl, waiting to be molested again, and her plump tear shaped mound stretching towards her tummy button.

He didn't wait a moment, but encased her clitty and vagina in his wide open mouth, his lips pressed to her, sucking her in. Immediately, his tongue started to work it's magic on her, pressing, rubbing, arousing, tasting. So good, so sexy. Steve was holding Anna's hips, now, so she didn't lose her balance. Very soon, he felt her rocking. Like last time, she was going to cum incredibly fast. He was amazed how soon she seemed to respond. The first sign, was when he heard her snort. Then she leaned back at him, increasing the contact between them. Then he felt her spasming on his tongue. She started to gasp and moan out her pleasure. And finally, she let go a long, long squirt of little girl cum juice, right into his mouth. No wonder she'd had wet leggings last time. She tasted fabulous to him. Then she squirted again, and before she'd finished, it happened one last time. He would have to remember to brush his teeth when he got home. He'd have to bring some mint chewing gum next time.

He knew she was sated, when all the tension went out of her, and he needed to support her. He sat back on the seat, taking her with him, cuddling her around her tummy, letting her catch her breath, her heartbeat returning to something countable.

"Is it always as nice as that?" she asked, after a five minute silence, her hands resting over his.

"Sometimes it is, and sometimes not, and sometimes better," he replied.

"Better?" she said incredulously, "no way."

"Wait and see, Anna. There are a hundred ways to make love," he said. "One person loves it one way, but not another. And someone else would think the reverse. But everyone has their favourite. You wait and see."

She was quiet again for a few minutes, looking out at the falling rain. "I love you Daddy," she said simply. "Never leave me will you?"

"I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart," he said quietly.

"Do you ever think something is going to happen, and then it does?" she asked suddenly.

"Like a premonition, you mean?"

"Is that what it's called?" she asked. "I keep getting these feelings, like I need to love you and Mummy and Grand-Bob and Granny, before it's too late."

"Is that why you have been doing naughty things here?" he asked.

"No," she replied, thoughtfully, "not really. I wanted to do those things with you anyway. No, what I mean is, I keep feeling that something bad's going to happen."

"Do you know what sort of thing, Darling?" he asked.

"I don't know. It's just a feeling," she said vaguely. "I don't want to think about it anymore."

There was another pause. "Daddy?"

"Hmm, what?"

"Would you make me feel nice again?" she asked, pushing his fingers down between her thighs once more.

Steve gently pushed his fingers down through her cleft, seeking her clitty once more. He started to rub her gently, feeling her tension increase just as fast as before. This time, though, he wanted to see how far he could push the limits of her orgasm. She was already highly aroused, and judging from before, it shouldn't take too long. He slipped his other hand under her bottom, and sought her cleft from underneath. He soon found her vagina entry, gaping open with the position she was in. She lifted her wellies up onto his knees, then draped her own knees far apart, exposing herself entirely to his gaze and digital exploration.

He got into a rhythm caressing her clit, and dabbing his finger tip into her vagina. She started to undulate on his lap, causing his finger underneath to ease into her a fraction,

then a fraction more. She was so damp and slick with arousal, she needed no extra lubrication. In moments, he could feel her barrier pressing back against him, but her wriggling worked him further in, and his finger squeezed through the little hole in her membrane, sinking into her deepest place, nudging her cervix. The instant he touched it, she erupted. Her orgasm was monumental. It made the earlier climax seem as a gentle firework to this volcanic eruption.

Anna had never felt anything like it. But she already knew she would again, and soon. She could feel her passage pulsing on Daddy's finger, deep inside her. His other finger on her clitty felt so good too. She needed this to last forever. She could feel the liquid running down her bum crack onto his trousers beneath her. She didn't care. All that mattered were the feelings coursing through her in waves, again and again.

Steve got into a steady rhythm now, massaging her clit for a few seconds, then dabbing his finger against her 'G' spot, then her clitty again. She kept rising and falling in orgasmic waves. One minute on a high, the next seeming to calm, then up again. On and on she went. Steve had been right, his suspicions confirmed. She was a sex addict, who needed to cum long and often. He realised Anna must have inherited her incredible appetite for sex from her mother, who he knew was back at Tony's.

In the end, it was Anna who pushed his hand away from her clitty. "I can't take any more," she gasped. "At least for a minute or two." They sat there together for another half an hour, her naked legs draped out sideways, his hands over her mound, fingers in her cleft, but now still, her hands on his.

"Would you do it again, please Daddy?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"Are you sure you won't be too sore, Anna?" he asked in reply. "I mean, you've cum an awful lot now, and you're looking a bit red and swollen down there, now. If your mum notices you limp or put your hand down there, she will wonder why."

"I know. I will be careful, but I would love it again, please." she giggled and looked at him in a way only little girls can look at men, when they want something.

Steve was far more gentle this time, easing her slowly into her first climax, letting it last, but not hard. She sighed rather than groaned, she pressed her bottom into his lap, rather than bouncing up and down. It was good, but gentle. In the end, she purred like a cat, curling up in his lap, her bottom cupped in his hand.

The rain eased off, and Steve said it was time to go. Her mum would be back from the supermarket before too long, and it would be good if they could get home first. Anna used some paper towel, Steve kept in the shed, to wipe herself down. She needed it. It had run down her legs. She giggled and pointed at his jeans, which had a damp patch on them, where she'd been sitting. They'd have to go in the wash. She pulled on her panties and leggings, They locked up the two sheds, and walked the short distance home, hand in hand, a very new relationship now existing between them.

CHAPTER 4

Female Collusion, Conspiracy and Audacity

Liz got back from the “supermarket” with Gilly, who’d had a sleepover at her friend’s house, while Liz, Cathy and Sierra’s mum, Ellen were at Tony’s. Liz and Ellen were becoming close friends too. She seemed to be filling the void in Liz’s life left after Mary had died.

The little girl came rushing in to show Steve the new swimsuit she’d got that morning. “Mummy says we’re going swimming tomorrow, at the leisure centre,” squealed Gilly. “She said I needed a new suit, because my bum was hanging out of the old one. Can I try it on, Mummy?”

“Yes dear,” said Liz absently. Before she’d finished the words, Gilly had pulled off her T-shirt, and slipped her little blue skirt off. She was about to push her panties down, when Liz said: “Don’t you want to change upstairs, Darling?” But it was already too late, as she stood, naked in front of them, shaking the folds out of the new white one-piece suit. To Steve, it was like time froze, because he realised he was staring at the eight year old’s crack, nestled between the two halves of her labia, merging into her mound, full, plump and pouting at him. Her crack seemed damp and swollen and a darker pink than usual. Her cowl had emerged too. It looked as if she’d been playing with herself. But that couldn’t be; she’d been at Sierra’s all morning. He’d looked at her dozens of times, naked in Tenerife, and at home, but this was different. He also realised, he wanted to touch it, to feel it, fondle the child. It was in that moment he realised he didn’t just enjoy touching Anna, but admitted to himself, he wanted her sister as well, he was a paedophile, and he wanted more. Much more, and in that moment, he realised he was going to get it. What he didn’t know was that fate had other ideas.

Liz, pretending to sort out her shopping, watched his reaction out of the corner of her eye. She didn’t know what had gone on down at the allotment this morning, but as soon as she’d walked in the door, she sensed the atmosphere. And now he was ogling Gilly. Despite her quickie with her student lover earlier, and a long foursome, she expected, and suddenly wanted a long hard session in bed tonight. She realised, suddenly, that this new clandestine life they were both living, suited them very well indeed.

He watched, as Gilly wriggled into the new costume, her little mound lifted up from beneath by the material, as she pulled the swimsuit upwards. She adjusted it, then slipped the straps over her shoulders, and stretched the wrinkles out, spreading the material around her thighs. She held her arms out, one knee bent and grinning said: “Tada!”

Steve said all the right things about the new costume, which Gilly now took just as long to remove. He was still pretending not to watch her, when Liz asked: “Where’s Anna?”

“I don’t know,” he replied. “She was around a few minutes ago.”

Liz took Gilly’s costume from her, and went upstairs to put it away. Steve, meanwhile watched Gilly, as she sat on the floor, sorting out her clothes, before putting them back on. Steve studied her carefully, watching her vulva open and close, as she finally pushed one leg into the leg hole of her panties. Liz returned a few minutes later, smiling. “She’s upstairs sound asleep. I don’t know what she gets up to down at that allotment, but she seems to come home, ready to go to bed. And it’s not even lunchtime yet.”

Liz was no one's fool. She'd lifted the covers and in a moment seen the state of her daughter's cunt, puffed up, swollen and reddened. She had a fair idea of what was going on. Instead of being angry though, her pussy clenched in anticipation. She knew Steve would give her some incredible sex tonight. Not only that, but she was wondering what it might be like if Anna joined them. She would have to think on that over the next few weeks. An idea which never came to fruition.

That afternoon, as it was raining again, they went to the movies and watched a film in the out of town movie multiplex, where they watched Frozen 2. They'd already seen it, but Gilly wanted to see it on the big screen. The girls took it in turns to sit on both adults' laps, leaning back against them, their feet up on the seat in front. Liz kept telling them to put their feet down.

On one occasion, Anna was now on Steve, her skirt rucked up, when he curled his fingers under her thigh, and touched her panties over her cleft. He felt her stiffen and take a sharp breath. She was really sore. Before Liz noticed anything, he quickly took hold of the hem of her skirt, and pulled it to her knees, where he rested his hands for a few minutes. Later, when Gilly sat on his lap, Steve was very tempted to push his luck, and explore a little, but in the end, he decided to be prudent, and leave her be. He still had vivid memories of seeing her pouting mound earlier that afternoon, and wanted to become better acquainted with it as soon as possible. One thing was certain, Liz was going to be the very happy recipient of a massive delivery tonight, when he got her between the sheets.

When they left the cinema, the rain was still falling in stair rods. There were huge puddles across the car park. Steve sprinted to the car, and drove it to the entrance door, to let Liz and the girls in without getting soaked. They drove home through the rain, as lightening started to flash on the horizon.

Liz ushered the girls to bed as soon as they got home, running the bath for them to sit in together. When she came downstairs, Steve was watching the news.

"The girls would like you to go up and read them a story," she said. "They want a scary one, because of the storm. I'm a bit worried about Anna. She kept scratching herself in the water." Steve looked at her blankly, pretending not to understand. "You know," Liz continued, "down there. If it carries on I may have to take her to the doctor. She might have picked up an infection. Perhaps it's not such a good idea for her to go swimming tomorrow."

"Wait and see," he replied. "Perhaps in the morning, she will be altogether different."

"You're right, of course," said Liz, "I worry too much." Of course Liz suspected why Anna's cunt itched. But it did no harm for Steve to realise she'd noticed.

Steve went upstairs. On the way, he called into the bathroom. He looked in the cabinet, and found some cream for treatment of vaginal inflammation, or Thrush, as he termed it. He squeezed a little onto his finger, and curling it back, flushed the toilet, giving credence for his being in the bathroom, and went into the girls room. Unusually, he went to the other side of the bed, Anna's side, and sat on the edge.

“Would you like to choose the book tonight, Gilly?” he asked. She grinned triumphantly at her sister, and leapt from the bed to the bookshelf. He unconsciously followed her movements with his eyes, seeing her nighty flip up, revealing she wore no panties beneath. While she scanned the line of books, he leaned in to Anna’s head and whispered to her what he needed to do. She nodded.

Steve kicked off his shoes, climbed onto the bed, and sat leaning against the pillows, in between the two little girls, who leaned into his sides. Holding the book in one hand, he slipped his other hand under the covers, finding Anna had already pulled her nighty up out of the way. She too was wearing nothing beneath. He found her spread thighs, and keeping his middle finger out of the way, located her, cleft, gently pulling her open. She winced slightly in discomfort, still very sore from this morning. He carefully pushed his finger, covered in the soothing gel into her vagina, then slid it upwards towards her clitty and back, massaging the medication into her. The local anaesthetic in it, had an almost immediate effect, easing her soreness, making her sigh. Steve started to read the story. Still leaving his finger under the covers, encased in Anna’s cleft, the story went on. After a minute or two, he glanced up and saw Liz leaning against the door jam, smiling at the family scene. Her husband reading a bed time story to her little girls. She’d seen his hand moving under the covers for a few seconds, before she moved more into the doorway.

He finished the story, before kissing the two girls ‘goodnight’, and sliding down and off the bed. He pulled his shoes back on, switched the light out and pulled the door to, leaving it open a few inches. He went downstairs, where Liz was finishing clearing the kitchen.

She came out into the sitting room, where he’d just sat down, looking through the TV listings in the newspaper. “You can put that away, Buster,” she said, as she came to him, one knee either side of his thighs, her bottom coming to rest on his knees. “There’s no television for you tonight.” She snatched the paper, and tossed it over her shoulder onto the floor behind her. She bent forwards and kissed his lips, her hands now behind his head. “I don’t know what it is,” she said, pulling away for just a moment, “but I feel as randy as a sex starved bitch on heat. God, all through the cinema, one or the other of my girls were sitting on you, when all I wanted to do was get my hands in your jeans. It’s time for bed, Mister. Get up those stairs.” Despite having her illicit lover to call on when opportunity presented itself, like earlier today, he wasn’t the lover that Steve was. To her it was a bit of harmless fun. It was Steve who really rang her bell.

“Do you like Steve, Anna?” asked Gilly in a quiet voice, as she cuddled into her sister’s back.

“Yes, of course,” came her reply, “he’s my Daddy, now. Why wouldn’t I like him?”

“It’s just that...,” she lapsed into silence.

“It’s just that, what?” asked Anna, “Spit it out Gilly.”

“He’s been touching you, hasn’t he?” said Gilly simply.

"Of course not, Gilly, don't be silly," responded Anna, a little too hastily. "Whatever made you think that?"

"Lot's of little things," Gilly replied. "Like I saw you in the cinema, his hand inside your skirt, and just now, when he read to us, I saw where his hand was. It was moving under the sheets. Then in the bath, I saw how sore you are, and you kept touching it. And your panties, they have a funny smell on them. You know, like Mummy's sometimes do. I'm going to tell Mummy he's mo-les-ting you."

"No, Gilly," hissed Anna, "you mustn't. Please."

"So he is, then," said Gilly, her thoughts confirmed. "My teacher at school told us that men mo-les-ting little girls," she said enunciating the word as the teacher had, " should be locked up. I must tell Mummy."

"No, Gilly, please don't," a tone of desperation in her voice. "He didn't do anything, It was me."

"How do you mean, Anna? He either mo-les-ted you, or he didn't," said Gilly reasonably.

"It was me," said Anna, plaintively. "I sort of made him do it. Please don't say anything, Gilly. I love Steve. I kind of rubbed myself against him. It was nice. It was in the shed, down the allotment. He's never made me do anything to him, ever."

Gilly looked at her older sister with new eyes. "Was it nice, Anna?" she asked conspiratorially, her tone suddenly changing. "Did you like what he did to you?"

Anna put her arm around Gilly's shoulder and cuddled her into her. "Yeah," she replied, "it was really, really nice. I can't wait for him to do it again. I don't know if he will, though. I feel so sore, I know I won't be able to do anything for a few days. That was my fault too. He said I'd had enough, this morning, but I insisted he did it again and again. It was worth it, though, it felt really good."

"Do you think he would do it to me?" asked Gilly, becoming interested, now. "What did you do to make him do it to you?"

"Well he cuddled me, in the usual way, you know, the way he always does, with his hands in my lap," explained Anna, "and I just pushed his fingers down into me."

Gilly lay silently, thinking about what Anna had said, drifting slowly towards sleep. Anna's arm was still around her, but she was snoring gently now. Gilly knew when Anna was asleep, it would take an explosion to wake her up. No one slept as soundly as she did.

The rain started to pelt against the window. The storm had returned. She opened her eyes and saw through the curtains a bright flash of lightening. It was several seconds, before the loud crash of thunder arrived. Gilly never minded thunder, but an idea occurred to her. She waited for another bright flash, followed quickly by a louder clap of thunder.

She climbed out of bed, and went to her mum's room. Pausing at the open door watching, as her step father moved back and forth over her mother. It wasn't the first time she'd

watched them. Every night, Gilly could hear the sounds of her mother and Steve, as they made love together. She could hear them now. They were making more noise than normal. She was so pleased Mummy loved Steve. Dad had been horrible to her and made her so unhappy. Mum's legs were wrapped around his waist, pulling him into her. She wondered what that felt like.

When Steve came into their lives, everything was better. She wouldn't have said anything about Steve and Anna to Mum, but she had wanted to know what they'd been up to, so she could do it too. She knew it was sneaky, but Steve made her tingle, down there, every time he looked at her with those big blue eyes. She'd tried on the swimsuit in front of him earlier, to see how he would react. She knew he'd watched her. It made her tingle. Now she knew, all she had to do was to wait for the right moment. Suddenly another, flash of lightening, followed instantly by an even louder clap of thunder crashed through the house, making her jump. She pushed into the room, making a whimper, which she hoped would sound convincing.

Liz had been cuming constantly, since Steve's first thrust into her hungry cunt. She didn't know why she felt so incredibly horny today. Something or things had set her off. Could it be that Anna had been giving off vibes all week? Maybe it was her certainty that she now knew Steve was aroused by both the girls. It certainly hadn't been her young lover. He was OK, for a bit of nooky, but never made her heart thump like Steve did.

There were a number of reasons she and Cathy, in the past, Mary went to Tony, and more recently, Ellen was because he didn't charge them very much, he had a lot of staying power to satisfy all of them and the biggest cock any of them had ever seen. But she'd soon learned size wasn't everything and what he lacked in magnitude, Steve made up for in method. So when she'd come to bed, Liz was desperate for a really good fuck. Steve had just thrust hard into Liz, and was at the very cusp of cuming. His naked bum up in the air, bed sheets on the floor, when suddenly the room lit up, with the door swinging open, with the light on in the landing. Silhouetted in the doorway was eight year old Gilly. Liz gasped, caught in the very act. Then instantly she knew she hadn't done anything wrong. Nothing to feel guilty about.

"I was frightened, Mummy," said Gilly. "The storm woke me. Can I sleep with you?"

"Of course you can Darling," said Liz. "Hand me the sheet off the floor for me, would you?" Gilly lifted the sheet, and passed it to Liz. "Did you see what Daddy and I were doing, Gilly?" asked Liz.

"Yes, Mummy," replied the child, "I've watched you before. It's alright, I know about sex and where babies come from. They teach us all that in school. I'm sorry Mummy," Gilly continued, "do you want me to go out while you two finish?"

"No, it's alright," said Liz, smiling at the child's openness about the subject, "Daddy made me very happy already. Come into bed." Just then another huge clap of thunder erupted outside, the rain slapping against the window with more intensity. Gilly leapt into the bed, beside Liz. Steve gave her a "what about my fuck," look. She shrugged her shoulders. She had had a great cum herself, she was absolutely sated, now, and had only carried on to bring Steve off, just as Gilly had interrupted them. But there was nothing she could do about that, now. He should have got on with it, instead of trying to make it last longer, as

he always did. She felt the arms of Morpheous start to enfold her, sinking deeper. Like Anna, once Liz was asleep, the black hounds of Hades couldn't wake her. Her very distinctive snore soon started it's rhythmical rattle.

Steve rolled onto his side, and tried to get to sleep. But Gilly, like he, had heard her mother start to snore, and got out of the bed and came round to his side of the bed, slipping in beside him. Steve wrapped his arm around Gilly. She sighed. He assumed she was drifting off to sleep too. He had blue balls, but there was nothing he could do about that. He'd played with Anna for an hour or more in the morning, and inserted the cream into her swollen pussy a little while ago. He'd had a great fuck with Liz, and was on the point of exploding into her, when Gilly had interrupted them.

One thing he did notice, as he held Gilly under his arm, was that her nighty had rucked up. It was under her armpits. He knew she would be wearing panties, though, so no big deal. Then she shuffled back, her bottom pressing to his naked groin. She wasn't. She was naked too.

There was a hesitancy from Steve and Gilly. Neither knew what to do. If Steve moved, he would be drawing attention to the situation, rather than treating it all as perfectly natural for her to gain comfort from a cuddle. If he got an erection, or took advantage of her, she might scream the house down. Gilly, on the other hand, thought very differently. She didn't want to get into trouble with Mummy, which she would if Mummy woke and found her on this side of the bed, but she did want to find out if Steve was willing to play a few games, but not how to find out if he would.

They both lay there for ten minutes or so, seeing the occasional flash of lightening, and hearing the diminishing rumble of thunder, as it moved away. Steve was hoping Gilly would start to snore soon, as he knew she would, when she went into a deep sleep, so he could explore a little, while he had a nice wank, so he could get to sleep. Gilly was hoping Steve would fall asleep soon, so she could find out a little about his body. Then it dawned on Steve that Gilly wasn't going to sleep any time soon. So he decided he would fake falling asleep, and see what she did.

Using a lot of concentration, he forced himself to breathe steadily, deeply and evenly. Over a period of a few minutes he started to let his breathing rattle at the back of his throat. It wasn't a loud rattle. Just a catch, enough for her to hear. Regular and even. Then he sensed her movement. They were both lying on their right side, him spooning into her bottom, his left arm draped over her bare tummy. Her right hand touched his fingers, then covered them, then his hand, and rested there, holding his hand. After a full minute, he felt her push his hand slowly downwards. He felt the dip of her tummy button, then the firm rise of her mound, as she pushed him further down. His heart was thumping now. He was amazed she couldn't feel it against her back.

At last, he felt the dip of her dimple, heralding her cleft, her fingers pushing his into her valley. She quivered, as his finger tip touched her clitty. It was full, enflamed and engorged with the blood of her arousal. Steve lay there wondering how an eight year old could become so horny. But then he knew nothing of her new secret relationship with Sierra and how the two of them had discovered the joys of sex with each other. His erection was growing once more. It started to press against the back of her thighs. There was nothing he could do about that. By now, Gilly was pushing his finger repeatedly against her clitty,

quickly gaining pressure and speed. She felt his cock behind her, it was trying to squeeze between her legs, just below her bottom. She lifted her knee up, parting her thighs slightly, and immediately, his cock pushed through. She lowered her leg onto the top of it, trapping him just an inch below her tingling pussy.

Gilly started to run the fingers of her left hand carefully over his crown, exploring. She felt the stickiness, the heat, the pulsing nature of it, like it had a life of its own. Her basic instincts excited her, as she fondled him, at the same time she pressed his fingers into her clitty. She realised she was getting into a wet, sticky mess. Where it was coming from, she didn't know, but it didn't matter, because she knew she was about to cum.

By now, she was undulating her bum back and forth against Steve's pubis, increasing her pleasure. She didn't realise it, but she was jerking back and forth quite hard. Had he been asleep, it might well have woken him. He heard her gasp once, moan once, press his cock hard up against her, then she went still, just for a second.

She was holding her breath, the tension building. Then she exhaled in a long whoosh, suddenly gasping for breath, her fingers pushing his cock against her, her little hips moving back and forth, increasing her pleasure. She was aware she was incredibly wet, soaked. She was unaware Steve had cum on her, his semen squirting out between her thighs, all over her hands, up against her pussy and bum, everywhere. Finally, she calmed, her movements slowing, stopping. The only sound her panting, as she got her breath back, her pulse slowing below one hundred.

Steve didn't move, twitch or hardly breathe at all. He too was desperate to catch his breath, but just took long, careful, controlled intakes of air. His pulse too, had she felt for it, was over one-hundred. God knows what his blood pressure had shot up to. But he was now sated. The best cum he'd had in years. What a fucking fantastic experience. And even now, if Liz woke up and discovered what had happened, he could pretend to have been asleep and entirely innocent of anything untoward.

Gilly lay there, recovering. Suddenly, reality returned, and she realised the seriousness of her situation. She was covered in cum from her bottom, all the way down to her knees. It was smeared all over her legs. She was suddenly frightened he would wake up and get angry with what she'd done. But even as she lay there, she knew it had been worth the risk, and she already knew she would do it again as soon as she could. Trying not to cover the bedding in all the semen, she carefully lifted off the sheet and slipped out of the bed, and left the room.

Steve lay there, recovering. It had been an incredible experience. If Gilly had not started to do what she did, he would have waited until she was definitely asleep, then molested her and taken his pleasure out on her. As it turned out, it was the other way round. She rubbed him against her pussy, giving herself pleasure, unaware, she was giving him one of the best hand jobs he'd ever experienced. He'd cum all over her, and she thought it was her fault. It couldn't get better than that. He then heard the shower in the bathroom at the other end of the house start to run. She was cleaning up. Before he knew it, it was morning. He'd slept like a babe.

CHAPTER 5

Attempted Blackmail

The following day, was a Sunday. He went down to the allotment as usual. Anna came along, as normal, but he was puzzled, because Gilly insisted on coming along as well. She and Sierra hadn't had a sleepover, as frequently occurred Saturday nights, nor had she opted to go and see her friend this morning. She had never shown any interest in the allotment before. She was kitted out in a denim skirt, similar to the sort Anna now always wore to the plot, together with a pair of wellies. They unlocked the two sheds, and Steve worked on his allotment, while the girls tidied up Grand-Bob's. The girls seemed to spend more time giggling and messing around, than working. But then, they were here for recreation, and they were having fun.

After about an hour, Steve was just thinking about having a break, when he heard Anna answer a question from Gilly, which he hadn't heard. "I'll go and ask him," she replied.

Anna walked over, wiping a few beads of perspiration off her brow with the back of her wrist. "How are you getting on?" she asked.

"Nearly finished preparing the ground for the runner beans. The ground's quite wet from last night's storm," he answered, knowing that wasn't what she wanted to ask at all. "How are you feeling this morning, Anna? Still sore?"

She grimaced, and nodded. "Yeah, a little. That cream you put on worked. This morning all the swelling had gone. I'll listen to you next time. It was so nice, though, I can't let you do it today, sorry. Still a bit sore." She gave him a watery smile.

"That's no problem, Anna. It'll give us something to look forward to next time we're down here. Besides, it might have been tricky having Gilly here. She's never wanted to come down before. Why did she come down today? Anyway, what was it you wanted to ask me?" he said.

Anna stood, looking uncomfortable, not quite sure how to say it. "Well, it was sort of about Gilly I wanted to talk to you about." She swung her hips from side to side, as little girls do, when they don't know how to phrase what they want to say.

"Uh hah," he said, "what about Gilly."

"Well, she sort of found out what you did to me down here yesterday," she explained. "I didn't mean to say anything. It just sort of came out."

"When was this, Anna?" he asked, concerned at where this was going.

"Last night, after you'd read the story to us," said Anna. "It was like she already knew all about it."

"And, what does she want to do about it?" he asked carefully.

"She wants you to do the same to her, that you did to me. She wants you to play with her pussy, make her feel nice."

“And what if I say ‘no’? What if I refuse?” he asked. Anna looked startled. That wasn’t what she’d expected him to say at all.

“She says she’ll go and tell Mum what you did in her bed last night,” said Anna fretfully. This wasn’t in the script the two girls had dreamt up at all. “What do you want me to say to her?”

“Tell her she was a very, very naughty girl last night, when she came into our bedroom, and got into bed with your mum and me, during the storm. Tell her I know exactly what she did, and I’m not sure if I shouldn’t tell your mum about that.”

“What did she do?” asked Anna, wide eyed, a small smile on her face.

“That doesn’t matter just now, Anna, I’ll tell you later. Just tell her exactly what I just said. I think you’ll see a different Gilly afterwards.” He grinned at her, as she walked back across to where Gilly was still poking weeds with a rake. Steve couldn’t hear most of what was said. He watched the body language, though, and suddenly saw Gilly visibly cringe with embarrassment, blushing bright red, and turning her head to look at him over her shoulder. He then heard a couple of phrases, like: “Did he really say that?.....But I was covered in white, sticky, creamy, stuff.....what do I do?..... What if Mum finds out?.....”

The two girls finally came over to join Steve. He’d pulled out his easy chair from the shed, and had sat down, by the time they came over, now sipping a beer, as though he hadn’t a care in the world. The two girls came and stood in front of him. Anna grinning, now, knowing the fright Gilly had given her earlier, was just an empty memory. Gilly was standing with uncertainty, knowing she had pushed her luck, and had pushed it too far.

He looked at the two sisters, standing side by side, looking at him with uncertainty. The step father they’d come to rely on, who suddenly seemed....unpredictable.

“Anna,” he suddenly said, “you betrayed me. You told your sister about what happened here yesterday. You promised me that would never happen. You let me down. Gillian,” he continued, using the girl’s full name, emphasising his displeasure, “you used me last night, and today, you try to blackmail me into doing what you want. What do you have to say. When I tell your mother the way you have behaved she will have a lot to say, I think.”

“Please don’t say anything,” pleaded the little girl, tears running down her cheeks now, her shoulders slumped, “I only wanted a little bit of fun, that’s all.”

Steve took a swig from his can of beer, looking at the two of them. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t go and talk to Liz, right now and tell her what’s been going on?”

The two girls looked at each other, realising they were in deeper trouble than they had realised. “I’ll do anything you say, Daddy, but please don’t tell Mummy,” pleaded Gilly.

“Yeah, me too,” said Anna, although she had already twigged what was going on here. “I’ll do anything you say, Daddy.”

"Inside the shed, the two of you," he said, trying to sound firm, the quaver in his voice betraying him only to Anna. They stepped inside. He pulled the lower half of the stable door to behind him, and latched it in place. He turned back to face them.

"I'm going to give you a warning Anna. It wasn't your fault, what Gilly did, so I won't punish you, like I'm going to, to Gilly." Gilly looked at him a little startled, now unsure of her ground.

"What will be my punishment?" asked Gilly, quietly.

Steve thought for a moment, before he said: "I'm going to give you three choices, Gilly. Choice one, we go back home right now, tell your mum what you did and let her decide. Choice two, I smack your bottom, your bare bottom, in here right now. And then choice three."

"What is choice three?" asked both girls at once.

Just then, his phone trilled. It was Liz. "Hi Steve, how you three doing down there," the conversation started. Steve knew she wanted to get to the point. "I had a call from the hospital. Dad's taken a turn for the worse. Seems the hip's being rejected, or something. They might have to operate again. I'm taking Mum down to see him, now. Can you look after the girls. There's a pizza in the fridge, they can have that for lunch. I might be a while. Sorry about this, couldn't be helped."

Steve said all the right things, like: "take as long as you want", "Give our love to Bob", and "I'll sort the girls out", and ended the call. He explained to them that their mum needed to take Gran-Ellie to see Grand-Bob in hospital, as he wasn't very well. He suspected, knowing how these things worked, they would be gone most of the day.

"So, Gilly, where were we?" he said turning to the girls once more.

"The third choice," said Anna, with relish.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the third choice, kinda fits your crime. That's your choice, Anna. Gilly did stuff last night to me. She found out what you'd been up to here yesterday, and then tried to blackmail you, didn't she?" Anna nodded. "So this is what I think her third choice of punishment should be." Steve leaned down and whispered into Anna's ear. Suddenly both her eyes and mouth popped wide open. Then she smiled, her eyes narrowing, now, then she nodded.

"Yeah, that's great," she said, "let's do that."

"Ok," said Steve, swivelling around to face Gilly again, "the third choice, Gilly, is, when we get home, you have to both strip off, then you have to lick Anna's pussy. If you do that, Gilly, I will do what you wanted me to do, and play with you, like I did Anna, yesterday."

It was Gilly's turn now for her mouth and eyes to pop open. Steve didn't give her any time to think about her choices, because he immediately said: "Alright, you two, we'll call it a day, and head home. Looking at that sky, it looks like we are in for a rainy afternoon again anyway."

CHAPTER 6

Gilly's Punishment

They walked home, one girl on either side of Steve, holding his hands. When they arrived, Liz had already left with her mother, gone with Ellie to the hospital.

"Who would like a drink?" he asked. "I think I would like a beer. What would you two like?"

He handed out the two cans of lilt they asked for, before sitting down. "OK, Gilly," he asked, "what is it to be? Do I tell your mum what you did last night upstairs, when you thought I was asleep, do I smack your bare bottom, or do you want to lick Anna's pussy, while I watch?"

She wriggled and writhed in the chair she was sitting in, not wanting any of the choices. She just couldn't choose. In the end Steve said: "That's it, Gilly, you've had your chance, I'm calling Liz. Last chance." There was silence. So he took out his phone, and called Liz's number. Gilly was sitting wide eyed again, her hand at her mouth.

"Hello Liz, how is Bob?" Steve asked. He listened to the update, which didn't give any new information on Bob's progress. "I have something I have to tell you about Gilly..."

"OK, OK, I'll do it," hissed the seven year old.

"Yeah," said Steve, smoothly, "she tried to play a prank on Anna, she slipped on the mud, went flying and landed on her arse, in a puddle from last night's storm. She was covered in muddy water. I'll have to get all her clothes off her and chuck them in the washing machine. "Yeah..... yeah," he said in response to Liz's comments. "I'll have to check to see if she bruised herself, when I give her a bath. Yeah.... Yeah, you take as long as you need. If you call me when you're leaving to come back, I'll put something in the oven for dinner."

He ended the call. Anna was openly grinning now, Gilly, arms folded had a grim expression of one who has been foiled. "Now, Gilly," he said, "as you're covered in all that mud and grot, You'd better take all your clothes off, so I can chuck them in the washer. That's where your Mum will expect to find them." Anna was now holding her tummy with both hands, as she laughed loudly. "Yours can go in too, Anna," he winked at her, "you won't be needing them in a minute or two, will you?" There was a pause, while both girls digested the comment, before they both giggled.

Steve stood in the kitchen, holding the door to the washer open, waiting. It was Anna who started, by pulling off her T-shirt. He carefully admired her tiny areolae, slightly mounded now, topped with hard raisin sized nipples. She saw his glance, and smiling, pulled her shoulders back, pushing her chest out slightly. Then she was unclipping her denim skirt, when Gilly started to pull off her T-shirt. He was amused to see, as the two skirts came off, neither girl was wearing anything beneath. They'd planned this! It was just now, that Steve realised the whole performance down at the allotment, had been just that, a performance. He decided, for the fun of it, to play along anyway. He stood there, openly comparing their mounds and clefts. Anna's still a little red and swollen, but swollen even more from her

arousal, at what was now happening. Gilly's seemed so much larger, but, of course it was just that the rest of her was smaller

"Daddy," asked Anna, "do your clothes need to go into the wash as well?" She had a definite glint in her eye, as she giggled again. The two girls started, playfully, tugging at his clothes. He decided there was no better time, so started undressing in front of them. They were both watching in anticipation. Gilly had felt him, but not seen him, Anna had neither felt nor seen him. And so it was, as he pulled his boxers off, and his erection sprung up, slapping his own tummy, they stood transfixed.

"Right upstairs, you two," he said, turning them by their shoulders, then gently smacking their bare bottoms, sending them on their way. He followed slowly up, admiring their pert little buttocks, as they wiggled at his eye level, climbing the stairs.

They entered the girls' bedroom, and sat on the bed, as he came in. There was just enough gap, so he sat between them, their hips all pressing together. He put an arm around Gilly's shoulder. She leaned in towards him, thinking he was cuddling her. With a flick of his forearm, he swung her round, and suddenly she was face down, across his knee, her head and shoulders in Anna's lap. He brought his hand down sharply on her bare bottom, making her yelp loudly in protest. She tried to lift herself up, but he held her down firmly.

"Now, Gilly," he said, "you will have a nice bruise on your bottom to show your Mum what happened when you landed on your bum in that puddle at the allotment. But what you now have to decide is whether you want a much bigger bruise," he squeezed her buttocks with his hand for emphasis, "or, whether you're going to lick Anna's pussy for her."

As if he had given instructions, Anna swivelled round, leaned back, adjusting her position and spread her thighs, her whole pudenda pointing at her sister. She even put her hands underneath, and reaching in, pulled her cleft wide open. She looked at Gilly and said: "Well, I'm waiting."

As if to prompt her, Steve tapped the red mark on her bottom, gently to remind her of her choices. Gilly hesitated, then leaned forward, and dabbed Anna's pussy with the tip of her tongue. She pulled back for a moment, thinking it hadn't hurt, she leaned forward again, and pushed her tongue a little deeper into Anna's open cleft. She paused again, but feeling adventurous, now, pushed her tongue further down, towards Anna's vagina. She licked upwards, through her sister's cleft, until she found Anna's clitty, hardened, aroused. She flicked her tongue tip across it a few times. The way she did this so well, he wondered if she'd done this to someone previously, not knowing about Gilly's blossoming relationship with Sierra.

As Gilly lapped her sister's pussy, she smiled to herself. Things had turned out far better than she could have hoped for. Earlier, she'd tried to force Steve to do what she wanted. She had then intended to make Anna do a few things as well. Sierra had said they should try and somehow include Anna in their relationship. Everything seemed to be working out just fine.

Steve decided she was willing to go ahead with this, now, so said; "Well done Gilly, we're going to change round a bit now." Gilly lifted her head, both girls now looking at him,

wondering what he wanted to do. "Whatever you do to Anna, Gilly, I will do to you, OK? Anna lie in the middle of the bed, with your head on the pillows. Gilly, you get back, on your hands and knees, and start to lick her pussy. I will come in from behind you and lick yours for you."

The girls quickly moved into position, Anna lying, with her legs as far apart as she could get them, while Gilly shuffled up to her, and pressed her open mouth against her sister's gaping vagina. Her bottom was stuck up in the air, her peach shaped vulva bulging out between her parted thighs. Gilly started to lick and suck with more enthusiasm than before, running her tongue the whole length of Anna's cleft. She flicked her clitty at the top, and her vagina below, then back. Anna grabbed Gilly's hair, and started to pull her into her, increasing the pressure. Steve got in behind Gilly, and pulling her vulva as wide apart as he could with his thumbs, got his tongue into her cleft, licking hard and fast. He felt Gilly tense up at the contact, starting to push back at him. He made a point of licking her clitty for about ten seconds, then her vagina for the same time, before moving on to her anus and licked that too. At first, this made her jerk away, before she moved back again, as she realised she was enjoying what he was doing to her.

By now, there was no reluctance by Gilly in applying her mouth to Anna's pussy. Her mind in a whirl. This was almost as good as her times with Sierra, which she'd been enjoying so much recently. She was licking her as hard, as Steve was to her. The tension and arousal was building. They all knew it, and when the moment arrived, the two girls collapsed onto the bed, writhing in orgasmic bliss. Steve now needing to finish them both off with his fingers, as they were completely out of it, unable to focus on anything other than the wonderful sensations between their legs.

When the girls came to, Steve was lying in between them on their bed, his arms around their shoulders, cuddling them into his sides.

"Daddy," Gilly, suddenly asked, "will Grand-Bob be alright? Will he get better?"

"I hope so, Darling," he answered. "But something must have gone wrong for him to be ill again. So I don't know. But I do know he wouldn't want you two to worry about him. Your Mum will know more, when she gets home later. What would you like to do this afternoon?" he asked, trying to get their minds off the problem.

"Can we go swimming, like Mummy planned, down at the leisure centre?" asked Anna.

"I suppose so," he said, "as long as your Mum is happy about it. I will WhatsApp her to check."

The reply came back in seconds. "Bob not good. We will be here for a while. Take the girls swimming. You will have to use a family changing room, Steve. They won't let the girls into the ladies on their own, and I think they might be embarrassed showering in the men's. You might ask Cathy if her girls want to go. It's my turn to take them all."

Cathy was a neighbour, who lived on the other side of Bob and Ellie's house. They had all known each other for a long time. In fact it was Cathy who had introduced Liz and Mary to Tony. She had a couple of daughters. Liz and Cathy used to take it in turns to take the four girls to the leisure centre. Sometimes they would play badminton, or go to junior gym,

sometimes into the main pool. So Steve called round at Cathy's house, and having explained the situation about Bob, said he was taking Gilly and Anna swimming. If her girls wanted to join them, they were welcome.

Cathy was a single mum, who got little help from her ex-husband, who was inside with Liz's ex. They had been friends together, and got into trouble together, and ended up in prison together. Her daughters had become a little untamed. Not because she didn't care, but due to a combination of them having too many of their father's genes in them, and Cathy not having enough time to watch over them, and her soft nature. They had become very wilful. They had been in trouble with the school, Social Services, and even the Police on a couple of occasions. Strangely, they always seemed to toe-the-line when Liz or Steve cared for them. Perhaps it was because Liz was fun, but no nonsense at the same time. They'd played her up when she'd taken all the girls to a movie, one day, and half way through the film, dragged them home, because they kept kicking the back of the seats in front.

Their names were Alice and Holly. Alice was in the same class at school as Anna, and was a few months older, having already turned ten. Her sister, Holly, at eleven, was a little over a year older. They were both blessed with the most beautiful, long auburn hair, although neither seemed intent on brushing it very often, letting it flow untied at their backs. Both girls were tall, thin, and very pretty. They seemed to always wear clothes which were just provocative enough to notice them, but not enough to comment on. They would wear skirts just a little too short, or even terry shorts, which pulled into their shape, or T-shirts either low cut, or of thin material, letting their budding nipples show through.

"Thanks, Steve," said Cathy, after they'd chatted for a few minutes, "you're a godsend. They're driving me crackers, and I've so much to do. I don't know what's up with them, today. I need to get to the supermarket, but I could see me being banned, if I took those two with me, in the mood they're in today." And so it was, Steve drove off with the four girls strapped into their seatbelts, screaming and shouting to each other, making him start to regret his decision to go already.

Cathy smiled, watching, as they drove off. She pulled out her phone and pressed the autodial button. She would pay a visit, while she was down at the supermarket. Her young lover Tony, would be all hers today. In the past, it had been her, Liz and Mary together with him. More recently, just Liz and Cathy. She'd have him all to herself. Today, she would be joined by Ellen, Sierra's Mum, who Liz had introduced her to recently. She was already damp with anticipation.

When they arrived, Steve paid for their entry, and asked if they could have the use of a family room. The receptionist was about to refuse, but on glancing at the girls, spotted Alice and Holly, made the sinister comment: "Oh, those two," charged him a deposit, and handed him the key to room three.

Inside the family room, which wasn't huge, there was an open area, with bench seating, then a standard changing cubicle, a toilet cubicle, and, in the corner, a shower. Steve stepped into the cubicle, and started to change into his costume. He neither rushed, nor took his time, but when he opened the door, ready to go out to the pool, three of the girls were ready, but Alice was just pulling up her bikini bottoms. She was bent, almost double, her bum pointing right at him, her thighs parted a few inches, showing the swell of her

vulva bulging out at him, filling the gap, her cleft curling down from her wide open bottom, disappearing under and into that sexy gap. Her buttocks too were parted, her asterisk shaped anus winking at him, shouting "look at me!"

Alice, sensing he was there, made a show of quickly pulling her bikini panties up, before she turned and said: "Have a nice gawp at my bum, Steve?" she asked, her expression unreadable.

Steve, not to be phased by the precocious girl, replied: "I didn't look at your bum, Alice. I was too busy looking at your pussy." She blushed, immediately, but before she could respond, he turned to the others and said: "Right, girls, are we all ready? Let's go and swim." He needed to carry his towel in front of him, to hide the bulge in his swimming shorts, as they walked down the corridor to the pool.

The girls all jumped into the water at the shallow end, while Steve found a clear area, at the deep end, dived in, and started to swim his usual thirty lengths. When he stopped, he looked around for the girls. He saw Gilly, Alice and Holly were together, splashing in the shallow water at the other end. He was just wondering where Anna was, when a voice behind him said: "Enjoy your swim, Daddy?" he turned, looking up at Anna's smiling face. "I came up this end to try and do a dive off the board. Could you watch me, and tell me if I do it wrong?" As she stood there, he noticed her tight, thin pale blue swimsuit had formed into her shape. He could see the form of her vulva, and her cleft, in a wonderful camel toe, accentuated by the water running down her body.

"Sure you carry on, Anna," he said, "I'll watch you." She climbed to the twelve foot board, and performed, what to him, was a perfect dive. Her legs were a bit bent, and feet not together, and she made quite a splash on entering the water, but it was a lot better than he could have done, and he said so, when she swam over to him. She clung into his shoulder with one hand, while she wiped water out of her eyes with the other.

Anna pressed her legs, one in front, the other behind him, her arm now around his neck, like any child does to a parent. The main difference, though, was that she pressed her knee against his semi tumescent cock, moving it up and down a fraction. He felt no guilt at all for cupping her bottom in his hand, hoping no one would notice.

"So what was all that with Alice, in the changing room?" he asked.

"Oh, that," she said, as if it happened all the time, "it was just one of her pranks. She was the first to get undressed. Then she waited for you to come out, pretending you just caught her. Did you like seeing her?" she giggled.

"I prefer looking at you," he said, squeezing her buttock. Anna smiled at him, appreciating his comment more than he knew.

"She does tricks like that on some of the male teachers at school," she continued. "The other day, she told me that Mr. Smith was looking at her legs, under the desk. She told me that she lifted her knees apart, and showed him her panties. Then a few minutes later, she did it again, but this time, she'd pulled her panties to one side, so he could see her. He gave her detention. I wonder what she'll have to do in detention?"

By this time, Steve's cock was fully erect. Partly from her rubbing, and partly from what she'd said. He felt her knee press harder against it.

"You like me telling you stuff like that, don't you, Daddy?" Her comment required no reply. They both knew it was true.

"What about Holly?" he asked. "Does she get into trouble that way, as well?"

"She's not in my class, so I don't see what she does," Anna explained. "But I heard she got into trouble. Something to do with stealing some money from a teacher's wallet. The teacher saw her do it. He gave her a couple of choices. Including calling the police. I heard she had to suck his, you know, his thing."

By this stage, Steve's cock, inside his trunks, was bar taught against her knee. "You do like hearing this stuff, don't you Daddy! Do men like you know having their thingy sucked?"

"Yes, of course," he answered.

"Is that what Mummy was doing to you that time I looked into your room, the other night?"

Steve didn't know if it was the case or not. He'd probably had his eyes shut at the time. Certainly it happened often enough. Then Anna really surprised him, when she simply said: "Would you like me to do it to you?" Up until now, all the interaction between them had been them getting naked, and him rubbing, touching and fondling them. Neither Anna nor Gilly, had made any move to see his erection, or touch him in any way. The nearest was what Anna was doing to him now, with her knee.

"Is that an offer?" he asked.

She giggled, pushed away from him, starting to swim towards the other girls, before looking back and saying: "That's for me to know and you to find out." She joined the others at the far end.

So Steve swam a few more lengths, while the girls all went through to the play pool. He'd just finished his routine, and paused for breath. His arm was on the pool coping. He saw Alice returning from the play pool, heading in his direction. She smiled at him, as she sat down on the edge, her feet in the water either side of him.

"That was a naughty stunt you pulled in the changing room," he said.

"Maybe," she replied, quietly, "but it didn't stop you looking, did it?"

"I wasn't looking," he said reasonably, "I was observing."

"Like you're observing now?" She giggled.

"The way you're sitting, Alice," he said steadily, trying to look at her face rather than her incredible camel toe, just inches from his face, "short of shutting my eyes, there's nothing else to observe."

She leaned forward, so her face was just above his head. "You wanna touch me, Steve, don't you? You wanna finger me. You wanna play with me."

"You, young lady, need your bottom smacking," he said, pushing off from the pool's edge. "It's time we got out of the water, and headed home." He hoped other pool users didn't hear her retort of "If I let you smack me, you'd only enjoy it."

The atmosphere in the changing room was totally different to before. There was a tension. Steve decided to act as normal as possible. He hung his towel on one of the hooks near the shower, switched on the water, and stepped under the flow, his back to the girls. The silence behind him sounded louder than the noise they'd made in the car getting here. He could almost feel the eyes on his back. He took his bottle of shampoo, and washed his hair. When he had lathered up, his head and face covered in soap bubbles, he slowly turned round, as he rinsed off under the flow of warm water. His cock was slightly tumescent inside his swimming trunks, although not erect. He squinted through his closed lids, and could see the four of them watching him. Gilly had already pulled off her one piece suit, while Anna had taken her top off. But all four looked like statues, as they watched him, washing.

It was Gilly, surprisingly, who moved first, and stepped under the shower beside him. "Daddy, would you wash me, please?" she said in a perfectly natural way. He turned his back on the others, and started to rub shower gel onto her silky soft skin. She felt his bulge, against her chest, and smiled up at him, both conspiratorial in their mutual secret knowledge. He quickly and efficiently washed her. His fingers roamed through every crease and crack, feeling her intimately, without dawdling long enough to cause concern. He couldn't resist glancing at Alice, as his fingers briefly moved through Gilly's cleft and over her mound.

Finally, he shampooed her hair, applying a couple of extra dollops of shampoo, while he enjoyed her "accidentally" leaning into his semi-erection. By the time her hair was rinsed off, Anna was waiting her turn. He repeated the exercise, she now realising why her sister had been grinning so much in the shower. Without the others noticing, she too leaned in to him, as it pressed against her tummy, while he made a play of washing her hair and rubbing up loads of soap bubbles. Finally, she stepped away.

Steve wondered what would happen next. There was a tense silence. This could go very badly wrong, if he misjudged what was happening here. So he decided to play it cool, and get dry. He grabbed his towel, and stepped round Alice and Holly, who obviously were hoping to have their shower with him next. He went into the single cubicle and locked the door, leaning against it, breathing a sigh. Having a little dabble of fun with Anna and Gilly was one thing. Alice and Holly, on the other hand were another kettle of fish. Things, he realised, could get out of hand very quickly if he let them. That would spell certain danger.

"Right, you lot," he eventually said, coming out of the changing cubicle, after he was dressed, "if you're all ready, get your things together, and we'll head home." The girls were fairly quiet on the way back. It was perhaps what had nearly happened in the shower, or the fact that Steve had nearly let it happen. He just hoped what had occurred wouldn't get out of hand. Disaster was just around the corner, but not in the form he feared.

Liz arrived home late that afternoon. She brought her mother into the house with her. While Liz made a cup of tea, Ellie explained that Bob's condition had worsened. The hip had been rejected, and the doctors intended to operate again. However, he would need to recover first, because they feared Sepsis was setting in, which was far more serious at this time. She was so concerned about Bob, she never asked how his day had gone, and the events at the pool faded in his mind, as he realised his friend Bob, might be in real trouble.

CHAPTER 7

The First Sleepover

Day to day life carried on. The girls went to school, Steve and Liz went to work and they all visited Bob in hospital. Steve and Anna went to the allotment. Liz went to see Tony. Gilly and Sierra went to each other's homes. Saturday night and it was Sierra's turn to come round to stay at Gilly's. Her mum, Ellen, dropped her off early evening, as usual, so the two girls could enjoy the evening together, playing on the Xbox, watch TV and listening to music in Gilly's bedroom. Liz had spent the whole of the previous night in the hospital sitting at her father's bedside, and was exhausted. Steve got a takeaway meal, and had to almost carry her to bed before she'd finished eating. The girls all came into their bedroom, and helped, as Steve stripped Liz's clothing off her, before rolling her to one side and pulling the duvet over her and letting her sleep. She wouldn't wake until nine the following morning.

Anna sat and cuddled into Steve's side, while they watched some movie on TV. She too said she needed to get to bed, leaving just Gilly and her friend Sierra, who wanted to watch the new Disney release, Luca. The movie had been vetoed earlier by Anna, before she headed for bed, who said it was babyish. Steve said they could watch it on one condition, they got ready for bed, washed and brushed their teeth. They were back in five minutes and sat together in a single seater armchair. Steve observed their body language, while pretending to be falling asleep in his own chair.

Sierra was wearing a pair of regular pink pyjamas bottoms and a long lilac cotton T-shirt type top. He could see from the lines forming against her body, that she was also wearing panties underneath. Gilly, on the other hand, was wearing a short nighty, and every time she lifted her knees, he could see she wasn't wearing anything else. It was about twenty minutes into the film, when he'd been lying still, seemingly fast asleep, he noticed Sierra looked across at him, before she moved her hand down Gilly's front, and under her nighty, exploring. Gilly didn't react in any way at all, as if this was something they'd done together many times. Gilly's knees lifted and parted, her breathing becoming deeper, more intense, as she approached her little girl cum.

Sierra, glancing across at Steve, one more time pushed her pink pyjama bottoms down, taking her yellow, pink and white patterned panties with them, just far enough for Gilly to get her fingers into her cleft, seeking her little nub, to bring her friend up too. This went on for a few minutes, the movie now forgotten. Gilly, sitting up, looked at her dad quickly, then stood, taking Sierra by both her hands, lifting her from the seat.

"Let's go to bed, where we can do this properly," whispered Gilly.

“Yeah,” responded Sierra, equally quietly, “I keep thinking he might wake up any moment.”

They tiptoed passed Steve, trying not to wake him, before creeping slowly up the stairs. As soon as they were out of sight, he reached for the TV remote, and turned the volume down to half, before getting up. He quickly checked the doors were locked and switched the lights out, by which time, he heard the toilet flush upstairs. He very slowly, very carefully crept up the stairs, missing the treads he knew creaked. He could hear muffled noises from Gilly’s room, as they settled for the night. Gilly usually slept in Anna’s room and tended to only use her own room when she had friends over.

Every light in the house was now switched off, except the crack of light coming from under Gilly’s door, and suddenly that too went out. Steve had to feel his way. His heart was now thumping in his chest, as he reached her door. It was closed, but he knew the handle and hinges could be opened without making a sound. Even so, he turned the handle with extreme care, and pushed the door open just half an inch. It was then, he realised Gilly had left on her nightlight, which gave off a very low glow. He could hear their whisperings and quiet giggles, as the two friends started to explore one another’s bodies.

Pushing the door another inch, he could see the bed and two shapes moving against one another. In the dim light, it was hard to see any detail. He stood watching them for several minutes, as they became more aroused, more adventurous.

At last, Gilly pushed the bedding off them, and sat up to pull her nightie off. There was, even now some hesitation from Sierra, knowing her friend expected her to do the same. She pulled off the cotton top, then pushed off her pyjama bottoms, leaving her yellow, white and pink panties.

“I can’t lick you with those on, silly,” giggled Gilly, watching as Sierra put her thumbs in the waistband, before pushing them down and off her legs. Steve looked at the now naked girl, seeing her slightly chubby form, her completely hairless mound, split by her cleft, glistening, even in this dim light, with the dampness of her arousal.

“Can I go on top, this time?” asked Sierra, turning herself on the bed, before swinging her leg over Gilly’s chest, getting into a sixty-nine position. In that moment, Steve saw the whole of her immature pudenda spread, her vagina gaping, cleft open, clitty poking out, stiff with arousal. There wasn’t a lot of light, but enough to see her girlie features, making his cock lurch. Almost immediately, they both pushed their faces between the other’s thighs and started to lick their clitties, giving pleasure of the most exquisite sort. This went on for several minutes, until Steve heard the obvious signs of them rising into their individual climaxes.

By now, Sierra’s face was almost hidden between Gilly thighs, slurping away at her friend. For one who was so incredibly shy, she certainly knew what she wanted when the opportunity presented itself, and she was getting it now. Steve knew this was his opportunity, and silently pushed the door further open and moved into the room. Neither girl noticed. But then in her position, Sierra wouldn’t have done anyway. He moved to the foot of the bed, where Gilly’s upturned face, framed by Sierra’s thighs was working hard on her friend’s clitty.

Gilly's eyes lazily opened, as she enjoyed her ongoing orgasm. She and Sierra had been to one another's homes at least once a week for the past several months. Their lesbian relationship had started almost by accident. Sierra, being so shy, wanted to make friends online, so they'd been browsing a web site a friend told them about. By mistake, one day, they had entered the web address as lesbefriends instead of letsbefriends and ended up on a very 'educational' site, from which they learnt what it was for two young girls to expand their relationship, which is what happened over the next couple of weeks. Neither girl regretted it at all, and would retain their close ties for the rest of their lives.

Suddenly she focused on her father bending over her, looking closely at where she was licking away at Sierra's pussy. He saw her recognition and instantly put his finger to his lips. Gilly was an intelligent girl. She loved her dad and the new relationship she was building with him, with Anna, and didn't react in any way to him being there. She wondered what he was doing, when he bent down over her. Then she realised he was going to speak to her.

"Let me lick her too, Gilly," he whispered so quietly, she hardly heard him, having Sierra's thighs clamped round her ears. "Lift her up as high as you can." She never hesitated, feeling the excitement of the moment, and pushed Sierra's hips upwards. Steve lowered his face over Gilly's, and could just reach Sierra's pussy with his tongue. He knew exactly how to pleasure little girls, and pressed his tongue hard into her clitty, flicking it back and forth.

Sierra's gasped. Her back arched in response, before she pressed again into Gilly's cunt. She started to mutter as she worked on Gilly's clitty her moans getting louder and louder, until she was calling out "Ohmygod, Ohmygod, Ohmygod," her little bottom moving up and down, trying to increase the pleasure he was giving her eight year old body.

Both Gilly and Sierra continued to enjoy their climaxes, as one rolled into another, until, at last, Sierra gasped, "enough, Gilly, please enough." Steve pulled his mouth away from Sierra's pussy, tasting the little girl arousal, as he licked his lips. He turned his head, and kissed Gilly on her lips, and mouthed "Goodnight." She smiled at him, echoing the 'goodnight' message as he stepped back away from the bed. He eased his way through the door and paused there for a moment.

"Fucking hell, Gilly, you're getting good at that," gasped Sierra, as she finally managed to speak, "that one had to be the best one yet. Jeez, it was nice." Gilly smiled, as they moved round in the bed, cuddling together, before falling into a deep sleep.

Steve quickly got ready for bed, feeling incredibly aroused, as he lay in the bed, listening to Liz's gentle heavy breathing, in her exhausted sleep. He wondered about spooning into her back, and fucking her from behind while she slept, but decided he wanted more than a simple bonk.

Now naked, he left the room and looked in at Anna, who, laying face down in the three quarter double bed, had kicked off her covers and was out for the count, as she often was when she was really tired. He stood looking down at her for a few minutes, even running his fingers over her glorious buttocks, feeling their firmness, knowing soon, she would let him do more to her than they'd enjoyed down at the allotment so far.

The siren, that was Sierra, was calling to him. As in sailor's of ancient times, he couldn't resist her call. He ran his finger's through Anna's cleft one last time, then pulling the bed sheet over her, left her room. Even from here, he could hear the loud snoring coming from Gilly's room. It was a duet of deep rumbling. He pushed the door carefully open again and stepped inside. Gilly only had a small single bed, so both girls, side by side, were squashed together, each at the edge of their side. They still hadn't pulled the bedding up over them, which wasn't surprising on this warm summer's evening.

Steve moved to the bed and looked down at the two delightful girls, lying stark naked. They were both lying on their backs, an arm around the other. Although Gilly was snoring, it was Sierra who was making all the noise, her snore surely would give her a sore throat in the morning. Sierra was closest to him, and he was able to study her features closely. Her little boobs, hardly matured at all, just slightly raised, topped with her darker areolae with nipples still proud from her earlier stimulation. Lower, her small mound rose up above the plane of her belly, split by her cleft, parted now, as one of her legs was lifted, bent at the knee and resting against Gilly's side. He touched her mound, just above the little dimple at the top of her cleft, listening and feeling for any reaction in her. There was none. He let his finger slip down through her damp cleft, feeling her labia pressing against the sides of his finger, until he felt her cowl, under the pad of his finger tip. She never reacted at all. She was really in a deep, deep sleep. His finger moved further down, slipping into the dip of her vagina's entry, still wet and slippery from her earlier activity. He paused there, applying the smallest pressure, letting his finger sink into her slowly. Oh so slowly.

By now, Steve's cock was rock hard, pre-cum dripping on the carpet. What was it about this fairly plain, chubby, shy girl that rang his bell so. He knew, without a doubt he was now going to take a stupid risk to gratify his perverted lust with her. By now, his finger had found her hymen and slipped through the hole in it's centre. Still she hadn't flinched. Her cunt was tight, but she was so wet and slippery from what she'd been doing with Gilly, his finger penetrated deeper into her, until he felt the rubbery resistance of her cervix pressing against his finger tip. He flicked her 'G' spot a couple of times, seeing her belly rise slightly. He really didn't want to wake her, so eased off the stimulation.

He looked down at her cute little face. Her snore was making her chubby lips and cheeks wobble and flap. Her mouth was wide open, her tongue rattling in time with the sound. He wouldn't have believed an eight year old would make so much noise, if he hadn't heard it himself.

Leaning his knees against the side of the bed, he squatted down a few inches and leaned inwards. Now holding his cock, he brought it to her mouth, and watched as her vibrating lips touched his crown, instantly seeing his pre-cum spread across her soft pink lips. He pressed further, his tip now against her teeth, which moved apart, as he slipped between them. He rested there for a moment, feeling the vibrations of her tongue against his sensitive fraenum. His finger tip involuntarily flickered against her sensitive 'G' spot, making her moan in her sleep, and clamp her teeth slightly on his shaft, making him wince.

She settled back into her snoring, the vibrations on his crown now bringing him high. He grasped his cock and moved his hand along it's length, knowing he would cum any moment. He held back as long as he could, but as any red blooded male knows, sometimes there's just no stopping the unstoppable. He watched her mouth, as his first

clench, dribbled a small line of white mucous onto her tongue. It was followed immediately by a huge blast of his semen, deep into her mouth. Her snoring changed to a gurgling sound. He blasted a second and a third time, knowing his semen was spreading around the back of her mouth. She gulped, and swallowed, her body trying to clear her throat. Would she wake? He hoped not. FUCK! He hoped not, suddenly realising the position he was in should she wake up. He used his hand to milk the last few strings of semen from his cock and stood up straight, carefully pulling his finger from her cunt at the same time.

He was about to move away from the bed, when he looked across and saw Gilly's eyes watching him. She had a smile on her face, a silent communication between them saying he would have to square her up after Sierra had gone home in the morning. He wondered what her demands would entail. One thing was for sure, he would encourage Sierra to come over for a sleepover more often. He found out five minutes after Sierra had left that following day.

"Daddy," she said in a matter-of-fact way, "would you buy me a new phone. You know one of those ones which takes really good photos. Sierra and I were saying last night," she emphasised those last two words, "we could take pictures of each other. You'd like to see those, wouldn't you, Daddy?"

"Of course, Darling," he said, "we'll go to the shop later today, shall we?"

CHAPTER 8

Tragedy and Recovery

It was during the following week that Steve's world came apart. Bob died the following Sunday. Steve, Liz and Ellie were at his bedside. He had contracted Sepsis, which had caused a chain reaction of multiple organ failure, resulting, in the end, with a heart attack.

A couple of days before the end, Bob had asked to speak to Steve man to man. When the ladies had left, he reached out and took Steve's hand. "I haven't got long, Steve. I know it, and I think you do too. Will you do something for me?" Steve nodded, not trusting himself to say the words. "Look after Anna for me, Steve?" Bob said, squeezing Steve's hand. "She's special, Steve, and she will need you, after I'm gone."

Steve blinked at the unusual comment. He was about to make some bland 'of course I will, Bob, you know I would do that,' comment, when Bob looked at Steve and said: "She's going to really hurt when I go, Steve. We always had a special relationship, Anna and me, which some would frown on, but love is love. I never did anything to her I'm ashamed of, or she will regret in years to come, but we also talked and shared secrets. So I know how you feel about her, Steve. She's told me she loves you more than anyone in the world, apart from me." He coughed, obviously in great pain. "Promise me you won't let her down, Steve. That's my last wish. Will you promise me?"

Steve looked at his friend for a full ten seconds, before he nodded, and gave a grim smile. "I promise, Bob. I will be there for her as long as she needs me, and longer." That was the last conversation Steve had with Bob, because he slipped into unconsciousness soon afterwards.

The day after, Liz and Ellie registered the death at the registry office, before going to the undertakers to make arrangements. It kept them busy, and at the end of a long day, they had completed the arrangements, forcing them to keep their minds on practical, not emotional matters. Steve remained home, looking after the girls. Anna was so distraught, she never ate anything. She just clung on to Steve all day. He was fairly listless himself, and when Liz and Ellie returned late in the afternoon, they found Steve sitting in the middle of the settee, with Anna one side and Gilly the other. Both girls were watching some children's programme on TV, with glazed expressions. They were cuddling into his sides, his arms around them, giving them a feeling of security.

He looked up at the two women, and asked: "Would you like a cup of tea?" They both nodded and sat down in the other two armchairs in the room. He came back with a tray, and handed them a mug each. Sitting down again, the girls immediately clamped onto his sides, as though he might escape. Later on, Steve ordered some food in, which no one tasted. Liz made up Anna's bed for Ellie. Anna had already said she and Gilly wanted to sleep with their mum.

During the night, Steve woke as a small body slipped under the covers on his side of the bed. Soon he heard her snore. Anna's bottom was pressed against his groin in her sleep, her little, naked body, seeking warmth and comfort. He lay, spooning into her back, she moaned in contentment, her hand pressing his to her flat breast. It was dawn when he woke. Liz had already got out of bed. Something had alerted him, a tension in the air. Slipping out of bed, he pulled on his dressing gown, leaving the two girls snoring quietly, he went along the corridor towards Anna's room. Standing in the doorway, he looked in to see Liz sitting on the bed, weeping over her mother. The tragedy in her posture palpable. Ellie had simply died in her sleep. No warning at all. The grief of being widowed too much to bear. The prospect of a life without Bob too much for her already weak heart.

They called the doctor, who came very soon, and certified death. He was very kind, and said he would make all the arrangements. He asked Liz how she felt, and did she need anything to help her sleep? She said that she'd had some chest pains since her father had taken ill, but in the last two days it had got worse. He made an appointment for her to come and see him at the local surgery that afternoon. He was just standing up, when she suddenly staggered, and fell across the bed, over her mother's legs.

The post mortems said Ellie had had a massive heart attack, and wouldn't have known anything about it. Liz, had suffered a ruptured aneurysm, brought on by stress. She had been born with the condition, and never knew it. It could have ruptured at any time. The next few days passed in a blur for Steve. His company were brilliant. They told him that he was being promoted to area manager. His old role would be taken over by a new man, but meantime, he could take off as much compassionate leave as he needed. The undertakers arranged for a triple funeral, and the service, like Mary's was attended by the whole village. People outside the church unable to get seats.

Cathy was fantastic. She took the girls under her wing when he needed to go out for the many reasons at this time. She brought meals in for them, came in and cleaned the house and ensured the girls had clean washing and everything else they needed. Even Alice and Holly behaved themselves when he was around.

That first night, Steve supervised the girls, while they bathed themselves. They got dry, pulled on nighties, and walked into his room, to get into their mother's bed, where they could still smell her on the bedding, finding some comfort in it. He was about to leave them, to seek solace in a glass of whisky, when Anna called to him: "Daddy, please don't go, we need you. Please stay." He stood over her, undressed and slipped under the covers. He rolled onto his side, feeling Anna wriggle towards him. He couldn't remember her taking her nighty off, but he too felt comforted by her closeness. He lay, spooning into her back, she moaned in contentment. She pulled his arm over her, pressing his hand to her flat breast. He lay there thinking about the events of the last two days, listening as the girls snored gently. Strangely, he felt no arousal.

The days and weeks passed slowly. All grieving, in their own ways, at the passing of their previously idyllic life. Anna, Gilly and Steve seemed to be living on autopilot. The incapacitating pain of the terrible deaths of their three favourite people gradually eased, leaving just emptiness. Children are resilient, and life slowly took on a new routine. Steve settled into the new appointment with his company. The money and new company car were good, the holiday allowance generous, and the pension plan impressive. Liz's company had provided an in-work death insurance scheme, he'd known nothing about, which paid out a substantial sum, and with the sale of Bob and Ellie's house, car and chattels, they were now comfortably off. The girls went to school every day, and slowly the purpose returned to their lives. Steve did everything he could to keep them busy, keep them focusing forwards.

He had thought about the girls' welfare continuously since the tragic events. But what he hadn't realised, though was that he himself hadn't recovered. He had neglected himself. He didn't realise this, but the girls had. Gilly had gone to Sierra's home for sleepovers regularly, their lesbian relationship now well established. Gilly had recently introduced Anna to the joy of intimate sororal love, which she realised she needed, on account of Steve's neglect.

They had both slept with Steve every night since Liz had died, but he had shown no interest in them at all. He had slept naked, as always, as had they. They had both needed to be close to him, gaining comfort in their grief. But then one day, when they had a moment together, after they had made love, still cuddling close, Gilly and Anna talked. As they discussed the situation, they realised that his hurt was greater than theirs. He wasn't the old Steve at all. They were beginning to resume their lives, think about the future, but Steve wasn't. They needed to do something about it, or else, he would never recover, and their lives wouldn't regain that sparkle that he had always given it. So they talked and talked, and in the end, formulated a plan. A very naughty plan. But, in their minds, a necessary plan.

At first, Steve noticed no change in the girls' behaviour. They were subtle. Not obvious at all. Perhaps Gilly would be sitting on the seat across from him, watching TV, and without turning her head, would pull her skirt up a few inches, and start to rub her finger over her panty clad clitty for a few seconds, before pushing her skirt down again, her face still fixed on the TV. Anna sometimes would make sure she was wearing panties which either had holes in, or a very narrow gusset, or maybe such loose leg holes, her labia could be seen from the side. She would sit with her knees up to her chest, while she read a schoolbook or sent a text to a friend on the phone.

This went on for a couple of weeks, both girls trying to arouse him, neither seeming to get any reaction from him. Anna had an idea, and slipping off her panties, pulled the elastic waist of her short skirt much higher, then went into the kitchen, where Steve was preparing some food, and started to empty the dishwasher, bending almost double, knowing she was giving him spectacular glimpses of her pussy, as it bulged out between her thighs. So she was disappointed when all he said was: "I think we need to put some more Rinse Aid in the washer, Anna".

This couldn't continue. Try as they might, they couldn't instil any reaction from him, at all. They even started to ask if they could get ready for bed before coming back down to watch a cartoon, or children's movie. They would return just wearing their short dressing gowns, and watch the programme, letting their gowns fall open, exposing themselves to his view, still getting no response. Anna realised they were going to have to adopt drastic measures.

It all came to a head a few days later. Steve went upstairs into his bedroom for something, and found Anna and Gilly in there putting some of their personal items into a small plastic box.

"What are you doing?" Steve asked.

Anna turned to him, unsmiling said: "We're moving back into our own rooms."

"Why.....?" he stuttered, aghast at this sudden change in them.

"Because you no longer want us, Steve," she said, using his name instead of "Daddy".

"What's the point of sleeping in your bed, if you don't love us anymore," she added cruelly.

"But I do love you," he said, desperately. "I love you two more than my own life. Why are you doing this to me?"

"We're not doing anything to you, Steve," she said steadily, "it is you who has changed, not us. And if you do love us, then why do you never show it anymore?"

Steve slumped onto the bed, his face in his hands and sobbed. It wasn't just her words which hurt, but the truth of them. But what hurt more was his sudden recollection of Bob's last words to him, the day before he died. "Look after Anna for me, Steve?" he'd said. "She's special, Steve, and she will need you, after I'm gone." And now here was Anna making him realise he had failed as Bob's friend, and as the girls' father.

He became aware of the movement of the bed, as the girls sat beside him, one each side. He slowly lowered his hands, and looked at them, eyes unfocused, through his tears. He tentatively put his arms around them, pulling them into his sides. Other than him sniffing, the silence in the room was tangible.

"I do love you, you know," he finally managed to say, quietly.

"Then why have you been so unkind to us since Mum and Granny and Grand-Bob died?" she asked harshly. "Why, when we needed you, were you not there for us?"

Her words cut through to his heart, the truth always hurts.

"But I've always been here. I have never gone away," he said lamely.

"You know what I mean, Steve. Even you're not that stupid." The use of the word 'Steve' was like a knife being twisted.

"What do you want me to say, my darlings?" he asked.

"We want everything to be as it was," said Anna.

"Is that all what you want?" he said. "You know it will be hard for me to forget what has happened. Mary, your mum, Grand-Bob and Granny," he looked at them for a moment. "I'm frightened," he said, "I'm really frightened." Something in his voice made them realise there was more to what he'd said than they appreciated.

"Why are you frightened, Daddy," asked Gilly, quietly.

He gave them a watery smile, before he said: "Everyone I love seems to die." The two girls suddenly realised he was hurting far more than they'd realised. "We'll try and get through this together, huh?" They nodded, both smiling now. "Will you unpack your things?" he asked, almost pleading.

"On two conditions," said Anna. He raised his eyebrows in query, wondering if she'd had this conversation all planned out. "First, you stop being a grumpy bumps." He smiled and nodded. "Secondly, you owe us big style, now, Daddy. You have to take us away on a holiday."

"OK, and OK on both conditions," he said. "I'll have to look and see what availability there is on where and when we can go. It might take a while to sort something out."

"No need," said Anna, "all sorted. We got onto the internet over the last week or so and made a list of places we want to go to. Here it is. We've underlined our favourite for you. They even have a last minute deal on a two week package flying out of Stanstead Airport on Monday. It's a nice apartment with a pool by the beach in Tenerife. I think you'll really like that one, Daddy."

Steve looked at one then the other, realising they'd taken him in completely. They suddenly both broke out in laughter.

"OK," he said, "hit me with it, where are we going?" Gilly held out a scrap of paper, with a web site address scrawled on it and a holiday reference number. He pulled over his Ipad and keyed in the details. It was a site for "families only". The photographs showed a beautiful beach and some smart apartments, boating, pool, bars, restaurants, tennis, crazy golf. Everything you might want in a small resort. Then he spotted the 'Read Me' tag, which he clicked. There in bold letters it was stated that "This was a naturist resort only. No clothing of any sort was permitted or tolerated, with the following exceptions....."

Steve looked at the two girls, who were doing their level best to look sweet and innocent. "I'm right," said Anna, "you would like to go there, wouldn't you?" Steve had to admit, as soon as he thought about it, his cock lurched. Something it hadn't done in quite a while.

He looked at the prices and dates, and in a moment of weakness, went into the booking page, and in five minutes had submitted their details and paid a deposit.

"What made you select a naturist resort?" he asked, as he was putting his credit card away.

"Well," said Anna, "we figured you needed something to cheer you up. You needed something to look forward to. We know, when you're not being a grumpy bumps, you would like to look at other little girls like us. And besides...."

"And besides, what?" he asked, immediately smelling a rat.

The girls looked at one another and grinned. "Shall I tell him, or will you?" asked Gilly.

"Tell me what?" he demanded, his hands on hips, looking from one to the other.

"Umm, well," said Gilly, grinning broadly now, "that fortnight we're going, Alice, Holly and their mum are sort of going too."

"What!" he spluttered. "Those two minxes. I think this might be the fastest holiday cancellation in history."

The girls were openly laughing, now, knowing full well he wasn't about to cancel, and would think about the holiday every time he saw the girls outside their house, thinking how they would look without their clothes on. The whole atmosphere in the house changed from that moment. Smiles and chatter. It wasn't that they missed Liz any less, but all of them just knew the future would be OK, They still had each other.

CHAPTER 9

Anna's First Time

Nothing was said, but all three of them knew tonight would be different. The girls had got their Daddy back, and for that they would do almost anything. Steve knew he had two of the most beautiful girls in the world, who were not only going to share his bed, but would now let him do whatever he wanted to them to bind them together. At the same time, he was determined he was going to bring them up as best he could.

Anna pressed her firm little bottom against his groin in her sleep, her petite, naked body, seeking warmth and comfort in a world which had dished out so much tragedy to the young girl in her nine short years of life. Steve lay, spooning into her back, she moaned in contentment, safe at last, her hand pressing his to her flat breast. His cock was still deep inside her, flaccid, limp, his semen oozing out between them onto the bed covers. He lay remembering in fine detail, as if it were recorded like a movie, in his mind the events of the last couple of hours.

They sat together on the couch, watching some repeat Disney film on the wide screen TV. Both girls were clinging on to him either side, as if they expected him to suddenly vanish from their lives, as their mother and grandparents had done, so recently. Steve had his arms around them, his palms cupping their buttocks, through their thin, nighties. They just enjoyed the closeness. He felt guilty about the way he'd displayed his self pity to these two, who needed him more than he needed them.

As if a signal had been given, Gilly suddenly got up, standing on the couch, swung a leg across his lap and now facing him, sat on him, her arms around him as if he might try to escape. He naturally cuddled her into his chest, feeling her warmth, her smallness, her breathing against him. He slipped his hand down, and found with the position of her legs, the hem of her nighty was up by her hips. He slipped his hand under her, feeling the open valley of her bottom, vagina and cleft as he nestled his fingers into her recesses. He wasn't trying to arouse her, but give her comfort from his closeness. He felt her pull him, pressing harder to his chest. Soon, she fell asleep in his arms. He looked to his side, where Anna was still clinging to him, having watched her sister's display of little-girl-needing-security.

"Shall we go to bed?" he simply asked her. They both knew what he meant by the question. She nodded and got up from the couch. While he carried Gilly asleep up the stairs in his arms, his fingers pressing into her most private place, Anna went round locking up and switching lights off. Steve lay Gilly down on the bed. Knowing she didn't wear night clothing, he slipped the nighty up and over her head. She immediately turned onto her side, in the foetal position and putting her thumb in her mouth, fell into a deep sleep. He leaned down, to pull the covers over her and kissed her forehead. Looking down, he saw her little vulva bulging out between her thighs. He put his hand on her thigh, and using his thumb, pulled one side of her labia up, opening her vagina and anus for a moment. It had been a while since he'd even wanted to look at her. Now she aroused him. He heard Anna's footsteps coming up the stairs, so gave her one more look and pulled the covers up over Gilly.

Anna came in, holding two glasses in her hands. He glanced at them, seeing a slice of lemon and some ice in each. He looked suspiciously at her, seeing her cheeky grin. "We're celebrating," she said, putting the glasses down on the bedside table. "Anyway," she said, glancing at her sister, "it will take your mind off what you shouldn't be thinking about." She glanced at Gilly and looking back at him, said: "I can always tell when you've been up to something." He realised in that moment she'd inherited her mother's insightfulness. They both knew what she meant. He shrugged and went into the bathroom to have a shower. He'd only been there for a moment, when he sensed her presence. Turning, he found she was closer than he realised, when his erection struck her shoulder, making her giggle. She grabbed it with one hand and picked up a bar of soap with the other.

The next five minutes was so erotic to Steve, as she moved her hand up and down his shaft, soaping him up, the soap now dropped, as she cupped his balls, her finger even dipping into his anus a fraction. He was so hard, it hurt. By now, he was leaning against the wall of the shower, as she wanked him with her two little soapy hands, smiling up at him, knowing the pleasure she was giving him.

"If you carry on like this, Anna," he muttered, "the show will be over before it's even started." She giggled again, gave him another squeeze and frig, before stepping back and said: "Your turn." He looked at her for a moment, before he stooped and scooped her up off her feet and with the hot water cascading down over them both, cuddled her tightly into him, her legs now wrapped around his waist, his cock poking her from beneath, his hand pressed into her most sensitive place, exploring, caressing, feeling, arousing. They kissed, their mouths pressed to one another, their tongues wrestling.

He reached with his elbow and, without breaking the kiss, switched off the shower. He stepped out of the shower and grabbing several towels, walked into the bedroom. He roughly threw the towels onto the bed and laid her on top of them. Then taking one, he started to dab her dry, never letting his eyes leave hers. They both knew where this was leading. They both wanted it to be special. Soon, damp, but dry enough, he lifting her up, her legs wrapping around him once more, he moved to the head of the bed and sitting down, swung his legs up, leaning back against the pillows. He glanced across at Gilly, whose snore was very loud for one of her small size.

Anna, still with her legs wrapped around him, leaned back against his raised knees, her weight resting where her thighs met his stomach. She felt his crinkly pubic hair under her bum, finding it tickled slightly. She looked down, and saw his rigid cock was standing proud between them, it's base pressing into her cleft. She knew what she wanted and she wanted it now. So it was with some surprise to Steve, he watched as she lifted herself up a few inches, in a squatting position and taking his cock in one hand, she guided his tip down her cleft to her entry, feeling the slipperiness of his pre-cum spreading along her valley of pleasure.

They both felt the movement as his crown slipped into her recess. She was about to drop down on him, when he put his hands under her wonderful buttocks and told her to wait a moment. Still staring at one another, they felt the movement, as the constant pressure of her weight pressed him deeper, her vagina gradually dilating, easing him in. She squeaked when his rim popped through the elastic muscles of her entry. He was now nudging her hymen, it's springy membrane pushing back against him. In the semi sitting position she was in, her knees wide apart, her bottom resting half way up his thighs, leaning against his knees, her cleft was spread wide open, her hardened little nub like a small erection, pointing at him from it's cowl.

Steve, still looking into her eyes, reached down, his palm upwards and gently touched her, where he'd touched her so many times before, but this was different. She jerked in reaction, as though a surge of electricity had shot through her, her eyes now half closed, as she felt her pleasure building. He caressed her, feeling her whole body stiffen on him, as she rose. He felt her legs start to tremble, then her breathing became erratic, her head twisted to the side, her eyes now tight shut. Suddenly the moment arrived. She gasped, her trembles became shakes, her wide open knees moved further out, then she cried out, as she crashed into her orgasm, her pussy gulping on his tip. Then, at that moment her legs gave way and she dropped down, her weight again on his hands, still under her buttocks.

They looked down at the same moment, seeing he was half inside her now. She looked up to see him smiling back, both knowing they had started on a journey, which would last for the rest of their lives. They paused, letting her body adjust to the tightness of her

vagina stretched to the very limit by his tumescent cock. His fingers were still caressing her clitty and her tingles resumed, once again building, growing, both in intensity and strength. She tumbled back into her interrupted climax, her head bending backwards, her chest pushed forwards.

Steve realised with some surprise that Anna was going to enjoy her sex life as intensely as her mother had done too. He looked down and saw she had slipped further down on him, her cervix now pressing against his crown. She wriggled on him for a minute, letting the sensations of her 'G' spot give her increasing pleasure. At last, she calmed and looked at him expectantly.

He smiled at her again and said: "Are you ready to have a proper fuck, Anna?" She smiled back nodded and looked down, as she saw him lift her slowly up and lower her down. He repeated it, a little quicker. And again, gaining scope and speed with each cycle. She pressed her feet to the bed either side of him, to help, lifting and dropping lifting and dropping. Anna felt something deep inside her growing, like a balloon being inflated. But this something was a sensation and as it expanded, so she knew she was going to experience the biggest cum of her life. It grew and grew. Then, she felt something else. Steve swelled inside her too. He was about to cum too. There was a pause, like waiting for a lit firework to go off and it doesn't, then suddenly, unexpectedly, it goes off. So it was now. They both exploded into a cataclysmic orgasm, each cramping and swelling on the other, such exquisite pleasure surging through them both. Steve had been married twice, had never lived a celibate life, been an active youth, but he'd never experienced pleasure like she'd just given him. It was simply out of this world.

Anna almost fell asleep before she'd finished. She just lay on his chest, and closed her eyes. He rolled onto his side, and turned her over and cuddled into her back, spooning into her, his cock, semi-tumescent slipping deep into her once more, before he drifted off himself. Anna pressed her firm little bottom against his groin in her sleep, her petite, naked body, seeking warmth and comfort in a world which had dished out so much tragedy to the young girl in her nine short years of life. Steve lay, spooning into her back, she moaned in contentment, safe at last, her hand pressing his to her flat breast.

CHAPTER 10

Anna's Birthday Presents

Morning broke and Steve knew the weather had turned once more. He could hear the rain against the window panes, through the closed curtains, which wafted with the draft, despite the windows being tight shut. He was in no hurry to get out of bed this morning. He had a naked girl cuddled into each side of him, their heads propped in the crook of his shoulders, his arms cradling their backs, his fingers just reaching the valley of their glorious bottoms. He saw the glass on the bedside locker, with a slice of lemon still floating on the surface of the clear liquid, the ice long melted. He reached over and picking it up, brought it to his nose, smiling as he realised it was only water.

His movement had woken Anna, who moved against him, one hand now on his chest, her fingers slipping through his blond curly hair. She looked up and smiled.

"How do you feel, Darling?" he asked quietly. "Your first time, good, huh?" By way of answer, she cuddled tighter into his side and just said: "Hmmmmmm."

They lay there both thinking their thoughts. Perhaps ten minutes passed, before he said: "Anna, do you mind if I ask you something? If you don't want to answer, I won't mind, and I won't ask again. It's about you and Grand-Bob."

There was a long pause. It stretched to several minutes. She knew what he wanted to ask, but she wasn't sure she wanted to tell him; and yet she knew she would and knew that afterwards, she would be glad she'd shared the secret.

"He told you, didn't he?" she said quietly.

"No, Bob never told me anything," Steve replied. "All he said was to look after you, because you were special to him. Do you want to talk about it?"

"No....yes....no, oh, I don't know," she said. He remained silent while her brain sorted the problem out. "It started when I was coming up to my sixth birthday," she started. "I realised I was interested in growing things and Grand-Bob offered to take me to the allotment with him and teach me. So I used to go with him. I always loved Grand-Bob, he was so nice to me and gave me presents and talked to me and listened to me and did nice things to me." Steve didn't say anything. He realised she was on a roll now.

"Well on my birthday, he asked if I would like to go to the allotment after breakfast," she continued. "Then he handed me a big box, all wrapped in paper and ribbons. Inside were a pair of wellies, a whole set of hand gardening tools, some gardening gloves, some seeds, a kneeling pad. Loads of stuff. We went down to the plot, so I could try them all out. He carried the box down to the shed, where I opened it all up to look at it all. As I took out each item, I kissed him and cuddled him, thanking him and he kissed me back. Then after I had taken everything out, I saw an envelope. Inside was a birthday card. It was nice. He'd made it himself using lots of tiny photos of me weeding and sowing. Lots of the pictures were taken of me bending over, looking at my bum. At first I didn't understand, that came later. Inside the card was £100 in ten pound notes. He told me I mustn't tell anyone he'd given it to me, but if I ever wanted to buy anything, he would take me to get it."

"I was so thrilled, I kissed him for a long time on his lips. He cuddled me. Then I realised his hand was on my bum; but now he was feeling me in between my legs, you know, moving towards my pussy. I didn't know what to do, but it felt sort of nice, so I let him. After a while, it felt very nice and I moved so he could do it more. At the time I didn't understand what he was doing, but now I do. He made me sort of cum. As Gilly would say, he was mol-est-ing me." She grinned up at him.

"That's all he did that first time, on my birthday," said Anna. "Well during the following week at school, I thought about what he'd done to me. I knew it was naughty, but I loved Grand-Bob and didn't want to upset him, so I decided if he wanted to do it again, I would let him. The next time we went there, he didn't do anything. He just took the chair outside the shed and when it was break time, he sat in it and I sat on his knee His hands were on my leggings over my crack, but he never moved a muscle. We just talked about school and Mum and the allotment and the weather."

"The weeks went by and nothing happened, really. Then his birthday was coming up soon and I asked what he would like me to give him for a present. He said something I didn't understand then, but I do now. He said: 'Anna, give of yourself and only yourself.' So I wondered what to do. I took the money he'd given me and went to that nice man in the tool shop in town. Mum needed to go and see someone called Tony for half an hour and she asked would I be alright for a while? So I went to the shop on my own."

"I knew what I wanted to buy him. I'd seen some of the older men use them down at the allotment. It's called a Terrex Spade. But the price tag was £110 and I only had £100 to spend. The man in the shop was very kind. He said if I came into the back office for a few minutes, while he checked the costs, perhaps he could work something out for me. Well, we went into his office and he closed the door. He looked at me and said if I stood still with my feet apart, he would put his hands in my leggings and give me a feel for the £10 I needed. So I agreed. He then said if I would let him put his hand inside my panties, he'd make it £20. Well of course I said 'yes'. Next he said if I squeezed the bump in his trousers, he'd add another £10. Well it meant I had £20 left over, so it was a no brainer. I touched his bump, while he felt me up, he grunted a couple of times, took his hand out of my panties, and took me back into the shop with the spade."

"I went back to the car, where I had agreed to wait for Mum. I hid the spade on the floor in the back going home. I knew Mum had been fucking Tony. Well, I didn't know it at the time, but looking back, I know now. We got home and later, I took the allotment keys and took the present down to the shed."

"The next day was Grand-Bob's birthday. We had a birthday breakfast and he opened his cards and presents. I so wanted to go to the allotment, but it all took so long. He winked at me, knowing what I wanted to do. At last, he suggested we went down to the plot for a couple of hours. Mum and Granny Ellie said they would make him a special lunch, if we wanted to get out of the way for a while. He unlocked the shed and as soon as he looked inside, he saw the Terrex Spade. He stood looking at it, then turned to me and said: 'for me?' I nodded. He picked it up and ran his fingers along it, caressing, loving it. Then he looked at me and asked how I had paid for it."

"He pulled out the chair and sat down. I sat on his lap. 'Well?' he asked me. I told him I had used the money he'd given me for my birthday. He looked a bit sad at me and said the money was meant for me and I shouldn't be spending it on buying him things. Then he asked me how I had managed to pay for it. He knew how much they are. I told him it had cost just £80. He knew I wasn't telling him everything, and in just a few minutes, he knew what had happened in the shop."

"Grand-Bob took out his wallet, and handed me the £80 the spade had cost me. He said the money was for me, not to spend it on him. I was quite upset and told him I had just wanted to give him something he wanted for his birthday. He told me he'd already explained that all he wanted was for me to give of myself. I told him I didn't know what he meant. He then asked me to go inside the shed with him. He took the seat in as well, and shut the lower part of the door. Then he sat down and asked me to repeat what the man in the shop had done to me. Afterwards he said, 'So for £30, you let the man put his hand inside your panties and then rubbed his bump?' I just nodded. He then asked what I would do for him for the £80 he'd just given me. I told him I loved him and I would do anything for him, whether he gave me £80 or not. So he asked me if I would let him look at me and

touch me and feel me without my clothes on. I was really shocked, but I loved my Grand-Bob, so I did everything he asked me to do. Did I do the wrong thing, Daddy?"

"No my precious, you didn't. So what else did he ask you to do?" asked Steve.

"Well I took all my clothes off, as I said, like he asked me and stood in front of him, while he looked at me. He had a funny look on his face. But I loved Grand-Bob and didn't mind him looking at me and it was his birthday. Then he ran his fingers quickly over me. Up and down my arms, then down my back and over my bottom, down my legs and up again. He felt between them, like you did in the shed, Daddy. His fingers seemed to want to get inside me, so I moved my feet further apart for him. He liked that. He made me feel nice, for at least half an hour. But I was only little and I didn't cum back then. Well, not as good as now."

"At the end, he asked me if I would do something very special for him. Well he was my Grand-Bob, so I said 'yes'. He got up and slipped his trousers and underpants off. His thingy, you know, his cock was sticking up all stiff. It wasn't as big as yours, and had wrinkles on it. He asked me to hold it very tight in both my hands and squeeze it and move my hands up and down it, while he felt my pussy and bottom. I knew he was enjoying his birthday, Daddy, because he started to moan just like you do when you're about to cum. Then he asked me to straddle him. I didn't know what he meant, but he guided me to sit on him, face to face, my knees stretched outside his legs, our tummies almost touching."

"He asked me to squeeze him and rub him some more. His fingers were in my bottom and pussy from behind. It felt really nice. Then he said he was going to cum, and did I mind. I smiled at him. I didn't know what cum meant back then, but I said it was OK. 'Rub and squeeze me really hard,' he told me. Then in a few seconds, he went still. I felt his cock jerk in my hands, and suddenly he was spurting his cum all over my tummy and chest. One bit even hit my nose, as I looked down and it ran down onto my lips. It tasted a bit like yours does Daddy."

"Well we sat still for a few minutes after that, as his breathing calmed down and he stopped looking all red in the face. He reached over and grabbed some paper towel, which he kept in the shed, and used loads cleaning us both up. He cuddled me lots after that, even though we were bare and someone might come. He thanked me for my birthday present. He said it was our secret. Funny thing was, Daddy, he didn't do it again for a long time. It was Christmas morning when it happened again, then on my birthday and then his birthday the next year. Every other time we went to the allotment, he would always take the chair outside and I would sit on his lap. Even though his hands were on my mound, he never tried to do anything to me. I so loved my Grand-Bob, Daddy, I wish he was still here."

"I know precious. He was a very special person. Now I understand what he meant, that day he last spoke to me. He seemed to know I loved you and you loved me."

"Yes," she confirmed, "he knew. One day, after you had married Mum, he asked me about how I felt about you. It was his last birthday and we'd been in the shed and got naked and he'd squirted all over me. I told him I loved you, and he said he wanted me to show you I loved you, like I had loved him. So the next time I sat on your lap outside the shed, I pushed your fingers into me. Well, the rest you already know."

“Did your Mum ever know about you and Grand-Bob being in love?” asked Steve carefully.

“Not at first, but Mum always found out everything any of us did,” she said a little sheepishly. “It was on my eighth birthday, and Grand-Bob had just cum all over my tummy, and suddenly she was there, watching us. We never knew how long she’d been there. Then, when she saw us looking at her, she just turned around and walked away. She never said anything to Grand-Bob, or me. But from then on, we knew she knew. But every week, she would ask if we were going down to the allotment.”

“What about you and me?” Steve asked, “Did she know about us?”

“I don’t know, Daddy. Mum had secrets too, you know.”

“Yes I know, sweetheart,” he said, cuddling her hard once more.

“His name was Tony....” She started.

“And he lived near the supermarket,” he finished.

“Yes, how did you know?” she asked, surprised. “She used to go there when she needed....you know, stuff. She and Cathy and Mary....oh, I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“It’s alright, darling, I knew already. I’ve always known. I will say one thing, though.”

“What’s that Daddy?” she asked.

“We all had secrets, but all of us knew about everyone else’s secrets and never said anything. That’s real love: to know, overlook and forgive. I really loved your Mum. I wonder what she would think if she could see us now?”

“She’d probably smile and ask us what we wanted for lunch,” giggled Anna.

CHAPTER 11

Gilly’s Turn

“So what am I going to do about your sister?” Steve asked.

Anna looked across at Gilly, who was still asleep, or so she thought. “I want Daddy to do to me what he did to Anna, last night.” Gilly suddenly turned over, looking at Steve and Anna, a big grin on her face.

“How long have you been awake?” asked Steve.

“Long enough to hear that Grand-Bob had been doing the same to Anna as he’d been doing to me for the last couple of years,” said Gilly.

Steve and Anna looked at one another, open mouthed, before laughing out loud, realising the quiet, friendly, unassuming old man had been a child “mol-est-er” all the time.

Steve later found out that over the years, Bob had taught some of the local children about horticulture and introduced them to his love of growing things. He’d formed a club and gave them points and prizes. It had been a great success. He’d given each child a small plot to grow things on. They would all come down on a Sunday morning together. But Anna told him that Bob offered to pay several young girls to help him weed his own patch on their own on Saturday afternoons. Steve wondered how many of them were mol-est-ed. More than one or two, he was certain.

“Mum knew about him and me,” she added. “She told me if he ever did anything I didn’t like I had to tell her. Anyway,” said Gilly, “you’ve still not made up for being a grumpy bumps for the last few weeks. You owe me still.”

“Oh,” said Steve, “I suppose I do. What would you like me to do to make up for it?”

“I already told you, I want you to do to me what you did to you Anna, last night,” she repeated.

“But you’re too small for that,” he said in a worried tone, “you’re only eight.”

“Of course I’m too small, silly. But I’m nine next week and anyway, my friend says her Uncle did it to her up the bum. She said it was really cool and she’s younger than me. You can try that if you like,” stated Gilly.

“Your friend’s Uncle?” queried Steve.

“Well he’s not her real Uncle,” she corrected, “just the man who lived with her Mum. He used to do it up her bum, when her Mum went to the shops. He’s moved away now.”

Steve lay thinking about what she’d just said for a minute, before asking: “Is that what you’d like to try, Gilly, or are you just trying to please me?” he asked.

She smiled at him and at Anna, reached across and opened the bedside drawer, still containing her mother’s things and pulled out and held up a tube of KY Jelly. Steve was amazed she knew where to find it, let alone what it was used for. But Gilly just handed the tube to him, before getting onto her hands and knees, looking over her shoulder at him. Steve looked at Anna, who shrugged and reclined against the pillows at the edge of the bed.

“We’ll take this slowly, Gilly, otherwise it might hurt, alright?” he said.

“OK,” she said, moving her knees further apart.

Steve unscrewed the cap from the tube and put the nozzle to her asterisk shaped anus. He prised her open with the fingers of his other hand, before squeezing a good amount into her rectum, making her clench. He then pulled back his foreskin and coated his crown with the jelly, then put some on the pad of his finger. He moved behind her and pressed his finger gently into her bottom, being careful not to force her. He applied a little pressure

and watched as his finger slowly slipped into her, one knuckle, two, all the way in. He waited there, feeling her dilate.

He reached under her with his other hand and fondled her mound, finding her clitoris engorged at the top of her cleft. He started to twiddle her, feeling her react, gaining pleasure. Her clitty hardened. She started to undulate with the stimulation, her eyes now half closed as her concentration moved south. He felt her clench on his finger in her rectum once, twice, multiple times. She was cuming now. He carefully pulled his finger out of her, while still masturbating her clitoris, keeping her climax going. He moved his cock to her entry and let his end find it's way, settling against her gulping anus, which, with a little pressure, pulled him in slowly, a fraction at a time. He looked down and saw with amazement his cock move in time with her clenching. He felt the elastic ring of her sphincter snap around his rim making her squeak in response. He paused waiting for her to adjust to his intrusion. His finger playing with her clitty carried on working on keeping her going.

Gilly knew when the moment was right, feeling her bum relax. At first it had been really tight in there, but after a while, she got used to it. She already knew this was going to be OK once he was all the way inside her.

She hadn't told Steve and Anna the full truth about her friend and her 'Uncle'. When it had first happened, she'd actually been eight, not seven. It had been two years ago when it had started. The 'Uncle' hadn't stayed with her Mum long and he'd left over a year ago. Her friend was now ten and had a reason for telling Gilly about it. She wanted her Mum and Steve to get together, so Steve might carry on where the 'Uncle' had left off if he got a taste for young girls' bums. Her name was Alice and her Mum was Cathy and they lived next door but one. She knew Steve would be horrified if he learned what the two had cooked up between them. That was why the details of the holiday had been shared, so they would all go away together somewhere, where interesting things might develop. It had been Alice who had suggested to Gilly she should try and introduce Steve to buggery before they went away and had then spent time coaching her on how to do it and how to enjoy it. Gilly already knew she was going to enjoy it. Her only problem had been how to get Steve to do it.

Steve felt the movement. He was really surprised. Not only did she seem to be enjoying herself, he got the impression she'd either done this before, or had been taught what to do. But now was not the time for such thoughts, because his cock had started the long slow wonderful journey into her interior. Halfway in, he stopped and pulled back half an inch, before reversing and moving forward again, another inch or so. On the third cycle, he pressed his pubic hair to her tiny beautiful buttocks. Again he paused.

He started to strum her clitty once more. She clenched continuously now. The feeling on his cock was stunning. She just kept on clenching. He thought if it carried on, he would cum too, so he eased off for a while. He pulled slowly back, almost coming out of her and then pushed in all the way again. He waited a moment, pulled back and shoved back in, quicker this time and again. Building speed and force. He started to strum her clitty once more, feeling her react, her clamping resuming immediately. Faster he went, his thighs now slapping into her bum, as his cock reached it's full depth into the child. So good, so arousing. Gilly was moaning and calling out in her own ecstatic world of pleasure. She'd wondered how this could be nice. In her pussy she could understand, but up the bum? But

she hadn't reckoned on clitoral stimulation. Alice had told her all about it and that if he did it right, it felt good. If not, well it didn't. Gilly already knew she would want Daddy to do this again as often as possible, until she was big enough to let him fuck her properly.

They all knew it was coming to a head and Steve could hold back no longer. For the last few thrusts, he was slamming into her as hard as he could. He was on the cusp for a few seconds, then he exploded into her, pressing as deep as possible, holding her tightly against him getting as far into her as he could, knowing his semen would spurt another inch or two further. He knew this was about as depraved as child abuse could get, but at the same time, he knew they all wanted and needed this, to bind them together as a united but damaged family, relying on one another. The pleasure of his orgasm swept through him in waves, over and over, as he filled her bowels with his sperm filled semen. So good.

He let the pulses die slowly away. This was the first time he'd ever buggered anyone, let alone a nearly nine year old girl. It had been incredible, and something he fully intended to repeat as soon as he could, either with her, or her sister, if she would let him. He realised just how tightly he had pulled her into him, and relaxed his grip on her hips. His tumescence died away, and he pulled out of her, seeing semen follow him out, running down her buttocks in white and brown streaks. Anna passed a box of Kleenex over and taking a handful of tissues, wiped the mess from her anus and surrounding area.

He flopped down on his back, his head on the pillow. He spread his arms and the two girls cuddled into his sides, pressing themselves to him, letting his hands curl around their buttocks, giving them a feeling of security. They lay silently for a few minutes, each with their own thoughts.

"So what are we going to do about this holiday?" he asked. "We hardly need to go out shopping for new clothes." They all laughed at the thought. "But seriously," he went on, "we're off in just over a week's time and we need to buy clothes for the evening. Would you like to go shopping today?" That idea was an immediate hit. "OK you two, I'll have a quick shower, then while I go and make some breakfast, you can use the bathroom."

"Did you like it in your bum?" asked Anna, as she washed Gilly's back. "It looked like you did."

"Yeah, it was better than I expected," she responded. "Daddy made it really nice when he tickled my fanny."

"Your clitty, you mean?" said Anna.

"Yeah, that's what I said," said Gilly. "Fuck it's sore now, though. I don't think I'll be able to sit for a week. But it was really worth it. You gotta try it Anna. What was it like for you last night, you know, in your pussy?"

"Fuck it was brilliant, Gilly," said Anna. "Daddy made my first time so nice for me. Pass the soap would you, you've got a bit of poo smeared across your bottom. I'll clean it off for you."

CHAPTER 12

The Shopping Trip

The girls got dressed and went downstairs, following the mouth watering smell of frying bacon. Breakfast was delicious and the girls helped to clear away afterwards, which was unusual. They were just getting into the car, when Cathy came out of her front door.

"Hi Steve," she said, smiling broadly, "I hear we might be going on holiday together."

He was taken aback. How did she know that? Cathy held her phone up. "Girls have been texting! Where you off to."

"We're going to the shopping centre. The girls need some evening and travel clothes for their holiday, so I am biting the bullet and taking them, before I change my mind. Did you want to join us?" Her eyes sparkled for a moment.

"Err, I would love to Steve, thanks all the same, but I was just off to the supermarket for some essentials," she replied. Suddenly her eyes lit up, lids flashing at him. "You wouldn't do me a huge favour, would you?"

Steve dreaded what was coming next. He'd walked right into this one. He nodded.

"You wouldn't take my two with you, would you? I'd be ever so grateful." Before he could refuse, she added: "Alice needs a new bikini and Holly something to wear on the flight. Let me know how much I owe you when you get back. Well, I'd better fly, see you later." With that she was gone. She and Ellen had a half hour appointment with Tony and didn't want to be late.

He was just wondering where the holy horrors were, when two heads popped through the door and grinned at him. "Hi Steve," said Alice. "Hi Steve," echoed Holly. "We going shopping for clothes?" asked Alice. "Wanna watch us try them on?" They were still laughing as they all climbed into his car. He tried to concentrate on his driving, but had trouble when he heard comments from behind like: "He'll be able to look at my pussy for two whole weeks...." and "up the bum? I like it that way. Haven't had it since Uncle left." Or "Look here inside my panties, do you think that's a hair growing or just another blackhead?" Steve was wondering what he'd done to deserve all this, then pondered that his own behaviour over the last twenty four hours hadn't been exactly faultless.

He got to the shopping centre car park without crashing and started to reverse into an empty place. Looking over his shoulder as he did so, he glanced down to see Alice leaning back, her feet up on the seat, knees apart, holding the leg hole of her panties to one side. "Are you looking forward to our holiday, Steve? I think there'll be lots to see and do there." He managed to hit the car behind. Fortunately it was just a gentle bump, rubber to rubber and no one was around to remonstrate with him.

Going into the main hallway, Steve walked straight ahead. Immediately the girls starburst in all directions, scattering. What a nightmare! He was going to lose them if he didn't sort them out, quick. He did an about turn and headed for the car park. As if a magnet was pulling iron, they suddenly reappeared.

"Where're you going Daddy?" asked Gilly, having to run on her little legs to keep up with him. "I thought we were going shopping."

"We were, but now we're going home," he said curtly. "If you lot can't behave, then I'm taking you nowhere. I have a 24 hour money back cool off on Tenerife. I'm cancelling the holiday."

He tried not to smile, keeping his back to them, as he heard comments of, "Now look what you've done, Alice. I told you our Dad won't stand for nonsense." And "You'll have to say 'sorry'."

"Sorry Steve," said Alice and Holly together, before Holly added: "We didn't mean to upset you. We'll be good."

"Right," he said spinning round on his heel, his finger sweeping along the line of contrite looking girls, "one more thing, and we're home and the holiday is cancelled. Understand?" The four girls nodded, looking suitably contrite. "OK, let's start again, shall we? Which shop do you want to go in first?"

It was Holly, being the eldest who took the lead and soon they were going in and out of the different outlets. If they had left a trail of string behind, it's pattern would have resembled a pile of spaghetti. But even so, there was some logic in the order of their shopping. Steve hated retail shops with a passion. If he ever went to buy clothes for himself, it was all pre-planned, like a military mission. He would know what he wanted, where to get it what he wanted to match it. Buy it and get the hell out. He already accepted that female retail was a different kettle of fish and all he could do was go with the flow. There was no way of hurrying them up. It would be like pushing string.

They were just leaving one store, which alone had taken twenty five minutes to look in and it seemed they had at least another ten target stores in mind. He pointed out the McDonald's sign across the hall. "My wallet is available until twelve o'clock," he said, looking at his watch. "It's ten thirty now, then I am in McDonald's whether you've finished or not." The girls looked at one another anxiously. They needed to buy, not just browse. The whole pace changed.

"This way," instructed Holly, "Kiddy Klothos, then Swinging Swimwear, before.... you-know-where!" They all giggled and moved off apace. Steve almost started to enjoy the experience, with the girls now focused on what they needed. The bags of clothes started to accumulate and soon he found himself acting as the porter, trailing behind them. Everything was on sale or return, so they didn't use the changing rooms and could try things on when they got home. At last, they turned to him, "One more shop, Steve," Holly said, pointing over her shoulder grinning.

Steve glanced at where she indicated. His eyes went wide, when he saw the Victoria's Secret sign over the door. "I'm not going in there," he muttered, flushing red in the face.

"Give me your card, Daddy," laughed Anna, "I'll look after it and," she looked around, pretending to be furtive, then smiled and said quietly: "I'll make sure you get your money's worth," His cock clenched at the thought. He looked around and saw a hole-in-the-wall

A.T.M. and drew out £200 cash and handed it to her. "Receipts please, Anna." She nodded, snatched the money and ran after the other three girls, already heading into the store. He called after her: "Meet me in McDonald's." She waved her hand, without looking over her shoulder.

Steve bought a coffee and sat in a window seat, where he could look down the hall to the door where the girls had entered. He had a re-fill and was on the point of another, when the girls came out. Each of them was clutching a tiny carrier bag. They came in, but went directly to the counter to order their food. They all trooped over holding their trays and sat down. They all kept grinning at him, as they started on their fries, sipping Coke and inspecting the inside of their burgers. He held out his hand and said: "Change, please Anna."

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a five pound note and a handful of silver change. "You have got to be kidding me," he gasped.

"No," she replied, "McDonald's prices went up last week, didn't you know?" The girls giggled, watching him gaping at the £7.59 in his hand. "But there is something else, daddy." She leaned into him. "They're really, really sexy. Like, really sexy. When we get home, we're all going to give you a show if you want."

"Cathy will be back by then, won't she?" he asked, thinking that would put paid to any fashion show.

"Yeah," said Holly, "she'll want to see all this stuff too."

Steve was feeling a bit uncomfortable. Firstly his cock was rising inside his tight jeans and secondly the thought of watching these girls give him a fashion show with Cathy present. Soon they were leaving the shopping centre and headed home.

When they arrived, he saw Cathy's car parked outside her house. "We'll take all the clothes into my place. Holly, why not go and let your mum know we're back. Ask her if she would like to join us for a coffee or a glass of wine." Holly was gone in a moment, while the other three girls sorted out all the purchases, laying them out on the chairs in the sitting room.

Cathy arrived with Holly in tow, patting her hair down. He couldn't resist a little tease, when he said: "how did your morning go?"

"Great," she responded, "just as I planned it. How about yours?"

"Oh, I got turned over by four little scamps, who owe me big style. These girls are the best actors I have ever seen when it comes to duping anyone. I don't know who put them up to it. I could hazard a guess, though. They nearly had me fooled. You know if they'd been on Broadway, they'd have won a Tony." He saw her blink on the mention of that name. He was very close to the mark and they both knew it.

"So girls," she asked, getting up to close the curtains, and bolting the front door. "what have you bought? Are you going to give us a little fashion show?" Holly got up and ushered the others into the adjoining dining room and closed the door. After about three or

four minutes, the door opened and in came Gilly, wearing a very smart, long red dress. It was pleated, had a snug fit and showed off her thin, parallel figure to perfection. She walked around the room, did a few twirls and sat down on one of the chairs, as Anna entered in a royal blue skirt with crimson low cut top. The pleated skirt was cut just above her knees and as she did a twirl, the hem lifted, almost showing her matching panties beneath. Next, was Alice, wearing a pair of tight fitting pale blue terry shorts, which hugged her contours. The material was so stretchy, it formed a fabulous camel toe, showing off her pussy to perfection. Afterwards, he wouldn't be able to recall what she wore above.

"Fucking hell," muttered Steve, making Cathy turn and look at where he was staring, with wide eyes.

"Like what you see?" she asked "just wait until we go away and the present gets unwrapped."

His eyes flicked across to her, "Present?"

"You never know your luck," she replied vaguely. "All four of the girls birthdays fall during our fortnight away. Don't people get presents on birthdays?" This was getting a little surreal for Steve, realising he'd been drawn into a web by this spider woman and the four girl spiderettes.

Holly walked in at that moment. She was wearing a much more conservative white dress. It had a woven pattern, buttoned front, long sleeves and came down just beneath her knees. It was elegant, much more sensible. Then as she stepped under the light, he could see the material became semi transparent and her underwear could be plainly seen beneath. Just as quickly, as she stepped away, the transparency vanished.

Next, all four entered together wearing what could only be described as 'travel clothes'. Sexy, but sensible. Steve's blood pressure eased a little. They did their twirls and modelling moves, before leaving the room once more.

"You've chosen some lovely outfits for them to take on their holiday, Steve," said Cathy, truthfully. "You must let me have the receipts for my two and I will settle up with you." At that moment, the door opened and in walked Gilly wearing a two piece bikini. He remembered how much the price tag stated and realised it cost more than gold by weight. But what it lacked in economy it more than made up for in design. He smiled to himself; certainly there was an economy in the amount of material used. It was cut inwards at the back. Not a thong, but nearly so, showing off a lot of her bum, which he had been so intimate with only a few hours ago. At the front, a tiny triangular piece of cloth covered her mound, narrowing as it disappeared between her thighs. Her top was also two miniature pieces of triangular cloth, held in place with thin strings of the same colour. It could not be accused of being illegal, but it could certainly be accused of being erotic. He licked his lips, a move not missed by Cathy.

Next in was Anna, in a one piece, also in white. Like Gilly's, the leg holes were cut well back, exposing most of her buttocks. In the front, was an upside-down heart shaped hole, cut to just cover her mound with the point of the heart ending between her yet to grow boobies, leaving almost all her chest and tummy uncovered. When she turned, he saw

there was another heart shaped hole, showing almost her entire back, the point just stopping short of her bum crack. It was a very creative design, and worth what he paid for it, especially as it was in the sale.

Alice and Holly came in together, next, because they had bought identical costumes. Also in white, they were similar in design to a mankini. They had straps which went around the neck, down the chest and tummy covering their areolae, joined over their mounds, passed under their crotches up as a thong, before joining a thin waistband. As they turned around, Steve was almost salivating.

"Why did you all buy the same colour costume," he stupidly asked.

Alice raised her eyes upwards, as if he was being dim. "Don't you know what happens to white costumes when they get wet, Steve?" she asked, walking out again, before he could reply.

There was a pause in the display, while there was a lot of giggling from the next room. An awkwardness had fallen between Steve and Cathy. He thought it was incredible that this woman would allow her daughters to parade themselves in next to nothing in front of him. But she actually seemed to be encouraging them with her comments and praise.

Just then, the door creaked open an inch and an eye appeared. "Ready for the show?" called Holly in a cheery voice. The door swung wide open and in she pranced. The only thing she was wearing was a pair of panties. But they were panties bought this very morning from Victoria's Secret. Made of an orange, filmy, semi transparent material. They were narrow cut at the front, barely covering her mound. The waistband passed round her just where her mons met her lower tummy, three inches below her tummy button. When she did a twirl, he realised it was a thong, and the narrow strip of material had been pulled deep into her bottom, making it invisible, so all he saw was her glorious bottom. Her muscles rippled under her skin as she moved around. When she had finished her parade, she left, as Alice entered. Her areolae seemed to have darkened, and swollen slightly, mounded up almost, her developing half lemon sized boobies swollen. Certainly her nipples on the tip of her puffs stood out very proud, the size of raisins.

Alice was wearing what looked like a regular pair of knickers and nothing else. Like her older sister, her nipples too were standing proud, surmounting her darkened areolae. The panties were crimson, and made of a lacy material, which clung to her shape. She walked round the room and was about to exit, when she stopped in front of the door, her back to Steve and her Mum, feet apart, and bent down, almost double. She immediately stood again and walked out. But in that second, Steve had seen that what had appeared normal panties, had in fact no crotch and the whole of her pudenda had shown through the gap made as she'd bent.

He didn't have a second to recover, when in walked Gilly. She was wearing a pair of full cut panties, but what made his cock twitch, was that they were sheer; made of a material similar to pantyhose. Her mound and deep cleft could be seen through them, as could her bottom when she turned. "Those look nice, Gilly" said Cathy, "let me feel the quality of the material." Gilly moved beside her and Steve watched, in amazement, as Cathy stroked her bottom, immediately letting her fingers slip down under, between her legs. But what really caught his attention, was seeing Gilly smile at her, put a hand on Cathy's shoulder

for balance, as she lifted one leg up and outwards. He could see Cathy's fingers just poking out the front, curling up over Gilly's mound. After a moment, Gilly skipped away, Anna coming in last of all.

Anna's new panties were spectacular for their sheer nothingness. He wondered how the shop had sold such a garment to a girl of this age. They had a waist band and material down each side, tapering out to encircle her thighs. They simply had nothing in the middle, covering her mound or bottom. They were, in short, quite obscene.

"Come her, Sweetie," said Cathy, "you've got a twist in the fabric. Let me sort it out for you." Anna moved to her, whereupon she fondled Anna quite openly, pretending to untwist a fictitious twist. She didn't over play it, and patted her bottom and said it looked very nice and she would like to see her wearing them on holiday.

There was a minute's pause, while the girls sorted themselves out once more. Then the door swung open, and all four of them came out, all wearing the same. The label had described them as: Strappy Cheekini Panties. There was plenty of strap, but no panties, as far as Steve could see. They were almost not there at all, just a few strips of black material, which was overlaid with a series of gold coloured embroidered button sized patterns, giving a very exclusive look. There was a strap around the waist, one down each hip and two straps around each thigh. Certainly they covered nothing at all. The four girls, to all intents and purposes, were naked. But it was Cathy's reaction which once again startled Steve. She waved Anna and Gilly over and then said: "Alice and Holly, why don't you let Steve check your new panties fit you properly."

As Cathy's girls moved towards him, he noticed Anna and Gilly were already cuddling into Cathy's sides. There was something here which just didn't add up. They seemed to be completely comfortable with what was happening. It was as if they'd done this many times before. He looked at Cathy, who smiled back. Her hands were quite openly fondling Anna and Gilly in the most intimate ways, but her eyes never left his. It was like time had moved into slow motion, every movement taking seconds longer. Almost without thinking, he cupped each of Alice and Holly's buttocks in his hands, and drew them into his sides, feeling their softness, their silky smooth skin under the strappy, gappy panties.

"There that wasn't so hard, now was it?" teased Cathy, seeing the confusion on his face slowly turn to lust. "Liz said it might take a while for you to join our little circle."

"Liz?" he spluttered, "what do you mean?"

"Oh she nearly didn't make a play for you," Cathy explained. "It was Mary who told her what you were really like, deep down, even though you didn't know it yourself."

"Mary?" he looked incredulous. "Where does she come into all this."

"She knew she was dying," explained Cathy in a more serious tone. "The doctors told her there was nothing further they could do for her cancer. We'd been over to Tony's for the afternoon. You know, Tony?" She realised by his expression that at least that side of Mary hadn't come as a surprise. "Mary asked Liz if she would take you on board and look after you. She asked a hundred questions about you, over as many gins, before she eventually agreed. What she couldn't work out was how to get you and the girls together. That's

when the idea of the allotment came up. Liz had to get Grand-Bob on side as well. They'd had a little understanding that on birthdays and Christmas, he could take Anna and Gilly down there and, well, have some fun."

"Anyway, back to Liz," continued Cathy, her fingers now visibly playing with Gilly and Anna's clities. "All seemed to be going well. Anna had played her part and even Gilly here," she nodded to the girl now squirming on her finger tips, "got involved. Then everything went wrong, and Liz died. That left just me and the girls, oh and Tony, of course, when I needed him. But suddenly I wasn't seeing Anna and Gilly like I used to do, because you were there all the time. Then Anna came up with the idea of the holiday. Well done you, Sweetie. You do feel nice down there, by the way. Was it your first time, last night?" Anna blushed slightly, before nodding and looked at Steve, unsure what he'd say at her confession. "Well the rest is, as they say, history. There's just one more thing we need to sort out."

"What's that?" he asked, walking right into it as usual.

"The sleeping arrangements, of course." She laughed when she saw his expression. "I called the holiday company, while you were all out shopping, and changed the booking. They're going to put us all in one of the larger family units, overlooking the main pool, together."

CHAPTER 13

The Second Sleepover

It was three days before the holiday, and Gilly casually mentioned that Sierra was coming over for a sleepover that night. Everyone had forgotten except Gilly.

"Have you done your packing for the holiday, Gilly?" he asked.

"Yes Daddy," she replied. "Oh Daddy," she said in a natural tone, "did you pack plenty of KY Jelly?" She ran for the door, laughing as he threw a cushion at her, which missed by a mile and almost knocked a picture off the wall. Her head reappeared. "Daddy," she said in a different tone, making him listen, "you know Sierra's coming round tonight?" It was a rhetorical question, and she continued: "Well I was wondering. Would you watch us doing, you know stuff? I liked it last time, it made me really cum when you licked her and she never knew. But I had another idea....."

Steve listened to the eight year old making an absolutely outrageous suggestion, which he knew he would agree to and follow up willingly that night. Gilly, was developing into the more adventurous of the two girls, when it came to their sex life. Certainly she demanded his full attention at least once a day. Sometimes anal and sometimes oral, but always energetic and always fulfilling to the young girl.

Sierra arrived for lunch, then the three girls spent most of the afternoon at the local multiplex 6 screen cinema complex, watching Frozen 2 yet again. Steve slept through most of it, which suited him, because he knew he needed all the sleep he could get for what Gilly had got planned later. It was going to be a long night. He treated them to a

McDonalds afterwards, before returning home and letting them play on the Xbox. What they saw in video games defeated him. But what he saw in little girls probably defeated most people anyway. Each to their own. While they were watching TV, before going to bed, Steve made his preparations for later on.

“Daddy,” said Gilly, in her prearranged speech, “would you let us have a drink; you know a proper drink?”

“Oh, I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” he responded. “What if you can’t get up in the morning? What would Sierra’s mother think, if she has a hangover?”

Gilly had already primed Sierra in what she was going to ask for and right on cue, she said: “It’s alright, Uncle Steve,” (she always called him that), “I won’t drink too much, I promise.”

“Alright,” he said, “on two conditions; firstly, as long as you don’t say anything to your mum, Sierra and secondly, you all get ready for bed first.”

Steve went out to the kitchen and opening the fridge, pulled out some alchopops, he’d bought that morning for the purpose. He knew Sierra liked lemon and Gilly and Anna both preferred orange. He emptied the bottles into three glasses and putting them on a tray, took them out, just as the three girls came stomping down the stairs. How they’d washed and brushed their teeth in the time, he couldn’t imagine, but that wasn’t uppermost in his mind at that moment.

The girls tuned into Netflix, and selected a Disney film which seemed to suit all of them and settled down to watch, sipping their drinks. It wasn’t long before Steve noticed they were soon giggling and larking about, rather than watching their film. The alcohol was kicking in. Anna and Gilly were both wearing their short nighties with nothing beneath, as was their usual practice. This time, Steve noticed Sierra, the usually shy and reserved girl, was wearing a nighty too, which came down to her knees. Without realising, she kept giving him flashes of her white panties underneath, which were adorned with little red hearts printed in diagonal rows.

As they had arranged, Gilly asked for another glassful of the fizzy drink. Sierra hesitated. Steve could see the panic in Gilly’s face, before the girl relented and said: “Well OK, same again please, Uncle Steve, I wasn’t sure whether to have orange flavour instead.” He took the three glasses out on the tray and refilled them.

“Right,” he said, “I’m off to bed then. Are you coming up, Anna, let the two love birds have some time together.” He saw the look of alarm on Sierra’s face, as she realised what he implied.

“Yeah,” said Anna, “I feel really tired. It must be the effect of the drink. I feel quite tipsy too, now I’ve stood up.” She giggled, and taking Steve’s hand, they headed for the stairs. For appearance sake, Anna went to her own room, leaving the light on and door slightly ajar, before going into Steve’s room, where she usually slept with him and Gilly.

“So, what’s the plan?” she asked, as she slipped her nighty off, before climbing into the bed, cuddling up to him, her hand sliding down over his chest, tummy, pubis, seeking out his rising cock.

"Sierra's a really nice kid," he said, "I'm looking forward to getting my hands on her again. Gilly is really fond of her and I think it's mutual. But she's so incredibly shy, it's painful. She'd never let me look at her, or touch her, or...."

"Fuck her...." Completed Anna.

"No," he said, chuckling, "...or fuck her, much as I would love to, she'd probably report me in the morning, if she found her virginity had gone, her cunt was swollen and sore and full of semen," he grinned at her. "But there are other places I might be able shove my cock. Did Gilly tell you about that last sleepover, that night when your mum was in hospital with Grand-Bob?"

"Yeah," she said, propping her head on her hand, arm bent at the elbow, grinning, "Gilly told me you managed to lick Sierra out, while she was doing the same to Gilly, and she never knew. How cool is that? She said Sierra really, really came. She also told me what you did later, you know, cuming in her mouth. So do I get a phone too?" she asked grinning.

"If I get what I want tonight," he said, "we'll go to the shop tomorrow."

Downstairs, things were now hotting up. Steve had given Gilly some items of equipment and explained what they were for. She'd hidden them under the settee. So when they slipped onto the floor in a passionate clinch, the items were well within reach.

"Wanna try something new, Si?" asked Gilly.

"What?" the shy girl replied, always unsure and suspicious about the unfamiliar.

"Like me to play with your bum?" came the scripted and rehearsed suggestion.

"I...I.. don't know, Gilly, what do you mean? It's like yucky and dirty down there isn't it?"

"No it can feel really nice. There's someone I love very much, who I often let put his cock in my bum," said Gilly. It took a second or two for her comment to sink home with Sierra, whose bleary eyes went wide.

"Who Gilly?" she asked.

"I can't say, Si." explained Gilly, "you see he's older than me, and he could get into lots of trouble if anyone found out about what he and I do. He lets me suck his cock and allsorts."

"Wow," said Sierra, "that's amazing." She paused for a few seconds, before adding: "Do you enjoy it, Gilly. I mean, is it as nice as what we do?"

"God yeah," she oozed, her eyes half closed. "It's really good. He puts this buzzy thing on my pussy at the same time and it really makes it good. Perhaps one day I might let you meet him. If he really likes you, he might do it to you too. Would you like that, Si? Would you like a man's cock inside you? Feel his stuff squirting into you; feel his cock moving in and out of you?"

Gilly knew from Sierra's reaction she would like that very much indeed, even as her friend said: "I couldn't do it, Gilly. I think I'd die of embarrassment if a man touched me, especially my bum." There was a long pause, before she continued: "Gilly can I have another of those lemon drinks? They're really nice. Then you can try playing with my bum."

Steve, Anna and Gilly had discussed the plan earlier and they'd wondered how to get a third drink inside the girl. Instead, she'd asked for it herself. Soon she was gulping the drink down. Gilly was amazed how fast she swallowed it all. "You not having one?" asked Sierra, her voice slurring a little. Gilly shook her head as she held a tapered dildo in front of her friend, meaningfully. Even in her sozzled state, Sierra's eyes went wide for a moment, before a slow smile appeared on her face. She swung herself round as Gilly indicated, and lay face down over her lap, her bum in the air.

Gilly quickly got the KY Jelly from under the chair where she'd hidden it and coated the whole dildo with a generous layer. She used her finger and thumb to open up Sierra's asterisk shaped anus and gently put the tip into it. She didn't push it in hard, in fact she was slow and careful, but, never-the-less, the finger sized tip slipped easily in, tapering along it's length. It was about eight inches long and an inch and a half diameter at the other end. It was about half way in, when Gilly paused and got hold of the vibrator from under the chair and slipped it under Sierra's mound, from behind, under the dildo. Getting it into her cleft, well up to her clitty, she switched it on and watched as Sierra's bottom sharply lifted upwards in reaction to the sudden intense stimulation.

Sierra was, by now, quite inebriated. She hadn't lost control of herself, but for the self-conscious, reserved, shy person she was, most of her inhibitions had retreated from her mind, even if just for a while. Right now, for the first time in her life, she felt liberated, free. The only person who could see her was Gilly, her most trusted friend.

It wasn't long, before the dildo was pressed home all the way in her rectum, the rim on it's end flush with the skin around her anus. Gilly now started to rotate the vibrator against Sierra's clitty, moving it around, trying to give her friend the maximum pleasure. Suddenly, Sierra's bottom started to lift and drop, lift and drop as her orgasm crashed in. Sierra didn't know it, but her cries of "Ohmygod, ohmygod," could be heard around the whole house.

"Wanna go upstairs, now, Sierra?" asked Gilly, pleased Steve's plan had worked so far. "I have a surprise for you up there."

Sierra looked at her blearily. "I like surprises, she giggled."

"I think you'll like this one," Gilly said. "Come on let's go up." They both stood, Sierra on wobbly legs. Firstly due to the extra alcohol she'd consumed and secondly on account of the butt dildo still eight inches up her bum. They went upstairs, Gilly holding Sierra's arm in one hand to steady her and the vibrator in the other. They got into Gilly's bed and immediately Sierra threw her arms around Gilly and started to kiss and cuddle and run her hands up and down her body. The drink had obviously swept away all her inhibitions. The house was now in pitch darkness, like before; it was just the nightlight left on, giving off a tiny glow, just enough to see around the room.

Sierra never saw Anna enter the room, nor was she aware when she climbed into the bed the other side from Gilly. She only became aware, when she felt a mouth press to her pussy, when there was already one kissing her lips. Anna was so adept at pleasuring Gilly in this way, which she did often enough, it took her no time at all to bring Sierra off into yet another climax.

Trying to look down her body, to see who was there, Sierra was unable to do so, on account that Gilly, already prepared for the move, lay over her, kissing her friend passionately, their mouths and tongues intertwining. Sierra stopped struggling and succumbed to the new intense pleasures sweeping through her body. She might have had too much to drink, but if anything, her sensitivities had intensified. She was aware of every touch, sensation and pleasure coursing through her young body and this new tongue was just so good. She just had to know.

Finally, Gilly relented and lifting her head, let Sierra look down at the top of Anna's head, as she burrowed between her legs, her tongue deep inside her vagina, giving such exquisite pleasure, knowing who it was, she just let her head flop back again, while her orgasm rolled over and over her. She just lay there smiling up at Gilly, knowing what her friend had done for her. At last it ended. Anna came to a stop, her mouth still covering Sierra's pussy, her tongue lazily tasting the younger girl's secretions. Finally, Gilly moved off Sierra and nuzzled into her side.

"I think one turn deserves another," said Anna.

"What does she mean?" Sierra asked Gilly, their faces in close contact.

"She wants you to do the same for her," explained Gilly, "it's only fair after all."

Without waiting for a reply, Anna climbed up over Sierra's body, then turning, she knelt with her knees either side of her head, facing her feet. She lowered herself onto the little girl, feeling Sierra's tongue exploring her own cleft already, no encouragement needed.

"Wanna cum again?" asked Gilly, moving down the bed. Sierra's legs were already lifted high and wide in anticipation and was immediately gratified to feel Anna's hands holding Sierra's feet up and apart, the strong tongue sinking into her most sensitive place, knowing her next cum was just moments away already. What she didn't know was that it was Steve's tongue working her up once more, watched closely by both of his daughters, who found this just so incredibly sexy.

"I'm going to push some pillows under your bum, now Sierra," said Gilly. Anna pulled back on Sierra's legs and watched as her bum lifted off the bed. Gilly shoved a pile of pillows under, before Anna lowered her down once more, still holding her legs up and apart.

Anna started to move her cleft back and forth over Sierra's mouth, feeling her willing tongue finding her sensitive spots, electrifying them with her flicking motions. She felt Sierra try to move to see why such incredible sensations were suddenly shooting from her pussy. Anna pressed herself down, ensuring Sierra couldn't move enough to see it was her Daddy down there.

"I'm going to pull your bum plug out now, Sierra," said Gilly, as Steve's fingers got hold of it. "Would you like me to put something else in there for you. I am sure you will like it?"

Sierra twisted her mouth away from Anna's cunt for a moment and gasped out "Yeah, if you think I will like, do what you want."

Given the green light, Steve, now kneeling on the bed, twisted the dildo as he carefully pulled it the eight inches out of Sierra's rectum. He dropped it on the floor, and immediately brought his cock, thickly coated in KY Jelly, to her bum and gently pressed in, watching his crown slip easily into her soft dilated anus, slipping in inch by wonderful inch into her chubby bottom. He didn't want her to feel his pubic hair scrunching up against her buttocks, so stopped just short of pushing all the way into her. He pulled back and paused, while Gilly got the vibrator positioned onto her clitoris and started to move it over her, seeing her muscles tense the moment it made contact.

Sierra's mind was in turmoil. True, she'd had a bit to drink, she knew it had relaxed her. But she was clear headed enough to enjoy the nicest sensations her little body had ever experienced and enjoy them she did. She had never thought of her bum as a place for pleasure, but that erroneous thought was swept forever away. She desperately wanted to know what they were doing to her down there. It felt so good, she just had to know, so she could repeat it, but Anna was sitting on her face, her cunt over her mouth, her bum over her nose. There was something firm but soft and wonderful being pushed in and out of her bottom and that buzzy thing tickling her clitty. She just kept cuming in one wave after another. She couldn't believe just how much pleasure she was getting from this. She may not know exactly what they were doing, but it was so good, she didn't care any more, let it continue.

Steve was as aroused as it was possible to be. His cock so hard, it hurt and he knew it wouldn't be long before he came. And indeed it wasn't he felt the surge deep inside, his prostate clenched, balls tightened, shaft stiffened and suddenly he was blasting deep into the child. Again and again he pulsed, squirting deep into the little girl, his mini explosions seeming to blast and blast deep inside her bowels.

Sierra, meantime, was beside herself. She was so overwhelmed with the intense sensations coursing through and through her, magnified by whatever they had been doing to her. But what had happened at the end? It had been so good, so wonderful, so ummmm.....

"she's fallen asleep," said Gilly, looking down at Sierra's recumbent body.

"Are you sure?" asked Steve carefully.

"Yeah, she's asleep alright," confirmed Anna. "She gave me a real good one just now and then it just stopped." She lifted herself off Sierra's face and flopped down beside her, looking at Gilly's friend in a new light. "She's alright, this friend of yours," stated Anna, "I think I'm getting to like her.

"I'm getting to like her too," chuckled Steve, as he stood up, looking down at the sleeping child.

"She's going to take some cleaning up," giggled Gilly, looking between Sierra's spread legs, where a pool of semen was already spreading on the bedding.

Anna looked down and gave Sierra's cleft a long lick, before she said: "I like your friend, Gilly, I think she should come over for a sleepover more often." They all laughed, as they started to clean up.

The following morning, Gilly woke at dawn, much earlier than usual. She suggested she and Sierra had a bath together. She was amazed Sierra didn't seem to have a headache or any other after effects. "It's early," she said, "we'll put some mixture in and switch on the Jacuzzi pump and get all the bubbles foaming up. What do you think?" Gilly was anxious to ensure Sierra's bum was really clean, before she put any panties on. She was pleased when Sierra sat on the toilet and had a dump, before she went home that morning.

As they sat in the bubbly water, Sierra asked: "Gilly, I think I love you." Gilly wasn't quiet sure how to respond and remained silent, but smiled at her friend. "Last night, I think I had one of the best times of my life. I've never cum so hard. That thing you put in my bum felt so good. And at the end you put another in there. That was even better. And Anna joined in too. It was so good. I love you Gilly." They kissed passionately for a few minutes.

Gilly made sure every inch of Sierra was washed clean and made her cum a little in the process. They heard movement down the hall, as Steve went into his own bathroom. Time to get out of the bath, and get ready for the day.

Just before she left, Sierra mentioned she wouldn't be able to see them for a week or two, as they were going on holiday. It had been a last minute booking her mum had made in Tenerife. Gilly blinked but didn't say anything, knowing they were going to Tenerife too. Little did either of them know that Cathy had been working on Ellen really hard, to persuade her to join them on holiday.

CHAPTER 14

The Holiday

The next few days were really busy. Steve saw Cathy a couple of times in passing. Much as he would have loved to spend loads of time developing his new relationship with Cathy's girls, he'd been busy for the last few days. He'd a lot of work to catch up on before they went on holiday, spending a night or two away from home. He had a new man to train up, who'd taken over his own previous role and a national sales meeting to prepare for. On the nights he was home, he was so tired, as soon as he'd fucked Anna, he fell asleep. Gilly was a morning person and knew her bum would get his undivided attention before breakfast. It was only the day before their flight that he got the workload behind him and his holiday beckoned.

The aircraft landed on time at Ciudad de La Laguna Airport, Tenerife. He preferred it's former name Los Rodeos Airport. Other than the usual wait at the baggage claim carousel, they cleared through the airport swiftly, only getting three brochures thrust at them to take a tour of the island with one guide company or another. The resort had laid on a courtesy bus. The driver took their bags and loaded them, while they found seats half way down the bus. Complementary bottles of water had been placed for each of them and

the much needed air conditioning was blowing cool air on their faces as they waited to set off. The girls moved further back in the bus, finding some other children who Alice and Holly recognised from a previous trip here.

"It's really nice to see you again," said a voice the other side of the aisle. "I see your two have met up with Megan and Lucie again." Steve turned his head, seeing a young couple smiling at Cathy.

She turned to him and said: "Steve this is Derek and Monica. Steve's my neighbour. He's brought his two daughters. They're down the back somewhere with the others."

"Hi, Steve," said Derek with a warm smile. "It's been an early start, but we'll arrive at lunchtime and we'll have the whole afternoon to lounge by the pool. Nice to meet you, Steve. Good to see you again Cathy. Hey, did you hear about the changes they've made to the restaurant complex?" Cathy shook her head. "They only changed the website photos yesterday, so most people haven't seen it. They've extended the eating area and added a snack and drinks area, where you can grab a sandwich and a beer or a coffee. It's under the poolside patio. The whole side wall is made of glass, so you can see the entire pool while sipping a beer. I think it will be very popular. In fact, if you would care to join us for lunch, I'll book a table as soon as we check-in."

That sounds fantastic," enthused Cathy, who's first priority, after checking in, was to check out Steve's girls. She hadn't had her hands on them properly since before Liz had died.

They arrived at the resort and Steve, as a first timer, was handed a colour brochure explaining the club rules, such as: no phones to be carried without red dot blackout of lenses; no petting in public; no nudity in the restaurant; no clothes allowed outside the buildings; towels to be placed on seats before sitting in public areas.

He was sitting on the end of his bed, reading it, when Cathy said: "Don't worry about that Steve, everyone ignores the so called rules. The resort put that out in case they are caught out by the authorities, to cover their arses." He looked up at her, smiling, suddenly realising she was stark naked already. She had a very tidy body, for one who had pushed out two babies ten years back. Her pubic hair had all been shaved off, leaving her smooth mound, with it's deep cleft plain to see. Her boobs were compact and didn't wobble. Her areolae were much darker than most, her nipples hard and standing proud. She was an attractive woman. He already knew they would be fucking before the holiday was out.

"Time we were getting ready," she said. "You'd better get undressed to go out!" She laughed, as she moved to the window blinds and pulled the cord to open them. Behind was a five metre line of bi-fold doors, letting out directly onto the pool patio area. But what caught Steve's eye was the line of sun loungers just outside. Lying on the loungers, their legs pointing towards him, were eight or nine young naked girls. Their ages ranged from about seven to twelve or thirteen. Some were lying face down, others lying on their backs. They were chatting and laughing together. Most had wet skin. They'd obviously just got out of the pool. One of them, a pretty little girl of about nine with long brown hair, lifted her head and saw the blinds opening. Steve and Cathy were looking out at them. The girl said something to her friends, who all looked round and smiled at them, giving a little wave. At that moment, Anna, Gilly, Holly and Alice came to the window, all now stripped off naked and pulled the door open and went outside to meet their new friends.

"Some really nice pussy to choose from there, wouldn't you say? A little tip," she added, "they don't allow cameras outside, but what you can photograph in and from your room is OK," said Cathy, looking out at the crowd of girls, more joining them, even as they watched. He continued to be surprised by Cathy's uninhibited openness.

"I need to explain something about this resort Steve," she said, mysteriously. "There's a sub culture here, for anyone who wishes to take part; and not everyone does. You see some of the girls are wearing a pink wristband?" She pointed out through the bi-folds, he nodded. "Well you can register for a set of wristbands at the bar. If you've got a wristband on, you're allowed to, how should I put it, 'get to know', any of the children wearing one as well. If you want to take one or more girls back to the apartment, it's considered, only fair, to give them a hundred Euros each. You'll notice some of the men and women and little boys are wearing blue wristbands." He looked around the patio and realised there were blue and pink wristbands all around. He saw one man wearing a blue and a pink wristband.

"If they're not wearing a wristband," Cathy explained, "you don't touch them, or go near them. But if they are, then a casual, but discreet touch is permitted. If you want more than that, you'll either have to invite them back to the apartment, or wait until we go to one of the parties in the evening."

"The parties?" he asked.

"I'll explain later. Then you may also notice some men and women are wearing green wristbands. They are swingers, willing to have casual sex with any adult who fancies it." She looked at her watch "We're meeting Monica and Derek in the bar in a few minutes time. If you want to register for the wristband scheme, that's the place to do it. I will register my two later, maybe tomorrow, because I wanted to ask you something first, Steve." There was something in the tone of her voice that made him take his eyes from the line of girls lying outside the window and turn to her, with a questioning expression. "I know it's a lot to ask, but would you break in Alice and Holly for me, Steve? They know you and you'll do it right for them. I spoke to them last week about it and they would like you to be the one. They need it; their behaviour is getting out of hand. I know from when I was their age, it was what calmed me down. Otherwise sooner or later they'll be chucked out of school, or get into real trouble with the police." Cathy had continued to amaze Steve with one revelation after another. But the last one had left his chin on his chest. "I mean it Steve," she said, looking him steadily in the eye, "it's why I wanted us to come here away from home to let it happen in a relaxed environment."

"Right," she said, turning to move away, "you'd better get your kit off and we'll go down to the bar."

Steve felt strangely embarrassed as he slipped out of his clothes, while she stood watching him, her head tilted to one side, her hands on hips, a half smile of anticipation on her lips. Her eyes widened when she saw the size of his half tumescent cock. "I can see what Liz meant when she used to say 'never mind the quality, feel the width'." She then surprised him once more, by reaching out and gave his cock a little squeeze. "Hmm, yes," she muttered, "I can see what she meant. My girls will like this. I will too, if you let me."

She turned and saw nine or ten little girls peering in through the windows. Alice and Anna were both pointing through the glass, as they all giggled. One very beautiful little blond, blue eyed girl of about nine smiled at him, her thighs apart, showing her plump mound and deep cleft with the slip of skin of her clitoral cowl just showing. She had a large dark freckle on her forehead, dead centre. It reminded him of the marks he'd seen hindu women wear in India. She pointed at her pink wristband, and gave him a questioning look and micro nod. Her message very clear. He already knew their paths would cross again more intimately. He saw the girl move over to speak with Anna, their naked bodies merging, as they put their arms around the others shoulder, in a way little girls do with each other. He would have loved to hear that conversation.

"Have you settled in, then?" asked Derek, as he handed two lagers to Cathy and Steve. "I hope you don't mind," he said. "The snack bar was about to close and we've not eaten lunch, so I ordered a range of what was on the menu for us and the kids. Where are they all, by-the-way?"

Monica nudged him in the ribs with her elbow and tilted her head and moved her thumb towards the glass wall, through which a row of six girls could be seen. At least they could be seen below the shoulders. They were clinging on to a bar, their feet on a small shelf, Their little pussies were all opening and closing, as were their thighs, with their movement in the water, just feet away from the four adults, all watching closely.

"That's Lucie and Megan," he said, pointing. "I'd recognise their pussies anywhere." They all laughed. Just then, Alice bobbed her head down and pressed her face to the glass. She was wearing eye goggles. She grinned at them. Cathy picked up the menu from the table and pointed at it, then made a waving gesture. She nodded and surfaced. Moments later, the six girls vanished from the window. It was only two or three minutes later they appeared at the table, wrapped in towels, leaving a trail of water and wet footprints, behind them.

"Are you going to register your girls?" asked Derek, his meaning clear.

"Yes, I'll do it shortly," replied Cathy. "What about you, Steve?" she asked.

"I'll think about it," he said. "It's my first time here. I just need to get my bearings first."

"Quite right," said Monica, "my advice, Steve, is wait until your girls ask you to, rather than asking them." He realised that was good council. Steve saw that Derek looked a bit disappointed. He'd obviously wanted to make a play for Anna or Gilly this afternoon.

The food arrived and the girls dived in, grabbing slices of pizza, sandwiches, crisps, and all the other choices before them. Steve ordered some more beers, and they settled into a relaxed afternoon, watching the swimmers in the pool. Steve was amazed how often he saw people groping one another, knowing they could be seen by others this side of the glass. Derek had been watching him closely.

"It's a very friendly resort, Steve," said Derek, quietly, as if reading his mind "if people aren't stupid, they can have the holiday of a lifetime here and find almost anything they want. Like the girls here," he pointed his thumb over his shoulder, into the pool, where their own six girls were once again displaying themselves up against the window, knowing

full well who was on the other side of the glass. Even as they watched, Steve saw Monica and Derek's girls, at the same moment, move their hands over Steve and Cathy's girls bottoms, in a caressing touch. It was obvious there was no resistance or objection, because in moments, they too were fondling them back. The six girls were quickly masturbating one another, knowing their parents were just the other side of the glass. Steve couldn't believe Anna and Gilly had settled into this holiday so quickly.

"So you see, Steve," said Derek, leaning forward, "anyone can have anything they want, here, as long as they are sensible." He looked back through the glass, where the six girls were in a line, hanging onto the pool coping, their feet on a step, their knees spread, their pussies seemingly inviting them to reach through the glass and touch them. He looked at Anna, then back at Steve, "I just had a glance of what I would like." His comment lingering in the air, his meaning obvious. "Get registered, Steve," he looked pointedly at his two daughters just feet away through the glass, "and you can too. We both can."

CHAPTER 15

Holly's First Time

It was an hour or so later, they left the bar and headed back to the apartment. Cathy wanted to unpack and Steve thought, reluctantly, he should do the same, he realised why his luggage had only weighed 10 Kg. at the airport. His heaviest item had been his wash bag. It took him five minutes to finish the job.

As he was just putting the last things away, he noticed Cathy in the doorway. She clearly had something on her mind. She came in and sat on his bed, before swinging her legs up and leaned against the pillows. Her knees naturally spread, displaying her very attractive pussy and he wondered if she was after a quickie, while the girls were out of the way, before she said: "I meant what I said earlier, I want you to break Alice and Holly in for me, Steve." She looked at him steadily trying to gauge his reaction. "They've been getting really out of hand recently and it's only a matter of time before they get into real trouble. Mary and Liz used to help me keeping a firm hand with them, but, you know sometimes it needs more than a woman's loving touch to control really wayward girls and I think my two are a case in point."

Steve suddenly understood what she'd said. Mary and Liz and Cathy had been having a lesbian ménage à trios for years. They'd sometimes included Tony in their fun. That much he'd always realised. What he hadn't known until now, was that they'd included Alice and Holly. He didn't know for how long or to what extent it had been going on, or even if Liz had made any moves on including Anna and Gilly yet. He suspected not. Then he recalled how Cathy had fondled both Anna and Gilly after the shopping trip, and knew she had.

"So, Steve," she said, spreading her legs a little further, a lustful expression on her face, "would you help me? Would you break them in? Would you fuck them, while I watch."

Steve had an inkling it was her final comment which was what this was all about, not her girls' behaviour. His cock had suddenly become erect as the conversation continued. She glanced down at his tumescence, smiled and said: "I'll take that as a yes, then." He couldn't help laughing. She got off the bed and they went into the main living room together. They looked out of the window, where the six girls and several other friends were once again on the sun loungers, sipping their drinks and chatting, their spread legs

again pointing towards the bi-fold doors of the room. Cathy opened the sliding door a couple of feet and poked her head out.

"Holly, would you like to come inside for a moment, there's something I'd like to ask you?" she asked. "No it's OK, Alice, nothing for you to worry about. Nor you two," she said smiling at Anna and Gilly. "You can order another drink if you like. Charge it to the room."

Holly slipped in through the gap in the door and watched as her mother closed and locked the door behind her. "You know what we were talking about the other day, darling," she asked Holly, "you know, about Steve?" The child nodded and smiled nervously at him. "Have you had any more thoughts about it, sweetheart?" Holly blushed a little, even though she was stark naked already, and unconsciously crossed her legs as she stood there and clasped her hands in front of herself. "Would you like to try it now?"

Holly realised it was decision time and looking at the floor, nodded again before she could change her mind. She'd thought of little else since her mother had put the idea to her last week, but now was the moment. She looked at Steve. She'd always liked him ever since she could remember. Mary and Liz had always been very kind to her and made her feel really nice. She'd sometimes wondered if he minded them doing the things to her they'd done, then she realised a few days ago, when Mum had asked her if she would like him to be her first, from something she'd said, he'd known nothing about it. It kind of made it more exciting.

Steve held out his hand and taking it, she walked with him into his bedroom, her Mum following. Holly stood in the room, feeling and looking awkward. All the years of exhibiting herself to teachers and senior boys at school and sometimes men in the mall or the park, giving them flashes, giving herself a thrill, suddenly seemed to pale into insignificance when confronted with what was about to happen. She couldn't believe she felt shy. That hadn't happened in years. She felt quite cross with herself. She felt him put his arm around her and guide her to the bed, so she could sit on the edge. She was hunched down, her clasped hands pressed to the delta of her mound.

Cathy said nothing, watching as Steve, sensitive to her daughter's unusual behaviour, quietly and gently placed one hand on Holly's shoulder and the other under chin, lifting slowly, until her eyes flicked up and met his. He dropped down to his knees, now placing his hands on her knees. They were looking into each other's eyes, neither breaking the link. Carefully, he applied outward pressure, letting her thighs part enough for him to shuffle forwards, until his pubis was pressed to the side of the bed. He moved his hands along her thighs, outwards and up the side of her chest, curling round behind her, until he cupped her shoulders in his palms and drew her ever so slowly towards him.

Steve, still looking into her eyes, moved his face down and found one of her breasts with his tongue. Her boobs were forming, in the lead up to her puberty. They were the size of half lemons, with darker areolae surrounding their tips, merging into her nipples, making her tips stand out about the size of his little finger. Steve loved puffies and these were as good as they got, before they would start to fill out and form into mature breasts.

He sucked on her for a minute, letting his tongue run around her stiff nipple, feeling it harden further. He felt her arch her back, her shoulders and head pulling back as she enjoyed his stimulation on her sensitive skin. He moved to the other, letting it grow, swell

and harden with his stimulation. After a minute or two, he moved to the first breast, while letting his hand caress the other, moving from one breast to the other. He felt her tension rise, her stiffness ease. But he knew she was ready, when he felt her slide forward towards him that inch or two that separated them, her mound pressing into his belly.

Even now, their eyes were still fixed to one another's; locked together. He released her nipple from his lips and moved to kiss her. She instantly opened her mouth, her tongue searching out. This was more familiar ground for the girl already experienced in lesbian practices with her mother and her friends. He could feel the old nervous tension had left her, but a new tension of arousal was entering.

Steve lifted himself up a few inches, his hips rising, as his hands slipped down her back to her bottom. He pulled her towards him, his crown now nudging into her cleft, making her jerk in surprise, her eyes going wide, knowing the time had come, and so would she. He started to move himself forward and back in micro movements, his cock finding it's way to her entry, hidden between them. She then surprised him when she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Cathy was getting frustrated. This wasn't what she'd intended at all. She wanted to watch, up close, as he slowly impaled her daughter. She wanted to join in, touch, she needed more. "I can't see," she complained, totally ignored by Steve and Holly.

Steve's micro movements increased slowly. He was nudging her entry, the pressure and the lubrication between them increasing slowly. Holly suddenly realised there was more to life than being a pain in the arse to anyone and everyone. The therapist had said she needed a focus in her life. She knew she'd found it. All these years, she'd endured her mother's friends molesting her since she could remember. She'd been coerced into joining in, but it hadn't really appealed to her at all. She knew Alice felt much the same. But now, she was feeling sensations beyond her experience. What Steve was doing to her felt wonderful and he wasn't even inside her yet. She wanted him there; needed him there.

They both felt the slippage, as his crown moved into her entry. They both suddenly felt her tight elastic muscles snap over his rim, his end now pressing against her hymen. He rocked back and forth on his knees raising her arousal, as his cock pulled her clitty into her own pussy with the friction.

"I can't see what's happening," moaned Cathy, knowing but not being able to witness her daughter's virginity being taken.

"Shut the fuck up, Mum," hissed Holly. "You're going to spoil it if you carry on whinging."

Cathy blinked in surprise. Both her girls were forthright, but until now, they'd always gone along with her demands; especially her pedomom demands. She bit her lip and watched silently, desperately waiting, hoping.

Steve carried on nudging Holly's entry, letting her arousal build. He knew the moment had come, when he felt her pushing her own weight down onto him, trying to force him further into her. She was going to climax any moment and Steve was ready.

"Hold onto my neck tightly, Holly, we're going for a ride," he said, smiling at her. She gripped him with her arms and legs and as her orgasm crashed in, he stood and thrust forward, his hands now grasping her full buttocks. She never felt her cherry pop, although her mother was there, her face just inches away, watching as Steve's cock sank into her daughter for the first time. Steve glanced at her, seeing the lust on her face, her fingers working her own pussy in a blur of movement.

He turned, sat on the bed and swung his legs round, leaning back, Holly holding onto him tightly. She looked down between them, and realising how deep into her his cock had sunk, looked up and smiled at him. She paused for just a moment, before she lifted herself carefully up and sank back down, feeling her way, unsure. She lifted a second time a little quicker and further, and again. Soon she was lifting up and down the whole length of his cock, her young, athletic body gracefully moving as if in rhythm. He could feel her clenching on his shaft and crown as she moved. Her eyes closed, now as she started to breathe in a ragged way, her lips drawn back, her head tilted, her nostrils flaring.

Steve realised she was about to explode into a colossal orgasm. He too felt his own tingles from deep inside, his prostate clenching, his balls and scrotum tightening and finally his crown swelling as he suddenly blasted into her. His semen seemed to fire deep into her in a never-ending stream of liquid pleasure. For Holly, it was the final straw. She crashed into a mind numbing orgasm. She'd never felt sensations like it in her life before, but she already knew she was going to want to enjoy it again and very soon. Her cunt clamped and clamped on him, making him cum again, giving her more pleasure. She liked Steve she certainly really liked his cock.

She knew, when they got back home, she would be round his house whenever she could. A whole new world opened up in her mind in the last few seconds. Strangely, she already knew she would want variety and wondered what Megan and Lucie's dad would feel like inside her. A thrill passed through her at the idea.

At last, they slowed and calmed, their breathing slowing, their pulses easing back. She opened her eyes, and smiled at him. She looked over her shoulder and saw what her mother was doing to herself and rolled her eyes. Holly knew something had changed within her. The anger she'd always felt within her seemed to have diminished somehow. For the first time as long as she could remember, she felt calm, at ease, happy with the world. Steve had rolled off her and in moments, her mother had taken his place, burying her face in her pussy. She didn't care now what her Mum did. All she could think of now was what had taken place in the last half an hour and how she already craved for a repeat. She wondered if Alice would feel the same after her turn, which she knew as certain as night follows day, would happen before the day was out.

Steve went into the bathroom to clean up and on exiting, saw Cathy was still busy tending to her daughter. He realised this was for Cathy's benefit rather than Holly's. He went out into the living room and opened the bi-fold doors. Lying on the row of sun loungers just outside was Anna and Gilly, with Alice, together with Lucie and Megan, Derek and Monica's daughters. With them was the golden haired beauty he'd seen earlier. He didn't know her name yet. Anna lifted herself up and, shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun asked? "How did it go, Daddy? Did Holly have a good time?" He simply smiled and nodded. "Looking at the state of your willy," she added, grinning, "she had a really good

time.” He glanced down and saw to what she was referring. The tip of his foreskin looked red raw, almost as if it had sunburn.

“When will it be my turn?” asked Alice.

“Looking at the state of that,” laughed Anna, pointing openly at his cock, “not for another couple of days.”

It was at that moment, Derek came round the edge of the pool towards them. He was holding two large glasses of lager Steve thought at first he wanted to speak to his daughters, but it was obvious that wasn't the case. It was Steve he wanted to speak to. “Come inside, Derek,” said Steve, happy to escape the teasing from his daughter and her friends. “How can I help?”

Derek handed him one of the glasses and sat down on the long settee, facing the open window and the row of reclining girls beyond, who were displaying their charms to them quite openly.

“It's more a case of if I can help you?” he replied. He was clearly still trying to weigh Steve up, and wondering how far he would be prepared to go along with what he had to say. Derek glanced along the line of naked preteen girls all with their spread legs pointing at them. “You need to get your camera focused on that lot,” he said, pointing out of the window. Both men knew that's not why he'd come to see Steve.

“I heard a tail end of what Cathy was explaining to you about the pink and blue wristbands earlier.” Steve nodded, wondering where this was leading. “There's a small group of us guys, about ten or a dozen, who are regulars here, who, shall we say, get together from time to time. This is a family resort, so take the family along, sometimes.” Steve knew this was leading somewhere, but hadn't twigged where, yet.

“Anyway,” continued Derek, “a couple of the guys have seen your four girls and like what they saw and wondered if you all might like to join us one evening.”

“Sure,” said Steve, thinking it sounded like a nice social evening. “Where and when do you meet?”

“We meet in one of the larger apartments,” said Derek, waving his hand around, “you know, one this size. We get together after the bars close and everyone else is heading back to their rooms.” He studied Steve's face, reading, correctly, that he wasn't in tune with the conversation. “Then we party, Steve. Really party. The kids love it; we love it; even the women love it.” He saw the dawning of realisation appear on Steve's face. So ploughed on. “Fancy fucking my Megan and Lucie, Steve?” asked Derek suddenly. “They've both told me they're up for it if you are. But that's not all, Steve. If you want, you can try anything at the party.”

Steve was taken by surprise at the directness of Derek's proposal. But his cock was already telling Derek what he wanted to know.

“For example, Steve you can try a little boy, if you want,” he immediately saw that didn't appeal to Steve at all. “Really, though, the boys are for the ladies. They like to entertain

the lads. But here's the thought, Steve," Derek said, looking steadily at Steve, gauging his response, "if you and Cathy bring along your four girls, you can join the party. My girls can both deep throat. Imagine your cock being six inches down Megan's throat, while you hold a three year old upside down, while you lick her out. Or if you prefer older, a six or nine or twelve year old. The choice is yours. Some of the older girls will let you fuck them, if they like you and a couple will even let you do it up their bum. So Steve, what do you think? I can already see what your cock thinks."

"He thinks it's a great idea," said Cathy, entering the room unseen or heard. How long she'd been listening, Steve couldn't gauge. "Have you told him about The Barbeque Club?"

"No," said Derek, grinning, "I was just coming onto that. Do you want to tell him, or shall I?"

Cathy moved round to the settee and sat between the two men, who were both sporting massive erections.

"Well," she said, "some of the little girls are really into the parties we hold, and are willing try some very adventurous things. Have you ever heard of spit roasting, Steve?" she asked. She could see from his blank expression he hadn't. "Well, imagine a girl is on her hands and knees and one guy is impaling her mouth at one end and another is taking her from behind; hence 'Spit Roast'. We call it The Barbeque Club as a joke."

"Do the girls do it willingly?" asked Steve doubtfully.

"Oh, yeah," she laughed. "the guys involved chuck in a hundred Euros each. The girls do it willingly alright. The oldest girls in the group, they're aged thirteen up to sixteen, can even manage what they call a 'Tripartite', because it's tight and needs three men. One guy is on his back, fucking her pussy, with her straddling him; then another is going at her bum, doggy style and the third gets a blow job. But you can imagine, with one in the pussy and another in the bum, it's a tight fit, hence the name. But she gets three hundred Euros for ten minutes discomfort. Everyone's a winner. But not all the girls, especially the younger ones, want to get that physical. Some are just happy to let you touch them, or give you a hand job."

"What are you doing while all this is going on, Cathy?" he asked.

"Well there are as many little boys at the resort as little girls, aren't there? Well, they need something to do, and so do we ladies. And I can certainly manage three of them at a time." She just smiled at his expression.

"So Steve, what do you think? Fancy joining us a couple of times during your stay? It's a hundred Euros entry, if you take both girls," said Derek, getting to his feet.

"I'll sure think about it, Derek," he said. He suddenly laughed. "Right, I've thought about it."

Derek was about to leave, when Cathy got up and waved him out of the room to the back of the apartment. Steve remained sitting on the settee, pondering on Derek's proposal. Cathy took hold of Derek's still rampant cock and led him into the back bedroom, where

eleven year old Holly was still lying in the centre of the huge bed. She was sound asleep. Cathy had spread her out, so she was in a wide splits, her whole pudenda open to view, her anus and vagina gaping. Derek leaned over her and could see traces of semen seeping from her and some virginal blood too. He reached out and touched her wet glistening cleft, but she reacted immediately, moaned and rolled over in her sleep onto her side.

"I know Steve pretty well," said Cathy tapping Derek on the shoulder. "I can safely say we'll join you for a party either tonight or tomorrow. But first, Steve has to look after my Alice." She nodded down at Holly. "I always make sure both my girls are treated the same. Talking of which, I'm feeling neglected. Wanna give me a quickie while you're feeling up my little girl?"

CHAPTER 16

The Taming of the Shrew

It was later that afternoon, Steve wandered down to the bar and enquired about hiring some canoes. He was just paying, when he saw a large glass jar of pink wristbands near the till. "Is there a charge to register for the pink wristbands?" he asked. The answer was 'no'. So he gave the apartment number and the man wrote down Anna and Gilly's names in a book. He was about to add Cathy, Alice and Holly's names, when the man commented there was already an entry for their apartment. Cathy had registered her girls. He came away with a ticket for the canoes and three pink wristbands.

Returning to the apartment, he went to his room and spent a few minutes looking at Holly, spread out on his bed, in a deep sleep.

"She looks so innocent when she's asleep," Cathy's voice from behind him caught him a little by surprise. He hadn't heard her come into the room. Steve actually thought Holly was anything but innocent, but she was without guilt. In his mind, the two were not in conflict.

"You ready for Alice yet, Steve?" she asked quietly.

"No time like the present," he replied. He recalled his first intimate meeting with her, that day at the swimming pool, when she'd exposed herself to him as he came out of the changing cubicle. "No," he thought, "she wasn't innocent either." But, he couldn't wait to fuck the ten year old, for her first time. She had often been cheeky to him and others. She was insubordinate, fractious, disobedient, broke all the home and school rules. She'd pushed the limits, exposed herself to him and teachers at school and made it clear she was as precocious as they came. A really good shag just might do her some good. He smiled to himself; it wouldn't do him any harm either.

Cathy went to the bi-fold doors and poked her head out and although there were ten or a dozen naked little girls lying in a row out there, she said, in a tone by which she might have been offering ice cream, "Alice, would you like Steve to give you a fuck?"

He heard the response: "Yeah about time I had my turn. See ya later girls. I'll tell you about it after." Steve noticed both Gilly and Anna rolled their eyes, knowing what would be going through Steve's mind.

She came in through the door and standing with her hands on her hips, her feet spread apart, the glare outside silhouetting her for a moment. "You don't know how long I've been waiting for this Steve," she said. She cocked an eyebrow and went on: "Do you do requests?" He couldn't believe she had the neck, even at this moment when her virginity was about to be taken, she could still give him lip.

"Sure thing, Alice," he said steadily, smiling in anticipation, "what would you like?"

"I want us to go upstairs, to the top floor, into the observation room," she said. "You know, with the panoramic windows overlooking the ocean. There's a nice big armchair up there. I want to lean over the back of it and look out to sea, while you do it from behind. Mum can watch if she likes." She glanced across at Cathy, whose unreadable expression could be one of arousal and could be: "at long last, this little bitch is going to get what she needs and deserves." It was probably both.

Alice ran ahead, followed by Steve, who looked up the stairs, seeing the girl's pert bottom wiggling from side to side with her steps, her anus appearing and disappearing, her labia bulging out with her steps, between her thighs. Cathy grabbed Steve's arm and pulled him back. He looked back and her expression showed she wanted to say something. He stopped and let Alice run on ahead.

"Alice has had her wish, Steve. Can I have one too?" she asked in a quiet tone. Steve nodded, letting her continue. "Alice needs taking in hand, Steve. It's why I wanted you to be here on holiday with us. If she's not sorted out soon, she'll end up in reform school or worse." Steve could see Cathy really meant what she was saying.

"So what would you like me to do, Cathy?" he asked, equally quietly.

"I need you to dominate her, Steve. Make sure she knows who's boss. Go hard on her. Tame her wilfulness. When you're in her, Steve," she said, "you know, really in her, start slowly, then get quicker and harder. Force her if you have to, but don't let her think she's in charge. It will spoil her for life."

"OK," he said, making to move on up the stairs.

"No, you don't understand," she said urgently, gripping his arm tightly, her nails digging into his skin, "I need you to treat her hard, you know, really hard." She paused, before she continued. "Steve, I need you to teach her a lesson. She's got to enjoy it, but then she needs to know who's boss. You have to dominate her Steve. Fuck her hard, Steve. She needs to be taught a lesson, for her own good, please!" Steve looked at Cathy, realising she meant every word and believed she was asking for Alice's own good. Who was he to argue.

They finally got to the top floor. The room had windows front and back, looking up at the mountains in one direction and the blue ocean, in the opposite. As they looked, Alice was just moving the big armchair into position, up against, and facing the window overlooking

the sea. She was bent almost double, her whole pudenda squeezing out between her thighs.

"Don't worry about me," she said, as she straightened up, brushing her hands together, as if getting rid of some dust, "I've done the heavy work." She walked around to the chair back and getting onto tiptoe, leaned over it, resting her lower belly over the top. She was now bent double over the chair, her feet now clear of the floor. She looked over her shoulder at him and said: "Are you up for this, Steve, or do I need to go and ask Lucie and Megan's dad if he would bust my cherry?" She gave him a smile, which suggested her comment wasn't entirely in jest. Certainly for a ten year old, she had a big gob on her. He almost laughed out loud, thinking about the Shakespearian play he'd watched the previous year – The Taming of the Shrew. He saw himself as Petruchio, playing against Alice's Katherine. Steve fully intended to tame this girl and he already knew he was going to enjoy it and have a great time doing it. Even with her mother's blessing, participation and encouragement.

Alice looked over her shoulder once more, just as Steve came and stood behind her. "Get the fuck on with it would you?" she quipped "We haven't got all day." Steve instantly swiped his open palm hard onto her exposed buttocks, bent taut with her position. She squealed loudly. "What the fuck was that for?" she demanded, knowing instantly she had said the wrong thing, as his hand once again came hard down on her bum, making a loud crack.

"You, young lady need to show some respect to your elders and betters," said Steve, quietly. "If you want to enjoy your holiday in the same apartment as your mum, the other girls and me, then you'd better start changing your tone. Do I make myself clear?"

"You can fuck off," she shouted, knowing what was coming, even as his hand swung down hard for a third time on her bottom.

"We can stay here all day, Alice, if that's what you want, but let's get one thing absolutely clear," he said. "If you speak to me or your mum, like that ever again, I will bend you over and smack your bottom as often as necessary. You will be polite and you will not use abusive terms. Is that understood?" She looked at him, hatred in her eyes, her lower lip quivering.

"Oh fuck off," she muttered, but in a tone suggesting she already knew what her reward would be. This time he hit her really hard, three times, smack, smack, smack. She didn't even cry out, she was just sobbing now. Steve knew she was ready. He moved in behind her, his cock as stiff as it had ever been. He'd never thought of sadomasochism as something he might enjoy, but he'd certainly been turned on in the last few minutes, looking at dampness oozing from her swollen vulva, poking out between her thighs. So was she. Even so, he didn't want to put her off, by making her first time more painful than it needed to be.

He placed his palms on the outside of her hips, making her stiffen in the anticipation of another smack. But instead, she felt his cock push into her cleft from behind. It felt warm and slippery. Almost as warm as her own bottom felt, where he'd hit her. But then she realised she too was wet. She could feel it running down the inside of her thighs. She knew he would find it and make a comment.

"My, my, we have been thinking naughty thoughts, haven't we?" Steve said, trying to goad her. "Look Cathy, Alice is all wet. Her pussy seems to be leaking. Do you think I should punish her for thinking naughty things?"

"Please don't hit me again," Alice sobbed, immediately regretting her weakness. Knowing he'd won the battle of wills between them; knowing she was now his to command if he chose to do so.

As if in confirmation, he added: "Apologise, Alice. Apologise to me and to your mum."

"I'm sorry," she whispered, "I didn't mean it. I'm sorry Mum," she stuttered through her sobs in a louder voice.

"That's alright, Darling," said Cathy. "We'll say no more about it, as long as we don't have any more rudeness and you do as you're told."

"Yes Mum, sorry Mum." Cathy was surprised, when she looked at Alice, to see a smile on her face. One which didn't give her fear or dread about what she might get up to next. But a smile trying to please. Alice surprised Steve too, when she also smiled at him and then moved her head down over the seat, making her bottom stick upwards. This girl knew exactly what she was doing and the intended effect.

Steve, still holding Alice's hips in his hands, pressed his cock again into her cleft, feeling her dampness and warmth once more. He looked down, and at that moment Alice pushed her thighs apart, lifting her knees outwards against the back of the chair. He guided his cock down to her recess, now wet and sticky, made more so by his own pre-cum. Pushing to her, he watched his crown dip into her entry. He moved his thumbs to her labia and pressing to her, pulled them open a little more, seeing his rim pop through the elastic muscles of her cunt. She took a deep breath. He felt her react to the tension there. He put his hands back on her hips and waited for her to adjust to his intrusion.

He knew she was ready, a minute or so later, when he felt her push back at him. He nudged her and pulled back and repeated it, letting his cock slip a fraction further each time, until he felt the resistance of her hymen pushing back at him. He continued to nudge. Then unexpectedly, he felt her hymen dissolve and his crown just push through. He'd expected it to hurt her, but she never flinched at all. His cock was travelling into the ten year old, now and he just fed it in. It was as if she'd been fucking all her life. She was tight, but nowhere near as tight as her older sister had been a couple of hours earlier. He had a funny thought, and decided he would give her a nick-name, Slack Alice.

He bottomed out, nudging her cervix, feeling it's rubbery texture pushing back at him. He rested there a moment, letting her adjust, then pulled back all the way, until his crown was gripped by the tight muscles at her entry. Then pushed all the way in again. He noticed now, that Cathy was crouched down beside them, first looking down at where they were joined, then from underneath, finding the best place to watch her daughter fucking for the first time.

He pulled back and pushed in, feeling his crown seeming to sink a little further each time. He was going quicker and more forcefully each time. She grunted every time he plunged

into her cervix: "Uhh, uhh, uhh." His cock seemed to swell and lengthen more inside her. Steve knew this was nothing to do with affection or love, like it had been with Anna and Gilly. Even with Holly, there had been more tenderness between them. Alice would never be a loving child to him, but she would certainly be a willing partner, which he already knew he would take full advantage of in the years to come.

Steve was now slapping into Alice's buttocks fast and hard. Her grunting becoming louder. She hadn't cum yet. He knew she would and he knew it would be impressive.

"Is it good, Alice?" he asked.

"Yeah," she replied, "wanna do it hard, Old Man, or do you need a rest?" Sometimes, Alice just couldn't help herself. She already knew she shouldn't have said it, but words can never be unspoken and she instantly knew what he was going to do.

Steve moved up several gears in one moment. He started to slam into her. His cock forcing itself into the child hard and fast. After a couple of cycles, his thighs were hitting her bottom so hard, it was not only making a slapping sound almost as loud as when he had smacked her, but it was moving the chair an inch or so closer to the window in front of them each time, until it was up against the wall.

"Uhh, uhh, uhh," she groaned each time. Her eyes now closed, her mouth drawn back tight, her teeth clenched; almost a grimace.

Steve was going to have the last word with Alice. She'd been a pain in the ass to her Mum, she had goaded him and everyone she came into contact with and always tried to go against the grain in everything she said and did. Even the spanking he'd given her, may have smarted, but would it have done the trick? Simply, she needed to be pulled into line. One thing was sure, he knew, she would remember her first time for the rest of her life. Gripping her hips hard, his fingers digging into her flesh, he pounded his cock into her. Her muttering had now altered to "Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," in breathless pants. Then it occurred to him, that although he'd thought she hadn't cum at all yet, she'd been cumming the whole time. She just didn't clamp on his cock like Anna and Holly had done. Perhaps her vagina, not being so tight, just felt different.

He realised she was now putty in his hands and it was with some amusement he said: "Are you going to be a good girl from now on Alice? Are you going to do everything I ask you to do, or do you want me to punish you again?"

"Nnnno, please Ssstteve," she stuttered, "I'll be gggoood, I pppromise."

"Alright Alice," he said, "I'm going to cum in you now."

"Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," she muttered once more, in time with his thrusts, her words almost incomprehensible. He suddenly felt her clamp on his cock, as if her orgasm had intensified. Steve's bum was a blur now, as he thrust back and forth into the child, the slapping of their bodies echoing around the room. Her "Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," calls continuous. He held back as long as he could, then pulled her as tight as he could into his groin, his grip bruising her soft skin, and holding still, blasted deep into her, his crown swelling and pulsing inside the ten year old vagina. Again and again his semen

spurted deep into her uterus and repeatedly she muttered “Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod”.

Suddenly, she went silent and limp in his hands. He let the final couple of pulses squirt into the girl, before pulling her off his cock and resting her over the back of the chair again. He looked at Cathy, who he noticed had a hand moving between her own thighs, and said: “She’s crashed out. Couldn’t stand the pace, I guess. Want me to carry her downstairs?”

“Yes, please,” said Cathy. “Lay her on the bed beside Holly. They can sleep it off together. It’s going to be a late night, according to Derek. They’ll need all the rest they can get.” She smiled, before adding: “I know I said give her a hard time, but my god, Steve, I never imagined.....”

“Kill or cure,” he grinned back, as he lifted Alice up in his arms and walked towards the stairs. Cathy, following behind, could see Alice’s labia poking out between her thighs. Pink tainted semen was oozing out along her cleft, towards her bruised buttocks below. He went into his own room and laid her alongside Holly. As he left, he looked back to see Cathy spreading her legs apart, before leaning in to eat her daughter out. “It takes allsorts, I guess,” he thought, “One man’s meat is another man’s poison.”

CHAPTER 17

Crossing the Rubicon

It was late afternoon when Steve stepped out onto the terrace between the apartment and the pool. Most of the girls had gone off for something to eat, now the sun was low in the sky, leaving Anna and Gilly on their own, each supping a cold drink. On hearing him, they pivoted round, looking at him enquiringly.

“How did they get on Daddy?” asked Anna, not needing to expand her question.

Knowing there were no secrets between him and his girls, nor between his girls and Cathy’s, he said: “They were a great shag, Anna, but if I had to choose, it would be you two any day.” They both grinned at him. He realised that although he had only said it in jest, they had needed the reassurance that they were still his daughters and they needed him and he need them. “Oh, talking of that, you both have a birthday while we’re here, don’t you?” they nodded, wondering what was coming. “Perhaps we should have a party, and I wondered if each of you might like a special present, as well.” He looked at Gilly, before continuing: “Fancy having your first time while we’re here?” Her lit up face answered his question eloquently, without a word.

“Hey, talking about parties, want to go to a party, tonight?” he asked casually. They looked at him, knowing there was more to come. “Derek’s organising it. Megan and Lucie will be going. Alice and Holly too, I expect.” He paused, unsure how to explain. “You’ll be given a hundred Euros each too, if you go.” Their eyes lit up.

“What’s the catch?” asked Anna, astutely.

"Well," said Steve, deciding to just bite the bullet, "there will be lots of men and some women there, including Alice's Mum and Monica. The men will want to look at you, photograph you and touch you and..."

"Fuck me?" asked Anna, some trepidation clearly written on her face.

"Not if you don't want them to," he said. "But if you want them to, that's OK, it's up to you. But even if you just let them touch you and you touch them, then you'll get your €100. But every time someone puts his cock in you, he has to give you another €100."

"Well, I'm willing to go, Daddy," she said with a pause. He cocked his eyebrow in query, "but on one condition. No one fucks me for now, except you. Do you understand, no one."

"That's fair enough, Anna. I'll make sure they know that, you'll still get your €100 door money, though," he said emphatically. "What about you Gilly. You want to go?"

The little eight year old, thinking there was money to be made here asked: "I feel the same as Anna, but, what if I can suck someone instead, or let them do it up my bum, you know, like you often do to me Daddy, would I get paid then?"

"Yep, €100 every time," he said, knowing Gilly, although younger, was the more adventurous and canny of the two, when it came to sex. "I'll be there, so if anyone wants you to do something you don't want to do, just tell me. But remember, girls, this is a very illegal party. You will see some things you might not like, or ever wish to try yourselves, but you can also make a lot of money tonight if you want to. It's up to you."

He handed them each a tiny money belt, which Derek had given him. "Wear these round your middle. When you get paid anything, you'll have somewhere to put it." He laughed. "You certainly won't have any pockets. But seriously, girls," he said, looking at their young faces, "if you don't want to go, that's OK and if when you're there you're asked to do something you don't want to do, you don't have to. Understand?" They both nodded. "One last thing," they looked at him, questioningly, "we never talk about the parties afterwards."

"Parties?" Queried Anna.

"Yeah, there'll probably be several while we're here on holiday, so you'll be able to see what happens tonight and maybe try other things next time, if you want to go again." The sisters went off to one of the bedrooms to talk about what he'd said.

A few minutes later, Cathy came in. She had a big smile on her face. "I saw Anna and Gilly going in to join Alice and Holly. They looked excited. Alice and Holly asked me to thank you, by-the-way. You know, for making their first time special. I've just come out of their room. They're both a bit sore, but they say they're up for the party. They probably won't want to try anything adventurous this time, but they really want to go. They spoke to Anna and Gilly, just before I came out. They asked me if you would mind if they can sleep with you and Anna and Gilly, and....."

"And what?" he asked intrigued.

"Me..." she added hesitantly, looking almost anxiously at him.

"There might be a problem if we did that," he said, trying to keep a straight face. She looked crestfallen, before he grinned, "there might not be enough room in that bed for six of us. Anyway, is Alice still talking to me, you know after what I did to her?"

"Not only is she," Cathy whispered, so they weren't overheard, "but she's trying to think of a way to make it up to you. She had the best time of her whole life this afternoon and has realised what a pain in the arse she's been for the last few years. No pun intended. I think we'll see a very different Alice from now on. Don't say anything. I don't know what she's dreaming up, but whatever it is, she's doing it for you, Steve. Can I ask you a favour?" she asked, changing the subject, "would you keep an eye on my two for me tonight, Steve?"

"Sure," he said, slightly puzzled, "won't you be there?"

"Yes, of course," she said "but I've arranged with Derek for me, several of the other mums and a couple of the gay dads, to take all the little boys into another room. I have a feeling we might be in there most of the night. So if things get a bit hairy for the girls, I won't be there to make sure it doesn't get out of hand."

"No problem, Cathy, of course I will. While we're together, do you mind if I ask you a question?" She nodded, wondering what he wanted to know. "You obviously knew Derek, Monica and their girls, when we were on the bus. How many times have you been here before?"

She cocked an eyebrow, clearly wondering how much to say, before she decided to spill the beans and tell him the whole truth. "I've been here quite a few times, Steve." She paused for a moment. "The last time it was just me and the girls. We had a lovely time. We didn't go to any of Derek's parties. I felt the girls weren't ready for that at the time. They were too rebellious and might have done something truly awful. No, we just registered for the pink armbands and had a great time." She went silent.

He knew there was more to say. He raised his eyebrows in a silent question, before finally saying: "And..."

"It was Mary who first found this place. Some friend of hers put her on to it. Anyway, she persuaded Liz and me to come on holiday here. This was just after Liz's and my hubby had been locked up in jail, thank fuck, and Mary felt we needed something to lift our spirits, so we three came here, a couple of times. The next time, was nearly a year after Mary had died. It would have been Liz, me and the four girls. Liz had married you by then and knew if she timed it right, when you were away inspecting your cranes, or whatever you do, she could blag you into letting us go away for a girlie holiday. Well, Liz and her parents all died that terrible weekend. It was just a month before we were meant to come here. So I changed the booking and brought just my girls with me instead. Well, the rest you know."

In Steve's mind, the final pieces of the jigsaw dropped into place. He'd known both Mary and Liz had been fun loving girls. There'd been Tony, regularly, and before him a couple of others. But what none of them had realised, was "good old, reliable, never-drops-litter-or-breaks-the-speed-limit-Steve," had had a secret life all of his own. When he had been away working, he had always stayed in just six hotels spaced up the east side of the

country. They were all part of a small private group, catering for people just like him. The accommodation was basic, the food more so. They charged top dollar, because they always included, in the price, one or more girls from the local sixth form colleges. The receipt just read 'bed, breakfast & evening meal', which he was then able to submit in his expenses claim. However, as time had moved on and the hotel managers had got to know him, for a "better, more expensive room", the age of the girls became younger. It was during those years, Steve had developed his taste for young girls and enjoyed some of the most incredible sex of his entire life, and still did, whilst away on business.

"Thank you for being honest with me, Cathy," he smiled. "You know it's put my mind at rest. I already knew more than Liz and Mary realised, but you've filled the gaps. I think I can safely tell you something, now." She looked at him steadily. "I already know it won't be the last time you come here. In fact, I noticed in the reception, they have discounts on offer for autumn breaks. Fancy making a booking in the morning?" She grinned at him, suddenly knowing they not only had a wonderful future together, but it was going to be packed with eventful adventures.

CHAPTER 18

The Barbeque Club

Steve, Cathy and the four girls got dressed up to go out. He'd booked a window table in the restaurant, overlooking the sea. Light, from a full moon, sparkled off the wavelets in a dance of a million fireflies. The girls in their new outfits looked beautiful. As is the case in most restaurants in Europe, the girls were permitted a glass or two of wine. The food was exquisite, the company as sparkling as the moonlight, and they all had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Steve couldn't help noticing how Alice and Holly kept looking at him. If he wasn't mistaken, there was an element of hero worship there, especially in Alice. From what Cathy had said earlier, he understood why.

They spent a little time in the discotheque next to the restaurant, dancing. Steve soon realised the music the girls and the D.J. enjoyed, was nothing like the music he was familiar with, and eventually sat it out, letting the females dance together. They eventually returned to their apartment. The girls said they needed to get ready for the party. Steve was slightly baffled by this, as he couldn't imagine why! In his case, as far as he was concerned, all he needed was a shower, shave and, well, to decide which bathrobe to put on.

It was an hour later, he was sitting watching the late night news on CNN, when he heard them coming down the stairs from the room upstairs they'd chosen to use as a dressing room. The five of them entered and stood in a line in front of him. They were each wearing, like him, one of the hotel issued bathrobes. All of them had done their hair in different styles. They'd also taken some care with applying subtle touches of makeup. No doubt at Cathy's direction. Cathy stepped forward first and dramatically swept her robe open, revealing her party-wear. It was a multi coloured leotard, covered in sparkling sequins. It was legless and armless. But not only that, there were large cut-outs. Her compact breasts stood proudly through holes made for the purpose. In fact as he studied it, he could see there was more bare flesh than leotard. Her pussy and bum were naked,

her whole pudenda gift wrapped in the incredible garment. Steve knew the little boys were going to have the education of a lifetime tonight.

“Fucking hell, Cathy, is that sexy or what. When you come to bed later, don’t take it off,” he muttered. He could see from her face, it was the right thing to have said.

As Cathy stepped back, pulling the bathrobe back on, the four girls stepped forward and dropped theirs. He did a double take, because they were all wearing the Strappy Cheekini Panties, they’d bought that day in Victoria’s Secret. Other than the straps around their waists and thighs, the garments covered nothing, enhancing the sexiness of the little girls’ bodies. His cock lurched at the sight, knowing some men were going to have the time of their lives tonight, as he, too, hoped to have himself. The other thing he noticed, was that all eight of their nipples were standing proud, from the puffy boobs of Holly to the tiny flat areolae of Gilly. Their varying sized nips were all as hard as iron. He was in no doubt at all, they were ready for the party.

He told them, truthfully, how beautiful they all looked. “Well, girls, unless you have a better idea, shall we go to the party?” The girls and adults all clipped on the money belts Derek had issued. Steve and Cathy’s full of cash, and their compact cameras; the girls ones empty.

As Derek had instructed, they moved silently through the resort, no one talking so to ensure they drew as little attention as possible. The apartment being used was in fact an empty unit, and was the furthest one from the centre of the resort, set apart on it’s own. The nearest other units were occupied by families attending the party anyway, so none of the neighbours would be disturbed tonight.

They tapped on the door, and were surprised to see the lady who let them in, was the woman who worked in the reception, who they learnt was in fact Rosa, the owner’s wife. She was not only stark naked, but she had done her hair and applied makeup, now looking quite beautiful. She was as efficient here, as she had been at check-in. “You have two girls?” she asked, Steve nodded. “That is €100, Gracias, señor.” She then took a black marker pen and wrote a large number 2 on Steve’s forehead. “You brought two girls, you can have two girls,” she explained, smiling, seeing Steve’s confused expression. Cathy, having also brought two girls, also had a number 2 written on her forehead. Their four girls each had a €100 note handed to them, which they quickly put into their little money belts. The man, in the queue behind them, only had one girl with him, and apart from having a 1 written on his forehead, was charged €200 entry. It explained to Steve, how each girl was to receive €100.

They moved through to the next room, where they were all offered a drink by the resort owner himself. He handed each of the children a large glass of fruit juice. Steve sniffed it; it smelt of mango. There was lemonade in it, some slices of pineapple, orange and strawberries. He could also just get a whiff of the vodka, aimed at relaxing the girls before the party got underway. Certainly the girls enjoyed it, and some were returning for seconds.

“How strong is it?” Steve asked the manager, Diego.

“Not very strong, señor,” he replied with a smile, but it helps if the girls have plenty, when you want to go into the bathroom with them.” Steve laughed, understanding why he was so keen to ply them, not with loads of alcohol, but loads of liquid. The atmosphere was very relaxed. No one was rushing around stripping off or disappearing into a bedroom. It was a fun party.

Diego said he thought everyone was there, when his beautiful, naked wife, Rosa brought through a tray full of hot, spicy savoury snacks. The kids loved them, but then the hot chilli sauce suddenly hit them, making them grab their drinks once more. Just then, the last people to arrive entered. He heard later their flight had been delayed and they’d just arrived at the resort. Steve did a double take. Because there across the room, just entering, was Sierra. She was with her mother Ellen and younger brother Bobby. Diego was talking to them, smiling, letting them relax, asking about their flight, as he handed them each a drink. Steve could see Ellen was wearing a green as well as both blue and pink wristbands. He couldn’t believe Ellen was here. Her behaviour at home totally belied this other life she had an ambition to live. They, like almost everyone in the room, were wearing the resort issued bathrobes, to be found in every unit in the resort.

Sierra’s grey eyes scanned the room, and suddenly spotted her friend Gilly, sitting with the other girls she’d met up with through the day. Gilly waved her over, kissed her passionately and immediately put her arm around her friend’s shoulder and introduced her to the others. It was obvious that neither had expected to see the other here on holiday and were delighted to do so. The group of girls seemed to swell, as others wandered over to join them. They started to chatter and play simple games together, while they consumed most of the nibble food and swigged Diego’s potent drink.

Ellen, sipping her drink watched little Bobby join a group of other boys, while Sierra saw Gilly, and recognising her, saw Steve and Cathy nearby. Her face lit up. It was obvious she was here on her own, and to suddenly meet up with friends would make the start of her holiday all the better.

Diego went to join the group of girls, two large jugs of juice in his hands. “There’s a prize of €5 for the first one to finish a full glass of juice,” he said. He topped up all their glasses, before saying: “Ready, one, two, three, GO.” They all gulped the large glasses of juice down. Surprisingly it was one of the little six year old girls who won the prize, and didn’t seem to mind Diego’s hand as it slipped through the gap at the front of her gown, while his other hand gave her the €5 note.

Steve went over to speak to Ellen, who was standing on her own, now looking awkward. It was obvious that she, was extremely nervous about being here, and that it had taken a huge amount of courage to come to the resort, let alone the party. He found out later that Cathy had been the one to tell her about the resort, as a possible cure for Sierra’s shyness. She’d seen them arriving earlier and managed to persuade them to join the party. It was obvious now that Ellen regretted coming to Tenerife.

“Hello, Ellen,” he said, “I saw Sierra just now, where’s Bobby?”

She smiled briefly, relieved she was no longer the wallflower at the party. “He’s over there, somewhere,” she said vaguely, pointing to the door at the rear, where several boys had

gone through to the next room. Steve had seen a number of men and women, wearing blue wristbands going through there too.

"I didn't know you were coming to Tenerife, Ellen," he said. "If I had, we could have booked flights together and perhaps rooms close together."

"That's kind, Steve," she said, "but I only decided to come a couple of days ago, after Cathy twisted my arm, and the only flight I could get, at short notice, flew from Birmingham. I'm not sure this was such a good idea, Steve." She was looking anxiously around, as if looking for an escape.

"Relax, Ellen," he soothed, "you don't have to do anything you don't want to. What about the wristbands, Ellen?" he asked, changing the subject. "Why did you register for those?" he asked.

She blushed, realising he could see through her more than she'd thought. She was a vivacious woman trapped inside the body of a shy mouse-like creature. Steve decided to take the bull by the horns.

"When did you last have a fuck, Ellen?" He watched as she recoiled as if he'd struck her. She looked left and right, over her shoulder, to see who was watching or listening, not appreciating that at this party no one cared about the frustrated love life of the shy woman hiding in the corner. It was why most of them were here; to explore ways to improve and expand their own tawdry lives.

"Err I don't know. What a question, err..." she ground to a halt.

"I think you know exactly when it was. Wasn't it seven years ago, new years eve?" he asked, taking a gamble on opening an old wound. "You know, when you went to that rave party and someone spiked your drink and they tied you down on that table and took it in turns to fuck you in every hole you've got. But at the time you loved what they were doing to you, loved the humiliation, loved the pain they inflicted, not wanting it to end, but hated the shame you felt the following day. Then you found you were pregnant with Bobby. Was that the last time you had a fuck?"

She stood there open mouthed, the liquid in her glass rippling in time with the shake of her hand. "How did you know, how could you possibly....?" A tear showed at the corner of her eye.

"Mary and I were there," he said quietly.

"Mary?" she blinked.

"My first wife, before Liz," he explained.

"Did you.....?" She looked at him in trepidation.

"No, when we realised what was happening, we left. I made some discreet enquiries the following week, to find out if you were OK. You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time Ellen?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well you're here tonight, aren't you?" she nodded. "It tells me you want to try again, or forever live your life in the shadow of what happened that night. This is the right place and the right time. Everyone here wants the same as you do, Ellen," he waved his hand round the room, where several men and women had found other partners and were beginning to neck and fondle one another. "That party, back then, got out of hand. It wasn't your fault, but it was poor judgement on your part. The difference being, here you won't feel ashamed in the morning. Quite the reverse, you'll feel uplifted, because no one here will do anything other than what you want them to do. Here, you can have whatever you want and do whatever you want. What DO you want, Ellen?"

She looked behind her, seeing an empty settee and sat down on it, her expression indicating she wanted him to sit too. She looked left and right, and leaned in towards him and said: "I want the same as that night, seven years ago, but I want it to be right, this time, Steve, but I'm terrified it could go wrong. I don't think I could handle that." She looked at him. A woman with low self esteem, like her daughter, but with the ambition to be a superstar. Steve realised this was her last chance to put the past behind her and open a new future for herself.

"Do you want me to set it up for you, Ellen?" he asked. She looked hopefully at him, swallowed and nodded a small half smile on her lips. "What about Sierra and Bobby?" he asked. Her eyes popped open. She'd overlooked her children in the excitement of the moment. "I think Bobby is being well looked after by now, Ellen," he swung his head sideways towards the closed door, where the men and boys had gone, "Would you like me to keep Sierra occupied, while you're, err, busy in here?" She nodded. He could see her mind at work, thinking.

"She's so shy, I'm amazed she even came to the resort, let alone the party. Will you want to do things to her, Steve, you know, touch her and stuff?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, Ellen," he replied. "That's why she's here and it's why you're here and why I'm here too. I especially like little girls like Sierra, Ellen. I will look after her and make it special for her."

"You know she's a virgin, Steve," she said, stating the obvious. He wasn't about to confess he'd had a couple of very intimate experiences with Sierra, when he could see and feel she was still a virgin. "She has no experience at all." Steve decided he wouldn't disabuse her of her daughter's fictitious celibacy, or regular and very active lesbian life with Gilly.

He went over to speak to Diego, who's face lit up at the prospect of a woman wanting to be tied up and having a gang bang. He said: "Leave it with me, Steve. I know just what to do." Steve quickly explained about the time seven years before. "No worry señor Steve," he said seriously, "I understand. We will keep the little children out of here. Just the men, who want a turn, I think. First, though, I think the children have planned something for our entertainment."

Just then Rosa clapped her hands for silence. She pointed to Diego, who pressed a button controlling the music and the song 'Baby Shark' started to play. The doors swung open and in came about ten of the girls in a line, all wearing the pink and blue robes, walking in step to the music. The youngest of them was five and the oldest was eleven year old Holly. They formed up in a circle, facing outwards, in the centre of the room, and started the routine of clapping their hands vertically, like a shark's mouth, which all of them seemed to have learnt at their various schools. Step left, step right, touch elbow, clap again, fold arms, point, step, step, jump. After about thirty seconds, they rotated the circle round.

The song was building tempo now, with the coordinated jumping, pointing, swinging of arms, fast and furious. All together, the girls suddenly pushed the robes off their shoulders, letting them drop to the floor, before kicking them to the side, out of their way. None of them were wearing more than panties and some not even that. Steve saw in front of him the, now completely naked, fabulous beauty, who'd looked in at him from the pool patio, the girl with the long pinky-golden hair, freckled cheeks with the one large freckle in the centre of her brow. She was looking at him, as if he was the only other person in the room. Beside her, was Sierra. She was wearing a pair of regular pink panties, but her immature parallel body looked incredibly sexy to Steve. Why this girl in particular rang his bell, he just couldn't work out, but she did and always had since that first day he'd seen her in the paddling pool, when she was just six years old. Her shoulders were slumped a little, her dark areolae slightly raised, surmounted by small hard nipples. Her eyes were downcast, but feeling his stare, glanced at him, blushing slightly. As she did her dance steps with the others, and gave him a half smile, before they all turned around, now facing the centre of the circle, while they wiggled their bottoms at the audience. Sierra was dancing well, about the only thing she had confidence in.

As the song came to an end, every girl was standing, feet far apart, arms around those next, forming a close ring. Then, as one, they all bent double, their foreheads almost touching their shins, pushing their bottoms high in the air. Steve was mesmerised, because in front of him the golden haired girl's plump pussy was pushing out at him between her thighs, her damp arousal flowing down her cleft. He looked lower seeing her eyes looking back at him, her smile, not mocking, hoping he liked her, seeing he did.

Beside her, Sierra too was looking at him from between her knees, her round bottom pushing at her tight panties, forming to her plump shape. He could almost detect her desperate need for him to desire her, like the other girl, hope was in her eyes, but a different hope. She was more needful of his approval. She didn't know, of course, that he certainly approved. But not only that, had already experienced her exquisite body twice.

The final notes of the song faded and the girls all stood and turned to their audience as cheers and applause filled the room. Steve was still clapping as the two girls moved towards him, each unaware of the other, until their shoulders touched. Steve, seeing Sierra was about to peel away in another direction, reached out and put his arms around the two of them and cuddled them into his chest.

CHAPTER 19

Sierra's Education

“Well done, you two,” he gushed, “that was absolutely great. Now would you like a drink, then we can go and sit down somewhere.” The two girls, still a bit uncertain, having thought they’d got Steve to themselves, looked up at him. As if reading their thoughts, he smiled and pointed to the number 2 scrawled on his forehead. They both smiled back, then grinned at each other, realising they might not know one another, but they would soon do so very intimately.

At this moment, Diego, with the help of another man, carried a small table into the main room. It had a padded top, and he could see it had straps fixed to the legs and longer straps along the length of the table. He glanced across at Ellen, who was now surrounded by a group of about eight or nine men, all chatting to her animatedly. She glanced at him and smiled. Most of her reticence seemingly gone, now. He decided it was time the girls, especially Sierra, left the room.

They moved through to the back of the apartment and went upstairs. Steve looked in one of the open bedroom doors, to see Cathy on the bed, her leotard sparkling in the light, a young lad of perhaps twelve or thirteen rutting hard into her, and another, of a similar age waiting his turn. Sitting on the bed, was a younger boy of about nine, who looked very like the one fucking Cathy now, obviously his brother, watching carefully. He had a tiny but hard erection, and looked like he too wanted his turn.

Moving on, the next bedroom too was occupied by a man with two very young boys. One, aged perhaps eight, was bent over a pile of pillows on the bed, while the man, balls deep in his bum gently moved his cock in and out. The other boy, his knees either side of his friend’s head was feeding his cock into the mans mouth. All had their eyes tight shut, concentrating on the pleasures they were experiencing. The last room on this floor, was a small snug sitting room with a large screen TV in the corner. Steve ushered them in, and locked the door behind him.

Steve was a little unsure how to handle Sierra, because of her intense shyness. Although unbeknown to her he’d cum in her mouth once and her bum another time, he’d hardly actually spoken a word to her. He knew from her frequent and regular activities with Gilly, she was a latent sex bomb, needing her heterosexual side to be awakened. But he was still amazed she’d come on holiday to a naturist resort, and even more surprised she’d agreed to come to the party, or even taken part in the Baby Shark dance downstairs. Clearly she was a girl of immense contradictions. “That was a great dance you two put on,” he said trying to break the ice.

“Yeah,” said the golden haired girl, “my name is Lizzy, by-the-way, it was cool. I didn’t know all the steps, so I stood beside Sierra, as she seemed to know the dance well. I just copied her.” Sierra smiled at Lizzy, grateful for the compliment.

There was a two seater settee, facing west, out over the ocean. The distant horizon could still be made out, a golden red glow just visible, even though it was now nearly midnight. Steve sat down, and Lizzy sat beside him. Seeing it was only a two seater, Sierra looked uncertain and went to sit on another chair. Steve took hold of her wrist and pulled her back. She turned, facing him, he took her other hand in his and looked into her eyes.

“Sierra,” he said quietly, “it’s just the three of us here now. No one else. Understand?” She nodded, biting her lip. He turned to Lizzy, and said: “Whatever happens here tonight will remain a secret, won’t it, Lizzy?”

Lizzy, who was intelligent, and had realised Sierra’s nervousness downstairs, before the dance had even started, said: “Yes, of course. We never talk about the parties afterwards.”

“What would you like to do, Sierra?” he asked, sensing she’d got over her initial shock, pulling her down onto his lap. “Would you prefer to stay with us, while Lizzy and I have a little fun or would you prefer to go back to your apartment, or would you like me to show you how you might enjoy your body with a man instead of with Gilly?”

Her head shot round, eyes wide open, realising her best friend’s dad knew about what she’d been doing with Gilly. She wondered how much he knew.

“Did she Did she tell you?” she asked.

“No, of course not,” he replied, “she didn’t need to, I have watched you enjoying each other several times. I hope to taste you myself very soon, Sierra.”

“You... watched us?” she gasped, all confidence evaporating now, “when was this?”

“Oh a few times, at the sleepover last week, and most other times you’ve come to Gilly’s for a sleepover,” he explained. “You see, nothing ever happens in my house I don’t know about, Sierra.”

“Ohmygod,” she whispered, remembering the things she and Gilly had done, her hands hiding her face, “you watched us. How long were you there, watching?”

“Oh not that long,” he said casually, as if it was of no consequence, “perhaps an hour or so. I thought you were very good at it for someone your age. I will give you some tips next time you come over, if you like. Now, come on,” he said, looking to his other side, “we’re quite neglecting Lizzy here.” He placed his hand on Lizzy’s thigh, just above her knee and gently caressed it. “What would you like to do this evening, Lizzy?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, she said: “I want to earn €100. More if I can.”

“That’s no problem,” he said, fishing out a crisp note from his money belt, which she slipped into her own.

“You didn’t answer me, Sierra, what would you like to do? ” he repeated. “Watch or join in?”

“Err,” she said uncertainly, “can I watch for a moment then see how it goes?”

“Of course, no problem.” He turned to Lizzy and smiled, looking at her beautiful face, framed in the most gorgeous long golden hair he’d ever seen. “You won’t mind, would you, Lizzy?” He glanced back again, “Slip your panties off for me, would you Sierra?”

For a moment, he thought she hadn't heard him, as she sat motionless for a few seconds, before she put her thumbs in her waistband, and very slowly pushed them down. The elastic seemed to catch on the rise of her mound for a moment, before releasing, exposing her cleft to his gaze for the first time she knew about.

"You have a beautiful pussy, Sierra," he said, looking closely at the delta of her thighs, "don't you think so Lizzy?" Lizzy was playing along with his game of trying to include the painfully shy girl, when she said: "Yeah I was thinking the same. Mind if I kiss it, Sierra?!" Without waiting for an answer, she leaned across Steve, and taking hold of one of Sierra's legs and lifting it high, planted a kiss directly over her clitty. She didn't pull away, but ran her tongue along the length of Sierra's cleft, making her gasp at the familiar sensuous sensations which suddenly coursed through her body.

At last, Lizzy pulled away and looked at Steve as though to receive praise. He leant into her and kissed her lips, feeling her mouth open immediately to receive his tongue. He could taste Sierra's arousal on her lips and tongue. The shy girl was aroused.

It was then that Lizzy sat up and smiling at the two of them said: "I know, let's play a game."

Sierra smiled in agreement. "What do you want to play?" she asked

"Let's have a game of 'Dare'," she responded. Before Sierra could ask what were the rules, she went on: "We take it in turns to dare each other. If we do it right, Steve gives us €5. Each round, the dares have to get more daring. If we refuse, or do it wrong, we give him €5 OR, we have to let him give us a spank on the bare bum. What do you think Steve?" she asked, knowing he was really up for this game. Certainly she could see that his erection suggested that anyway.

"I don't know," muttered Sierra, "maybe I should go and see where my mum is...."

"Your mum is downstairs having a time of her life," said Steve. "I think on this one occasion, you should have your bit of fun and let her have hers, don't you?" She blinked at his almost direct order.

She leaned back in the chair before saying "OK, maybe one or two rounds, just to see. You go first, Lizzy."

Lizzy grinned back at Sierra, knowing she needed to start gently, so said: "Sierra, I dare you to stand up in front of us with your legs apart, hands on hips, and let us look at your pussy for a minute."

With this simple dare, Sierra blushed to the roof. Even so, she slowly got to her feet and did as Lizzy had dared her. Both Steve and Lizzy leant forward, so their faces were just a few inches from Sierra's mound, admiring it and making comments as if she wasn't there. "Time up," Sierra suddenly said with relief, sitting quickly down, "my turn now. Alright, Lizzy, I dare you to lie on your back and spread your legs open, so we see inside you." Steve thought this was progress, because Sierra would know her next turn would expect something bolder.

Lizzy then got up from the chair and laying down on the floor, lifted her long thin legs upwards then outwards, her long golden hair spread out over the carpet, her whole pudenda opening up like a flower to the sun. Steve knew they would be having a great fuck in a few minutes, but he was enjoying the game, which she was participating in, as a fun warm-up and now it was getting interesting.

He was ready for Lizzy to make her next dare, when suddenly a grinning Sierra said, looking at her new friend Lizzy: "Hang on a minute, shouldn't we give Steve a dare?"

Lizzy turned towards her and said, "OK, any ideas?" Sierra whispered to her new friend, who turned towards him, an eyebrow cocked, and said: "Show us your cock and pull back your foreskin."

Steve stood and followed the simple instruction, watching as the two girls inspected his helmet shaped crown and it's shaft, becoming more focused as he slowly pulled his foreskin back. Lizzy took hold of his shaft in her hand and moved her fist slowly up and down it's length twice, before popping his crown into her mouth, sucking for a moment, savouring the large amounts of pre-cum coating it, before offering it to Sierra.

She hesitated, realising her own dare had put her on the spot. She tentatively took hold of his cock, feeling the heat, the tension, the hardness and softness, all at the same time. She so wanted to and yet her self effacement, her many years of building a wall around herself, of defending herself from the threats of the world. Lizzy and Steve could see the battle going on in her mind, as she confronted her shadows; her inner fears, which had lurked in the corners of her mind all her life. It was a battle of wills. The three of them, frozen in time as her fevered mind wrestled with itself, until suddenly, as if something had clicked in her head, she looked up at him, opened her mouth and took his crown deep into her mouth and sucked him, just like Lizzy had done a lifetime, but in fact, just moments before. Her eyes remained fixed on his, as she sucked his cock as though her life depended on it. He realised he would cum if he didn't stop her, as there was so much more he wanted them all to experience before they were finished.

As if reading his mind, Lizzy said: "Time up. My turn, Sierra. Come on Sierra," she emphasised, "take his cock out of your mouth, it's my turn!" Sierra leaned back, letting Steve's cock finally slip through her lips, savouring the taste, she opened her eyes, as if awakening from a reverie. She was still holding his shaft, and smiled. She bent her head and kissed his tip. All three of them knew something had changed in the girl. In those few short seconds, her whole demeanour had altered, like a cloak of darkness had been suddenly lifted from her; suddenly more alert, more eager.

Aware of the change in the girl, Lizzy thought for a moment, before looking intensely at her and saying: "My dare, Sierra, is for you to earn €100 tonight."

Sierra blinked a couple of times, at first not quite understanding the significance of Lizzy's words, then as if a light had shone, she understood, her eyes now going wide. Steve half expected her to run out of the room, but now, he realised there was a new Sierra facing him, one who wanted more out of life than the self recrimination she'd imposed on herself and endured all these years, a Sierra who was now going to display her new character, like a new beginning.

Sierra, was still holding his cock, and in a moment, licked her lips, leaned forward again and with no hesitation, took half of his cock straight into her mouth. She sucked hard on him, her tongue working underneath, finding his sensitive fraenum and working to make him rise even further. Steve's cock was already bar taut, but this unexpected action from the hitherto shy girl was an incredible turn-on, making him clench. He could feel this wouldn't take long at all. He was almost certain she'd never sucked cock in her life before, but was equally sure she'd either been taught how, by someone, or had researched this on the internet. In a moment of illumination, he remembered the cock shaped strap on, which Liz had kept in her bedside drawer. He'd not seen it for some time, and wondered if Gilly had borrowed it for her own purposes, or to teach her lover what she herself had learned to do on his real cock. Whatever, this girl was good. He looked at Lizzy, who grinned back, shrugging, as surprised at the sudden change in Sierra as he was.

He knew he was about to cum, and taking hold of her two bangs, pulled her closer. Her eyes flicked up to his, looking for approval in his face, which she saw she'd got. All he said was "Here we go," as he blasted his first jet of cum into the back of her mouth, followed by another and another. He saw her throat bob, telling she had swallowed and again. Her eyes never left his, pleading for praise. At last he slowed, seeing her swallow one last time.

"Fucking hell, Sierra," he gasped, "that was the best blow job I've had in years. Where did you learn to do that? It was absolutely, bloody fantastic." He finally pulled backwards. She let him slip from her mouth, but her hand seemed to follow him, as if she was reluctant to let him go. Steve without hesitation handed her a fresh €100 note, which she looked at with pride, like she'd won a trophy, before she slipped it into her money belt.

"Shall we go downstairs and see how the party is getting on?" suggested Steve. They both nodded and got to their feet. When they got downstairs, the party had become more fragmented. Everywhere they looked, there were couples and threesomes. Steve peeked into the front room, where he knew Ellen would be. At a glance, he could see was spread eagled on the table, tied down with straps holding her legs, arms, and torso. There was one man rutting into her pussy, another letting her suck him off and one either side, their cocks gripped hard in her fists. She had a look of ecstasy on her face and needed no interference from him.

As he turned back, he saw Sierra had been looking over his shoulder, seeing what her mother was up to. He knew half an hour ago it would have freaked her out. Now, she looked at her mother in a matter-of-fact way, as if she now understood what drove people, including herself and her mother to crave for something, which others might find disturbing or repulsive, or even to find it impossible to do something which others took in their stride. In her own case, it had been the wall of self recrimination, which she'd finally breached, now knowing that with Steve around, she was going to enjoy the future here and at home more than she could anticipate, even now.

They moved through to the main lounge, where Steve stopped dead. Because there before them were Steve's girls Gilly and Anna together with Cathy's Alice and Holly with their new friends Megan and Lucie. They were all kneeling, side by side on a long coffee table in the middle of the room. Every one of them was sucking someone's cock. Several spectators were taking photos from every angle. Steve could see Derek feeding his big cock into Anna's mouth. She had one hand pressed to the table, the other holding his

shaft. They were holding a cock sucking competition. Each man had needed to pay the standard €100 to the girl in front of them, plus another twenty for prize money. The girl who filled her mouth first scooped the prize. It looked to Steve like the competition was reaching a crescendo, and just then, the man feeding Gilly his long cock grunted once, before calling out "Yeah, oh fuck yeah, can this girl suck!" Seconds later, Gilly lifted her face from him and opening her mouth, displayed she had, in fact, got a mouth full of cum. She picked up the €120 prize money and tucked it into her money belt. Just then, the other five men seemed to all cum at the same moment, with much moaning from the men and cheering from the spectators.

It was only a few minutes since Steve had unloaded into Sierra's mouth, but already he felt the first pangs of arousal surging through him. Moving passed various couples, kissing and fondling in the armchairs, Steve, Sierra and Lizzy went to the door where Cathy had gone in with a bunch of boys and a couple of men. What they found was a den of depravity! There were bodies everywhere, performing every possible position known. There was a boy, of about eleven, kneeling on a low table. He was sucking the cock of an older man, playing with some of the little ones, who's face was puce and looked like he might have a heart attack any moment. Another teenage boy was bending over the kneeling boy, fucking him in the arse and behind him, another middle aged man was buggering him. Steve smiled to himself, thinking it was a spit roasting with a difference.

In the corner, Cathy was sitting astride a ten year old boy, who was enjoying fucking the older woman, teaching him. Another boy in his teens was taking Cathy up the bum. She looked a little distracted, so Steve left them to it.

The last room at the end seemed to Steve, as they entered, to be an oasis of calm, in comparison to the rest of the apartment. There was a TV on in the corner, showing a cartoon, in front of which sat and lay about half a dozen naked little girls. The oldest was probably about six or seven and the youngest about four. Steve was quite surprised to see even she, like every girl in the room, was wearing one of the pink wristbands, indicating her parents' had agreed she could be molested by anyone wishing to. With them was a Spanish girl, perhaps twelve, who bore a resemblance to Rosa. She had a thin line of jet black hair either side of her cleft, showing her puberty was underway. Her little boobs were half tennis ball sized and didn't jiggle as she moved; her nipples, like so many Spanish girls, were hazel nut coloured, thick and proud. Steve wondered if she was "on the menu" or not. He correctly assumed she was Rosa's daughter, and was supervising the little ones, while their parents enjoyed the party.

"Hi," said the dark haired hostess, clearly a bit bored with having to baby-sit, while there were so many interesting things happening elsewhere in the apartment, "did you want to play with some of the girls?" she asked, as if offering him something to eat.

Steve, being new to the resort and the parties, wasn't quite sure what the boundaries were in this situation. "Sure," he said, "what games can they play?"

"Most things," she answered, "but no penetration or pain allowed. Other than that you can do anything you want señor. If you need any help, I am here. I can also show you what they like to do, señor" Her meaning was clear, but he had Sierra and Lizzy with him and it was Lizzy who he owed some attention.

To make sure there were no problems, Steve took out a €20 note and said “Thank you, err?”

“Sofia,” she said helpfully, taking the crisp blue note from him and tucking it into her own money belt.

“...Sofia,” he said smiling. He was just wondering how to make a start on taking advantage of all these little ones, when Lizzy came to the rescue and said: “Why not take some photos of them all?” She turned to the row of girls and asked “Hi girls, my name is Lizzy. Who would like their picture taken?” In moments there was a crowd of girls clamouring around them calling: “Me first, me first.”

“Right,” said Lizzy, “who can do handstands, who can roll on the floor, with their feet in the air, who can stand on their fingers without bending their knees?” Soon Lizzy had all the little ones spreading themselves out on the floor, displaying every bit of their little bodies to his compact camera.

“Hold yourself open, Annie,” said Lizzy, “like this, let me show you.” Lizzy and Sierra soon started to help the little ones by holding legs open, pulling labia apart and positioning them so the camera could get right into the detail. Steve could see Sierra was really into this, her strong lesbian side leading her actions. “Who would like me to rub their little pussy for them?” immediately several hands shot up. Steve, Sierra and Lizzy each put their arms around a couple of the girls and slipping their fingers down there bottoms and under, between their thighs, started to play with their clitties from behind. It was soon obvious that several of them were enjoying this, and might even cum soon.

Sofia picked up Steve’s camera and helped by photographing what was happening. They were the best holiday snaps of his life. One little four year old felt she’d been left out and started to cry, as she was the only one not having any attention. Steve had brought off the two in his hands now, and picking up the tot, gave her a big kiss, asked if she’d like something special none of the others had had. She nodded, and gave him a toothy grin. He turned her tiny light body upside down, making her squeal and buried his face between her legs, sucking her whole pudenda into his mouth. He flicked her tiny clit with his tongue and felt her jerk in his arms.

He’d never touched any child this young before, and was amazed just how arousing he found it and how she was obviously feeling the same. She cried out in pleasure and jerked in his arms and if he hadn’t been holding her firmly, might have dropped her on her head. Her chubby little mound, labia, clitty, cleft and vagina were all in his mouth. Steve ran his tongue back and forth across her sensitive skin, feeling her react in his arms. Lizzy tapped his arm. He pulled his mouth away and she was immediately there with the camera capturing the girl’s wet, open cleft and vagina. The intense mini party with the tiny girls was over almost as fast as it had started and soon they were settling down again to watch their cartoon, as if nothing had interrupted them at all.

Steve smiled at Sierra and Lizzy, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

“Shall we go and see what’s happening?” he suggested.

They left the little girls watching the cartoon and went back along the corridor. He glanced into the room where he knew Cathy had been with the little boys earlier. He saw at a glance she was still very much enjoying her evening. The action in full swing. She was being spit roasted herself, with one lad at her mouth another in her cunt.

"Hello, Bobby," said Sierra. Steve turned to see her looking at her little seven year old brother. Four young boys of a similar age had formed a daisy chain. The smallest at the front, the largest at the back. Each had his cock in the bum of the boy in front of him. Bobby was at the front, having his tiny weiner sucked by a fat middle aged man, who seemed to be organising the boys.

They made their way back to the main sitting room, where they found Ellen had been fucked by every man who wanted a turn, and was now lying on the settee asleep, a half smile on her face. Steve stole a glance at Sierra to see her reaction, and was pleased to see she was glad for her mum. He felt both mother and daughter had benefited from tonight and would be very different people in the morning.

CHAPTER 20

The Spit Roast

It was just then Derek came over and asked if he was enjoying the party.

"I've had a great time, Derek. How about you?"

"Sure have," replied Derek. I've had your Anna swallow me, and your Gilly let me use her bum. That was half an hour ago. I thought I would never get hard again, then I watched those twins over there," he pointed to where two little freckle faced eight year old redheads were laughing with a couple of other girls. "They have an incredible party trick. It's a shame you missed it. That guy over there," he pointed to a fit looking man in his thirties, "he lay on his back. Then one of them lay on his chest, his cock pressed into her slit. The other girl lay along the length of his legs her pussy pressed to the underside of his cock. So one was above, the other below, sandwiching his cock between them. Then they interlocked their legs and pulled themselves tight together, squeezing his cock between them. Then they started to move together up and down, up and down. His cock appeared and disappeared between their pussies. We could see him getting harder and bigger. Then he erupted. I've never seen spunk fly so high into the air. Must have been three feet! It came down and splashed all over them. I tell you that guy had the time of his life. No wonder he handed them each €100. I will be there, first in the queue next party, I can tell you."

Derek glanced at Lizzy. "Fancy giving me a blow job, Liz?" He looked at Steve, then back to the girl, "unless you fancy being spit roasted?" She smiled and nodded. Lizzy liked Derek. Over the years he'd had her many times, in many ways and they both enjoyed each other.

She'd seen Steve earlier in the day and liked him immediately. She'd talked to his two daughters and the other two girls, who she understood lived near them. They'd told her how much they'd enjoyed him taking their virginities this afternoon. His daughters told her a little about him and how he was a widower twice. They'd said that despite not being their

real father, he'd looked after them and cared for them and loved them and they loved him. She vaguely remembered Mary and the other lady, who was also called Liz. They'd taught her a few things about playing with herself, when she first came here as a little girl, which she still did today. They had been nice and kind to her.

Lizzy walked over to the coffee table, where only half an hour ago Steve had seen the six girls including his and Cathy's girls giving blow jobs in a line, side by side. She knelt on the table and waited while Derek came round in front of her. He handed her a crisp €100 note, which she tucked in with the other money she'd made tonight. She looked over her shoulder waiting while Steve got into position. She looked at his cock, which Sierra had sucked and enjoyed so much. He was long and hard, pre-cum now showing. She was ready anyway. Quite apart from the KY Jelly she'd pushed into herself before coming to the party, she'd had three other men during the afternoon, all keen to hand her their €100 notes and now she was really aroused once more. She so looked forward to coming to the resort. Her mother brought her here four times a year. It was the only place she got enough cock to keep her happy. She always gave her mother half what she earned. It more than paid for their holiday.

Steve positioned himself between Lizzy's feet, where they overlapped the edge of the table. He curled his hands between her thighs, palms outwards and using his fingers, slowly prised her open. His cock was at her entry, and 'felt' the way for him, sinking in to her opening as she dilated. He could tell she was incredibly wet and slippery, and as he gently pressed forwards, he felt her push back against him, his cock sliding quickly into the nine year old cunt. Steve couldn't believe how easily he slid into her. It was like fucking someone twice her age. No time to worry about that, as he bottomed out, literally and the moment he did, she grabbed Derek's cock and swallowed it down her throat. Steve could see her nose pressing into Derek's pubic hair.

"In time with me," said Derek. He pulled back slowly, watching as Steve did likewise. Then they both pushed back in. out and in, out and in. They built pace, keeping time with one another, Lizzy being stuffed at both ends simultaneously. After about a minute, they had several spectators standing round watching the salacious demonstration of spit roasting a nine year old girl. Most of them had fucked Lizzy themselves and looked forward to doing so again soon. She was very popular with the men, because she always made them feel they were the centre of her attention for the half hour she was with them, and she was popular with the wives, because the men were looked after, while they were finding young cock, and she never made a pest of herself. She took the money, said: "thank you," and made herself scarce.

"Can you feel her clamping yet?" asked Derek, as they both pounded into the child at a fast pace. Steve had noticed, right from the start, her vagina seemed to pulse on him, getting stronger all the time. He realised she was cuming, and it made her contract along the whole length of his shaft. This was why she was so popular, Steve realised.

"Yeah, too right. I won't hold out much longer, how you doing your end?"

"Ready when your are, Steve. Here we go.....aahhhhhhhhh."

Steve was right behind him, and as he spurted deep into Lizzy's young body, he watched as Derek held her long hair in his fists, pressing his cock as deep into her throat as he

could, while he shot his load. Suddenly there was cheering and clapping from the audience. Lizzy had managed a perfect spit roast. Several of the men were thinking if they were at the next party, they wanted to take a turn. Steve noticed later, several men have a quiet word with her. He realised she was here for the money more than the pleasure, but who was he to make any judgement.

It wasn't long after that he looked at Cathy, who, still in her sparkling leotard had just walked in. Anna, Gilly, Alice and Holly were all with her, all smiling, but looking tired. He looked out the large window overlooking the sea to the east, and saw the first golden tendrils of dawn just showing over the distant horizon. They thanked Derek, Monica, Diego and Rosa and headed for their apartment, promising they wouldn't miss the next party for the world. As they walked down the darkened path, under the starlit sky, Steve heard the girls comparing notes.

"Including the door money, I made three hundred," said Anna,

"Me too," said Holly and Alice together. There was a moment's silence, before Anna nudged Gilly.

"I made five hundred, and twenty" she said. They all looked at her in surprise. "I need Daddy to bust my cherry before the next party. I could have made loads more, but my bum was getting sore." They all laughed, trying not to make too much noise in the sleeping resort.

CHAPTER 21

Twice the Fun

It was nearly midday before anyone opened an eye in the apartment. It was a bright sunny day, and although they all felt a bit sleepy, all agreed they'd had a wonderful time the previous night. Steve suggested they all had a swim to wake them up. Cathy had to unpeel the leotard, but other than that, they were all ready. They opened the bi-fold doors, and walking passed the line of a dozen or so naked preteens lying on the sun loungers in their usual spot, and dived as one into the refreshing water of the pool. They swam a few lengths, feeling their bodies coming back to life.

They were about to get out of the water, when they saw Ellen and Sierra walk round the corner. They dropped their towels on a sun lounger and dived together into the water, surfacing near their friends.

Sierra moved over to Gilly. They put their arms around each other's shoulder, and kissed one another briefly.

"How was it last night?" asked Gilly. "Did my Dad look after you alright?"

Sierra nodded, smiled, blushed, and immediately whispered into her best friend's ear. Gilly grinned and giggling a couple of times, looked across at Steve, who with Cathy, was now speaking to Ellen. The two little girls seemed to be in deep conference, whispering animatedly, while other swimmers in the pool moved around them. In the end, Sierra

swam over to join Anna, Holly and Alice, while Gilly slowly made her way to speak to Steve. She hugged his neck, and he naturally cradled her bottom in the palm of his hand.

"For fucks sake be careful down their, Daddy," she hissed quietly, "I am really sore."

"Oh, that's a shame," he chuckled, I was going to offer to take you inside for a while.

"Don't make fun of it," she said with a pretend frown at him, knowing he was just teasing her. "It was about that I need to talk to you."

"Oh?" said Steve, realising Gilly had something serious she wanted to discuss.

"Yeah," she paused, looking for the right words. "Daddy," she continued, "would you, you know be the one, you know.....Oh! I don't have the right words," she said, looking at him appealingly.

"Would you like me to take you to bed and make love to you and be your first lover?" he said helpfully.

"Yeah," she said smiling, "how did you know? Anyway, there's more.....," again she hesitated.

"Sierra wants to be there too," he added. "She's your lover. She should be there, if that's what you want."

"Yes....no...yes...Oh, it's so hard," she said.

"I'm the one getting hard, Gilly," he laughed unhelpfully, before continuing more seriously: "She wants her first time and yours to be together."

Gilly's eyes went wide. "Yeah, that's exactly right, Daddy. How did you know?"

"Oh, I saw you two chatting away, just now. I saw the way you both kept looking at me and I know how Sierra felt after the party last night. Actually, I thought she felt pretty good, myself," he quipped, before continuing. "Besides, she's not stopped staring at us since you came over to talk to me." Gilly stole a glance at her friend and smiled, giving her a little nod. "So let me get this straight, Gilly," he said quietly, "you and Sierra want me to make love to you both, take both your virginities, at the same time. Is that right?"

Gilly looked at him in the eye, smiled and said: "That's exactly what we would like, Daddy."

"OK," he said, "I don't quite know how we will manage this, but we'll think of some way. I'm going to have a coffee in the snack bar, now. I'll think over what you said and let you know. Meantime, you'd better go and put Sierra out of her misery. She looks like she's going to explode with the suspense over there."

Steve got out of the pool and left the others enjoying their swim. Ellen, seeing him walking towards the coffee bar entrance, followed him a minute or two later. They sat down at a table beside the huge glass wall to the swimming pool, and while they talked, both idly watched the antics of the naked swimmers.

"Thank you for last night," said Ellen, stirring her coffee, not looking at him. "You helped more than I think you realise." She put the spoon down on the saucer and leaning back, finally looked at him. Her whole demeanour was different today.

"How are your feeling this morning?" he asked "Not too sore I hope." She smiled and shook her head.

"No, I won't be cock hunting for a couple of days," she said ruefully, "but it was worth every bit of fear, worry and trepidation that churned through my mind from the minute I booked the holiday. Thank you Steve, I really mean it. My demons have been laid to rest." She looked at him, as she picked up and sipped her coffee, grimacing, before adding a sugar lump and started to stir again. "I wanted to ask you about Sierra," she said, now looking directly at him. I saw her with you last night, before... you know... I got distracted. Was she OK?"

Steve was unsure how much to say. "What did she say to you?" he asked.

"She says she had a great time and would like to go again if they have another party while we're here," she answered.

"That's not quite what I meant," he said steadily.

"I know," she said. "All she would tell me was that you looked after her all night."

"Well all of that is true, Ellen," he confirmed, not wishing to betray Sierra's confidentiality too much. "But let me just say she looked after me last night, Ellen. And I promise you, she didn't need her arm twisting."

Ellen went quiet for a moment, before saying: "Steve, would you mind if I asked you a favour?" she looked at him, as he nodded, eyebrows raised in question. "In a place like this, she's likely to meet someone who will bung her a €100 and take her virginity without a moment's thought." She took a deep breath. "Steve, would you teach her for me? Would you do it nicely, kindly, lovingly; make it special for her in other words?"

He smiled at her, watching her waiting for his reaction, before saying: "It's all taken care of, Ellen. Gilly and Sierra have asked if I would do the honours to them together. They asked me just before I came down for a coffee."

"Gilly?" asked Ellen, confused. "Where does she come into this?"

"Gilly and Sierra have formed a very deep and very sensual relationship together," he explained. "Didn't you know?" From her expression he could see she didn't. "It's been going on for about six months, whenever they have a sleepover at each other's home. But I digress. They asked if I would give them their first time together." Ellen sat wide eyed for a few seconds, her coffee cup half way to her lips.

Then as if her mind came to terms with what he'd said, went on: "how are you going to manage that?" she asked reasonably.

"That's why I came to have a coffee, to chew the problem over," he said.

He turned towards the glass wall of the pool, just as Gilly, wearing her swimming goggles, bobbed her head under the water to see where Steve and Ellen were. She saw that they were alone in the coffee shop, right by the glass wall, and surfaced again. After a few seconds, Steve and Ellen watched, as the two girls curled their palms down over the other's mound and slipped their fingers into their clefts, caressing, arousing. The display only lasted a few seconds. Ellen watched, her mouth open in surprise, knowing her daughter was giving her and Steve a little show for a bit of fun. Sierra had been many things in the past; but overt displays of sexuality had never been one of them. She'd learned a lot about her daughter in the last twelve hours.

"So what are you going to do?" she asked, a hint of excitement in her voice.

He couldn't help himself, when he just said: "I'm going to fuck 'em both!"

They finished their coffees and were about to leave, when Ellen said: "Would you like me to do their hair and apply a bit of make-up? You know, make them really look pretty on this special occasion."

"That would be nice, Ellen. How long do you need?" He asked.

"An hour, maybe an hour and a half," she said. "When I was a teenager, I had a job in the school holidays working in a hairdressers and picked up a few tricks of the trade." She paused again, before saying: "Can I watch?"

He cocked an eyebrow, smiled once more and nodded, adding: "As long as the girls don't mind." Ellen grinned broadly and ran off, leaving Steve to pay for the coffees.

He had over an hour to kill, so wandered down to the beach and found Derek and Monica were there having lunch with Megan and Lucie. "Come and join us," invited Derek. "Fancy a cold beer?"

He sat down on the sand and enjoyed seeing the girls were facing him, sitting cross legged. He was amused to see, like most of the girls this afternoon, their pussies looked red raw, after the activities of the night before. But neither worried about his obvious study of their small bodies, nor did they display or hide themselves from his gaze.

"Well done last night, Derek," said Steve. "That was some party you put on."

"Thanks Steve," said Derek. "We hope to have another in three or four days time and perhaps another the middle of next week. I didn't see you at the main event, though. Someone said you were upstairs with Sierra and Lizzy. Good fuck that Lizzy, isn't she?" Steve ignored the rhetorical question.

"What main event, Derek? I didn't know anything about that."

"Oh, that's a shame," said Derek, "Rosa was meant to tell everyone as they arrived. It was fixed by Diego. Did you notice he was plying all the girls with his fruit drink?"

"Yeah, I did. I assumed he was just trying to relax them with a bit of alcohol," Steve replied.

"Well he was, but the main reason was so we could enjoy a bit of water sports. That apartment has a wet room, and we got the girls standing all round the walls, shoulder to shoulder. Anyone who wanted, could just lay on the floor, all together, and the girls let fly. You've never seen so much piss sprayed around in one go. A couple of guys stayed on the floor afterwards and got some of the girls to give them a wet fuck. It's not everyone's thing, Steve, but it's not something you have the chance to try out very often. We might have another before you go home." Steve wasn't sure what Derek had described was his thing at all, but then when in Rome....

After a few minutes, Steve decided to go for a swim in the sea. The Atlantic is colder than most think, on account of the deep water close offshore. Steve found it very refreshing. There was a swimming raft a hundred yards out, which he swam out to and climbed aboard. It was only a minute or so later, he saw two swimmers heading his way. All he could see was the top of their heads, their light brown hair waving in the water, and their wiggling bottoms as they moved through the water. He recognised them as Megan and Lucie, Derek's girls. He reached down and gave them a hand out of the water.

They sat on the raft, wiping the water from their eyes and arranged their long hair over one shoulder in mirrored motions of each other. They soon settled. Twelve year old Megan really surprised him when she said: "Gilly tells me you're going to fuck her and Sierra this morning, together."

Steve was surprised, because Gilly hadn't seen these two today. "Yeah, I hope so, Megan. How did you guys know?"

"We spent most of the time last night with Gilly, Anna and Alice and Holly, I saw you watching us sucking those guys' cocks, before you took Sierra upstairs," explained Megan. "Gilly told us she was going to get you to bust her cherry today. She said she loves Sierra and wanted her to join in, in some way, but didn't know how to get her to agree. Then at the end of the party, Sierra came over and told us she'd had a fantastic time, and that you'd really looked after her. Gilly just came out with it and asked her if she would like to have her first time with you at the same time she did. She just said 'yes'."

"Anyway," continued Megan, "I told her that Lucie and I had our first time together with our step dad, you know, Derek. Gilly wanted to know how we did it, so I told her. She thought it a real cool idea, and said that's what she wanted to get you to do today." Megan sat up and leaned forward, as if they might be overheard. "Wanna know how it was done?" she asked. "Play with our pussies and I will tell you." With that, the two girls, as if coordinated by a choreographer, lay back, lifted their knees and spread their thighs, looking expectantly at him.

Steve moved between them, his hips against their thighs. He reached over, and placed his fingers over their proud mounds, feeling their soft, warm firmness. He slipped his middle finger tips lower, seeing them sink into their clefts, against the top of their cowls, hiding their clitties. He immediately felt Megan's was more engorged, stiff, aroused than Lucie's, but as he pressed to them, it was Lucie who seemed to react more, pressing herself back against his touch. The girls enjoyed and were very used to being masturbated by different

people and very soon were rising to the occasion. Megan, of course had some early pubic hair now, and it was in that moment that Steve realised he preferred the feel of the younger girl to her sister. Megan, between gasps and sighs and oohh's and aahh's, told Steve what he needed to know and he decided it was a great plan, particularly as Gilly had already told Megan it was what she wanted too.

After he swam back, leaving the two girls on the raft feeling very relaxed, he thanked Derek and Monica and walked back to the apartment. He had a quick shower, dried and sitting down, waited in front of the bi-fold doors, watching the line of preteens outside lying on their sun loungers, their spread legs showing their all. It certainly worked as a warm-up for him, or at least for his cock.

CHAPTER 22

Sierra and Gilly's First time

Eventually, Steve heard footsteps coming down the stairs and chattering, excited voices. He turned around and there before him were the five girls, with Ellen and Cathy, all grinning. Gilly and Sierra looked absolutely radiant. Their hair had been washed, conditioned, combed and styled. In their nakedness, they reminded him of Greek nymphs, their hair over their shoulders in ringlets, covering their little nipples.

"You two look absolutely beautiful," he said, truthfully. "Come over here and do a twirl for me." He watched as they held their arms out and spun round in front of him, their hair moving outwards as their little muscled legs rippled with their movements. He could smell they were wearing a little scent or perfume, so subtle it added to, rather than overcame their natural odours of arousal. Even now, looking at them, he could see both of their inner thighs glistened with the damp running from their hidden places.

"First, I need to know who wants to be first?" They looked at each other, unsure.

Then Ellen came over and held out two clenched fists. "Which one has a coin in it?" she asked. Sierra tapped one of her hands, which she opened, dropping the coin onto the bed. She opened the other hand showing it was empty.

"OK," said Steve, "this is what we're going to do," he instructed. "You two are in love. So I want you to make love to each other. I am just here to help you make it better, like you are each taking the other's virginity, alright? When the moment's right, I will join in, and I will penetrate Sierra. But it's important you continue to make love to each other. I will stay inside Sierra like that for a few minutes, while you carry on loving each other. Then, I will penetrate Gilly. I will keep going, until I come inside her. Afterwards, I will then let you continue to make love, while I recover. Then when I am ready, I will penetrate Gilly again for a few minutes, before I then move back to Sierra. I will keep going until I come in her. But all the time, I want you two to always be making love to each other. Do you understand?"

The two girls stood there wide eyed, excitement swelling in their faces as he told them what he was going to do to them, realising their first time would not only be at the same time, but very much together as well. It would be their dream come true. They clung on to

each other, their pale beautiful bodies seeming to merge. Gilly, feeling Sierra's hands caressing her back, turned her face towards her friend, their mouths meeting, lips opening, tongues dancing. Soon their other hands were exploring, seeking, arousing.

They moved to the bed, as if floating across the room, suddenly oblivious of anyone else, as they lowered themselves into the centre, their legs lifting, curling around one another, two bodies merging into one. It was only moments, before they were cuming. Every motion, sound, and gasp confirming their passion to those watching.

Ellen looked at her daughter with fresh eyes. The child she'd raised in her image, the timid, slightly chubby girl, who never had any self confidence, was now enjoying her girl friend with an intensity she'd never suspected and wouldn't have believed possible. The girl, who just yesterday had changed beyond recognition into the confident lesbian lover, intent on enjoying herself to the full, despite others being there. Perhaps even because they were there. She realised in that moment, her little girl had finally found herself; as she had just too the night before.

Soon, the girls were lying on their sides, face to face, fingers searching between them in practiced movements of love, seeking one another's clitties, trying to give and receive every ounce of pleasure they could muster. Steve sat on the bed behind Sierra, watching the two girls, as they kissed and caressed. He swung his legs up and cuddled her, spooning into her back. He draped his arm over her side, his hand now resting on Gilly's hip. His other hand holding Sierra's warm full buttock.

Following his experience on the swimming raft with Megan and Lucie and watching these two playing for the last few minutes, Steve's cock was as thick and hard as it had ever felt. His crown was pushing through Sierra's valley between her beautiful buttocks, as his hips pushed forward, masses of his pre-cum smeared over them both. He felt her curl her bottom towards him, helping his cock find it's way. He nudged her entry and immediately felt a fingertip there waiting. Was it Gilly's or was it Sierra's? Whichever, as he pressed forward, the finger guided him into her entry. He used micro fucks to push slowly into Sierra's vagina, feeling her generous labia part as he impaled her. She dilated slowly and Steve felt her hymen press back against his tip.

On his cock, Steve could feel the pulling of Gilly's fingers strumming Sierra's clitty and hoped the additional stimulus wouldn't make him cum in her yet. He had Gilly to deflower before that happened. Sierra was rising now, with Gilly's skilful fingers and his little thrusts, her heightened arousal broke out into a sudden climax, which he felt as her vagina clamped repeatedly on his crown. It was the moment and waiting his moment, he pressed suddenly hard into her, his cock sinking in a couple of inches. She never flinched. In fact he felt the clamping on him, if anything intensify. He kept up the pressure, feeling his crown sink deeper into her, boldly going where no man had cum before. He knew he'd hit her cervix, when she tensed up in response, gasping, before carrying on her movements against Gilly.

Steve slowly pulled out of her, until the rim beneath his crown was gripped by the tight muscles of her entry, then pushed back in, all the way. He pulled back and pressed once more; a little quicker; and again. Soon he was moving in and out of her quickly, feeling her wonderful tight nine year old cunt repeatedly clamping on him in her glorious orgasmic climax. He knew he mustn't let this go too far. Sierra had cum and cum and if he wasn't

careful. So would he. So it was with great reluctance he stopped, and slowly pulled out from her, hearing her sigh as her entry snapped shut. His cock was still at her entry, and he could still feel her contractions, as her anus winked open and shut on his end.

He rolled away from Sierra and getting to his feet, walked round to the other side of the bed and spooned into Gilly's back in a mirror image to how he'd cuddled Sierra. She was waiting, her bum pressing back at him, as his cock sought it's target. He briefly nudged her anus on the way and he heard her hiss of discomfort. She really had overdone it last night. His wet, slimy crown, though soon softly settled into her entry and in moments, he felt his tip sinking into her. She was so damp, so aroused, had already cum so much, he popped through her tight ring of muscle immediately. He was up against the second hymen in less than twenty minutes and he relished the thought of popping this one too. It was only yesterday he'd fucked two other virgins. It was turning out to be a great holiday. Gilly was so aroused already, she was cuming in just seconds after his cock pressed into her. Another quick thrust and her hymen was forever gone. She just grunted, before he felt her clamping carry on.

Steve could feel movement. Sierra's fingers were there, touching Gilly's clitty in their practiced way but touching him also, as he penetrated Gilly, Sierra's love for the first time. This was a mind blowing experience to Steve, as the realisation he wasn't just fucking a girl, but fucking two of them, together. It was just so erotic, so sensuous, he knew he wouldn't take long in cuming, and so it proved to be. Sierra pressed her fingers against Gilly's incredibly sensitive clitty in a way they'd practiced many times, making her lover respond instantly.

Gilly started to clamp hard on Steve's cock, pulsing in a way, his highly aroused crown couldn't resist. He was cuming in moments, spurting into his daughter's virgin vagina, again and again, filling her, emptying him, until he was just clenching dry, in her full cunt. He was finished, but the two girls were far from over, as they followed their mutual desire for one another, loving, desiring, adoring. They didn't even seem to notice when he rolled away from Gilly and climbed off the bed, standing on shaky legs beside the audience, watching amazed, as the two girls continued as if no one else was there.

Steve had had this great idea of fucking both girls together, but he was so drained, he wondered if he would just fall asleep, let alone complete the job. Just then, Cathy took him by the arm and steered him out of the room, through the front of the apartment and guided him towards the swimming pool and still holding his arm, jumped in with him. The cool refreshing water woke him from his stupor. They grinned at each other, unspoken conversation passing between them.

"Come on, Steve, time you swam some lengths," she commanded, "get some blood circulating. Then We'll see what you can really do."

They swam together ten lengths of the pool, before getting out and rinsing off under the poolside shower. Rubbing his hair on a towel, they went back into the apartment, walking by a dozen naked preteens lying on the sun loungers. It seemed to Steve, every time he entered or left the apartment, the line of little naked girls there seemed to have increased. Every one of them seemed to be trying to show themselves off to him and anyone else interested.

Cathy noticing his glance, handed him his camera. "Remember," she said, grinning broadly, "as long as you're in our apartment, you're allowed to photograph whatever you want."

Steve didn't need telling twice and pushed the bi-fold doors fully open. The foot of the line of loungers was only a yard from the bi-fold and taking a small wooden stool, perched himself on it. The first couple of shots took in the whole line of twelve girls, all lying face down, hip to hip. Some had legs bent at the knee, others straight, all had knees parted a few inches. One girl looked over her shoulder and seeing what Steve was doing, nudged her neighbour, who looked where her friend had indicated. Both grinned and rolled over onto their backs, head propped up on the lounge headrests. He moved sideways, still inside the threshold, now at their feet and brought the camera up to his eye and took a shot, with the two of them filling the frame, both knees swayed outwards, letting him have a glimpse of their hidden treasures.

He pressed the zoom button, to get in close and got a shot of the end girl filling the whole picture. She was probably about eight years old and had the brightest red hair, with freckles on her cheeks. Her incredibly pale skin testified to the fact that she had only arrived on the resort within the last day, and that she came from a cold climate. As soon as she spoke to her friend, it was confirmed, because she had the unmistakable accent of someone from Cork in the Republic of Ireland. Her words were spoken quicker and higher and muttered in the lovely lilt of that magical part of the world, where everyone is so friendly, and she was no exception. Steve realised they must be from the same part of the world, because although they didn't look alike, they both spoke with the same sing-song accent. The second girl was a similar age and had raven black hair and the most piercing green eyes he'd ever seen. He raised his camera and focused it on the dark haired girl, who struck a pose and grinned into the lens.

He was about to move on to the third girl in the line, when the red headed girl said: "What's your name? Moi name is Colleen and this is my cousin Sinead. We're from...."

"Ireland, County Cork," he interrupted.

"Sure," she said, grinning at him, "how did you guess?"

"Wild intuition," he smiled back. "My name's Steve by-the-way."

"Steve," said Sinead in a similar sing song voice to Colleen's, "can we see the pictures you took of us?"

"Yes, sure, come on in," he said, watching as they stood up from the loungers, seeing them inadvertently flashing their pussies to him, as they did so. He also noticed they were both wearing pink wristbands. They came into the cool shade of the big sitting room, just as Cathy came out from the kitchen, holding two glasses of a pink liquid, with ice clinking against the sides.

"Would you like a nice cool drink, girls?" she asked, rhetorically, as she handed each a glass, before going back to see how Gilly and Sierra were getting on.

Steve sat on the settee. Colleen sat to one side, while Sinead sat on the other. He switched on the camera and held it in front of him, angling it so they could both see. The first was the general shot of the twelve girls, followed by just Colleen and then the two together.

"You two are very photogenic," he said, "I would love to spend more time with you."

"Is dat roight, Steve?" asked Sinead. "Which bit of us did you want to photograph?" she asked cheekily.

"Oh, I think it would be a hands on experience, needing your help, Sinead," he said grinning back at her, an eyebrow cocked. "If you wanted, that is."

Sinead was a sharp cookie and knew exactly what he was saying. She would explain to Colleen later. Just then, a close up of Colleen's pussy appeared in the little camera screen. It showed she was aroused. More so than Steve had realised when he took the shot.

"Can oi sit on your lap?" asked Sinead, "oi'll get a better view of da photos and oi tink it'll feel better too. She sat on Steve's lap, wondering why his cock was so flaccid. Usually when she did this with men, she was able to watch their cock grow and push up between her thighs, where she could study it and play with it. She, of course, didn't know he'd only cum in Gilly fifteen minutes ago, and he was in fact using her to get himself ready to get on with phase 2. So it suited them both, as Sinead wriggled on his lap, enjoying the feel of his cock under her, as she pretended to be interested in the photos of her and her cousin on his camera.

After a few minutes, there was little pretence in what the girl was doing, so Steve put his hand down over her mound, his fingers trailing into her deep cleft, finding her swollen clit ready for his attention. As soon as he pressed to her, she sighed and leaned back against him, her thighs parting, letting him masturbate her.

Colleen leaned into Steve's side, and taking the hint, he dropped the camera on the seat and put his arm around her, curling his hand into her mound from the far side. He explored with his finger tips, finding, from her reaction, she too wanted his attention. Soon, Steve realised that not only were the two Irish girls really rising now, so was he. He realised these two were not only available, but willing as well, but he had duties in the next room, before he got too carried away.

"Are you going to any of the parties?" he asked. "I didn't see you last night."

"Yeah," said Colleen, "we only flew in from Shannon this morning. We heard last night's party went well. We'll be at the next one. Do you know when it is?"

"It hasn't been announced yet," he replied. "When it is, I hope to see you both there." He leaned back, as he felt Sinead's fingers press his, now tumescent, cock into her silky soft cleft.

"We'll be there," continued Colleen, "make sure you bring €100 for each of us," she grinned at him, a bright twinkle in her deep green eyes. Steve made his excuses and as they were leaving, promised them he'd bring plenty of cash, when the time came.

Steve walked through to the bedroom and stopped in the doorway looking at the two lovers on the bed, still in the same position he'd left them in. Both lying on their sides, mouths pressed together, tongues wrestling, hands exploring each other's crotches. They were both cuming gently and continuously, taking and giving enormous pleasure.

He lay back on the bed behind Gilly and spooned into her back, in exactly the same position as he'd cum in her half an hour ago. His stiff cock was now seeping pre-cum and as he caressed her buttock with one hand, he held his cock with the other, guiding it back through her puffed up labia to her engorged vagina. She was still sticky, oozing semen, and as he pressed to her, his crown slipped in easily, as if he hadn't been away at all. Her tight cunt felt so wonderful, as he sank deep into her, his crown sinking into the wetness up against her cervix. She jerked in response, the sensation deep inside her making her ongoing orgasm magnify.

Steve knew he wouldn't suddenly blast off like a teenager, having already cum once, so he concentrated on making this as pleasurable for little Gilly as he could pushing in against her most sensitive place, then pulling almost all the way out and back in, slowly pistoning in and out of the child, feeling her vagina clamping on his shaft continually. He could hear her moans of ecstatic pleasure continue without pause. Her lesbian lover on one side of her, her Daddy on the other. So good. He made this last as long as he could, until, at last, after twenty minutes, he slowed to a halt, knowing if he went on much longer, he would cum in her again. He rested a while, then slowly pulled out of her. He kissed her shoulder, before rolling off the bed.

As he stood, about to move round to the other side of the bed, the two girls sat up. Clearly they wanted to change position, as there was no discussion. Sierra looked at him, and making room for him, patted the middle of the bed and said: "Would you lie here, Steve?"

He lay where she indicated, wondering what they were about to do. Sierra shuffled to his side, then raising herself up, squatted over him, facing his feet. She adjusted her position, pulled herself open, and lowered herself down onto his rock hard cock. Again, he slipped into the girl easily, as she lowered herself down, down, until he nudged her cervix. She paused, then moved back, and lay down on his chest, her brunette hair tickling his chin.

Gilly was kneeling on the bed, waiting for Sierra to get comfortable, and with a nod from her friend, got on top of Sierra in a 69 position. Very quickly, the two girls had nestled their faces in between their partner's thighs, their tongues already working hard. Steve couldn't believe what he could see and feel. Looking down, he watched as Sierra licked out Gilly, whose vagina was still leaking semen from earlier. Already, he could see Gilly's pussy winking open and closed in the early stages of a fresh series of little orgasms.

But what he could feel was out of this world. His cock was impaled deep inside Sierra's vagina, pressing against her cervix, already making her squirm as her arousal grew. Arousal which was in no small part created by Gilly's tongue, which spent as much time running along his shaft, as it did teasing out pleasure for Sierra on her clitty. This had to

be the most sensuous erotic experience of his entire life and one he wanted to repeat as often as possible.

The three of them started to move in their own ways. The girls heads and tongues flicking against one another's clits, while Steve, with the weight of the two girls on top of him thrust the best he could into Sierra, the weight of her little bottom pushing hard into his pubis. With all the visual and physical stimulation he knew he would cum very soon, despite having cum in Gilly less than an hour ago. He felt the early signs deep down in his loins and knew it was just moments away. His cock swelled deep inside Sierra's vagina, then his semen exploded up his shaft and blasted deep into the child, making her groan loudly into Gilly's pussy, who in turn climaxed one more time.

Steve was suddenly aware of cheering and looked across the room to see an audience clapping and smiling. Ellen, watching her daughter finally losing, not only her virginity, but her shyness too. Beside her was Cathy; while Anna and Alice and Megan and Lucie and Holly and Colleen and Sinead were all on their knees around the edge of the bed. In the doorway stood Monica and Derek. He was holding a video camera.

CHAPTER 23

The Holiday Sleepover

They all ate together in the main dining room that evening. A large table for twelve. All of them dressed in their evening wear, feeling somehow strange, after being naked all day. All the girls were wearing their sexy clothes bought specially for this holiday. Steve recalled with a smile that day they gave their fashion show. They enjoyed each other's company and were sorry when the evening came to an end. They all went back to Steve and Cathy's apartment for some drinks. The children went into the back TV room, while the adults chatted.

Eventually Steve said: "By chance, Anna, Gilly, Holly and Alice all have their birthdays while we're here. I was wondering whether we should organise a birthday party for them. What do you think?"

"I think that would be a great idea, Steve," said Derek. "I can have a word with Diego, if you like and see if he will let you use the dance hall for it. Diego and Rosa can be very helpful on special occasions and I think will make the birthday go with a swing." So it was decided. After a few minutes, Derek said: "Cathy, I was wondering if your girls might like to come round for a sleepover tonight. What do you think?"

"Sure," she replied immediately, "Megan and Lucie are similar ages to my Holly and Alice. They'll have fun."

"Actually," he said, pausing. "I thought Megan and Lucie might like to sleepover here."

It took Steve and Cathy a second to digest what he'd suggested.

"It's fine by me, want me to go and ask them?" asked Cathy, getting up and moving to the door.

She was back in less than a minute, nodding with a smile. "That's all sorted," she said.

It was less than five minutes later, Sierra came in and went to her mother and whispered in her ear. They heard Ellen say: "I'm sure it will be OK, darling, I will ask."

Sierra left the room and everyone looked at Ellen in anticipation, before she said: "Sierra feels a bit left out. She wanted to ask if she can sleepover wherever Gilly is."

"Well Gilly and Anna will be here with Megan and Lucie. So I guess one more won't make any difference, eh Steve?" asked Cathy.

"Fine by me," he said. "Five preteens in my bed sounds like a bit of fun." They didn't realise that Sierra had paused outside the door, where only her mum could see her. Ellen looked up and smiled at her daughter, giving a nod. Everyone heard the squeal of delight and receding footsteps as she went to join the other girls, to share the news. Soon, the pentad of little girlie loveliness returned. It was obvious they wanted the adults to get off their butts and head for their beds, so their fun could commence.

Steve got up and watched, as Derek and Monica left, each holding hands with Alice and Holly. A few moments later, Cathy went to the door and turning asked: "Who's for a little bit of fun?" Ellen, a little unsure where she stood in the sleeping arrangements looked at Cathy with a questioning look. Cathy smiled at her and said: "Come on Ellen, I think you and I need to share a bed with Steve, to make sure he doesn't do anything he shouldn't do. What do you think?"

Ellen said nothing, but followed Cathy out of the room, heading for Steve's bathroom, before it was filled with giggling preteens. Steve thought it best to stay back for a while, until the ladies had settled in. He looked across the room where Sierra was in a tight clinch with Gilly. What surprised him, though, was Anna was joining in. Perhaps he shouldn't have been, when he recalled that time when she had sat on Sierra's face the night of the second sleepover, while he had secretly buggered Sierra. Anna had certainly enjoyed herself. This was a side of her he hadn't fully appreciated before.

By now, Megan and Lucie were cuddling into his sides and it was clear they knew just what they wanted. Megan was twelve and Lucie nine, but these sisters were working as a team and were already getting the clothes off Steve and themselves, while their hands and fingers explored his and their sister's bodies. Up until now, Steve had been used to setting the pace when it came to preteen sex. What took him by surprise was he realised these two were not only up for it, but were trying to force the pace. They were experienced and could probably teach him a thing or two. He realised Derek must have instructed his step daughters ever since he married their mother. If he wasn't careful, this would be over before it had hardly begun.

Megan said to Lucie: "Shall we T-bone him, Luce?" Lucie grinned at her older sister, her hazel eyes flashing, while she brushed her light brown hair back over her shoulder. She just nodded, before getting up. The two girls took one of his arms each and pulled Steve up off the settee, then told him to lie on the floor. They pushed a small cushion under his head. They then each grabbed two of the large seat cushions, one on top of the other and put them either side of his hips. Then in a well practiced move, they both lay on the

cushion piles, their legs pointing towards each other, then shuffled themselves together. They interlocked their legs and pulled their bums up against each other, trapping his cock in their clefts, his tip now pointing at the ceiling a couple of inches above their mounds. He suddenly understood the comment about T-bone.

The two girls started to lift and drop their hips together, letting his cock slide up and down their clefts, which were getting more and more slippery every second with their, and his arousal. He just thought he was approaching the home straight, when it stopped as quickly as it had started. The girls unlocked their legs and flipping their legs up and back were standing before he even knew what had happened.

"Time for bed, I think," said Megan. They both reached down and again taking an arm each, pulled him to his feet. They went into the bedroom, and found Sierra and Gilly were sixty nine-ing, with Cathy lying one side of them, getting her fingers into any crevice she could find, while Ellen was herself in a sixty nine with Anna. Anna, on top of the older woman, glanced across as Steve came in with Megan and Lucie. She smiled at her Dad, before pushing her face back between Ellen's thighs, a slurping sound soon coming up, making Ellen moan.

Steve, Megan and Lucie climbed onto the bed, needing to nudge the others across, to make some space. Once again, the girls took over and before he could say or do anything, Megan climbed over him and straddled his hips, pushing down, trapping his cock hard in her cleft. Lucie waited for her sister to get into position, watching her every move. Megan lifted herself up, fished his cock out with her hand, pushed it back, aimed it at her opening and pressed down. Steve immediately felt his crown sinking into her. Her entry was tight, but well used to being penetrated, and he popped through her ring of elastic muscles, feeling her clamp over the rim of his crown. She paused for a mere second or two, before pushing her weight down on him, his cock now sliding deep into her twelve year old vagina.

The instant he nudged her cervix, Megan nodded to her sister. Lucie instantly swung her leg over Steve's face and lowered herself, his nose pressing into her anus, her cunt pressing to his lips. He didn't need an invitation and immediately started to lick the girl out, tasting her immature arousal. Again Lucie waited for her sister, watching, as she lifted up and dropped down, lifted and dropped, building pace and depth each time. Again Megan nodded to Lucie, who leaned towards her sister, the two putting their arms around one another, kissing deeply, the hands moving down to explore where Steve was stimulating each of them.

Steve had rarely been dominated by women, let alone two preteens, but he was enjoying the ride and guessed they had more in store before the night was out. He felt Megan's vagina moving up and down his cock, hard and fast. It was exquisite. She was moving much harder than he would have done, so he was glad she was in charge. He could feel her pulsing on him, clamping rhythmically, as she came continually. With Lucie's pussy pressed to his lips, his tongue working her as best he could and her arse squashing his nose, he couldn't see anything that was going on. Lucie kept pressing down and lifting down and lifting. He snatched a gasp of air each time, although it smelt of her bum; but he didn't mind that.

He held back as long as he could, using every technique to stave off his orgasm. But in the end, he knew the inevitable was there, now, and suddenly he exploded deep into Megan's vagina, pulse after pulse of his thick sperm laden semen. He heard Megan call out, even though Lucie's thighs were clamped around his ears. Lucie was now pressing hard down on him. He could feel her contractions, her whole body seeming to throb, as she climaxed on his face. Finally it ended. All three of them trying to catch their breath, as they lay down on the bed, Megan one side and Lucie the other side of him. It was only now, did he realise Cathy and Ellen had been watching, amazed at what had happened. Sierra, Gilly and Anna on the other hand seemed oblivious, as they continued in their deep lesbian lovemaking, which would carry on for another hour or two yet.

None of them remember falling asleep, but Steve was out for the count and it took Lucie several attempts to wake him up. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, wondering where the fire was. He looked at the bedside clock. It was three in the morning. Lucie was already out of the bed and standing in the doorway, signalled to him to follow her out. He staggered out after her, wondering where she was going. She was in the main sitting room, waiting for him, smiling.

"Steve, it's my turn for a fuck now," she said simply. Like her sister, there was no room for discussion. This was what was going to happen. She went to the bi-fold doors and slid open two sections, letting the cool night air into the apartment. Then, she pushed one of the armchairs towards the opening. She needed some help to get it over the threshold, and soon positioned it about half way between the pool and the door. She must have been a gymnast at school, because what she did next startled him. She leaned over the back of the chair, the top of the headrest across her lower belly. But then she curled her legs around, over the top of the chair arms, forcing her thighs far apart. As Steve looked at her, she was bent double over the top of the chair, her whole wide open pudenda calling out to him to come and fuck her.

He was now fully erect and decided if she was anything like her sister, she didn't want him to mess about, but to get on and give her a good shagging. He just placed his hands on her hips and positioned himself behind the nine year old, when she made him laugh with the comment: "Now Steve I know you're new to all this, but I'm not made of china, so give me a proper fuck would you? Nice and hard Steve." She grinned over her shoulder at him, making him realise she was teasing him. "I love fucking outside under the stars, don't you Steve?" she asked. "It's always so cold at home, so I make the most of it when we come here. Daddy does me most nights when we're here in Tenerife. Now come on Steve, get on with it. We haven't got all night."

Like with Megan, he found that he was able to penetrate Lucie with almost no need to wait for her to dilate, testifying to the fact she was no stranger to regular sex. He was sliding into her gradually from the get-go. As with all the other girls he'd fucked, which were a few now, she felt different, everyone unique in their own way. Her vagina seemed to have ridges all along, so as he slid into her, he could feel the undulations, rubbing along the length of his cock. It was like tiny fingers moving along him. At last, he nudged into her cervix, feeling it's rubbery texture pushing back at him. He wasted no time and pulled back, before reversing into her, building pace. In six cycles, he was moving hard and fast into her, his belly slapping against her bum.

Lucie clung onto the back of the chair, while Steve got quicker and harder. She felt the tingles inside her once more, which made her an addict for cock. She just couldn't get enough. Steve's cock was great. She'd seen him during the day, yesterday and had needed to persuade Dad to let her have him for a night. He'd been reluctant; only persuaded when she said she'd get Holly and Alice to sleep with him instead. Lucie was very popular at school with some of the teachers. Although she wasn't very good at maths, English and history, she always got top grades in those subjects. She was able to top up her pocket money at the same time. Unlike Dad, the teachers didn't have big cocks, so it wasn't much fun anymore. But as soon as she saw Steve's, she and Megan knew they just had to have a try with it.

She'd started to cum almost from the start. She knew from comments Dad had made her cunt was very special to a man's cock and could squeeze it in a way other girls couldn't. But what she found was the way he fucked her, the way he pushed against her cervix, his timing, made it really good for her as well. She was biting her lip, trying not to cry out in the open air, alerting anyone awake as to what was going on. It was so difficult. In the end, she just took hold of a corner of the seat cushion and bit into it. On and on it went. She was getting so much pleasure from Steve's cock. She'd heard the other girls talking about it, and knew she must have her turn and was so glad she had.

Lucie knew he was about to cum. His pace changed subtly, his cock swelled and felt hotter deep inside her. Then he paused for a moment, pulling her hips against him, pressing hard and deep into her. Then she felt him pulsing deep inside her, his hot wet semen started spurting even deeper into her infertile womb. It made her cum all over again and despite herself, she called out in her ecstasy, a cry suddenly muffled, when he clamped his hand over her mouth. It was one of the best fucks she'd had that holiday, or even ever. Soon, they pushed the chair back inside, made their way to the bedroom and were asleep in moments.

When Steve woke up, at first he wasn't sure what was happening. He had a body on top of him. She was gripping his cock and sucking the end. He wondered at first who it was. She was buried under the single sheet covering him. But when she moved up the bed and fed his stiffening cock into herself, he instantly recognised the feel of Anna. She'd bagged her daily fuck in the nicest possible way, before the day got busy and the sun too hot. As always, she felt exquisite. Suddenly her head popped out from under the covers, grinning away.

"Good morning Daddy, did you sleep well?" she asked, glancing left and right at Megan and Lucie, who were still fast asleep, lying on their backs, their beautiful little naked bodies spread open on display.

"I had a great night's sleep, thanks," he replied, "how about you?"

She instinctively looked across at Sierra and Gilly, who were fast asleep and were still in a sixty nine position. "I think my little sister has a lot to teach me," she said, not needing to expand on the comment. "What are we doing today?"

"Whatever you want to do," he said easily. "We'll have a lazy day today."

"Daddy?" she said in the way Anna always did, when she wanted to broach a new subject.

Hmm?" he said, giving her an opening.

"You know when we go home, what will happen to Grand-Bob's allotment?" she asked. "I mean after all the work he and I did. Will someone else have it all?"

"I don't know," he answered, not sure where this was leading, "why do you want to know?"

"Well," she continued, having obviously thought about this, as she moved her hips forwards and backwards, feeling his cock pressed hard against her most sensitive place, deep inside her, "I wondered if I might be allowed to take it on."

Steve blinked, unsure if she was serious and realised she was. "Won't that be an awful lot of work for you on your own, Anna?" he asked.

"That's the point," she said, "I won't be on my own. I had this idea I would get lots of the girls from the village to come up and each have a little area for themselves, to grow things in. We could make it into a sort of allotment club. You could help with advice and things and be the person in charge. What do you think?"

"I think it's a lovely idea, Anna," he said truthfully. "Do you think there would be any interest in it?"

"Oh, yes," she said firmly, using her vagina to squeeze his cock hard, "lots. Several of my friends have asked me about the allotment and said they wished they could grow things. But there is something else."

"What's that?" he asked, knowing she was about to give him the real reason.

"Weeell," she said in a sing song voice only little girls can say, "I like what Sierra and Gilly have shown me. And well, I thought it might be a nice way to get to know some more girls, where there aren't any grown ups watching us," she paused, "other than you of course." She raised an eyebrow, and moved her hips over him more vigorously. "And if there are some girls who want to try what Sierra, Gilly and I have tried, we can show them how. But if there are others who would like to get to know you a little, I can find out for you. And the other thing."

"What other thing?" he naively asked.

"If you buy the drinks, I can make sure they all pee in front of your little spy hole.....Oh fuck, that's nice. Cum in me harder Daddy, oooh yyyyyesss." She hissed, before finally collapsed over his heaving chest, as she giggled: "I take it you like that idea, Daddy."

CHAPTER 24

A Night to Remember

They had a wonderful day down on the beach. There was Derek and Monica, Cathy, Steve, Ella and between them, their seven preteen girls. They swam in the sea, went out

to the diving raft and sunbathed, they built sandcastles, hired canoes and sailing dinghies and had a great day. The beach bar was close by where they could buy ice cream, snacks and drinks and they had an open tab, so the kids could go and order what they wanted. Other than watch the girls, as they played on their hands and knees, their pudenda open to look at, there wasn't a lascivious thought amongst them. They were just enjoying their holiday on the beach.

"Who were you thinking to invite to the birthday party?" asked Ella, as she rubbed some sun cream into her nipples.

"Well it's a joint birthday party for the four girls," said Cathy, "why not let them choose? Also they can decide on what activities and games they want to play, so we can get it all set up."

So when the seven girls were next sitting in a big circle round their huge sandcastle, Cathy broached the question. The girls went into conference mode, their heads bowed in deep discussion. After about twenty minutes, as if appointed as their spokesperson, Anna, who would be ten on the day of the party, the day after tomorrow, said: "What we would like is to have us seven and a three more to make it up to ten. That would be a nice number. We thought we would ask Lizzy, Colleen and Sinead."

"That's not very many," said Cathy, "why so few?"

"Oh," said Anna, without missing a beat, "the sort of games we want to play would be better with just a small group." She left that comment hanging in the air. "Sinead and Colleen are down the beach over there," she said pointing, "and I saw Lizzy with her mum by the canoes earlier. I'll go and let them know." They watched her little naked rump rolling with her movement, as she walked off down the sand. She was back ten minutes later, smiling. "Yup, they're up for it."

That evening was quiet Holly and Alice were very tired. They said they hadn't slept at all when they'd had the sleepover with Derek and Monica. So after a light supper in the bistro bar, they all headed for bed Cathy asked Steve if he minded if she and Ellen slept in one of the other bedrooms with Gilly and Sierra. They wanted a really girly night. So Steve ended up in bed with Holly and Alice, who fell into a deep sleep immediately their heads hit the pillow, and Anna, who he knew would want a long session on the end of his cock. She was really turning into a young version of her Mum. He noted with interest, Holly and Alice both liked to sleep on their fronts.

Anna had claimed the centre of the bed, while the other two lay each side of her. Steve wondered, with a smile, where he should go. As he stood, looking down at the three girls lying in his bed, his eyes took in the image, like a photograph fixed in his head. Alice and Holly were spread eagled on their bellies, their legs spread out. He could see both still had reddened and slightly swollen vaginas from last night with Derek and Monica. They looked a bit sore, so probably wouldn't want the use of his cock tonight. Anna, on the other hand, was lying back, propped up on her elbows, her legs parted, thighs pressing to Alice and Holly's hips. Her vagina glinted in the bedroom lights, her arousal starting to run down her beautiful cleft towards her bum, her needed and desire obvious to them both.

On a whim, before he got onto the bed, he went to his drawer and took out his tube of KY Jelly. Moving to the side of the bed, he reached over and using his finger and thumb, opened up Alice's anus, pushed the nozzle into her opening, squeezing some of the lubricant into her. He walked round to the other side of the bed and repeated the process with Holly, making sure she had plenty of goo inside her. Putting the top back on the KY, he dropped it back into the drawer and went to the foot of the bed.

Anna was grinning at him, knowing he was going to, as Gilly would say, molest the two sleeping girls. It's one of the things she loved about Steve. He was always doing naughty things. Anna knew the story about how one of Cathy's boyfriends, who the girls had called 'Uncle' had regularly fucked the two girls up their bums when Cathy was working or shopping. They had confided in her that they'd actually quite enjoyed it and wondered if Steve might use his larger cock on them sometime. It looked like it might happen sooner rather than later. But not right now. This was Anna's turn. She made sure her Daddy looked after her at least once a day, like he used to look after her Mum. It was as it should be.

He sat on the bed and swung his legs round, so his feet were towards Anna, then started to move up the bed. She could see what he wanted and lifted herself up and over him, until he was under her, his feet against the pillows. She lowered herself, now sitting on his lap, facing him, his rampant cock trapped between them. Anna threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately, their tongues intertwining in a dance of love. Steve put his hands under her thighs and lifted her up, allowing his cock to settle into her damp opening. Lifting his knees, he took her weight, so he could grab and guide his cock. Still clinging to his neck, their kiss ongoing, she let herself settle down, feeling him sink into her, his crown popping through her tight hairless entry.

They both felt him sinking into her, inch by glorious inch, until at last he nudged her cervix, making her jerk with the sensations it sent through the whole of her body. She then wrapped her legs around his waist, letting her weight settle where they were joined. She knew what he was going to do, and watched in fascination, as he gently put his palms on each of the other girl's bottoms. He moved his fingers down through their clefts, reaching their mounds, before drawing back up again, letting his finger tips convey every undulation in their pudenda, like a stylus running through the groove of a vinyl record. Over their clits, vaginas, perineae, then into the glorious valley between their buttocks. At last he reached the little dip where their anuses heralded the entry to their recta. She was entranced, as his fingers pressed to them, slowly sinking inwards. One knuckle, two, all the way in.

Anna pulled back from his face, so she could see his expression. It was sheer lust. But then, feeling her stare, he looked back at her and the tension in his expression softened turning to one of love. The transformation was instant. It told her he loved her, but was happy to use these other girls just for his own pleasure. She was happy with that, as long as he always loved her. It made her think about the Allotment Club idea she'd had and realised she could help her Daddy get to know other little girls, and as long as he always looked after her first, she would make sure he got as much fun as he wanted.

Steve looked down at the two sisters, seeing how far into them his fingers had sunk. He thought about how he had fucked them both, taking their virginities the first afternoon of the holiday and then realised, when they'd gone off with Derek for the night, it was pure

sex they wanted. He looked at Anna once more and without even thinking, said: "I love you Anna."

Her arms were already round his shoulders, but she clung to him like a limpet. "I love you more than anyone in the world, Daddy," she said. "I never want to leave you. I want to live with you forever." She clenched on him, feeling his love shooting up into her insides, washing her uterus with his sperm laden semen. Sperm with which she already knew she wanted to have his babies one day. Her orgasm rolled on in time with his pulsing, as they made love, while he slowly twisted his fingers in Holly and Alice's bottoms, before finally pulling out.

"We'll be together forever, my darling," he said. "Nobody will ever come between us." She lay back as he shuffled down the bed, untangling himself. She thought about his comment, and knew in that moment that he would always want little girls to play with, but she would forever be his and he would be hers. But she was her mother's daughter and already she knew she wanted to try out other cocks. Derek had made it clear he wanted to try her pussy and several men at the party had made similar offers. When the moment was right, she would ask Daddy if it was OK. She fell asleep with a bright smile on her face. Life, after all the tragedy of the last few months had suddenly become good.

It was during the night, Steve was woken by Alice. She nuzzled into his side, strangely affectionate for the usually defiant and disrespectful girl. He felt her fingers running through his chest hair. He could almost hear her brain ticking away as she decided what to say.

"Steve," she eventually whispered into his ear her fingers stroking his chest absently, "can I ask you something?" It was a rhetorical question, and she immediately went on to say: "I used to have an uncle. He lived with Mum for a while. He wasn't a real uncle, we just called him that." Steve recalled Gilly's description of 'her friend', who had an uncle who enjoyed buggering her and realised Alice could well be that friend. So it was no surprise when she said: "Well, when Mum was out, with Liz at Tony's, he used to fuck me and sometimes Holly up the bum. He was very kind and always got this buzzy thing on our clits to make us feel good. When we get home, would you be my uncle?" He thought for a moment, just grunting acknowledgement, before she went on: "I know I've been a pain in the arse for years, but all I wanted was attention. Someone to spend time with me, show they cared for me and make me feel good. Mum's OK, but all she wants is for her and her friends do stuff to us. She never asks what we want. But if you'll be my uncle, Steve, I promise I'll be a good girl and try and keep out of trouble."

"Well, Alice, that was quite a speech," he whispered back. "Do you really mean it? Will you be a good girl? If you promise me you will, then I will be your uncle." Alice leapt on to him, kissing him, cuddling him and thanking him. Knowing what was about to happen, he reached over to the bedside drawer and pulled out the little vibrator the girls often used. He held it up in the dim light of the room. "Want me to be your uncle now, Alice?"

She didn't say another word, but in an obviously well practiced movement, she rolled onto her back and pulled her legs up and tucked them behind her shoulders. Her whole pudenda opened up in front of him. She then reached down and using her fingers pulled her buttocks apart, her anus now a round dark hole. He could see the remnants of the KY Jelly glinting in the dim light. Reaching up, he took the blue tube down off the shelf above

the bed and opening it, pushed the nozzle into her, squeezing out a generous amount. He smeared some more around his crown, over and under his foreskin, before tossing the KY back onto the shelf. He leaned forward, and nuzzling his crown into her anus, applied some gentle pressure. She immediately pushed, relaxing her muscles and in moments, his rim popped through her sphincter. She gently clamped on him, before pushing again, letting him slip deeper and deeper into her buttery depths. He was fully impaled in her in less than a minute.

He held up the small vibrator and said: "Do you want it inside or outside, Alice?"

She'd never thought about that before, because previously, she had been a virgin. Now she could do either. Being the bold girl she was, she just said: "In."

Steve pulled back to give him room, and put the thin plastic tip between her pussy lips and into her entry turning it gently to ease it in. She still looked quite sore, but then he'd given her a really hard fuck when he bust her cherry and then she'd had a whole night with Derek, last night, and from what he'd heard the girls saying, Derek had made full use of Alice's and Holly's pussies for most of the night. But even so, she didn't complain and when the vibrator was in her entry, she pushed his hand away and pressed it into her in a long careful continuous movement, until the flat rim was flush with her labia. In a movement suggesting she'd done it before, she flicked the little red switch, making the toy give off a buzzing sound.

Steve now pushed into her rectum, all the way, until he felt his pubes grinding against her soft, warm, petite buttocks. He pulled out most of the way, before pressing back in. Then out and in, quicker this time. She felt exquisite on his cock. Tight as fuck, the vibrations from the toy passing through his cock. She moved her feet onto his shoulders, so as he pushed forward, it moved her bum upwards, meeting his thrusts. He settled over her, his hands sliding under her back, cupping her shoulders. By now he was moving steadily in and out of her. She started to cum, and as she did, so she clamped on his cock continuously.

"Will you cum in my bum, Uncle?" Alice asked, her eyes tight shut a serene smile on her lips. Whether she meant him or someone else he couldn't tell, but neither did he care at that moment, he had his mind on other things. He could feel her climaxing continuously, now. The vibrator in her cunt and his cock in her bum making it so good for the ten year old.

Steve felt the familiar surge deep down in his loins, the unstoppable tsunami of semen being forced up through his cock, deep, deep into her bowels. She was whimpering in time with his pulses and her own contractions. So good; so, so good. She smiled up at him, even as he filled her anal canal with his hot semen. A new understanding between them. He would keep her happy, she would behave. It was win, win, as far as Steve was concerned.

He didn't recall laying back down to sleep, nor hear the chattering between the two sisters as dawn was breaking over the distant sea horizon. What he did become aware of was the wonderful feeling of several little hands playing with his cock. Was he dreaming or was it real. He felt a tongue there, spoilt when a quiet voice said: "Eww, yuck, Alice, you didn't warn me, it still tastes of your bum." There was a shuffling and even as he lay in a semi

comatose state, he was aware of someone standing over him, one foot either side of his hips. His eyes were closed, and he peeped through almost closed lids, to see Holly's pussy above him. But he also saw the vibrator fully inside her, already buzzing, as she squatted slowly down. There was a hand already holding his, now, tumescent cock, gently moving up and down in a well practiced manner. She'd obviously learnt a lot from Derek too. He saw another hand reach up and, using her finger and thumb, spread Holly's bottom open, just as she touched the tip of his cock. In moments, he could feel her pushing, dilating, sinking over him, in a very well practiced manner.

Holly just touched his pubic hair, feeling it's tickle against her bottom, before she raised herself up once more, feeling him pull from her and dropping once more. "Do you think he's awake, Alice?" asked Holly, not really worrying whether he was or not. This just felt so good, his cock deep inside her with the little vibrator giving her so much pleasure.

Steve couldn't believe what this girl, whose twelfth birthday was in three days time was doing to him. She, thinking he was still in a deep sleep, was bugging herself on his cock, for her own pleasure, pure and simple. He grew harder and harder inside her, his pre-cum lubricating her movements over him. Her face was turned to the ceiling, but her eyes were clenched shut anyway. Her breathing became shorter, her movements faster, her clenching harder, when suddenly she gasped as he exploded deep into her bowels, his semen filling her passage. He smiled to himself, as he drifted back off to sleep. The end of a wonderful night.

CHAPTER 25

The Birthday Party

The following morning, no one was up. They'd all enjoyed an amazing night. Steve finally prised himself from the bed. As he stood in the shower, letting the warm water wash over him. As he rubbed the shampoo into his hair, eyes tight shut, he was aware of Anna coming in and nudging him with her hip, making some room for herself under the water flow.

"How did you get on with the holy horrors," she asked, as she rubbed some shower gel across her flat chest. He didn't know what she knew, but he did realise she was as astute as her mother had been. Little missed her attention.

"Fucked 'em both up the bum," he quipped. "I think I'm almost beginning to like them, especially their bums."

Anna giggled. "I'd better be careful, then, in case you start to like them more than me."

"There's no chance of that," he said, as he swept her off her feet, swinging her up into a cuddle. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist, as her arms, locked behind his neck, pulling their faces together, their mouths mashing into one another. It was only moments later, she felt his rising cock nudging her most private place. She wriggled to get it better positioned. They both knew when he was there, and felt his cock sinking into her vagina, in a, now, well practiced way. Since that day he'd taken her virginity, not a single

day had passed that they hadn't made love. Anna and Gilly knew they had their Daddy back and they had no intention of losing him again anytime soon.

That day was spent very much like the previous one, down on the beach, with the girls all playing in the sand and canoes and sailing boats. They had a spell in the pool, to wash the sand out of their crevices, before heading to the ice cream bar. As holidays went, it was one of the best any of them had ever enjoyed. It was relaxed and fun. Everyone did whatever they wanted. No one batted an eyelid when, for example, Sierra and Gilly went back to the apartment for a couple of hours during the afternoon, or when Derek and Ellen went off for half an hour, while Monica and Cathy headed off as well. Anna, Holly and Alice stayed with Steve for the whole day and each in their own way made sure he paid them plenty of attention, particularly when they were playing in the sea and what they were doing with their fingers to each other couldn't easily be seen.

Later in the day, Steve walked up the beach to speak to Rosa about the birthday party preparations and was delighted in what she had arranged. They went into a medium sized room adjacent to the swimming pool. There were 'Happy Birthday' banners, balloons, a cylinder of helium to fill them. She had arranged with the kitchen to prepare a wide variety of party foods and a large cake. She had even wrapped some presents to the girls from her and Diego. Steve already knew it was going to be a great party.

As he wandered back down the path, leading to the beach he pondered on how his life had changed over the last couple of years. It had all started down at the allotment with Anna and his friend Grand-Bob. Since then he'd had promotion, become honest with himself about his own desires, previously unknown to him, and come out the other end a much happier man than he had been back then. He had a new family and, when he thought about it, a new extended family. For the first time in his life, he felt contented, as though he'd achieved his ambitions, got everything he wanted, needed and desired. As he approached the large group on the beach, he smiled as they all gave him welcoming looks. He put the cool box that Rosa had leant him down and opening it, handed round the ice creams he'd bought.

That night, while Ellen, Cathy, Alice and Holly all went to Derek and Monica's for the night, Gilly and Sierra insisted on sleeping in Steve's bed. Anna too had grown fond of Sierra and while the three girls orally and digitally pleased one another throughout the night, Steve pleased himself deep inside each of them in turn.

The following morning was birthday party day. The girls were all excited and spent a lot of time after breakfast getting the party room ready. Rosa helped them decorating the place and inflating the balloons. They all tried inhaling the helium to hear each other speak in squeaky voices. They all had great fun. After an early, light lunch in the bar by the pool, they went back to the apartment to get ready.

Steve had always wondered how women and girls could spend so much time in getting ready to go anywhere. He was doubly baffled now, considering this was a naturist resort. But in fairness, he knew they wanted to look their very best. After what seemed like hours, to Steve, Ellen, Cathy and Monica came down the stairs, followed by the ten girls including Megan, Lucie, Lizzy, Colleen and Sinead. He hadn't seen them arrive.

But what amazed Steve, was what they were wearing. All of them were wearing white dresses, which came down to their knees. The cotton material was as transparent and light as gossamer. Each girl's body could be easily seen in a very enticing way. They looked perfect to Steve. Certainly they seemed to him far more erotic than if they had been naked. Cathy, seeing his expression, explained that the dresses were on loan from Rosa, who had a small wardrobe for the children for different occasions. All the girls had had their hair styled and some subtle touches of makeup applied to their faces. He noticed in particular that Gilly and Sierra had curled their hair into ringlets, the same as they had when they'd made love together and he'd taken their cherries.

He went to the wine cooler, and opening it, pulled out a bottle of Moet Champagne. He popped the cork, letting it hit the ceiling, making the girls shriek in delight. He poured the golden effervescent wine into some flutes and passed them around. There was only enough for half a glass each, but that didn't matter, as Steve gave a toast to the four birthday girls. Of course, the bubbles went right up the girls' noses and in moments, they were giggling, just as all pre-teen girls should on such an occasion.

Soon, they were making their way up the slope to the main resort building, where Rosa was waiting for them. She was wearing a beautiful flamenco dress, Cordoba hat and held some castanets in her hand. When they entered the building, Rosa ushered them into the ballroom, which was now festooned with hundreds of helium filled balloons, bunting and 'happy birthday' banners. The far wall was lined with some tables laden with every food a young girl might desire. Rosa told them to sit, and at that moment, Diego came into the room. He was wearing traditional Spanish dress. It reminded Steve of what a bull fighter might wear. It was gold and scarlet in colour and had a very distinct flamboyant look to it, reflecting the passionate Spanish culture. In his hand, he held a beautifully decorated Spanish guitar.

Rosa waved the girls to sit down. While they found a spot, Diego plucked the guitar strings to make sure it was tuned to his satisfaction. He then commenced playing a wonderful Spanish flamenco tune. Rosa, holding the castanets in each hand, started to dance and stamp her feet in time with the music. It was obvious they were not only very good, but well rehearsed too. After a few minutes, the performance ended and everyone present clapped and cheered.

Next, the girls stood and made a circle around Diego, who started to play once more. It was the same tune they had danced and sung to the other night at the party, "Baby Shark." This time, though, they all started to spin around as they danced and clapped their hands up and down. As they did so, their skirts rose higher and higher, revealing more and more thigh, giving occasional glimpses of buttocks and mounds. At last the song ended and the girls stood wobbling with dizziness, after spinning around so much, puffing, trying to catch their breath as they grinned at one another.

Afterwards, they started to play simple party games all children enjoy. Rosa invited the children to come to the table and sit to eat the huge spread she had prepared for them all. The cake was cut and "happy birthday" sung four times for the birthday girls. Afterwards, they were allowed to open one of their birthday presents. They all sat cross-legged in a big circle on the floor, not worrying that the hem of their dresses was up at the top of their thighs, showing off their 'little girl bits' to anyone interested in looking.

Anna was the first. She picked up the pink tissue paper wrapped item, and as children do, shook it, felt it, smelt it and weighed it in her hand before saying "what is it?" to be told by several others, "you'll have to open it to find out". She grinned sheepishly, aware of everyone watching her, as she undid the ribbon and peeled off the tissue paper, revealing a small, white plastic vibrator. Her face lit up. She looked at Steve and said, "Thank you so much, Daddy. It's exactly what I wanted."

Next to pick up her present, was Holly. Like Anna, she fiddled with it, trying to guess what was inside. It was a small box and made a slight rattling sound when she shook it. She carefully opened it and flipped the lid off the little box. She blinked for a moment wondering what the little metal spheres were, then reading the label, realisation came to her. They were Ben Wa balls. She'd never seen any before, but had come across them on the internet.

"Can I try them now?" she asked, looking at Cathy.

"Sure, honey," said her mother, "would you like some help fitting them?" Holly nodded and pulled up her skirt, sat on the floor and grabbing her knees in each hand leaned back and parted her thighs. Cathy, as if by magic, held a tube of KY Jelly and pushed the open nozzle to her daughter's vagina. She squeezed in some of the greasy lube, before pushing her finger in an inch, working the KY in carefully. She then turned to Steve and holding up the Ben Wa balls, said: "would you like to push the first one in?"

Steve knelt down and put the first ball to her opening and applied gentle pressure. He watched enthralled, as it popped through the tight cuff of her entry muscle. Her vagina clamped shut, hiding the first silver ball. The second ball hung against her anus from it's piece of thin cord.

"Derek, would you like to put the second one in for her?" asked Cathy, who knew from the comments made about the other night, had a particular passion for Holly. Derek came over and adopting the same position Steve had done, gently pushed in the second ball, taking time afterwards to gently tease her clitty with his finger tip for a few seconds. She smiled at him, the promise of more to cum later.

"Right, darling," said Cathy, talking as though her daughter was having a new pair of shoes fitted. "Stand up and walk or better still, skip round the room and see what they're like." Holly got up and took a tentative step. She frowned, feeling nothing. Then she started to walk, suddenly bending involuntarily forward. Finally, she skipped around the room. Steve thought he could hear the faint clicking of the balls, as they worked themselves inside her. When she stopped, she was quite breathless, a faraway look in her eyes.

"Do you want me to take them out, darling?" asked Cathy.

"No Mum, I like them there," said Holly, starting to jiggle on the spot, making a half smile appear on her face, before she closed her eyes; her body and mind rapidly moving somewhere else.

Cathy, keeping an eye on Holly, picked up the next present and handed it to Alice. Alice, very unusual for her, seemed almost uncertain, lacking in confidence, she carefully took the tissue wrapped present from her mother, wondering what it might be.

It was a larger box than the others. Soon she had unwrapped the tissue and ribbon and hesitated before she lifted the lid. At first she was puzzled, then her face lit up. First, she pulled out a pair of sheer panties. Next, was a pair of fur covered handcuffs and some fluffy rope with loops on the end. Then last of all, came a small leather whip. She looked up at her mum and Steve and grinned sheepishly at them. She realised they knew what her secret desire was.

"I thought, after the other day, you might like these to play with," said Steve. Alice jumped up and threw her arms around his neck.

"Thank you Daddy," she said, suddenly blushing and looking quickly at her mother.

"Well that was a nice present," said Cathy hastily, trying to divert Steve's attention away from what Alice had blurted out accidentally, "what did you get Gilly?"

Gilly grinning from ear to ear, picked up the last present. Sierra came over and put her arm round her lover's shoulder, while she looked at the long thin wrapping. Slowly, she undid the ribbon and tissue, revealing a plain cardboard box, about ten inches long. She opened one end and slid the contents into her palm. It was a double ended vibrator. It took the two girls less than a second to recognise what it was. Sierra blushed, but Gilly, like Alice threw her arms around Steve's neck and kissed him over and over, muttering, "just what I needed." Then in a whisper no one else heard, "I'll let you watch us use it later."

"Oh, you might want these," said Steve, pulling some AA batteries from his pocket.

Present time over, the girls carried on playing the games all preteens play at any birthday party anywhere. At last, Rosa came out from her little office holding two small boxes and a small cloth bag. One was pink and one was blue. She clapped her hands and called everyone over. "Now girls and mums and dads," she announced. "I have two games for you to play. There is a prize for the winning girl and another for the winning dad. Who would like to go first?"

The girls all put their hands in the air, so Rosa grinned and said, "it seems the girls go first. Right here are the rules. You each have to wear a blindfold. Then the men will all stand in a line. You have to lick, or suck each of them in turn for as long as you want, then guess who it is. The girl who guesses the most men correctly wins the prize. OK, girls," she said, handing each a blindfold from the little bag she held. When each of the girls was suitably blindfolded, Rosa pointed to each of the men and then to a spot on the floor, where they were to stand. There was Steve and Derek, Diego, Colleen's father and Sinead's dad. Five in all. They were each just wearing their hotel issued bathrobes, so removing them was the act of a moment.

Rosa took the first girl who happened to be Lizzy, the vivacious pink blond nine year old, who had earned so much money at the party the other night and guided her by the elbow to the first in line. He was a short fat hairy man, with a short circumcised cock with a very large rounded crown. Rosa held her steady, while she got on her knees and guided her

hand to her his rampant cock. She'd no sooner popped his cock in her mouth, when she pulled away again and said, "that's easy, Sinead's dad."

"Well done," said Rosa, "you get two points for guessing right." They shuffled to the next in line, who was Diego. Again, she took the Spaniard's cock in hand and gobbled him into her waiting mouth, and again she instantly said: "That's Diego. I'd recognise his taste anywhere." After that there was Colleen's dad, who she thought was Derek, Derek, who she thought was Steve and Steve who she guessed as Colleen's dad.

"Total of four points to Lizzy," praised Rosa, "well done. Who's next?" It was Sinead. The men moved around into a different order and Sinead was guided to the first man in line, who happened to be Steve. She took his cock into her mouth and sucked him right in, her tongue immediately running over his fraenum like a veteran cock sucker. This went on for several seconds, until Rosa had to tug her away, so focused was she on the job in hand, she'd quite forgotten the competition. With Rosa's guidance, she moved to the next one, who happened to be Derek, then her father. Each one received a full deep throat hard suck with tonguing to die for. She only guessed her father correctly, the rest were pure guesses, which she didn't care about, because she was having the time of her life.

At last, all the girls had taken a turn and Sierra won. She only got two the wrong way round. Rosa told all the girls to take off their blindfolds, as she handed Sierra a small package. She opened it up and grinned. Inside were three pairs of crotch-less panties in different colours. She quickly gave Rosa a hug, before showing them to her friends. The men in the line-up were all rigid, having had ten girls suck each of them for a few seconds. Certainly Steve couldn't wait to get his cock into one or another of these beauties. But it wasn't to be.

Rosa clapped her hands and told them they were going to play the next game, now. She got all the men blindfolded this time and got them to lay down on the floor, side by side. Then one after another, the girls came over and squatted over them, lowering themselves, until their pussies kissed their lips, letting them taste their little girl nectar. The first to taste the ten girls was Steve, who had to say which girl it was after each time. Then, the girls changed order and repeated it for the next guy, who was Derek. And so the game continued. At last it was over, and the winner was Steve. The girls all cheered and clapped, as he was handed an envelope by Rosa. Inside was a ticket for free entry into the next pink wristband party. It was worth the €100 entry fee. Steve was delighted.

Soon all the party food had been eaten and the huge cake chopped up into four and given to the birthday girls in little cardboard boxes. The party wound up and they returned to their various apartments around the resort. Steve noticed, though, that Sinead and Colleen were walking back with them despite their apartment being near the beach, not the pool. He sidled up to them and asked "what are you two up to?"

The two Irish girls grinned at one another, before Colleen shook her glorious red hair and said: "Well, Steve, we t'ought we would come to your place and see how they get on."

"Who," he asked naively, "what are you talking about?"

"Gilly wants to try out her present with Sierra," Colleen continued, "and then before we each take €100 off you, we want to watch them use it. Never seen one used before." The

meaning of what Colleen had said took a moment or two to sink in, and even as they walked down the public path through the resort, his huge erection was plain to see to anyone who glanced in his direction. The two girls never stopped chattering the whole way. But Steve was beyond caring, because he knew the rest of the afternoon was going to be in a very intimate assignation with these two beauties from Cork. As they walked, a Limerick came to his mind, he knew not from where. And almost regretted saying out loud:

“There were two young girls from Cork,
Who always wanted to talk and talk.
They had the touch of Blarney,
Which drove everyone barmy,
Till Steve gave them a length of his pork.”

The girls all giggled at his silliness, but Sinead had the final word, when she responded with an old one:

“There was a young man from Kent,
Whose cock was incredibly bent.
So to get out of trouble,
He put it in double.
But instead of cuming he went.”

They were all still laughing when they entered the apartment. Everyone knew what was going to happen and although Gilly wasn't shy, Steve was surprised how excited and brash Sierra seemed to be. They walked round the pool, passed the line of naked pre-teens sunning themselves on the loungers and went in through the bi-fold doors and straight into the master bedroom.

Gilly, took Sierra's hand, and moved towards the huge bed, their eyes now only on one another. Steve noticed the double ended vibrator was in Gilly's other hand. It was glistening. Either she, Ellen or Cathy had already coated it with KY Jelly. By this time, the room was quite crowded, but the two girls didn't seem phased at all. In fact they almost seemed to draw energy from the crowd of spectators.

At first the two girls were just lying face to face, kissing and caressing one another, as any lesbian couple does. But quickly, they rose in their arousal and soon were bringing each other to the point of climax on the end of their fingers, giving as much pleasure as they could to the one they loved so much.

At last, Gilly sat up and took the vibrator in her hand. This was the moment everyone had waited for, anticipated, as Gilly moved between Sierra's thighs, her intention evident. Sierra lifted her knees up and outwards, exposing her whole pudenda to everyone's gaze, her wet vagina, leaking arousal down to her wide open anus. Her bloated labia full of the blood of her stimulation, beneath her clitoris erect and proud from her cowl nestled in her stretched cleft, beneath her full plump mound.

Gill touched the tip to Sierra's entry, and twisting it, gently pushed it into her lover's vagina. No one or nothing else mattered now. It was just the two of them, making love together, as they had learned to love doing, so quickly over the last few weeks. It went in an inch, two, three. Then Gilly positioned herself so that the other end settled into her own vagina entry. They looked loving at one another, as they applied gentle pressure, pulling themselves together, inch by inch.

Steve watched avidly as the gap between their vaginas closed slowly, oh so slowly. Gilly had one leg stretched up Sierra's front and the other up against her back. Sierra, the same, each lying slightly tilted to one side. Inexorably, the toy sank deeper and deeper into the two nine year olds, until, at last, their bodies met. Gilly looked up at Steve, an unspoken question on her face. He stepped forward and pushing his fingers between their warm soft bodies, found the tiny red switch and flicked it on.

The reaction was instantaneous, as both girls arched upwards off the bed, their eyes closing in the prelude to an onrushing climax. They seemed to remain stationary for several seconds, before, almost as if it was coordinated, they both crashed into a spectacular orgasm. Their legs became interlocked, as their bodies gyrated against each other in a dance of love. On and on it went, both girls beside themselves with the lust, love, and uncontrolled sensuality of what they were doing to each other. Pushing against each other as hard as they could, twisting and turning, cuming and cuming. At last, they both seemed to flop back onto the mattress at the same time. Steve moved forward and carefully finding the switch, flicked it off, the tension seeming to leave the lovers, like a leaking balloon deflates. They lay there for several minutes, before Gilly carefully pulled herself away from Sierra, and then taking the vibrator, pulled it slowly from her. She shuffled round, and in moments, the two of them were cuddling in the most intimate way, and seconds later, everyone realised they were asleep.

CHAPTER 26

Plugging the Cork

As soon as the two lesbian lovers had finished, different people seemed to pair off with each other. Steve saw Derek talking animatedly with Anna. After their conversation the day before, he wondered if this would be her first time with someone else. She looked across at him, a query on her face. He gave a small nod of approval and watched the relief on her face. He knew she'd said she only ever wanted Steve to fuck her, but she might have changed her mind. He noticed Derek took a €100 note and hand it to her and soon after, they went upstairs. Steve knew she would tell him exactly what happened the following morning.

Colleen and Sinead seemed to hover, waiting for Steve to notice them. He was fully aware of them, and was pretending not to see them. Sinead moved over and touched his elbow, making him turn towards them.

"Hi girls," he said, "have you had a nice time this afternoon?"

Sinead blinked a couple of times, wondering if he remembered their earlier conversation, before Steve said: "€100 each, right?" Sinead grinned, realising he'd been teasing them, as he pulled out his wallet and handed them each a new crisp green and blue banknote.

"My dad says we can stay the night, if you want, Steve," Colleen said, her face turning to where her father was standing. Steve glanced across at the Irishman, who with his brother, Sinead's dad, was talking to Megan and Lucie. It was obvious they too were coming to an arrangement for the night. Soon, the apartment was empty, except for

Colleen, Sinead and Steve, and the two sleeping beauties on the bed. He decided to use Cathy's room, as she, Ellen, Alice, Holly and Lizzy had all headed for Ellen's apartment together.

Aware that Colleen and Sinead were both only eight, he was a little uncertain how to handle the situation, so decided to let them guide him if they seemed reluctant, or he was hurting them. Quickly they were lying on the bed, Colleen one side and Sinead the other. He put his arms around their shoulders and started asking them about themselves; their schools; hobbies; friends. Quite soon they were chatting animatedly to him. In fact, being Cork girls, they couldn't stop talking. His hands by now were cupping their buttocks, as they leaned in to him, his fingers trailing through the silky soft valleys of their bottoms, feeling the entries to their asterisk shaped anuses. He knew girls of this age had larger rectums than vaginas and wondered if they might prefer a good buggering rather than a real fuck. He would let them decide that little detail, when the time came.

As his cock grew, while his fingers explored them from behind, getting nearer their pussies in micro movements, he felt two little hands reach over him, taking his shaft in their tiny fingers.

"What do you t'ink, Colleen?" asked Sinead, as if he wasn't there. The girls talking about something they'd previously discussed. This was their first time to the resort. And although earning some fast cash appealed to them, both were virgins. But being Cork girls, had the gift of the gab and gave the impression of more experience than was actually the case.

"Might be a problem. How about you?" replied Colleen.

"I'll give it a go, if I can," continued Sinead. "If not, I'll just have to put it in somewhere else." They laughed.

"Yeah, me too," rued Colleen, "what the feck, we'll give it a go, as you say," she added in her cork lilt.

"What are you two gabbling about?" asked Steve. "Less talk and more action. Who's first?" He'd become incredibly aroused at the birthday party and if he didn't get his cock anywhere into a preteen anytime soon, he knew his cock would explode spreading semen around for miles about.

"Oi t'ink o'il go first," said, Sinead, exaggerating her Cork brogue, the glint in her eye, now like a bright beacon. Her fresh freckle face radiating anticipation. She couldn't disguise her excitement.

It was moments later, Sinead swung her leg over Steve and in an instant, before he realised her intention, she sat astride his hips, her hands on his hairy chest, his rock hard cock immediately sinking into the soft folds of her immature labia. She moved her hips forward and backwards. Instinct directing her movements, as his cock slid backwards and forwards through her tiny cleft; his crown dipping into the recess of her vagina each cycle. Her arousal and his pre-cum easing the slippery movement between them. Sinead was rising and Steve knew if he wasn't careful, he would blast off like a spotty thirteen year old himself.

Steve put his hands on her hips and lifted her. She instinctively understood his purpose and pushed down with her little feet, either side of his hips, her body lifting off him a few inches. He reached down and grasped his rigid cock, aimed it at her entry, and looked into her intensely emerald green eyes. An understanding swept through her. She was in control, her eight year old labia kissing his end, she could stay there or lower herself onto him, as she chose. She lowered, feeling his crown nudge into her entry. She lifted and dropped half an inch.

For the last year, her mother had told her they were coming to this wonderful resort. She had trained and instructed Sinead in everything she knew about her body, knowing it was time for the green-eyed goddess girl to learn the pleasures her body could give her and whoever she chose to share it with. This would be her first time. Her mother had observed Steve from a distance over the last couple of days and had decided he was kind and considerate. She had suggested to Sinead that she and her cousin Colleen should get closer to Steve and his family and perhaps, if things worked out..... They were working out just fine.

Sinead felt his cock suddenly snap through that tight ring of muscle at her entry. She blinked looking down at him, their eyes locked together. He'd never once looked away from her eyes, to feast on her nakedness. She liked that. He cared. She knew everything would be alright now. All she needed to do now was enjoy. Sinead and Colleen came from a large family. They had lived in County Cork for many generations. Her mother said Sinead got her slightly olive skin colouring from the distant past, when a Spanish ship had been wrecked off Bantry during the Spanish Armada back in 1588. One of their ancestors had married a survivor. Every now and then, one of their family was born with the olive skin, dark curly hair and green eyes of the sailor who had landed on their shores so long ago.

Steve looked at the Irish enchantress, knowing she was only eight, but also knowing she knew exactly what she wanted to do. And what she wanted to do was sink down over his hard cock, letting her body feel a man in her for the first time. He felt privileged. She had chosen him to be her first. He'd seen her mother watching her daughter, pretending to be doing something else. He'd seen the two eight year olds moving round the resort, working out who was who. They wanted their first time to be with someone who knew exactly what he was doing, not too old and wouldn't just blast off into them after thirty seconds, then leave them to tell their mates, while they were feeling frustrated and soiled, feeling used and abused.

Sinead continued to move back and forwards, their conjunction becoming deeper, better, more unyielding, as slowly he sank into her. Her hymen had gone months before, when Colleen had become too vigorous with a hairbrush, a favour she had unwittingly returned another night a week or two later. The cousins had developed a very deep relationship over the years. When they were six, at school, they would stand together against anyone who tried to bully them, getting bloodied and bruised on occasion. When they were seven, they had started to learn the secrets of their bodies, sharing their discoveries with each other.

Then one day, their mothers had sat them down together and told them of the adventures they were going to experience, both at home and at places like the resort in Tenerife. Their father's, who were brothers, had already started to switch which home they slept in.

At first, they were just fucking each other's wives. But soon, the girls were introduced, either as observers, or just to display themselves and latterly encouraged to join in either orally or using their hands. Their mothers had drawn the line when full intercourse had been suggested by one of the dads.

She felt him sinking all the way into her. Fifteen minutes ago, she wouldn't have believed it possible, and it was very tight. She knew she would feel it in the morning. But now he was nudging her cervix, and before her consciousness registered, she crashed into an orgasm, the like of which she'd never experienced before. But then, why should she, she was only eight and the cock now thrusting into her most sensitive place was very experienced, giving her so much pleasure. In that moment, she felt his cock swell inside her and throb. Then again and again. Hot wetness flowed through her body, enhancing her climax, as if it were charged with electricity. Her mind overwhelmed with sensations beyond any joy she'd ever experienced before.

Steve lay there, the tiny girl sprawled over his front, his shrinking cock deep inside her still, as she snored gently, her cheek now pressed to his chest. He glanced at her red headed friend, Colleen, who was grinning at him, her freckles almost sparkling, knowing her best friend had had the best first time possible, and now the rest of the night was hers. She really didn't know if he could get into her, but she knew she was going to have the time of her life finding out.

Holding Sinead tight to his front, Steve rolled onto his side, away from Colleen, before releasing her and rolling back to the red headed live wire, who he knew would give him a night to remember. They lay on their sides, just looking at one another, a silent communication passing between them. He reached forward with one hand and caressed her freckled cheek, before running his fingers gently through her red locks. His other hand moved to her chest, his fingers finding the little pinpoints of her nipples, hard in her arousal, on an otherwise flat skin.

He leaned forward, now taking one tiny nipple between his lips and suckled her, while his upper hand slid slowly down her flank, over her hip, before moving down to the confluence of her thighs and belly, where her mons pushed out at his probing fingers, her cleft a deep gorge between her labia, heralded by a dimple and the slip of skin hiding her clitoris beneath. Feeling his movement, she lifted her knee up and over his hip, giving him access to her most private place. He slipped his fingers down through her deep cleft, feeling her warmth, her dampness and feeling how small she was there. He moved back up and let his finger tip slip deeper into her cleft, opening her cowl to his exploration, her hard nub nudged, making her jerk with the sudden jolt of pleasure it sent through her Celtic body.

Colleen knew Steve had only cum in her friend and cousin a few minutes before and that he wouldn't be ready again for some time yet, so she lay there enjoying him pleasuring her, knowing this was all for her. Just her. Ever since she had found what her clitty, could do, that night, two years ago, when Sinead's dad had come into her room in the middle of the night. He thought everyone especially Colleen was asleep, and had moved his hand under her bedclothes and into her pyjamas. She had wondered what he was doing, when he touched her down there. He was her uncle, so that made it alright, didn't it? Nevertheless, she pretended to be asleep, in case he might get cross with her for being awake.

He was her father's brother, and she'd heard the two men talking before they went to bed. She only heard some of what her father had said: "so I will..... with Sinead....and....you...with Colleen." He had moved her legs far apart and had felt her down there, all the way from her tummy button, over her mound, down through her cleft, to her little cunt, and on, feeling her bottom hole, making her clench. She had tried not to, but couldn't help herself. He'd stopped for a moment, as if seeing if she had woken up, but then moved back up and found her clitty again. He'd started to play with it, rubbing it back and forth for several minutes. Colleen learned that night what it meant to climax, to have an orgasm. A lesson she re-learned playing with herself every night thereafter. But she also learned that night that she took a long time to cum, and when she did, it was never like an earthquake, as some girls said it was at school. But when she came, it went on for ages and ages. As long as her clitty was played with, her contractions and pleasure continued too.

And so it was, as Steve played with her, she slowly rose higher and higher. Then suddenly, she started to cum on his finger tip. She smiled at him and he smiled back, both deep in their thoughts. She remembering and being so grateful for what her uncle had unwittingly introduced her to, and Steve, who wondered just how long she would keep going for, as his own arousal gradually returned. Even Colleen was surprised how long she kept clamping on his finger, her breathing in time with the pulses running through her lower body, minute after minute. It felt sooo good.

Colleen felt a change in Steve's movements. It was as if an urgency had entered him. She reached down and found he was now erect. Hard and sticky, Sinead's and his cum still on his shaft, sending a new thrill through her from her tiny flat boobs to the hairless delta between her thighs.

"Do you think you can get it in your pussy?" he unexpectedly asked, still massaging her throbbing clitoris, her ongoing climax never missing a beat.

"I don't know," she said plaintively, knowing he realised just how small she was down there, "wanna give it a try? But I don't want you to hurt me. Can I see what we can do? Don't move, let me do it."

In a moment, she rolled onto his chest in the same position Sinead had adopted earlier, her knees either side of his hips, her pussy encasing his erect shaft between her labia. She was about as aroused and ready as she would ever be. She had cum continuously for the last hour, and had no idea that so much time had passed. She moved her pudenda forward, feeling his crown drag through her cleft, until it rested in the dip of her entry. She lifted herself up and felt for his cock, pushing his helmet shaped crown into her. She let it nuzzle, his tip pushing her inner lips apart. Suddenly a bolt of pain shot through her. She knew she couldn't do it. He felt her sigh in frustration, as she moved up, releasing the pressure that had caused her such discomfort.

"Turn over," Steve said, "lie on my front. I'll play with you some more, if you like." She turned as he'd suggested, with her little bottom pressing into his stomach and enjoyed one of his arms folding across her chest, feeling her tiny titties, as the other sank into the dimple at the top of her cleft and pushing down, once more, quickly found her erect nub, and started to strum her as he had before, making her climax return in seconds. After a

few minutes, Steve felt her bum rhythmically pressing up and down against him. He already knew she could keep this up for hours. It was just so, so sexy.

He seemed to lose track of time as he kept playing her like a musician plays a long exquisite piece of music over and over. Neither of them wanted this to end, nor did either of them force the pace. Steve had now fucked quite a few preteens, but none of them had the staying power of this red headed, freckle faced girl from County Cork. He knew she could go on all night if necessary. She was only eight years old, but she was insatiable.

He didn't know when it happened, but he became gradually aware they she had moved without him noticing, and his cock was poking into the valley between her buttocks, his crown pressing to her tiny anus, his pre-cum easing the way. He could feel the clenching of her climaxes squeezing his end every couple of seconds. Then he felt his crown slip deeper. She was pressing down on him, trying to get him into her, working him in. And yet he was never aware of her manoeuvring him into her. It just seemed to happen. Then, finally, his rim just popped through her tight little sphincter, as if she'd sucked him into her body. All this time, his fingers were gently working her clitty and all this time, she was cuming and cuming and cuming.

Steve lay there enjoying playing with her, feeling her rise and fall every few seconds; his crown now encased in her rectum. Colleen lay on him knowing this was the best feeling she'd ever experienced in her whole life. She had masturbated every night, since her uncle had molested her that night, but never once had she felt as good as this, and it had never lasted so long. But not only that, she knew it was going to last a lot longer yet and instinct told her it was going to get even better. Neither of them was conscious of his cock sinking into her buttery passage, but both felt her suddenly clench hard on him, feeling the change. Steve didn't move. He just continued playing the music of love on her most sensitive place, while she continued climaxing on him, arousing him more and more. He was trying to make this last as long as he could, for himself and the beautiful red headed Irish girl.

They both knew he was about to cum. He swelled inside her, making her even more sensitive, while his fingers continued to make her clench on him. Then he came. Oh, how he came. His cock swelled even more than before; then he swelled again and finally exploded into her bowels, pulse after pulse blasting deep into her again and again. So good, so.....

Colleen lay there on Steve, feeling his pulses die away, her own orgasm dying, his fingers finally still. He was asleep. She waited, feeling his cock slowly shrink within her, the pressure easing, diminishing, until she felt him slip from her bum. Feeling sleep wafting over her, she rolled over and hugged into his chest, her naked body moulding into his.

The first golden tendrils of dawn were lighting the distant horizon when Steve woke. He immediately felt Colleen's tiny body pressed to him, her legs either side of his hips, her back rising and falling with her breathing. He reached down, placing his hands on her buttocks, feeling their warmth, softness, firmness, shape and sexiness. He roamed deeper, feeling between her spread thighs, her openness to his probing without any reaction or resistance. She was in a deep, deep sleep.

Already, he was becoming erect, rising as his hands and fingers explored her body in any way he chose. She never flinched or reacted in any way. She was dead to the world. Reaching down with both hands, he curled his fingers over her thighs, feeling the crease where they met her buttocks, and pressed in and down, feeling her labia part to his intrusion. Turning his hands slowly, his fingers nestled into her entry, feeling dampness. He slowly pulled her lips apart, feeling her opening up. His cock was poised ready, pre-cum now oozing from his end into the gap waiting for him. He nudged into her. He knew this was impossible, but she was here, he was here, he was going to enjoy the moment. Pulling her as far apart as he dared, he pressed to her entry firmly, feeling his crown settle into her recess, any leaking pre-cum only able to go into her.

Steve must have lain there for half an hour, letting the pressure of his crown push constantly against her tiny opening. He knew it was impossible, but he was loving every moment of this, as any right minded pedo would. But then everything changed. She dilated, and in just moments, his thick cock head popped through the tight ring of muscle at her entry. He felt it round his rim, like an elastic band. He knew he couldn't go in deeper, so enjoyed feeling the pressure on his crown, as her warmth enveloped him.

Still he maintained the pressure on her, ensuring she didn't clench and expel him. Then the impossible happened, she seemed to relax on him, the tightness easing. She was dilating further, and suddenly, his cock was slipping into her. Like her cousin, her hymen long gone with that hairbrush. A quarter inch, half, another quarter. It was incredibly slow, but he was penetrating her relentlessly. Her passage slowly peeled open to him as he burrowed deeper. She was so tight on him, he wondered if his cock would get pinched off, as he sank deeper and deeper into the sleeping child. Then he felt resistance. He'd hit her cervix, and in that instant that his crown touched her 'G' spot, her body jerked. He froze, wondering if she would wake. He was in a dilemma. This was her first time, should she experience this? But he knew she'd hurt last night. Then on the other hand, as pedo sex went, it didn't get much better than this. So he decided to carry on and see what happened.

Steve started an incredibly shallow, slow, gentle thrusting motion. Each time, his end pushed against her sensitive spot. Each time she jerked a little in reflex. He kept this up for several minutes, before pulling back a little further before pressing back in, increasing his scope. She jerked harder this time and as he moved in and out, so her tensing increased. Again he didn't get too firm with his movements, letting her body slowly adjust to him. Then suddenly, after about ten minutes, he felt the unmistakable clamping of her orgasmic vagina squeezing him rhythmically. She was cuming. And like last night, when he'd played with her clitty for hours, her clamping never paused, never faltered, just ongoing.

But was she really asleep or was she just pretending to be. So he reached down and with featherlike touches, ran his fingers along the creases where her thighs met her buttocks. He felt her clench and then she giggled.

"You're awake then, Colleen!" he stated.

"No oi'm not, oi'm still asleep, go away," she muttered, her face still pressed into his shoulder, "oi'm just enjoying one of the best dreams of my life." She giggled again, wriggling her mound against him.

Steve took her comment as the green light he needed to move up several gears. He had penetrated the girl as deep as he could get into her vagina. She had dilated and loosened, was wet and slippery and wasn't complaining. He took hold of her hips with both hands, and lifted her a few inches, pulling out, then thrust back into her, making her grunt. He repeated it, and she whined. Once more and she moaned, and again, she was clamping on him. He was now pulling almost out of her, before thrusting all the way back in. As he lifted her, he glanced down, seeing his huge cock sliding in and out of the tiny child. This was just so good.

Colleen was now muttering incoherent words, as her continuous orgasm just kept on and on. Her climaxes weren't as intense as other girls he'd fucked, but she could keep each one going on and on and on. It was amazing. He could feel her tight passage pumping his cock, as he ploughed in and out of her. He was in no rush and was happy to make this last as long as he could. But he knew this was just so arousing, it couldn't last much longer and that was the case. Colleen suddenly called out loudly, as her orgasm intensified, making her clamp harder on him. It was the last straw, and inevitably, Steve found himself blasting into the beautiful, tiny, redheaded, freckle faced, girl from Cork. She kept calling, he kept pumping, until they simultaneously slowed to a stop, both out of breath, beads of perspiration running down their skin.

She lay her head back on his chest. "Jeez, was that the best you could do? Fecking hell, I came all the way from Ireland for that." She lifted her face and grinned at him. No more words needed to be said. She was very, very happy and it was written all over her face. "Oi tink oi'l just rest for a minute or two, den you can do it all over again." She laid her face back into the crook of his shoulder and was asleep once more, in moments.

EPILOGUE

The rest of their stay in Tenerife seemed to pass in a blur. Steve couldn't believe how much preteen sex was on offer and how much he could manage. They went to all the parties, organised by Derek and there he noticed time and again new girls, of all ages, seemed to make a beeline for him, as if word had gone round the girls he was the one to get to know, if they were new to this.

He later learned that Colleen's mum had quizzed her daughter thoroughly and had spread the word round other mothers that if they wanted someone gentle, he was the one. By the end of the holiday, other than Alice and Holly, Sinead and Colleen, he'd been approached to break-in another four virgins. One had been just six, but that's another story.

It was a holiday of a lifetime. But at last, it was time to leave. Cathy, Ellen, Derek and Steve had all booked to return later in the year, in the autumn, as had Colleen and Sinead's families and several other people they'd got to know too. They all knew it would be as good as this holiday had turned out to be.

As Steve looked back over the last few months, he regretted Mary and Liz's passing Ellie and Bob too. Especially as he now realised they had all played a part in turning his previously mundane life around one hundred and eighty degrees. That last night, they all sat outside on the poolside terrace and as the sun went down over the distant horizon to the west, he raised his glass and proposed a toast to them all.

The next twelve months was almost as eventful as the last. Cathy and Steve were married. Ellen and Sierra moved into Cathy's old house and Sierra and Gilly became inseparable, as were Steve and Anna. After a few months, they sold both houses and, together, bought a larger place half a mile up the road. It was not overlooked, and had views front and back over open fields. Steve got to know the guy next door, whose name was Harry and lived with a woman called Rachel, who had a daughter called Suzie, in the same class as Anna at school. She was always having friends round and soon Anna, Gilly, Sierra, Holly and Alice were spending a lot of time round there, using their pool and joining in with the other girls. Steve learned that Harry was a birdwatcher and famous in the world of ornithology. At that time, he had no idea Harry was destined to become one of his closest and most trusted friends.

As she had promised, Anna took over Grand-Bob's allotment and formed a girls' club there, where every girl had to tend a small plot of ground on her own. Suzie was one of the first to join the allotment group. Six of her friends signed up too. At school, they were known as 'The Magnificent Seven'. Soon, word got round the school that the girls at the allotment were having a brilliant time together and spent as much time there as possible. The number of girls asking to join the allotment group grew and unbeknown to the new girls, a selection process was taking place.

Often, after a hot morning working on the allotment, Suzie would ask some of them back to her house for a swim. 'The Allotmenters', as they became known, were a very tight group of friends. Of course, Steve, with Anna's help, selected and groomed many of the girls, one by one, and every week a different girl seemed to be sitting on his lap in his easy chair outside his shed. What Steve and Anna hadn't realised was that Suzie was grooming him for herself, and Anna for her Dad. But that is another story.

Cuming soon: "The Pact"

THE END

Cast of Characters

At Home

Steve – the main protagonist

Mary – Steve's first wife

Liz – Anna and Gillys mum. Steve's second wife

Bob (Grand-Bob) – Liz's father, married to Ellie, Steve's next door neighbour and close friend

Ellie – Liz's mother, Bob's wife

Anna – 9 nearly 10 Liz's daughter long blond hair

Gilly – 8 nearly 9 Liz's daughter long blond hair

Cathy – Near neighbour. Mother of Alice and Holly, Steve's third wife

Alice – 10 long auburn hair Cathy's daughter

Holly – 11 long auburn hair Cathy's daughter

Sierra – 8, nearly 9. Gilly's close friend from school. Brunette with piercing grey eyes, very low self esteem.

Ellen – Sierra's mother, also with low self esteem.

Uncle – Cathy's former pedo boyfriend

At the Resort

Monica - Friend they meet on holiday

Derek – Monica's husband.

Megan (12) } daughters of Monica. Both with long light brown hair and hazel eyes.

Lucie (9) } Derek's step daughters

Diego – Resort owner

Rosa – Diego's wife

Sofia – Rosa & Diego's 12 year old daughter.

Lizzy – 9 long pinky-golden hair. Large freckle in the centre of her brow stunningly beautiful, very vivacious, experienced.

Colleen – 8 red head and freckles

Sinead - 8 black hair piercing green eyes

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