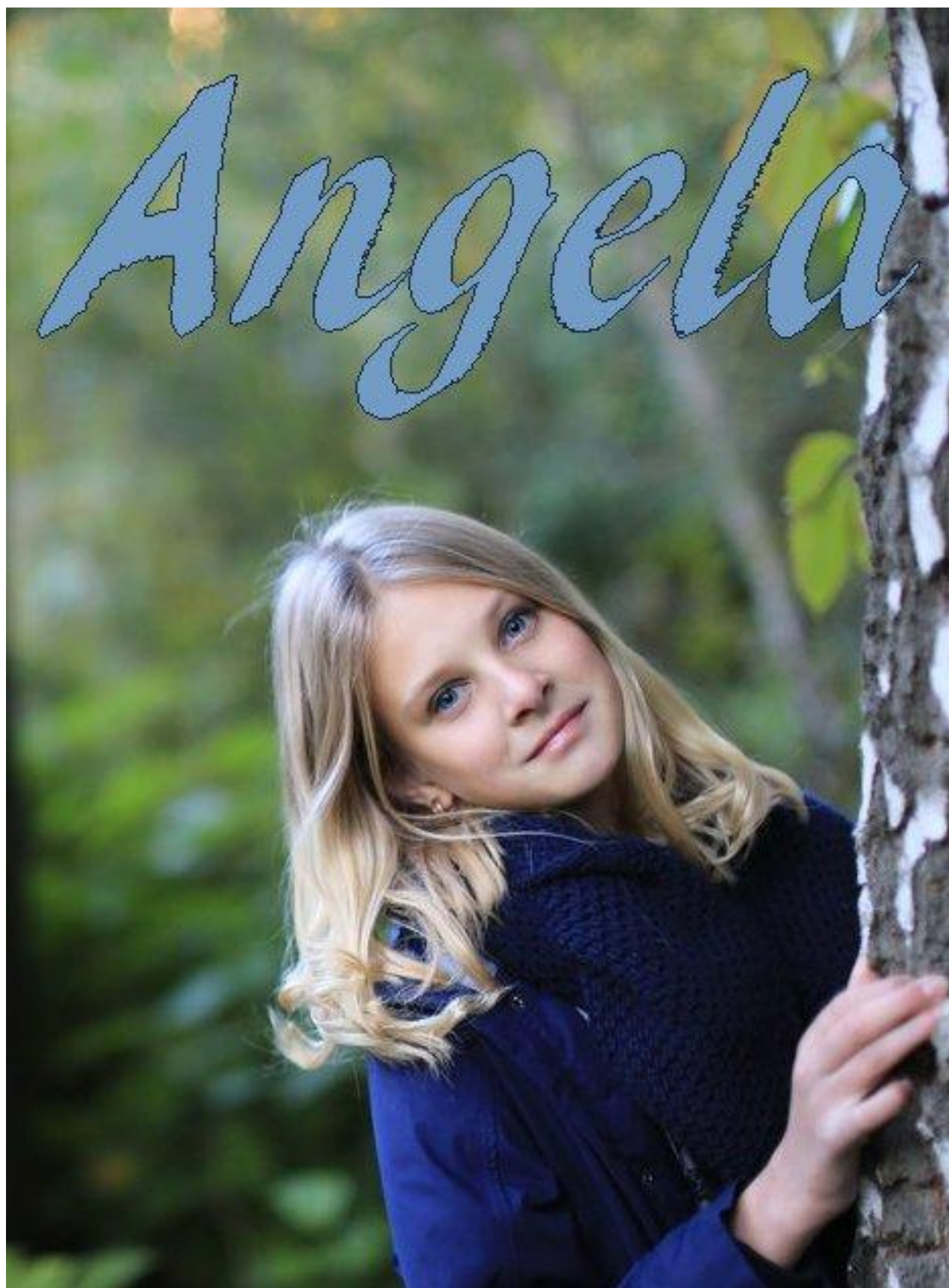


Angela



THE LEWIS ADAMS CHRONICLES

BOOK 6

ANGELA

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

Disclaimer

This story contains depictions of sexual activity between consenting adults. It also offers some fictional depictions of sexual and inappropriate activity between adults and minors. It is entirely a work of fiction and none of the characters are based on or should be seen as resembling any persons living or dead. The locations mentioned do exist but as far as the author is aware none of the activities shown have ever taken place at any of the locations referred to. The story is intended for an adult audience namely persons of an age for which reading such written material is not viewed as contravening the laws of the country in which the story is being read.

The views expressed in this story do not represent the views of the author and are merely intended to offer a fictional situation to be enjoyed by adult readers in private. They do not represent any form of activity of which the author approves neither has the author ever participated in such activity. The story is presented purely as a work of fiction and the author does not condone any such activities in real life.

CHAPTER 1 – SUNRISE

The morning sun is filtering through the thin pink curtains of my bedroom. I wake to feel its rays on my face and realise that today is going to be yet another lovely day.

Every day is a lovely day when you are eleven.

I turn over and lying on my back watch as the shadows flow back and forth across the ceiling as the breeze through my open window rustles the curtains to and fro. It is hypnotic, my drowsy eyes open and close in time with the movement. There are sounds from the kitchen downstairs. I can hear Mummy moving around and the occasional clatter as she gets the breakfast things out of the cupboards and puts them neatly on the table. Mummy is a perfectionist, everything in her world has to be just so. I have never seen her lay a table with our bowls and cutlery where everything is not exactly positioned where she thinks it should be. Spoon to the right hand side of the bowl, mug for tea six inches to the north. Her place setting exactly in line with mine on the opposite side of the table.

I think it is her way of coping with a life over which she has so little influence. I just hope it's not hereditary, I haven't got time to be so fastidious. I have things to do and places to see and it's Sunday, the sun is shining and Mummy said last night that we could probably go to the park later and I could swim in the pool. It isn't a very big pool but when the weather is good and it gets warm I like to sit in the water to keep cool.

Mummy and Daddy decided to live apart just after Christmas last year. It was a shock at the time. I knew they were always arguing, it is impossible to not hear raised voices even when they try to keep them low so I wouldn't know what was going on. But I knew what was happening. Just because I'm a child does not make me blind, deaf or stupid.

I first realised that something was wrong when Daddy started having to go away on business more frequently last year. I didn't understand very much at the time but gradually I pieced one or two things together until that evening, Christmas Eve when it all went wrong. I had come to bed early because after all it was Christmas Eve and I didn't want to risk Santa not coming. Yeah, OK I know he doesn't really exist but it is fun to pretend, makes me feel like a little girl again. I like being a little girl, I used to love being Daddy's little girl. I had been in my bedroom for about an hour but with the excitement of the day to come I just couldn't get to sleep. I had been tossing and turning for ages, my nightie kept getting tangled around my legs and I just could not get comfortable. I got out of bed and quietly so nobody would hear me I walked along the landing to the bathroom.

Pushing the door closed behind me, not shutting it because that makes a lot of noise I lifted my nightdress and sat on the toilet seat. I was desperate to go for a wee, I don't know why, I hadn't had that much to drink this evening maybe three glasses of juice. Whatever the reason the imperative was there and as I sat with my legs slightly apart I could feel the pressure building in my lower abdomen. I relaxed my muscles and let the flow begin. Slowly at first and then building in intensity as the golden stream poured forth from my little slit. It can be a messy business as a girl having a tinkle but it must be done. I felt the wee moistening my pussy lips as it rushed out of me. I looked down between my legs and watched the straw coloured water as it flowed from between my lips and fell tinkling into the pool of

water below. A few muscle flexes saw the last few drips leaving me and then I was finished. A scrunched leaf of toilet paper to wipe away the residue.

I flushed the toilet gently so that it would only be a half flush, saving water and keeping the noise to a minimum. Bidet time now, Mummy was so insistent that girls needed to be clean, she was paranoid about infections and I would be in serious trouble if I didn't wash myself down there. Nightie up, legs splayed squatting over the ceramic bowl of the bidet facing the wall. Turn on the tap until the water flows warm and then putting my hand under the tap I gathered water and transferred it to my pussy lips washing away any urine that might have been left behind by my cursory paper wipe. Don't use soap on your girly place, that isn't good. Just water, just wipe your fingers around the lips and then inside the puffy outside ones to get at the little petals that hide away inside. More water, more rubbing, more lovely sensations as my finger slips between the inner lips and makes sure that my urethra is clean and sweet. Stop it Angela that is a naughty thing to be doing to yourself. Mummy always says it is bad to play with your pussy. It's there for a reason and that isn't to have fun. Ladies have them so they can have babies and as she said so often as I was growing up. "It's not a toy Angela. Be a good girl and leave it alone." I turned off the tap, wiped myself with the pussy cloth hanging on a little hook next to the bidet. Mummy changes that little flannel every day and replaces it with another clean one. We have one each, only me and Mummy, Daddy doesn't need one because he doesn't have a pussy to wash.

Quietly back to bed but as I pass the top of the stairs I hear raised voices. Mummy sounds as if she is crying and when she says anything her voice shakes like she is really angry. Daddy is talking quite quietly. I pause and then being careful nobody hears me I go down a few steps and squat on the stairs holding onto the bannister rails

"But why Peter? Am I not enough for you?"

"Of course you are darling, I don't know how it happened it just did."

"But Louise? For God's sake she is a child."

"Louise is twenty three, she is no more a child than you are. I never meant for it to happen but things just got out of hand. You know how it is when you work that closely with somebody."

"Of course I don't why would I? I married you, I had your child, I don't need anybody else. I hate you Peter."

I couldn't really work out exactly what had happened but I knew Louise was the girl who worked with Daddy as his Assistant in the office. They often went away on business trips together so I guess something must have happened to make Mummy upset with her.

"It's Christmas tomorrow, you will not ruin things for Angela, she has been looking forward to it for ages. I want you out of here by New Year."

"But."

"No Peter, no buts. If it was just Louise then maybe I could accept it but you know what I have told you before. I can't take the chance. She is getting older now. If you want to get into a young girls knickers,

Louise's knickers I mean, then you can do it without me having it thrown in my face. If you have had her once or twice you can have her all the time as far as I'm concerned. I'm going to bed. Don't you dare follow me. Sleep on the couch but make sure you are up early."

I hastily stood up and ran back to my room, diving under the covers and shaking like a leaf. What had Daddy done to get Mummy so cross, there was something more than getting involved with Louise but I could not work out what it was. I couldn't let on that I had heard them arguing. I took ages going to sleep after that. Christmas Day came and everything was just like normal, if I hadn't heard it for myself I would not have known there was anything wrong. However, once New Year came around Daddy moved out and it was just me and Mummy left to look after ourselves.

"Angela?" Here we go, how does she know I'm awake already? Mummy is definitely psychic.

"ANGELA."

"Yes Mummy I heard you, be down in a minute."

I sat up in bed rubbing my eyes and then flicking the duvet back I swung my thin little legs out of the bed so I was sat with my knees bent while I sought around with my toes for the pair of fluffy slippers I had left on the floor when I went to sleep. I knew where they were going to be because Mummy always came and kissed me goodnight when she went to bed and made a point of lining my slippers up side by side so my feet almost went straight into them every morning. I guess OCD has its uses. Wriggling my toes inside the fluffy interior of the slippers I stand up, stagger across toward the dressing table where I stand for a moment looking at my reflection in the mirror. I yawn and stretch and my thighs appear from under the hem of my nightie as I do. Quite a short nightie so as the hem rises the tops of my thighs are reflected back at me. A big stretch but not enough to present an indecent image to the mirror. The hem stops an inch or so below my preteen pussy and then as I lower my arms falls back to mid thigh.

Behind the bedroom door there is a hook where my dressing gown hangs sadly limp until I bring it life by filling it with my lithe young body. Downstairs and into the kitchen. As expected the kitchen table is laid beautifully. I settle down on my chair and wait for Mummy to join me.

"Morning Mummy."

"Hello Darling, how are you today?"

"Fine thank you, are we going to the Park this morning?"

"No, not this morning." I put on my sad little girl look. "If we get lunch out of the way then you can go and fetch Kelly and we will go this afternoon if you like."

"Oh thanks Mummy." I sorted myself some cereals taking care not to spill any on the table. No point in upsetting anybody. "Can I go round to Kelly's this morning and then maybe she could come to ours for lunch before we go out?"

"I don't see why not Angela as long as you two don't make a mess in your room. I cleaned it yesterday and I don't want to have to do it all again."

“We won’t Mummy I promise we won’t”

After breakfast I went back up to my room to get dressed. I couldn’t decide what to wear today. Mummy may control my life in respect of tidiness and stuff but I choose my own clothes when not at school. I delved deep into the wardrobe and drawers and finally settled on a white t-shirt and jeans. But first it was back to the bathroom for a shower and to brush my teeth. By ten o’clock I was ready to go. White top and jeans with a pair of pale pink knickers underneath. I found a pair of sandals and went downstairs.

“What time should I be home for lunch Mummy?”

“Well, if we are going to the park in Badgery after lunch then I guess you girls will need to be back by shall we say twelve?”

“OK, bye then see you later.”

I left the house and skipped off down the path turning onto Main Road for the ten minute walk round to Kelly’s house. When I got there she was up in her room, so when her Daddy let me in I took my shoes off and bounced upstairs to find her. Kelly is the same age as me, a little bit shorter so she looks quite a lot younger, in fact some people think we are sisters. Her hair is cut in a short blonde bob whereas mine is long. I have only had it cut once and that was years ago when somebody told Mummy if I didn’t it would stunt my growth. That’s obviously rubbish ‘cos I was tiny until my hair started growing back and then I grew with it. Now I must be four foot something and my hair is half way down my back. I love having long hair although it can be a real pain when the wind gets into it. Nothing worse than having to put a hairbrush through tangled tresses.

“Hi Kelly, whatcha doing?” I poked my nose round the door of her bedroom. Kelly was lying on her bed facing the door, on her tummy with both knees bent, her legs crossed at the ankles and her heels almost touching her bottom. I guess she wasn’t expecting me quite yet because she was only half dressed. She had put on a pair of knickers and a vest but nothing else.

“Nothing much Angie, just messing around on the iPad. Have you seen these things?” She sat up and crossed her legs in front of her. I know we are both girls but she did look lovely sat there in her underwear, she was going to be really popular with the boys in a year or two. She looked really elfin, a bit like Tinkerbelle in the Peter Pan movie although Tink never sat around with her camel toe showing through her knickers. I bet Peter wished she had.

“What things?” I plopped myself down on the bed next to her and looked over her shoulder at what was on the screen.

“Kelly!!! Where did you find that?” I was stunned and nothing much does that to me, but to see my little BFF looking at porn was something I had not expected. I jumped off the bed and rushed across her room to close the bedroom door. “What if your Mum or Dad came in?”

“Oh they never bother me when I’m up here. I sometimes spend hours in my room looking at the internet.”

I settled back down beside her and watched as she deftly went from picture to picture on some site called 'Prime Jailbait' and then another one about children with no Mothers. Although maybe that isn't what 'Motherless' meant. I had seen some pornographic pictures before on peoples phones at school but this was the first time I had actually sat down to watch anything properly. Kelly was flicking through loads and loads of pictures of girls probably thirteen and older although not very much older with their breasts on display and others where you could see their pussies in full colour. In most of those they were holding their pussy lips open so you could look right inside. She then changed to another website called XHamster. I thought that was going to be nicer, I used to have a hamster called 'Hammy' and he was really cute. I was to be rather more surprised there though. This wasn't just pictures, there were lots of videos and I had never seen anything quite like it before. There were men with huge willies and they were fucking girls of all shapes and sizes.

"Kelly, would you girls like a drink?" The door opened, her Dad was stood in the opening as we hastily pressed the off button and dropped the iPad on the bed beside us.

"Yes please Daddy, can I have a glass of milk please."

"Sure and what would you like Angela? Milk as well?"

"Oh no Mr Green I'm sorry I don't drink milk. Would it be possible to have a lemonade please?"

"Of course it will, it's cloudy though is that alright?"

"Yes that would be lovely thank you."

Mr Green left the room and courteously closed the door behind him as he went downstairs to get our drinks. Kelly wasted no time in picking up the iPad again and getting back to surfing the various porn sites she had found. I asked her whether her Dad could find out what she had been looking at but she said she had figured out how to delete all the history in her browser so he wouldn't know. Apparently he had set up parental controls on it as well but she had managed to get past them. I knew Kelly was clever but she left me standing when it came to things to do with computers. Before her Dad came back though Kelly had closed down the browser and if he had looked he would have seen us playing a game instead. Much more appropriate for two little preteens.

"Here you are ladies, your drinks are ready." Mr Green pushed the door open with his foot and walked in with two glasses which he put on the dressing table. "What time is your Mum expecting you home for lunch Angela?"

"About twelve she said so is it alright if we have our drinks and play for a while before we go back. She did say that Kelly can come for lunch as well if that's alright with you and Mrs Green."

"Yes of course she can. Apparently you're all going to the Park this afternoon?"

"Yes, as it's such a lovely day today we are going to go to that little swimming pool at the far side of the park."

“Well you girls have fun now. I will leave you in peace you really don’t need a Daddy spoiling your fun. I’ll ask Mummy to come up and sort out towels and things for you later Kelly.”

“OK Daddy, thanks for the milk.”

We carried on playing games for an hour or so and then Kelly decided she ought to get dressed. She decided to put her swimming costume on and pack her knickers to get changed back into after the swim. I helped her sort out a pretty costume. The one we settled on was a really pretty pink. It was very small but then Kelly is very small as well. I held the bikini for her while she slipped out of her vest and knickers and stood in front of me. She put one hand on each of my shoulders and I held her bikini bottoms while she stepped into them left leg first followed by her right. I pulled them up as far as her knees and then she took over sliding them up her thighs and over her bottom cheeks. The last thing I saw as she yanked on the waist was her little slit disappearing inside the pink cotton material. Having said disappearing, it was only that there was a layer of material between her pussy lips and the outside world. For what it was worth the outline of her lips were still clearly delineated and I was sure that once it got wet then there would be nothing preventing prying eyes from enjoying the view. Kelly sorted her bikini top herself. Nothing to conceal, her chest was still as flat as it had always been, but at least wearing the bikini top matched with the other half of the costume. Kelly followed my lead with the rest of her outfit putting on Jeans and a white top like mine. By now it was nearly eleven thirty so we went downstairs and Kelly’s mummy sorted out a towel for her to take swimming and put it in bag for her. We said goodbye and walked back to my house for lunch promising to be back in time for her tea later this afternoon.

We arrived at number twenty eight Honey Lane exactly at twelve noon, Mummy was going to be delighted at my punctuality. It wasn’t always that reliable.

“Hi Mummy, Kelly is here too.”

“Hello Kelly, my word don’t you two look like twins in those clothes.” Hardly twins, different height, different hair length but I guess in everything else we could have been sisters. I would have liked Kelly to have been my sister, it was quite lonely sometimes being the only child especially since Daddy left. I get to see him at weekends because they agreed I should go to his house as often as possible. Not every weekend which was a shame because it was fun going to his house. It was only a small house on the outskirts of Woolchester but I liked staying there and I know Daddy really, really enjoyed me being there too.

“Is lunch ready Mummy? Can we go up to my room for a while?”

“Not quite ready, just got the potatoes to put on. It’s going to be about twenty minutes. You girls go and play, I will call you when I have served up.” The table was already laid with Mummy’s special brand of neatness.

“Come on then Kel, let’s go upstairs.” We shot out of the kitchen and bounded upstairs like a pair of tiny elephants.

“I want you to do something for me Kelly please”. I got my iPad out of the top drawer of my bedside cabinet and we both sat side by side on the bed. “Can you fix it so Mummy doesn’t know where I am

going online? She doesn't really understand much but I don't want to take the chance of being found out."

Kelly took the iPad and within a few minutes she had Safari open and was showing me pictures of a man with two young girls holding and sucking his willy. I smiled at her as I imagined that it might have been us in the picture.

"There you are, just make sure you delete any browsing history every day and nobody will know what you have been up to." I don't know what she did but it seemed to have worked anyway. Now Mummy wouldn't know what I looked at and I think I might be looking at the same things quite often. We spent the rest of the time until Mummy called us down for lunch being very naughty girls indeed. I wondered what Daddy would say if he knew what I was doing. Judging by what I had seen when I stayed over at his place I think he would actually be quite pleased that I was showing an interest in the things he enjoyed. I might tell you more about this later but for now let's just say he didn't always watch normal television.

Two o'clock. Lunch was nice, pork chops, mashed potatoes, broccoli and carrots. We helped Mummy to put all the dishes away in the dishwasher and then got our stuff together ready to go out for the afternoon.

It only takes about twenty minute to drive from Penstone to Badgery St John usually. For some reason the traffic was a bit slower today but we were still there just after two thirty. Kelly and I were strapped in on the back seat and spent the whole journey laughing and chatting about everything and nothing while Mummy muttered under her breath about the state of the roads and the problems with Sunday drivers. We were Sunday drivers but she didn't seem to think about that.

When we got to the park Mummy left the car in one of the parking bays just outside the main gate, we all piled out and got the towels and things out of the boot. Mummy took our hands while Kelly and I carried the two bags and we walked along the pathway towards the pool at the other side of the park. It smelt really, really lovely with all the flowers on either side of the path. The buddleia bushes were alive with butterflies and bees.

The park, isn't very big. We didn't take very long getting from the main gate to the pool. We passed a kiddies play area where there were several little ones playing in a sand pit.

The pool is actually two pools, the one we wanted which was big enough for swimming in, not very deep maybe three feet or so and probably twenty yards long by ten yards wide in a curvy shape. A few yards to one side of this one was a shallow paddling pool for the babies. It had a slope that went in at one end and the water was only about nine inches in the deepest part.

Both pools were surrounded on all sides by bushes and trees apart from where the paths approached them. On one side there were some benches for parents and old people to sit on while we were swimming. One of them was back further away from the pool than the others and when we arrived it was empty. It was in the shade which is probably why nobody was using it, everybody wanted to be in the sunshine.

Mummy sat herself on the bench nearest to the pool and Kelly and I stripped off down to our bikinis. I think I mentioned that the pink one Kelly was wearing was a bit small. Well when we got home for lunch and I got changed into mine I discovered that there was going to be a potentially bigger problem with

mine. The bottoms were fine. Alright same thin material thing but I wasn't bothered if anybody wanted to look at my crotch to get an eyeful then they were welcome. The bigger issue was with the bra top. Kelly had no tits at all but mine had started to sprout, not much but enough so that the bikini top was really tight and I only just managed to get the front fastening done up. I was a bit worried that it was going to break and then my little titties would be on display to the world.

Kelly and I had been playing around in the water, splashing each other and racing up and down the pool for a while when I looked across to the shaded bench and there was a man sitting there. I thought I recognised him but wasn't sure and then I realised it was Mr Adams from round the corner from our house on Honey Lane. He was on his own and had settled down on the bench. He didn't have a paper or anything to read, he was just sitting watching the activity in the pool. There were other little girls splashing around and he was clearly enjoying looking. He didn't seem interested in the two or three boys of maybe six or seven years old who were playing nearby, he was concentrating on only the little girls.

There were other mummies and daddies and one or two old people scattered around the pool but they were too busy chatting to pay any attention to the swimmers. I don't think they could see Mr Adams, he was only visible to somebody actually in the pool.

There were probably four or five of us girls in the water ranging from I guess eight to eleven, Kelly and I were probably the oldest there. The more I looked at him the more obvious it was that he was paying special attention to Kelly. It was as though he couldn't take his eyes off her. I could see that he kept both hands in his pockets while he was staring at her. I couldn't really be certain but he seemed to be particularly interested in her semi-transparent bikini bottoms. As I expected her slit was very visible now that her bikini was wet. As long as she was in the water it was deep enough to hide it but when she climbed out on the side of the pool I knew he could not fail to notice her slit and it was at those times that there seemed to be a lot of movement in his trouser pockets.

I kept on splashing Kelly with water and when I had the chance I carefully pointed out Mr Adams to her and what I thought he was doing. Instead of staying in the pool she made even more point of getting out in such a way that she had one leg on the edge of the pool and the other still in the water so that her fanny was stretching the fabric even tighter. She is a very naughty girl, but then I guess we all are when we want to be.

Kelly had also noticed the action in his trousers now and the next time she got out of the pool she ran over towards where he was sitting and stopping just a few yards from him on the edge of the path she turned her back to the bench and bent over to pick a daisy or two from the lawn. It was clear to me that she was just making sure that Mr Adams got a really good view of her camel toe. She really did not want a collection of daisies.

Kelly ran back round the pool and sat on the edge while I stood facing her with my back to Mr Adams.

"Did you see what he is doing Ange? The dirty old man has got his hand in his pockets. I'm sure he's stroking himself because when I bent over to pick those daisies and then turned round he had quite a big lump in his trousers. I think he's one of those paedos they keep warning us about."

"I think he probably is Kel, so we are going to have to give him as much as possible to get horny about."

I moved a bit to one side so that he could get a good view of Kelly's crotch. She is sitting on the side of the pool now. One leg in the water the other foot resting on the edge of the pool. Her little crotch delightfully displaying her lovely pussy mound and the barely concealed outline of her lower lips. She rocks her right leg back and forth while wiggling her toes under the water. Kelly knows exactly the effect she is having on Mr Adams and she carries on being as flirtatious as she can without being too obvious.

"I can see him stroking himself in his pocket Ange, dirty pervert. Fancy coming out specially to watch little girls playing in the sunshine. He should get himself a wife then he wouldn't have to perv over little girls like that."

"He was married once but apparently his wife left him when I was about three years old and I don't think he has had a girlfriend since then. Mummy says she feels sorry for him because he must be lonely."

Mr Adams was concentrating on what Kelly was doing but it didn't stop him watching the other girls even the little eight year olds. I bet if that's what he liked he was having a lovely time spying on half a dozen little water nymphs all in bikinis and all unaware they are being watched. All unaware that is except me and Kelly.

"I turned around with my back to Kelly and stood in the water between her knees and she put her arms around my neck. She was right, there could be no doubt what Mr Adams was doing. He was definitely playing with his willy while he ogled the bathing beauties. I dipped down into the water and disentangling myself from Kelly's arms I did one length of the pool and back again.

When I got back to Kelly she dropped into the pool and we both swam back and forth up and down the pool each time getting close enough to the perv's bench to watch the surreptitious stroking and making sure our bottoms kept popping out of the water like little dolphins so he could enjoy the view. I was always careful when swimming to make sure that I didn't get much of my hair wet, just the ends, because it was a nightmare to get dry again.

When I turned to swim back to the other end, Kelly was still coming towards me and as she pushed her arms forward in the breast stroke her little bottom lifted out of the water, her pink buttocks breaking the surface. I noticed that Kelly's bikini bottoms had disappeared between her bottom cheeks so that the view Mr Adams was getting was even better than I had realised. I stopped for a moment and checked to make sure that my costume wasn't doing the same thing. Of course it was. I pulled the material out of my bottom crack and carried on heading for the other end of the pool.

One more length of the pool and then I thought I would probably get out, maybe get out at the end where Mr Adams was sitting like Kelly had done. I was thinking it might be fun to actually walk toward him and see what he did when I got closer to him. I swam slowly up the length of the pool, it didn't take very long. I haven't mastered doing the crawl yet, it's too difficult and you get your hair wet as well. I reached the end of the pool, checked to make sure I was being watched and then putting both hands on the edge I pushed off with my feet and took all my weight on my arms. As I did so the clasp on my bikini top suddenly flew open. The top was a bandeau style which meant there were no shoulder straps to provide security on an occasion such as this. The elasticated top just vanished and the next thing I knew I was balanced on the rim of the pool on my arms, the bikini top was lying on the concrete in front of me and my two little preteen breasts, hardly worthy of the name yet were on full display with Mr Adams hardly three yards away. I looked at his face and it was as if he was transfixed by what he was looking at.

I watched his eyes as they roamed over my chest and belly taking in what was I guessed an unfamiliar but greatly appreciated sight.

I was struggling to balance, my mind was torn between trying to keep upright, allowing myself to fall back into the pool or trying to somehow cover my embarrassment with my hands. None of these seemed an ideal solution. It was only a few moments but it felt like a lifetime of hanging there as my nipples hardened slightly in the cool air and Mr Adams cock stroking intensified.

Eventually he dropped his gaze, I relaxed my arms and dropping back onto my feet I crossed my arms over my chest. He had raised his eyes again now and was desperately trying to see through my fingers to the little puffy breast buds with their pink nipples hiding behind them.

During these fleeting moments I hadn't noticed but Mummy had seen what had happened to me and grabbing a towel was rushing across the grass towards me. Whether or not she had noticed Mr Adams I couldn't tell although given the secluded position of his bench I think it was probably unlikely that she had realised I was the focus of such intense male attention.

She arrived at the pool's edge and just like I expected instead of me, her first thought was to grab the bikini top so it wouldn't fall in the water and float away. She handed me the towel next and I wrapped myself up in it taking care to keep the ends out of the water. All the time this was going on I looked over Mummy's shoulder and kept my eyes fixed firmly on those of my middle aged voyeur. He knew that I knew he was watching me and I am sure he guessed that I enjoyed the attention. Just to reinforce this I smiled sweetly at him. A knowing little girl smile which must have melted his heart.

Mummy helped me out of the pool. She was positioned between me and Mr Adams so whether he was able to take advantage of the glimpse of camel toe I endeavoured to give him or not I could not really be sure. Once out of the water I wrapped the towel firmly around my body and ran away from the pool towards Mummy's bench. Kelly had got there first and was laughing at my misfortune.

From where we were standing I couldn't see Mr Adams but when I walked back towards the pool still wrapped in the big fluffy towel his bench was empty. It was as if he had never been there. I couldn't help wondering where he went. To be honest I was quite disappointed that he had disappeared. Not that I wanted to tease him but the thought that a grown man found me attractive enough to want to play with himself while watching me was a real compliment. Kelly came up behind me giggling.

"That was so funny Ange, fancy losing the top of your bikini like that, did you do it on purpose?"

"No of course not but it didn't half make him look didn't it. I could see his hand moving really fast in his pocket."

"I know, I was watching when it happened, he really fancies you. He was getting all red in the face. I reckon if you asked him he would do it to you."

"You really think he would? I want somebody to do it to me, especially after looking at those pictures on the iPad."

Before we knew it, it was time to go home, Kelly and I got ourselves changed using a towel for cover. I made sure nobody was watching before I took my bikini bottoms off but unfortunately nobody was. The

few Daddies who had been there had already gone home and the other kids only had their Mummies looking out for them. There was no way they were going to be interested in watching a little girl getting changed. At least so I thought at the time, I hadn't really experienced the possibility of girls liking girls yet.

Once we were both decent Mummy drove us home and dropped Kelly off on the way past her house.

It had been quite an eventful Sunday and I went to bed fairly early for me. Maybe knowing I could do some naughty surfing made it more appealing.

CHAPTER 2 - SCHOOL

Next morning I woke early, probably as a result of getting to bed early last night although going to bed and going to sleep are two completely different things. I had spent maybe two hours online on the iPad before I fell asleep dreaming of all the wonderful things I had been watching. Who knew that a girl could get something that big inside her pussy without splitting herself open? Although to be fair, I suppose if something as big as a baby can come out then not many men have a willy as wide as a baby's head so there was nothing to stop even the biggest one slipping inside easily.

I got out of bed, took my turn in the bathroom. A lovely wee, a good wash in all the places that needed it, especially between my legs. All that pornography online last night meant that I had got a bit sweaty and I would hate the other girls to think I was dirty when I got to school today. Loads of talcum powder and deodorant and I was ready to get my uniform on.

Breakfast, shoes, jacket and out of the door on my walk to school. No point calling for Amy this morning she is still in Mexico on holiday. As I made my way through the village to school I met up with Kelly and another girl so we walked together. Rounding a corner there was a man approaching us from the opposite direction. He seemed to be deep in thought and hadn't seen us or if he had he didn't show any signs of it. I was laughing at a joke one of the other girls had just made as the man walked past us.

I knew exactly who it was, I guessed Kelly would have recognized him as well, but I don't think the other girl did. I turned round and carried on walking backwards still chatting with the girls. Mr Adams didn't turn, he looked back over his shoulder at us with the same lustful look I had last seen on his face at the pool yesterday.

I smiled back at him and parted my lips slightly running my tongue over them and pouting at him. I may only be eleven but I know how to give a man a look that will turn them to jelly. His face coloured slightly at the sight and I guessed blood was flowing to some other part of his anatomy as well.

I turned away from him again and all three of us started skipping down the street getting further and further away from my tame pervert.

"Who was that Angela is he a friend of yours?"

"Not really, he was at the park yesterday when Kelly and I went swimming. I think I embarrassed him a bit 'cause my bikini top fell off and he couldn't stop himself looking. Isn't that right Kelly."

"Yeah, actually he wasn't only looking though."

"Tell me, tell me, what happened." Kelly recounted the story of Mr Adams and how he played with himself while we were parading around with our camel toes on display.

"That is so pervy Kelly how could you have not said anything to Angie's Mum?"

"Not likely, it was fun having a horny old man leching over us, no way was I going to say anything. We

were enjoying it. Dirty old man.”

I leaned closer to Kelly and whispered in her ear. “He is rather cute though even if he is old, I wouldn’t mind if he did something he shouldn’t would you?”

“What you mean like in those videos? I wish we could find some way of getting him to notice us some more. Maybe we should get together in break and try and come up with a plan?”

I knew Kelly would be good at this, she was a devious little madam. If anybody could get Mr Adams to play it would be her. So at break time we left class and headed out into the playground, just the two of us. Across the playground to the bicycle sheds where boys often used to gather to leer at the girls doing handstands on the grass. Today there was nobody there but us so we settled down behind the sheds and attempted to work out a plan of action.

Not surprisingly at first we couldn’t come up with any ideas which we thought might work and then Kelly suddenly had this really inspired notion. You won’t believe how ingenious this was.

“Why don’t we go round to number twelve and ask him if we can take his dog for a walk for him?”

“Great idea Kelly, but I don’t think Mr Adams has got a dog.”

“So Derrr... He doesn’t need to have a dog we just need an excuse to ring his doorbell silly.”

“I guess so Kel, then what do we do when he says he doesn’t have one? Just turn round and go home? I really don’t see how this is going to help at all.” Kelly looked quite downhearted at that.

“So do you have a better idea Ange?”

“I guess not. We need to think of something to say next, that is going to be the difficult bit.”

“I know, I’ve got it. When he says he doesn’t have a dog, you start coughing and choking and I will ask him if he could get you a drink of water. Then when he goes to get it we can sneak indoors and follow him. I bet if he really is the weirdo you think he is it won’t be difficult to get him interested.”

“Alright well we can always try and see what happens, when shall we do it?”

“Not this weekend because Mummy and Daddy are taking me to see my grandma how about one evening next week?”

“No look I’ve got a better idea. Amy is going to be back from her holidays soon. Let’s leave it until she is and we can talk it over with her because I think she told me once that she used to go round to his house sometimes when her Mum and Dad were busy. Maybe she might know a better way of getting him to play.”

We decided to use plan B and wait for Amy.

Kelly and I went back into class and the rest of that day we had some quite fun lessons. It was getting really close to the end of term time now so all the teachers were happy to let us have an easier time

than when there were examinations due. Our teacher is Miss Jenkins and she is ever so nice, she is a bit mean to the boys sometimes but then they are stupid and misbehave a lot so she has to try hard to keep them under control. Us girls are much better behaved and I think she likes teaching girls more than boys anyway. Miss Jenkins is only quite young for a teacher, she only finished College two years ago and we are the second class she has been in charge of. She is ever so pretty as well. She is lovely and slim with sort of mousy coloured shoulder length hair with a natural curl in it.

After lunch we had sports when an assistant comes in to help Miss Jenkins. The assistant takes the boys to play football and we play rounders. I quite like sports even though we have to do it in our knickers. Good job the boys get taken to the other end of the playing field because they just keep making rude noises and trying to grab us when we don't have skirts on. I don't mind that bit it is quite fun teasing them.

A couple of weeks later, Amy had returned from Mexico, school had broken up for the summer holidays and Kelly and I had arranged with Amy to go round to Mr Adams one day but we didn't know when yet. We had talked it all over with her quite a few times and it was a surprise to me and I think to Kelly that Amy had spent so much time round there already. Apparently Amy had already experienced Mr Adams's preferences for young girls. When she was there it was not uncommon for him to let her run round the house in just her underwear when the weather was warm. This had started when she was a lot younger but now she was eleven and starting to show the very first signs of puberty he seemed to be showing even more interest in getting her undressed. He was especially entertained by helping her get ready for bed when she stopped at his house overnight. It appeared to me that he was more than a casual voyeur of little girls in the park and given the opportunity would not be averse to entertaining all three of us one day.

The only fly in the ointment as far as we could tell was the fact that he now had a new girlfriend called Harriet and she was likely to be around all the time as she had moved in with Mr Adams, apparently his name is Lewis. That is a nice name, I think he actually looks like a Lewis too. Mr Adams makes him sound like a schoolteacher.

Amy lives about ten minutes away from Lewis's house whereas my house is on the same street, Honey Lane. Lewis and Harriet are at number twelve and my house is round the corner at number twenty eight. It seems silly that I live so close and yet never knew what his name was but Amy who lives nearly a mile away knows a lot, and I mean a lot, about him.

Anyway Amy has told us to leave it to her and she will try and arrange a visit sometime when she is staying over and although she likes Lewis's girlfriend she said it would probably be better if she could fix something for a day when Harriet was not going to be there.

Did I say that Amy had been on holiday? She was allowed to go during school time because apparently her Dad couldn't get time off during the holidays. She was lucky, I wish my Daddy had that problem although now he had moved out I didn't expect we would be having any holidays any time soon. I would love to be able to go on holiday without wasting the holidays if you know what I mean.

She went to some place in Mexico which had lovely beaches and lots of other girls to play with in the pool and stuff. But she was back now and had already been out for the day with Lewis and Harriet. They took her to Weymouth for the day and apparently they had a lot of fun. Amy didn't tell me everything about it but I don't think some of it was what she would want her Mum and Dad to know about.

We were in the second week of the school holidays when Kelly came round to play with me for the day. Mummy had said we could stay at home on our own while she went into Woolchester to do some shopping. It wasn't often that she trusted me enough to stay home on my own but I guess now I was almost at big school she thought it was about time I was allowed to take responsibility. She left us some lunch which didn't need anything doing to get it ready. Well apart from taking the cling film off the plates obviously.

Mummy left just before ten thirty, about a quarter of an hour after Kelly arrived. We went straight upstairs to my room and I got the iPad out as soon as she had driven off.

"Have you been online all the time since I showed you that stuff Ange?"

"Not all the time, no." I had to stop to have meals and sleep but apart from that whenever I could I was surfing as many naughty websites as I could find. It was so exciting seeing things I never thought were possible being done by grown-ups. I wish I was grown up it looked like so much fun. "Don't you want to see one I found last night?"

"Oh I suppose so, if I must." Kelly was such an idiot sometimes, of course she wanted to watch. I switched the tablet on and opening Safari I got a piece of paper out of my drawer under my knickers where I had written down the address of the video. I typed the link into the browser and in a matter of seconds the video was up and running. We were sat next to each other on my bed leaning back against the pillow watching the small screen balanced against my thighs.

The video started and as it faded in there was a little girl with long hair sitting in a chair in front of a standard lamp. She was wearing a white blouse and what looked like a sort of dirndl waistcoat. I don't know how old she was but probably older than she looked. Most of the sites I had found said that everybody was over eighteen although she looked about thirteen.

Somebody, I guess the director asked her what her name was.

"Mandy." She said. He asked if it was her real name and she didn't answer.

The man asked her how old she was and she said eighteen. Then he said

"How tall are you?"

"Five feet"

How much do you weigh?"

"Eighty five pounds." I guess that must be just over six stone. She looked really tiny too. The camera moved down to her feet which were bare and she was wearing jeans. It then panned back up again. The man asked her how old she was when she first had sex and she said "Sixteen."

I looked at Kelly and she smiled back at me. "I don't want to wait that long do you Kelly?" She shook her head and laughed. "We are eleven now so I think we should both try to do it before we get to, I don't know, thirteen?"

"Yeah, sounds good to me Ange."

The conversation on screen carried on while the Director kept trying to get more information from Mandy about her sex life and whether she had had a blowjob or swallowed cum. If this had been a few weeks ago I would not have known what he meant but I had been watching porn so I knew exactly what that was now.

“Would you ever do that Kelly?”

“What?”

“What he said, swallow that stuff. It looks gross to me. I don’t think I could do it.”

“Maybe, depends what it tastes like I guess. I don’t really like liver but Mummy says it’s good for me so I eat that. Perhaps that stuff is good for you as well?”

“Maybe.”

Mandy said she didn’t have a boyfriend and after a couple of minutes the Director suggested they got started. She stood up and the camera went lovingly up and down a couple of times before pausing and zooming in on her chest. The Director asked if she would like him to undo her top and she agreed. The camera stayed looking at her chest while I guess the Director cameraman took hold of Mandy’s little waistcoat and deftly undid the three waistcoat buttons and then the seven buttons down the front of her blouse.

“Holy Smoke, slip that off for me.” He said and Mandy took the blouse off and stood in a little white cotton bra covering her little breasts. She was so skinny no wonder I had thought she was only just a teenager.

“Can we take this off?” he said indicating her bra. She reached round the back and unclipped it slipping it off to reveal a pair of teeny tiny little titties.

I guessed from looking at bras in shops they must be AA cup size. She is so slender and they are hardly anything more than little bumps on her chest. I couldn’t be certain because I only wear a training bra, I don’t need a proper one yet and the way things are going I guess I won’t need one for years yet.

“Oh My Gawd. I’m going to hell for this” The cameraman is clearly impressed and begins to stroke her left breast with his free hand. He switches his attention to the other breast “Wow, look at these.” As he tweaks her little nipples and strokes the soft pale breasts in front of him. “They are beautiful, I love them.”

His attention switches to the belt around her jeans which he likewise undoes with just one hand. He is very skilled at it, I guessed this wasn’t the first time he had undressed little girls. He releases the top button and slips the zip down so Mandy can remove her trousers. She is not fastidious when it comes to matching underwear, her bra was white but she is in a little pair of black briefs.

“Look at that Kelly, I would never go out unless my undies matched would you?” Kelly agreed with me and we looked more shocked at Mandy’s fashion sense than the fact she was being stripped by an older man.

"You are so tiny" the man said "You look like the wind's going to blow you away." Mandy has stepped out of her jeans and immediately the man helps her remove her knickers revealing a really pretty little pussy slit. All tight and puffy.

"Look at her pussy Kelly, she hasn't got any hair there just like us." To prove the point I stopped the video put the iPad on the bed and stood up taking my skirt and knickers off. "See, mine looks just like hers. Not to be outdone Kelly did the same and now we two little girls were sitting on the bed with nothing on below the waist.

"Put the film on again Ange." Kelly said. I picked up the iPad and leaning it against my bare legs so that the lower edge was nestling next to my pubic mound I started the movie. We watched fascinated and every so often checked each other's slits to see whether we were as pretty down there as Mandy was.

The camera panned up and down naked Mandy and then zoomed in on her pussy while the cameraman parted her lips with his fingers. "Wow. Oh My God, that is so beautiful." The man stroked her from her pussy up her tummy and over her right breast before the camera lingered on her smile. "Look at that face."

"I think yours is prettier than hers Kelly. You can see something poking out between her lips a bit."

We both knelt up on the bed and looked down between our legs. See yours is all tight. I put my hand out and placed it over Kelly's pussy. While keeping it there I sat down on the bed with my legs apart and Kelly touched my pussy lips with her finger running it around the edge. We forgot the film for a few minutes while we contented ourselves with mutual pussy stroking. It felt really nice and I got this sort of funny fluttering in my tummy when Kelly slid one finger between my outer lips. I couldn't be mean so I did the same for her, stroking up and down her slit and feeling the moist inner lips where they joined at the point where her peepee was.

I was enjoying this and I think Kelly was as well.

"Better start the video again now Ange, or we won't get to the best bits before your mum gets back."

The scene changes now to Mandy sitting on the bed with her legs tucked up under her bottom. You can't see her slit as it is hidden between her thighs. In the foreground is a man's legs either side with grey striped underpants clearly concealing a semi erect penis. He must be sitting on the bed in front of the little girl. "Pull my penis out of my pants?" Mandy moves his underwear to one side and a quite big but floppy circumcised penis appears in camera shot. She wraps her fingers around it and squeezing as she does she moves her hand up and down the shaft.

"My hands might be cold." She says.

Kelly and I burst out in hysterics.

"I bet he doesn't care if she had them in the freezer right now Ange as long as she keeps stroking his willy."

More giggles. For two girls who had only ever seen young boys willies at school, watching a real adult penis being unveiled was quite something.

“Steve Watson hasn’t got one like that Ange, his is all skinny like a pencil. Maybe it will get bigger when he gets older.”

“When did you see Steve’s willy?” I had always fancied Steve but he never showed any interest in me, he was always chasing the younger girls round the playground. Maybe that’s why he showed it to Kelly, she does look younger than she really is.

“Last term in the boys toilets. He took me in to show me. They don’t half stink Ange, not like our toilets. They are horrible but it was fun looking at his thing.”

On the video Mandy holds on to the man’s penis with two small hands now and as she strokes it you can see it getting harder and harder. The camera moves to her face.

“You going to put it in your mouth now?”

“Uh Huh.” She consents and positioning herself over the man’s cock she flicks her hair out of the way and takes the head between her lips. Mandy moves her head up and down the hardening cock taking at least three inches into her mouth as her lips slide up and down the shaft. You can see the bulbous head slipping in and out between her lips as the man moans.

“I love that nail varnish she has on Kelly, I’ve got some the same colour. I hand the iPad to Kelly and get off the bed to find the nail polish. It takes a few minutes but soon I am back with a small bottle of Rimmel Salon Pro in Urban Purple. “There look it is the same isn’t it.”

“Looks like it to me, it’s a really pretty colour, can I try it later?”

Back to the screen, Mandy is still sucking on the man’s willy and the camera shot focuses on this and past it to her little boobies and the smooth pink triangle of her bald pubes. Her titties move up and down in time with her head movement.

“I like those hoop earrings as well.”

“I’ve got some almost the same as those but not as big.” Kelly said. “ I prefer drops to hoops but those are quite pretty.”

Mandy keeps giving the man a blow job for maybe five or six minutes as the camera zooms in and out on the action. Her hand keeps hold of the base of the man’s penis as her mouth masturbates the head. The man moans in ecstasy as she keeps stimulating his cock. After a while the scene shifts slightly to show Mandy running her tongue up the penis shaft from his balls to the tip. His balls are in a sort of wrinkly bag of skin but Mandy seems to enjoy licking them almost more than sucking his cock head. The camera moves again alongside so that we get a very close up view of his ball sack being teased by Mandy’s tongue. Mandy is now back to concentrating on his penis, holding it steady while the man starts to thrust in and out of her mouth by moving his hips up and down.

“Oh My God, Oh Yes, Oh, Oh My God, Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah, Oh My God.”

Mandy takes her mouth away and the camera cuts to a close up of her left nipple as the man strokes it gently with his fingertips. He moves his hand down over her belly to the triangle between her legs

where her slit is still hidden. "You are so little. Oh Yeah," His hand parts her thighs and slides between them. He moves her pussy lips apart so the camera can see the soft pink interior of her vulva.

"Ooo you are so wet."

The man slides his finger up and down inside her inner lips as the camera pans back up to her little titties and then her face where her mouth has resumed its ministrations to his penis. The man tells her to take her hands off his shaft and she carries on keeping his cock in place with just her mouth moving up and down his stiff member. She amuses herself by tickling his balls with her fingertips which he seems to enjoy.

"Damn that feels so fucking good." The camera concentrates on Mandy's slender frame and tiny little breasts as her head bucks up and down. She pauses taking her mouth away so she can stroke her hair away from her face.

I paused the video and turning to Kelly said. "That's the trouble with long hair you are all right because yours is short. You would have no problem doing that. Long hair looks lovely when it's brushed but it gets in the way sometimes, usually when I'm eating ice cream or a burger. It must be awful for Mandy."

"How would I know, my hair has always been short."

"That's what I mean. If you sucked a willy you wouldn't have to stop."

The man says. "Isn't this fun? I'm enjoying it are you?"

"Oh Yeah." Mandy replies laughing and immediately puts his cock back in her mouth taking it much deeper this time. After a minute or two the view changes again. Mandy is now kneeling on the floor and the camera look down on the man's penis as she continues sucking and licking it until the man takes it out of her mouth and masturbating himself he ejaculates all over her face. The camera angle is showing the action from above as if we are seeing it from the angle of the man masturbating. Mandy is looking down as he shoots his load all over her.

"Open your mouth for me sweetie. Open your mouth" She does and his semen squirts all over her nose, forehead, eyes and some inside her mouth.

"Oh yeah, Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah." The camera closes in on her face and the strings of white spunk spread all over her pretty features. Mandy smiles a slightly forced smile as the man says "Oh yeah let me see it, Oh beautiful." She opens her mouth to display the cum sitting on her tongue waiting for her to swallow it.

"You are so pretty. So pretty." As he runs his finger through his semen spreading it all over Mandy's face, around her mouth and over her little pert chin. "Yeah, so beautiful."

Fifteen minutes into the movie and Mandy has now cleaned the spunk off her face. She is sitting cross legged on the bed like a gorgeous little pixie. A lovely naked little pixie with the prettiest little titties. The man hands her a silver vibrator that looks like one of those rabbits with a sticky out bit that she doesn't seem to know what to do with.

"Why don't you just get comfortable, lean back against the pillow."

"I never used one of these before"

"Oh you're in for a treat." The man assures her as she lubricates the shaft of the dildo with some sticky clear stuff. Mandy lies back on the bed with her legs wide apart and as the camera zooms in between her thighs she tries to insert the dildo between her lower lips but it is too big so she just rubs it up and down her slit, pausing as she reaches the top and the vibrating dildo tantalises her clitoris. Her pussy is really pretty, two outer lips with two sweet little inner ones like petals on a rose, the pretty pink rose of her vulva. It actually looks prettier when it is open than it does when it she had her legs together. The camera pulls back and the scene fades as we are back to Mandy sitting on the bed between the man's legs stroking his cock again. Five minutes more fellatio and then the main action starts.

The camera is right between her thighs pointing deep into her cunt as the man strokes her outer lips with his finger. And then searches for her clitoris as he parts her lips.

"I've gotta tell you this. This may be the prettiest vagina I've ever seen." He continues to finger her pussy lips. "It's the perfect vagina, and such a cute little love button." He strokes up and down her slit with his thumb. If the camera got any closer it would be fucking her.

Change of scene, looking down on Mandy's spread legs and open pussy as the man points his penis straight at her open lips. She takes hold of it and guides it between her lips and towards her vagina. "I can't do this." She says.

"Can't do what, have sex?"

"No I can't get it in." Eventually with his help it slips between her inner lips and disappears up inside her tight little pussy.

The camera changes position several times over the next ten minutes and we see little Mandy being fucked from the man's point of view, from above, from below. One scene shows her being fucked doggy style. Her tiny frame looking like a child beneath the looming presence of the man as he thrusts in and out of her cunt, deeper and deeper each time. One shot is a real close up of his penis disappearing inside her and another from between her legs looking up at the thick shaft buried in her tight little pussy. The action carries on for at least another five minutes from every conceivable angle ending with her lying on her back her head hanging over the bed as the man shot another enormous load all over her face. Because her head is hanging down most of it goes in her mouth or drips up her nostrils. This time Mandy licks her lips and swallows everything she has been given. The scene fades out.

What was that video called Ange?" Kelly asked. "I want to watch it on mine when I get home."

"I think it's called 'Little Candy Casting'. I don't know what she was auditioning for though.

"Candy? I thought she said Mandy?"

"She did say Mandy but who knows, her real name is probably Gertrude Finkelstein you know what these actresses are like for changing their names." I laughed and Kelly laughed and then my mobile phone rang.

CHAPTER 3 – HONEY LANE HONEYPOTS

“Hi. Oh Hi Amy how are you? Just been sitting here with Kelly messing about on the iPad. No nothing special, just looking at some websites. Boring really.”

Kelly was listening to this and trying so hard not to laugh. “Boring?” She whispered. “If that means what I think it does then Mandy was definitely being bored by that man.”

I leaned over, slapped her on the bottom which was still naked. Neither of us had bothered to get dressed again yet. Her pussy did look cute too.

“Sorry Amy, Kelly is being naughty and trying to make me laugh. Go on, what were you saying?”

Kelly had moved closer to me and was now in the process of slipping her hand between my legs. I knew where she was going and although I wanted it I was really desperate to listen to Amy. I squeezed my thighs together preventing her from getting her fingers on my fanny.

“Kelly, stop it. Sorry Amy, carry on.”

“Thursday? I guess so, it’s fine with me but I will have to check with Mummy when she gets home. Hang on let me ask her.” I put my hand over the phone and turned to Kelly slapping her hand away from my cunt. “Amy says can we get round to Lewis’s on Thursday. She’s going to be there for the night, her Mummy and Daddy are going away and won’t be back until early on Friday morning. She has had a word with Lewis and he said he would love us to come round to number twelve for the evening to keep Amy company. Do you think your parents will let you?”

“I would have to be home by ten but I think if they knew I was with you they would be alright about it.”

“OK then Amy let’s do it, we can sort out the details with Mummy and Daddy. What time? Yes teatime would be good, about five o’clock? Right do we just turn up? OK see you then. Looking forward to it. Bye Amy, Bye.”

“I guess that was Amy then.” Kelly chimed in as I ended the call.

“Yes of course it was. Are you going to be able to come on Thursday? I know I can, I can always tell Mummy that I have been invited round to yours for the evening.”

“No, that won’t work . My mum and your mum will check up with each other and find we have both been telling fibs. Be better if we said there is a new girl moved into Penstone who will be going to big school with us in September and we were going round to hers for an hour or two. If we are a bit longer we can always say we forgot what time it was. What shall we call her?”

“How about Rita.” I said

“Rita? That’s an awful name, what about Hannah. There are two girls in our year called Hannah so it doesn’t sound old-fashioned like Rita.”

“OK Hannah Dawson and they just moved here from Newcastle.”

"Yeah that sounds alright, mustn't make it too complicated though or we will get something wrong. So we have been invited round to Hannah Dawson's for tea and to play for a couple of hours on Thursday. Oh and make sure you wear something pretty. If we are going to have fun with Lewis we want him to like us."

"Yes, I've got a lovely short skirt that will be perfect."

Plans hatched, all that remained now was to get through the few days until Thursday evening. I had never known time move so slowly as it did that week.

Half past four on Thursday afternoon finally arrived and when our doorbell went Kelly was on the doorstep in a pink dress.

"What happened to the short skirt you were going to wear." I asked her.

I had put on a cute little skirt and a top with buttons down the front, white, a bit like the one Mandy had worn in the video only there were less buttons on mine. Nobody could tell but I didn't bother with my training bra either.

"Is it OK if we go round to Hannah's now Mummy?"

"Yes of course darling, do you have a telephone number for her?"

"No, I don't think they have got a phone connected yet. But we will be back before it gets dark."

"Alright well no later than nine o'clock otherwise I will start to worry about you both."

"We will be alright Mummy see you later then." With that I joined Kelly on the doorstep and we walked off hand in hand round the corner of Honey Lane to number twelve.

Amy must have seen us walking up the road because by the time we got to the door it was open and she was jumping up and down clapping her hands together in excitement. Kelly and I rushed up the path to meet her and we all merged into a mass girly hug. All three of us bouncing and squealing.

"Come on in girls, Lewis is ever so keen to meet you both." Amy was gushing now and led the way inside the house. I could hear noises in the kitchen but she took us into the lounge and we took our places on the sofa, sitting demurely knees together like two proper little ladies. Amy skipped into the kitchen and we could hear her chatting away animatedly to Lewis.

"Yes I will. Shall I carry some for you or do you want to put them on a tray?"

"You take these two and I'll bring yours and mine." In a deep man's voice.

A moment later and Amy came round the corner with a glass of milk and an orange juice for Kelly and me. "Here you are, did I get it right?"

"Yes, lovely thanks Ames." Kelly said as she took the glass of milk being proffered while I reached out for the OJ.

"Thank you Amy."

Behind her loomed the tall form of Lewis who walked into the room and settled himself on one of the recliners. Amy didn't go to the other one but instead bounced onto Lewis's lap almost spilling her lemonade in the process. He was actually a lot cuter close up than he had seemed in the park.

"So let me get this right" Lewis said looking first at me. "You must be Angela and you," turning to Kelly. "are the lovely Kelly, she of the pretty pink bikini."

For the first time in ages I watched as Kelly turned pink starting at her chest and moving slowly up her face until she looked almost the same colour as the bikini she had worn that day at the pool.

"You remembered?" Kelly said "I didn't think you had noticed me at the park."

"I always notice lovely girls like you two and as for you Angela. I bet that was a bit embarrassing for you wasn't it?"

"It would have been usually but I think you liked what happened didn't you? So I didn't really mind you seeing if it made you happy."

"Hmm, so you were watching me as well then? I thought I was keeping a very low profile on that secret bench. I hope I didn't upset either of you. I would hate to make little girls uncomfortable. I like them to be as happy as I am whenever possible."

"No I didn't mind what you were doing. After all you were only keeping your hands warm in your pocket I guess. Did Amy tell me that you have a new girlfriend?" I tried changing the subject to see how long it would be before Lewis reverted to what was clearly the main reason for our visit.

I could see that Lewis was staring intently at my legs while I was speaking and it seemed to take a conscious effort for him to raise his eyes to my face before he answered. I moved my knees apart a little but no sign of anything crossed his inscrutable face.

"I do, her name is Harriet and she is lovely. They are doing stocktaking today where she works though so you won't get to meet her. I don't expect her home until late. I'm sure if you would like to come back round here again though one day she would love to meet you." I watched as his eyes wandered south again settling on the dark V where the hem of my short skirt crossed my thighs. I moved my legs ever so slightly further apart to see what reaction I got from him but clearly he was so engrossed in the view nothing was going to distract him.

"We would love to meet her wouldn't we Kelly. I am sure we would get on really well. Amy is always saying how much fun you three have when she has a sleepover."

At that Lewis looked up at my face again and was greeted by a smile which I knew would melt him.

"So are you girls all looking forward to going to St James's in September. I know Amy is aren't you honey."

'Honey.' Clearly they had a closer relationship than girl and sitter.

"Oh yes it will be so nice to get to big school, it makes me feel almost grown up just thinking about it."

"It will be better for me too because I live closer to St James's than the Primary and our last school was for little girls, this will be much more grownup." Kelly joined in.

"Believe me." Lewis began. "There is absolutely nothing wrong with a school full of little girls."

"There were boys at Primary as well." I said.

"Really? Were there? I must be honest I never noticed." Lewis said. Definitely a pervert, there was no doubt about that now.

Again his eyes had strayed to my thighs.

"Do you often go swimming in the park Angela? I didn't actually realise it was you at the time, it was only when I saw you three girls walking to school the other day it suddenly came to me that it had been you who had the little accident. I know you only live round the corner but I never seem to see you up this end of the Lane."

"I don't often come this way I usually go straight up Parkers Cross to the bus."

"Maybe you should take the short cut this way then I would have the pleasure of watching you pass by every day."

"Why would you want to watch me walking past Lewis?" I asked and smiled at him as I did.

Lewis took hold of Amy round the waist and lifted her off his knee so he could stand up. He came across the room and settled himself down on the sofa between Kelly and me. Amy looked a bit sad that she had been left alone but he called her over and she quickly sat back in his lap again.

"There that's better isn't it? Daddy and his three little princesses."

Here it comes I thought, time for Pervy Lewis to make an appearance. The question was how far would I let it proceed before putting a stop to it. Or would I actually put a stop to it. Lewis, wriggled his bottom back on the sofa and Amy leaned back against his chest. It was a matter of moments before he had one hand on my thigh and the other on Kelly's knee. She looked across at me and I got the impression that she had expected this to happen but maybe not quite so soon.

"Have you girls ever seen any naughty videos?"

He wasn't wasting any time now, obviously he realised that if he was going to gain full benefit from our short visit then he would need to get a move on.

"Kelly and I watched one on my iPad the other day."

"Did you like it? What was it about?"

"A tiny girl called Mandy. She was really, really little and yes it was fun. Why?"

"Would you like to watch one now? I have a few on DVD that we could put on if you wanted to. But don't let me force you into it. Just I think if we are all going to be really good friends it might be nice. What do you think Kelly?" He had turned his attention to Kelly now maybe he thought I was going to say

no and that he would get a better reception from her. How wrong he was, I was more than willing to watch anything he wanted to put on.

“Fine with me Lewis, I like watching porn, it was me who got Angela into watching them, and now she can’t get enough.”

“That’s good, Amy has seen a few round here and she likes them as well. Let me go and see what I can find for us. I think I might have one with that girl in although I think she used the name Lil Candy?”

“Probably the same girl anyway it doesn’t have to be her, we don’t mind do we girls?” Kelly was warming to the situation now. Lewis put Amy on the floor again and went into the dining room to find something in one of the cupboards. A few minutes later he was back with a DVD in his hand.

“Why don’t we try this one?” He held out a DVD which clearly was the same girl although on the front it was called ‘Babyface Teen starring Lil Candy’ How about we go upstairs to watch it, I’ve got a television on the wall in my room and it will be more comfortable on the bed than sitting here.” Nobody objected, in fact Amy was halfway up the stairs before I even realised what was happening.

“Looks like that has been decided then. Are you two coming as well?”

I actually was quite happy to follow him and so it seemed was Kelly. After all we knew what we wanted when we decided to try and get to meet Mr Adams again. I must be honest things were moving a lot faster than I had expected but what the heck, we had nothing to lose and if anything happened that we didn’t like then Mummy was only a few houses away and I really didn’t think Mr Adams would hurt us whatever else he might have planned for the evening. There is no doubt that although it was something Kelly and I had been planning it was clearly also on Mr Adams’s perverted agenda as well. I wondered whether he had put Amy up to getting us round here, but then I remembered it had been me who had put the idea forward to her.

Neither Kelly nor I said anything but just waited until Lewis had started going upstairs and then we followed meekly behind him.

“Are you OK with this Kelly, I thought he was a bit creepy before but this is going places even I hadn’t really expected.” I whispered as I took her hand.

“I know but there are three of us, if it gets bad we will be able to get out safely. After all your house is only down the road.” That was it, the decision had been made and three little girls were just about to go into a middle aged man’s bedroom and watch hard core porn. Beats watching Spongebob Squarepants cartoons though. I smiled but inside I was suffering from mild concern about what we had got ourselves into.

As I reached the top of the stairs and turned to go into the master bedroom, Amy was already there and was sitting with her back to the pillows. The surprising thing was that she was only wearing her knickers. Talk about a quick strip.

“Have you got one Lewis? I love when we watch movies together.”

“Don’t panic, I’ve got one that you and I haven’t watched together yet. I think you three little people might enjoy it.”

Lewis slipped the DVD into the side of the wall mounted television and then sat on the bed next to Amy. Kelly and I sat on the other side still fully dressed. We were not planning to strip until it we were asked to, assuming that happened and I could see no way that we were going to get through the evening without doing so.

Lewis flicked the remote and the screen came to life. The same little girl appeared sitting on a tapestry upholstered couch with several matching cushions but she looked slightly older than in the one Kelly and I had watched. She was leaning against a cushion with her feet on the couch and her knees bent. There is no doubt she was a tiny little thing. I thought Kelly was small but she looked even tinier. She was wearing a two tone orange halter top and short white skirt.

The cameraman can be heard. "So you want to shoot some more scenes? And you've got a lot of requests from your fans."

"Uh huh. The biggest request was for creampie."

Kelly is the first to speak. "OK I know this is probably a stupid question but what is a creampie?" Lewis looks at her and smiles. "Come on, I'm serious what is it?" I don't let on but I have no idea what it means either. Surprisingly, or maybe not, it is Amy who answers.

"It's when he makes that creamy stuff in his willy and puts it on her pussy. Didn't you know that? Really?"

I am flabbergasted to hear her speaking so nonchalantly about something which she really should know nothing about yet.

"You like it too don't you Amy." Clearly this was something that had happened here before.

"Yes, it's a bit messy but quite sort of funny." She rests her hand on the bulge of Lewis's penis inside his trousers and it visibly responds to the pressure. Back on screen the questions continue.

"What do you think about that Candy?"

"Ummm Let's get started." Candy giggles.

"So what are we going to put the cream in?" The man's voice says as Candy lifts the hem of her skirt and the camera zooms in to a close up of her tight pussy lips.

"Oh yeah, that's nice."

Candy moves her hand down over her little slit and stroking it with her fingers shows them to the camera glistening with her pussy juices already. The camera roves up and down her body from her glistening slit to her smiling face as she continues stroking her pussy and slipping a finger just inside, parting the lips so the cameraman can look inside at the pretty pink lining of her vulva. The man says if she is ready then she should help him. He has climbed onto the sofa and she is sitting between his legs. Candy leans forward and starts to unbuckle his belt. Once she has managed that and slipped his zip down she rubs her hand over his crotch. It is obvious that his member is getting harder but we don't see it yet. He asks her if she wants to use her mouth and we see her attempting to bite him

through the material of his trousers. She can't seem to locate it and he takes hold of it so she can get her teeth either side of the bulge.

"Oh keep going" he says.

She mouths the hardening lump while her hand holds the top of the man's leg.

"She's got lovely long nails Kelly." I remark. "No polish today, just natural but they have been French cut."

"Is that all you ladies ever think about? What about what she is doing to him?" Amy jumps up and kneeling beside Lewis mimics what she sees on screen, rubbing his groin and trying to locate the now straining penis which is hiding in there with her little fingers.

After a couple of minutes the scene changes and Candy now has a huge penis in front of her in close-up as she puts her mouth on the end and sucking hard she takes about two inches into her mouth.

"Oh, You like sucking that?"

"Uh huh" Candy doesn't even take it out of her mouth to speak but a moment later she lifts her head and we see her rolling her tongue over and around the head of the man's penis. She puts it back in her mouth and takes it really deep until her lips are almost at the base of it.

"Your pussy would love to feel that, you got your clothes on, maybe you should take them off?"

Candy gets off the couch and lifts her top up so her flat belly is visible before putting her hands inside the waistband of her skirt and slipping it down and off.

"You two can't be comfortable there, why don't we all get our clothes off as well?"

Lewis clearly expects us to do as he wants us to. I steal a glance at Kelly and she is nodding almost imperceptibly. I think, well why not. He can't fuck all of us at once, so at least two of us can get away if we have to. Kelly is the first to respond to the request. She climbs off the bed and stood facing towards us unfastens her pretty pink dress and removes it slowly and deliberately. Unlike me she is wearing a bra today but not for long. She unclips it and drops it on the floor. Now just in her pink knickers she clambers back onto the bed and climbs over me to take her place on Lewis's left.

"Your turn Ange." No way i could be the odd one out so I quickly unbutton my blouse, shrug it off and then getting off the bed, I unclip my skirt and drop it on the floor beside Kelly's dress. My white knickers look so bright compared to Kelly's pink and Amy's pale blue ones. I start to get back on the bed but Lewis stops me and suggests I go round the other side. Amy clearly anticipated this as she has settled herself legs crossed in between Lewis's legs.

I walk round the bed and lie down beside Lewis as the video plays on.

"Here we go." The man's voice.

Candy reaches back and unfastens the halter ties before peeling the top down off her titties and down past her pussy and off over her feet. Standing like a tiny nude nymphet, the camera pans up and down her lithe little body.

Scene change, Candy lying on the couch legs apart as the camera zooms in tight to her gaping cleft. Her inner lips are wide apart and we can see the deep pink interior as her vulva becomes a tight vagina. The camera pans up to her smiling face again.

Scene change. Candy on her back, with a man standing between her thighs his rock hard member sliding slowly in and out of her cunt. He is a big man and her hips lift off the couch with each forward thrust and her quiet moans can be heard as she feels his width inside her tight pussy. He pulls out and rubs the head of his cock all round her pussy lips and over the little pink nub of her clitoris. The camera closes in on the action.

“Oh yeah, there you go”

“Would you like to play with me Amy?” Lewis says and Amy reaches forward and releases his penis from inside the fly of his trousers.

“How come you are the only one still dressed” Kelly asked him.

“Is that a problem? Because I can take mine off as well if you want.”

“We sure do” I heard myself saying and I have no idea where it came from. “Come on Kelly you get one leg and I’ll get the other one. Amy you unfasten his belt.”

Between the three of us it was no time at all until, lifting his bottom off the bed Lewis is soon divested of his trousers. He took it on himself to sit up and remove his shirt and then lay back while Amy grabbed his penis and started stroking it her little fingers wrapped firmly around the shaft. So that is what a grown penis looks like I thought as her grip uncovered the purple head of his cock.

Back on screen, Candy takes a quick intake of breath as the meaty member slips between her pussy lips again and slides deeper inside her vagina. You can hear her breathing deeper and quicker as she takes the full width of the man’s huge penis. Her belly rises and falls in response to his gentle thrusting.

“Uh, Uhhhhh Ooooooooooooooh.” She is clearly not being hurt but the size of the man’s penis is obviously more than she has ever had inside her before. The camera focuses on her face as she lies with her mouth open and her head moving as she takes his full length. “Huhhh, Huuhhh, Huuu.”

Her lover changes position and leaning over her he fucks her little pussy while she lies with her legs bent and resting on his shoulders. The camera is behind him now and we see his balls as he drives in and out of her slit. His strokes are getting more urgent and he bucks up and down, his penis appearing and disappearing between her lips. Her small pussy holding his shaft tightly in its grip. Her lips pull in and out as his penis thrusts between them. They seem to stick to his shaft it is so big.

Another change of camera angle. Candy is on top writhing on his penis. Her small breasts hardly move as she rides up and down on him. The camera is behind his head watching the look of ecstasy on her face as he holds her by the waist and she rides him. Her waist is so small, she is so small. The view

shifts to below her bottom and his penis is thrusting up and down her smooth bald cleft. They are both very wet now, his cock shines as it emerges and then delves back inside. Traces of pre-cum and pussy juice are running down his shaft and as the pace increases there are sounds of upholstery responding to the strength of the action. The camera shifts between multiple angles and we watch them fucking from every possible direction the lens getting closer and closer to her labia and his plunging penis.

Lewis is clearly enjoying having his penis wanked by Amy and he has slipped his hand inside my and Kelly's knickers and is gently but firmly stroking our pussies. He pauses long enough to slip a finger between my outer lips. I can only assume that he is doing the same to Kelly. It feels wicked but delicious as he runs his finger up and down my slit savouring the moisture being produced from within my pussy.

Eventually the man withdraws and his semen can be seen dripping from between Candy's pussy lips. The camera is between her legs and it moves in for an ultra close-up of her pussy as his cum oozes slowly out of her. The man opens her slit with his fingers and we can see deep inside her beautiful cunt. A massive load of semen is sitting in her vulva and using her vaginal muscles she pushes it out to drip and run down her inner thighs.

Meanwhile on the bed Lewis is having difficulty maintaining his composure and it is only a matter of moments before he too shoots semen in an arc which catches Amy's golden hair and then runs down her cheek dripping onto her little flat chest.

The camera focuses on Candy's face. She is still smiling beatifically.

"Well what do you think?" the man says.

"Wow." She replies.

"You like the way it feels in you?"

"Yeah"

"Play with yourself a little bit, rub that cum around your pussy. It felt good? It sure felt good to me." The video fades out with a full screen shot as her fingers rub the semen all over her slit and she slips two fingers back inside her vulva together with some of his seed.

"Oh God Amy, you are wonderful." Lewis struggles to sit up and using his fingers he massages his semen into Amy's hair. "Looks like it's going to be bath time soon, I appear to have had a little accident."

Lewis may have cum all over his littlest guest but it hadn't stopped him playing with my pussy. Poor Kelly lost out as he needed one hand to play with the white ejaculate sticking in Amy's hair. His other hand however was still between my thighs and I could feel his finger moving sweetly around inside me.

"Did you like that girls?" Lewis looks at me first and then at Kelly.

"Not as much as Angela by the looks of it." Kelly replied as I lay back and luxuriated in the attention I was receiving for the first time in my young life.

"I'm sorry Kelly." Lewis withdrew from me and leaning over planted a kiss on Kelly's mouth as his hand snaked back inside her pants and his fingers sought out her slit.

“Too late now Mr A. I’m not that easy.” and with that she clamped her thighs together and moved off the bed.

Lewis looked shocked thinking he had really upset her until she suddenly burst into peals of laughter and all three of us leapt on top of him and three little flat naked chests rubbed themselves all over his much stronger masculine nakedness. Unfortunately we were all so giggly we had forgotten the mess that Amy had been in and now we all had some part of Lewis’s semen on us.

“Looks like I have condemned you all to a trip to the bathroom now doesn’t it.” Obedient little girls never argue with their elders so we trooped along the landing and with able assistance from Lewis spent the next hour bathing and other things.

CHAPTER 4 – WEEKEND AT DADDY’S HOUSE

It was a little bit tight.

Actually given some of the topics mentioned so far maybe that is a bad choice of words. It was a close run thing, that’s better, but we did manage to get home before Mummy’s curfew took effect.

Ten to nine and I said goodbye to Kelly on my doorstep.

The next day we all three girls met up again at Amy’s and you can probably imagine the main topic of conversation when we were alone.

“Is he always like that when you go round there Amy? I hoped we might be able to have a bit of fun but I didn’t expect it to be that easy.”

Kelly was equally exuberant about the previous evening. Nothing really, really bad had happened. Nobody had their pussies filled it was all just stroking and playing especially with Lewis’s willy. It was huge fun keeping on trying to get him hard. I didn’t realise men were able to do that so much. Everybody always said that girls had it better because they can do it lots of times but boys can only do it once. I now knew that that was absolute rubbish. I didn’t keep count, I was far too busy helping the other girls giving him an erection. He did manage it several times before we went home. He didn’t make such a mess the other times though. The first one went everywhere but after that it was more of a trickle than a flood.

“Not all the time. Mostly I just go round to his house and we sit and watch television or play some music. He does like to keep his hand between my legs whenever we sit down though. I think it was because we were all there that he wouldn’t leave us alone. Usually when we are sitting in the lounge he will put his hand up my skirt and stroke me but it doesn’t always end up with me needing a shower.”

“Has he ever done it to you?” I asked her.

“No, never. I think he just likes little girls to look at and play with. I don’t think he has ever gone all the way with anybody who wasn’t really old enough. Although he did say something about his sister once. I know he has made love to her but I think she was older than me when he did it. I am sure Harriet said she was thirteen or something so I guess I’ll just have to wait a couple of years.” She giggled as she said it. I think she was secretly hoping. “Anyway if he needs a fuck he can always give it to Harriet.”

“Does Harriet know what he is like?” Kelly asked.

“Oh yes, she is even naughtier than he is, she loves to play when I stay overnight. Ever since Lewis has been going out with her and I have had sleepovers I always get to share their bed with them. Harriet likes to play with my slit even more than Lewis does. He is happy to just sit and stroke it but Harriet kisses me absolutely everywhere.”

“That sounds like fun to me.” I couldn’t believe I actually said that, but it definitely came out of my mouth.

"Angela!" Kelly looked genuinely shocked and then started chanting in a sing-sing voice as if it was a nursery rhyme but too loud for my liking. I was sure somebody would hear her. "Angela's a Lesbian, Angela's a Lesbian. She likes licking Pu-ssy, Angela fancies Fann-ies."

"Stop it Kelly, if the boys hear they will be really mean to me."

"Yes stop it Kelly" Amy came to my defence. "And there is nothing wrong with liking girls anyway. It's really nice when Harriet plays with my pussy it feels nice and I like hers as well."

Just then Amy's Mummy called her in for tea and so Kelly and I headed for our respective homes, mine on Honey Lane and hers in the opposite direction.

The next day I was going to have to get up fairly early for a Saturday because this weekend I was going to be staying with my Daddy in Woolchester. He had a big house on the outskirts of the city. Well when I say he had a big house, he was living in a big house, it wasn't actually his.

Since Daddy and Mummy separated we stayed in the house where I had always lived. Daddy had to find somewhere else. The people where he worked said that he could use one of the houses they kept for visitors to the Company when they didn't have anywhere else to stay. Apparently he was going to be able to stay there for six months but he had to find himself somewhere else after that.

It was a nice house, actually I liked it better than Mummy's and mine. It was big, had four bedrooms and a really nice garden at the back which opened out onto fields. Nobody could see you in the garden so I could pretend I was a princess and it was my castle and I could do whatever I wanted to when I was there. Daddy had bought a secondhand trampoline for me to use when I visited. That was fun.

Morning came around, the sun was shining again. This summer so far had been really warm. It was the warmest I remembered for a long time. I like it when the weather is good, you don't have to wrap yourself up in coats and things like when it is raining. I had packed my bag last night ready for the weekend visit. This morning I leapt out of bed eager to get on with the day and anticipating Daddy's arrival to collect me later this morning.

I showered and did all the usual things all girls do in the bathroom every morning. The wardrobe offered me plenty of pretty things to wear. Summer makes getting dressed easier too, that is when all the pretty dresses and skirts come out to play. Today it was the turn of a lovely little summery dress. Pale yellow with interlocking circles all over it. A flared skirt with very wide pleats and a halter top that buttoned at the back. It had a self-coloured cloth belt and was one of my favourites. I know it is one of Daddy's favourites too. He has often said he likes to see me wearing it and I have frequently seen him watching me when I do. Actually though now I think about it, Daddy watches me a lot and always has done.

Half past ten and I am sitting in my bedroom staring out of the window. Where is he? He should be here by now. The sun will be gone by the time he arrives and then the weekend will be wasted.

Eleven o'clock, still no sign of Daddy's car.

Eleven twenty, getting bored now. My bag sits beside me on the bed. I unzip it to make sure everything I need is there still. This must be the third or fourth time I have checked the contents and it's always the same.

Beauty and the Beast nightdress. Three pairs of knickers. Change of clothes for tomorrow, blouse and skirt. White ankle socks. Slippers. Toothbrush and other washing things and deodorants. Hair brush, clips and bands. Book, mobile phone, iPad. Mustn't forget the iPad. I am beginning to become a bit of an internet addict since Kelly showed me those pages.

A horn sounds below my window. Zip the bag up again and bounce off the bed. Yes, he's here. My Daddy is in the car outside.

I grab the bag, fly downstairs and as Mummy opens the door I rush outside and my Daddy is there, his arms wide open waiting for me. I leap into his arms, wrapping my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck. I think to myself this is not really ladylike but I don't care I'm too young to be a lady. I just want my Daddy. He plants a little kiss on my cheek as I rest my head on his shoulder and feel his big strong hands on my bottom as he struggles to make sure he doesn't drop his precious cargo. Maybe a little too protective of my bottom but I don't mind that. His hands feel so big and strong.

Eventually we disentangle ourselves and I plop myself onto the passenger seat. Daddy waves to Mummy as we drive off. They haven't exchanged anything other than that wave the whole time he was getting my bag in the boot and me in the car. Rounding the corner we pass Lewis's car going in the opposite direction. I keep my eyes straight ahead. No way can Daddy suspect anything, I must be careful. Oh no, we slow down and Daddy and Lewis have a chat through the window. We were blocking the road parked alongside each other as the two men chatted. Good job it never gets busy around here. I am so worried that Lewis might give something away that I don't pay any attention to what they are saying to each other. I am sitting quietly my legs together, my hands pressing my dress down between my knees and my thoughts flying in utter and uncontrollable panic at the thought that Lewis was going to tell Daddy what I had done.

"OK Lewis that sounds good. See you soon then. Bye mate."

We start driving again and in the wing mirror I see Lewis's car disappearing in the opposite direction. Phew that was worrying.

We eventually get to Daddy's house on Roundhill Close. It is right up the top end of a cul-de-sac on the right hand side. We pull onto the drive and Daddy gets out. He opens the boot and by the time I have got the passenger door open he is stood by the car with my overnight bag.

"Here you go Angela, you take the house keys and let yourself in. Take your bag upstairs and I will be in soon." I take the holdall from him and head for the front door. Turning as I get there I see that Daddy is on his mobile phone to somebody. I let myself in and take the bag up to my bedroom. It is a pretty room, facing the driveway so it gets lots of sunshine. I don't bother with unpacking my little bag, just pop it on the chair in the corner.

Back downstairs and Daddy is in the hall just finishing his telephone call.

"Two will be fine. Look forward to it. We will be having lunch at the Cowley Bridge Inn so if you are any earlier join us there for a pint. Yeah, great. Bye."

I wandered into the lounge and as he put his phone away Daddy followed me.

"Right little lady, I have booked a lane at the Tenpin bowling alley for two o'clock this afternoon so if you're ready we can go now and get ourselves burger and chips before we start?"

"Oh yeah, I love bowling Daddy and this time I am going to win. You won't stand a chance."

"Of course you are but only if I let you." He slapped me on the bottom. "Now off to the loo first and we'll get started."

I didn't actually need a wee but if he wanted me to try just in case then who was I to argue.

Once Daddy had messed about a bit sorting himself out we got on the road again. He's always telling me to hurry up and then takes absolutely ages getting himself ready.

As we drove towards the city centre in the direction of the bowling alley Daddy looked across at me and said.

"I've got a surprise for you." I wondered what he could possibly have planned now. It was enough for me that we were going bowling but as we drove through the City Centre he did a bit of a detour and went by the bus station. As we pulled in there on the side of the road was Kelly and her Mum. What were they doing there.

"Sorry if we are a bit late Kate. Hi Kelly you up for a game?" Apparently it was Kate, Kelly's Mum that Daddy had been talking to on his phone when we got to his house. He rang her on the off chance that Kelly might be able to join us and luckily they were in town doing a bit of shopping.

"Oh yes Mr Middleton. Thanks for inviting me. Hi Ange."

"Hi Kels. Nobody told me you were coming as well." Daddy opened the door and Kelly climbed in to the back.

"We should be finished by four? I'll drop Kelly home on the way back if that's OK?"

"Sure, thanks Peter it's so kind of you to invite her."

"No problem it's my pleasure and she can help keep my little monster amused as well."

Kate Green wandered off as we drove out of the bus station and carried on toward our afternoon's games.

The Woolchester Bowling Alley was on an industrial estate, not very exciting outside but it was a different matter when you got inside. Constant music and dim lighting except on the lanes themselves. It is quite small, only twelve lanes but big enough for what we needed. Daddy took us both through to the café area first where we had a quick lunch of burger and chips and a drink. OK so it isn't a posh restaurant but what do you expect at a Bowling Alley.

I won't bother you with the details of the next hour or two. We finished our lunch and then bowled for the rest of the time. It was nice having Kelly there as well, better than just me and Daddy. I think Daddy enjoyed having her there as well. Whenever it was her turn to bowl I could see him watching her intently. Every time she released the ball for some reason she kicked up her leg behind her and the little skirt she had on flew up revealing a flash of white knickers. I expect the same was happening with mine when it was my turn. I know now why Daddy settled himself down on the

benches at the end of the lane as soon as he had his turn. He sort of slouched down probably to get a better view of the action and I don't mean the tenpins.

I had only really noticed this change in my Daddy's attitude since he moved out. Mum was obviously very angry with him because of his affair with Louise but that ended almost as soon as he was available. As far as I know he hasn't got another girlfriend yet. Maybe that is why he seems to like looking at me and my friends so much. He has never done anything he shouldn't be doing all the time I was growing up. OK he used to take a real interest in my bath times but all Daddies do that don't they?

The bowling was fun. I don't know whether he cheated or not but somehow Kelly won and I came second. Daddy bought us all ice creams to celebrate and then we went home, dropping Kelly off on the way. It wasn't really on the way, we had to take a detour out of the city to Penstone and then back again. It took about half an hour to go all the way round and back to Roundhill Close.

We got back to Daddy's in time to watch Pointless Celebrities on the television.

I snuggled up on the sofa which had loads of big fluffy cushions on it and Daddy got himself a glass of wine and came and sat next to me. It was nice having him back again I loved these visits. Mummy was alright but Daddy was special, he was my Daddy. I cuddled up beside him while we both watched the TV. I had my head leaning against his left arm and it must have been a bit uncomfortable for him because he kept shuffling in his seat and I thought maybe my head was too heavy on his arm. I took hold of his hand and lifting his arm put it over my shoulders and laid my head against his chest. He smelt lovely, like after shave and deodorant. I slid my right arm behind his back and round his waist while my left arm encircled him and I squeezed him tightly to me.

It was very shortly after that I felt his hand on my hip and he was moving it almost imperceptibly up and down stroking the top of my thigh through my dress.

"I do like that frock Angela. You look really pretty in it."

"It's not a frock Daddy it's a dress. Frocks are what old ladies wear."

"OK whatever you say Princess. If it's a dress then it's a dress. Whatever it is you look lovely in it."

I could feel his hand moving against my leg and it seemed to be going further down each time. I decided I needed the toilet so I got up and taking my time went upstairs to the bathroom. When I got back I got myself comfortable again on the sofa with my legs tucked underneath me. Daddy's hand was quickly back on my thigh. It was easier for him to stroke my legs while they were tucked up. The sensation of his hand gliding up and down my thigh was almost hypnotic. I could feel myself drifting into a state which wasn't awake or asleep, just totally relaxed and comfortable.

As I slipped into this half waking dream state I felt his hand touching the edge of my dress and as he brought his hand back up my thigh again this time the hem came with it leaving my pale skinny leg naked to the touch of his fingers. He slid his hand up and down my thigh and it tickled but was a very pleasant tickling sensation. Very soon I was asleep and the next thing I remember was waking still being held in his arms. I don't think anything happened but how would I have known?

Teatime came around, Daddy put down his wine glass and got us something to eat and then we settled back down in front of the TV again.

"Why don't you go and get yourself ready for bed darling." I guess it wasn't a bad idea, as long as it didn't mean I had to go up yet.

"OK Daddy."

I went up to my room found my nightie in the bag and stripping off my dress changed into my nightwear. Should I leave my knickers on or not? I couldn't decide but thought I might as well take them off, no reason why not and it was always nice to not wear any. I slid them down and popped them in a plastic bag so they wouldn't make my other clothes dirty.

Back downstairs and Daddy had refilled his wine glass. He was stretched out on the sofa so I climbed up and snuggled up tight beside him with my head on his chest again. It didn't take very long before he had put his hand back on my leg and was slowly but surely moving the hem of my nightie up past my knees.

After the other evening with Amy and Kelly I had a feeling I knew where this was going even though it was the first time Daddy had ever really touched me in that way, at least as far as I knew. I guess he could have done anything while I was asleep in bed and I wouldn't have known about it. I didn't object as his hand with his fingers gripping the hem of my nightdress moved higher and higher and my young thighs were revealed. I turned over and cuddled him tighter. His fingers stroked my leg and moved round the back until his big hand was cupping one of my buttocks. I wondered whether this was having the same effect on him as Kelly's and my bodies had on Lewis.

It wasn't very long before I realized that even Daddies were not immune to the charms of little girls even their own little girls. His hand was covering my skinny little buttock and I felt his fingers slipping between my cheeks seeking out the warmth buried between them. I lifted my head to look at him and he had his eyes closed and a serene smile on his face. What would happen if I did to Daddy what Amy had done to Lewis. There was only one way to find out. I put my hand very tentatively and gently on the front of his trousers and could feel movement from within. His penis was getting distinctly harder and I could sense it straining against the inside of his pants.

"Daddy?"

"What is it Angel?"

"Are you sure you should be touching me like that?"

"No of course I shouldn't but you like it don't you?" The truth was that yes, I did like it. I had missed my Daddy so much I wouldn't mind what he did as long as he still loved me and it seemed that he loved me in a way I hadn't ever experienced before today. With that his fingers slipped deeper between my buttocks and I felt them nudging the rear end of my slit where it grew away from my bottom hole. I wriggled my bum against his hand and his fingers tickled my slit in response.

I hadn't noticed but while he was touching my little bottom I had started unconsciously stroking the bulge in his trousers.

"You can let him out if you want to Angel." I knew exactly who this 'him' he was talking about was. I didn't need telling twice. I took hold of the tab of his zip and slowly but deliberately pulled it down towards the top of his legs. Once the zip was freed I still could not get at what was hiding inside so I set to work with both hands and struggling a little finally managed to release the waist clip and

folded the two sides of his fly back. Releasing the tightness of his trousers meant his penis which had been straining against his underpants now managed to lift and twitch.

"I can't get it out Daddy. It's stuck."

"Come on then baby let's see what we can do about that for you." He stood up and slipped his trousers all the way down his legs and off. I couldn't remember ever seeing my Daddy stood in his underpants like that before. I certainly had never seen him with a stiff penis pushing hard against the material and trying to escape. How many daughters do see their fathers in that state.

"Is that easier Angel?"

"I guess so".

I reached my hand out as he stood in front of me and placed it onto the bulge which flicked up to meet my fingers. He didn't wear those tight sort of swimming trunks type pants but boxers which meant that I managed to wrap my fingers around his willy even though it was still covered in cloth. This was the first time I had ever held a man's penis and the fact that it belonged to my Daddy made it feel really naughty. Without me letting go, he managed to sit back down on the sofa and putting his hand on my thigh he slipped his fingers right to the top of my leg and in between my thighs where my warm little slit was pouting in anticipation of being fondled.

"Now we've gone this far, why don't you let my little friend out to see you?"

"Because he isn't a 'little' friend Daddy. It's big."

Daddy knew I wanted to look as much as he wanted me to. I took my hand away from his cock and taking hold of the waistband of his pants slid them down and he stepped out of them as they reached the floor. In doing this it was very difficult not to get a very close-up view of his manhood as it sprang vertical right in front of my face. I was impressed by the size of it. But then any eleven year old would have been stunned by their first proper sight of an adult penis.

Now he was naked from the waist down Daddy sat back on the sofa and the shaft of his penis stood erect between his legs with this livid purple end twitching and the little peephole on the top watching me.

He reached out with his other hand, the one not fondling my cunt and lifted the hem of my nightdress right up so he could see what he wanted to look at.

I took hold of his cock and like I had seen Amy do the other evening to Lewis, I stroked my hand up and down enjoying the muscular veiny feel of the hard thing in my little fist.

Daddy was staring at the V of my crotch and the fine line of my little slit as it disappeared between my legs while his fingers traced the edges of my lips and sought to slip between them.

Not surprisingly, given the erotic nature of this situation, Daddy fondling his daughter for the first time ever while she strokes and squeezes his cock, it was almost certain that there was going to be a quick eruption and when it came it went everywhere. His semen surged up the shaft and literally flew all over my nightie and onto my legs. What a mess.

“Oh Angela I am so sorry. I didn’t mean that to happen.” Of course he hadn’t meant it to happen well at least not quite that quickly but playing with his little girl was just too much for him not to lose control. “Come on let’s get you cleaned up.”

I was, to be honest very disappointed. OK it was fun getting my Daddy to shoot his white load all over me, but my pussy was begging to be stroked and fingered now and that wasn’t going to happen. Never mind, Daddy had shown me how much he loved me and I was sure next time would be even better. We went upstairs, I had a shower while Daddy stood in the bathroom and watched his little girl getting his semen off her body. Once I was clean and dry he found a spare nightdress that I had left behind last time I visited and after a few more ‘proper’ well ‘decent’ cuddles I went to bed and slept soundly until morning with only one or two disturbances.

Another sunny Sunday found me still in bed. It had been such a warm night I had thrown off the covers and even woke during the night to open the windows in an attempt to get some cool breeze into the room. It was unusual for the summer to produce such hot nights in this part of the country but for several weeks now we had been enjoying the sort of heat usually associated with warmer climes like the South of France. At about six thirty I was still not getting any relief from it and did the only thing left to me. I stripped off my nightdress and lay on the bed naked. At last the breeze from the open window flowed over my body and I was able to drift off to sleep again for a short while.

I was woken after what seemed like only a few moments but had actually been nearly two hours. I don’t know what it was that disturbed me but I gradually became aware of somebody else in the room with me. I was lying on my bed, one arm under my head and the other thrown up and resting on the pillow. My legs were parted, one straight down the bed my toes pointing towards the door and the other bent at the knee and fallen to one side. If anybody had been standing in the doorway they would have had an uninterrupted view up my thighs to where my little pussy gaped invitingly between them. I say if anybody had been standing there and I realized as my eyes came into focus that somebody was.

Daddy was just inside my room leaning back against the door jamb his dressing gown covering his own modesty. Or it would have been had he not been stroking his penis with his right hand. This activity had allowed the side of his gown to move and from my position on the bed as I realized what I was looking at I could see all of his inner thighs and rising up like a ramrod from his dark hairy pubis the shaft that I had played with last night to such a pleasant conclusion.

Before this weekend I would never have believed what had happened and what was happening now. Daddy had never shown any interest in me as far as I was aware. If he had any desires in my regard then all the time I was growing up he had kept them hidden. Now though, whether it was because of the summer heatwave, the fact that he was no longer living with Mummy, his lack of female company or a latent and suddenly erupting wish I do not know. Whatever the cause, the effect was obvious. Daddy was not concealing his lust for his eleven year old daughter.

Any ‘decent’ little girl would have closed her legs and reached for the covers. Any ‘proper’ daughter would have probably shouted to him to leave her bedroom. Unfortunately I was neither of these things. I was arriving slowly at puberty and the possibilities that lay ahead were too tempting to allow me to behave in a rational and responsible way. In the last few months I had discovered several things.

Internet pornography. The pleasure of being watched by an older man at the park while he masturbated secretly in front of me. The joy of stroking and being stroked. Finally the excitement of helping my Daddy to sexual satisfaction last night. Where my experiences were going after all of this I had no way of knowing but I was certain that I would not be returning to the state of childish innocence with which I had greeted the summer holidays and my imminent transfer from Primary to Secondary education. My education was suddenly moving forward at a far faster rate than I had ever anticipated.

Daddy stood in my doorway and watching me continued to move his hand up and down the firmness of his cock while I, determined to be coquettish to the last slipped my hand between my thighs and rubbed my pussy lips. It was a matter of moments until Daddy reached orgasm and leaving the room ran headlong towards the bathroom to finish himself off.

I waited a few minutes gently stroking myself and enjoying the heightening sensations between my legs before I decided it must be time to get dressed. I stood up as I heard the bathroom door being opened and Daddy walking back down the landing to his bedroom.

Time for me to get washed and prepare for the day ahead. I did not know what he had planned for us but wondered whether the conversation he had had with Lewis was connected in any way There was also that phone call yesterday as well. Oh no that was Kate green he had been talking to so just whatever Lewis had said to him then.

Breakfast was over and finished by ten and I went and played on the trampoline in the garden for a while. About mid-morning Daddy came out into the garden to find me.

"How about we go for a walk before lunch Angela?"

"Yeah, whatever you want to do is fine with me Daddy. I'm just happy to be here with you. I wish you hadn't left Mummy and me."

"Believe me baby I wish I hadn't as well but Mummy was not going to let me stay. I let her and you down badly last year and I have to take the consequences." He looked quite sad as he said this.

"Not just you though, we all suffer as well."

"I know honey and believe me I couldn't be more sorry for it but I guess we will just have to compensate whenever you come to stay for the weekend. That is if you want us to?" Last week I would have thought he meant ice creams or cinema trips. Now though I knew exactly what he meant and I had the feeling it was going to be a totally different form of compensation he had in mind.

"Like I said Daddy whatever you want to do is fine." I took his hand and we walked back into the house to prepare for our stroll down the river to the pub.

The Cowley Bridge Inn was only about ten minutes away if we had gone straight there but it was such a lovely day we went for a longer walk along the side of the river watching the kingfishers darting in and out of the reed banks and the dragonflies skimming inches above the water as they flew backwards and forwards seeking either food or a mate. On the riverbank we passed several men sat on little boxes and concentrating on the movement of the little red tipped float bobbing a few yards away across the water by the opposite bank. Every so often the float would dip beneath

the slowly flowing stream and a twitch on the rod would sometimes connect with one of the denizens of the river. Any fish they managed to catch were brought carefully to the riverbank and after the hook had been gently removed were placed almost lovingly into the keep net at their feet.

I was feeling so much love for my Daddy right now as we strolled hand in hand taking in all the sights, sounds and smells of the countryside. I felt I wanted this lovely day to go on and on forever.

Eventually we turned round and walked back along the other side of the river to the pub for lunch. The Cowley Bridge is a lovely country pub with a patio area and garden that drops down from the building itself right to the edge of the river. We chose a table at the lower end of the garden so we could sit and watch the occasional small rowing boat passing up or down the river assisted by the gentle flow of the stream. We had a Sunday roast, I had a Cranberry and orange drink while Daddy, who would not be driving today had a pint of Old Speckled Hen. Why they named a beer after a chicken I couldn't work out but there are so many silly names for beers these days that was hardly unusual. While we were eating our lunch Daddy's mobile phone rang with a text message. He took it out of his pocket, checked it, smiled and then put it away again.

We finished our meal, Daddy bought another pint of 'Chicken' and just as I thought we would probably be going back home, he stood up and waved at somebody coming round the side of the pub. I couldn't see who it was, my seat was facing the river but a few moments later I heard a familiar voice behind me.

"Hi Ange. Having a nice day?"

"Amy?" I turned to see my friend accompanied by Lewis and a small woman who I guessed to be Harriet just behind her. "What are you doing here?"

"Your Daddy invited Lewis to meet up for a drink and then we are all going back to yours for the afternoon apparently."

I was surprised but not shocked. Daddy had stopped and spoken to Lewis yesterday and they had talked about something which I was not really listening to. My fear of Daddy finding out about the naughty games we had played was too great at the time. How Daddy and Lewis knew each other I had no idea. I know we lived not far apart but I had never noticed them talking before although what young girl pays any attention to what their parents do as far as friends are concerned.

It seems, as I discovered over the course of the next hour that Daddy and Lewis had been at University together years ago. When we moved into Honey Lane, Lewis was already there but the neighbours didn't seem to talk to each other much and so it was quite some time before they discovered they lived within a few hundred yards of each other. Surprisingly now Daddy had moved away they had been keeping in touch slightly more than before. Actually it really didn't matter to me how they knew each other, my mind was racing as I wondered whether Daddy would be cross with me. Surely he must have known about Lewis and us three girls if they were really close friends.

Harriet was quite pretty. No that is a nasty thing to say. Harriet is very pretty. Amy and I spent a lot of time talking to her while the two men concentrated on getting themselves a bit tiddly.

"So you are Angela then." Harriet said "Lewis has told me all about you and your lovely hair. He said how pretty it looked with the sun shining through it at the pool the other week."

"I didn't see him looking at my hair." I replied. Harriet smiled at me.

"Yes he does have an awful habit of staring doesn't he. You did provide him with an unexpected surprise though." I coloured slightly and Amy nudged me in the ribs. "I think he was just a little bit disappointed when your Mum intervened with the towel."

"Mummy was only trying to protect me." I said to her.

"Of course she was and that is good. You never know what sort of weirdo might be hanging around the pool looking for innocent young girls to leer over."

It didn't seem to cross Harriet's mind that that is exactly what Lewis had been doing that day. She seemed unable to view his actions as reprehensible.

"By the way, just so you don't worry about it, your Daddy does know about what happened when I wasn't there and you three pretty ladies came round to visit. He is fine with it. Lewis and your Dad have known each other for absolute ages and they both like the same things. In fact hopefully we can all get to know each other better later on?"

I was surprised by this revelation but managed to keep my reaction to myself. It seems that unbeknown to me I was surrounded by people who while being very nice and kind were none the less attracted to young girls and prepared to satisfy their desires with each other's daughters. I wondered whether Amy's Daddy was similarly afflicted. Clearly Amy had been indoctrinated by Lewis and now Harriet.

It felt as though my Daddy was starting to do the same to me now.

How did I feel about this? I was conflicted. On the one hand it felt totally wrong but on the other it was tempting to enjoy the attention and after all what harm could it do? Nobody was being hurt by these not so innocent games. Perhaps we could all get to be very close friends. To my amazement I actually hoped we would.

All the grownups sat around drinking and chatting while Amy and I wandered up and down by the river looking for fish. We saw one or two but not very big ones. There were lots of little tiddlers on the fringes. If we had had a net we could have caught some probably.

After an hour or so Daddy suggested we go back home and try and sober up a bit. Probably quite a good idea for the adults who had been drinking and sitting in the sun. Lewis needed to drive home later on but for now he left the Audi in the pub car park and we all walked back to Roundhill Close. Nobody was really too far gone but it was safer to leave the car until later.

Amy and I ran on ahead leaving the old people to move along at their own pace. When we got home we went through the side gate and headed for the trampoline. I love bouncing and I guessed Amy would as well. We took our shoes off and started playing on the trampoline. By the time Daddy, Lewis and Harriet arrived we were in hysterics and there were knicker flashes going on all over the place. I could see Daddy in the conservatory watching. They had gone into the house through the front door and he had now opened the patio doors so they could join us in the graden.

"Can I have a go Angela?" Harriet was running across the lawn losing her shoes on the way.

"Yes come on in Harriet. It's great fun." She clambered up and over the edge where Amy helped her stand on the slippery rubber surface.

"Now what" Harriet said as Amy and I held one hand each.

"Just do what we do."

Amy and I bent our knees and started to get a bounce going. Harriet was trapped between us and as the rubber surface started to move it was not very long before all three of us were up in the air in unison. She was really good and we bounced together until I lost my balance and then we all ended up in a big heap in the middle of the trampoline. By the time that happened Daddy and Lewis were also in the garden so the display of three pairs of knickers and related thighs was appreciated by them both and drew forth a round of applause from Lewis.

"Mmmm lovely sight there girls. Nothing nicer than knickers on a sunny day."

"I agree with that Lewis." Daddy joined in. Are we going to enjoy any more?"

"You two are dirty old men." Harriet replied. I guess it was all our fault really. If we hadn't been prepared to show our laundry then we should be wearing shorts. "I'd like to see you on here I bet you couldn't do it."

"Right you're on." Lewis said. "Come on girls off the tramp, let the men take over."

This was going to be hilarious. They had both had quite a few beers and now we were going to witness two grown men making fools of themselves. Daddy got on first and started bouncing. I knew he would be alright because I had been on it with him before. Lewis decided that it was too warm a day to be exercising with his jacket on so he stripped it off and threw it over the garden seat before joining Daddy. The two men stood on the rubber surface and held hands before attempting to give us a demonstration of their athletic prowess. Surprisingly they both were quite good. After a few minutes of each of them trying to get higher than the other they both gave up and climbed down onto the lawn.

Harriet called me and Amy over to her and whispered to us.

I thought it would be quite funny and so did Amy.

"What's all the secrecy Harriet?" Lewis called over. "What are you girls plotting now?"

"Be patient and you will find out." Harriet took my and Amy's hands and we ran indoors to carry out her plan.

Five minutes later the three graces ran back out into the garden. Lewis and Daddy were sat on the bench which faced away from the house so it wasn't until we started to climb on the trampoline that they realized what we had done. Harriet was the first to climb up and as she lifted her leg her naked pussy gaped between her thighs. She reached down and pulled me up behind her and then Amy. The reaction on the faces of the two men was priceless.

"You two bad boys have seen enough knickers today so we decided to make sure you don't see any more of them."

"Oh Wow!" Lewis said leaping up from the bench and he rushed across to stand beside the trampoline. Daddy was slower but not by much. They took up ringside positions so that they could watch the lithe bodies all nude and beautiful bouncing on the trampoline only a foot or two away from them. Amy and I were almost totally flat-chested and Harriet only had two fairly small breasts so there was nothing by way of bouncing boobies to be enjoyed but from the fixed grins on their faces the two men were more than happy just watching the display of young pussy in front of them. It was a good job that the garden was so secluded and that nobody outside of it could see what was going on. After a minute or two of enjoying the view I could see that Lewis had decided it was time for him to join in and he was in the process of taking his clothes off as well. He clambered up beside us and as we bounced up he slipped and fell in a heap on the rubber surface. It was really funny seeing his bits flying about everywhere. Daddy was still on the lawn and hadn't joined the game yet.

"Come on Peter, there is room for you as well but you're not allowed up here with those clothes on."

Daddy looked at me as if to ask for permission to join in.

"It's OK Daddy I have seen it before haven't I."

He didn't need asking twice. Lewis was lying on his back on the trampoline looking up at three bald snatches bouncing around him. He was in his element. Daddy had dropped his trousers and underpants and was in the process of removing his shirt when Amy slipped and fell in a heap on top of Lewis. She put her hand out to save herself but all she managed to do was punch him between the legs by mistake. He curled his knees up into the foetal position and grabbed his balls as he did so. Amy was rolling around on the mat showing everybody what she had had for lunch.

Shirt off, Daddy was now climbing over the edge of the trampoline I did a high bounce and then came down on my bottom right next to him. Harriet had gone down on her knees next to Lewis and she and Amy were consoling him by rubbing his bits gently trying to take some of the pain away. I was not certain they were achieving their objective as he was just lying stretched out in a star pattern allowing them to massage his penis. I crawled across to Daddy and threw my arms around his shoulders so that my little titties were rubbing against his chest. One knee was between his legs taking special care not to squash his jewels in the process.

"Good job Mummy isn't here Daddy. I don't think she would be too happy with us being silly like this." He nuzzled against my ear and planted a kiss on my neck. My knee was right next to his willy and I could feel it getting bigger as he cuddled and kissed me.

All bouncing seemed to have come to an end now. The trampoline was acting as a bed for the two little girls and their older playmates. The heat of the sun had warmed the pad of the trampoline and it was really hot to my little naked bottom. Everyone seemed to be enjoying being out in the garden displaying their naturist tendencies but I am not sure that the more respectable naturist normally involves themselves in what was starting to turn into a mini orgy.

Daddy had pulled me down beside him and while his kisses were being planted all over my face he had slipped his hand in between my legs and was slowly stroking up and down my slit pausing momentarily as his finger passed over the little bud of my clitoris. This was one weird Sunday. I had been to stay with Daddy many times before today but this was the first time anything remotely like this had ever happened. I was lying on my back and Daddy was lying alongside me with his penis sticking into my leg as his fingers played sweet music on my pussy. He had lifted himself on one arm

and was gently and tenderly kissing my little nipples and then moving his face down towards my tummy button. When his mouth reached it he put his tongue out and tickled my umbilicus with the tip. I could not just lie there ignoring all that he was doing to me without doing something for him in return. I slid my hand up his thigh until my fingers encountered the underside of his scrotum. It was all wrinkly and slightly hairy but as my palm felt the surface I closed my fingers gently around it feeling the two small eggs inside moving around as I rolled them back and forth.

On the other side of the trampoline I could see Amy being similarly fondled by Lewis while Harriet had hold of his penis and now it was almost fully erect she had her lips wrapped round the head and was sucking it deep inside her mouth. Her tongue could be seen when her lips parted flicking around the purple head of his fairly slender penis.

I moved my hand a little to one side so I could get my fingers around Daddy's shaft. From what I was feeling it seemed to be thicker than what I could see of Lewis's although to be certain I would have needed to see them side by side. Maybe that would happen later tonight? I hoped so.

Amy's legs were almost next to my head and she had parted them enough for Lewis to be able to get his fingers to her pussy. She was absolutely beautiful. While my fingers were stroking Daddy and he was fingering my cunt I could not take my eyes away from the pretty pink slit at the top of Amy's thighs with Lewis's fingers slipping in and out between her outer lips. He had two fingers inside her and as he separated them Amy's lips parted and her pretty pink vulva with the dark central access into her vagina was right in my line of sight. This was making me feel so wet between my own legs. I was sure that Daddy must be able to feel the change in the slickness of my vulva. Yes, it was clear that he had noticed. He now had two fingers inside me they had gone into my vagina just about one knuckle deep. I was feeling so warm now. I had fluttery feelings in my tummy as his fingers went in and out stretching my inner lips with every movement of his wrist.

Lewis was frigging Amy and Harriet had changed position. She was no longer holding Lewis's cock with her hands. Instead she had straddled his hips and as I turned my head to look at her. Difficult taking my gaze away from Amy's pussy but I had to see what was going on with the adults. Her belly was flat and smooth and positioned about six inches above the head of Lewis's penis. She slowly lowered herself so her cunt literally swallowed the head of his penis and the whole shaft disappeared up inside her body. Apart from the videos on the internet this was the first time I had actually seen anybody fucking. In reality it was so much more exciting than on the web. Harriet lifted her bottom up and then sat down again. With each movement Lewis's penis now glistening with her juices appeared and disappeared again deep inside her vagina. When he was at the deepest point I could see movement on Harriet's tummy which indicated how far inside her he was. It was weird seeing his penis poking her from inside and forming a visible bulge in her tummy. She was now using a rocking motion as if she was trying to make sure his cock touched every nerve ending inside her belly. Lewis was not having to do anything, he just lay there and let Harriet milk him while he concentrated on stroking and fingering Amy's little girl slit. Amy had leaned over and was busy kissing Lewis passionately. You could tell that they were exchanging saliva and tongues were most definitely involved.

Daddy was fingering my twat quite violently now. I could feel him deep inside me. We were well past one knuckle. He had two fingers as far up me as they would go while I was thrashing his penis pulling the foreskin up and down the shaft with my fingers. His veiny muscle was throbbing and twitching in my hand and eventually he pushed hard against my fingers. He grasped my hand and squeezed it with his fingers and as he did so his load shot out of the eye of his penis and in spurt

after spurt poured out onto my young flat belly. Threads of semen running from my belly button down towards my thighs and disappearing between my pussy lips. Daddy had pulled his fingers out of me now and was massaging his semen into my outer lips and as his fingers became slicker with semen he slipped them back inside me taking his seed with them.

I looked back at Amy and she was in the throes of an orgasm, her legs twitching and bucking as Lewis drove his finger deep inside her one more time.

Harriet was bucking up and down on top of Lewis until she must have felt his member throbbing inside her. She paused and judging by the expression on his face Lewis had ejaculated deep inside Harriet's cunt.

In spite of all the activity and excitement I was the only one who appeared to have failed to orgasm. Daddy pulled his fingers out of me and wrapping his arms around me held me tight in a proper bear hug as he kissed my eyelids.

"Sorry Angel. We will have to do something special for you at bedtime. OK?"

"Yes Daddy, don't worry I love you." I held onto his penis as it gradually collapsed back into the little finger it had been before all this excitement had got out of hand. It was all wet and slick from his semen and that was good enough for me right now. I knew I had been good to my Daddy and that was all I wanted. I pulled his face towards me and kissed him softly on the lips.

Later that afternoon, once we had all calmed down a bit and when the sun started to slip behind some clouds resulting in a cooling of the air in the garden we all moved back indoors. Apart from cleaning ourselves up a bit, after all it is hardly polite to sit around with semen dripping off your body, we had all stayed nude.

It was quite funny walking around in front of my Daddy with no clothes on and even funnier seeing his and Lewis's willies flapping about between their legs. Actually once I got used to the idea it was quite nice. I wondered whether there were any naturist places anywhere near Woolchester that we could visit although Daddy would have to get some more self control than he had shown so far today.

"Does anybody fancy a takeaway for tea?" Lewis said. "After all it's only fair that Harriet and I cough up something towards the day."

"I wouldn't mind a small Chinese." Harriet replied.

"A small Chinese? I've heard everything now." Lewis said. "I have never heard you saying you want a small anything. I thought you liked all your men big whatever nationality they might be."

Lewis, remember there are two young girls here I don't think you should be talking like that in front of them."

"It's a bit late now Harriet." Daddy chimed in.

"OK so if we are going for a takeaway who is going to ring for it and get it delivered. There is no way I want to get the car and drive just yet. Oh and more to the point who will answer the door when it arrives. Because whoever that is will need to get some clothes on."

Daddy got a takeaway menu out of the kitchen drawer and the adults all had a quick discussion as to what we were going to order. Just as he was about to ring Wang Chi's Lewis's mobile phone rang.

"Oh hello Julian. How are things.? Of course you can but I might have a better suggestion. Hang on a minute while I check something."

"I know what you are going to say Lewis and yes I don't see why not if they want to. I am sure the girls won't mind."

"Mind what?" Harriet asked.

"More guests" Daddy told her. "We can add a couple more dishes to the order if they can get here in the next half hour."

Lewis passed the proposal to Julian over the phone and it seemed to be received well. I didn't know who Julian was but it seemed Lewis and Daddy did and if they wanted to bring more people into the party who was I to complain.

"OK see you shortly then. No need to knock we will leave the door on the latch for you. Just push and come in but don't be surprised by what you find."

Daddy rang the local Chinese and ordered the meals which they said would be here in about forty five minutes.

"So are we picking straws to see who answers the door when the food arrives?" Lewis asked.

"No point. If the food doesn't get here for forty five minutes you can bet it's going to be nearer an hour and by then Jools and Lucy will have arrived. As long as we can get them to keep their clothes on for a few minutes then Julian can answer the door while we all hide behind the curtains."

Everybody seemed to think that was hilarious. Daddy was right, nobody made any efforts to cover themselves up. They were all relying on Julian dealing with the delivery boy. Eventually two people I didn't know walked in through the front door exactly twenty five minutes later to find us sitting around the room all stark naked still.

"Good grief." The man said as his eyes roamed around the room. Lewis and Harriet were sat on a chair each and Daddy, Amy and I were on the sofa. Amy and I looked like a pair of pretty little bookends either side of Daddy with our feet up and two cute little vertical smiles between our legs. "Have we missed a party?" His gaze lingered longingly on Amy's little slit before he turned to me and appraised my possibilities with equal enthusiasm.

"Sorry, Hi everyone. Just a bit surprised that's all. It isn't every day you walk in on an amateur nudist colony."

"You must be Julian." Daddy said from his position between his little coterie of nymphets. "and this is Lucy?"

"Yes, Hi Peter?" Lewis has spoken about you a few times but he never told us that you came with your own bevy of beautiful little ones."

Daddy made no effort to get up and greet them properly but then he probably didn't want to lose his seat on the sofa;

"Nice to meet you both. Unfortunately these little beauties aren't both mine. This little lady on my right is Lewis's protégé Amy and the other one" he put his arm round my shoulders and pulled me closer to him. "This one is my fault. I made her. This is my own little angel, my little cherub Angela."

I smiled sweetly at the newcomers and putting my legs down and my feet on the floor closed my thighs together. I looked across at Amy and she followed suit by lowering her legs. "No need to be coy girls. I am sure Lucy and Julian have seen a pussy before today."

"We sure have." Julian affirmed as his face showed signs of disappointment at the disappearance of our little slits. "Lucy and I love to see pretty little kittens, don't we Luce?"

"Oh aye we do." Lucy had a sort of faint Scottish accent not as if she lived there but not local to Barsetshire none the less.

This actually didn't make me feel any more comfortable and my knees stayed together. Daddy stood up now, obviously he had decided he was being rude staying seated in the presence of Lucy, and walking over to Lucy gave her a peck on the cheek. It was the funniest thing I had seen in a long long time. Lucy was about a foot shorter than Daddy and while he was naked she was still dressed in a tartan mini-skirt and blouse. She went up on tiptoe to receive his hug. I don't know whether he noticed or not but it was obvious to me that she seemed to hold her hips away from his as they greeted each other. She would have been more forthcoming I suspect if he did not have a semi-rigid penis pointing at her tummy. As for Julian, he was giving a man hug to Lewis and then a kiss for Harriet. Amy and I, still keeping our honeypots hidden, shuffled closer to each other on the sofa.

As I am sure you expected it was not very long before the new arrivals had started removing their clothing and fitting in with the rest of the group. Lewis made sure that Julian stayed dressed in preparation for the takeaway delivery but he also made certain that Lucy was down to her knickers in almost no time and even they did not stay in place for very long. Daddy produced a couple of bottles of wine and the atmosphere quickly became less strained as the drink started to flow.

"Will they be OK if I leave my car overnight at the Pub, Pete? It would be a shame to be a party pooper by not helping you with that bottle."

"I'll give them a ring and make sure they know you won't be coming back to collect it tonight. You can always get a taxi home later. I'll pick up the bill for you. What about your vehicle Julian?"

"Why don't the four of us share the taxi fare between us it won't be so bad then. I'm working from home tomorrow so can easily get back to pick mine up." Julian was really entering into the spirit of the occasion now. Eventually the logistics of car shuffling was sorted out and everybody got down to the more important question of the food.

"Where the heck is that Chinese?" It was almost an hour and a half now since the order went in. Daddy appeared a bit agitated but then the sound of the door chime echoed through the room and Julian still looking perfectly respectable went to the door and returned laden with several bags containing those little silver foil trays of hot food.

Time-out while seven hungry and for the moment non-horny people buzzed around the table helping themselves to various bowls full of Foo Yong, Chow Mein, Sweet and Sour Chicken and various things in a Black bean Sauce. This was the first time I had been in the company of five adults none of whom appeared to have any inhibitions whatsoever. It was surprising how wandering about the room with no clothes on very quickly became totally natural. I was sitting on a chair with a bowl of rice in one hand and a pair of chopsticks in the other. One foot was on the floor and the other was tucked up under my bottom. It takes little imagination to comprehend the view that was obtained by anybody sitting on the other side of the room. I realized immediately but for some reason it didn't matter. I didn't care that Julian, for it was he, who had taken the other chair was staring at my slit as it winked at him across the room. It was clear that he was looking even though he did so while eating his meal and carrying on a conversation with others in the room. His penis gave away the fact that he could see right between my legs. It slowly rose in front of him and eventually stood firm and erect against his stomach. His was the first and only uncircumcised willy I had ever seen and it was quite a shock. Daddy and Lewis both had foreskins and their willies were actually quite cute and even when they got hard they still looked sort of 'pretty'. What had risen from the undergrowth between Julian's legs was a 'horse of another colour' actually that figure of speech could not be more appropriate. The size of his member was huge, not only long but thick as well and as for the different colour, well, an uncut penis does not show that scary purple head until it is released from its penile hood.

After a while our appetites were all sated. Harriet and Lucy cleared the table and left all the dishes and containers on the draining board in the kitchen before coming back into the lounge where everybody sat around chatting. For some reason and I haven't worked out why yet, Amy and I seemed to end up on the sofa while each of the men took it in turns to sit between us. I wondered whether the fact that there were two little slits for them to touch had anything to do with this? I could not figure out how the evening was going to go from now on but I was sure that we wouldn't be sitting around in the lounge for too much longer. At some point and I had not noticed it happen, a DVD had been put on and was playing away to itself in the background. I watched it out of the corner of my eye while Julian's big hand stroked my pussy lips. It wasn't the same girl we had seen at Lewis's house the other day. I think this one's name was Kennedy something like that. There was something in common with the earlier video though in that she was really, really tiny. The man she was with was a big bald guy but she was the smallest blonde girl I had ever seen. She was obviously a lot older than Candy/Mandy but her body was that of a ten year old. Watching the size of the old man's penis as it slid inside her made me wonder what it would really feel like to be fucked. Even more, it made me think about how any girl could take a cock that thick and long without splitting herself wide open. I wondered whether the fact that I had my fingers wrapped around Julian's stallion shaft and that they would not go all the way round added to my questioning the suitability of girl's genitals for the purpose of accommodating the bigger man. I wonder whether there are any men who never get to make love properly because they just can't find a girl capable of taking it. So many philosophical thoughts for an eleven year old to be considering in a room full of naked adults. My questions were answered later in the video when the immense girth of the old man's penis stretched Kennedy's cunt and vanished deep inside her.

Daddy and Lewis were stood on the other side of the room deep in conversation while Harriet and Lucy had curled up on one of the chairs and were happily pleasuring each other with kisses and touches. I found it particularly exciting to watch two girls making out. Probably even more than watching videos of girls getting screwed by men. Harriet was sitting on the chair and Lucy was draped over her with her arms around Harriet's neck. They were so involved that I don't think they

would have noticed if everybody else had left the room. Harriet's right hand was between Lucy's thighs and it was moving back and forth as her fingers slipped between Lucy's outer lips. Lucy had her tongue inside Harriet's mouth and was gently caressing her breast with her fingers. It was lovely, they actually looked like lovers more than just two people having sex.

Julian had slipped two fingers of one hand into my pussy and they were holding my lips apart as he sought out the little bump of my clitoris. I carried on massaging his erect member. It was so much knobblier than I thought it would be. Maybe because it was so big it got more bumpy. Maybe that is why they call it a 'knob'. Whatever the reason I loved the way when I slid my hand up and down it, it twitched between my fingers.

"Ooo" Julian had found what he was feeling for. My clitoris had swollen like a tiny little willy and it was now throbbing as blood pulsed through it and the nerve endings responded to the gentle stimulation. I looked over the top of Julian's cock to see what was happening to Amy and she was being pleased the same as me. She had turned herself on one side and I could clearly see Julian's other hand in her thigh gap as he slid his fingers backward and forward in her slit. You know when people do that thing where you rub your head and pat your tummy at the same time? I bet Julian was good at that because even with the distraction of a preteen stroking his penis he still managed to slide his hand up and down Amy's slit while poking his fingers in and out of mine. That's what I call clever, not to mention ever so lovely from where I was sitting.

I opened my legs slightly so that he could delve even deeper into my inner recesses. I love the feeling of having my clit tickled and he was so, so good at it as well. That is the best part of playing with yourself is that you can concentrate on the best bits.

After some time I saw Daddy coming across the room towards us. I hoped he wasn't going to be cross with Julian but it was alright. He just came towards me and to my disappointment Julian pulled his fingers out of my cunt. Daddy leaned down and slid one hand underneath my bottom while his other arm went round my neck. In no time at all I was being picked up in his arms and carried out of the room. As we left I looked back over my shoulder to see Lewis doing the same with Amy and following us out of the room. Julian had stood up and seemed to be intent on trying to insinuate himself between Harriet and Lucy. I couldn't see how successful he was as by now Daddy was carrying me up the stairs and into his bedroom. I had my arms wrapped tightly around his neck and behind us I saw Lewis and Amy turning in the opposite direction at the head of the stairs towards the room I was going to be sleeping in.

Daddy pushed the door too behind him with his foot and laid me gently down on top of the duvet. His penis was still flaccid and looked quite sad compared to the monster I had been stroking downstairs a few minutes ago. I wondered how far he was planning to go this time after all it was only yesterday that we had played sex games for the first time.

"Are you all right Angela?" He asked as he climbed on the bed beside me and lay down with his head on the pillow.

"I'm fine Daddy." I turned onto my side to face him. My hip was tiny compared to his and I put my hand on top of his leg and let it slip down slowly towards his limp willy. "Daddy?"

"What is it darling." He replied.

"Is this why Mummy made you leave or was it because of Louise.?"

"It was Louise really although Mummy did know I loved you a lot. Too much really."

"But you never did anything bad to me Daddy." I was confused as to what had suddenly triggered his desire to play with his little girl.

"No darling, I never did but Mummy knew how I felt about you. I always have. I guess you don't remember how often it was me who helped you get ready for bed and who bathed you when you were smaller."

Now I thought about it I realized that my Daddy had always wanted to be with me but had managed to keep his desires under control. I guess Mummy thought that he should move out before he attempted anything that he should not have done. Clearly a wrong decision because by having his own place he was actually in a better position to further his lust for me without Mummy being there to keep him under control.

"Doesn't Mummy worry about me being here alone with you though?"

"Of course she does but Daddies do have rights and she has to let you come and visit whenever you want to. You just have to make sure that she never learns about what we might get up to here."

"Don't worry Daddy, Mummy will never find out anything from me." I pecked him on the cheek.

Is all of this too much for you? I really hadn't expected this weekend to go quite the way it has. I know you have been over here quite a few times since Christmas and this time I was planning for it to be just you and me. I didn't mind Lewis and Harriet coming round because they said they would bring your friend Amy with them. I must admit I had not expected the nudity thing but Harriet can be a bit uncontrollable sometimes."

"What about Julian and Lucy? Are they your friends as well.?"

"No they are friends of Lewis but I didn't think I should say no when Lewis asked if he could invite them. Do you mind?"

"No it's OK. Actually he is quite funny and Lucy is nice too."

"Anyway they don't have to bother us now do they. It's just Daddy and his little Angel now."

"Yes Daddy, just us."

My hand was within a hairs breadth of his willy now. Because he was lying on his side, his willy and its two little friends were hanging down over his thigh. I touched his penis with my fingertips and it twitched in response. Just a little more stroking and it started to harden and turned around as it began to rise up towards his tummy. I cupped my hands underneath his balls and rocked them gently back and forth in my hand. His penis carried on lifting and growing and soon it was horizontal and pointing up towards his belly. I moved up the bed a little so that he could reach the point where my thighs came together and the smooth outer lips of my slit waited for him to caress them. Daddy put his hand between my thighs keeping his thumb on my smooth bald pudenda. I felt the side of his forefinger as it slid between my outer lips and he moved it backwards and forwards getting damp from my pussy juices which were starting to ooze out of my vagina in readiness for what I had still to experience. We were in a world of our own now. My fingers closed around his penis and sliding my hand down the shaft, the head gradually emerged from within his foreskin. I

watched as the little eye on the end opened as if it was tempting me to touch it. It wasn't easy with Daddy's hand between my legs but I was quite short so by bending a little at the waist I managed to get the tip of my tongue to the eye on the head of his willy. As my tongue reached it a small droplet of almost clear liquid oozed out of the end and I tasted the saltiness of my Daddy's pre-cum on my tongue. It was unlike any flavour I had ever encountered before but wasn't unpleasant.

I was aware of noises rising from the room below and a slow quiet whispering from my room where Lewis and Amy had gone. No words I could make out but just a general feeling of soft conversation taking place.

Daddy rolled over onto his back and I cuddled up closer to him. His penis was getting firmer and thicker although nothing like the one Julian carried around with him. It was just right for me though. I wrapped my fingers tightly around the base of his shaft and slid my hand up and down massaging life into what for me was going to be the future.

I felt his hand still between my legs while his other hand was stroking the little buttons of my nipples. Nothing on my chest warranted the description of breasts. There were just two small pale areolae with a slightly protruding bud where my nipples were getting harder as his palm ran circles round and round the tip. It is difficult to describe the sensation unless you have felt it for yourself. Yes, it tickled but the tickling feeling was so much more than that. I could feel something stirring inside what would eventually, I hoped, be breast tissue. It made my heart flutter and with the added warmth flowing from inside my tummy as my vagina responded to his fingers I was beginning to feel like a real woman which of course was a status hardly warranted yet.

I felt Daddy push his finger further inside me and the walls of my vagina pulsed as he moved it up and down. At one moment I felt what must have been his fingertip drawing circles around the ring of muscle separating my vagina from my womb. I didn't realize that the cervix also had nerve cells which could respond to stimulation. Mine definitely were. I clenched my thighs together to keep his finger as far inside me as I possibly could.

"Daddy? Can we? Please?"

I knew I should not be saying these things but I wanted him inside me so badly now I would do or say anything to get him to make love to me properly. I carried on masturbating him while his hand stayed trapped between my legs.

"Angel, we really shouldn't"

"I know but I want you Daddy. Please make love to me like you did to Louise." I couldn't bring myself to say 'like you did to Mummy' that felt so wrong and the last thing I wanted was to say anything that would prevent him taking me for himself.

"If you're sure Angel. You take it at your speed this first time. I don't want to hurt you."

I released the pressure of my legs on his wrist and allowed him to withdraw his finger from my pussy. I slid up the bed a little more and lifting my leg I stepped over his hips and positioned my knees against his waist on each side. My little bottom hovered an inch or two above the shaft of his penis which was lying flat against his belly.

"Help me Daddy?" He gently stroked my pussy lips with one hand and with his first two fingers eased them apart. His other hand took hold of the shaft of his penis and lifted it vertical so it was pointing directly at the target of my vagina.

"Lower your bottom darling until you feel me against you." I did as he suggested and as my bottom got closer to his thighs I felt the tip of his foreskin against my vulva. He released my outer lips now so they closed against the bulbous head of his cock. "That's it, now slowly let it move inside you as you come down on me."

It was a really strange sensation as his foreskin peeled back and the head passed between my inner lips into the vestibule of my vulva. Lower still and it started to dilate my inner lips and made its way into the dark pink depths of my vagina. His cock was not thick but it was more substantial than his finger had been. I went down as far as I felt comfortable and then lifted my hips again. As I moved up and down I could feel the head rubbing up and down inside me. Now I was more used to the feelings in my tummy I felt more confident in moving my bottom. I started lifting and falling faster and faster. It was obviously a very stimulating time for Daddy and it didn't take very long before I suddenly experienced a gushing deep inside me. I had never felt anything like it but as it happened Daddy took hold of my waist and held me still as he ejaculated into my virgin cunt. Spasm after spasm of semen surged into me until exhausted I fell forward and rested my face on his chest. My pussy still held his penis firmly and the warm wet feeling of something running down my leg let me know that in spite of my muscles, Daddy's willy was shrinking and his cum was running out of my pussy and down my inner thighs.

"I love you Daddy." I hugged him tight and kissed him on the lips. He opened his mouth and I felt his tongue running over mine.

"I love you too Angel. Mummy was right, I have wanted to be with you for so long now." He hugged me and holding me tight we cuddled for what seemed like forever. "If she hadn't thrown me out I don't know how much longer I would have been able to stay without this happening." This weekend had been the most wonderful time of my life. I never wanted it to end and I am sure Daddy felt the same. Thank goodness Mummy had agreed to me visiting every two weeks.

"It has happened now Daddy, no going back. I guess I won't need that other room from now on? Seems a shame to use more bedlinen than we need to." I smiled and squeezed his tight.

At last I was where I really wanted to be.

These chronicles started a long time ago now with Lewis masturbating as he day dreamed about Amy. It would be unfair to finish them without asking what had happened in the other bedroom on this Sunday during a warm evening in July.

Lewis cradled Amy in his arms as he followed Pete and Angela up the stairs. On the landing Pete and his precious cargo turned left while Lewis carried his little bundle into the room immediately opposite the head of the stairs. It was obvious to him that this was Angela's room as her nightie was neatly laid out on the bed waiting for bedtime. Lewis laid Amy carefully on the bed and picking the nightdress up folded it, after he had put it to his nose and devoured the scent of his friend's little girl. Incurable.

There was no need for Amy and Lewis to indulge in the sort of conversation going on in the room next door. They had been in similar situations for many years now although today was going to see their relationship reach levels that had not yet been attained.

Amy lay with her head on the pillow and Lewis settled himself beside her on the bed. The familiar feeling of fingers between her legs was comforting to little Amy. She had grown up with Lewis placing his hand between her legs and his fingers moving incessantly between her lower lips. She lay very still and let her knees fall apart so her lips parted enticingly and welcomed Lewis in as they had on so many other occasions. They had stroked each other sexually in the past but Amy knew today would go beyond previous experiences. She had prepared herself for this moment and now that it had arrived her heart was beating in anticipation.

There was no need for foreplay to get Lewis aroused sufficiently to pleasure his little playmate. His penis was already standing strong and erect. Lewis knew that if today was the day they consummated their love then he would be the one to take control.

His fingers fluttered all round little Amy's sweet bald pussy and parted her outer lips. Lewis towered over her as he moved her legs apart and told her to lift her buttocks up. Amy's feet were hanging limply as she bent her knees and raised her bottom off of the bed. Lewis positioned himself between her thighs and taking his weight on both arms so as not to crush his little paramour he edged himself closer to her cunt until he could feel her lips on the tip of his penis.

"Are you ready Amy?"

"Yes,"

Amy lay still as the strength of his masculinity forced its way gently into her vulva and not pausing to rest ploughed on until his sword was buried deep inside her baby cunt. Lewis thrust in and out, in and out, backwards and forwards. The gentle ferocity of his thrusts made Amy's little bottom move on the bed as she felt him erupting deep inside her.

Lewis thought back to that sunny Sunday morning when Amy had been on holiday in Mexico. That sunny day when all he could do was masturbate to her image in his mind's eye.

Pleasure. Masturbating is pleasure, Pleasure is masturbating. Grip, slide, slide grip, twitch, throb, relax.

No need for that now, now he was actually pleasuring himself and his lovely Amy, together where they belonged.

Amy is wonderful. Amy is perfection. She is all I desire and all I will always desire. My cock responds to the thoughts of her running around the house in her little white top and red skirt. So tiny, so sweet, so desirable. Her laughter rippling and bouncing off the walls as she teases me with her daintiness. All skinny legs and flying skirt.

Thrust, withdraw, thrust, withdraw, thrust again.

On that day, it seemed so long ago now, the possibility of what was happening now was only a dream in the mind of our anti-hero.

She wrapped her legs around his waist.

Stroke, slide, stroke, slide, squeeze, stroke.... Fuck!!!

Amy held him tight as his semen blasted through her cervix and into her as yet infertile womb.

Amy like her little friend Angela planted kisses all over her older lover as she let his seed flood her little belly with warmth and love.

Amy in her skirt and top... Amy in her swimwear... Amy in her nightdress...

Amy naked... Amy lying underneath him... Amy's tight sweet delicious vagina holding him where he always wanted to be....

Lewis was home at last.

CONCLUSION

So have we answered the question posed in the introduction?

Is Lewis Adams a Hebephile?

Probably.

As we began this story Lewis had shown some indications of Hebephilia. He experimented with younger girls before he had any experience of adult females. Once he had grown up it seemed he still enjoyed looking and fantasising but could he rightly be condemned for this? Is it not in the nature of all men to take pleasure from voyeurism to some extent? I suspect that it is inherent in the human condition, the need to watch all possible partners whatever the age in an attempt to gauge their suitability for procreation. It is society's mores and the individual's self-control which must determine whether the fantasy is acted upon.

Perhaps Lewis pursued his investigations beyond the point at which you, dear reader would have said 'enough is enough' or maybe you would have gone further. Who am I to say? Lewis clearly finds mature females as attractive as the younger model. He is not exclusive in his desires he very generously shares his favours with almost anyone. Had we reconsidered the premise after book three then perhaps he would have emerged as not guilty

Unfortunately you now have a lot more evidence on which to base your decision. Books four and five have added to the condemnation which must be heaped on his head. However I will not attempt to influence you. It is his peers who should judge him and we are all his peers, we are all human and all have human frailties.

Applying the strictest possible interpretation of Hebephilia, then the answer to the question has to be no. Lewis is not exclusively attracted to girls of that age. Therefore he is not in the true sense of the word a Hebephile. Unfortunately in the society within which we find ourselves these days it doesn't really matter. He has been shown to enjoy sex with adult women and on occasion men, but he also enjoys having his 'evil' way with those from whom he should stay well away, the vulnerable in need of Society's protection. There is no exclusivity in Lewis's choice of partner. In fact he is probably too free in sharing himself.

I am certain society as a whole will condemn him. What sort of monster interests himself in under-age girls? Historically, most men but given current opinions and beliefs this is something to be reviled. So, Lewis is guilty as shown of being an immoral person, but a Hebephile? Maybe, maybe not. It is up to you to decide what should happen to him but should he be found guilty as charged. I know what I think and whether he fits the textbook description or not the fact remains he consorts with children, he has sexual relations with children. He associates himself with others who abuse children. Lewis is guilty on all counts.

Should we however before condemning and punishing take into consideration the impact of his life on the others involved in this story. After all, who is going to look out for little Amy in the future if he were to be incarcerated? What would become of Sarah and others as yet unknown? Surely Harriet could

not be expected to look after all of them in his absence? Although, perhaps she could, we have seen that her predilections have taken the same path as Lewis's desires. If Lewis 'goes down' how many more will be similarly punished.

Let us hope that Harriet never has to cope alone.

When and if we return to Penstone in the future will we discover what becomes of Lewis and all of his friends?

Are Jenny and Laura still living out their Sapphic existence in Brighton.

I am sure that Julian and Lucy will make very good use of Lewis's spare room as long as he still owns number twelve.

It is probable that Angela Middleton and her friend Kelly will continue to swim in the pool in Badgery St John for a year or two until it becomes too small for them. I feel certain that Angela will continue to visit her father regularly and now we know how close he and Lewis have become since University I am not in any doubt they will provide each other with immoral support in all their endeavours.

As for Amy well surely there will be no shortage of guardians to look after her should she ever require them. She seems to be a very clever girl and well able to make her own decisions over what life may hold for her in the years to come.