

Penstone Pleasures



THE LEWIS ADAMS CHRONICLES

BOOK 3

PENSTONE PLEASURES

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

Disclaimer

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CHAPTER 1 – HOUSE MOVES

Only three more days until British Airways brings Amy back home from Mexico.

Time is flying but so far Amy isn't. I bet she is having a holiday of a lifetime at that luxury hotel on the Riviera Maya. I went there once a few years ago when I was still shackled to Melinda. It is a really lovely place to be. Several of the hotels along that stretch of white sandy beaches do not allow children though but the Riu Splendide is fine with them.

Adults only hotels are marvellous places to stay if you are a couple without children as we were. It means that you can enjoy all the facilities without the annoyance of kids running around the place and basically getting in the way.

I have always preferred that, but adults only hotels do also have one very serious flaw in the design.

They don't have little girls in the pool, they don't have nymphets on the private beaches, there is nothing for the serious appreciator of nubile to fantasise over. I bet somebody is drooling over little Amy right now. Watching her playing on the sand and running in and out of the surf, her pretty bikini covering her modesty. I know what she looks like in a bikini and it is a sight I wished could be kept just for me but I guess that is just mean, not wanting to share.

Isn't it funny how the mind wanders in that pleasant state between sleeping and waking. I didn't think I had been dreaming but I guess I had. I could still see Amy in a red bikini, her little bottom pert and pretty as she splashed amongst the waves. I could hear her laughing and giggling as she and some other girls who I didn't know, who probably were just figments of my imagination, had fun on the slides into the pool. I could feel the warmth of the sun on my bare skin. A warm soft breeze blowing through the short hairs on the back of my neck and then...

I'm awake, Harriet is snuggled up against me spooning my bottom in her lap. Her breath is warm on my neck. Her hand is hot on my morning wood. It is Sunday and although Amy is not here, Harriet is.

Only three more days until Amy comes home. My cock stands rock hard in Harriet's soft grip. I pretend to be asleep and she sweetly strokes and caresses my shaft and balls. How long can I keep this up? Not long I bet.

No she has spotted the change in my breathing and giving my penis one last hard squeeze she releases me and gets up off the bed.

"Hi Horny" She is stood in the window with the curtains thrown wide open. Totally nude. Thank goodness the window looks out onto the back garden. Mind you there still isn't very much privacy, like I said earlier, her bungalow is overlooked on most sides and there is a three bed semi with the bedroom window immediately facing hers. I am sure it will not be long before some randy occupant of that house discovers her morning exhibitionism and avails himself of a furtive wank.

"Morning Harriet" I wonder whether she realises that there probably is some horny old guy hiding behind his curtains masturbating furiously at the sight of her little pink nipples. At least her crotch is

below the level of the window sill so that will be hidden from prying eyes. She turns round and now the prying eyes are mine. "Oh what a lovely day today" Her slit is mine alone for the moment.

"It's not that nice actually, a bit cloudy"

"I wasn't talking about the weather" I replied as I lie on my back stroking the morning member into an ever stronger erection.

"Oh leave it alone. If you need it relieving I will deal with it later, there is something I wanted to talk to you about."

"And that is?"

"Not now, later. Let's get dressed like normal adults and get some breakfast. Oh and cover it up please, I am being distracted."

Always the gentleman, well not always, but I was today. I took my hand off my cock. Let it return to its usual disappointing length and got out of bed.

"My turn for the bathroom" Harriet called out as she ran out of the bedroom and down the corridor.

I followed her and talking to the bathroom door told her that I was going to go home and get a change of clothes. I really couldn't face another day in a suit. "I'll be back before you've finished soaping your fanny."

"You better had mate. Or I will be round to Honey Lane with a big stick and you really don't want me putting you to shame by the size of my stick."

I went back to the bedroom, pulled on my underwear, shirt and trousers. Headed back down the corridor towards the front door. "See you in about an hour, I'm going to take a shower while I'm there. Don't start breakfast without me I really need my daily dose of Cornflakes." I opened her front door and pulling it closed behind me set off down the path and back to Honey Lane.

Half way home I realised that I did not have a key to her front door so if she suddenly decided she didn't want me back in I was, in the vernacular, 'stuffed'. It seemed a long time since I had seen my little house but in fact it had been only a little over forty eight hours. I let myself in, divested myself of the trappings of work and plunged into a very welcome shower. Duly cleansed I got rid of two days stubble. How on earth had Harriet been able to put up with me looking like the 'Wild Man of Borneo'. A quick spritz with Paco Rabanne Pour Homme and into a more casual outfit of chinos and a polo shirt. How long had that taken me so far? I checked my watch, thirty five minutes gone, twenty five minutes left before my deadline expired. It would take me less than ten minutes to get back to Danesway. Plenty of time. I checked the post that arrived over the last couple of days. The usual bills, circulars, a bank statement and surprise, surprise, a postcard from Mexico.

I threw the rest of the mail on the side table and sat down to read the postcard. It was one of those cards you often find in tourist hotels with four photographs on the front. Top left - a palm tree and a beach. Top right - a sunset over the sea, Bottom Left - A Mayan pyramid and Bottom right - Some tropical fish. On the reverse of the card on the right was my name and address written in an adult hand. What meant most to me however was what had been written on the left hand side. I could not believe

that this had been on the card when Amy's father Dave addressed it. If it had been I am not sure he would have allowed her to send it. She must have got him to stamp and address it for her and then added her personal touch before posting it at Reception. On the space for the message in a fairly childlike hand was the

This is a handmade post-card from the art studio of

Post Card



Lewis,

Having a lovely time I wish you were here with me as well. The sun is really hot and Daddy and Mummy keep putting my sun cream on. It would be much nicer if it was you doing it. I love it when you rub me with your big hands.

I will be back home soon and we can play our special games in the garden.

There are some other little girls here I have been playing with, I know you would love to play with them too.

Your special Amy XXX

Mr L Adams

12 Honey Lane

Pinhoe

Exeter

EX1 3TB

U.K.

This had travelled all the way from Mexico and being a postcard could be read by loads of people, including the local postman. It was clear to me what she was saying, I just hoped it might be a bit more cryptic to a stranger or that he would not realise how young the correspondent was.

A quick time-check revealed that I had just five minutes to get back to Harriet's before she sent in the dogs. I stuffed Amy's postcard in my pocket and slamming the front door behind me headed back for today's love nest. Well a randy man can dream.

"That was good timing" Harriet said as she opened the front door and let me back in. "My you do look hot, this is the first time I have seen you not wearing a suit. Well, you know what I mean. Wearing casual. Oh and thank heavens you got rid of that beard, it was beginning to grate on me."

"Yeah, sorry about that, I did think about asking you if I could borrow a lady razor yesterday but I never got round to it." My mind raced again, why had I not done it? The thought of shaving with a razor that had last been used to keep her pussy mound smooth was quite a stimulating image. Sharp blades that had been so dangerously close to her most sensitive area. Something for the future then.

She ran her hand over my face clearly preferring the baby's bottom of my chin and cheeks to the sandpaper it had been an hour ago.

"Breakfast?"

"Yes please Harriet."

I went into the kitchen with her and grabbed a stool next to the table. "Let's see you displaying your Masterchef skills then." She slapped me hard on the arm. There seemed to be an increase in domestic abuse since we first met, not that I was complaining, yet. As long as it stayed playful and not heavy I

would be alright with it, BDSM is actually not my thing. Most other things definitely are though. I hoped that Harriet was actually testing out my suitability for some future perversions.

"You are one big bad boy Lewis, but I love you"

I wonder if that was true? Did she really love me? I know I could definitely feel myself falling head over heels for her. Don't say it, I know it is less than a week since we met but don't you find there are some things that happen which you do not expect, but which are inevitable? This was one of them. I was meant to be in the corner of that carriage on that morning and she was destined to grab my penis.

"So what do we have planned for today little lady?" I was munching on a bowl of Frosties and skimmed milk. I hate it but apparently that was the only kind she used. Guess I am going to have to get used to it if I am going to be stopping for breakfast more often.

Why did I think I was going to be eating here more in the future? Because I suddenly realised there was no way I was going to let Harriet slip through my fingers except in the most pleasant way possible.

"Well, I'm not sure you are going to approve. But you know I said earlier I wanted to talk to you about something?"

I felt that familiar feeling in the pit of my stomach which usually presaged some doom laden event.

"Go on then hit me with the bad news."

"I have only been in this place for a short time and haven't really got used to it yet."

"What this house or Penstone?"

"Oh the house, well and Penstone I guess but it is more the house I was thinking about. Penstone is growing on me just like that beast you keep hidden in your chinos. I like the village really but the house is a bit expensive and a bit small"

"So you are thinking about moving?"

"Maybe, what do you think?"

"Yeah, I guess so" I hoped she wasn't going to move too far away. I had got used to her being within walking distance of Honey Lane. "Where are you thinking of going? Have you seen another place already? You were away in Southwood all week how could you possibly have found somewhere else so soon?"

"I've had my eye on it for about a week now. It is a lot bigger than this, not too far away. Three bedrooms, the master has an en-suite shower room. There's a conservatory, patio area out back. The only problem is the current owner. I don't know whether he would approve."

"Is it advertised with a local agent? I hadn't noticed any new properties going up for sale recently."

She smiled at me beguilingly. "That's just it, you haven't put it on the market and I don't know whether you are actually looking to share."

Now that was the last thing I was expecting to hear. I will admit it was gratifying that she was not planning a move away from the village. I had only just found her and was keen to make sure we carried on seeing each other. The important question though was did I want to take on a lodger. Under normal circumstances the answer would have been a definite no but these are not normal circumstances. I had lived with women before, both when I was single and obviously during my marriage to Melinda. Clearly the former held more pleasant memories but they had not all worked out as well as I would have liked. Would letting Harriet move in also threaten our future? The possibility of messing up what was beginning to look very promising is something I definitely did not want to risk. One thing is for sure, she is no Melinda so I wasn't worried on that score and besides we aren't married. Nothing ruins a good relationship like putting a ring on a girl's finger.

Harriet was watching my face as I pondered the possibility. I could tell that she really wanted it to happen but I still wasn't sure. I decided to put a decision on hold for a little while.

"Umm, Wow, that certainly came out of left field. I really don't know what that means but the Americans use it a lot. Better say, you bowled me a googly? No that implies a ball that is going to be difficult to handle and I really don't think that. It's just..."

Oh this was so awkward. I really liked the idea of having her around all the time but there were all the other things that went along with that. Tights and knickers drying all over the place. Not being able to decide what time I would get up or go to bed. No space to be myself. On the other hand though, there are the good things. Tights and knickers drying all over the place, Not needing or wanting to get up. Knowing that when I go to bed I will have a sweet pussy to play with. Who needs space anyway. There is also the possibility that Harriet and I can play not just with each other but with other even cuter playmates.

"When would you like to move in? If you don't have a lot of stuff we could get it sorted today. How much notice do you need to give?"

"Really? You don't mind? That is so good Lewis. I'm on a really short lease, so only a week. I don't mind losing the deposit if I have to. Obviously I will pay you rent just say how much and I will sort it."

That was all it took, I had decided it was a great idea and Harriet obviously wanted it to happen. Therefore all that remained was to put the plan into action. It was not only going to make life interesting for both of us but would also save Harriet a fair amount in rent because I had no intention of charging her anything. We could just share some of the household bills if she insisted.

I had just taken a swig of my orange juice and put the glass down when she suddenly flew round the table and leapt onto my lap. Flinging her arms round my neck she kissed me passionately on the lips. Her little titties pressed against my chest as she squeezed the breath out of me. It surprised me how light she was. I know she is tiny but she can't have weighed much over seven stone. Perfection. Now I thought about it, I guess as adult women go she could not have been more perfect. It was like having my own private schoolgirl, all she lacked was the uniform to complete the picture and I am sure we can sort something out about that one day. I didn't rush to stop her hugging me. The warmth from the backs of her thighs and her little bottom was seeping through my chinos. They say that heat makes things grow, hence greenhouses for plants. Harriet was acting like a little electric blanket and the effect was certainly making something grow again. I shifted uncomfortably as it became clear that she could feel what was happening under her bottom.

"Am I going to help you pack? Or do you want to sit here getting me horny all day." I stood up and dislodged her from her position of power. "Oh while I think about it, look what came in the post this morning."

I reached into my pocket, drew out the postcard from Mexico and handed it to Harriet. She looked at the pictures, turned it over and quickly read the message on the back.

"So what's all this about rubbing Amy with your big hands and as for 'special games' I'm not sure I should ask" I knew that the shock she was displaying was all a front. I was certain that she would be as pleased as me to play my 'special games'. Now that she was going to be living with me she would get to know Amy intimately very soon. I couldn't wait.

"By the way when does your little playmate get back to the UK?"

"They fly back on Wednesday but I guess I will not see her until later in the week. I know her parents were not happy about taking her out of school during term time just to save a bit of money. I am sure they will want to get her back in to the Primary School on Harrington Lane very quickly."

I know Penstone Primary well because I often take her to school for Dave and Mary when she has spent the night at my place, there are always so many cute little girls there it is unbelievable. Amy had just turned eleven in February and on 1st September she will be going to St James School on Summer Lane. The 'big' school is about a mile from her house so I guess Daddy or Mummy will be on the school run every day in future. Nobody seems to let their kids walk to school unless it is very close these days. Something to do with all the perverts. As if there haven't always been men and women with a slightly unacceptable interest in little girls. I wonder whether that means that I might have to undergo the inconvenience of doing the same and spending the next few years watching her turn sadly from a nymphet to a teenager and then eventually, heaven forbid, a woman. I don't think I am going to enjoy that. But there were still a few years when she would keep the cuteness factor and it was up to me to help out wherever possible to make sure she is protected from all the other bad man in the world.

"So she is your little playmate?"

"Yes, I guess she is." I had never really thought of her like that but yes it was true I never missed an opportunity to play with her. David would often ask me if it would be alright for her to come round to mine when he and his wife were busy at work. These daytime visits also turned into overnights when her parents got delayed and it was easier for her to sleep at mine. I don't think I ever refused to look after her for them. It was fortunate that I could usually arrange to work from home at a moment's notice which meant I was an ideal sitter for them and Amy seemed to like it too.

"Tell me about it some other time, we've got work to do" Harriet said and pulling me off the stool she ushered me into her bedroom.

"Fortunately I haven't unpacked all that much yet and a lot of my stuff is still in storage so it shouldn't take us more than a couple of hours to get sorted."

I felt that having agreed to let her join me in Honey Lane I was being ever so slightly pushed. Not that I really minded. I asked her what she wanted me to do to help and she said probably not a lot. "Just sit on my bed and look pretty" Not sure that was something I was going to be good at but I did my best 'pretty

man' impression and watched her emptying drawers and filling suitcases. I never realised how much pleasure there is to be had watching a pretty girl's arse as she bends over her dressing table and keeps producing frilly knickers and bras which she handed to me to put in the case. I was seriously tempted to stop her in mid-task and ravish her on the spot but I used a tremendous amount of control and satisfied myself with having the occasional surreptitious sniff of a particularly pretty pair of knickers as they passed through my fingers.

"Can't you keep your bestial desires under control for just a few minutes Lewis. We would get this finished a lot quicker if you didn't keep perving over my undies."

Suitably shamed, I concentrated more on the job in hand and after a shorter length of time than I had anticipated everything she thought she would need for the next few days was duly packed and readied to be transported. There was now quite a collection of 'stuff' in the hall and lounge. I counted up what she had managed to bundle up while I perved over her rear view.

Five suitcases, three holdalls, several large cardboard boxes, a few carrier bags and a pile of jackets and coats that wouldn't fit in anywhere else. Not really a lot but it was still going to mean I might need to clear out some cupboards and wardrobes. More worrying was the statement that she had a lot of stuff in storage. I wondered what that actually meant.

"Harriet" I called from the lounge while she stuffed a few more items into another carrier bag. "What about the food?"

"Oh we can come back for that anytime. I haven't given notice yet so we will have all week."

"I don't know about you sweetie but I actually do have a job to think about." I reminded her.

"Oh don't be such a grumpy old sod, what else are we going to do during the evenings?"

I had a few ideas but if I mentioned them she would think I never had anything else on my mind apart from getting into her knickers. I decided not to say anything else even though she wasn't far from the truth.

"Why don't you pop home and fetch your car so we can transport this lot." She put on her little girl lost, please help me, look and fluttered her eyelashes.

"Yes, well, about that..."

"Oh what now?" she was starting to sound like a wife already and I was beginning to think maybe I had made the wrong decision.

"It's nothing really but my car..."

"What?"

"It's an MX5, you know small, sporty, stylist's car, soft top, two seats, teeny tiny boot?"

"Oh shit!" she raised her eyes towards the ceiling. "Right, lateral thinking is called for"

"Is the tank full"

“Yes”

“No problem then, you will just have to make as many trips as it takes. See solved it” she climbed up onto the sofa so she was taller than me and planted a kiss on the top of my head where my hair was starting to thin. “Hehehe who’s an old baldy then.” I slapped her hard on the bottom and then playfully threw her down on the sofa. It was only a matter of moments before her shorts and knickers were round her ankles, my trousers and pants were below my knees and my cock was buried deep inside her soft pussy.

“How do you like that Missy?” I asked her as I thrust in and out of her moist love tunnel, each thrust and withdrawal making gorgeous sexy slurping noises. This was not going to be a long slow fuck, it was quick, urgent, frantic and fun. In no time I had shot a load up her vagina and continued sliding in and out as my penis massaged my cream into the sidewalls of her hot pulsing cunt.

My turn to take control for once. I waited until the throbbing had calmed down a bit then pulled out. Pulled my clothing back up and said “Well come on then don’t just lie there, drive time” It was so funny seeing her legs apart, cum dripping from her labia and knickers and shorts round her ankles.

The speed of my ‘attack’ had taken her completely by surprise. “Fuck me where did that come from? I never expected that.” She made no effort to move just lay there in all her sexy naked glory. “You just don’t respect women Lewis” That comment hurt, I had always respected women it’s just that she brought out the animal in me in a way no other woman ever had. “Mind you that sort of disrespect I like.”

Harriet rose off the sofa freed her feet from her shorts and knickers then headed into the bathroom. I put my shoes on and waited by the door for her. Ten minutes later, just as I thought she must have escaped through the window, she emerged looking refreshed and ready for action.

“If you want to hang on here I will go and get the car”

“No, it’s OK, I want to come with you, if that’s alright. Need to see where I have just decided to move to. I wasn’t paying an awful lot of attention the last time.” She put her shoes on, unfastened the front door and we left her bungalow hand in hand.

Honey Lane.

I opened the door and showed Harriet inside. This time she went straight upstairs into the front bedroom, not the master, the second bedroom.

“Are you not going to sleep with me then? I know tenants don’t usually go to bed with the landlord, well not straight away, but I thought”

“Of course we are going to share a bed but that doesn’t mean I don’t want my own room. A girl needs wardrobe and drawer space you know.”

I hadn’t really thought about that but I suppose with all the clothes and things we were about to bring round she would need to hang them somewhere.

“Well I guess it’s lucky that I hadn’t filled up all the space left when Melinda moved out then.” I opened the wardrobe so she could take a look inside. There were a couple of my suits and an old dressing gown but apart from that nothing. “I can fit these in my wardrobe and then this will all be yours. The drawers are all empty so, hopefully, you should be OK for space.”

Melinda and I had never lived here as man and wife but when we sold the Topsham house so she could get the lionesses share of my ‘wealth’ she took it on herself to move in here with me while she sorted out where she wanted to live in future. Fortunately that turned out to be in Birmingham so the inconvenience of having her around for an extra few months was well worth it to make sure she had eventually left for good. The day the door closed on the Melinda Saga was the day my life really started to become fun.

“Oh yes, perfect, I know it looks like I’ve got a lot of stuff packed up but I should be able to fit everything in there with no problems. Do I get my own shelf in the bathroom cabinet?”

“Of course, just slide any of my bits to one side. I don’t need as much room as I’m using now. Just got used to the freedom from Melinda and spread out a bit.”

Harriet spent some time looking round the house, almost as if she was a prospective purchaser, trying to decide what would go where and how she was going to rearrange things. We then went outside, I got the MX5 out of the garage and over the next few hours we ferried her bags and boxes from the other house. It didn’t take too much effort to find suitable places to put everything. I was quite surprised that on the final trip there was very little stuff left to transport from her pad. It would be simple enough to have her moved out of Danesway over the next couple of days. I didn’t think her arrival at mine was going to make too much difference to the look of my house. It was however going to have a major impact on the way my life would move forward.

Once all the initial removals had been completed for the day and we didn’t rush to get it done, it was evening. We had stopped occasionally for food and drinks when we needed them and taken the odd moments resting between trips. Harriet and I now settled down in front of the TV with a bottle of wine and nestled into each other’s arms for some relaxation time. No sex, just cuddles, kisses and the warmth of sharing personal space with each other.

Apparently after finishing her course in Southwood on Friday, Harriet had been called by her boss to tell her that as it had been a last minute arrangement and she had been good enough to go on it without complaint she could take a couple of days off and didn’t need to go in to work until Wednesday. It therefore made sense for me to try and help her finish the transfer from Danesway to Honey Lane while she had some spare time. I now understood why she had chosen to plot this devious plan when she did. Late in the evening just before going to bed I emailed the office to let them know I was going to work from home for a couple of days. Not a problem but I wasn’t actually sure how much time I was really going to be spending working this week. Harriet was certainly a serious distraction as was proven when we ended up between the covers that night.

Monday and Tuesday were spent finalising her move. We sorted out closing her contract with the landlord. He was surprisingly amenable to not making her forfeit the deposit. I am certain the fact that she flirted madly with him affected his decision. It is very difficult to be hard, no correct that, to be firm, when the lovely Harriet is exuding charm and innocence all over you. If it had been me behind that desk

I would probably have given her the last month's rent back as well. I would almost certainly have had a monster erection. If the agent had one he did well to keep it hidden.

In less time than I ever expected, Harriet had settled in to my, no our, place and even though she started to make minor changes to the way things were laid out around the house she did it with such subtlety that the changes were almost imperceptible. The one thing I did notice however was the perfume which seemed to follow her everywhere. It made a pleasant change and instantly turned the whole ambience of the house from a man cave to a feminine boudoir.

I have to admit that the transformation, subtle as it was made me very happy. I have indicated that I have a feminine side which I keep pretty well hidden but to be back in an environment which was decidedly more female than male suited me down to the ground.

It didn't take long before Harriet was part of the furniture in Honey Lane, in fact it became difficult for me to imagine what things had been like before she moved in.

CHAPTER 2 – LUCY

Thursday in the sleepy Barsetshire village.

I had been working at home for a couple of days and yesterday I was back at my desk in Tarrant and Webb's Office in Woolchester. Harriet had spent Monday and Tuesday with my help, if you can call it that, getting the rest of her belongings from Danesway and settling herself into Honey Lane. To be honest being the equal opportunities employer I am I let her do most of the work. Well it would be mean not to.

After two days Harriet managed to get her feet under the table, the rest of her under me, on top of me, leaning over the dining table with me thrusting deep into her vagina. She and I cumming in every room in the house just to make sure we were both completely familiar with all possible permutations of sex between two happy horny people. I discovered places in my house which were much more entertaining than I had ever imagined.

Now it was Thursday, we were both back at work and our house in Honey Lane was empty.

I am pretty sure that Amy and her parents are back from Mexico and life has returned to normal for them, Amy will be back in school, her Mum and Dad will have gone about their business as usual. The one thing that was not as usual though is that I was wondering why I still hadn't heard anything from my little friend. I was very busy at work at the end of the week, several clients had insisted on having meetings with me which had been postponed from the beginning of the week. I did however get time to meet up with Harriet for a long lunch on Friday. Fortunately Harriet's job was in a large music store on Sizewell Street where she worked as an advisor and when needed acted as assistant tutor in Saxophony. She had apparently played Tenor Sax for several years and what had started out as a hobby had now provided her with an occupation which paid reasonably well considering she was not in the most lucrative part of the country now. Anyway I am allowing us to get sidetracked.

To return to what happened on Friday lunchtime.

Harriet's workplace was about a ten minute walk from 'Tarrant and Webb' so we agreed to meet up for lunch about halfway between the two workplaces at a pub called the 'The Fire House' on New North Road. There are two main bars there. It is mostly used by the younger pub goers so I fitted in beautifully. It apparently serves some great cocktails, although not my thing and also had a reasonable beer menu, which is. Not much in the way of food but they do a pretty good salad and snack offering at lunchtime. On this occasion Harriet had a jacket potato with tuna and mayo filling and I settled for a bowl of potato skins with a garlic dip

"You are amazing" Harriet said.

"Why, what makes you say that?" I replied thinking that she had a really bad case of idolatry going on,

"Fancy ordering a garlic dip to go with those skins. Have you no consideration for me at all?" She smiled across the table at me. "You can kiss goodbye to any chance of having me today."

After lunch, I offered to walk her back to the Music Room.

We were about halfway there when I noticed a familiar figure walking towards us along Sizewell Street. She had just come out of Peacocks with a couple of carrier bags, one in each hand and was walking along looking at her feet.

"Hi Lucy. Why aren't you in school today?" She looked up as I spoke with a startled look on her face.

"Oh, Mr Adams, I didn't expect to see you. I, umm, I"

Clearly a bit flustered at being spotted bunking off she flushed a little, trying desperately to come up with some sort of an explanation that I might believe and that might keep me from dropping her in it with her parents.

"I, errr"

"You've got no lessons this afternoon and decided to pop into town to do some clothes shopping." I decided to provide her with her own excuse. "Of course Mum and Dad know all about it and are perfectly happy to let you loose in Woolchester on a school day."

"Yes that's right" She flushed a deeper shade of red. "But you won't tell Dad will you? Please?"

"Probably not" I looked at Harriet and winked. "You haven't met my new friend yet have you Lucy."

"No, Hi I'm Lucy." She swapped the bags into one hand and held the other out to Harriet. I couldn't help but notice how long and slender her fingers were. I wonder whether she plays piano?

"Harriet" said Harriet "lovely to meet you. Lewis has told me lots about you and how lovely he thinks you look. He is a real fan of those tartan skirts you like. What have you been buying today? I love shopping in Peacocks, they have some nice stuff and quite cheap too."

I could sense that Harriet was doing her best to set Lucy at ease. I guessed that she had deduced that I was hoping to take advantage of the current situation and was trying to help out. There is no doubt that Lucy was looking particularly attractive this afternoon, coincidentally in a pink, black and white tartan miniskirt and white roll neck jumper. That girl had legs to die for. What is it about teenage legs and short tartan miniskirts?

"Do you have to go yet? Lewis and I were going to pop in to Terry's for a coffee. Would you like to join us? It's only just over the road. Then you can show me what you've bought. I love going through other girl's shopping" She caught hold of Lucy's forearm and applied gentle pressure to reinforce how much she really wanted to chat.

"Well I suppose I ought to get back home" Lucy looked a bit uncertain.

"If you're on a free afternoon that Mum and Dad don't know about wouldn't it be a bit obvious if you turned up at home too soon?" Harriet was good, there is no doubt of that.

"I have to be back in the office fairly soon" I said "but if Harriet wants to have a girly chat with you that's fine by me. I'll just come for a quick coffee and leave you two to have a good heart to heart." I had the

feeling that Harriet knew exactly what she was doing and if I stayed there too long I would probably mess things up.

“OK then, but I can’t stay too long. I said I would meet up with Julian later this afternoon and I have to get the train back. He will be waiting near the station about 3 o’clock. By the way Mum and Dad don’t know about him yet and I don’t really want them to.” The soft approach adopted by Harriet seemed to be working a treat.

“Oh that will give us loads of time” Harriet replied “Come on let’s get those coffees.”

We walked up Sizewell Street, an incongruous little trio. Me in my office suit, Harriet in an attractive two piece and court shoes and Lucy tottering along in three inch stilettos, legs all the way to her armpits. Totally inappropriate for a girl her age but those shoes made her walk with a very tempting wiggle

Turning in to Terry’s Restaurant we found a table towards the back. Lucy slid along the bench facing the front of the Restaurant. Harriet sat next to her and I positioned myself on the other side of the table. Shortly we placed our order for two lattes and a cappuccino for Lucy.

“Come on then show me what you’ve bought?” Harriet was keen to get her hands on Lucy’s new clothes. To be quite candid I would very much have enjoyed doing so as well but not the ones in the Peacock’s bags.

Lucy rummaged in the first of the two bags and produced a little floral 'Ra Ra' skirt, As you might expect it was a floaty polyester or similar fabric. Multi-coloured flowers on a black ground. I guessed it would probably be mid thigh length, which sounded delightful. Next out of the bag was a white camisole vest with round scoop neck and ribbed design which was going to look lovely with the skirt and would show off her little breasts to perfection.

“Oh I love that skirt. How much was it?”

“Ten pounds and then another four for the top”

The second bag only held one item of clothing. I couldn’t make out what it was at first but Harriet explained it to me. “It’s called a scarf print dress Lewis and it’s really pretty. It is going to really accentuate Lucy’s cute little figure especially with that handkerchief hem.” All I knew was it was black and white and floaty. Actually I was wrong about the one item. Right at the bottom of the bag was a really sexy little peach coloured pinstripe bikini with little side ties on the briefs. The bra top was sort of crossover, apparently a bandeau style, with a halter neck tie. That was it, it was all getting too much for me. The thought of Lucy wearing that bikini was getting me hard. I drank my coffee as quickly as I could.

“Look girls, I’m going to have to get off. You two stay and chat. Harriet can tell me whether you are BFF’s on the train home.” I smiled at Lucy, gave Harriet a kiss and went back to the office trying desperately to walk properly with a burgeoning erection. They both waved as I left the Restaurant and headed back to my desk.

The afternoon crawled to a conclusion as it usually did. Harriet was already at the station by the time I arrived. She was stood near the edge of the platform and when she saw me she boarded the train. We easily managed to get two seats and settled down for the journey home. It was nice having somebody to talk to especially somebody as pretty as Harriet.

She gave me a belated kiss and then leaned her head against my shoulder.

“So how did you and Lucy get on? She is rather cute don’t you think?”

“In an ‘I’m a stropky little madam’ sort of way yes. But seriously we did have a really lovely chat. I was actually quite late back to work, it’s a good job they don’t mind me being flexible.” It appears her employers have the same appreciation of her flexibility that I do.

“So what did you two talk about then? Just clothes?”

“Oh no, a lot more than that” she threw me a coquettish look. “Did you say you thought she was a bit precocious?”

“Why, am I wrong?”

“Oh no she definitely knows her own mind and I think she knows yours as well.”

“Mine? What do you mean mine.” I had many thoughts about Lucy but I didn’t realise I was telegraphing them quite so obviously.

“It’s a good thing for you that I am not the jealous sort of girlfriend. Little Lucy has a bit of a crush on you, you know. I don’t think her Julian realises that he has competition.”

I watched her eyes to make sure that whatever Lucy had said to her wasn’t going to be a problem for us. Nothing significant, her eyes actually betrayed, not concern, but anticipation as much as anything. She had that slightly faraway look as if she was visualising some experience she remembered.

“Do I have to worry about Julian? I understand he is quite a nice lad and it seems he and Lucy make a great little couple. Don’t you go leaving me and running off with a toy boy.”

“A what??? Do you know how old he is?”

“Apparently he is nineteen?”

“Hardly, he’s thirty one, not exactly a toy boy and anyway I am very happy with what you can offer me. Old men are always more fun and you are even older than he is. I guess the ‘he’s nineteen’ was Lucy’s way of putting her parents off the scent. But it would be quite nice to see what he has to offer Lucy.”

“Well in that case.” I said watching her expression change to one of slight amusement. “you are going to have to find it out for yourself

“I know I will, and I have already started arranging it.”

This was getting a little bit scary. It seemed that after only a couple of weeks we were starting to understand each other without actually having to say anything specific. I hoped that what Harriet was implying was what I really wanted it to be and that had little or nothing to do with Julian.

“So, you did discuss more things than Peacock’s fashion ranges.”

“Yes we did but you are going to have to be a little patient. I have arranged that we’ll meet them both for a drink at the ‘Heart of Oak’ later.”

I could tell that there was something in the air. "Lucy is only sixteen and Joe definitely doesn't serve alcohol to teenagers."

"That will not be a problem. Julian is more than old enough and we can always slip a vodka into Lucy's OJ if she wants it. Look, Lucy is up for some fun so all we need to do is convince Julian that it is a good idea. Lucy says she thinks he will go for it but he needs to be coaxed in the right direction. I think I might just be able to coax him, don't you?"

I laughed out loud and several people further up the carriage turned round to see what was happening. "Whoops sorry. You, coax a man in his thirties who is dating a sixteen year old into something? Too right you can, you know what a restrained quiet guy I am and look what you have done to me." I put my hand under her skirt and squeezed her upper thigh "This will give the others something to watch next time they turn around." I slid my hand between her thighs and gently stroked her slit through her silky knickers. "You and I are going to have some real fun if we can pull this off."

Later that evening after getting our fill of the soaps on TV, Harriet and I walked the few hundred yards to the 'Heart'. It was a quiet evening in the bar, only one or two regulars chatting with Joe and his wife Annie. Lucy and Julian were already there, sitting at a secluded table in the corner with a couple of drinks. Julian looked to have a pint of Old Speckled Hen and Lucy was carefully guarding what looked like a 'J20' but the way she was shielding it from view I was certain that Julian had already managed to slip something a little stronger into it for her. I said a quick hello to the landlord, nodded at the others at the bar and bought myself a pint of Doom Bar and Harriet her usual G&T while she went across and joined the youngsters. From where I was standing they looked just like a group of three old friends, or like a tall uncle with his two little nieces. My presence certainly balanced up the average age of the group which by my reckoning was now somewhere around twenty six with Lucy providing the junior input. I was beginning to wish we could have got the average down below twenty five but that would have needed Lucy to be ten. A really delightful thought but there is no way we could have sorted drinks out under those conditions. I carried our drinks over and joined the group who were already deep in conversation.

"Hi Lucy, is this Julian? I don't think we have spoken before have we?"

Julian stood up, politeness personified, so unexpected, but then I realised I had expected him to be a lot younger. "Hello Lewis. Sorry Harry said I should call you Lewis, is that OK?"

"Harry? She doesn't even let me call her that. You two are clearly getting on well already." I put the drinks down, shook hands with Julian and kissed Lucy. She started to go for a cheek but I managed to turn it so that it ended as a lip kiss. She looked a little flustered, ran her hand through her blonde hair, a sure sign of nervousness but I could feel the underlying interest that Harriet had hinted at earlier. "Nice to meet you again Luce" I tested the waters by using the diminutive for Lucy's name. Julian smiled.

The evening moved on apace and by about eleven we were all quite merry. We had discussed everything from who killed Lucy Beale on 'Eastenders' to the result of the recent parliamentary election. Julian turned out to be a very intelligent guy and surprisingly Lucy was no airhead either. Surprisingly? that is probably very unfair and sexist. OK, she is a very attractive sixteen year old with legs all the way from ankle to pussy, blonde hair and the sweetest pair of breasts, which I would love to get my hands on. I was pleased to hear Lucy talking animatedly about all sorts of things. Like I mentioned earlier, prior to this I don't think she and I had exchanged more than a grunt or two, and not in the way I would like. I was quickly changing my opinion. Lucy is not only gorgeous but intelligent as well.

At one point Julian and I were standing alone at the bar and I managed to have a quiet word with him.

"How long have you two been an item then Julian? I didn't realise there was such an age gap between you and Lucy, similar to me and Harriet."

"Only a couple of months. I bumped into her at school while I was visiting the Head about a contract. I would be grateful if you didn't mention us to anyone. Her parents don't know about me yet and Daddy McGregor is a scary Scot. Would hate to get his back up."

"No problem, it can be our little secret you lucky bugger."

Late in the evening after a very pleasant and sociable couple of hours, Harriet was the first to make a move. She stood up, turned to Julian and said "So are you two coming back to ours for a nightcap?"

Lucy and Julian shared a look. At first I thought all Harriet's careful 'grooming', which is what it amounted to had not worked. But then. "Well I don't know about you Jools, but I'm up for it" Lucy said, she was a little bit tipsy and I hoped it wasn't too obvious to Joe behind the bar. We all stood and helping Lucy discreetly out of the back door of the pub started heading homeward. Julian quickly caught on to Harriet while I was left with the enviable task of keeping Lucy vertical, achieved by an arm around her waist. She was definitely tiddly now we were out in the fresh air and leaned on me as she tried to walk in her high heels without staggering too much. The feeling of her teenage hip touching mine and the occasional brush with the underside of her right breast had only one result. Walking, for me, was becoming slightly more complicated. Eventually however we arrived back at Honey Lane. After I opened the door and ushered everybody inside, Julian and Harriet headed for the lounge and before long were settled on the sofa. I guided Lucy to one of the recliners where she did just that, reclined, her long legs slightly apart and her skirt riding high up her thighs. I looked back as I went into the kitchen and caught a lovely glimpse of white semi-transparent knickers.

Gathering a bottle of Pinot Grigio from the kitchen table and sweeping up the corkscrew I returned to the dining room so I could stand in the doorway and enjoy the view. Harriet and Julian were intertwined on the sofa. Lucy could see them smooching and didn't seem at all bothered. Maybe she was too drunk to notice, but she can't be she only had a few drinks during the evening. Her legs are still parted, if anything even more than when I left. Such a tease, I am certain she knows what she is doing. Filling four glasses I hand the first to Lucy who smiles sweetly as she takes it and runs her finger down my hand as she does so. One each for Harriet and Julian and finally my glass.

"Cheers, guys." I raise my glass. "Bottoms up." At that I meaningfully look towards Lucy who stares back and licks her upper lip.

"Slainte" from Harriet. Why she has decided to be Irish I have no idea.

"Well if that is necessary let me see if I can remember my German from school." Julian joins in the silly game of foreign toasts. "Umm Prost!"

Not to be outdone, little Lucy, lifts her glass high over her head almost spilling some of its contents. It wavers about threatening to drown her, maybe the vodka in her juice has had more of an effect on her than I imagined. "My turn, 'Terviseks'."

"What on earth is that?" I ask her as I settle myself on the arm of her chair, leaning towards her so I can get a view down her blouse at the tiny titties nestling inside her bra.

"Estonian" she said "A girl at school comes from there, and I like the sound of it anyway. 'Ter-Vi-Sex'. It sounds like Pervy Sex and I like that too." She erupts in giggly laughter and I have to take her glass away so she doesn't drop it. "I want it Uncle Lewis, you're a bad uncle taking my drink away."

I knew what she meant but knowing I wanted it too, and not the wine either, I smiled at her and gently rested my hand on her breast. I could feel her warmth through the thinness of her blouse and bra. She didn't pull away but leaned towards me so that her breast pressed meltingly into my palm.

On the sofa, Harriet and Julian are engrossed in each other, he has a hand inside her top and is fondling her breast while she is kissing him passionately and running her hand over his crotch. The outline of what could be a monster penis can be seen responding to her ministrations. Harriet comes up for air and looks across at me ogling Lucy's tits. She doesn't speak but raising her eyes towards the lounge doorway and then up to the ceiling I know exactly what she means. I mouth back silently to her "*I'm going now, enjoy yourself*" and with that I take Lucy by the hand and lead her out of the lounge and upstairs.

As we get to my bedroom I am pleased to see that she is not as drunk as she had appeared. The last thing I wanted was to have my fun and discover later that she either hadn't enjoyed it or worse still didn't want it. I am not a rapist. Pervert, child lover I will admit to without feeling an iota of guilt, but rapist? That is something I would never be.

I could hear the sounds of the early stages of love making happening downstairs. I was going to have to find out whether Harriet enjoyed herself when she came to bed tonight. It certainly sounded as if she was having the time of her life with 'young' Jools. If his cock was as big as it looked I would have my work cut out lowering Harriet's expectations after tonight. Let us not disturb the lounge lovers with too much speculation now though. I am far too busy with gorgeous Lucy.

I led her into my room and closed the door quietly behind her. As I turned back to face her she leaned forward. She put her head back and looking up, planted a long lingering kiss on my lips. She almost melted into my arms. I noticed that she had kicked off her shoes but was still quite a bit taller than Harriet. I guessed she must be about five foot four or five. It still meant I had to look down at her, I am not tall, just five eight but I didn't need to lean as far forward to kiss her as I did with Harriet.

I reached round behind her back and unfastened her blouse. As I did so she shrugged her shoulders and the blouse slipped forward so I could drop it off her shoulders. What was revealed was unexpected but so cute. Under her blouse she was wearing the sweetest little bra. It looked like cotton but was quite shiny and had the cutest little pink flowers embroidered on it. The tops of the balconette cups were trimmed with lace and because her breasts were so small even with her bra on I could see the top of her areola and just the hint of a nipple. I was transfixed. I had seen sixteen year olds on the beach and at the pool in bikinis but the temptation of those little breasts supported in that lovely little bra was just too much. My expert eye decided that she wasn't even as big as Harriet but she was still very young. Maybe hers was a 32A or even 32AA, heaven in a double 'A' cup.

I hugged Lucy, feeling her breasts as they pressed into my chest. Reaching behind her for a second time, my nimble fingers unclipped her bra which being small was only held by one hook and eye. In seconds she had slipped her arms out of the shoulder straps and I was presented with the wonderful sight of her

two teenage breasts pointing pertly towards me. Unable to contain my delight, I went down on my knees and applied my lips to first her left breast and then her right. Her tiny nipples responded instantly but imperceptibly, offering my tongue the delightful sensation of two sweet little pink budlets. I rolled my tongue around each nipple in turn wetting her areola with my saliva and tasting the sweet nectar of her teenage tits. I had dreamed of doing this ever since I had first seen her walking past my house on her way to catch the school bus to St James' Secondary. She was in her GCSE year now and I must have been drooling over her for all of the last four years. She was always a rebel and used to annoy her Mum no end by insisting on wearing her school skirt shorter than she was supposed to. Even aged eleven she would get me horny as I leched over her from behind the bedroom curtains, my cock in hand. Many times I have shot a load while dreaming about what delights she might offer if only I could engineer it somehow. Melinda never suspected for a moment that I had always masturbated over preteen fantasies when we were married. Maybe I should have said something. Perhaps she would have left me sooner, although she would probably have stopped off at Topsham Police Station on the way. At last though after years of dreaming, Harriet had achieved what I never had the nerve to do. She had managed to tempt a cute little teenager into my house and I was going to reap the benefits.

Lucy had pretty little breasts, so soft, so silky, so sweet. I took hold of the waistband of her skirt, spun it round so the zip was at the front and quickly divested her of it. Her matching knickers, high leg style, her pudenda so prominent and a lovely little camel toe below it. I put my fingers inside the elastic and slid them down her legs watching as her smooth mound came into view followed by the top of her pussy slit. I was delighted to see that young as she was she had decided to keep her pussy as smooth as it must have been when she was a little girl at Primary School. Even the downy hairs which should have been sprouting there had been removed so that nothing obstructed my view of her sweet little pussy cleavage. Seeing this was such a huge turn-on for me. Her knickers were well past her slit now and starting to drop down her thighs. She parted her legs so they slid all the way to the floor and then stepped out of them. All this time my face was within an inch or two of her sexy outer lips. Her inner labia were, unlike Harriet's more pronounced. They protruded a little from between the outer lips but they looked so much like two tight pink rose petals I forgave her immediately.

"You are lovely Lucy. I am so glad we bumped into you in town today" I leaned forward, my breath raising tiny Goosebumps on her pubic mound. I put my lips to her pussy and let my tongue trace the outline of her outer labia.

"Mmmmm, it's been so long Mr Ad..., Lewis. I have had a girly crush on you ever since I noticed you lived here. I wish this could have happened a long time ago."

I let my mouth move over her pussy lips and gently sucked her inner labia between my lips. They tasted so delicious. I lifted my head a little. "So do I but if this had happened a long time ago you would have only been a child and I would have been a, well you know what."

Lucy leaned back and fell onto the bed, her legs spread and her lips parting. "I wouldn't have cared Lewis, I have always wanted you to fuck me ever since I knew what fucking was, I used to see you hiding up here and I guessed what you were doing. I wanted to do it for you. I knew you didn't have a wife anymore and men need to have girls, it's only natural."

“There is nothing natural about a man in his thirties masturbating regularly over thoughts of a girl young enough to be his daughter.” I knew what I was saying was true but thinking back I never worried about it at the time. I just used to fantasise and pleasure myself day dreaming about this cute blonde nymphet.

She slid herself further onto the bed on her back and drew me towards her. I was still dressed but it was only a matter of seconds to rid myself of my clothes and climb up between her legs. My chest brushed her belly as I edged up the bed. Then my shoulders passed her erect nipples and soon we were belly to belly. I was looking down at her from above, such a slim young thing and so pale in comparison to my aging skin. The tip of my penis still shrouded by my foreskin touched the edge of her outer lips and pressed gently forward until her inner lips were pulling the foreskin back and the head of my cock nudged her pussy open.

“Are you still a virgin, Lucy?” I didn’t really care what the answer was going to be, I could feel the heat of her crotch and the tightness of her lower lips as my cock nudged inside them.

“Not any more. Julian and I have done it a couple of times. You don’t need to worry”.

I wasn’t worrying now, the urgency of needing to fuck her had taken over. I pushed my hips forward and with one long slow movement buried my lance deep inside her vagina. She moaned slightly as I did so but very soon we were both bucking and writhing in the heat of passion. Her sex sucking me and preparing to drain my life juice from me. I slowed down so that it wouldn’t be over too soon while kissing her on her nose and eyelids. She had her arms around my back her little fingers digging into me. I could feel her nails as they gently scratched across my back. Her body underneath me was so slender and vulnerable. I couldn’t stop myself wondering what this would have been like if it had happened a few years ago when she said she first noticed me pervy over her. Her sex was so warm and delightful, I could only dream what it must be like to do this with somebody even younger and smaller. The thought brought me almost to the point of orgasm. I pushed my hands into the bed either side of her slim frame and leaning back watched the look of ecstasy pass over her face as my penis plunged in and out of her tight little cunt. I wanted to prolong my pleasure but my imagination was running so fast now I could not hold back any longer. I thrust into her and my semen exploded down the shaft and into her womb. Not a virgin but so, so close to being one it hardly mattered. I lay on her crushing the breath from her lungs as my cock spasmed inside her. I could feel her responding and her vaginal muscles extracting every last drop of semen from me. She shuddered, relaxed and shuddered once more before her legs relaxed completely and she took the whole weight of my twelve stone uncomplainingly crushing her tiny six stone frame into the mattress. I felt her hand move between us where we were joined. She wrapped her fingers round the base of my penis and left it there feeling my cock as it contracted and slowly withdrew from her soaking wet and delicious vulva.

We lay quietly like this for a long, long time, the head of my penis held just inside her pussy lips by willpower on my part and muscle control on hers. I gradually realised that the house was very quiet. There was no sound of lovemaking or anything else from the room below. I slowed my breathing and listened to see if I could work out why it was so quiet. Then I heard it...

A faint creak and then another. Then slowly I realised the bedroom door was being edged open. I looked back over my shoulder and there in the doorway was Harriet, a beatific smile on her face, nothing on her body except perspiration and behind her the grinning face of Julian appearing to tower over her.

For just a fleeting moment, self preservation crossed my mind as I wondered whether the fact that my cock was still half way up his girlfriend would bother him. If it did I was in no position to do anything about it. He was slightly younger, definitely fitter and taller than me. If he wanted to chastise me then I would have no alternative but to take it like a man. But he didn't, instead both of them came into the room, both stark naked and climbed onto the bed beside Lucy and me.

"Err, I, Umm"

"Spit it out Lewis" Harriet said as she reached down between us and slowly withdrew my penis from the younger girls pussy. "Was that nice, old man?" She stroked my cock still wet from cum and pussy juice.

Lucy just lay underneath me as I tried to get off her, with a smile of intense satisfaction on her face. I moaned quietly at the feel of Harriet's fingers on my penis. "Yes it was wonderful. Lucy, you are one amazing little girl."

"She is, isn't she" Julian confirmed as he too reached out and cupped my balls in his hand. At first I thought he was going to do me unspeakable damage but he just rolled them back and forth in his palm and then went down on me, taking my flaccid penis in his mouth. I froze. This wasn't my first ever sexual experience with a man and I have to admit I was beginning to enjoy the sensation of another guy rolling his tongue over my hardening penis. I don't know why but it felt different having my cock sucked by another man. When being fellated by a girl there is an intrinsic element of 'rightness' about it. Not that there is anything wrong guy on guy but it is something I had never really been tempted to try before. Now though as Julian grasped my shaft with his large hands and ran his tongue up and down pausing for a moment as his tongue lapped the head it was easy to realise what I had been missing all those years since a guy last gave me head. Girl on girl action apart from the satisfaction it gives a man when watching offers both girls added pleasure because they know what feels good and can deliver it. The same was happening now, as the tip of Julian's tongue flicked gently back and forth across the tender spot just below the head of my penis I was experiencing the most intense sensations I had ever felt when being given head.

Harriet came over for a closer look. "Jools is one hell of a guy Lewis. He just taught me a few things and asked if he could do the same for you. I told him I thought you were totally straight but he insisted there is no such thing. Sex is sex and it doesn't matter who you are with, male or female as long as the chemistry is right. It was right with us downstairs just now. How was it with you and little Lucy?"

"Perfect, making love to a girl as young as Lucy is the biggest turn on ever." There were no words to describe how I was feeling right now. Lucy was the sweetest little thing I had ever had my penis inside and now I was being brought back to life by her, I have to admit it, rather sexy boyfriend.

Once he had got enough strength back in my cock, Julian took his mouth away and before I could collapse again Harriet had positioned herself with her pussy above my erect member and then sitting with one leg either side of me she lowered herself onto it. I didn't have to do anything, just let her get on with whatever she wanted to do. Meanwhile just beside me on the bed was Lucy's hip and between her legs Julian with a younger and thicker cock which put mine to shame. Without a moments delay he squeezed his cock head between her pussy lips and as they stretched and stretched to accommodate his member he eased it forward into her hot moist cunt. His transit inside her was aided by the remnants of my orgasm which was still lubricating her love passage. I was glad to be able to help him enjoy his little girl.

Harriet was riding up and down on me seemingly oblivious to the fact that what she was sitting on was significantly smaller than what I imagined she had accommodated earlier. She didn't seem to mind at all though, her hips were bucking as her pelvic muscles squeezed and squeezed and her bottom bounced up and down on my thighs.

In no time at all I came inside her as her orgasm pulsed over her in waves. Julian was still thrusting in and out of Lucy, his cock and her pussy only inches away from my face. It was quite an experience being this close to another guy fucking his girlfriend with such abandon. Lucy was trying to respond to his lunges but he was moving too fast and all she could do was wrap her legs around him and wait for her orgasm to start. When it did she screamed so loudly I was glad this was a detached house and all the windows were closed. If not I am convinced her parents would have been able to hear her from their house just a few doors away down the lane.

Maybe it's because I'm an old man now, well relatively but having cum twice in quick succession I was more than content to just lay back now and watch the youngsters fucking each other's brains out. Harriet must have also decided that one average sized and one, how should I put it, stallion penis was enough for her at the moment as well. We both looked on as Jools thrashed Lucy's oh so tight pussy for what seemed like hours, although was probably no more than twenty minutes, with his monster sausage. Eventually after his cock had probably worn out little Lucy's love tunnel he pulled out. The head of his penis stretched her labia almost to breaking point before he pulled out and came explosively all over her pale flat belly. I can honestly say I had never witnessed anything like it outside of videos on the Web and I always thought they were fake orgasms. I now know that it is possible for one person to ejaculate more semen than I normally produce in a month of self abuse sessions.

My bedroom looked like a bomb had gone off which metaphorically it had, more than once. Four bodies in various stages of exhaustion stretched out one on top of the other across the bed. It was a king-sized bed but with so many arms, legs and torsos it didn't look like it.

Sometime later we all went back downstairs, got our clothes back on, had some coffee, mainly to be certain that Lucy was sober and appeared so when she got home. She and Julian said their farewells, lots of kisses shared between all four of us. Julian surprised me again with a very sexy kiss. Perhaps this bisexual lark has something to be said for it after all. Promising to do this again soon and also agreeing to Lucy using my spare room to fuck Julian whenever she wanted, they left. It suited me to help her find a private space away from her parent's prying eyes because she also offered to make her little kitten available to me or Harriet whenever we felt the need for some fun. The thought of being able to bury myself in her teenage vagina whenever I wanted, with her agreement of course, was delightful.

CHAPTER 3 – SARAH

After Jools and Lucy had gone home the house seemed so very, very quiet. We didn't go straight to bed but sat downstairs chatting, relaxing and finishing the evening with another glass of wine.

Snuggled up on the sofa, Harriet in a lovely fluffy pink dressing gown and nothing else and me in my sexy silk which kept embarrassingly slipping open whenever I moved. It was so nice and relaxing. I always like coming down from a sexual high and tonight's was as high as they get.

"So tell me young lady what was going on in the lounge earlier?"

"Not telling you." She played the coy schoolgirl card and cuddled even tighter into my chest.

"Alright then do you want to hear about Lucy and me?" I didn't think she would be all that interested. After all what is there to say except that the guy she had fallen in love with and moved in with had fucked a teenager in preference to her. Well that is the whole point, it was most definitely not in preference. Harriet is my ideal woman but I did have an almost and sometimes uncontrollable desire to sample the younger things. I loved Harriet as much as she loved me. She was beautiful, slim, childlike in her mannerisms but ferociously intelligent as well. If temptation and my penis never reared their ugly heads at the sight of a nubile teen I would be quite happy to spend the rest of my life slipping in and out of my pretty Harriet.

"Go on then, spill the beans, I know you can't wait to gloat."

"Nothing to gloat about, Lucy and you have such a lot in common. She was wonderful, you are wonderful. Her little pussy is so very tight, yours grips my cock like a vice. She managed to bring me off in minutes. You do the same for me every time. There is nothing else to say really, you saw how pretty she is when you brought the stallion upstairs."

"Stallion is right, too." She grinned stupidly.

"Come on then Harry, what happened downstairs?"

"Harriet if you please, only Jools gets to call me Harry. You must have felt how attracted he is to boys as well as girls when he sucked your cock for you. That is why I let him use the male diminutive of my name. I think it gave him a bit of a kick to make love to a woman but use a blokes name for her. The poor guy is definitely bi-sexual"

"Poor guy? He stuck the biggest penis I have ever seen in my life into my girl. At least I assume he did. Unless you tell me everything, I am going to go through life worrying."

"Maybe he did but you seemed to enjoy him getting you 'up' again as well. OK, you want to hear, are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin" She didn't look anything like Daphne Oxonford, at least not like I remember her from her picture during the Fifties and even that was before my time.

"You and little Lucy went haring off upstairs like you couldn't wait to get into her knickers. While me and Juicy Jools settled down on the sofa for some fun. He is quite a big guy and once I got his shirt off I could

tell the difference between you and him. You have all that attractive older man appeal while he only had a six pack to die for, shoulders like an Adonis, a really firm body and no chest hair. I am sure he shaves it, yet more proof that he swings both ways." She was already getting quite noticeably turned on. "It wasn't long before I had him out of his clothes completely. Oooh while I think about it, he shaves his pubes too. Now that is incredibly sexy, have you ever thought about it?"

To be honest I never had but now that she mentioned it why ever not. Perhaps I should do something about that, women do it to please their men, I was going to give it a try to please Harriet if that's what she wanted. After all if I didn't enjoy it I can always grow it back again. "Never, but be warned, it just might happen."

"Jools has the biggest cock in the world. I went down on him once he had got all his kit off and it filled my mouth completely. I was almost gagging on it." The image in my mind of Harriet with her face filled by Jools the stallion was beginning to turn me on, albeit slowly.

"It wasn't long before I could feel that he was getting close, some guys just can't hold it you know. So I left off sucking his lollipop and let him strip me. He had obviously taken a girl's clothes off many times before but I guess he must have had lots of girls before he found Lucy. It didn't take him any time at all. There we were then, both naked, me dripping and him standing up like Nelson's Column. He told me to lie down while he towered over me and started to slide it inside. How little Lucy copes with it I don't know but he filled my vagina with that great big cock and I swear he never got more than two thirds of it up my pussy. I could feel the head tickling my cervix, it felt like my tonsils were in imminent danger. But like all little boys the excitement of getting into a new cunt made him come before he wanted to and he filled my vagina with so much semen it went absolutely everywhere when he withdrew."

I had wondered why there was a damp patch on the sofa which we had both tried to avoid when sitting there.

"I cleaned up after him though so don't worry about your precious furniture. Mind you it was funny, if you could have seen us both naked, everything hanging out, doing the housework with a damp cloth, you would have been in hysterics. Anyway that was about it really. After he had shot his load and we had finished making the place look normal again we both came up to watch you and your little teenie."

Why I expected anything more from her story I have no idea. It was quite nice to know that all she had was a straight fuck albeit with a monster cock. I guess I really didn't have anything to worry about after all. Shortly afterwards we downed the remnants of our wine and went to bed.

Harriet slept like a log that night. I spent some time just watching her breathing and then also fell into a deep sleep broken only by the sun shining in through the window in the morning. I had forgotten to draw the curtains. I hope nobody had been watching last night. One old man, one slightly less old man, one twenty year old and a teenager naked and romping around the room would certainly have set tongues wagging down the lane.

I was dreamily dozing. This time I was spooning Harriet again, my morning erection rubbing up against the cleft in her bottom hiding under its cotton nightie. Her nightdress usually rode up overnight so that her cute little bottom was visible and my cock nestled secretly between her cheeks. She must have slept very deeply indeed last night because she had hardly moved, so my morning pleasure was slightly muffled by material. Nonetheless it felt deliciously decadent. Then the phone rang.

It was a harsh sound for this time of day. When my mobile rings at least it sounds nice, playing a pretty tune to gently alert that somebody wants to talk, but the landline just rings urgently.

I crawled away from Harriet and staggered downstairs to get the phone which seemed determined to keep ringing. Across the hallway into the lounge, stubbing my toe on the doorframe.

I picked the phone up and put it to my ear “Fuck”

“Pardon?” A young female voice on the other end sounds shocked.

“Sorry, I just cracked my toe and it bloody hurts.”

“Oh OK, did I ring too early? It’s Lucy by the way.” I had recognised her Scottish accent and my coterie of little girls was small enough, well just one actually, that I wasn’t going to confuse her with anybody else. “Is Harriet around Lewis?”

“She was asleep in bed when I staggered downstairs but I can get her for you if you like.”

“No it’s alright, can you ask her to give me a ring on my mobile later please?”

“Sure, does she have your number?”

“Oh No, that’s a good point. Hang on I can never remember my own number, do you have a pen?” I rummaged around in the drawer and found a pencil and a piece of paper.

“Yeah got one, go ahead.” Lucy told me to hang on again while she got her mobile out, presumably it was buried deep in her handbag. Eventually she found it, switched it on and finally gave me her number.

“I don’t know what time Harriet is going to wake, she seemed in a pretty deep sleep when I left her but I’ll get her to bell you as soon as I can” I was just about to say goodbye and hang up when Lucy continued.

“By the way Lewis, thanks for last night.” Her voice softened and it sounded as if she was cupping the mouthpiece with her hand. She was ringing from home so obviously didn’t want to be overheard. “Jools and I had a lovely time at yours after the pub. I hope we can do it again sometime soon. Oh and thanks for agreeing to let us use your spare room. I get so frustrated with Mum and Dad always being around the place and if they ever found out what I do with Jools or if they even knew about him they would go mad.”

“Believe me Lucy, I am the one who should be grateful to you. I have wanted to do that with you for so much longer than you can possibly imagine.”

“I can imagine, I’ve seen you looking at me and Sarah for a long time now. Us girls know when a man wants to get our clothes off you know. It was obvious that you wanted it more than anything. To be honest I was glad it finally happened and your,” she whispered “cock is lovely so much smaller than Jools’ but it felt really lovely. I never knew an old man could be so good at making love.”

“Not so much of the old please, Jools is only a few years younger than me” I put on my old man offended voice but couldn’t keep it up and ended up spoiling the effect by chuckling. “I’d better go now

Lucy but it was lovely getting inside you too, I am sure we can do it again if you want it. I will tell Harriet when she gets up. Bye sweetie”

“Bye Lewis, and thanks again it was so much fun.” I heard her put the phone down but hung onto mine for a few seconds before replacing the handset on its cradle, seeing again the vision of her little pink pussy lips opening for me.

Now I was up and wide awake I didn’t think there was much point going back to bed. I wandered into the kitchen, realised I was stark naked and dashed upstairs for a dressing gown. Harriet was still spark out on the bed. She had moved slightly since I got out. It is funny the way we subconsciously know when a partner has left the bed and spread out to fill the space left behind. She had done just that, her nightie was now up around the top of her thighs which were apart. She was lying on her stomach and from the doorway I had the prettiest view right up between her legs. It was very tempting to crawl onto the bed and pin her to the mattress but I am a kind lover. I wouldn’t want to take advantage of her vulnerability and besides I wanted a coffee.

I wrapped the dressing gown around my shoulders and crept quietly back downstairs. Put the kettle on, added some coffee granules and sugar to a mug and when the kettle came to the boil made myself a strong black coffee. The Saturday newspaper had been delivered so I took the coffee and the paper into the lounge settled myself on the recliner and turned on the TV, quietly so as not to disturb Sleeping Beauty upstairs. Flicking channels I finally settled on Saturday Kitchen Live on BBC1. I really could not face the constant barrage of abuse and unrestrained chaviness of the Jeremy Kyle Show. Nothing particularly noteworthy in the News today. The usual stuff about politicians cheating the system and the taxpayer. Some footballer had been caught screwing somebody else’s wife while his wife had been busy emptying most of the stores on Regent Street. One article hidden away on page seven attracted my attention. I am not sure why. Apparently researchers had discovered that probably one in every thirty five men in the United Kingdom was attracted to underage girls and the fact that the country has eight prisons solely occupied by sex offenders meant that it was becoming increasingly difficult for the government to know how to handle the situation. There was some discussion about not decriminalising under age sex but at least allowing offenders to be offered help rather than punishment. If anybody had asked me I would have said that the estimate of numbers involved is wildly understated but I do think there is some mileage to be gained in treating all those who love children to be allowed to do so as long as they respect their little lovers. No coercion, as long as everything is consensual then I think the age of consent is too high. After all if the age of criminal responsibility in the United Kingdom is ten then why not? Only saying. Perhaps I am slightly biased in that regard, who is to say. Well, apart from most of the law-abiding residents of the United Kingdom of course. Most of the rest of the paper was the usual, entertainment, sport, gardening and adverts.

I folded the newspaper, put it aside and finished drinking my coffee.

On the television James Martin was in the process of deciding that two frying pans of slushy egg actually constituted omelettes and was awarding points accordingly. From the room above I heard sounds of movement. There was the sound of a door closing and then the sweet tinkling of Harriet taking a pee in the bathroom. It always amazes me the way that modern houses have such atrocious soundproofing. Not very pleasant on occasions but when it means I can listen as Harriet’s pretty slit opens to empty her bladder immediately over my head then it has a delightfulness I would not want to lose. More noises off,

the sound of the bathroom toilet being flushed, a tap running in the basin and then the patter of her little feet as she trips prettily down the stairs.

"Hi Honey" Harriet bounces into the room still wearing her nightie but nothing else.

"Hi yourself, what time of day do you call this to be getting out of bed? I've been down here for absolutely ages. Thought you were never going to wake up." She leaned toward me, kissed me, a big wet sloppy kiss and then tucking her feet and legs under her bottom she plonked herself down on the sofa. "Do you want a coffee or something?"

"I would love a cup of Earl Grey if you could ask the servants very nicely to prepare me one please."

"Your word is my command Madam" I genuflected and wandered off into the kitchen to do the necessary. The kettle was just coming to the boil when I heard her call out.

"Did the phone ring earlier? I thought I heard it."

"Yes, it was Lucy, she wanted to talk to you but I told her you were a lazy cow and hadn't got up yet. She gave me her number. It's on the side table on that piece of paper. It's her mobile so you won't end up explaining to her parents what you were doing plying her with drink last night." I smiled to myself and carried on making her tea.

By the time it was ready and I had carried it in to her she was sitting on the sofa, both legs crossed sitting in a sort of incredibly sexy yoga position with her nightie above her knees and her shaved pussy winking at me from between her thighs. She was speaking on the phone.

"Yeah, it was fun Lucy, I am so glad you came back with us. You made Lewis's evening. He hasn't stopped talking about you ever since. Me? Oh yeah I loved it too. You are one lucky little girl to have hooked up with Jools. He is one big boy isn't he?" I could hear Lucy laughing on the other end of the phone. "I bet you do, a girl could choke on it. What a way to go. Next time? Sure we can have a next time I'm counting on it. I really want you and me to have one at each end. Does he expect you to swallow? Hehehe that's almost a meal I can't wait. No Lewis will be fine with it as long as he can have you again. Anyway it was you who rang me first, what was it you wanted honey?"

I passed her the tea and sat down next to her on the sofa. "Hi Lucy," I shouted at the phone in Harriet's hand.

"She says Hi horny. Not sure what she means by that, she can't see what I'm looking at." Harriet stared at my crotch which was doing what it did every morning. A few moments silence followed while she listened intently to what Lucy was telling her. "Really?... I didn't think... Yes of course... this afternoon?... Oh I don't know, how about three 'ish? Alright, we'll see you then, then. Bye honey, take care."

"So what was that all about then?" The one-sided conversation had left me very curious about what had gone on. What had Lucy been saying, I wished Harriet had put the phone on speaker.

"It doesn't matter now. I'll tell you later." I carried on quizzing her for a minute or two but she wasn't letting on. I assumed it was probably some girly stuff that she didn't want to tell me about and eventually let the matter drop. I stayed curious about it for quite some time though. "Breakfast?"

“OK let’s do it, do you fancy a fry-up this morning? I stood up, rearranged my gown and started for the kitchen.

“Actually, do you know what?” Obviously she didn’t or else she wouldn’t have said that. “Do we still have that smoked salmon in the fridge?

I went across to the fridge and checked what was lurking inside. As Harriet had remarked when she first visited, I am fairly well organised. My refrigerator held no horror stories. I bought food to my needs, it was very rare that anything ever went off and had to be thrown out. We had bought the smoked salmon a few days earlier to make a starter for dinner. “Yep, one, two, six slices.”

“Right forget the fry-up for me, I’ would like scrambled eggs on toast with smoked salmon please.”

Her suggestion seemed a good one to me. I pulled the salmon out of the refrigerator. Harriet came into the kitchen to watch me doing my best impersonation of a chef as I produced the toast, manufactured a perfectly acceptable scrambled egg, fluffy, well seasoned and at the exact point where it turns from runny to firm. Once it was sitting like a pile of gold on the toast I added the smoked salmon and together we sat down for breakfast.

“You don’t have any plans for this morning do you? I asked her.

“Nope. I was going to wash my hair but I can always put that on hold until tonight if there is something you would rather do.”

For once I actually did have a plan for today and I let her in on it now.

“You know how much fun we had moving your belongings with the MX? Well now that this is a two person family again it is going to have to go. I’ve been doing some research online to figure out what would be a good replacement. What do you think about an Audi A3?”

“Not bad I suppose but it’s a bit sort of family car isn’t it?”

“The saloon, is but how about the Cabriolet? Soft top like the MX but four seats and a reasonable sized boot. It would mean we wouldn’t be restricted to just the two of us, if we ever wanted to go anywhere with friends, if you know what I mean, or if you decide to do some serious shopping.”

“All right so how much?”

“Don’t worry about money that’s my problem, I should be able to manage it though if we get a good trade-in price on the MX.” I had actually already made some enquiries locally and it just so happened that the Audi dealership in Woolchester had an ex-demonstrator available but somebody else had been showing an interest in it. If we were going to stand a chance of getting it we would have to call in there this morning and the sooner the better.

“The Audi place have one but you will need to get your ass in gear. We need to take a look today.” I carried on eating my breakfast and watched for a reaction.

“Your money Lewis, if you want to do it, then do it. I will just finish this and get dressed. I can be ready by ten if that’s quick enough. Oh but don’t plan to be out all day. We need to be back here by half two at the latest.”

I wondered what this meant and then remembered her phone call with Lucy. ‘...how about three ‘ish?...’ she had said. Something was afoot. “Great, then stick your plates in the dishwasher when you’ve finished. I will go and get shaved and stuff. Do you mind using the bathroom this morning? I would like to take a shower.”

“Sure, you go ahead, I’ll be up in a moment.” I put my dishes in the washer, left her finishing her breakfast as I went back upstairs. As I left I heard her on the phone again. “Lucy? Three will be great, see you then.”

On the other end of the phone, Lucy still in her nightwear was in her bedroom. “That’s lovely, thanks for ringing Harriet. We will be there about half past probably.” She finished the call and put her mobile on the dressing table. For anyone who has ever watched a teenage girl getting dressed in her bedroom what follows is an unnecessary diversion but for anyone who never has, enjoy the scene that follows.

Lucy is wearing a fairly short silky nightdress, cerise with one or two little bits of lace around the neckline and cap sleeves. Her teenage nipples are making little bumps where the silky fabric touches the tips and arouses them. She grasps the hem of the nightie and in one fluid motion pulls it up, over her head and off. If you have ever seen the Degas sculpture of a fourteen year old dancer or better still the study he prepared prior to the sculpture of the same model in the nude you will be able to visualise the delightful sight stood in front of her dressing mirror. Lucy posed for a few moments before picking up her mobile and taking a nude selfie especially for Julian to enjoy later when she sent it to him. Such a thoughtful girl, she knew how much he enjoyed seeing photos of her naked little breasts jutting and her smooth pubic mound concealing her slit as it disappeared between her thighs.

Today she had planned to wear shorts and a T-shirt. Ever hopeful that the weather was going to be worthwhile but if not, what the heck, shorts always got the boys watching when she walked around town. Lucy loved being watched. She could visualise what was happening to those poor hormonal young guys as she wiggled her cute bottom. She tried to imagine how many premature ejaculations would occur while they discretely stroked their cocks with hands in pockets. Plenty she thought.

Not a day for makeup today, she quickly dressed, ran downstairs calling out to her parents as she flew out the door. “Bye Mum, Dad, Back about five maybe.” No reply from the oldies but she didn’t have time to repeat herself. She had places to go and people to see. In less than five minutes she was stood ringing the doorbell at number eight Sunnymoor Close. If it wasn’t for the tall fence and conifer trees between the two properties which backed onto each other, Lucy could have gone straight across her garden and the one behind it to get to where she was now. No answer, she rang the doorbell again. Eventually she heard footsteps padding along the wooden floor in the hall, slap, slap, slap. The front door was slowly opened and Sarah Evans’ bleary face peered round the edge of it.

“Oh it’s you Lucy, what time is it?” Clearly Sarah had only just woken from a very deep sleep.

“Ten o’clock, you lazy tart. I told you I would be round this morning but anyway let me in. I have something you will not believe to tell you.” Sarah unhooked the chain and swung the door open to let Lucy in. “Your parents not up yet?”

“No idea. They probably went out already. Once I get to bed I never notice anything and they don’t tell me everything. They expect me to tell them whatever I do but not them. It’s like living in a goldfish bowl round here, you wouldn’t believe it.” They went into Sarah’s bedroom where Lucy lay down on the bed

and watched Sarah getting dressed. Her friend was even skinnier than she was, she had seen 'more fat on a chip'. "Have you stopped eating again Sarah? Don't turn sideways or I won't know where you are."

"Oh shut up, you're always picking on me I don't know why I have you as a friend. Anyway I have to keep my weight under control otherwise I'm going to be fat like Mum." Lucy was convinced that her friend was a bit anorexic but nothing she said ever made any difference. If Sarah was going to give up eating, nothing anybody told her would make her eat a sensible diet. Her Mum had been going on and on about it for ages and was actually quite worried that her daughter was getting smaller. She managed to convince herself it was probably just a growth spurt and Sarah would fill out in due course. "So what won't I believe?"

"Eh? Oh yes, last night. You know I was going out with Jools. Well I met that new girlfriend of Lewis's, Harriet, she's ever so nice. Yeah, I had bunked off school and gone shopping in Woolchester, and she and Lewis spotted me outside Peacocks. Anyway, long story short, they said lets meet up at the 'Heart' for a drink. I know you don't drink but I do, so Jools and I went and then we went back to Lewis's after. That's what you won't believe."

"Don't tell me, you got pissed."

"Nope, I got fucked, by Lewis. For an old bloke he is HOT!!!"

"You didn't... What is the matter with you Luce, Jools not enough for you? One day you are going to be in soooo much trouble."

"I'm not stupid Sare, I am on the pill. So are you and you don't even have a boyfriend yet."

"Mum insisted, once I got my periods she said she wasn't going to take any chance of me getting pregnant like Auntie Jane did when she was thirteen. I don't mind anyway, one day it's going to happen and at least I will be prepared. I really wish Mum and Dad weren't so protective. I feel sort of suffocated. No boyfriend, no going out and staying out late, no fun really."

"Well that's just the point, I said we would go round to see Harriet this afternoon. You will love her, she is so funny and really pretty. I like that dress Sarah it's so your colour. You are cute, Harriet and Lewis will love you. Lewis already does, you know that, you've seen the way he looked at you the other day. So, are you coming with me?"

Sarah looked undecided but eventually she made her mind up. "Why not, it might be fun." She finished getting dressed. The two girls went into the sitting room and started playing One Direction at full volume.

Meanwhile, round the corner at number twelve, Lewis had just driven the car out of the garage. The weather was too dull to put the roof down today, so he and Harriet climbed inside and started the drive to the Audi dealership. Not a very long journey but Lewis took the scenic route straight through the village along the B road which took them into the middle of the city and along the Western Way. Crossing the river he took a left turn just past the Seven Stars Hotel onto the Marsh road and after about ten more minutes they were at the Audi Garage.

The next hour or more was spent in discussions, test drives, negotiations, bargaining, counter bargaining and eventually agreement. Lewis struck a good bargain with the dealer principal getting more than he

had expected for the MX and a good reduction on the book price for the Audi because it was an ex-demonstrator. The dealer had tried to convince him to come back in a week to collect the car but forcing the issue and after managing to sort out temporary insurance cover he and Harriet eventually drove home in a very shiny A3 Cabriolet 1.8 Sport in Ipanema Brown metallic, upholstered in Pashmina Beige leather.

Let's skip forward in time to mid afternoon and let Lewis resume the story.

I had already spent some time showing my next door neighbour all over the new car, Harriet and I had knocked up a quick salad for lunch and we were sitting in the lounge watching Neighbours when the door bell rang. Harriet leapt up and almost ran to answer it. I checked my watch and noticed that it was almost three thirty. '...how about three 'ish?...' well whatever Harriet had cooked up with Lucy was about to be revealed.

As I waited impatiently in the lounge I could hear Harriet talking in low tones to somebody else, I guessed it was Lucy and when she came back in the room I was delighted to see that it was, but bringing up the rear was a very pleasant surprise. Sarah, sweet little mousy Sarah in another pretty summer frock. I stood up as Lucy came over and hugged me. Responding energetically and turning to Sarah I was really unsure how to greet her.

Lucy saw my dilemma and said "Go on Lewis, give her a hug she hasn't had a good hug, ever... and I know she wants one." The other two girls giggled.

"You don't have to ask him twice Lucy, the randy old bugger would grope anyone given half a chance." Harriet interjected.

Sarah stepped tentatively up and accepted my embrace. She felt so tiny but so sweet. She almost melted into my embrace. "Welcome to my little palace, specially built for princesses."

"God Lewis, you can be such an arse sometimes" Harriet always knew how to boost my confidence. "You sit there with Sarah, Lucy and I will go and get a drink. What would you like Sarah?"

"I don't mind, Harriet, is that OK to call you Harriet?"

"Well I usually answer to Harriet, Gorgeous, Oi you get your knickers off. Take your pick" She laughed at Sarah's obvious discomfort. "No, I am sorry darling, that was really mean of me." She came over and gave Sarah a big hug. "You are a lovely girl, no wonder Lewis fancies the pants off you. Would you like a little glass of wine? Lucy and I will be having one. As for Lord Lascivious over there, he will probably start on the Scotch"

Sarah looked at Lucy for guidance. "I don't really drink alcohol." Bit Lucy was not going to save her this time.

"Yes please, a Malt would be nice. Sarah will have a white wine won't you Sarah, just for me?"

"I really shouldn't, Mummy doesn't want me to drink."

"Go on, just one? For me? Please." I put on my kind uncle face.

“Oh OK then Lewis, just for you but only one.” She smiled, blushed and I put my hand on her leg just above the knee and felt her flinch slightly. I left it where it was though. It was such a skinny little leg. It was obvious to me now that this was the cunning plan dreamed up by Lucy and Harriet. Get Sarah a little bit tiddly and then whatever followed, followed. I knew where I wanted the afternoon to go but whether it would, who could tell.

Harriet appeared at the door to the dining room with a glass of Riesling for Sarah, quite a large glass too. I can't abide sweet wines but Sarah was a virgin, in wine drinking anyway, hopefully in the other way as well. She took the drink and took a surprisingly long swig from it. After a bout of coughing and spluttering she took another and seemed to be enjoying it. Lucy brought me a very large shot of Aberlour and while I sipped it, she downed almost a full glass of white.

The afternoon proceeded for the next hour or so with the girls getting tiddly and me trying hard to make sure I didn't.

“I'm going to take the girls upstairs and show them what I have in my wardrobe.” Harriet announced eventually. “You stay here and enjoy your Scotch. If we aren't down in half an hour come up and fetch us?”

“OK, will do. Have fun ladies.” I got up, refilled my whisky glass and settled back down again while they all giggled their way up to the bedrooms. I must have refilled the glass a couple more times so my self-imposed restraint was not working. I was starting to feel a lovely warm glow when I realised I had been alone for almost an hour. There was no sound coming from upstairs but realising that I had not done as requested and been up to see how they were getting on I thought I had better do so now.

I downed what was left of the Aberlour in my glass. Put it on the draining board and made my way up the stairs. No sounds of talking or laughing. I entered the master bedroom and was confronted by the sight of all three girls on the bed. Harriet was sitting with her back to the door and appeared to be topless. Lucy and Sarah were lying across the bed. Both of them were completely naked. For a moment I thought I had drunk more than I remembered but Harriet must have heard me as she turned around holding her finger to her lips. I crept a bit further into the room. Sarah was on her back lying across the bed her bottom toward the door while Lucy was facing her. Neither of them had noticed me, they were too engrossed in each other to have any interest in anything else.

I could see that Lucy was gently caressing Sarah's little breasts while kissing her passionately on the mouth. Sarah was intent on trying to get her tongue down Lucy's throat while fingering her pussy. Harriet beckoned me closer and indicated that I should push the door closed.

My cock was responding rapidly to the view in front of me. Harriet got up off the bed and walked softly into the en suite gesticulating to me to follow. I was as quiet as a mouse but something told me it would take an atom bomb before the two little nymphets noticed anything. When we got into the shower room Harriet told me to keep my voice down but told me a little of what had happened. Apparently they had been looking at her dresses when Sarah asked if she could try some on. Harriet of course agreed and before long both the younger girls had stripped down to their underwear. Now Harriet is not averse to the female form and started praising Sarah who being a little the worse for wear was thrilled and gave Harriet a kiss in thanks. She accepted with gratitude, started fondling Sarah's little titties and then quite quickly moved on to the hidden treasure between Sarah's legs. Before long all three of them had either their tops off or were down to knickers in the case of Lucy. It soon got completely out of hand and

it was only a matter of time before the two younger girls were all over each other, had stripped off completely and were groping pussies and tits like there was no tomorrow.

"If you ask me, Lucy has got a bit of the Lesbian in her. She couldn't wait to get her hands on Sarah's goodies. Although to be fair, Sarah was nowhere near as reserved as I expected her to be."

By now I was feeling very uncomfortable, my cock had stiffened to the point where I needed to release it from its bondage. I undid my trousers, slipped them and my underwear off and then attended to the clothes still covering Harriet's jewels. I was feeling so fucking horny I just had to get in amongst the action. Harriet said I had better let her make the first move, didn't want to frighten Sarah at the sight of my rampant penis.

I watched as she, now as naked as the other two went back into the bedroom and climbed onto the bed. It was only a matter of moments before she had her hand on Lucy's bottom and was sliding the other up between Sarah's thin white thighs. Sarah rolled onto her back and next thing Lucy had her knees either side of Sarah's head allowing her to get her tongue deep into Lucy's hot warm pussy.

Harriet was stroking between Lucy's legs so the lucky girl had attention at both ends. The only one giving but not receiving was Harriet and I felt it my duty to help her out. I opened the door which had been just ajar and slowly entered the room. I knelt on the edge of the bed nearest to Harriet and slipping my hand between her thighs started to gently massage her labia. She responded by opening her legs so I could see the pink interior of her vulva. She reached out and grasping my rigid member started to stroke it very, very gently but firmly enough for the foreskin to slide down and release the purple head from its hiding place. She slowly slipped my penis into her mouth and sucked on me. So nice, not as exciting as when Julian had blown me I realised, but nice none the less.

All the while Harriet and I were playing I was watching the two little teens pleasuring each other. Of course this was the first time I had seen Sarah naked and she was so beautiful. I had never seen such a skinny little thing. Her breasts were minute and I could almost count every rib. She was definitely not fat, in fact I worried that she might break if a man got on top of her. Why was I even visualising the possibility? Because before the afternoon was over I knew I was definitely going to get on top and inside her. I looked at Lucy's fingers playing Sarah's pussy lips and clitoris like harp strings. I could see the little body vibrating in tune with the movements between her lips while her mouth was rhapsodising in Lucy's vulva. Sarah shuddered and then opened her eyes. What she saw from her position between Lucy's legs was Harriet sucking my penis and my eyes growing wider and wider as I fantasised about fucking her sweet innocent little cunt.

She almost choked and closing her legs together sharply trapped Lucy's hand between them with her finger still inside her vagina. "Ow" Lucy cried out. "Mr Adams?" from Sarah. "Oh fuck yes" I said while Harriet just lay there with her mouth wrapped tightly around my cock unable to say anything at all.

It was almost like one of those tableaux you used to get before striptease was legalised in England where the girls were allowed to strip as long as they didn't move. Before my time but I have it on great authority that if that was all you could see it still got many men horny. Anyway, the four of us froze in position until Harriet in her inimitable style broke the silence. She removed my cock from her mouth, lifted herself on one elbow and said. "Well this is fun eh kids?"

Lucy started laughing hysterically, I smiled but kept staring between Sarah's legs while sexy little Sarah turned her back to the group. Now it was my turn to say something constructive. I disentangled my finger from Harriet's vagina, crawled over her and positioned myself behind Sarah so that she could feel my cock as I slipped it between her thighs from behind. "Come on Sarah it's not that bad is it?" I could feel how tense she was but I stroked her hair and gradually I could sense that she was beginning to relax.

"I don't know Mr... Lewis. I never did it before."

A virgin, a real live honest to goodness virgin and my penis was slipping up and down between her outer lips as I allowed her pussy juices to lubricate my rampant cock. "I can stop now if you want me to" I was inwardly praying that she wouldn't say 'Yes, stop' and she didn't. Instead her legs relaxed even more and I pulled myself back slightly so I could adjust the angle my cock was pointing in. My hips disengaged with her bottom while my penis head pulled back between her labia and with a little bit of manoeuvring I managed to position it pointing upwards towards her hymen. I couldn't feel any obstruction just the tightness of her inner lips pouting on the tip of my cock head. Edging myself forward slowly I pushed and the head disappeared between her lips and slid into her inner sanctum. Her buttocks tensed as she felt an alien object entering her private place. Pushing again and two inches disappeared. The warmth of her cunt flowed over my penis. Her muscles stretched and my member drove deeper. Soon it was as far in as I felt safe to go. So I started to reverse out holding position just inside her pink outer lips. Then forward again deep, deep inside her virgin slit. Back and forth getting faster and faster. So warm, so wet, so delicious, so virginal.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Harriet and Lucy had adopted a soixante neuf position head to pussy, licking and sucking for all they were worth. If last night had been exciting, today I was in utter unbelievable ecstasy. I tried to slow my movements down to fully enjoy the pleasure I was feeling but Sarah was beginning to respond to my thrusts and was making it quite difficult to hold back. Oh to hell with it, I decided to go for broke and started plunging in and out faster and faster until my orgasm hit me and my cock filled her pussy with load after load of semen. Bliss, utter bliss. I pushed as far forward as I could, tensed my leg muscles and held myself buried deep in her vagina until the spasms subsided. I kissed little Sarah on the back of her neck and nuzzled her hair. "You are lovely Sarah. I didn't hurt you did I?" To be honest I knew she was a virgin when I entered her but I didn't feel her hymen rupture as I pushed forward. I guessed that she must, like most girls have a half moon shaped hymen which often ruptured on its own or did not offer a noticeable obstruction to the entry of a male member.

"No it's OK. It's just I never did it before and didn't know what it would be like."

"So what was it like? Was it alright?" All the while the other two girls were still playing the mutual cunnilingus game right next to us oblivious, lost in the moment.

"It wasn't like I thought it would be." She said. "It felt really funny having something inside me like that I never realised I would be able to feel it but I could. It sort of felt like I was all full and then really wet."

"So you liked it?" I really hoped the answer was yes, because taking her virginity was a wonderful experience for me.

"Yes, I did, don't worry" She looked back over her shoulder at me and I leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her rosebud mouth.

"I'm surprised you haven't had a boy inside you before. You are the same age as Lucy aren't you? She just turned sixteen in February and she had her first boy some time ago. Have you had your sixteenth birthday yet?" I was a little concerned that she actually was only fifteen.

"No not yet Lewis, My birthday isn't until October."

"Well Happy sixteenth birthday for October then Sarah" I said

"Thank you but it's not my sixteenth it's my fifteenth."

My mouth fell open. I gulped and my penis shrank instantly. Oh Jesus, I had just had the time of my life and now I discover I had fucked a fourteen year old virgin.

"It's alright, I'm on the pill. Mum made sure I took it once I started having my periods."

It wasn't actually the contraception issue that was uppermost in my mind at that moment. It was more the fact that I had just rogered a girl who was not yet a teenager but a very lovely fourteen year old anyway. How could I have misjudged that so badly. After all it wasn't as if she was well developed for her age. I had just assumed that as she and Lucy spent so much time together they must have been in the same year at school when in fact it was just because they were neighbours that they hung around together all the time. Now it wasn't just her Dad finding out that worried me.

By now the Sapphic delights being enjoyed by Harriet and Lucy had cooled on the bed next to us. Both girls were just lying there, arms and legs intertwined. Pussy to soft sweet pussy, breast to breast. They looked like the most beautiful pink sculpture I had ever seen.

"Wow, that was fun wasn't it" Harriet said

"I'm not going to take a vote on it but I think the general feeling is going to be yes" I replied.

The fun was repeated several times more before the two teenagers went home. Sex was enjoyed in every combination imaginable where one man and three girls are involved, and were Harriet and I involved with them? You bet we were.

It was later that evening when Harriet and I were alone that I asked her whether she had known how old Sarah was. "Oh yes, Lucy told me on the phone but we both knew you would enjoy the experience and it was about time Sarah learnt about things."

Not sure I agreed with the last part of that but I sure as hell enjoyed being her first fuck.

CHAPTER 4 – AMY

Earlier that week in a hotel on the Riviera Maya, Mexico. A family of three are busy packing their cases in preparation for their flight back to Gatwick. As usual the sun is shining and the beach and pool areas are crowded with holidaymakers who still have time to spend enjoying themselves before it all comes to an end.

“Can I go in the pool again Dad? We don’t get taken to the airport for another four hours.”

“Have you packed your case?”

“Yes Dad, apart from my bikini, please let me go in the pool, please”

“Oh go on Dave, we have got plenty of time, Amy will be back well before we need to vacate the room won’t you Amy.” Mary Watson knew she would always get her way especially if it meant that Amy was going to have what she wanted. Dave could never refuse his little girl anything.

“Yes Mum, can I Dad?” she looked up at him with those pretty little brown eyes.

“Oh alright but only one hour and then you have to be back here. No arguments” Amy ran up to her Dad, threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. She was only little, quite small for her eleven years but having her hanging on his neck Dave knew she was there. He smacked her on the bottom. “Go on then coxer get yourself changed and into the pool before I change my mind.”

She wasn’t going to delay when the pool beckoned. Amy ran to the other end of the hotel room where the bath was. The family room was a rather strange configuration. From the door, there was the drinks cabinet and bar on the right hand side, two wash basins on the left and beyond them the toilet and shower room. Facing the wash basins was a large canopied bath which acted as a divider between that part of the room and the bedroom area which had one king size bed and a single for a child. Beyond the beds was a small seating area with a sofa, two chairs and a TV. The patio doors led out onto the balcony which had a Jacuzzi bath. Amy took her bikini into the part beyond the bath stripped off her clothes revealing her skinny straight up and down body with her flat chest, two little breast buds just starting to show. Her belly curved down to the ‘V’ where her thighs met and between them the merest hint of a slit was visible to anyone looking. After all when you think about it who wouldn’t be looking given the chance. Certainly Dave was looking, making sure that Mary didn’t spot him ogling his little girl. Dave was a very possessive father but working the long hours he did it wasn’t often he saw his daughter getting changed for bed so whenever the opportunity arose he seized it with both hands. He loved his daughter, he always had but not in the way of most fathers. He had never done anything untoward but you could see in his eyes that there was more than fatherly affection for Amy. It is quite probable that if he ever had the chance to show his affection more tangibly then he would take it. His self restraint was admirable but was being tested to the limits the nearer Amy came to her teenage years.

Amy was busy pulling on her bikini bottoms, stepping into the legs, right foot then left foot and pulling them up around her bottom. Dave watched, his expression changing from admiration to disappointment as Amy’s little slit disappeared from view behind a pair of pink bikini bottoms with a picture of Stephanie from Lazytown on the front covering her childlike pudenda.

“Ready now, bye Mum, bye Dad, be back in time, promise.” Amy rushed out of the door down one flight of stairs and into the pool which was immediately below their balcony. Dave leaned over the railing in time to hear his precious angel calling to her new found friends.

“Hi Charlotte, Hey there Sophie. I’ve got one hour. Dad said I could, so we’d better get swimming” The sound of girlish laughter from the three little friends bounced off the water and was magnified as it flew up and past Dave on his balcony, carefully studying the form of nine year old Sophie and Charlotte who, in spite of being fourteen was still a slender little thing. He knew he shouldn’t be watching but anybody who saw him would just think he was a Dad keeping an eye on his daughter. Which of course he was.

Unable to stay on the balcony for long because he still had to help Mary with the packing, Dave reluctantly went back into his hotel room and applied himself to the task.

The three girls spent the agreed hour playing around in the pool. They didn’t notice, as they hadn’t noticed during the last couple of weeks that more than a few of the other dads were taking as much pleasure as they were in their enjoyment. Like I said before, the estimate for the likelihood of dads being pervy is way higher than the experts suggest.

“I’m back Mum” Amy rushed into the room just before the allocated hour was up. “I’ll just get changed. Have you got a bag I can put my bikini in?”

“Yes, here you are Amy. You are a good girl I knew we could trust you to do what you were asked. Here you are, just pop it in and I’ll put it in the suitcase for you.”

The family finished their packing, left the cases on the bed and went across to Reception to tell them that everything was ready to be collected. A quick lunch in the Barcelona Restaurant and then the journey homewards began with them being picked up by taxi and taken to Cancun Airport for the six fifty five Virgin Atlantic flight back to London.

In Penstone it is Thursday, Lewis and Harriet are back at work after having spent the first two days of the week moving Harriet’s belongings into Honey Lane, when the Watson family arrive back in Bickleigh Close. It has been a long journey from Mexico. The plane took off from Cancun just after seven in the evening and it is now nearly four o’clock in the afternoon. Amy is sleeping fitfully on the back seat of the car and Dave has just about had enough after the three hour drive back to Barsetshire.

Dave parks on the driveway, unlocks the house, makes his way through over two weeks mail and drags the suitcases inside. Mary wakes Amy and the two follow Dave indoors as he struggles to get the second case across the threshold.

“I know she is supposed to be back at school tomorrow Dave, but look at her, she is so tired. Why don’t we keep her off school until Monday. I’m sure it won’t do her any harm to miss just one more day.” Mary knew what her husband thought about taking Amy out of school but even he was feeling exhausted now and it looked as though he was too tired to argue.

“Yes, alright, but Monday morning first thing and she will be walking down to Harrington Lane and no arguments.” Dave could be reasonable when he felt like it. “She has missed enough lessons already.”

There is not a lot of point following the activities in number fourteen any further, they only involved Mary getting the washing on, a quick meal and then the whole family crashed out until the next morning.

Saturday comes around and Dave is in the back garden mowing the lawn which had shot up while they were abroad, when the phone rings and Mary answers it. Amy is up in her room frantically texting all her mates trying to arrange a meet over the weekend so she can tell them all about her holiday. "Dave, it's for you. It's Stephen."

Dave stopped the mower "Oh God, I wonder what he wants." Stephen was his boss and Dave knew exactly what he was going to say. "Hi Steve. No, you must be kidding. Oh come on have a heart surely it can wait until Monday?" A long silence and then Dave put the phone down. "You are not going to believe what that prat Steve just asked me to do."

"Come on, out with it, although I can probably guess. He wants you in tomorrow? Sunday?"

"Yeah and I had virtually promised to take Amy for that day out to Dorset."

"I'm sure it can wait for another day Dave. She won't mind if you have to go in to work. After all she has only just had a fortnight in the sun."

Dave looked disconsolately out of the window and then said "Can't do anything about it anyway. I'll go and do the front lawn. "Can you make me a cuppa please?"

"Sure, you carry on, I'll bring it out to you"

Dave went outside, fired up the mower again and started on the small patch of lawn in front of the house. He had almost finished when a smart Audi with the top down came bowling up the cul-de-sac with two people inside. He didn't know who the girl was in the passenger seat but he recognised Lewis driving. He switched off the lawnmower and walked across to the car as it pulled up outside the house.

"Hi Dave, how was Mexico" I called out to him. "Oh, this is Harriet by the way we met a couple of weeks back while you were sunning yourselves."

"Hi Dave, Lewis has told me a lot about you, how are you?"

Pretty girl thought Dave, slim and, no other word for it, cute. That Lewis is a sly bugger too, I wonder how he manages to attract girls like that at his age. "Fine thanks Harriet? Nice to meet you, is this your car?"

I beamed. "Nope it's mine, got rid of the Mazda and bought this little beauty this morning. We were just taking it for a familiarisation run when I said to Harriet why don't we nip round and see if the Watson's are back yet, and here you are. Did you have a nice time? I bet Amy loved it."

"Oh she had a fantastic time, lots of new friends, they were always in the pool like a little shoal of mermaids. Would you like to come in for a minute?" The thought of Amy and her other mermaid friends in the pool was tantalising.

“Up to you Harriet, we don’t have to hurry back and I bet Mary and Amy would love to meet you.” It was agreed, I pulled the car up on to the drive and we both got out. By this time Mary had appeared at the door and said she would make us a drink.

“New car?” said Mary as she gently ushered us in to the sitting room. “I’ll put the kettle on and you can talk to me while I do. Sorry I didn’t catch your name.” She turned to Harriet as she spoke.

“Harriet, I just moved in with Lewis earlier this week.”

“Wow, you don’t hang about do you Lewis, girls don’t stand a chance when you set your mind on things.” I smiled and just then Amy came running down the stairs, shot across the room and leaped into my lap flinging her arms around my neck. Her thighs clutched my waist as a pair of little knees shot either side of my legs. Her pantied groin moved tantalisingly against my stomach as she sat down pressing her crotch into my lap. I watched Harriet’s eyes as she did so and spotted the unmistakeable look of admiration.

“Hi Uncle Lewis, I so missed you. We had a fabulous holiday, I met Charlotte and Sophie and we played loads of games in the sea and the pool. The food was smashing, chips and pizzas and burgers and loads of ice cream. I wish you could have been there too, you would have loved it. We went on a boat trip and fishing and up one of those silly pyramid things like what was on the postcard and....”

“Slow down Ames, plenty of time to tell me all about it. Oh and it is not ‘... like what was on the postcard’ It should be ‘similar to the one on the postcard’.”

I settled her on my lap thinking how much I had missed the heat of those little legs on my groin but making sure I didn’t show any signs to Mary and Dave. Once the tea arrived and Mary managed to get Amy to quiet down a bit I explained everything, well not everything but what needed saying about this new relationship with Harriet. Dave gave us a brief summary of their holiday. Amy gave me a cuddle. I gave Amy’s leg a discreet squeeze when nobody was looking. Eventually the subject of Dave having to go in to the office tomorrow was mentioned and that the planned trip to Dorset would have to be abandoned.

I looked across at Harriet who gave me a quick nod. She had guessed what was on my mind without me actually saying a word. She was getting very good at interpreting my body language, I would need to be careful.

“Look Dave, I’ve got an idea but if you don’t like it then just say so. Harriet and I have nothing planned tomorrow, why don’t we take Amy for a run out in the new car. If she would like us to go over to Weymouth we would love to take her. It will allow you to go into the office and Mary can finish getting herself sorted out for next week. I’m sure you must have loads to do Mary? Anyway I would like to give the car a proper run out to see how it goes.”

“We can’t possibly ask you to give up your Sunday for us Lewis.” Mary said, “You don’t want this little monster cluttering your life up, not now you have a new lady to think about.”

“It’s fine, honestly” Harriet said. “I would love to spend the day with Amy. It will give me a bit of a rest, if you know what I mean.” She winked across at Amy’s Mum who smirked knowingly.

“Well if you’re really sure then that would be lovely. Thank you.”

"It's fine, and while we are at it. Pack up her school uniform for her. Then if we are late back tomorrow she can stop at mine and we will make sure she gets to school on time in the morning." I knew that Amy's parents usually didn't mind her staying with me, after all what was there to worry about?

"You are a gem, Lewis. You know she loves sleepovers at yours and you are right it will help us get straight sooner."

"Right well we will be off then" I said. "How about we pick her up, what shall we say, ten in the morning?" Dave concurred and Harriet and I set off for home with Amy standing in the doorway waving madly as we drove off. As I drove down the cul-de-sac I watched her tiny frame getting smaller and smaller in the mirror.

"So, a whole day with Amy tomorrow? And a night as well by the sound of it. I assume you have no intention of getting back here early. You are a very naughty man Lewis. I guess I have come home at last. Finally found somebody who exists on the same wavelength that I do." Harriet was leaning back in the passenger seat, her legs apart and her hand moving rhythmically between them. It was a good job the drive from Bickleigh Close to Honey Lane only took a few minutes. It would have been a terrible shame to write off this nice new car so soon and my concentration was quickly being distracted.

Sunday morning, the sun is up and so am I. Harriet is in the bathroom preparing herself for the day ahead. I have already shaved and showered. I picked out a clean pair of chinos and a short sleeved shirt. I planned to put a jacket in the boot in case the weather turned but it looked as though the summer was going to be kind to us. Hardly a cloud in the sky at the moment and the forecast indicated we should have a clear day with temperatures in the high twenties even on the coast.

I had already driven the car out of the garage and put our first stop into the Satnav. I planned to drive us over to Portland first so we could take Amy up the lighthouse, she should enjoy that. Then back into Weymouth and play it by ear after that.

The route decided by my in car navigator would take us down Cumberland Way to join the road to Bridport then south along a 'B' road through Abbotsbury, along the Chesil Beach Road to Portland. Simple and only an hour and a half so we should be there well in time to get a bit of lunch.

"Good Morning Mr Adams and how are we on this lovely sunny day? Looking forward to having some fun?" Harriet appeared at the front door dressed in a pretty halter necked frock with a sunray pleated skirt and a broad self coloured belt all in a soft pale lemon colour."

"Mmmmm you look lovely, like a little jonquil flower." She curtsied and then skipped across the lawn.

"Thank you kind sir and you look pretty hot yourself. I've put a bikini in the bag have you got your trunks?"

"That's a good point" I replied "I had forgotten that, can you get them for me please, they should be in the third drawer in my bedroom. Dark blue Speedos, the budgies are feeling ready for some smuggling today." She spun on her heel and I could hear her tripping back upstairs

Half an hour later we had breakfasted, finished packing a day bag with towels, water and a few other essentials for our trek into the wilds of Dorset. Harriet made a final trip to the loo and we drove round

to Bickleigh Close where Amy was all ready to go. "Have you got your swimmers Ames?" I asked as we pulled up on the driveway.

"Yes, she's all packed." Mary replied. "You missed Dave he took the car and went to work just before nine. Are you still sure you want to do this Harriet, after all you hardly know Amy. She can be a little madam when it suits her" Amy was stood behind her mother and pouted in silent protest.

"Come on then girls, let's get this show on the road." I took Amy's holdall from her Mum and popped it in the boot with our bag.

"So what are your plans for the day Lewis?" Mary asked.

"A quick drive over to Portland, lunch and then back to Weymouth for the beach. After that I'm not sure but she is going to have fun anyway. Oh has she got her school stuff in there just in case?"

"Yep, it's all packed. I know you too Lewis, so Dave and I are not expecting you to bring her back tonight. What about after school tomorrow, are you at work?"

"Afraid so, will you be here when she gets out of school?"

"Oh yes. If I can't get down there by end of school she will be fine walking home on her own, won't you Amy." Mary gave Amy a big hug and settled her into the back of the car. "Do your belt up Amy, we don't want you flying out of the open roof when Lewis goes round a bend. Have a lovely time and behave yourself, OK?"

"Of course Mum, you know I always do everything Lewis tells me to." Amy had always been a good girl for me and nothing I had asked from her had ever been refused. I had a feeling that today was going to be fun for everyone and hoped that she kept up her record of being good for me and for Harriet too of course. I checked she was strapped in properly and then giving Mary a farewell kiss, Harriet and I climbed aboard and the adventure began.

It was an uneventful drive, there was a bit of a delay on the Bridport bypass and again in the roadwork's near Ferrybridge at the Chesil Beach Centre. Apart from that we all enjoyed the warm summer sun flooding into the car. "You have got sunscreen on Amy?" I checked and she did have. I couldn't have her damaging her pretty pale skin.

Late morning and we arrived at Portland Bill. The red and white structure of the lighthouse towered up above our heads. I bought tickets to allow us to climb to the top to see the light, a stunning array of glass refractors which sent the beams out into the English Channel for several miles to protect shipping from the perils of 'The Race' an area of treacherous waters which had accounted for many wrecks. Harriet didn't enjoy climbing the stair which wound its way around the inside of the tower. She was continually clutching her skirt to her legs. She was leading the way, followed by Amy and then me. Fortunately for me Amy had no such inhibitions and as she mounted each step I kept her far enough ahead of me so that I could be rewarded by frequent glimpses of her white knickers. This was going to be a fun day out.

We spent maybe half an hour at the lighthouse and then the same in the new visitors centre next door. Eventually Amy showed signs of disinterest so I suggested we go and get some lunch at the nearby George Inn. This is reputed to be the oldest inhabited building on the Isle of Portland, it is not a large public house but as well as the bar areas it has an enclosed south facing beer garden which was ideal for

us. We enjoyed the atmosphere in this family run pub which was originally built in the seventeenth century. Amy enjoyed playing around in the garden while we had a drink and some food. She found another little girl to chat to as well, doubling my enjoyment as they frolicked around on the lawns. Every so often Amy would break off from her games and come back to take another bite at her fish fingers and chips. Neither of them seemed in the least bit bothered by the fact that they were in short skirts and the new found friend who was probably eight or nine was a constant delight as she rolled about and displayed her knickers to all and sundry. It is enough to make an old man's heart sing with joy watching a little girl's knicker gusset concealing its hidden charms, while enjoying a pint of beer in the sunshine.

After lunch although Amy would have been happy to stay and play all afternoon, and I would have been even happier to watch, I thought we should head for the beach. Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on your point of view Amy did not like sandy beaches, for some reason the grit between her toes never appealed to her. Sand does tend to get in all sorts of places so maybe it was more than her toes she disliked getting sandy. The main beach at Weymouth is always crowded when the sun shines but there is a rocky alternative on the way back from Portland which I knew should be much quieter and more discrete. We all piled back into the car and after about ten minutes driving back through Fortuneswell, along Chesil Beach to Wyke Regis it was not long before we had arrived on Old Castle Road. Parking up, putting the roof back on, we took to foot and walked down past Sandsfoot Castle to the rocky beach near to Castle Cove. Unlike the tourist beaches I was delighted to discover that apart from an elderly couple quite a long way further up the beach towards the Nothe, we were going to be undisturbed. I had brought a car rug and our bag with me after getting Amy's swimmers out of her bag for her. I set the blanket down on a flat area between several large rocks which meant that even if anybody had walked within a few yards of us they would not have known we were there.

"What do you think of this Amy? We should be out of the wind if it picks up and there is a little gap between those rocks so you can get in to the sea to swim." I hoped my plan to come here would be approved by all concerned.

"It's fine Uncle Lewis as long as Harriet doesn't mind it not being sandy. It is a bit quiet but that's alright 'cos you are both here to play with me." I am sure she did not really know what possibilities that conjured up in my mind but looking at Harriet I knew that she fully understood and the smile lighting up her face showed that she was pleased as well. The two girls settled down while I stripped off and put my Speedos on. As it was so secluded I didn't bother with a towel, just stripped my trousers, shirt and underwear off and stepped into my swimming trunks. I didn't try to hide anything from my two companions as they had both seen everything before. Harriet was totally unconcerned and was starting to undress herself but I could see Amy watching me intently all the time. Her gaze hardly moved from my crotch as I pulled my trunks up and slowly hid my genitals from view. It wasn't a cold day and they reflected that fact. I put my hand inside the Speedos and shuffled everything around until I felt more comfortable. All the time Amy never took her eyes off what I was doing. The fact that she was watching me meant that what I was smuggling was a larger cargo than it might have been.

"Right it's your turn now Ames, better get those clothes off. Do you want me to turn around so you can get changed in private?"

"No of course not silly, you have seen me with my clothes off before and Harriet is the same as me anyway." I sat with my back against a rock and prepared for a vision of loveliness while Amy peeled her

vest off over her head and then stripped her skirt down her skinny little legs. Standing on the beach between the rocks in just her white knickers was a major turn on and was beginning to have even more of an effect on my cock.

"Would you like a hand with your costume, Amy?" Harriet asked.

"Yes please Harriet" She crossed over to Harriet and stood in front of her, with her back to my girlfriend. I am convinced she knew the effect she was having on me and was facing me deliberately. Harriet helped her out of her knickers and right before my eyes her little slit with its puffy lips blossomed in front of me. I noticed that Harriet's hands dwelt for longer than was appropriate on Amy's bottom as the knickers slid down her legs. Casting them aside she picked up the pretty green one piece. Amy was standing between her legs and while Amy rested a hand on her knee so she could pick each foot up to step into the legs of the costume. Harriet slid the garment up past Amy's knees while I ogled the delightful sight as her labia parted slightly revealing her rose pink pussy to my gaze. Gradually the material rose higher, the view disappeared and my tumescence subsided slightly. Eventually Amy was fully covered, even her little breast buds had been concealed. All the time I knew she was staring at my groin where the lycra briefs had tented and then subsided. Nothing she hadn't seen before but it still thrilled me to know that this little girl was watching me reacting to her beauty.

"Are we all going for a swim?" I asked.

"Why not" from Harriet "Need to be careful of the shells on the way to the water but it does look inviting." The sea was actually sheltered from the usual waves because this beach was within the breakwaters of Portland Harbour. Not too far away were the sailing clubs and buildings which had been added for the last Olympic sailing competitions. To protect her little feet from the limpet and slipper limpet shells I swept Amy up into my arms making sure to discreetly feel her camel toe as I did so.

"Uncle Lewis, stop it" she giggled as she felt my fingers graze across her lower lips encased in the green material of her costume. "No, Stop it, it tickles." She said it but I could tell from her tone that she didn't really want me to stop. We had often played this game at home and never had she shown any real displeasure with me touching her between her legs. It was a game we both enjoyed and I wasn't sure who got the most pleasure from it.

I think I may have mentioned that Amy and I had often played touching games before and that she had helped me to erection on several occasions but nothing beyond that had happened, yet. "Why don't you just call me Lewis." I told her "Uncle Lewis is OK when your Mum and Dad are around but when it's just you and me and now Harriet we can all be grown ups and use first names on their own. So it's Lewis from now on. OK?"

"OK Lewis." She squealed as I, up to my knees in the sun-warmed water tossed her in to the ocean. She came up spluttering and giggling between Harriet and me. As she regained her footing Harriet sidled up to her and dunked her under again. More giggles, laughter from me and a look of concern from Harriet as she wondered whether she should have been so mean. "Harriet!!! That's not fair, I wasn't ready." Amy pushed Harriet over and laughed a sweet tinkling laugh. Harriet fell backwards her legs flying everywhere as she disappeared under water. "That'll teach you to be mean to me." Harriet surfaced lunged at Amy, grabbed her round her waist and hoisted her up on to her shoulders. I envied Harriet having that little girl's crotch wrapped around her neck although I would have preferred to have done the same but with Amy the other way round. My acute senses could visualise the smell and warmth

which her little pussy could be offering my face if she had it buried in her crotch. But that would have to wait until later.

Playing around in the water with my two pretty Naiads I was having the time of my life and still the beach was virtually deserted. Perhaps it was time to get out before we all went wrinkly, not a pretty sight as far as I am concerned, wrinkly enough without the added element of water. We stayed immersed for a little while longer and then I led the way back to the beach and our little secluded pleasure den. The two girls were a lot slower getting out so by the time they arrived I had made my brave decision and stripped off my wet trunks. A quick towel down and when they appeared from between the rocks I was laying on my back with everything on display. Harriet arrived first, took one look at my flaccid penis nestling next to my balls and burst out laughing. "You are an idiot Lewis what if somebody came along the beach."

"Unlikely, but if they do then they will just see more than they expected, although not much more. I have been here quite a few times over the years and invariably there will be somebody getting back to nature. I know this isn't one but Dorset has several Nudist beaches. Don't be such a prude and get that bikini off." Not to be outdone and with Amy now stood beside her she looked up and down the beach making sure no new arrivals would be able to see her, decided that it would probably be OK and stripped off her wet bikini. "Your turn now little lady" I said directing my comment at Amy. She was always happy to get back to nature and in no time at all she was also totally nude.

Harriet came over and sat next to me with her back to the rock her pert little breasts pointing toward the sea, her nipples indicating the route back to the water. Amy was stood between us, her cute body all straight lines with two little breast buds just gracing her chest and her tiny tight cleft disappearing between the tops of her thighs. Although the sun was warm she was shivering slightly and little goose pimples were appearing on her pale skin. I felt sorry for her as she shivered slightly.

"Come and give me a hug," Harriet said "you need to warm up." Amy stepped forward put her arms around Harriet's neck and I watched as my two little angels cuddled each other. Harriet was obviously taller and a lot more developed than Amy but intertwined as they were they still looked like twins rather than there being several year's difference in their ages. Amy was still a bit wet from the sea so I grabbed another towel from the bag and kneeling behind her applied it gently to her back and buttocks to dry her and warm her up at the same time. My hand involuntarily moved down her back between the cleft in her bottom and down still further until I had positioned the towel between her legs and was softly applying a backwards and forwards motion over her pussy lips. She felt so soft and warm and I gradually let the towel slip away until I was rubbing her labia with my hand alone. She didn't react to my touch and as I looked up from the motion of my fingers on her lower lips I could see why she wasn't saying anything. Harriet had her held tight in an embrace and was busying herself kissing Amy tenderly on the moith. Amy was being loved from both ends and my penis was now standing hard and erect between my legs. It hadn't taken Harriet long to fit herself in to my lifestyle and she was now satisfying her own carnal desires which I had never realised when we first met, were so similar to my own.

Amy's little pussy felt so sweet to my touch it was no surprise to me that I was getting harder by the second. Harriet, who had been kissing Amy with her eyes closed and gently stroking her breast buds so that her little nipples were hardening, opened her eyes and spotted what was happening in my groin area. Not one to turn down the opportunity to grab a stiff penis she left Amy's nipples and instead seized hold of my cock. Amy looked round now that she was only receiving attention to her baby cunt

and saw what Harriet was doing. Fascinated she sat down on the blanket which sadly forced me to withdraw my hand from her crotch. Amy sat facing us both her feet crossed at the ankles, knees akimbo and pussy smiling at me. She had done this for me in the past when we had played undressing games at mine but this was different. Her posture reminded me so much of a young Harriet, sitting so unconcerned at me staring at her sex. I was so aroused, Harriet was squeezing and stroking my penis and I was getting closer to climaxing. It excited me to think that Amy was almost certainly going to see me cum for the first time very soon. I had been careful never to do it in front of her before. Amy's eyes were fixed on my member. Harriet's hand was wrapped around it and drawing my foreskin up and down the shaft vigorously. I was lying back fast approaching orgasm. Harriet increased the pace and my legs started to twitch as I felt the imminent explosion building. Then it happened, my balls reached the point of no return. Harriet squeezed my cock and a jet of hot semen flew from the tip and came to rest all down Amy's chest and tummy. "Yuk, that is so gross..." Amy grimaced as she ran her little fingers through the thready white liquid clinging to her pale soft skin. My organ throbbed and pulsed as the orgasm subsided and my ejaculation came to an end.

"Oh dear baby, that's a bit of a mess you're in." Harriet kissed Amy and gave her a big hug. I was in no fit state to help her do anything about cleaning the gloop off of Amy's body so Harriet found a couple of tissues and between them they removed all evidence of my climax from the little girl's skin.

"Is that what's supposed to happen Lewis?" Amy asked me once she had regained her composure and I was sitting on the rug with a couple of inches of flaccid flesh dangling between my legs.

"Only when a man is having fun with a lovely lady and I am with two lovely ladies today. Sometimes you don't see it happen because when it does the man has his willy inside the lady. Anyway there are lot's more things you will get to learn about as you get older. In fact if Harriet wants to we can show you some of them when we get home. Of course that is only if you want to."

"If the other things are going to be as messy as that I don't know." I reassured her that nothing messier was likely to happen but I am not sure she was totally convinced. Nonetheless she continued "Maybe if you and Harriet are sure I will like it then I guess we can do whatever you want to Lewis." I knew my compliant little angel would be prepared to play whatever games Harriet and I might come up with and however adult they might be I knew she would enjoy playing them with us.

We stayed on the beach taking full advantage of the sun until mid afternoon and then unfortunately it disappeared behind some cloud and the air turned a bit chilly. I could see that neither girl was enjoying herself as much as when we arrived so I suggested that we had better find something else to do that would get us indoors.

"How do you fancy looking at some fish?" I asked them both.

"Fish? What are you suggesting Lewis, a polystyrene tray with some chips?" Harriet clearly thought I had lost it.

"No" I replied. "Let's just get dressed and we can go and take a look at the Sea Life Centre. I think it stays open until about five so we've got a couple of hours if we get a move on." There was no need to say it twice we were all feeling a bit cold. Harriet and Amy put their clothes back on. It was a shame to lose sight of all that lovely skin but it wasn't fair to freeze my beauties. I pulled on my trousers and shirt and we packed up the bags and walked back up the cliff path to the car. I programmed the Satnav for

Lodmoor Road and we bundled back inside. I put the roof up and set off driving down through Rodwell, along the harbour, over Westham Bridge to the seafront and then approaching Lodmoor from the south we were soon at the Sea Life Park.

I am not a great fish lover but the park held a lot more than that. We enjoyed about an hour looking at Crocodiles, Penguins, Turtles, Crabs, Lobsters, Sharks and more fish than you could shake a stick at although stick shaking is not something I had ever considered where fish are concerned. There was also a play area with some rides where Harriet and I enjoyed watching Amy and some other children having fun on the slides, swings and climbing nets among other things. It was a bit young for Amy but she didn't seem to mind and I had a wonderful time indulging my penchant for watching the ever changing display of knickers being presented to the casual observer.

"Are you enjoying yourself today Lewis" Harriet asked after a while.

"Oh yes, it is lovely getting out in the fresh air especially when the sun is out."

"Especially when the little flowers are out as well" Harriet stroked my hair and kissed me while Amy carried on playing with her little friends. I knew exactly what she meant by little flowers and it was clear to me now that Harriet would not be a passive player in any games that might come our way in the future. Tonight was going to be fun, I could feel it in my crotch.

Closing time came around all too soon. If we were to start for home now we could be there by seven. I thought we still had time for a drink and a bite to eat on the way back. I was determined that whatever time we got home Amy would still have her sleepover at ours, I was anticipating a really pleasant evening for all three of us.

The homeward journey was not quite as quick and enjoyable as on the way to Portland this morning, simply because the weather was not quite so good now. Amy was showing signs of tiredness but managed to hold it all together. I pulled the car into a pub in Burton Bradstock where we enjoyed another meal. Not just a snack like lunchtime but something a bit more substantial. It would be bad form to starve a guest and I didn't want Amy telling Dave that I had kept her hungry.

The pub seemed to change its food on a daily basis so whatever is available is put up on a chalkboard. Harriet had chicken breast in a sauce. I chose a steak and Amy didn't want much so had a child's size burger and chips. Why is it young people have such appalling taste in food. She had just had a holiday in Mexico and had raved about the Pizzas. Whatever happened to enjoying the local cuisine, although I suppose I should have chosen mackerel if I was going to obey my own diktats. We washed it down with a pint of Sharp's Doom Bar, a G&T and an orange juice. I will leave it to you to decide who had which.

Our respective appetites sated, well as far as food was concerned anyway, by seven we were on the road again and rolled into Honey Lane shortly after eight. Amy had woken up again now and was as lively as she had been at any time on the way back. The girls went indoors while I put the car away in the garage. The advantage of eating on the way home meant that we didn't have to worry about sorting something out now. I turned on the TV while Amy settled herself in the corner of the sofa. I handed her the remote control.

"I'm going to get a drink, what would you like Ames?"

"Can I have another juice please?"

"Sure and you are in charge of choosing something to watch, I trust you to pick something interesting." I knew that wouldn't happen but I really wasn't at all bothered by what she decided to put on. I went into the kitchen where Harriet had already poured herself a glass of Pinot. "Madame would like a juice and I'll have a Merlot if you can find some please. I'm going upstairs to get out of these clothes, won't be long."

"OK you do that, I will just stay in the kitchen like the skivvy I am and pander to my master's demands." Harriet did enjoy being hard done by.

"Quite right too. That is exactly what I expect from my servants." I ducked as a wet dishcloth flew across the room and thudded dully into the wall behind me. "Oops better get out of here I guess." I went back through the lounge to discover that Amy had chosen to watch Holly Willoughby presenting Surprise Surprise. Not my choice but Holly is always worth a look. "Your drink is on the way, Ames. I'm going up to get changed. If you want to get into your night things so you feel more comfortable you can, you know."

"Can I? That would be good, I like watching Telly in my nightie."

"I didn't know you had a telly in your nightie" I joked. "Go on then your holdall is in the hall. You might as well get ready for bed, I am and I expect Harriet will as well in a minute." Amy jumped up off the sofa and scooting past me grabbed the holdall and shot off up the stairs ahead of me. By the time I had reached the landing she was already in the small bedroom rummaging through her stuff looking for her nightie. "Oh while you're there it might be an idea to hang your school uniform up as well. Wouldn't be good to go back after bunking off for a fortnight in creased clothes."

"Yeah, will do. Oh and I didn't bunk off, Daddy agreed we could go with Mrs Patterson. " she said.

"I didn't know you took your Head Teacher with you Amy?" I replied.

"You know you are really silly sometimes Lewis, she didn't go with us on holiday. Daddy agreed with Mrs Patterson that I could go on holiday, silly," She had already taken her grey school skirt and white blouse out of the holdall and hung them up in the wardrobe. She was now pulling her nightdress out. I must admit I was a bit surprised to see what she had brought with her. It must have been the shortest one she could find at home.

"Does Mum know you brought that one with you?"

"Of course not silly, she thinks I packed the one that comes right down to the floor and I know you would hate that. This one is much nicer." I had to agree with her, not only was it short but it was also very, very thin.

"You'd better get undressed then Ames. Good job it's a warm evening or you would catch your death in that. Harriet is getting you a juice and I will be downstairs soon." I left her in the bedroom getting herself sorted. I went through to the master bedroom, changed out of my day clothes and into my usual silk dressing gown. Nothing else just the gown. On the way back downstairs I looked in to Amy's room and she was still fiddling in the holdall. Probably looking for her toothbrush and paste. I went downstairs and settled on one end of the sofa with the glass of wine which Harriet had poured for me.

“My turn for the bathroom or is Amy in there?” Harriet brought a glass of juice in to the lounge and put it on one of the occasional tables.

“She was in her room but by now who knows, I bet she is in the bathroom, I think she was trying to find her toothbrush. If she is you can always use the en suite.”

“Yeah OK I won’t be long, what have we got to watch on the TV at nine?” I pulled up the Sky guide and checked it out. Nothing.

“Not a lot. How about a DVD?”

“Anything special? I know you have a few that I haven’t seen.” I realised what she was implying and wondered whether it was a good idea to produce one of those while Amy was going to be watching. But then again it might speed things along a little. I mulled over which DVD I had that would be suitable, in the broadest possible terms for this evening. I needed something which might plant ideas and acceptance without grossing out the viewer. I had a thought but needed to firm up my ideas before getting it out.

CHAPTER 5 – SLEEPOVER

Neither of my girls had made it downstairs yet. I don't know why I was surprised after all they are women, albeit one of them probably not officially that yet but even little girls learn very quickly the way to block access to a bathroom. With both of the upstairs facilities in use I had to go into the downstairs cloakroom for a pee. I think I omitted mentioning that I had a cloakroom off the hall when I showed you around the house. A bit of an oversight but not one that has affected our story significantly.

While waiting for some sort of movement from upstairs I had taken a look at the DVD's stored in the dining room and decided that all but one were totally inappropriate to show to anybody under the age of what? Twenty one? Probably. Which ruled them out for this evening. The one I did think I might be able to use was actually relatively mild in terms of content but it was more the participants which made it feasible. I could not remember when I bought it or where. Probably off the internet although it was possible it came from a trip to the Netherlands I had made on business about eight years ago. Coincidentally not long after things went pear-shaped between Melinda and I. I wonder if this happens to many guys. Sexual favours withdrawn, trip to the continent arranged. Always a ready supply of relatively inexpensive and healthy pussy on demand. Plenty of shops selling porn in all its infinite variety, even some things it isn't easy to find on the internet. I guess this doesn't happen to everyone but it certainly happened to me, but that is a tale to be told at some date in the future. It is not really relevant to the current situation.

"Have you found one then?" Harriet appeared at the foot of the stairs. "Surely a single guy must have something that could provide an interesting diversion for the evening." She entered the room and picking up the glass of wine she had prepared earlier sat down beside me on the sofa.

"Of course I do but I need to be a little circumspect in choosing which. Not many of them have a PG rating you know."

'Surprise Surprise' was just coming to an end on the television. The cameras were pulling back to show the audience and the end titles had started to roll. I heard the soft pit pat of small feet coming down the stairs and then, there she was. Amy was standing in the doorway, all four foot nine of her. She had brushed her hair, long, straight, a small fringe framing her face, The colour of sunlight ending just where her breasts were beginning to fill out and could be seen making small impressions in the thin cotton of her nightdress. A nightdress which also flowed downward following the outline of her lithe little body, also straight, down, down to a hem which sitting too many inches above her knees for modesty hardly covered what it was meant to. My eyes feasted on her beauty. From her little feet, tiny toes wriggling in the pile of the carpet as she stood one foot resting lightly on the other. Her knees together, her legs disappearing under the hem of that pretty almost translucent nightie. A vision of loveliness, a temptation to any red-blooded man. I knew that it was wrong to look at her this way but there could be no doubt about it I loved having her to stay.

Harriet watched me looking at Amy. I could not have blamed her if she had been upset by what she was seeing in my face. It was true, I could not get enough of Amy but it was also true that I loved Harriet. I loved her more than I thought it possible to love anyone. I had never felt like this about any other girl, certainly not Melinda. What a mistake that had been but let us not dwell on the errors of the past but

concentrate more on those still to come. Harriet knew and I also knew that Amy was a really bad error just waiting to send my life into utter confusion. I could not help myself however, it was almost a chemical reaction which was forcing me to love a girl only a fraction of my age.

“What’s wrong Lewis, have I done something?” Amy walked slowly into the room and came over to the sofa where she sat between Harriet and me. Sitting had the effect of lifting her hemline even higher. Two little legs hanging off the edge of the sofa. A gap forming between them and the hem of her nightie now dangerously close to the top of her thighs.

“Of course not darling, you haven’t done anything. It’s just I was taken aback at how lovely you look this evening. Did you have a nice day today?”

Harriet was sitting, absentmindedly running her hand through Amy’s hair as the flickering light from the TV illuminated a few stray strands. “Yes I did, thank you Lewis and thank you too Harriet. It was a lovely day.”

Harriet was lost in a reverie of her own as her fingers intertwined in Amy’s golden tresses. Suddenly she seemed to regain awareness of where she was. “What was the best bit Amy?” I had stood up and gone into the Dining Room to retrieve the DVD I was intending us to watch from the cupboard above the glass display window in the cabinet.

“Actually” She paused to think. “Actually, I liked all of it but probably, I don’t know, probably the beach.

“Yeah I liked that part as well” said Harriet and as I came back into the room I could see a glint in her eye as her tongue flicked briefly out of her mouth and she licked her lips. “It was a bit naughty though wasn’t it.”

“Yes, I guess Mummy wouldn’t be pleased if I told her about it.” A moment’s panic gripped me as I slid the DVD into the player and changed the source on the TV to the HDMI feed.

“Promise me you won’t ever say anything about it, to Mummy or your Dad, or actually anyone at all.”

“Of course she won’t say anything, will you Amy.” Harriet cupped Amy’s face in her hands and placed a gentle butterfly kiss on her eyelids.

“No, I won’t tell anybody, I don’t want you and Lewis to get into any trouble.” She quickly changed the subject, not because it was a difficult one for her, just that she had decided it didn’t need to go any further. “What’s on telly Harriet?”

“Nothing that you would enjoy so Lewis has got a DVD for us to watch. It is a grownups film though, is that alright?”

“Does that mean I can stay up for a bit?” She bounced about on the sofa and from where I was kneeling in front of the TV I could see her reflection in the darkened screen. No detail, the reflected image was too dark but the tantalising V shape created by the hem of her nightdress and the slight curve of her thighs offered a very tempting prospect indeed. I knew what nestled in the dark recesses of that view. I knew how much I wanted to take a closer look. I knew and I was certain that Harriet was also aware of my intentions for the rest of the evening. “What is the film?” Amy was getting impatient and fidgety now.

"It's called 'Tiny Temptations'" I said over my shoulder and then got up, made sure the curtains were drawn so that any evening dog walkers would not get a free show and joined the two girls on the sofa. "It is very naughty but I like it, I hope you will. Oh and yes of course you can stay up late. We can watch the film and then we will probably all be ready for bed."

I settled into the corner of the sofa, Harriet in the other and Amy between us. She had lifted her legs up off the floor and was now leaning back against Harriet who was still stroking her hair. She put her feet on my lap and I flicked the button on the remote. The screen on the TV lit up to a scene in a school dormitory.

The room was empty, a dozen or so beds neatly made, five or six on each side of the room. The angle of view indicated that the video had been shot from a security camera of some sort in one corner of the dormitory. The direction in which the camera was pointing moved slightly and zoomed in a little to the door of the room. It was clear that somebody was operating the camera from elsewhere. For several seconds nothing much happened. There were sounds of chattering and giggling but there was nobody in shot to whom these voices could be attributed.

After several more seconds the door slowly opened and a gaggle of little girls appeared being ushered into the room by a nun. It seems we are in the dormitory of a Catholic girl's school.

"Now girls, get yourselves ready for bed and then you can have half an hour to finish your homework before I come back and turn the lights out." With that the nun left the room, a bunch of keys hanging from her belt rattling and the hem of her habit swishing as she walked out and closed the door behind her.

The noise level in the room grew and then faded slightly as one or two of the girls shushed the others.

Amy had shuffled slightly and slid her bottom down ever so slightly so that her head was resting in Harriet's lap as she lay half on her side watching the TV. Her knees had bent a little and her nightdress had ridden up higher on her thighs. I rested my hand tentatively on her knee and was surprised when she put her small hand on top of mine.

The DVD played on.

Most of the girls were now partly undressed, clothes folded neatly on the beds and being put away in cupboards. Small buttocks filled the screen as the camera zoomed in on them. Flat chests, some just starting to bud. It was obvious that the cameraman whoever it was, could not decide where to linger. At one moment the lens pointed at an attractive little chest with two tiny pink nipples, the next it was climbing a pair of skinny legs, and then it paused and zoomed in for a close shot of a girl bending over her bed. Her pussy slit clearly framed by the tops of her thighs as she was shown in all her glory from behind.

My hand was gently stroking Amy's leg and there was definite movement inside my gown. I tried to ignore it but it was becoming more difficult.

The dorm is now alive with the movement of young girl's bodies in various stages of undress. The camera settles on one particularly cute little brunette on the bed in the far corner nearest the door. She is sitting on the bed, wearing her nightie, unlike the others who are still clowning around, soft bald pussies and

buttocks in clear sight. Her legs are pulled up so the camera is able to zoom in between her thighs offering a lovely view of her puffy lower lips and the merest hint of pink between them. Slowly the girl reaches between her thighs and begins to stroke up and down her slit, parting the outer lips with the tip of her finger.

I glance across at Harriet who is still stroking Amy's hair with one hand but with the other is mimicking the action on the screen, her hand inside her dressing gown and massaging her own slit. Amy appears to be falling asleep but clearly isn't as she too has placed her hand between her legs and the by the almost imperceptible movement of her wrist I can see that she is also stroking her young pussy. I let my hand move further up her thigh until I am able to slip my hand under her bottom and cup her buttock in my palm. My silk gown has done its usual trick and slipped open revealing my penis which gradually but relentlessly rises up from between the two sides of the gown.

The little brunette has now increased the motion of her hand between her thighs and is quite firmly fingering her clitoris. She has quite good breast development and as she strokes her pussy she can be seen squeezing her right breast in time with the motion of her other hand.

Amy is also copying what she can see on the screen. Her legs part slightly and I watch as she fingers between her lips seeking out the little bud at the top of her slit. Her index finger finds it and she rolls the tip of her finger round and round the swelling clitoris beneath its little protective hood. Her legs start to shudder as pleasant feelings course through her body. Her other hand is drawing circles around her almost nonexistent breast buds.

The dormitory door suddenly swings wide open and the nun can be seen standing in the doorway brandishing a cane. Fortunately the brunette on the end bed is behind the door as it opens and is able to pull her gown down to cover herself. The other girls hastily finish getting into their nightwear and as the scene fades to black the end titles appear 'get your copy of... Dorm Punishments... NOW'.

"Did you?" Harriet asked.

"Did I what?"

"Get the next instalment."

"No, sorry I didn't"

"Well that wasn't very exciting." Amy said as she quickly withdrew her hand from between her legs.

"It looked as though you were actually enjoying it though, you naughty girl." Harriet countered. "I know I was and there is nothing really wrong about making yourself feel good anyway, and you do don't you?"

"Ummm yes." Amy yawned.

I looked across at Harriet. "Somebody has had a busy day. You tired Ames? I know I'm getting that way. Driving takes it out of you a bit." Amy sat up and turned to Harriet.

"I am a bit tired but I don't really want to go to bed yet. Do I have to?"

"Well you do have school in the morning Sweetie, we don't want you falling asleep in class. How about this, would you like to sleep with Lewis and me tonight?"

"Oh wow, can I? Yes please, that would be nice. I wouldn't be any trouble. I won't kick you or anything." Harriet chuckled and I, having tucked my cock back inside my gown as best I could twitched in anticipation.

"See what Lewis thinks. I would be quite happy to share my bed with you." Harriet was doing her usual trick of putting it back on me to make a decision. This time however there was no decision to be made as far as I was concerned. The thought of little Amy in bed with us was almost too much to handle. I decided to play it cool.

"Well, I'm really not sure that is going to be a good idea. I do snore sometimes."

"I don't mind if you snore, please let me, please, please." She had leapt up and thrown her arms around my neck and was plastering my face with little angel kisses. Her foot had caught me in the groin and was resting on top of my penis. Which refused to lie down.

"Right, I will agree but only on one condition."

"I agree, I agree."

Harriet joined in as well "Me too, I agree as well, please Uncle Lewis please let me." Amy was giggling like some sort of lunatic at this and I was just enjoying having fun. I was also having a real problem stopping my cock from popping out into full view again. "Oh Lewis, what is that doing there." Amy grasped hold of my penis and carefully put it away again for me. "and what is the one condition?"

"We all go to bed straight away and no arguments." I was surprised by the response. Amy leapt off the sofa, ran upstairs and I could hear her footsteps as they crossed the bedroom floor. "Hmmm, I guess that's decided then." Harriet smiled at me and straightening her pink dressing gown she stood up, walked into the kitchen and came back with her regular night time glass of water. "Nice to see you have a cock monitor as well Lewis. You obviously can't look after it properly yourself. That's me ready too then." With that she also headed off upstairs leaving me alone in the lounge nursing a semi.

I went round the house checking all the doors and windows, turned off the lights and then followed in Harriet's footsteps. Again, as with the last time I had followed Harriet and a friend upstairs all was quiet. Passing the room which was supposed to accommodate Amy on her sleepover I looked in and as expected the light was out and the room empty. Harriet's room was similarly deserted. I hoped that mine would have occupants. If not then I had lost them. The bathroom door was ajar and equally lacking in girls. That just left the master bedroom. I slowly approached the open door. The light was on and the bed showed the outline of two bodies, one small and one even smaller. My heart fluttered in eager anticipation. I crept quietly into the room and removing my dressing gown approached the side of the bed which showed the larger of the two occupants. I have rarely, if ever worn pyjamas to sleep in and tonight was no exception. Stood beside the king size bed. I took hold of the top of the duvet and gently pulled it down to reveal Harriet, also naked. I could only hope that the same would be revealed on the other side of the bed. Harriet put her finger to her lips to indicate I should be quiet and gesticulated to me to go round the bed. I did as she bade me and again grasped the edge of the duvet on that side, turning it down. This time because the body was so

much smaller it took more of a turndown before the top of a golden haired head was revealed. It seemed that Amy was lying on her stomach with her hands tucked in between her legs, judging by the angle of her arms from her shoulders. Her hair fell either side of her body revealing the pale pink of her back. Her shoulder blades and back bone were clearly visible through her translucent skin. She was a tiny little thing. As I lowered the duvet she was having difficulty keeping quiet and I watched as her silent giggles caused her shoulders to rise and fall. The duvet moved relentlessly down her body. The downy skin of her back gave way to the dimpled place just above her bum and then her little buttocks rising like full blown tiny peaches into the cooling air.

It was obvious now that she had discarded her nightdress in favour of going naked like Harriet. I couldn't control myself as her tiny frame gradually revealed itself to my analytical gaze. Had I ever seen anything so precious, so sweet, so beautiful? Apart from the occasions when I had been lucky enough to have her running naked around my back garden during the long hot summer days, I never had. But now she was not playing childish games she had joined my lover and I in our bed of passion. Harriet was lying on her side her head up on one elbow as I revealed more and more of the gorgeous little angel. I looked across to check that Harriet was watching what I was doing.

She was, as I said, lying on her side. Her small breasts pointing towards Amy's arm. Closer together than they were when standing due to the effect of gravity which lowered them slightly off centre but still wonderfully pert and tempting. Her nipples stood erect and firm invitingly begging to be stroked but for the moment I declined the invitation. I had my heart set on an alternative destination. A smile of satisfaction crossed Harriet's face and she took her free hand and stroking her upper thigh as she did so she placed it between her legs such that her fingers gently grazed the outer surface of her labia. Clearly the sight of Amy being unwrapped was as exciting to Harriet as it was to me.

The duvet made its onward progress revealing even more delights. Not only Amy but the lower parts of Harriet were also being exposed to my lecherous eyes.. To my right a pair of legs appeared where they met the smooth pudenda now being stroked by Harriet's fingers and to the left still lying prone on her stomach I could see the falling curve of Amy's buttocks as they merged into the tops of her thin thighs. There was a defined gap between them and there nestling in all its beauty the folds and ripples of her lovely little kitten. Kitten it was and kitten it deserved to be as it had not yet been elevated to the status of an adult pussy.

In haste now I threw the duvet back completely so that both female forms were revealed in all their glory. One, young, firm, slightly rounded in the places where it should be rounded. The other still undeveloped smooth, flat, soft as silk and shaking silently as the giggling girl tried hard to control her amusement.

It goes without saying although I will say it now, during this exercise in eroticism I was hardly unaffected by the sights being revealed to me. In fact my manhood had responded rapidly to my little girls and was now hard, engorged and erect. Harder than I had known it for a long time.

Harriet took her hand from between her thighs where it had been stimulating her lust for a few minutes now and placed it on little Amy's right buttock. She encouraged Amy to turn over by gently pushing against her hip and as she did so the little angel rolled on to her back revealing for the first time this evening all the alluring detail of her childlike labia. I could see now that she was showing signs of a downy growth of soft silvery hairs just beginning where her slit parted her pubis and disappeared between her legs. Nothing that the light touch of a lady shave could not resolve in due

course once it was deemed necessary. In fact if it were not that she would not be able to keep such an action concealed from her parents, I would volunteer to offer assistance in that endeavour without hesitation. The thought of taking a sharp blade within millimetres of those soft puffy lips taking care that no harm came to them was exceptionally erotic. I had already indicated to Harriet that it was a task I would willingly undertake for her whenever she wished me to. The likelihood of it happening with Harriet was a lot more feasible than with Amy as my live-in lust already shaved her pubes on a regular basis.

I studied Amy from foot to head my eyes taking in every part of her body as they moved up from her feet and ankles along her skinny little calves, knees and thighs. Lingered longer than was appropriate on her pussy and marvelling at its beauty. Her tight puffy outer lips concealed no hint of the mysteries which lurked inside. The raised mound of her pubis gave way to her soft flat belly, ribs pressing on her skin from within and two pretty little pink nipples raised ever so slightly above the slender expanse of her chest. Her shoulders rising and falling as her breathing rose and fell. A swanlike neck followed and above all was her pretty face. A neat little chin, rosebud lips, pert retroussé nose and those smiling brown eyes all framed by that silky golden hair, shining like a halo on the pillow.

I had been so engrossed in studying her that I had failed to notice that she had the widest smile spreading across her lips

"Are you happy Lewis?" How could I be otherwise? I had my two favourite ladies in my bed and they were both naked. I couldn't speak I was so in awe of the sight in front of me. "Please say you are happy." Her anguished plea snapped me out of my reverie.

"Of course I am happy. I missed you so much when you were away. I love you Ames, I love both of my pretty little babies." Amy turned her head toward me and stared at the monumental erection straining up from my groin.

"I guess you do." She edged herself across the bed towards Harriet who reached out a hand and guided her closer giving me enough room to join them both on the bed.

"I honestly do love both of you." I said to Harriet speaking over the recumbent form of my little water nymph. It had been a really lovely afternoon and now being able to sleep with these two precious treasures was putting the final touches to the day.

"I know you do and I wouldn't have this any other way." Harriet replied as she reached over Amy's hip and wrapped her fingers around my throbbing penis. I in turn slid my hand between Amy's legs and gently, slowly started rubbing her lower lips with my fingers. Not wanting to be left out, Harriet took one of Amy's hands and placed it between her own thighs feeling the softness of those little fingers as they, for the first time, understood what another woman felt like.

"You feel so warm Harriet." Amy said as her fingers felt the softness of Harriet's shaven pussy. "I never did this with anybody before. It feels so soft and warm, am I doing it right? I know what my private place feels like but yours is nice too." With that Amy slid two of her little fingers between Harriet's labia and without really knowing what she was looking for sought out the little button of her clitoris. When her finger connected with the tiny bud Harriet flinched slightly. "Oh sorry did that hurt?"

"Oh no baby that was wonderful. Do it again for me but this time roll it gently between your fingers. Lewis you do it to Amy so she can feel what it is supposed to be like." I didn't need a second invitation. Without further ado I moistened two fingers in my mouth and slipped them between her outer lips, opening the rosebud of her pussy so that I could seek out the tiniest of tiny organs. When I found it I gently but deliberately made circular motions around the tip.

"You like that Amy?" Harriet asked. I could feel Amy's little legs tense and then relax. I knew she was beginning to understand the feelings that can be engendered by sexual contact. Amy tried to transmit the feelings and emotions she was experiencing to Harriet by making what she thought were the same movements between Harriet's pussy lips. "Not quite so hard honey, yes that's better, oh yes I like that. Mmmmmmmmmmm" I was hard as a rock now and even though Harriet was busy being stimulated she still managed to maintain a constant gentle stroking of my penis pulling the foreskin down to reveal the purple headed monster and then covering it again as she moved her hand back up the shaft. I have to admit the sensation of being masturbated by someone who knows what they are doing is like no other. "You want to help Lewis now Amy, it's not fair that I have all the fun."

"OK. I have touched Lewis's thingy before and it feels nice but I don't want it to get all messy again." Amy took her hand reluctantly away from Harriet's moist pussy, turned over to face me and replacing Harriet's fist around my shaft she wrapped her little hand as far around as it would go.

"Take it slowly Amy and I will manage to keep it under control for you." She had learnt a lot from previous occasions when I had let her do this and now she was stroking me so gently it was almost like being touched by a feather. Harriet was now spooning Amy's little bottom and had her finger between her thighs playing sweet music on her pussy lips and clit. We played with each other for a long time, swapping partners whenever I came too close to losing control. Interesting it is usually the female who decides the pace at which sex happens but it is always the man who has to say stop when things are likely to blow.

I had reached that point now. "Time for something new now Amy." Harriet said. You lie there and let Lewis climb over to me. She did as she was asked and I moved one leg after the other as I climbed across her recumbent body until I was positioned over Harriet. "This is what everything is really all about Amy and one day when you are a lot older Lewis will be able to play this game with you. Not quite yet but when you are ready."

"How soon Harriet?" she queried.

"Well maybe not too long now, you are going to another school in September so you will be a big girl then. You shouldn't have to wait too long."

"That's good." She said as she watched in fascination at what was happening beside her.

I positioned myself above Harriet and slowly lowered my hips until my penis made contact with her labia. "I expect your Mummy and Daddy do this a lot Amy. It is the nicest thing men and women can do with each other." I lowered myself further and my cock head slid between Harriet's outer lips and then it was sucked into the depths of her vagina. I turned my head slightly to see what effect this was having on Amy. She was sitting beside us her legs crossed, an expression of wonder on her face and her fingers working frantically between her pussy lips. I thrust and withdrew, thrust and withdrew. Amy frigged her little clit madly and even plunged two fingers past her inner lips and up

inside her tight little cunt. Harriet kept lifting her hips to meet me as I plunged downward. My penis was deeper than I had ever felt it inside her love tunnel. Her muscles pulsed and retracted. My cock thrust and thrust and thrust. Her vagina was milking me and I was ready to deliver a load deep inside her. Amy was twitching and her eyes were rolling up inside her head as her second orgasm of the day overcame her. Harriet screamed out as she too orgasmed and my load fired up into the depths of her womb.

We all three collapsed in a heap of flesh, satisfied and exhausted. Lying motionlessly for what seemed like forever. Eventually though I withdrew from Harriet, bent forwards and placed a kiss on Amy's still pulsating lower lips.

"Time for sleep ladies. I need to go to the bathroom and clean up."

"You need to clean up? I'm the one in a mess tonight Lewis." Harriet replied.

Amy just lay on her back her legs apart her pussy smiling contentedly at me. She was almost asleep already. "Messy Lewis" She said sleepily.

I went to the shower room and Harriet bolted into the bathroom her hands between her legs making sure she didn't leave a trail of semen along the landing. On my return I slipped in beside Amy, pulling the duvet up over us both. A few minutes later Harriet climbed into the bed from the other side snuggled down under the duvet and kissed Amy and me goodnight. In next to no time the two girls were asleep and I imagine I followed suit soon after. I don't know I didn't notice, I was just happy to be cuddling my little lovers.

CHAPTER 6 – BACK TO SCHOOL

The next morning, Monday morning, the sun yet again streamed in through the window as the three of us awoke.

I was the first into the ensuite shower and got myself ready for work as quickly as I could. Harriet followed soon after and finally little Amy was ushered into the bathroom to get herself ready for school. I helped her get dressed into her school uniform of grey pleated skirt and white blouse, white ankle socks and shiny black shoes. The uniform for Penstone Primary included a pale blue cardigan but the weather was too balmy to require it today. I tried but failed miserably to tie her hair in bunches so Harriet came to my rescue and did her hair for her.

After breakfast the three of us made the three quarter of a mile walk to Harrington Road Primary and then made sure that Amy went in to school safely. I was adamant that she had to be seen going through the door, there are far too many bad people in the world today and I was not going to let my little Amy get into any trouble. This was probably the last time I would be doing this so I wanted to plant it in my memory. The next time I took her to school if I ever did would be to the Secondary in Summer Lane.

The uniform for her new school St James' was I felt not quite so cute. Black blazer, blue and black School tie with wide diagonal stripes, black A-Line knee length skirt, black tights, black shoes. Not the most inspiring ensemble as far as your average schoolie watcher is concerned although the thought of the black tights did add a slight frisson to the whole thing.

I watched as she tripped across the playground her little skirt blowing in the gentle breeze, the backs of her legs looking so dainty above her ankle socks.

Don't little girls look lovely when they are going to school?

CONCLUSION

To return again to the question posed at the very beginning of the Chronicles for a moment.

Is Lewis Adams a hebephile?

You now have a lot more evidence on which to base your decision however I will still leave the final outcome to you, dear reader. You must act as jury in this case. All I am able to do is offer guidance in my summing up.

Applying the strictest possible interpretation, then the answer has to be no. Lewis is not exclusively attracted to girls of that age. 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 but he also enjoys having his 'evil' way with those from whom he should stay well away. 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? So, guilty as shown of being an immoral person yes, but a Hebephile? Maybe, maybe not. It is up to you to decide what should happen to him but should he be found guilty, by you members of the jury then I will be minded to offer leniency in sentencing. 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.

Let us hope that she never has to cope alone. Let us hope that when we return to Penstone in the future we will discover what becomes of Lewis and all his friends. I am sure that Angela Middleton will continue to swim in the pool in Badgery St John and Julian and Lucy will make very good use of Lewis's spare room.