

Naughty Neighbors

By Duckywriter

This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW! Nothing involving the characters in this story actually happened or ever should happen. This is pure fantasy. If you understand that and like the subject matter then I hope you enjoy this story.

Summary

Every one of the permanent residents of the neighborhood knew that Henry and Martha Murphy were a nice elderly couple who were always willing to help out some of the younger families with advice and sometimes emergency childcare for an hour or two. They also knew that Martha made the best chocolate chip sugar cookies on the planet. They didn't know just how fond Henry and Martha were of those children.

Chapter 1 - Neighborhood Watch

Henry and Martha Murphy were the neighborhood elderly couple although they were each only 62 and looked much younger. He retired after a long career as a railroad conductor and engineer and her as a third-grade school teacher. They lived in a small house in a suburb just outside of the Boston beltway. Their town of twenty thousand people was part typical New England small town and part commuter suburb. The town had a village green with a gazebo used for band concerts in the summer and a Main Street lined with restaurants and nail salons. The Murphys lived in an older section of town where the houses were all built around 1950. Several of the houses in their neighborhood were duplexes that were rented, usually to newly married couples just starting out. They would move in, have a couple kids, and move out when they bought their own home.

Martha was the unofficial neighborhood welcoming committee. She and Henry liked to walk up and down the four block square around their house, weather permitting, every day for exercise. Well, exercise was part of the reason but getting all the local gossip was the real reason.

"Hi Sally" she would say if Sally, one of the permanent residents, was within sight.

"Have you met the new people in twelve B?" She would ask.

Twelve was the house number of the duplex behind the Murphy's and A and B were the left and right units. Twelve B had recently been rented to a young couple with a little girl.

"Oh yes, they are very nice and the girl is adorable, very polite. The parents did say they needed to find a reliable babysitter because of their work schedules. I guess they waited until the school year ended before moving."

Martha tucked that piece of information away. She had one son who lived in England with his two daughters so Martha didn't have any grandchildren close by and she loved to have little visitors. That afternoon, after their walk, Martha gathered the ingredients and made a batch of her famous chocolate chip sugar cookies. Everyone who tasted them agreed they were the best cookies on the planet. The first bite exploded with not just sugar or chocolate but of cookie flavor. Everyone begged her for the recipe and she gladly gave it out but she always left out the secret ingredient. Every batch of twenty-four cookies contained four ounces of good quality Kentucky Bourbon. The alcohol all cooked away but the rich taste remained a mystery to everyone who ate them.

After supper that night Martha and Henry took the batch of cookies around the block to the new family, It was her standard welcome gift and almost all of the people in the duplexes had received a batch. They rang the bell at twelve B and waited.

"Hello, can I help you?" A pretty young woman said through the locked screen door.

"Hello dear. We live in the house behind yours and we want to welcome you to the neighborhood. I'm Martha Murphy and this is my husband Henry."

"Oh hi. This sure is a friendly neighborhood. Sally across the street told me you might stop by. Come in please. Please excuse the mess. We just moved in. Sam, Becca, we have company."

Sam Newton entered the room followed by seven-year-old Becca.

"Martha and Henry are our neighbors in back. She brought us cookies to say welcome to the neighborhood. This is my husband Sam and our daughter Becca, oh and I'm June Newton."

Henry shook Sam's hand and Martha bent down and took both of Becca's hands in hers. Becca was wearing a short, frilly dress with rainbows on it. She was average build with thin legs, and deep blue eyes but her most stunning feature was her red hair. It wasn't just a plain red. Becca's hair was a forest fire of reds and copper and a touch of gold. It was thick and shoulder length with natural waves that made her look much older. She had a small dimple in the center of her chin and smooth cheeks that flushed pink when she ran out of breath from talking too much.

"Hello Becca. You are a pretty little girl. I love your hair and your dress is very nice. Do you like rainbows?"

"Oh yes! And unicorns and fairies too."

"Well, I'll just have to check my magic closet to see if I have any rainbow and unicorns cloth."

Turning to June she said. "I like to sew and now that we are retired one of my favorite things to sew is girls' dresses with matching dresses for their dolls. You and Becca should come over and visit sometime. Becca could bring her favorite doll and we could measure it."

"That's very generous of you but we can't afford custom doll clothes until we save up to buy a house."

"Don't be silly dear." Martha said with a big smile. "It's my hobby. I don't charge for the dresses. Becca could even help me someday while you're unpacking."

"Sam, you interested in model trains?" Henry asked to change the subject.

"I had a small layout when I was a kid, why?"

"I used to work for the railroad and when I retired I started collecting trains and building a layout. You should come see it someday after you get settled in."

Henry thought that they had dropped enough hints and it was time to leave. June thanked them again for the cookies and admitted that they probably wouldn't have eaten something from a stranger if Sally hadn't told them that it was Martha's standard welcoming gift.

Sam and June had been married for seven years. He worked for a large computer consulting company and often had to work extra hours to meet the deadline that the company had promised the client, no matter how unreasonable it was. June worked for an insurance company for barely over minimum wage. She had skipped college when Sam got her pregnant and said that he would marry her. He was a good father but never really warmed up to Becca like June did. Becca was June's world and she hated leaving her with daycare when she went to work.

They had lived in an apartment for most of their married life but as Becca got older June wanted her to have a house with a yard. They were able to rent their current home when June received a small raise and Sam received a promotion that meant more money and longer hours. Becca loved playing outside. She would have tea parties with her dolls on the grass and wonder what was behind the huge white wall that separated her yard from the Murphy's.

The next two weeks the only interactions between the Murphy's and the Newtons were waves and hellos as they saw each other. The Murphys have a high white vinyl privacy fence surrounding a large, flat, lawn in back. There was a gate between the Murphy's house and the house the Newtons were renting but it was usually locked on the Murphy's side. On the third Friday after they met, Henry stopped by the Newton's and invited them to a cookout Saturday evening. June

liked the idea of a break from cooking and gladly accepted for the family. Henry reminded her to bring Becca's favorite doll to be measured for doll clothes.

Saturday arrived and Henry unlocked the gate between the houses and left it open. The Newton family arrived right on time with a bottle of wine and a salad. They hoped that Martha would have more of her delicious cookies for dessert. While Henry cooked on the grill, Martha invited June and Becca to see her sewing room. She led them upstairs to a large room with a cutting table taking up half the room. On the other wall were two different sewing machines and a closet door.

"This is quite a setup." June said as she looked at the very expensive sewing machine. The second machine was smaller but had four large spools of thread on top.

"What's this?" Becca asked as she looked at the smaller machine.

"Oh that's my serger. It saves me a lot of work. I'll show you how it works someday when we have more time. What I really want to show you is my magic closet."

Martha opened the closet door and waved for them to follow her. Inside was a walk-in closet lined on three sides with drawers and shelves. The shelves were filled with different types and patterns of cloth. There was everything from transparent gauze to heavy blanket material in every color of the rainbow. There was a small table in the middle and a rocking chair at the back.

"This is amazing!" June gasped. "How long did it take you to collect all this?"

"Oh this is a lifetime of collecting although most pieces get used and replaced with new ones. Let's see if we can work some magic for Becca."

Martha sat in the rocking chair and held both of Becca's hands.

"Now close your eyes and think about rainbows and unicorns."

Becca squeezed her eyes shut tight and Martha reached beside her and lifted a folded length of cloth off of a nearby shelf.

"Oh magic closet, magic closet, find the right piece of cloth for Becca."

Martha picked up the piece and draped it over Becca's head. She immediately opened her eyes and pulled the cloth down to look at it. It was a white background printed with small rainbows and unicorns.

"Oh it's beautiful! Did the magic closet make it for me?"

"Well, it didn't make it but it found it among all these other pieces." Martha said smiling. "It looks like enough for a dress for you and your doll."

"Really? You can do that?" Becca gushed.

"Martha, are you sure you have time. I could pay you for the material at least."

"Nonsense, I probably bought that piece twenty years ago. Consider it a welcome to the neighborhood."

"Thank you so much. Becca say thank you to Mrs. Murphy."

Becca threw her arms around Martha and thanked her over and over. Martha returned the hug the way most people do with little kids by placing one hand on Becca's back and one on her bum. Most people don't squeeze the bum quite as much as Martha did.

"You're welcome sweetheart." Martha said before turning to June. "If you ever get in a bind and need someone to watch her for a while, please call us. We're right here and we're retired."

"Thank you. That's good to know."

"Okay then, let's get some measurements before supper is ready. I hope Mr. Murphy isn't burning anything down there."

They all laughed then Martha put Becca's doll on the table and took several measurements that she wrote down on a pad. She sat back down on the chair and had Becca stand in front of her. She repeated each measurement out loud as she did them, arms, wrist, and neck and June wrote them down for her. When she said inseam she reached under Becca's dress, put the end of the tape measure against her panties and measured down to her foot. Martha dropped the end of the tape several times before reaching Becca's foot. Each time she had to start over by touching the girl's privates under the dress.

"Oh I'm so clumsy today. June, I think she needs to take the dress off. Would you like to measure her? I could look away."

"No Martha, don't be silly. We're all girls here and she has her underwear on."

June explained to Becca that it was okay and then unzipped the dress and pulled it over Becca's head. Martha smiled as she saw Becca's flat chest and cute white panties. She quickly measured the inseam, starting just below Becca's pussy, then measured her waist and chest. Her fingers brushed across flat nipples as she pulled the tape tight. When the measurements were done June helped Becca get dressed and they returned to the back yard where supper was ready.

They had a nice meal and Becca told her father all about the magic closet and the beautiful material in it. She didn't mention the funny feeling she got when Martha kept rubbing the end of the tape measure against her kitty.

After supper Henry led them to the basement where he showed them his model train layout. His eight separate tracks were spread across three four-by-eight pieces of plywood. There were storage sidings and villages and a control panel filled with switches. The highlight for Becca was a large castle with a train track running through it. It looked like the Snow Queen's castle from Becca's favorite movie.

"Look daddy! It's Elsa's castle! Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes honey, it's all pretty amazing. Henry, you're quite an artist. Why the castle though?"

"Oh, we have some nieces and nephews in the area and we watch some of their little ones sometimes and our son has two girls. The next time they come maybe Becca could come play with them. They live in England but are planning a visit this summer."

"That would be great." June said as she looked at the tiny houses near the tracks.

The Newtons said goodbye to the Murphys with hugs all around and everyone agreed it was a wonderful time. Later that night Mr. Murphy especially liked watching the video recording of Becca with her dress off in the closet.

Chapter 2 - Getting familiar

Over a period of weeks the Murphys and the Newtons became good friends. They alternated hosting suppers at least once a week and Martha would often invite June and Becca over for iced tea and cookies on days when June worked from home. One unusually hot afternoon they sat in the shade as Becca tried to do gymnastics in the grass. She often ended up upside down with her dress over her head and her panties pushed up her bum crack.

"Becca, it's too hot to be jumping around like that." June scolded.

"It sure is hot. Would she like to run through the sprinkler? Henry could set it up."

"Oh yes, please mommy!" Becca squealed.

"Oh honey, I haven't unpacked the swimsuits yet."

"Oh June, she's just a little kid. Didn't you ever run through the sprinkler in your underwear? Henry could lock the gate if you want."

"Actually no." June said. "My parents were pretty strict.

"Well I'm sorry to hear that. I think it's one of the joys of being a young child. I must warn you then, when our son comes to visit, his two girls will probably be out here in their birthday suits. His girls are eight and ten and they still rarely wear swimsuits at home. Things are different over there."

"Well, I guess if Henry latches the gate, it would be okay. It's not like she has anything to show yet. Becca, let me take your dress off and you can run through the sprinkler in just your undies."

"But Henry will see my belly." Becca objected. She knew she was supposed to keep her top covered but didn't understand that it meant her nipples.

"It's okay Becca. Martha and Henry are like family."

Henry set up the sprinkler at the far end of the lawn and turned the water on low. Becca could hardly stand still long enough for June to unzip the dress and pull it over her head before she went running across the yard and squealed when the cool water hit her bare chest. Henry made a side trip into the house for a beach towel before joining Martha and June.

"Is there anything more precious than that?" He asked as they watched Becca leap over the sprinkler and dance in the spray.

"She is certainly enjoying herself." June said. "I guess I missed out on something good."

"Well you're welcome to join her." Henry said laughing.

"Henry! Don't be crude. She might think you mean it!" Martha scolded as she slapped his arm.

June laughed and replied. "Ha, ha. That would be a sight. I'm afraid I'm too old for romping around in the yard in my underwear."

"Ow, just kidding, but you're never too old to act like a kid in the right situation."

Martha pretended to scowl at him and he chuckled at her. They went back to watching Becca running through the water and generally having a wonderful time. Her squeals of joy were infectious and June didn't say anything when her water-soaked panties sagged down until half her bum was exposed. Martha noticed and enjoyed the view before saying anything.

"Little girl panties aren't really made for swimming, are they? Poor thing keeps having to pull them up."

"I know, they must be uncomfortable, but I really don't know where her swimsuit is."

"Henry could go inside if that would make a difference." Martha suggested casually.

"You mean let her take them off? Outside? No, we don't take our clothes off outside. When Becca was two we could hardly keep clothes on her. She was always running around the house naked. It took me a long time to teach her that we don't do that." June quickly replied.

"Well it's your decision but I can guarantee my granddaughters won't be wearing anything when they visit. They are like little cherubs with their chubby legs and cute little bums. Here comes your little Angel now."

Becca came running up to where the adults were sitting. She was dripping wet and kept pushing her wet hair out of her eyes.

"Mommy, do I have any undies that won't keep falling down?"

"No sweetie, panties are not made for running through the sprinkler."

"Then can you find my swimsuit? Please?"

June was tired from unpacking and frustrated at the hours Sam was working and just didn't have the energy to argue with Becca. Maybe she had been too strict like her parents. She held both of Becca's hands and looked at Martha then back to Becca.

"Becca, you can't do this anywhere else but since I am here, and the Murphys are like family, and no one can see into this yard, you can take your underwear off like you were taking a shower."

"You mean be all bare? In front of all of you?"

"Only this time and no one else needs to know. It's our private business."

"Oh cool. Can I take them off now?"

"Yes honey, now."

Becca stripped off the wet panties and dashed across the yard. June thought that she did look like a cherub as she danced in the green grass and jumped over the sprinkler. Henry turned his chair toward Becca and kept the towel in his lap to hide his erection. Martha just smiled as she studied every inch of Becca's nude body.

"Isn't she adorable?" Martha finally asked? "If you ever need a few minutes I would love to give her a few sewing lessons and make that doll dress with her."

"I might take you up on that someday soon. I need to do some shopping for the apartment and it would be totally boring for her."

June thought for a minute and added laughing. "She would need to keep her clothes on of course."

"Ha, ha. Of course. Nudie cutie is only for the sprinkler with mom or dad here."

Henry moved the hose a few times to avoid flooding one area. When Becca was turning a little blue and shivering Martha suggested that June wrap her in the towel and cuddle with her.

"The best memories I have of our son is cuddling with him right after our bath. We would lie in my bed and hug and talk until his hair was dry. It's a way to feel very close to your children."

"So, you took a bath with your son? How old was he when you stopped?"

"Oh, about fourteen I guess?" Martha said with a straight face.

"Fourteen!?"

"Ha, ha, ha. I'm kidding, I'm kidding. He was five or six, just a baby."

"Oh good! I was about to grab Becca and run."

"Ha, you don't need to worry. Henry and I are perfectly harmless."

"Becca, come here and warm up. Mr. Murphy needs to turn the water off now."

Becca came running across the yard and stopped in front of her mother. Her smooth white skin sparkled with water drops in the sunlight.

"Oh mommy, that was so much fun! Can I do it again tomorrow?"

"We can't be running up Mr. Murphy's water bill. I'll try to find your swimsuit. This was a one time thing."

"But it was so much fun. You should try it!"

"No thank you! We wear clothes in public in this family."

June wrapped Becca in the towel and pulled her onto her lap. She left half of the towel free to dry Becca's hair so she was barely covered. June concentrated on rubbing the hair and didn't notice the wiggling girl was flashing Henry every time

the towel opened. When Becca's hair stopped dripping, June pulled the towel over Becca's lap and hugged her close.

"Sit still a few minutes and warm up. You're a wiggle worm." She said as she put Becca's damp head against her shoulder and rubbed her arm and back to warm her.

Becca calmed down and wrapped her arms around her mother. Martha smiled and let mother and daughter cuddle a while before continuing their conversation. When it was time to go June had Becca stand and slipped her dress over her head. Martha and Henry got another full view of the beautiful child as she lifted her arms up to slip the dress on. June picked up the panties and carried them.

"No cartwheels young lady." June said as they prepared to leave.

"Why mommy?"

Martha reached under her dress and squeezed Becca's bare bottom.

"Because you shouldn't show the world this." she said laughing.

Becca gave thank you hugs and received two bare bum squeezes in return.

"This has been really nice." Martha said as they stood up. "I think we have one of those plastic splash pools in the garage. Maybe next time we could fill that and Becca wouldn't get so cold."

After supper that night Henry locked all the doors and led Martha to their family room. After their usual romantic foreplay she sucked him to full hardness and sat on his lap, sinking his substantial erection fully inside her. Once she was settled in place he hit play on the home security system, fast forwarded to where Becca's panties were falling off and rocked his dick inside Martha as they watched the young girl frolicking naked in their yard. He gave Martha an unusually large amount of cum just as the camera showed him hugging Becca and slipping his hand under her dress. As he pumped his last amount, he hugged Martha from behind and whispered in her ear.

"Oh God that was good. We definitely have to invite our little friend over again."

"I wonder if we can arrange a sleepover? Rewind it and grab my vibrator. It's my turn now."

Chapter 3 - The magic Closet

June's husband called and said he had to work late and wouldn't be home to tuck Becca in. June thought about what Martha said about bathing with her son. She

wasn't ready to take that step but when it was time for Becca's bath she took off her blouse and shorts and washed Becca in her bra and panties. When Becca questioned it, she said that she didn't want to get wet and Becca accepted it. When the bath was over instead of putting Becca's pajamas on immediately, she wrapped her in a towel, brought her into her room, and lifted Becca up onto the big bed. Crawling up beside her she let the towel drop and hugged her naked child to her breast.

"Let's talk and cuddle a while before you go to bed."

"Okay mommy. I had a really good time today. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are really nice."

"Yes, they are. Did you have fun running through the sprinkler?"

"Oh yes. It was lots of fun. Can I do it again?"

June stroked Becca's bare back, down over her bottom and back. She pushed a stray hair out of her eyes and kissed Becca on the forehead.

"You understand that was special because mommy was there and no one but the Murphys could see you. It's not something you should talk about with other people and you can't do it anywhere else."

"I know mommy but you said I could and I really liked it. Why can't everyone be bare in their own yards?"

"It's complicated. If no one can see into the yard some people think it's okay but it's against the law to let other people see your private parts. That's why they are private. Come give me a hug and let's talk about something else."

June hugged and stroked Becca's nude body until Becca got fidgety and June said it was bedtime. She had a lot to tell her husband about the new neighbors but she left out the part about hugging Becca after her bath. June's husband Sam thought it was great that June had lightened up and let Becca skinny dip. He had a much more liberal attitude towards nudity and would let Becca be more of a nudist if June hadn't objected. He thought it was the cutest thing in the world to see her little bare bottom wiggle as she ran away from him when getting dressed.

The Murphys had to wait several days before they received the call they were hoping for. June called to say that Sam was at work and Becca's daycare was closed for the day because of an illness. June had planned to work from home but she had been called into a meeting that she couldn't refuse. Her boss had no sympathy for parents who asked for time off for sick children or other personal matters. June was calling to see if Martha could possibly watch Becca for a few hours.

"Of course June. I told you we were available most days. Has she had lunch? I'll meet you at the gate. Can she bring her doll? We might do some sewing later."

"Oh Martha, you're a lifesaver. Yes, she's had lunch. She usually rests from two to three but she might be too excited today so don't worry about it."

"It's quite hot today. Is it okay if she goes in the splash pool. We will watch her every second."

"Oh, I still haven't found her swimsuit. I don't have time to look now so, sure, I guess she can have a repeat of the other day. That will keep her busy, just don't leave her alone."

"Of course not. Don't worry, it's only a foot deep. If it gets much hotter Henry may sit in it with her. Go to your meeting. Becca and I will have a good time together."

Martha ended the call laughing and met Becca at the gate, waiting as June gave her last minute instructions.

"Do whatever Martha tells you to do and don't give her any trouble. I'll be back as soon as I can. If they say you can go in the pool it's okay to take your clothes off like the other day. Martha and Henry won't let anyone see you."

"Well Becca. What should we do first?" Martha asked after June left.

"Could we sew a dress for my doll?"

"That sounds like a great idea. Maybe we can sew one for you too."

Martha picked up a container in the kitchen and led Becca up to her sewing room where she had already precut the material for Becca's dress. She took out the pattern she had made for the doll dress and showed Becca how to mark the material. After Martha cut the pieces, she had Becca sit on her lap and watch as she slowly fed the material into the sewing machine. After each piece was sewn, Martha would reach under Becca's dress to "adjust" Becca on her lap. Each adjustment included sliding her hand up Becca's bare legs to brush against her underwear. Becca was so engrossed in the magic machine that she didn't even notice. When the doll dress was done Martha left her hand pressed against Becca's pussy and hugged her with her other hand.

"Well, that looks very good. We should celebrate with a cookie."

"My mommy doesn't let me have cookies before supper."

"Oh, well we can't disobey mommy. There's only one thing to do. We need the magic closet."

"What do you mean?" Becca asked.

"My material closet, the one that found this material for you, is magic. Anything that happens in there didn't happen out here in the real world. If you eat a cookie out here you have to say "I ate a cookie." If you eat a cookie in the magic closet then come out here you can say you didn't eat a cookie because in there isn't out here."

"I don't get it?" Becca said confused.

"Here, let me show you."

Martha took Becca into the walk-in closet and shut the door. It was pitch dark inside and Becca held Martha's hand tight.

"Becca, say 'Magic closet wake up please.' "

"Magic Closet wake up please."

Martha flipped a hidden switch and the room lit up with a pink glow. There were sparkling stars on the ceiling and twinkle lights around the rocking chair at the back. She led Becca to the chair and lifted her up onto her lap.

"Welcome to the magic closet Becca. You can have that cookie now and no one outside will ever know. Anything that happens in here didn't happen out there."

Becca didn't understand much of what Martha was saying but she knew how good the cookies were and gladly accepted one. Martha returned her hand to between Becca's legs and rubbed her belly with her other hand.

"You're very cuddly Becca. Do you like cuddling and getting hugs?"

"Oh yes. Hugging is the best."

"It's a little early for your rest but how about rocking with me for a while? I don't get to rock with pretty little girls much."

"Okay, we can rock a while."

"Let's take your dress off in case you fall asleep. We don't want to wrinkle it."

Becca knew that Martha had seen her naked so it didn't seem that unusual to take her dress off and climb back in her lap. Martha sighed as she stroked Becca's bare back and rested her hand on her panty covered bottom. Things were going better than she planned but she knew that she couldn't rush things. She rocked Becca and sang some lullabies as she caressed her bare back and gradually pushed the back of her panties lower and lower. When Becca was almost asleep Martha put her right hand on Becca's bare stomach.

Becca was so comfortable in the softly lit room that she didn't notice that her panties were half off. She relaxed when Martha gently stroked her belly and didn't think it was special when Martha's hand drifted up across her flat chest. Martha shuddered when her fingertips crossed over Becca's tiny nipples and she felt herself getting wet when she moved over Becca's belly button and down to the waistband of her panties. She kept up singing and rocking as she let her fingers slip down, down, until they rested ever so lightly on Becca's vulva. Her touch was so light Becca didn't realize she was being molested.

Martha waited until Becca was sleeping softly before pulling the panties down enough for the infrared camera to get a good view of her mound and sliver of a crease. She gently pressed her finger against the crease and separated the folds of skin until she could see pink. It was too early to do much more but she enjoyed touching the young girl's private places while she slept. When her arm began to cramp, Martha pulled the panties up and gently woke Becca up. She kissed her lightly on the mouth and waited for her eyes to open.

"I think you had a little rest. How would you like to go in the splash pool?"

Becca rubbed her eyes and smiled. She had dreamed that a handsome prince had made her feel really nice inside and then kissed her awake.

"Could I have a cookie first?"

Martha laughed. "A cookie? You mean a magic closet cookie?"

"Yes." Becca giggled. "A magic closet cookie."

Martha gave her another cookie and rested her hand between Becca's legs as she ate it. The longer she kept her hand in such a private place, the more Becca accepted it as normal. When the cookie was gone, she opened the closet door and turned off the special lights. She put the doll dress on Becca's doll and gave it to her. Becca hugged the doll then hugged Martha.

"It's beautiful. Thank you Martha. And thank you for the cookies."

"Cookies? What cookies? You didn't have any cookies in this world"

Becca laughed, agreed, and followed Martha downstairs.

"Henry, could you show Becca your trains while I sew her dress? It won't take me long."

"Sure! Come with me Becca."

While Martha sewed the precut pieces of Becca's full-size dress, Henry took Becca to the basement where she sat on his lap and watched as he made the various

trains run around the track. He made sure she didn't fall off his lap by placing a hand firmly between her legs. Since it was her first time, he didn't rub, he just pressed the side of his hand against her pussy and felt the heat radiating from it. He didn't know if she could feel his erection growing under her but he felt every movement of her bottom against it. When she tired of the trains, he brought her upstairs for a cold drink.

Martha finished the dress in record time and brought it downstairs where Becca and Henry were finishing their lemonade. She held the dress up and Becca's eyes lit up. The dress was a silky white material with rainbows and unicorns all over it. The skirt was full and would spin out almost flat when she twirled around.

"Henry, help her out of her dress so that she can try this one on.

Henry was more than willing to unzip the back of Becca's dress and lift it up over her head. He smiled when he saw her butt crack showing and tapped her bottom lightly when the dress was off. Martha put the new dress on her and it fit perfectly. Becca spun around several times, making the dress rise up and showing her panties. When she finished, she ran to Martha to thank her and received several bum squeezes in return.

"Let's take it off for now so that you can go in the little pool. It's getting hot. Maybe you should go pee first."

Martha took the new dress off and showed Becca where the bathroom was. Becca was a little surprised when Martha left the door open and stood in front of her when she sat on the toilet. It took a minute for her to start the flow. She wasn't used to being watched while she peed and it felt funny. It felt even stranger when Martha took some toilet paper and wiped between Becca's legs.

"All clean." Martha said. Let's go cool off.

Chapter 4 - Henri the painter

She led Becca to the yard where Henry had set up a shallow plastic pool in the shade and filled it with water. It was only a foot deep and Henry had set up two lawn chairs against it. He was sitting in one with his bare feet in the water when Martha and Becca approached them. Becca was still in just panties.

"Gate locked?" Martha asked quietly.

"Yup" he answered.

Martha started to remove Becca's underwear. "Let's take these off and you can get in."

"I thought my mommy had to be here for me to be all bare."

"Don't you remember? Your mommy said it was okay before she left."

"Oh yeah but it's weird without her here."

"Sweetie, we don't have another pair of dry panties so we can't get these wet. Your mommy said it was okay."

Becca didn't argue and stepped out of the panties. Henry caught his breath as Becca's baby smooth abdomen came into view. He had to resist reaching out to touch it and settled for sitting back in his chair and slipping a hand inside his knit shorts. He wasn't wearing underwear and the shorts were very loose.

"Henry, why don't you show Becca the surprise that we got for her."

"What surprise?" Becca asked.

"Oh, right. Becca, have you ever used finger paint?"

"Yes, one time but it was very messy and my mommy said never again."

"Well, we have some special paint for your whole body. It's like the colored soap you use in the bathtub. Here, let me show you."

Henry opened a box with four small jars of paint. He removed the lid from the yellow and dipped his fingers in.

"Stand in the pool but don't sit down yet. Let's pretend I'm a famous artist and you are my canvas. I think I will paint some sunflowers today."

Henry took the yellow paint and smeared yellow circles around Becca's flat nipples. He took his time getting each circle smooth. He opened the red paint and in a fake French accent said.

"Ah Moi Cherie. Today we make some abstract art, no?"

Taking two fingers full of red paint he coated her mound from just below her belly button to the bottom of her crease. She flinched when he touched her vulva but didn't stop him and she giggled when he kept up the French accent. By the time he finished painting Becca's private area he was trembling with excitement and right on the edge of cumming. Henry kept pronouncing his name like 'on-ree' with a nasal tone. It kept Becca giggling and diverted her attention from where his fingers were.

"Ah! Henri will paint de butterfly on the real little butterfly" he said as he coated her smooth outer lips with red paint.

When he stayed too long near her clit she stopped laughing.

"I don't think you should be touching there." She finally said.

"Ah but my sweet. I am not touching, I am painting a masterpiece. Maybe you should help me and add some blue."

Henry wiped his hands and opened the blue paint. Becca dipped one finger in it and lightly dabbed her mound, just above her crease.

"You are adding spots? No? That is a good idea. Don't be afraid. Add lots of spots."

Henry dipped her finger deeper in the blue paint and pressed the paint coated finger against her vulva in several places. Leaning over the pool, he inspected her work. When his face was inches from her abdomen, she wiped a blue line across his face and bent over laughing when he jumped back.

"Oh! You want to paint Henri? I need to take these clothes off so they don't get ruined."

"Henry, are you sure?" Martha said.

"Becca started it. It will be fine. We're just having fun, right Becca?"

"I guess so. I don't know."

"Well why don't you let Henry sit in the pool and you sit on his lap. Then you can paint each other."

"Okay I guess."

"Becca, I want to explain something to you. Your mommy and daddy work very hard to provide a nice home for you. I'm sure your mommy didn't want to leave you today but she had to for work. Do you understand how hard your parents work because they love you and want the best for you?"

"Yes Martha. I know that. My daddy never comes home until after I'm asleep."

"That's right and your mommy trusted us to watch you today. I think it's better if you don't tell mommy everything you did today. She might feel bad that she couldn't be here to help you paint. She asked us to take care of you and she might be sad if she heard about all the fun things she missed. Can you see that?"

"I guess so. What should I say if she asks me what we did?"

"Oh, you can tell the truth and say you painted yourself in the splash pool while we watched. Just don't tell her what Henry did because she will be sad that she didn't get to do it."

"So I shouldn't tell her about when you rubbed me in the magic closet either?"

Martha and Henry jumped when they heard that. Martha thought Becca was sleeping when she molested her.

"Remember what I said? Never talk about anything that happens in the magic closet. That would kill the magic. Did it feel nice when we rocked in the closet?"

"Oh it was very nice but I'm not supposed to talk about it."

"Well alright then!" Henry said as he stripped off his clothes and sat in the six-inch-deep water.

Henry lifted Becca up and sat her on his lap with his legs out straight and his feet almost touching the edge of the pool. Martha opened the last jar of paint and held it for Becca to dip three fingers in. They all laughed as Becca painted green lines across Henry's hairy chest. He retaliated by painting her cheeks blue then hugged her to his chest, smearing the paint between them. The pool water turned red then multi colored then mixed to a shade of brown. Henry continued to paint Becca's bottom where he could reach it and down her back.

At first Becca didn't notice the sausage like thing poking up between her legs. When it started to move up and down, she felt a strange feeling down there and looked to see what was happening.

"What's that Henry?"

"Oh baby, that's a special kind of paint brush and it's going to make some white paint in a minute. Can I have another Becca hug?"

Becca wrapped her arms around Henry as far as she could reach and felt the big thing sliding up and down faster and faster between her legs. It tickled when it pushed along the place where she peed and felt nice when it rubbed across the little bead at the top. Within a minute she heard Henry grunt and felt something warm on her belly. When she leaned back and looked the sausage thing was squirting an off-white liquid out the top. She touched the tip, which made Henry jump, took some of the white stuff and smeared it on her belly.

"It's not very good paint. I can see through it." She said as she smeared some on Henry.

"No, I guess it isn't. I'll have to make a new batch later." Henry said while suppressing a laugh.

Becca moved back several inches and looked at Henry's shrinking dick.

"That's not a paintbrush, that's your peepree."

"Yes, it is but don't worry, that white stuff isn't pee."

"Remember Becca." Martha said sternly. "Don't make mommy or daddy sad by telling them what they missed. It will be our little secret like you eating cookies after mommy said not to.

Martha didn't like using blackmail but Henry had pushed things much faster than they had ever done before. Tonight's sex session promised to be one of the best ever. Nothing made Henry and Martha horny like molesting a naked seven-year-old.

"You two are a mess. Stay there while I get the garden hose."

"Oh no, not the hose!" Henry said as he pulled Becca tight to his body.

The threat of the hose gave him another excuse to run his hands over her bum and between her legs as he held her. He lifted her up so that her pussy was even with his face and pretended to use her as a shield while pressing his cheek to her abdomen. If there wasn't so much paint, he would have snuck in a lick but he had to settle for a quick sniff of her girl scent.

Martha returned with the hose on fine mist and told Henry to wipe the paint off as she sprayed Becca. He was more than happy to comply and spent several minutes wiping paint off of her back, bottom and front from head to toe. The paint on her vulva had partially dried and he took extra time to rub it off while Martha directed the water spray on her. When Becca was mostly clean Martha turned the hose, which was now very cold, on Henry. He complained about the cold water until Becca started washing the paint off of his dick and balls. When he was clean Martha gave him a towel and held one for Becca. She wrapped Becca in the towel and led her in to the living room where there were twin rocking chairs. She sat in hers and pulled Becca onto her lap like she had done in the magic closet. Becca was asleep in minutes and Martha gently unwrapped her while Henry filled the SD card in his digital camera with pictures.

Becca woke up a little before June was supposed to pick her up. While she slept Henry had heated up a big pot of stew. Martha wrapped Becca back up and gently woke her. She noticed that there were still specks of paint on the child. When Becca was dressed in the new rainbow-unicorn dress Martha made a suggestion.

"Becca, you should soak in the bathtub when you get home to get all the paint off. Maybe you should ask mommy to get in with you so that you can stay in longer to soften the paint."

June arrived looking exhausted and hugged Martha and Henry when they invited her and Becca to supper. She was astonished at the dress, never having learned to sew, and thanked Martha over and over. She was a little surprised at the full body painting but she was too tired to argue and she was beginning to think that maybe Martha and Henry were right and letting Becca be an innocent little kid wasn't a bad idea. Before they left Martha made a suggestion.

"June, you look exhausted and Becca needs to soak to get the rest of the paint off. Why don't you both have a nice long bath when you get home?"

"It's been a long time since I took a bath with Becca but that actually sounds like a great idea. Thank you again Martha. Things have been tense at home. You really saved my life today."

"We told you, anytime June, anytime."

Chapter 5 - Mommy-Daughter Time

June led Becca home to a quiet house. Her husband seemed to spend more time at work than he did at home. When he was home, he was sullen and never wanted to talk like he used to. They hadn't had sex in two months, which was very unusual for the still young couple. On top of that, her manager had started making comments about the number of times she worked from home and how she needed to be in the office more. The idea of a long soak in the tub sounded wonderful and if Becca needed to join her that was fine too.

"Becca, how would you like to take a nice bubble bath with mommy? It's just us girls here tonight and I think it would be nice."

"Can we use the pink bath bomb?" She asked enthusiastically.

Becca loved the balls of soap that fizzed and turned the water colors when they dissolved. They were kid safe and June readily agreed. They went to the master bathroom and June filled the tub half way with warm, but not too hot, water. She dropped the bath bomb in and they watched as it burst into a ball of pink bubbles. June laughed when she took Becca's dress off. She was covered in little specs of paint from her neck to her waist. She was a little concerned when she saw a number of streaks of paint on her genitals.

"Honey, you shouldn't get paint on your privates. Your skin is very delicate down there."

"I made a butterfly. Um, okay mommy."

Becca remembered what Martha said that June would be sad if she knew what she had missed out on, so she didn't say that Henry had put most of the paint there.

"Okay, let's get in and soak it off."

June turned her back to Becca and quickly got in the tub. She was embarrassed to let Becca see her pubic hair and thought she might start trimming it again. Once she was seated, she helped Becca sit on her lap and leaned back, letting the water rise up to Becca's chest. The warm water relaxed them both and June found herself enjoying the feeling of Becca's skin on her bare breasts. She wrapped Becca in a hug and let her hands rest on her belly. Becca's skin felt baby soft and she started caressing her upper body, telling herself it was to remove the paint.

Becca sighed and closed her eyes. Her mother's fingers were giving her nice feelings and the warm bath was relaxing. June leaned back with her hands on Becca's abdomen and closed her eyes for a minute. She was almost asleep when she remembered the paint on Becca's lower area. She let one hand slide down the crease of Becca's leg, trying to find the paint by touch. A shiver went through her body as she thought about where she was touching.

"I'm just washing the paint off." She told herself as her fingers went lower and searched for more paint.

Becca sighed but didn't say anything as her mother explored her private place. She knew her mother was just washing her but it felt really good. June moved her right hand to Becca's leg and began the same process with her left hand. Becca jumped when June slid her hand down Becca's leg joint and tickled her but settled right down again. June knew there was more paint there and felt her heart race as she touched the top of Becca's mound with her index finger and made the slow erotic journey down the middle of Becca's vulva, opening her crease as she went. Her own vagina clenched and released as she felt Becca's bottom against it. She had reached her tipping point.

Most humans can resist different levels of sexual temptation up to the point where the overpowering need for release clouds their judgement and forces them to continue. As June searched for paint closer and closer to Becca's opening, the endorphins took control of her brain and she stroked the full length of Becca's crease. In her mind it wasn't Becca she was touching, it was herself. She might have stopped if Becca hadn't pressed her hand on top of June's, silently begging her mother to continue. June wasn't the only one being flooded with endorphins. Becca was getting wonderful feelings from her mother's fingers and wanted more. Pressing her mother's hand tighter against her tiny clit sent lots of pleasure signals to her brain.

June's orgasm came on slowly and built to a crest. She put her other hand on Becca's and felt her daughter shiver as her first ever orgasm hit her young body. Hearing Becca's young voice moaning in pleasure sparked June's orgasm and she cupped Becca's vagina with her hand and thrust her hips up against her bottom. June's need was too great and she quickly turned Becca over, pressed Becca's knee against her adult clit and hugged her to her bare chest as wave after wave of

pleasure descended on her. It had been a long time since Sam had given her that much pleasure.

They calmed down slowly with June stroking Becca's hair and Becca using June's breast as a pillow. June didn't want the magic to end so she added some warm water and stayed hugging her daughter.

"Well, that was exciting, wasn't it? Are you okay sweetie?" She asked Becca.

"Oh yes! You made me feel really good Mommy. I like taking baths with you."

"This was a very private mother-daughter bath. Do you understand that you shouldn't talk about it to anyone? It's no one's business."

"I know Mommy. It's like when I ran through the sprinkler or painted myself with no clothes on."

"You like having no clothes on, don't you?"

"Oh yes, it's the best."

"It's okay as long as no one else sees you except Mommy and Daddy and Martha and Henry when they watch you. Probably by next year you will be too old so enjoy it this summer."

June stayed in the bath with Becca until the water turned cold again, then wrapped herself and Becca in towels and laid on June's bed with her. She couldn't get enough of the feeling of Becca's skin on hers and spent close to an hour hugging and touching and rolling on the bed with Becca. They only stopped when it was Becca's bedtime. Becca wanted to sleep nude but June said that she didn't think her father would approve so they settled for a nightgown with no panties. June put on very non-sexy pajamas and was asleep when Sam came home and slipped into bed.

Chapter 6 - A Neighbor to confide in

June woke up racked with guilt. How could she have touched her daughter like that. She wished she could talk to someone about it but she and Sam were barely on speaking terms and she was afraid if he found out he would take Becca and move out. He might even have her arrested. She knew that in spite of everything, Becca was better off with her than with Sam. June fought to concentrate all day at work and by the end of the day she had decided to carefully talk to Martha. She wouldn't admit anything but just ask some questions.

Sam called and said that his company wanted a final push to get the product finished and that they were renting several hotel rooms for the staff to stay in so

that they could work late and start early. He said that he had come home during the day and picked up some clothes and he might not see her and Becca for a week. June had a terrible feeling that her marriage was breaking up and she was at the verge of tears when she and Becca went over to Martha's house.

"Hi Martha. Do you have a few minutes to talk, woman to woman?"

"Of course dear. Henry, why don't you take Becca downstairs and let her run your trains for a while. You can each take a cookie on the way."

June laughed at the idea that Henry was being told to only take one cookie.

"I guess you have to ration those cookies or they would be gone in a day."

"Ha, ha. More like a couple hours. Come sit down. I was just about to whip up a batch of a new cocktail I read about. You look like you could use one."

Martha followed the recipe up to the point where she was to measure out a cup of vodka. Based on June's sad face she decided to double it and poured two cups of the vodka into the blender. She was making an espresso cocktail and the final result tasted like a coffee milkshake. It went down easy and hit like a hammer.

"Here June, try this."

"Mmm. This is delicious. What's in it."

"Oh you know, a little of this and a little of that. I'll give you the recipe. So what do you want to talk about."

June took a long sip of the sweet drink and started talking.

"Martha, you said you used to take baths with your son. Did he ever, I mean did you ever, um"

"Did he ever get stiffies? Of course he did. It's perfectly natural. One of the cutest things boys do. I wish they could stay that cute and young."

"But what did you do when it happened?"

"Nothing really. I mean I continued to wash him like always and he probably enjoyed it when I washed his little penis. Boys get very sweaty so I had to make sure he was very clean. Why are you asking?"

"Well, you know Becca had that paint down in a delicate place. By the way, please don't let her put paint down there again. She could get paint inside her or irritate her delicate skin."

"It was actually body paint so it was non-irritating but I will tell her to be careful. She was having so much fun we didn't want to discourage her. Did it all wash out?"

"Well, that's the problem you see. I decided to bring her into the bathtub with me and I was trying to get the paint out without hurting her and, well, I had to rub some very private places and, and."

"She enjoyed it more than you think she should?" Martha added.

"Well yes and not just her. She was so warm and soft and she reminded me of when I breast fed her and it was all so overwhelming."

"June, stop worrying. You were naked in a warm bath with your daughter. Of course you felt a surge of motherly love and you shared it with Becca. It sounds perfectly natural and beautiful. You know in some countries it's common for mothers to kiss their child's genitals as a sign of love. It's not a bit sexual, just an expression of love."

"I sure hope so because I would never do anything to hurt her."

"I'm sure you wouldn't. Is anything else bothering you?"

"I'm afraid my marriage is ending. My husband has been working later and later and now he said he has to stay at a hotel for a week to finish a project. I'm afraid the project is another woman. If I kick him out, he won't be around to watch Becca. I have an out of state convention coming up and if I refuse to go I could get fired."

"June, I told you we are here if you need us. If you need to clear the air with Sam, you call me and I will meet you at the gate. Becca can stay here while you talk to Sam. If you need us to, we can keep Becca overnight when you go to the convention. Our son is visiting soon but we have lots of room and Becca will love meeting his girls."

While June and Martha talked, Henry was in the basement with Becca. He sneaked an extra cookie and she giggled when he produced it and broke it in half. She thought it was funny when he kissed her on the lips after the cookie but liked it when he called her a cutie. She was getting used to having a hand up her dress and between her legs at the Murphy's house. It seemed like that was the normal way for Henry and Martha to hold her on their laps. He always seemed to rub her kitty when the train ran directly in front of them and made the most noise too.

"Did you like painting the other day?" He asked.

"Oh yes it was a lots of fun. Mommy said I shouldn't put paint on my privates though. She said they are sensitive."

"Well that is true, they are sensitive but that was special paint that wouldn't hurt them. Did all of the paint wash out?"

"I think so. Mommy washed me real good in the bathtub last night."

Henry knew that the basement door made a lot of noise when it was opened and that his train room couldn't be seen from the stairs so he made a bold decision.

"You shouldn't leave any paint down there. Do you want me to check and make sure it's all gone?"

"I guess so, if you want to."

"Oh I want to." He thought as he slipped Becca off of his lap and stood her on a chair.

His face was level with her waist as he lifted up her dress and tucked it under her chin. Becca wanted to see what he was doing so he held it up with both hands. Henry pinched the waistband of her panties and slowly pulled them down. Her smooth mound caught the light and made his mouth water. He put his hands on her hips and slid his thumbs down across her abdomen, up over her mound and down either side of her crease.

"No paint here." he said as he felt the softness of her vagina lips.

He gently opened her up with his thumbs and saw several shades of red, coral and pink flesh inches from his face. There were a few specs of red paint near her leg joints and he thought he saw some close to her opening.

"Opps, here is a spot. Hold still and I'll get it."

Becca gasped as Henry leaned forward and pressed his face against her privates. She felt him licking and wondered why he would want to get paint in his mouth. She watched as he leaned back and appeared to remove something from his tongue with his fingers.

"Almost got it all." He said as he leaned forward again. "My fingers would be too rough, this is better. Do you put your finger in your mouth when you hurt it?"

"Oh yes. One time I burned it on the stove and put it right in my mouth."

"Right. This is the same thing. Let's see if there is any more."

Henry put his hands on Becca's bottom and pressed his tongue in her vagina. It was tight, even for a tongue, but the little girl sex taste was worth a sore tongue the next day. He massaged her bottom and drove his tongue deeper inside her as she let go of the dress, held onto his head and started to feel dizzy above him. Henry felt the dress drop over his head but moved up to her immature clit to

search for more paint. He tried to not think of how it looked for his head to be under the dress of a seven-year-old.

"Oh Henry! What are you doing? Oh! I feel funny. I think I need to pee. Henry, what's happening?"

Becca dissolved into a fit of shaking as her tongue induced orgasm hit with full force. Henry pressed her body to his face and licked for all he was worth as she trembled on the chair and clawed at the dress over his head. He reached down with one hand and just managed to free his dick before he sent a stream of cum across the basement floor. He held her tight and licked until he thought she was becoming too sensitive then sat her on his lap, on top of his dick and gently stroked her hair and kissed her. They both panted for a long time as they recovered. Finally Henry spoke.

"I think I got all the paint Becca. Are you okay?"

"What happened? You made me feel so good."

"The paint was in a special place that feels really good when it's touched. It's a private place so you shouldn't talk about it to Mommy or anyone else."

"Mommy made me feel good like that in the bathtub. I guess she didn't get all of the paint off."

"That's right. Mommy might feel bad that she didn't get all the paint off so let's not tell her. We don't want her to feel bad do we? We should get you straightened out and go see what mommy is doing."

Henry pulled up her panties, placed a kiss on them and straightened her dress. They went upstairs and to the back yard where Martha and June were finishing talking.

"Here is our little Princess! Did you have fun running the trains?" Martha asked.

"I only crashed them once." Becca said, leaving out the whole paint removal incident.

"I need to bank that back corner a little more." Henry said. "The big engine can't make the curve without tipping over."

June finished her drink and Martha refilled it, saying there was only a little left in the blender. June was feeling very mellow as the alcohol hit and was too slow to say no. It was still early evening and very hot so she didn't object when Becca begged to go in the pool. Henry filled the shallow pool with the garden hose and set up three chairs around it. June called Becca over to her chair and pulled her dress up over her head. She started to say have fun but after a pause, slipped her fingers inside Becca's panties and stripped her naked. Martha and Henry smiled

as they feasted their eyes on Becca's body again. There would be no touching but the view was fantastic.

Becca made the most of the small pool, sliding from side to side, opening and closing her legs and laying back to let the water cover her chest with her pussy pointing at Martha.

"She's such an angel." Martha said to June.

"Yes. She's my whole life." June replied. "I still can't believe I let her do that but she seems so happy and it's not hurting her."

"Children need to be free when they are young. They have the rest of their lives to follow rules and be told to be ashamed of their bodies."

While Martha and June were talking Henry went in the house and brought out a big beach towel and gave it to June. When it was time to go June wrapped Becca in the towel and thoroughly dried her, stopping to give her little kisses as she did. Becca reluctantly put her clothes back on while June said goodbye then they headed back through the gate to their rental home.

"Thank you again Martha. I will probably take you up on both offers. Becca shouldn't be home when I talk to Sam and I trust you to watch her when I go out of town."

Martha went in her house and opened her iPad to her contacts list. Henry came over to see what she was doing.

"Calling Jimmy?" He asked.

"Yes. That poor girl tries so hard and she thinks Sam is cheating on her."

Martha dialed the number for her nephew James Hunter. James was a respected divorce lawyer with a lot of experience and knew of a private detective agency that he used frequently.

"Hello Jimmy, it's Aunt Martha."

No one but Martha called him Jimmy. He smiled when he heard her voice.

"Aunt Martha! Hi. How is Henry? Is Michael coming to visit this year?"

"Henry is good, still spending too much money on his trains. Michael will be here in two weeks with his girls."

"So are you just saying hi or do you need something done at the family rate?"

James knew that when Martha called, she often had a friend who needed legal advice and couldn't pay much. His practice was successful enough to grant Martha a few pro bono jobs.

"Jimmy, it's our new neighbor June Newton. She thinks her husband Sam is cheating on her. He told her he had to stay at a hotel in the city all week to finish a project. Can you ask your friend the detective to see if that's true?"

"Well, he's not my friend, I pay him to investigate people but that seems like a simple job so I can cover it for you. Call it the family rate."

"You are a good person, Jimmy. I owe you a batch of cookies and a special treat when Mark's girls are here."

"Ha, ha. The husbands of the women I represent don't think so but thanks. Give me Sam's details and I will see what I can do."

Chapter 7 - Cheating Husband, Loving Mother

It was almost Becca's bedtime when they left Martha and Henry's house. June told Becca to put her pajamas on and pick out a story but Becca had other ideas.

"Mommy, can we take another bath together? I think I still have paint on me."

"Becca, I don't know. You are getting too old to take a bath with mommy. I shouldn't have washed you like that."

The truth was June loved feeling Becca's body on hers and touching Becca gave June a massive orgasm. Becca wrapped her arms around June and pleaded.

"Please mommy! I really liked it yesterday and you said I needed to get all the paint off before it gave me a rash. Please, please mommy."

June desperately needed some affection after the weeks of her husband being cold to her. Her willpower melted when she looked into Becca's pleading eyes.

"Okay, okay but just a short one. You need to get to sleep. Maybe you can sleep in my bed with me tonight. Daddy is staying in the city for a few days until his work project is finished."

"His project better not be some slut from his office" June thought as she started to fill the tub. She was startled by Becca pulling on her pants.

"Come on Mommy. Get your clothes off!"

"When did you become such a nudist?" June said laughing.

She helped Becca take her clothes off and saw that she wasn't wearing panties.

"Where are your panties young lady?"

"Oh, I guess I left them at Martha's" she replied giggling.

"Becca Newton! We don't leave our underwear at other people's houses."

"Sorry mommy."

June shook her head in mock seriousness then bent down and gave Becca a hug. She squeezed her bare bum before reaching back and unhooking her bra. The next hug was bare chest to bare chest and June liked it so much she almost overflowed the tub. She stood up and quickly removed the rest of her clothes, placing them on a hamper and adding Becca's dress on top. When she stepped into the tub the water rose so high she had to let some out before Becca got in. They were submerged up to their necks and the soapy water hid Becca's body completely. June could not see her hands touching Becca. Somehow that gave her a little bit of comfort.

"Mmm. This was a good idea honey. We should do this more often."

"I know Mommy. Can you check for more paint now?"

"Let's just enjoy the warm water first. Put your head back and close your eyes."

Becca was impatient to get the good feelings back but June didn't want their baths to be molesting sessions. She loved her daughter and wanted to show her that with hugs and light touches. There was plenty of time to look for paint in private places later. She kissed the top of Becca's head and leaned back until her head rested on the edge of the tub. Starting at her shoulders she gently washed Becca's body. She traced thin arms and delicate fingers, feeling each digit before moving back to her shoulders and across her collar bone. Her hand wiped across Becca's flat chest, looking for changes and finding the tiniest pencil eraser bumps where, too soon, breasts would form.

Becca sighed as the warm water and her mother's touch relaxed her. She still had an itch down in her kitty but she was ignoring it and concentrating on her mother's fingers exploring her upper body. When she couldn't ignore it any more Becca moved her hand down between her legs and felt some relief as her fingers pressed into her crease and found hot, slippery skin and a button that sent sparks up her spine when she touched it.

June was almost in a trance as she caressed Becca's body. She was very aware of Becca's bare back pressing against her breasts and her little bottom rubbing June's pubic hair. She reminded herself to try shaving or waxing again, just for Becca. Her fingers drifted down to a small, innie, belly button and slightly round belly. Like most girls her age, Becca's stomach still curved out from just under her

breasts to just above her mound. It would flatten out with her puberty growth spurt but for now it felt wonderful under June's fingers. She trembled a little as her hand moved lower.

If only she could stop there, everything would be a normal mother-daughter bath. If only she didn't know how soft and puffy Becca's labia felt. If only she didn't rationalize that there might be paint irritating that delicate area, but she did. Her fingers moved straight down over Becca's mound and bumped into Becca's hand doing its own exploring.

"Looking for paint down there?" She asked Becca.

"Yes, but you do it better." Becca replied as she moved her hand out of the way.

"I'm just making sure there's no paint left, okay."

"Yes. I think there is still some down there."

The charade was established. June wasn't rubbing her daughter's private areas, she was checking for left over paint specs. Her whole body trembled when she moved her index finger up and over Becca's mound and down into her valley. Becca jumped when her mother's finger crossed over her sensitive clit on its journey down between impossibly silky skin to a tiny opening that beckoned it to explore. June closed her eyes tighter and clenched her vaginal muscles as her finger felt the rim of Becca's opening. It was so small she didn't think even a finger would fit but when she pressed forward a little, the tip of her finger slipped in.

"What am I doing?" She asked herself as she withdrew the finger.

June's shock at her boldness only lasted a minute because when she withdrew her finger, she again felt the incredible softness of a young child's private place. She moved her finger up and felt a small bead at the top of Becca's hot, slippery crease. Little Becca had a clit and June heard her suck in a breath when she touched it. June's own body was screaming for attention but she couldn't reach her clit with Becca sitting on her. She decided to give Becca the love first and then take care of herself.

"You okay honey?" She whispered.

"Yes mommy. Can you wash the paint off now? Please?"

June knew Becca was asking her to bring her to an orgasm. She slipped her left hand under Becca and let her fingers rest along Becca's bum crack with one finger against her anus. She started rubbing up and down Becca's pussy with two fingers, making circles around her clit like she enjoys doing to herself. Becca's breathing became heavier and she started raising her hips up to meet June's hand. When June wiggled the fingers under her, Becca squeezed her bum tight, sending

a thrill up her spine. June switched to just rubbing circles over Becca's clit and within a minute Becca convulsed in a preteen orgasm.

"Oh mommy, oh, oh, it's so good. It's so good!" She moaned as she saw fireworks and her whole body was flooded with endorphins.

Muscles contracted then relaxed as pulses of pleasure radiated from her vagina. Becca pressed both of her hands on top of June's and bucked against them as her body craved more and more of the good feelings. She trembled so much she sent a wave of water over the side of the tub. June was glad there were no tenants below them and only an unfinished basement if the water leaked through. When Becca pushed her hand away, she wrapped her in a hug and held her tight as more and more aftershocks shook her light body. June could tell it had been a big one and she hoped it was interpreted as a mother's love.

Becca felt like she was flying. The rush of emotions was more powerful than anything she had ever felt and she loved her mother for giving it to her. She didn't know much about sex so she interpreted what happened as motherly love. It didn't occur to her that her mother might want the same kind of attention.

"Still okay Becca?"

"Oh mommy. It was wonderful. Thank you so much."

"You understand this is very private. Not even Daddy can know about our baths."

"I know. It's our secret."

"Roll over sweetie. I need a proper hug."

Becca rolled over and wrapped her arms around June. She liked how her front felt when she slid up and down over June's breasts. June had almost no sag in her breasts and her very sensitive nipples transferred signals directly to her vagina when Becca rubbed across them. She lifted Becca up slightly and gave her a light kiss on the lips.

"I love you so much Becca."

"I love you too Mommy."

June touched her lips to Becca's again and lingered as long as she could without frightening her. She pulled back then gave her several quick, playful kisses and moved her back down to where Becca could rest her cheek on June's breast. Her clit was screaming for attention and she slipped her hand down under Becca and into her hot pussy. It only took a minute of contact on her clit for her orgasm to hit.

"Oh Becca! Mommy loves you so much. Push your knee against me honey, oh yeah! Like that. Oh Fffkk."

June managed to suppress the work fuck but she hugged Becca tight and pressed Becca's knee into her pussy until the feelings were too intense. She soaped up her hands just before the orgasm started and massaged Becca's bum and down between her legs throughout the orgasm. Becca knew her mother was experiencing something like what she had felt and she hugged her mother tight and received tingles down below every time June plunged her hand between Becca's legs. They both enjoyed the post orgasm calm and June continued to wash Becca's back and buttocks for several sweet minutes. When the water started to get cold June tapped Becca on the shoulder and told her it was time to get out.

"Honey, I love our baths but if you ever decide that you don't want me to wash the paint off you need to tell me. I promise I won't be mad or disappointed."

"I like our baths mommy but I think the paint is all gone. Could I put some more on at Martha's house?"

June laughed at the way Becca was arranging to be touched again. If she put more body paint on her vagina then mommy would have to wash it off. The problems with Sam were turning her world upside down but one constant was her love for Becca. Martha had showed her a new way to show that love. June never suspected that it was part of a plan.

Chapter 8 - It's called Polyamory

The rest of the week was quiet for June and Becca. She let Becca sleep in her bed and neither of them bothered with pajamas. When June didn't have time for a long bath, she and Becca took showers together. She let Becca wear dresses without panties around the house and had to remind her to put them on one morning before daycare. Becca wanted to be nude around the house but June was afraid that Sam would come home unexpectedly and object. Sam said he would be home Saturday afternoon and June arranged for Martha to watch Becca. It was then that Martha gave June the bad news.

"Honey, you better sit down. Henry, do you have some yard work that Becca can help you with?"

Henry took the hint and led Becca outside.

"What's up Martha? Is someone sick?"

"I wish it was that good. Honey, I have a nephew who's a divorce lawyer with resources. I asked him to check on Sam in the city. His private investigator

confirmed that Sam was going to a woman's house after work. She has two boys and they called him Sam so he must have visited her before. He couldn't take pictures of the inside, of course, but Sam stayed the night and kissed her goodbye in the morning. At the least, he's having an affair. At worst he's a bigamist with two wives. My nephew couldn't find out more unless he was officially representing you. Is there any chance Sam has a relative he could be staying with? I would hate to accuse him of something and find out it was his sister."

June sank lower in the chair. Her world was falling apart in front of her.

"No, Sam doesn't have a sister and doesn't have any relatives in the state. It looks like my marriage is over. Martha what will I do? I don't make enough money to be a single mother."

Martha moved over to the couch and sat next to June.

"Take one thing at a time. First thing to do is confront him and unless he has an ironclad believable excuse, throw the bum out. Tell him the house is Becca's home and he can go live with his girlfriend. Tell him your lawyer will contact him. I'll get my nephew to give you a family discount and we will cover the initial cost until Jimmy makes your creep of a husband pay up. Jimmy could make Superman cringe in fear when he goes after a cheating husband."

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it." June said as she broke down in tears.

June was racked by deep sobs that shook her to her core. Martha hugged her tight with June's head on her shoulder. June put her arm around Martha and hugged her back as all of her stress and worry poured out in tears. All she wanted was to be loved and now Sam had tried to destroy that. She felt like a little girl in Martha's arms and the sobs gradually subsided as Martha rubbed her back and stroked her hair. It seemed so natural, so right when Martha lifted her chin up and kissed her. A flood of emotions surged through her body but none of them said stop. Her aching need to be loved was being fulfilled by another woman's kiss. She didn't think, she didn't judge, she just let it happen and when Martha pushed her hand under June's blouse, she let that happen too.

June tried to force her mind back in control but her need for comfort overrode her logic. Of course it was insane to kiss her female neighbor, her old female neighbor, but Martha filled a need that wouldn't be denied. When Martha broke the kiss and removed her hand she looked June in the eyes.

"Henry and I love you and Becca. If you let us, we will show you how much and protect you from Sam at the same time."

"Both of you?"

"Yes, and both you and Becca."

"I don't know. I'm so confused. I know it's insane but I'm not sorry it happened."

"You need love June, love from Becca and love from us. Just give it a try, you can always say no at any time."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You probably need to have that talk with Sam. If he won't leave, move in here with us. We have lots of room. Then, when you're ready, let me and Henry and Becca love you, separately and together."

"Together? You mean you and Henry with Becca there?"

"Not just there, participating. We love her too and she is starting to love us. We would never do anything to hurt her. Just because you never experienced this kind of love doesn't mean it's wrong. Look up the definition of Polyamory on the internet. You don't need to limit your love to just one cheating man."

"It's a lot to think about. I don't know Martha."

"Why don't you start with this."

Martha leaned in for another kiss and as she did she pushed her hand under June's skirt and up to her panties. As Martha's tongue licked June's lips she reached up and pulled June's panties down and rubbed her wet pussy. June jumped at the sudden stimulation and the erotic way Martha took control and started returning the tongue kiss. Martha pushed her back and worked her panties down to her knees then plunged three fingers into June. She hadn't felt anything inside her in a couple months and the intrusion lit a fire that wouldn't be extinguished. June practically crawled into Martha's lap trying to force her fingers deeper and deeper inside.

When the orgasm hit Martha had to cover June's mouth with hers to keep the neighbors six blocks away from hearing the scream. June exploded with a massive wave of joy flowing out of her vagina. Her whole body tensed then humped against Martha's fingers as feelings that she never experienced with Sam took control of her body. She had pretty good sex with Sam when they were first married but this was several levels better than anything Sam could give her. She didn't care what society said, she wanted, no needed, more of this feeling in her life. Martha finger fucked June until she became too sensitive to continue.

"Oh my god Martha! What did you do to me? What is happening to me?"

"You are learning that you need love in more than one form. We can give you that love if you let us."

"And you're sure it won't hurt Becca."

"I'm sure. It hasn't hurt our son's two girls. You can meet them in a couple weeks."

"Okay. Let's see what Sam has to say tomorrow. I'll bring Becca over after lunch. Please keep her inside. I don't want her to hear any shouting."

June pulled her panties up and straightened her skirt then went looking for Becca. She stopped at the edge of the porch when she saw Henry walking towards them holding Becca's hand. Becca was stark naked and covered from head to toe in mud. Henry was carrying her clothes in his hand.

"Don't be mad mom." Henry said as they approached. "Becca wanted to play in the garden and she didn't want to get her clothes dirty."

"I can see that. Becca, did you have to smear half of the dirt from Henry's garden on you? I hope you left some dirt for the plants."

In spite of all of the emotional trauma that June had endured, she had to laugh at her muddy daughter. Thinking about the mess she would make in the house, June walked over to the garden hose and turned it on.

"No mommy! That will be cold." Becca whined but she knew it was no use.

June put the hose on fine mist and started with Becca's head. When she had rinsed down to her neck, she increased the force of the water and sent rivers of mud into the grass. Becca tried to protect her vagina from the stinging spray but June made her put her arms out straight and continued rinsing down to her feet. She then made Becca turn around and rinsed her back, taking a second to press the hose into her butt crack, before finishing her legs. Henry produced a big towel and gave it to June.

"Wrap her up and bring her in to the house." Martha said gently. "This would be a good time for a lesson."

June hesitated, she knew what Martha was suggesting.
"Martha, I don't know. It's too soon."

"You need to know you're loved June. This is a perfect time. Just rock your daughter and show her you love her."

June put the towel over Becca's shoulders and took her hand.
"Come inside with me Becca. I need some of your hugs."

Becca followed her mother into the living room where June sat in an upholstered rocking chair and put Becca across her lap. Martha and Henry sat on the couch across from them and waited.

"What's happening?" Henry whispered.

"Shhh, just wait. June is going to show Becca how much she loves her."

June supported Becca with her left arm and pulled her to her chest. She let the towel open and looked at Becca's young body. Except for a few normal bruises from being a kid, Becca's skin was perfectly smooth and creamy. Her tan lines had faded over the winter and she hadn't been out in the sun enough to get any tan, lines or no lines. June started rocking Becca and singing a lullaby to her. As she held Becca her worries seemed to fade away and she felt closer and closer to her. Somewhere during the second or third song Becca's eyes began to get droopy and June's hand began to move up Becca's leg. When she reached her leg joint her hand slipped under Becca's bare bottom for a brief time then rolled around one leg and up to her abdomen. Becca woke up and gasped when she felt June's hand flat against her kitty. This was a game to be played in private in the tub but her mother was playing it in clear view of Martha and Henry.

"Mommy?"

"Shhh, it's okay baby. Just relax. Mommy loves you."

June closed her eyes and continued to sing quietly. She couldn't look at Martha and Henry watching her touch her daughter. Becca felt small and warm in her arms and as she pet Becca's private region, she felt her daughter sigh and melt into her arms even more. She was showing Becca that she loved her and sealing a pact with the Murphys that would bring her the love she needed.

Martha got up from the couch and walked over to June.

"Becca, lean forward for a minute. Your mommy needs to get comfortable."

Becca leaned forward and Martha unbuttoned June's blouse and slipped it off of her. She then reached behind June and unhooked her bra and removed it.

"Becca, when you were a baby you got milk from your mother's breast. It would make her feel really good if you pretended to do it now."

June shifted Becca towards her a little until Becca's mouth was about even with her nipple. Becca's first touch of her lips on June's nipple sent electric shocks right through her.

"Oh baby! Yes! That feels so good."

June increased her rubbing of Becca's vulva and searched for her little clit. Every time Becca licked across June's nipple, she returned the pleasure by rubbing from Becca's opening to her clit. June forgot about Martha and Henry being in the room. She didn't see Martha unzip Henry and lean over to stroke him to the edge of cuming. She didn't see him slide his hand under her shirt and bra and squeeze her nipples. With her eyes still closed she felt Becca stiffen and felt her own

orgasm hit. Suddenly there were hands touching her, sending her higher. She opened her eyes and saw Martha massaging her other breast and leaning in to give her kisses. She felt Henry's hand sliding between her legs and under Becca where he found June's wet pussy and slipped two fingers in her. The amount of stimulation hitting her was too much and she fainted from the intensity. Henry was there to support Becca and she never knew that her mother had passed out from over stimulation. When June woke up seconds later, Martha was smiling at her.

"You did very good June. Welcome to the family."

"Thanks" June said weakly. The orgasm had drained all of her energy and Martha and Henry had to help her and Becca get dressed before walking them to the gate. Martha said they would be waiting for Becca the next day.

Chapter 9 - A special story book for Becca

June had a splitting headache by the time she got home. She knew that what she was doing was illegal and condemned by society but there was something about polyamory that seemed right. She needed love and didn't get it from her husband. It just seemed right that she could love Becca both as a daughter and as a lover and that she could share her with Martha and Henry who also loved her and Becca. She unlocked her back door and plopped down on her couch to sort things out.

"Mommy, why did you look for paint in front of Martha and Henry?"

June was shaken out of her thoughts by Becca's question. She pulled Becca onto her lap but didn't touch between her legs this time.

"Becca, we need to talk. We've been saying that I was looking for paint but you know that what I was doing was making you feel nice inside by touching your private places."

"I know. I didn't think we could say it out loud."

"Well, when we're in public that's true. If anyone other than Martha and Henry found out they would call the police and have me put in jail. You would be put in a foster home or your daddy would send you to a boarding school where you live at school year-round. It's very important that you don't tell anyone what we do."

"Is it okay if Martha and Henry look for paint then?"

"They already did, didn't they? It's okay, you can tell me everything. I promise I won't get mad."

"They said you would be sad if you knew that you missed out on some of their games like the paint."

"I think that was so that you wouldn't tell me that they were touching you where they shouldn't. Did they ever do anything you didn't like? Did they make you feel like you had to do something?"

"No, not at all. Martha made me feel really nice in her magic closet and Henry was funny when he pretended to be a painter and painted me."

"Oh, so it was Henry who put the paint down there. He didn't go inside you, did he?"

"Inside where mommy?"

June adjusted Becca on her lap and lifted up her dress. Becca's panties were in June's pocket so she didn't need to remove them. June spread Becca's legs wide and used two fingers to open her outer labia. Her bright pink vaginal opening glistened with a little moisture.

"See the tiny hole here?" June said. "When you are grown up, a man will put his penis in there. It's supposed to be to make a baby but it feels really, really good even if it's not for baby making. Did Henry put his finger or anything else in there?"

"I think he put his tongue in it when he was looking for paint. I thought it was yucky. That's where I pee."

"Well, your pee comes out from a little tube up here so there wouldn't be any pee inside. Pee doesn't taste very good but it won't hurt you. Lots of men and some women like to lick down there to make the person feel very good. The liquid inside tastes good to a lot of people too."

"So it was okay what Martha and Henry did?"

"It wasn't okay that they didn't get my permission first. What they did is usually called child abuse and it's very illegal. I understand now that they were just showing you love but because it's illegal we need to keep it secret."

"I won't tell anyone, even daddy."

"Especially not daddy. Mommy and Daddy are not getting along very good these days and if Daddy knew he would take you away from me and have me arrested. I want you to visit Martha tomorrow so that I can talk about some grownup things with Daddy."

"Oh good! Can I use the body paint again?"

"No honey, I want you to stay inside. You shouldn't hear what Mommy and Daddy are talking about. It's grownup stuff and not about you at all."

"Can we take a bath now? I think I still have mud on me."

"Just a short one. Mommy has a bad headache tonight."

June took some aspirin and thought how funny it was that she was using a headache as an excuse to not have sex with her daughter. Her world was certainly upside down at the moment. Laying in the warm water with Becca's naked body against her helped her relax and she smiled when her gentle fingers washed away any remaining mud and brought on sweet mewling sounds from Becca. Her orgasm was softer than usual and when it was over Becca rolled over and hugged June tightly.

"I love you Mommy. Thank you for washing the mud away."

"I love you too sweetie. Let's dry off and get to bed."

June decided that if Becca needed something like "finding the paint" or "washing away the mud" to describe being touched it was okay with her. The love that June felt when Becca orgasmed was real and fulfilled a need that no one else could fill. She wrapped Becca in a huge towel and carried her to her bed. Becca was almost too heavy to carry and she knew she would miss that closeness when it happened. Tonight might be the last night that she and Becca could sleep nude together. Sam certainly wouldn't approve and would use it to get custody of Becca if he filed for divorce. June didn't get much sleep that night. Her only comfort was Becca's warm body close to her.

In the morning Sam texted that he was on the way home and June got Becca ready. She dressed her in the rainbow and unicorn dress that Martha made and let Becca bring her doll wearing the matching dress. She met Martha at the gate and kissed Becca goodbye, telling her to be good and that she would be over later to get her.

"You look very pretty today, Becca. Let's go inside and see if we can find a cookie."

"Could Henry paint me again?" Becca asked

"Not today honey. Your mommy said you should play inside today. She needs to talk to your Daddy."

Martha led Becca through the kitchen and upstairs to her sewing room. She grabbed a container of cookies on the way and had already assembled some children's books to read to Becca. After they each had one of Martha's amazing cookies, Martha suggested that Becca remove her pretty dress so that it didn't get wrinkled. Becca was used to taking her clothes off at Martha's house and had no

objections. It was another hot day and Martha decided to remove her shirt and bra. Her breasts were quite firm for someone her age and when Becca leaned back against her, Martha's breasts brushed Becca's cheeks.

"Let's see. What book should we read first?"

Becca picked out her favorite book and Martha read it while gently caressing Becca's bare stomach and occasionally dipping down over Becca's silky white panties. She read several books until Becca became restless.

"Let's read one more." Martha said as she reached for a three-ring binder full of pages. It was a special book that she had written and printed on her computer. It wasn't like any book you could find for sale.

"What's that?" Becca asked as Martha opened it. On the first page was a drawing of a girl about Becca's age with red hair.

"This is a special book. The title is A Girl With Three Holes."

"She looks like me." Becca said pointing to the girl.

"Well, we can pretend it is you here in the magic closet."

Martha turned the page and began to read. At the top of the page was the same girl but she was naked.

"Rebecca and her mother lived with her aunt and uncle. Little Rebecca hated clothes. She took hers off as often as she could. She liked to dance and do gymnastics and paint with no clothes on. Her mother gave up trying to keep her dressed and only insisted that she put clothes on where other people could see her. Her aunt and uncle always said 'let her be a kid. She will grow up soon enough."

"My name is Rebecca. I like Becca better."

"That's right sweetie and you like having no clothes on, don't you? You can take your panties off if you want."

Becca jumped off of Martha's lap and stepped out of her underwear. She did a little dance, like the girl in the book, before letting Martha lift her back onto her lap. Martha turned the page and there was a clear photo of a young girl's bare chest and belly at the top. Becca couldn't tell that it was actually a picture of her.

"Rebecca was a curious little girl. She liked to explore her body and poke all the creases and bumps. She had an innie belly button but her finger wouldn't go in very far. She had two dark spots on her chest that would grow into boobies someday. Rebecca learned that if she played with the spots the middle would pop out a little."

Martha stopped reading and rubbed Becca's sticker tits until she felt a slight rise in each one. She poked her finger in Becca's bellybutton and tickled her sides before turning the page. On the top of the page was a photo of a girl's genitals. There wasn't a trace of hair and there was a tiny cowl peeking out from an otherwise closed line running down the middle.

"One day Rebecca was lying in her bed exploring when she found a line running down to her bum. She touched the top and jumped as she felt something very nice. She sat up and bent over as far as she could. She discovered that the line would open and found all kinds of amazing things inside."

Martha placed her left index finger on Becca's clit and turned the page with her right hand. On the top of the page was a picture of a young girl's genitals spread wide open so that all the colorful parts could be seen. Becca didn't notice the tiny spec of red paint on one of the outer lips.

"Rebecca touched the bump at the top that gave her those nice feelings when she rubbed it. She looked at the pretty red and pink and coral colors hidden inside the two folds of skin. Just below the bump she saw the little hole where her pee came out. She didn't like getting pee on her fingers although her mommy said it wouldn't hurt her."

"Henry and Mommy told me that too." Becca added before Martha continued reading.

"Rebecca felt the smooth skin inside the hidden canal. It was as soft as a flower petal. Down at the bottom she found something curious. There was a little hole there. Right about that time Rebecca's mother came in to the room and asked her what she was doing. Rebecca's mother had learned how nice it was to not wear clothes and she was all bare too."

"My mommy and me sleep in her bed with no clothes." Becca said as Martha explored her pink valley and picked up traces of moisture at her opening. "Do you like having no clothes on?"

"Sometimes I do, in fact, I would like to right now. Slide off my lap for a minute and you can take them off for me."

Martha stood up and pushed her shorts and panties part way down and watched as Becca pushed them to the floor and pulled them off one leg at a time. When she returned to Martha's lap her bum was against Martha's bare, hairless abdomen. Martha had shaved and waxed since her first pubic hair arrived. She knew that Henry loved her bald pussy almost as much as he loved preteen ones. She picked up the book and continued the page.

"What are you doing?" Rebecca's mother asked. 'I'm just exploring.' She answered. 'What's this hole for?' Rebecca's mother crawled onto the bed and put her finger on the hole."

Martha turned the page and there was a picture of a finger with nail polish on it, inserted part way into a young girl's vaginal opening. Becca couldn't tell but the girl was slightly different. She had a remarkable resemblance to Martha's granddaughter who would be visiting soon.

"This is a special hole." Rebecca's mother said as she pushed her finger in a little deeper. 'It can make you feel extra nice as long as you go slow at first. Why don't you try it for a minute.' Rebecca put her finger in the hole where her mother's finger had been. She could push her smaller finger in much deeper and she twitched as her finger made lots of good feelings inside."

"I have a hole like that. Henry put his tongue inside it. That was weird at first but then I liked it a lot."

"It does feel nice, doesn't it." Martha said. Let me have your finger and you try it"

Martha took Becca's index finger and placed it at her opening. She held it tight so that Becca wouldn't hurt herself and slowly pressed in until she passed the first knuckle. Then she moved Becca's finger in and out in slow finger fucking motions. Becca smiled as the stimulation started to relax her muscles and let the nice feelings spread throughout her body. Martha let go of Becca's finger and continued to read.

"Rebecca's mommy watched as her daughter made herself feel all nice inside. She told Rebecca that she had three holes that would make her feel nice and she could make someone else feel nice with them too. Her finger was inside the first one and her mommy said that it was made to accept a man's peepee. She said that later Rebecca's uncle could show her how it worked."

"Could my Daddy show me?" Becca asked.

"No honey, he can't know about this and most Daddy's don't do that to daughters but maybe Henry or our son can show you or maybe Larry, the boy down the street. Your mommy should be there to see it the first time."

Martha turned the page and the little girl had lifted her bum up so that her rosebud was showing. A finger was spreading a shiny liquid on it. Martha had snuck some lube onto her fingers and she pressed them into Becca's bum crack and on her anus as she read.

"Rebecca's mother showed her the second hole, her poop hole. She explained that if it was wiped clean and coated with something slippery that a finger or a peepee could fit inside and it would make her feel really nice. Rebecca didn't believe it so

her mother put some clear slippery lotion on her bum and wiggled her finger right inside the hole. It felt strange at first but when her mommy moved her finger in and out it made Rebecca all tingly inside."

"Is that what you're doing Martha" Becca asked. " isn't it very naughty?"

"Well sweetie, the girl in the story liked it a lot and I think you will too. You start with something small like a finger and then work up to taking a peepee inside. Before the girl in the story could do that, she had to help her uncle get ready by using her third hole."

"What hole is that? I only have two holes down there."

"That's right but you have a big one right here." Martha said as she touched her finger Becca's mouth. "Let me finish the story"

Martha turned the page and showed the same young girl laying on a bed with her mouth on a man's erect penis. He was circumcised and his crown was wet with saliva as he stood beside the bed and fed his erection to her. The girl's tongue was pressed against the side of it and again, she was smiling. Martha continued to read.

"Rebecca's uncle joined her and her mommy and said that he could show her how nice it felt to feel a man's peepee in her holes but first she needed to help him get it to grow hard so it wouldn't bend. He put his soft peepee against her mouth and showed her how to lick it and put her lips around it without touching it with her teeth. Pretty soon her uncle's peepee got thicker and longer and wouldn't bend. Rebecca was surprised at how big it got and how it felt soft on the outside but very hard inside."

"That's what Henry's looks like. Does he like someone to lick it? What does it taste like?"

"Henry loves for a pretty girl like you to lick it and he keeps it very clean so it tastes like skin. I think he is in the shower now. Maybe he will join us and you can find out for yourself. For now, lick the back of your hand. His peepee tastes like that."

Becca licked her hand and decided it didn't have much taste. She settled back on Martha's lap and waited for the rest of the story. She turned the page and the next picture showed the man's crown inside the little girl's vagina.

"Rebecca's uncle put some clear slippery lotion on his peepee and gently pushed against her front hole until it stretched and let him inside her. She felt better than she had ever felt in her life. It hurt a tiny bit when he first went in but after that it felt wonderful to have part of her uncle inside her. She asked him if he could go in any deeper."

Martha turned the page and on the top was a picture of a man's dick completely inside the girl's vagina. His abdomen was touching hers and she had an even bigger smile on her face.

"Rebecca smiled as she felt her uncle push his peepee all the way up inside her. She was a big girl now. When he moved, she felt better than the best hug in the world, even better than when she rubbed herself down there, until her whole body shook. She really liked feeling her uncle inside her."

"But what about her bum?" Becca asked. She could feel Martha's finger on her bum hole spreading lotion and pushing inside.

"I will show you while we read the ending."

Martha reached for the tube of clear lube, which had a soft rubber tip, pressed the tip inside Becca's slippery rosebud, and squeezed a generous amount inside. When she next turned the page Martha slipped her middle finger as far as it would go inside Becca's rectum. On the next to the last page the girl was bent over the bed and the man had pushed his dick halfway up her rear end.

"After Rebecca's uncle showed her how good his peepee felt in her front hole he put it in her bum hole. He said that would make Rebecca feel really good and put some of his white stuff inside her to help make her boobies grow. He said a man's white stuff was like a medicine that made little girls grow boobies when they were old enough. He started to move in and out while her aunt rubbed her button and gave her special Auntie kisses. After a while Rebecca's uncle closed his eyes and smiled big and pushed all of his white stuff way up inside Rebecca's bum where it went to work making her boobies grow. Rebecca was happy that she could make her uncle feel good with all three of her holes."

Martha closed the book and rubbed Becca's clit with one hand while stretching her bum opening with her finger. When Becca started panting and squeezing her anal muscles, Martha removed her hand from Becca's clit and pushed a button under a close shelf. She returned to attacking Becca's clit until she felt the young girl stiffen and moan between pants.

"Oh, oh, it's happening again Martha. Oh, it's so good, so goooooood."

Becca loved the nice feelings that Martha and her mother could give her when they touched her magic spot. She liked the book Martha had read and the pictures of that girl having so much fun with her three holes. She was just starting to breathe normally when the door opened and Henry stepped in wearing just a bathrobe.

"Oh, have you finished the story already? I was going to help with the last part."

"You can still help Henry. Becca is a smart girl. She wants to learn everything. Becca, do you remember the part about this hole?" Martha asked as she tapped Becca's mouth with a finger.

"I guess so Martha. My mouth will get Henry's peepee hard so it won't bend."

"Very good sweetie. Now be careful that you don't touch it with your teeth. Henry, Becca is waiting for you."

Henry stood beside the chair and opened his robe. He was naked underneath and already had three-quarters of an erection. Like Martha, he had no pubic hair. Martha liked to imagine he was a hairless little boy when he fucked her. Becca hesitated and then pushed her little tongue out and touched the tip of Henry's dick. A string of precum stretched from the tip to her lip when she moved back.

"Is that pee?" She asked, pointing to the clear liquid.

"No dear. That's just something to make him slippery. It doesn't have any taste and it's not dirty. Open your mouth wide and cover the top with your lips like it was an ice cream cone."

Becca opened her mouth wide but when she moved forward Martha stopped her.

"Cover your teeth sweetie. You're tasting it not biting it."

Becca tried again and covered most of Henry's crown with her lips. Henry looked at Martha and smiled. He hadn't received a good preteen suck since the last time their granddaughters had visited. There was the five-year-old down the street but she wasn't very good at it.

Becca was very afraid that Henry's dick would either taste like pee or smell really bad. All she could smell was soap and he didn't taste like anything. She liked the way it felt on her tongue, warm and soft, but growing as she licked it. Henry took her hand and placed it around his dick so that she could rub him as she licked. When she felt like he wasn't getting any bigger she pulled back.

"I did it Martha. I made him all big like in the story."

"You did great Becca!" Henry said. He had beads of sweat on his forehead and had almost cum in her mouth. Martha turned Becca to look at her.

"Would you like to try the other thing in the story Becca?"

"I guess so. What do I need to do? It won't hurt, will it?"

"No honey, it doesn't hurt and it makes Henry feel so good. You will like it too. There's no better love than having part of someone inside your body. Let Henry sit here and you sit on his lap."

Henry moved to the chair and had Becca sit on his lap facing him with her knees on either side of his hips.

"Before we start, I would like some kisses from a pretty girl. Are there any pretty girls in the magic closet?"

"Martha is a pretty girl." Becca said graciously.

"Yes, she is. Martha, how about a kiss?"

Martha leaned between Becca and Henry and gave him a sloppy French kiss in full view of Becca. Henry wiped her saliva off before turning to Becca.

"I found another pretty girl. May I have a kiss?"

Becca nodded yes and closed her eyes as Henry leaned in and pressed his lips to hers. She didn't know what to do so she smiled, which made her lips tight.

"Relax your lips Becca and open your mouth a little." Martha whispered to her.

Becca did what Martha said and felt the difference as her lips softened and gave her nice feelings in her kitty. Henry played with her, darting his tongue in and out until she got the hint and pushed her little tongue into his mouth. The feeling of her little tongue playing with his almost made him cum again. It was time for the main event.

Henry continued kissing Becca as he lifted her up off his lap. Martha was there to hold his dick in position as he lowered her down slightly. Her rosebud was shut tight against any intrusion but it was coated in and out with lube.

"Push out gently like you need to poop honey."

Becca didn't want to poop on his lap but she tried pushing a little and felt his crown stretching her bum hole. Henry was patient and the lube was working and within a few minutes his crown passed her tight sphincter and he was in.

"Oh baby! You did it! You took me inside you. Good job! Are you okay?"

"It feels really weird but it doesn't hurt. Now what do we do?"

"Do you remember what happened in the book? Rebecca relaxed and her uncle went all the way inside her. I'm going to lower you down slow and do the same. Then we play."

Henry was praying he wouldn't hit any stool. He didn't know what it would do to her if he pushed it back up her colon. Luckily all he felt was butter smooth skin and he held back from cuming as he sank deeper and deeper inside the seven-year-old's rectum. When he felt her bottom on his abdomen he relaxed and smiled.

"Good girl! We did it. Still okay?"

"Yeah, but I feel stuffed like I need to do a big poop. Now what?"

"Now we play!" Henry said as he pulled a lever on the side of the chair and the rocking chair turned into a recliner. As Henry leaned back, he took Becca with him until she was laying on his bare chest with his dick still inside her. From that position he could pump his dick in and out of her bottom with deep strokes. Martha moved behind Becca and began playing with her pussy and rubbing her bum. The air was soon filled with the musky, acrid scent of feces but it wasn't overpowering and everyone was too excited to object.

Becca was receiving so many new experiences she didn't know which ones to concentrate on. Henry's dick sliding in and out of her bum was strange but stimulating in a funny way. Martha was working Becca to another orgasm with her fingers and Becca was still feeling the strange, exciting kisses she had received. Things worked up to a fever pitch and when Becca orgasmed, she squeezed her anus and sent Henry over the top. He hugged the naked girl tight and blasted his load of cum into her colon. If semen actually caused breasts to grow Becca would soon have forty-four double D's.

"Here it comes Becca! You made the white stuff come out! Oh Becca! It feels so good! Oh fffffkkk Becca."

Henry thrust so hard he lifted Becca four inches off the chair. Spurt after spurt of cum filled her insides and started to drip out of her. Martha was ready with tissues and disposable wipes and when Henry finally slipped out of Becca, Martha pressed a wad of tissues into her bum crack and wiped the few brown specs away with the wipes. She wrapped Henry's shrinking dick with tissues and leaned in to kiss him and Becca.

"You did very good Becca. You get two cookies with your milk today. Let's head to the shower and get you cleaned up before your mom calls. Henry can use the downstairs bathroom.

Martha led the naked girl into the bathroom and adjusted the shower. It was a walk-in shower with a bench seat and Martha sat and washed Becca thoroughly as she stood in front of her. Becca twitched when Martha inserted her finger in Becca's bottom to pull some of the cum out. It tickled when she aimed the shower head right at Becca's anus and some water got inside. They both laughed when Becca pushed out a loud wet fart but that cleared most of the remaining cum and by the time Martha had dried her off, Becca's sphincter was closed tight and not leaking a bit. She dressed Becca in the clothes she had come in and they went to the kitchen to have their cookies and wait for June. Martha noticed that there was no yelling coming from June's house.

Chapter 10 - Marriage on the rocks

June showed up about an hour later. Her eyes were puffy from crying and Martha gave her a big hug and invited her inside. She mixed up a strong cocktail for herself and June and brought it outside to where Becca was sitting on June's lap.

"Should Henry take Becca inside?" She asked.

"No, Becca needs to hear this. It's just her and me now. Sam and I didn't fight. He admitted he was having an affair with someone from work and said he wanted a divorce. He said he would give me half of what we are paying to rent the house plus some support for Becca. I will have to find a lawyer that I can afford, to see if that's reasonable. We won't be able to stay in the house. We'll have to find a small apartment."

"Mommy, I don't want to move. I want to stay near Martha and Henry."

"I know honey. We will work something out."

"June, you know the lifestyle we live here and you trusted us to watch Becca today. If you think you can accept our way of living, we can help you. First, you can move in here, at least until the divorce is final and you find out how much you will get from Sam. Our son and his two girls are coming for a visit but I think we have enough room. You and he and Becca can take the guest room with the king bed. I'm sure he will love Becca and he won't leave you lacking for affection either. We believe in sharing love everywhere. His girls usually sleep with us so they will be fine. Bathrooms will be a little tight but you can have priority in the morning so that you won't be late for work, although you will probably have a little guest in the shower at times."

"Martha are you sure? I will pay you rent to cover the extra expenses for food and utilities. Becca will need to agree to the arrangement of course but as long as your son doesn't mind sharing the room, I don't think it will be a problem. I'm guessing you three had a good time this morning."

"Oh honey, we did. Becca is still a virgin because you should be there when that happens but she has a new appreciation for the places her body can make her feel good. Oh, and if she has any stains in her underwear, blame Henry, not her."

"Wow, and she was okay with everything? Becca, did you have fun with Martha and Henry this morning?"

"Oh yes mommy. Martha read me a story about a girl named Rebecca, like me, and all the ways she can feel good inside. Then Henry helped me to practice some of them."

"Well, that sounds nice. Maybe Martha will let me read this book someday." June was trying to smile and reassure Becca that everything would be okay even

though she didn't know where they were going to live when the lease on the apartment ran out."

"June, we would never force Becca, or you, to do anything. We will introduce things to her but 'no means no' applies here too. Oh, and about the lawyer. My nephew Jimmy was the one who hired the detective to investigate Sam. He is an excellent divorce lawyer. I'm sure once he meets you and Becca, he will give you a family rate. He keeps telling me to keep things in the family but I'm sure he will make an exception for you and Becca."

"Martha, how many people are in your polyamory family?"

"Oh it's not that many. A few only join in on special occasions and a few keep to their immediate family most of the time. Someday we want to rent one of those huge secluded beach houses and have a family reunion. There would be about twenty nieces, nephews and cousins and their parents if that ever happens."

Martha and June sipped their drinks and Henry brought out fruit punch for Becca and a beer for himself. June hugged Becca and gave her little kisses on her neck and cheek as they sat and listened to the birds. Suddenly Martha got an idea.

"Henry, you know what we need?"

"Every time you ask that it costs a lot of money. What do we need Martha?"

"We need a hot tub out here. One big enough for Mark and his girls and the four of us."

"Well, I was right. It will cost a bundle but I have to agree it's a great idea. We could use the home equity loan and pay it off over a couple years or maybe Jimmy will get Sam to pay for it, ha, ha"

June finished her drink and Martha refilled her glass. By the time the second round was gone Martha and June were feeling very mellow and Henry suggested that they all go inside and make June feel better.

"That's another thing we need out here. One of those outdoor beds like you see at resorts."

"Martha you can spend our money faster than the government can print it. Why doesn't June move to the lounge chair while I lock the gates?"

In addition to being an eight-foot-high solid white vinyl fence, Henry had installed strong locks at each of the two gates and strips of white plastic at every joint where someone might be able to peek in. All of the surrounding houses were one story high so unless someone flew a drone over them, the Murphy's back yard was completely private.

"Martha, we're outside. I'm not a little kid like Becca."

June was protesting the fact that Martha was unbuttoning her shirt and had already unzipped her shorts. Becca joined the fun and tugged at her mother's shorts as soon as Martha had them open. When June was down to just panties, Becca took time to get undressed herself, being careful to place her favorite dress on a clean chair. June gave up laughing and stopped fighting when Martha lowered the back of the lounger and had June lay on it. Becca climbed up her almost naked mother and pulled on June's underwear.

"Lift up mommy or I'll pinch your bum." She told June as she tried to get the panties off.

"I'm still your mother young lady. You better not pinch me."

June lifted her hips up and felt the evening breeze between her legs as she lay outside naked for the first time in her life. If Sam didn't love her at least Becca did and Martha and Henry. June's need for love required more than just a cheating husband. She was beginning to think that Martha and Henry and their family could fill that need.

Becca looked at her mother's vagina, so much different from hers. June's naturally was bigger and longer but it wasn't smooth like Becca's. Instead of a thin line there were layers of wrinkled skin that almost looked angry to Becca. She decided that she didn't need to be that close to it and moved up to lay on her mother's stomach. When June pulled her up level with her face, she gave Becca one of those special kisses like Henry had given her. June could have been happy just kissing Becca but she felt someone kissing her lower leg.

As she played with Becca's bum, June felt the kisses get higher and higher, reaching that incredibly soft skin of her inner thighs. She immediately bent her legs at the knee and spread them out giving full access to whoever was doing the kissing. When she peeked around Becca, she saw the top of Henry's salt and pepper hair. She had never been unfaithful to Sam but he had confirmed earlier that their marriage was over and June saw no problem in letting Henry fill her need for a man. Later she could consider sharing a room with Martha's son, but for now Henry was here, ready, willing and able.

Martha had given Henry the hint that what June needed was a good fucking. The fact that Becca would watch was even better because it would prepare her for Henry, or their son Mark, eventually taking her virginity. Henry had kissed his way up to June's pussy that was partially covered by Becca's body. He kissed the back of Becca's upper thighs and spread her butt cheeks with both hands. Becca giggled when he kissed down the middle of her butt crack and tickled her bum hole with his tongue.

Henry moved up to Becca's ear and suggested that she lay beside her mother. When Becca complied, Henry moved between June's legs and looked into her eyes.

She felt his dick touch her opening as he leaned down to kiss her. When he broke the kiss, he told her something softly.

"We love each other equally and give love to whoever needs it at the time."

Martha was right there and nodded yes when June looked at her. When Henry's dick sank into June, Martha could almost feel it inside her own vagina. She started playing with June's breast and encouraged Becca to do the same.

"Oh Henry! Yes! I need this so bad. Becca, can you see? This is what boys and girls do when they love each other."

"Welcome to our family June." Henry said as he bottomed out in her vagina.

He could never say it out loud, but June's pussy was a lot tighter than Martha's. Of course she wasn't as tight as his granddaughter or the little girl who used to live in fourteen-A around the block but she was still tight and he could sense her need for release. Henry had the body of a forty-year-old and he had lots of experience in how to satisfy a woman or little girl. For June that meant increasingly faster strokes that bumped their pubic bones together as he tried to feel the back of her vagina with his dick.

June closed her eyes at first and let the erotic feelings wash over her. She had her left hand on Becca's bare bottom and was playing with it as Henry's dick sent thrills throughout her body. When Henry picked up the pace, the relaxing feelings turned into stimulating ones. She started breathing harder and thrusting her hips up to meet his downward movements. Henry was high above her on stiff arms and there was room for Martha and then Becca to lean over and kiss her. When she felt Becca's little tongue pushing into her mouth it ignited her orgasm and she gritted her teeth and let the orgasm detonate inside her vagina.

June's whole body stiffened as Henry's dick sent her flying around the sun and back. Her clit exploded with pleasure signals and every millimeter of her vaginal lining blasted her with pulses of erotic joy. She didn't think about Sam, she didn't think about Becca at first. Her whole body concentrated on enjoying Henry's dick giving her such immense pleasure.

Martha watched and smiled. June was having the orgasm she needed to forget about her troubles. She wished it was Becca under Henry but that would come soon enough. Their form of polyamory gave equal weight to sex with adults and children. She could enjoy watching Henry fuck June as much as he could enjoy watching Martha's nephew James fuck her, or their son Mark fuck his daughters. Love was love for all of them.

Henry waited until June was at her peak then started thrusting into her faster and deeper. He reached over to Becca and stroked her pussy in rhythm with fucking her mother. When he was able to slip a finger part way inside Becca his prostate said it was time and he filled June's vagina with his cum. He was glad that he had

the vasectomy years ago and never needed to worry about getting any of his loves pregnant.

"Oh Henry! Yes! Give it to me. Oh I need this so bad!" June moaned as she pulled him into a kiss.

She felt every pulse of his dick inside her and each one lifted her higher. When he finally was drained of cum, he continued to move in and out, in and out until he softened enough to slip out of her. He nudged Becca to lay on her mother and slid down beside June, where Becca had been. June's brain was still scrambled from her orgasm but she gave Becca a kiss and hugged her to her naked body.

"What do you think Becca? Would you like to live with Martha and Henry for a while?"

"Yes, yes, yes. When can I have Henry inside my front hole?"

The three adults laughed and Martha said that maybe her son Mark should be Becca's first since he had two girls and knew how to do it gently.

"So Mark and his girls are the same as you?" June asked.

"Well, we did raise him after all."

"What about his wife?"

"She died of Covid, poor thing, before they knew how to treat it. She had always been comfortable with Abigail and Charlotte, Marks girls, being little nudists around the house. Mark just took things farther when his wife died."

"How old are his girls?" June asked.

"Let's see. Abigail is eight and Charlotte is ten. I can't wait to see them. They will be here next week."

"Martha, I don't feel right taking Mark's bed away from him."

"Honey, wasn't it clear? You will be sharing his bed. I think you will change your mind when you feel his lovely dick fill all those itchy places inside. We can make Becca's first time a celebration."

June hadn't thought that far ahead but since she had accepted Martha and Henry's lifestyle and Becca seemed to thrive with it, she guessed it was only natural to include their son. She just hoped he was nice.

Chapter 11 - legal stuff

June spent the next few days moving her possessions over to Martha's house. The house she had been renting was furnished so the only thing she had to move was hers and Becca's clothes and few personal items. Martha designated a corner of their living room for Becca's toys and Becca and June moved into the guest bedroom.

Martha called her nephew James the next day and arranged for him to come to supper to meet June and discuss her divorce. James was not happy that Martha had included a non-family member and a minor child in her sexual activities. He politely said hello to June and Becca and made small talk during supper. When the dishes were cleared, they all moved to the living room. June insisted that Becca hear everything that was said so James started.

"Aunt Martha, how many times do I have to warn you about including strangers. Did you at least get the video?"

"Of course Jimmy. I'm not that dumb."

"What video?" June asked.

"Don't worry dear." Martha soothed. "I'm sure you understand how careful we need to be when lovely little girls like Becca are involved."

"Yes Martha, of course but what's this about a video."

"June, I've advised Martha and Henry that if there are minors involved there needs to be some insurance that you won't change your mind and call the police. One of the times you were touching Becca, they recorded you with no one else in the frame. If you were to suddenly change your mind the police would receive the recording and Martha and Henry would say that they suspected something and caught you. The recording will never be used unless you make it necessary. No one will ever use it to try to get you to do something. It isn't blackmail, it's insurance."

"Well, I can't say I like it but I do understand." June said after hugging Becca on her lap.

Martha broke the tension with a plate full of cookies.

"Aunt Martha, you know I would do anything for one of your cookies."

"Oh Jimmy, you don't have to earn them. Why don't you and June work out some of the divorce details and then we can see what I charge for them. I can tell you it won't be in terms of money."

James laughed and started asking June a list of questions. He confirmed that Sam cheated and other than her secret relationship with Henry and Martha she had

never cheated on Sam. He asked some more questions about her finances and at one point she had to move Becca off of her lap to look up something on her phone.

"Becca." Martha said. "Why don't you sit on Jimmy's lap. I'm sure he would like that."

Becca moved over to a surprised James and waited for him to lift her onto his lap.

"Hello Becca. Sorry to bore you with all this grownup talk. Do you like living with Martha and Henry?"

"Oh yes. I like it a lot. Martha and Henry make me feel so good when they hold me and they let me be their nudie cutie in the back yard. Were you their nudie cutie when you were little?"

"Actually, I remember running through the sprinkler like that a few times. I think I was five."

"You were nine Jimmy and you couldn't keep your eyes off of your cousin Mary who was seven and just as naked as you."

James sat back and put his left hand on Becca's belly then continued to talk to June. He felt the soft warmth that a child emits when their body is in contact with yours. Occasionally as he talked, he would press his cheek against Becca's flaming red hair and give her a squeeze. He had a lot of details to cover.

"Okay June, let's be crystal clear about something. I will take your case at a drastically discounted rate because you are Martha and Henry's friend. Nothing that you and Becca do or don't do will have any influence on me representing you. You don't pay me with sex, either one of you. Is that very clear."

"Yes James. I understand Martha and Henry's personal life is not connected to your business. Are you part of their polyamory family or do you choose to politely ignore what they do."

"Oh, I wouldn't say I ignore it, would you Aunt Martha?"

"Oh no dear. You definitely don't ignore it. Finish your legal stuff and we can show June or maybe Becca will help show June."

"Okay, back to business." James said but he let his hand slide lower on Becca's abdomen.

"Sam will have to get life insurance for one thing, enough to cover child support and his share of Becca's college costs. That's not negotiable. Becca needs to be a partial beneficiary of any retirement plans he has until she turns eighteen. June, you should move half of the money in your joint bank account to your own account

and cancel any joint credit cards. We want to make sure that you don't testify under oath. They might ask some questions that you couldn't answer truthfully. That should do it for now. How about some of those cookies Martha?"

Becca cheered and everyone laughed as Henry volunteered to get the treats. James let his hand slide down over Becca's vagina and pressed in as he hugged her with his other hand and kissed her cheek.

"I can see why Martha and Henry like you so much Becca. You are a cutie."

"Wait until you see her as a nudie cutie." Martha laughed.

"Can we please get undressed now?" Becca asked.

The summer heat was building each day and Becca had become very fond of being a nudist.

"Becca, why don't you undress James first and then I will show you one of his favorite games."

"Aunt Martha. Do you mean Mouse in the Hole? Is she ready for that?"

"James, Becca and June are far beyond Mouse in the Hole."

June was confused but nothing Henry and Martha had done had hurt Becca so she was willing if Becca was. Becca was up for anything so when James stood up, she quickly stripped off his pants and briefs while he slipped out of his shirt. He was average build and made enough trips to the gym to keep his stomach reasonably flat. His eight-inch erection caught both Becca and June's attention.

"Okay Becca." Martha instructed. "You turn around and then sit on his lap facing us."

"Need some lube Jimmy?" Martha asked.

June was about to say no anal when she saw James spread the lube on Becca's labia and between her legs. He didn't penetrate her front or back with his fingers. James sat back down and caught his erection between Becca's legs. When he pressed up the "mouse" poked up between her legs. When he pulled back the "mouse" went back in its "hole".

"Mommy! Did you see the mouse? Oh James! That feels nice." Becca purred.

"Wait until the next part." Martha said.

Martha knelt down in front of Becca, put her hands on Becca's thighs and leaned in to kiss her pussy. When the mouse popped out of its hole, Martha caught it in her lips and gave it a lick. When it retreated back in its hole Martha licked Becca.

James put his hands on Becca's nipples and leaned back to enjoy Martha's game. He was on his way to giving Martha a reward when she stopped.

"James, I'm sorry. I'm getting too old for this game. My knees can't take it."

"I could take over!" June said suddenly.

"Only if you want to." James said.

"Oh I want to." June replied and she pressed her lips to Becca's thighs and waited for the mouse to appear.

James thrust up and June let his tip slide over her lips and into her mouth where her tongue circled it before the mouse returned to its hole. June followed it down as far as her tongue would reach then drew her tongue up through Becca's crease to her clit. Becca twitched as her mother's tongue crossed the sensitive bud and felt the mouse sliding up between her thighs and across her labia. It all felt wonderful.

Henry helped Martha up and let her sit on his dick while they watched June work both Becca and James into a frenzy. Becca was the first to cum and she grabbed June's head and pressed it to her clit as her orgasm swelled. James felt her stiffen and pushed his dick as high as he could and left it there. June licked Becca directly at first but then used her tongue to press James's dick against Becca's clit. Every movement Becca made scraped his dick across her sensitive clit and sent her even higher. When Becca couldn't stand any more stimulation, she opened her legs wide and let June take most of James member in her mouth.

Becca lay back on James and let her orgasm flow over her as June licked and sucked James to the edge of cuming. When she thought he was about to blow, she took hold of his dick and placed it right at the edge of Becca's opening. She held him firm so that he wouldn't penetrate her but let him in just enough to know where his dick was. James looked over Becca's shoulder, saw a quarter of his dick head inside Becca and grunted. The first blast went partly inside Becca and partly on her abdomen. Every drop of the second and subsequent shots went in June's belly as she licked his hypersensitive head unmercifully and swallowed every bit he gave her. June didn't know how she kept from choking because James's orgasm caused him to hump up, pushing his dick farther into her mouth.

The room filled with moans and cries of joy and a couple bad words that slipped out. When everyone calmed down Martha smiled at James.

"Still think I made a bad choice Jimmy?"

James was still trying to catch his breath when he said "Not a bad choice, maybe a little quick, but you were right as always."

Chapter 12 - Mark's visit

The day before Mark arrived Martha was busy all day cleaning and cooking Mark's favorite foods and of course lots of cookies. Mark pulled into the driveway in a rental car around 10 AM after an overnight flight. Charlotte and Abigail were sleeping in the back when Henry opened the door and tickled them.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" They screamed as he unbuckled them from their car seats.

Mark gave his father a hug and unloaded his suitcase. The girls' s things could be unloaded later although he didn't expect them to wear much when they were at the house. Henry led the girls in and they immediately attacked Martha with hugs and kisses as she wrapped her arms around them and sat down.

"Nana! We missed you."

"Oh I missed you too. Look at how beautiful you both are, and such pretty dresses."

"Yes, daddy said we had to wear them the whole time. We even had to wear knickers, see!" Little Abigail lifted her dress up to her neck and showed Martha her silky white panties with unicorns on them.

June and Becca stood to the side and waited as Mark followed Henry in carrying a large suitcase. June was dumbstruck. She had seen pictures of Mark but he was so much better looking in real life. He was at least six foot two with jet black hair, a chiseled chin and deep blue eyes. He looked fit, not obscenely muscular but well-toned in all the right places. June was smitten as soon as he walked through the door.

Mark had heard about June and was immediately furious at his parents for risking jail time by including a stranger in their love circle. He wondered how awkward it would be to have to share a bed with a stranger. All of his fears disappeared when he stepped through the door. June had let her hair grow long and she had it pulled back in a ponytail that made her look sixteen. Unlike Becca's flaming red hair, June's was mostly blonde with traces of red in it. She gave Mark a shy smile then looked at his girls smothering Martha with kisses.

Mark put out his hand to shake June's but changed it to a hug at the last second. He put his mouth next to her ear and whispered.

"My mother didn't tell me I would be sharing a room with a super model."

June blushed and whispered back.

"She didn't tell me I'd be sleeping with James Bond."

They both laughed and Mark sat down across from Martha and Henry. Charlotte wouldn't let go of Henry's hand and he twirled her around to admire her dress.

"What a pretty dress you are wearing Charlotte."

"Do you like it Grandpa? Would you like to take my panties off now? We kept them on just for you and nana."

"I can't think of anything I would like better. Come get a hug while we 'remove the panties'"

Henry reached under Charlotte's dress while Martha did the same for Abigail. They made a big production out of slowly pulling the girls panties down and lifting the back of their dresses up so that June and Becca could see. June felt a tingle in her vagina as the two cute bottoms were exposed.

"Oh that is so much better. A hug isn't a hug without a bare bottom." Henry announced.

Mark had been staring at June the whole time and finally spoke up.

"So you must be Becca. What a beautiful dress you are wearing."

"Isn't it pretty? Martha made it for me."

"Becca." June said. "Why don't you give Mark a welcome hug. You can sit on his lap and give him a kiss too if you want to."

"Okay mommy. I would like that."

Becca walked over to Mark who picked her up like she was light as a feather and sat her on his lap with her knees beside his hips. He wrapped his hands around her and put them clearly on her bum cheeks.

"Oh you give good hugs Becca. Can we stay like this all week?"

"That's silly. We would get hungry and we'd have to stop to pee sometime."

"Oh, I guess you're right. How about ten minutes. Can mommy spare you for ten minutes?"

June smiled at Becca and agreed that sounded nice. Mark slipped his hands under Becca's dress and felt her silky panties. He kissed her cheeks a few times while massaging her bum from outside the panties. When he kissed her lips, he slipped a hand inside the panties. June sat across from Becca and Mark and caught glimpses of his hand first on, and then inside, Becca's panties. She liked how gentle he was being.

Next to June, Henry had removed Charlotte's underwear and was alternating between squeezing her bottom and sliding his hand between her legs. She had both hands around his neck and was feeding him her tongue with every kiss. Martha was having similar fun with Abigail. Becca was beginning to like the feelings Mark was giving her a lot. Her kisses became more passionate, and she started closing her eyes and sighing as he touched her.

"Becca, we shouldn't wrinkle this pretty dress." Mark finally said.

June was jolted out of her trance by Mark's words and she immediately agreed it was a good idea. She watched as Mark undid the buttons on the back of Becca's dress and slipped it over her head. June was there to take it when he handed it to her. There was no question about the appropriateness of someone she just met undressing her daughter. Secretly she wished it was her that he was undressing.

"That's so much better." He said as he hugged Becca and ran his hands over her bare back.

"It would be better if you took your shirt off Mark." Becca said smiling. She loved the game that Mark was playing and wanted him to play along.

"That is an excellent idea. Maybe all the grownups should take their shirts off."

Mark untucked his knit shirt and pulled it over his head and off. His arm and shoulder muscles bulged and June could see a little of his flat stomach. While Martha, Henry and June removed their shirts, Mark returned to massaging Becca's bottom, from outside her panties this time.

"Daddy." Charlotte said as Henry slipped a finger inside her from behind.

"Yes honey?"

"Didn't you hear what grandpa said? A hug isn't a hug without a bare bottom. Maybe Becca would like you to take her panties off."

"Would you like to Mark? I would like it if you did." Becca reassured him.

"I would like that very much little Princess Becca. Is it okay with your mommy?"

June was so excited her answer came out as a frog's croak. She swallowed and managed to say yes, and that she thought Becca would like it.

Becca stood up and Mark slipped her panties down over her bum and down to the floor. When he had removed them completely, he lifted the gusset to his nose and sniffed. Her little girl scent was as intoxicating as his own two girls and he looked at Martha and silently mouthed "Thank You."

When Becca returned to his lap, he slid one hand under her pussy as she sat. His fingers were surrounded by petal soft skin and a trace of moisture as one finger parted her labia and settled into her crease. His parents had definitely picked a good one and he decided to see how far things would go at their first meeting.

June was trying to stay composed but the sight of Mark fondling her daughter was making her incredibly horny. After squeezing her own breasts, she finally gave in and pushed her hand down into her shorts and panties and jumped as she found her clit. She glanced sideways and saw Henry and Martha, each with a granddaughter in their lap and with their hands working each girl towards their orgasms. Abigail had her mouth on one of Martha's nipples.

Mark was thoroughly enjoying Becca's body. She kissed like a child who had had lots of practice. He was rubbing her front with one hand and playing with her bum with the other while she was making little squeaking sounds alternating with "Yes, yes". He pushed a finger inside her vagina and felt her stiffen and suck in a breath as her first orgasm hit. It wasn't as big as some of her others but it flooded her with good feelings that she wanted more of and she saw stars when she felt Mark's finger penetrate her. The good feelings came pouring out of her insides and she kissed him hard when it happened. She never quite came down from the first orgasm and wanted more so she sat up, looked at him, and announced.

"You can put your peepee in my bum if you want. Henry already did it and he said it felt really good."

June heard that and had the first of her orgasms. She had never experienced anal sex and her daughter was asking for it a second time. Martha heard what Becca said and reached for one of the many tubes of lube around the house. Mark looked at June who could only nod yes as her orgasm was making the room spin. He slid Becca off his lap long enough to slip the rest of his clothes off.

"Party time!" Henry said and he and Martha stripped naked along with their granddaughters, leaving June to be the last one to undress.

Mark turned Becca around and had her bend over in front of him. He coated her bum and his quite large dick with lube and started wiping his crown against Becca's bum. When he found her spot, he pressed forward and pulled her back gently.

"Remember what we said." Henry reminded her. "Push out gently like you are trying to poop."

Becca did what he suggested and felt Mark sink inside her. He sank deeper and deeper, farther than June thought possible until his abdomen touched her bum. When he was fully embedded in her buttery colon, he lifted her up and sat back on the chair. Her vulva was on full display with his dick disappearing inside her. June

thought it was the most erotic thing she had ever seen and she climaxed again on her fingers. Martha noticed her watching and tapped Henry on the arm.

"Would you like me to do that to you while you taste Becca?" He asked June.

"Oh god, would you? Could we? Becca, can I?"

"Yes mommy. Lick my front please. Oh it feels so good to have Mark inside me."

June got down on all fours in front of Becca. Her vagina was screaming for attention but she was about to experience something new. She shivered as Henry applied the cooling gel and wiped his dick up and down her bum crack. She felt him push against her but her body resisted.

"Same rule for you June." Henry said softly in her ear. "Push out gently to relax the muscles back there."

She willed herself to relax and pushed gently out. Suddenly her insides were filled as if she had the world's biggest turd in her. The feeling was strange but when he moved in deeper, the nerves in her anal ring fired and she received a shot of pleasure. Nature made passing stool somewhat pleasant, probably to keep us healthy. The feeling was just as good being poked by a firm dick and she closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensations.

"Mommy! What about me?" Becca asked somewhat frustrated. Mark was doing a good job diddling her but she wanted her mother's tongue down there.

June opened her eyes and moved forward to press her mouth on Becca's vagina. Henry had to shuffle forward to stay in her and once he did, he started a strong rhythm of pulling back and pressing all the way in her bottom. June was flying at hypersonic speed. Henry was blasting her bottom with pleasure signals and Becca was giving her sights and smells and tastes that translated to pure sex. She half heard Becca moaning and panting until Becca screamed in ecstasy, clamped her legs on June's head and filled her mother's mouth with little girl juice. June reached up and felt Mark's dick entering her daughter's rosebud and sent Mark over the edge. He started pumping seed into Becca's colon the same time Henry was filling June with her first anal fuck. The last thing June remembered was the blast of pleasure coming from her insides as she hit her biggest orgasm ever and passed out. Henry caught her and lay down behind her as she sank to the floor.

"Is mommy okay?" Becca said as she pulled off of Mark's dick and lay down beside June.

"Oh she's fine. She just fainted from too many good feelings all at once. How are you doing Becca?" Martha asked.

"Oh I am really, really, really good. Thank you Mark for making me feel so good."

Mark had come close to passing out too. Buggering Becca wasn't much different from his own two girls but watching June lick Becca while his father pounded her ass from behind was the wildest thing he had ever seen. June was one in a billion and he knew right away that two weeks with her was not going to be enough. When June woke up a minute later Mark leaned over her naked body and smiled.

"Hello June. It's nice to meet you and Becca. I've heard so much about you." He helped her to her feet and gave her a naked hug and then a slow passionate kiss.

"Mark, you and June and Becca can use the big shower upstairs. Henry and the girls can use the downstairs one. I'll start supper."

"Thanks mom and don't worry. We will all take care of you after supper, right girls?"

Charlotte, Abigail and Becca all yelled "Yes" together then everyone but Martha hit the showers.

Chapter 13 - A fun visitor

After their showers Martha called them to a delicious dinner then ice cream and cookies for dessert. They all had dessert in the back yard and when the three girls dropped ice cream down their bare fronts Martha was given the privilege of licking it off. They all pushed Martha down on the lounge chair and after the three girls had licked and probed her body to three orgasms she reached for Mark and June felt a tear of joy form as she watched Mark sink his dick into Martha and give her a gift that very few sons give their mother.

"Oh Mark!" She moaned. "Welcome home son."

"I love you mom." He replied as he gave his mother every drop of the semen that he had produced since cuming inside Becca's bum.

Martha told Mark and June that she wanted Becca's first time to be a family celebration the following afternoon and that Mark needed to put his dick somewhere else until then. June gladly volunteered her vagina for the night and at bedtime Becca lay beside them as he explored every inch of June's insides with his erection.

In the morning there was the usual confusion with so many people needing the bathroom at once. Showers were all group events with two or three participants but Mark's shaving was interrupted by first Charlotte and then Becca needing to pee right away. He almost cut himself when Becca reached over from the toilet and played with his dick. He retaliated by smearing her pussy with shaving cream, making her take time to wash it off. When the adults were dressed and the three girls were in a rainbow of panties Martha asked what they wanted to do that day. Mark explained his plan.

"Well, later in the week I thought I would take the girls to the aquarium or the children's museum but today I thought we would just hang out and be with you and dad."

"I know!" Becca jumped up and said. "Let's paint each other like Henry painted me."

"That's a good idea but I think you girls can paint each other this time. You can sit in the empty splash pool and when you're finished, we can rinse the paint off with the hose."

"Oh Charlotte! It feels so nice when mommy takes a bath with you and washes the paint out of the fun places."

"Ha. Well Becca. That family secret isn't secret anymore." June laughed.

"Neither is Henri the painter." Henry added.

Henry put the pool in a shady spot on the grass and brought out the jars of body paint. He opened the red and handed it to Becca when the phone rang. It was Nancy from down the street.

"Martha, it's Nancy. Are you going to be home for a while?"

"Yes Nancy, Mark is here with his two girls. Why?"

"Do you think you could watch my son Larry for a couple hours? He can just play with his trucks in your back yard. His sister fell off her bike and I need to take her to get an X-ray of her arm."

"Oh Nancy! I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Mary. I hope it isn't bad. We can watch Larry but there's a problem. We just promised Mark's girls they could have a girl only body painting party. I'm afraid they and their new friend Becca are all quite naked and covered in paint by now. I wouldn't want to embarrass Larry."

"Martha, Larry has two sisters, he's seen it all. Sometimes he still takes a bath with his sister Robin. I will tell him it's no big deal and to just be a gentleman."

"Nancy, how old is Larry now?"

"He just turned nine last month. I'm sure he still thinks girls have coodies. He probably won't even notice them."

"Okay, if you're sure it's okay, give me a second to clear it with Mark and Becca's mom, June."

Martha walked out to the yard where Becca was leading a lesson in body painting. She explained the situation and June and Mark agreed that they didn't mind, and

in fact it might be interesting. Martha returned to the phone and said she would wait for Larry at the front door. She quickly slipped on a thin housecoat that hid the fact that she was naked under it. Nancy didn't get out of the car and yelled her thanks from the window. Larry got out of the car dragging a small backpack and said goodbye to his mom.

"Thank you Mrs. Murphy. I didn't want to sit in a waiting room for hours with my bratty sister."

"Now, now Larry. Your sisters aren't bratty. I'm afraid there are only girls to play with here. They're out back having a paint party. Did your mom explain about it?"

"Yeah, she said there might be some little girls with no clothes on and that I shouldn't stare. I've seen my sister. I know what little girls look like."

"You are quite the man of the world then. If you want, you can leave your clothes on a chair and join them. Later on we'll rinse everyone off and fill the pool. It's only a foot deep but it will cool you off."

Martha and Larry walked through the house and out into the yard. The sun was strong and the girls were in the shade so he couldn't quite see any details. He planned to sit with the grownups or play with the toy cars in his backpack but when he reached the shade and could finally see he stopped in his tracks. He tugged at Martha's arm and whispered to her.

"Um, Mrs. Murphy. They're not very little huh?"

"Well, you are the second oldest but you're right, they aren't babies. If you want to join them your mom said it would be okay."

"You mean like them, with no clothes on?"

"You can't get paint on your clothes so yes, you would have to take them off. Larry, you've been naked back here before. You used to love to run through our sprinkler in your birthday suit."

"But I was little then."

"You were Abigail's age. It was last summer. Are you going or not. It's up to you."

Larry pretended to think about it but actually he was studying ten-year-old Charlotte's nude body. She was gorgeous, pretty as a princess, and right on the edge of puberty. Her breasts were just starting to get puffy without the hard mini-cupcake shapes that some girls get at the start of puberty. She was still hairless from a distance although a close examination would reveal a few silky hairs above

her mound. She was applying paint to Becca's chest but kept glancing at Larry and smiling.

"I guess it's okay if my mom said it was. Where can I put my clothes?"

Martha led him to the group of chairs and introduced him to the adults then helped him undress. She secretly unbuttoned her housecoat, giving Larry peeks at her nude body underneath it. Larry refused to remove his Spiderman briefs that were clearly showing a bulge in front. Martha called to the girls to come meet Larry and let him join the party. Charlotte came running and introduced herself and then introduced Abigail as her baby sister.

"I'm not a baby and you can call me Abby!" Abigail protested and she pushed her chest out to prove it. There was nothing there of course but to her she was showing her tits.

"Hello Larry, do you remember me?" Charlotte asked? She remembered playing with him two summers ago, before she became interested in boys.

"Hi Charlotte." He said shyly.

"Do you want to come paint with us? It's a lot of fun."

"Um, sure, I guess."

"Well you have to take your pants off then. You don't want to get paint on Spiderman."

"Oh, um, yeah, I guess so."

Larry turned his back to Charlotte and found he was facing June so he turned back to Charlotte and shoved his briefs down in one motion. He bent over so fast he almost bumped into Charlotte's paint covered chest. Martha took the briefs and put them with his other clothes then sat down and watched as he ran to join the other girls.

"This should be interesting." June whispered.

"Oh, they won't do much in front of us." Mark added. "Wait until they finish with the paint and I suggest that they check out the playhouse. Three girls and one boy. He's a lucky man."

"Look who's talking." Henry said laughing.

"Oh I know how lucky I am."

Larry was sporting a three-inch hard as nails erection when he reached the pool. Becca had just finished painting blue circles on her breasts and was trying to paint

butterflies on Abigail's abdomen. She was having trouble because Abby was ticklish and every time Becca touched her, Abby would jump and smear the paint. Becca finally gave up and smeared three fingers of red paint all over Abby's pussy and half way up her bum

Becca and Abby got the hint right away that Charlotte wanted Larry to herself. Charlotte was a little jealous of the attention that Becca received when they arrived. Charlotte asked Larry to sit across from her in the empty pool and started painting swirls on his chest.

"You can paint me too." She said as she handed him the jar of pink.

Larry dipped two fingers in the paint and drew a line down between Charlotte's breasts. She took his hand and placed it flat on her left breast then smeared paint on both his cheeks. Larry's erection got harder as he massaged the paint into her front. Suddenly Martha shouted from the chairs.

"Girls, Larry will never get painted at this rate. Give him some hugs."

Larry decided a game of tag was in order and he jumped up and ran across the grass. The three girls squealed and ran after him and a laugh filled chase ensued. They finally cornered him back near the adults and Charlotte hugged his front while Becca and Abby smeared their bodies against his back and sides. Becca made sure to leave a clear hand print on his bum.

When Larry knew he was caught he grabbed Charlotte and pulled her into a hug. He almost came when she rubbed her body against his. In between all the giggles Charlotte put her mouth next to his ear and whispered to him.

"I like you."

"I like you too, a lot." He answered.

It was true that he liked the older, more mature girl a lot but he kept sneaking glances at the red headed Becca and her younger body. To keep his attention, Charlotte kissed him full on the mouth then laughed and wiped paint from her belly onto his dick.

"Ready to rinse off yet?" Mark yelled.

"Yes Daddy." Charlotte answered. "It's getting sticky."

"Okay, rinse most of it off with the sprinkler then you can wash each other in the pool."

Henry filled the shallow pool then set the sprinkler up in the middle of the yard. By the time most of the paint was seeping into the lawn, Martha had brought out bars of soap and added some hot water to the pool. The children decided that

each should have a turn being washed by the other three. Mark had a hard time keeping his dick in his pants as he watched the three girls washing Larry, with Charlotte making sure that Larry's dick was squeaky clean. It didn't help that June would reach over and squeeze the front of his shorts every few minutes. Martha wasn't so modest and she reached inside her housecoat and fingered herself as she watched the four naked children play.

When the children were reasonably clean Mark asked Martha how much time they had before Larry's mother would be there. She said the latest text said at least two hours. When he heard that he called Larry over to him.

"Well young man, it seems my daughter likes you."

Mark had a hard time keeping a stern face talking to a naked boy with a stiff dick bouncing up and down.

"I like her a lot sir."

"So Larry, are you a gentleman? A gentleman doesn't brag to his friends about what he and a pretty girl did in private. Are you a gentleman or are you a jerk who blabs and spoils a girl's reputation?"

"Oh I would never tell anyone." Larry insisted. Other than the naked fun he didn't think there was much to tell.

"Larry knows that what happens in this yard is just between us. His mother knows he would be seeing naked little girls and probably joining them. She doesn't need to know the details, right Larry?"

"Right Mrs. Murphy. We just ran through the sprinkler."

"Good answer Larry." Mark said, bringing Larry's attention back to him. "Why don't you and the girls check out the playhouse over there in the corner. Just make sure you stay below the top of the fence, okay?"

"Yes sir!" Larry almost saluted before running back to tell the girls what Mark said.

Henry had built a small house in the back corner of his yard. It was about three feet off the ground and had a roof about level with his fence. It was big enough for the younger girls to stand up in and wide enough for all four of them to lay down. The floor was covered in waterproof cushions and it had stairs that could be raised up and two windows to let in air and light. The windows were high enough that no one outside could see someone laying on the cushions.

Charlotte showed Larry how to lower the stairs and the four naked children climbed inside and pulled up the ladder. They were in their own castle now and no

one could see what they did. Well no one except for the four adults who watched the stream from the hidden camera on Henry's tablet.

"So what do we do now?" Becca asked. She didn't want Charlotte to have all the fun.

"Let's play some games. Larry, close your eyes and put your hands behind your back then try to guess which one of us is kissing you?"

Larry was very willing to play but he wished he could touch the girl he was kissing. They played a few rounds and Becca suggested a game commonly played at girl sleepovers.

"We take turns closing our eyes and putting out a finger. Someone takes the finger and touches it to a part of their body. The person with their eyes closed has to guess what they touched."

Normally a girl would have her friend touch her cheek or forehead and, when the game got interesting, maybe her cleavage or even bare bum. These girls were way beyond that and went right for nipples, bottoms and belly buttons. When it was Larry's turn to guess Charlotte sat in front of him and spread her legs and Becca took his finger, put it on her pussy and stroked it up and down. Charlotte moaned and laughed and Larry was too embarrassed to answer.

Charlotte was getting impatient and finally suggested a game called "Make Out". They would each get a turn making out with Larry. In an unusual move Charlotte asked to be last. They had him lay on his back and took turns laying on top of him and kissing him. Charlotte told him he had to play with the girl's bum and keep kissing until the time was up.

First up was Abigail who crawled up between his legs and started kissing him right away. She held back because she didn't want him to know that her father had taught her the fine art of French kissing. Larry moaned as her small pussy came in contact with his dick. He played with her bum but his mind was on Charlotte and Becca. He wasn't that interested in kissing but loved the feeling of a naked girl on top of him.

Next up was Becca and, although she was the youngest, she knew how to position his dick so that it poked her clit when she moved. Becca brought him dangerously close to cumming with hot kisses. She was grinding against him and getting close to her own cum when Charlotte pulled her off. Becca was so horny she sat at Larry's hip and plunged two fingers inside her pussy while Charlotte got into position.

Charlotte had wanted Larry's dick inside her from the moment he took his briefs off. She figured she would have to teach him what to do so she moved over him and positioned his dick at her opening. When she started kissing him his dick was being scraped by the tight ring of her opening and every movement sent a shock up his spine. He might not know the anatomy but his body knew when something

felt that good you push your dick towards it. He had only been kissing for a minute when she moved down a couple inches and his thrusting pushed his dick inside her. Alarm bells went off in his head as he realized his dick was inside Charlotte.

"I've wanted that all day!'" She purred. "Push it in all the way."

Larry didn't need to be told twice. Three million years of evolution told his body to get that dick as far up her vagina as it would go. He humped and pressed but he could only get about half of it inside. Charlotte knew what the problem was and quickly told him to get on top. She rolled off of him, spread her legs out wide and guided him back to her hot hole. This time he pressed all the way in and felt his abdomen touch hers.

"Holy fuck!" He groaned as he gave his virginity to the beautiful girl from England.

"I don't know about holy but yes, let's fuck." She laughed.

Becca was surprised at the language but was very jealous of Charlotte. She wanted a dick inside her, even if it had to be a small one from a nine-year-old boy. What she really wanted was Mark's substantially bigger dick but that would have to wait until Larry left. She was so horny watching Charlotte and Larry that she motioned for Abigail to sit next to her and she let Abby show her some new ways that a girl can pleasure a girl. Abby and Becca were in a sixty-nine position with fingers inside bums when Charlotte and Larry reached their peaks.

Charlotte was finally getting satisfied in the pussy department. Larry was decent size and athletic enough to pound into her at a good pace. He was on autopilot, building his climax like a fortress in a video game, preparing for it to be blasted into space when his body showed him it was ready for prime time. He had started producing small amounts of cum a few months ago and although his mother thought of him as a little boy, he was close to being able to create a baby if the occasion arose. Charlotte had not had her first period yet so any sperm Larry gave her was destined to die alone inside her womb.

"Oh yes Larry. Keep going. Oh you make me feel so good inside. Keep going." Charlotte encouraged as she climbed the final few steps.

"I'm, I'm cuming Charlotte. Oh fuck, I'm doing it inside you. Here it comes!"

Larry was a bit too loud for being outside but the neighbors all worked during the day and none of their houses were close to the playhouse. The four adults smiled thinking of the pleasure young Larry was getting and impatient for later when Mark would take Becca's virginity with all of them watching.

Martha let the children have their afterglow for a while then walked over to the playhouse and announced that they all needed to get dressed because Larry's mom was on the way. She walked back with Larry and reminded him that what happened at the Murphy's was secret and that maybe he could visit again before

the girls went back to England. He understood completely and after getting dressed, enjoyed Martha's cookies as much as any nine-year-old boy.

Chapter 14 - Bath time

Larry's mother picked him up around five PM and thanked Martha over and over for watching him. She said that his sister had a minor fracture and would be in a cast for a few weeks. She said that she might need to ask Martha to watch Larry again when the cast was scheduled to be removed. Larry broke out into a big grin and Martha said that would be no problem.

Martha fixed a light supper and suggested that everyone get dressed before they ate. She noticed that the three girls couldn't sit still during the meal. They kept wiggling their bums back and forth and rubbing their pussies when they thought no one was looking.

"What has gotten into you three? Do you have ants in your pants?"

"No Martha, we have paint in our privates and some in our bums. My mom knows how to get it out."

June laughed and explained that a good soak in the bath tub was needed to soften the paint hiding in those sensitive places.

"Since this is a special night for Becca, I think a bath is a good idea. I was thinking that maybe Becca could show Mark how to do it but he has a special date with Becca for later. How should we decide?"

Mark spoke up before anyone else could.

"How about if I take a quick shower and wait for the main event. June, since you're the expert, why don't you take Charlotte in the downstairs bathtub. Mom and dad, can share the big tub upstairs with Becca and Abigail and Becca can show you what to do."

"I think that's an excellent idea son." Henry said. "I would love to spend some quality time with my granddaughter and I think Martha would make sure Becca is paint free for later."

When Mark got out of the shower, he met June and Charlotte, gave them each a kiss and said "Have fun."

June was a little nervous being with Charlotte. She considered touching Becca as motherly love and Becca was the only young girl she had touched. She led Charlotte to the bathroom, started the water running, and closed the door. Charlotte lifted her silky hair up in back so that June could unzip her dress.

"My Daddy likes you." She suddenly blurted out.

"Well I like your Daddy and you and your sister too."

"You should come to England with us when we go back home."

"Oh honey, I don't think your Daddy likes me that much and it's complicated. I would have to get Becca's dad's permission."

June lifted Charlotte's dress up over her head and placed it on the hamper. She sat on the toilet seat and admired the beautiful girl even though she had seen Charlotte naked most of the day.

"You are a beautiful young lady."

"Thank you. You're very pretty too. Can we have that bath now?"

June laughed at how she had been hypnotized by Charlotte's beauty and quickly removed her blouse and bra. She was thinking that she might not put a bra on until she had to go to work. She brought Charlotte in front of her and slowly removed the girl's last piece of clothing, her white 'knickers' or panties with lace trim. Placing her hands on Charlotte's bare hips she couldn't resist pulling her in for a soft kiss on the lips. Breaking the spell again, June stood up, removed her shorts and panties and stepped into the tub. She motioned for Charlotte to sit on her lap and lean back against her breasts. When the water was up to Charlotte's nipples June turned it off and reached for the soap.

Martha had a supply of scented bar soaps and June had picked a floral one. Martha didn't like plastic pump bottles in her bath. June began to understand why when she took the bar of soap and slowly moved it over Charlotte's body. A river of pink scented soap flowed out from the bar as it moved through the water. Charlotte's skin became silky smooth as the bar caressed it and after each area was soaped, June would put the bar down and glide her fingers over the slippery skin.

At first Charlotte thought that it was going to be a normal bath just to get clean but when the warm water started to relax her and June's gentle hands made her body tingle, she let herself enjoy the sensations. June washed her cheeks and neck then down across her collarbone to her puffy breasts. When June spread her thumbs out and pressed inward it mounded up two distinct breasts that responded to her touch. June's slippery fingers traveled across sensitive nipples and met in the middle where they moved down to Charlotte's belly button. June made three more slow circles, each time squeezing Charlotte's breasts into mounds and teasing the growing nipples.

Charlotte was thoroughly enjoying her breast massage but it was making her kitty tingle and demand attention. She leaned back against June's breasts and pressed

her hands down in the direction of her vagina. June got the hint, the breasts were done, time to move lower. She remembered the baths with Becca and let one hand slide down Charlotte's side, following the crease of her leg, then over to her bum and back. Her right hand slid down the middle of Charlotte's abdomen, across the few silky hairs starting there, and over her vulva. Charlotte gasped when she felt June's fingers slide over her labia and down to her perineum.

June brought her hand back to Charlotte's mound and pressed one finger over her clit and down the full length of Charlotte's crease. She repeated the movement until she had Charlotte fully open and her clit was poking out of its hiding place. Leaning down to Charlotte's ear she whispered to her.

"We have to get all the nasty paint out of this special place, right?"

Charlotte was so high she could hardly answer. June had a light touch that none of her relatives had. She wasn't just approached an orgasm, she was headed to the best orgasm of her life and at age ten she had already had hundreds. Between gasps she tried to answer June.

"I think, I, I think, there is some. Oh! Mmmmm, There is some paint inside."

June smiled and continued to wipe each side of Charlotte's vulva with her fingers. She planned to insert her finger in the girl but she wanted to prolong her orgasm as long as possible.

"Is there paint in here?" June asked but instead of touching Charlotte's opening June slipped her hand under her and pressed a finger against Charlotte's rosebud.

"Oh, um, maybe but keep checking the front, okay?"

"Don't worry sweetheart. I'll take good care of you. I've only done this with Becca but I really like it."

"Becca's lucky. Oh yeah, like that. Oh God that's good."

June worked her finger inside Charlotte's bottom then prepared to light her fuse. She hoped Charlotte wouldn't flood the bathroom when her orgasm hit and she jumped violently. June was pretty sure it was going to be a big one. She caught Charlotte's clit between two fingers and stroked it up and down and side to side. When Charlotte's breathing became a dog pant, she slipped her fingers down the canal and pushed her middle finger completely inside her ten-year-old vagina. There was no countdown, Charlotte blasted off the launch pad as soon as June's finger penetrated her.

"Oh June, oh June, oh, oh, oh frick, Mmmmmmm."

Charlotte's orgasm hit like an atomic bomb. Every muscle in her body tensed as her body lifted clear out of the water, trying to take more of June's finger inside

her. She started to shake and dropped back in the water hard, causing the mini tsunami that June was afraid of. There was no time to worry about spilled water because she was busy holding Charlotte as the girl babbled incoherently and humped against both of June's fingers inside her, front and back.

June didn't have a watch on but she estimated the initial orgasm lasted five to seven minutes. What amazed her was that every time it seemed like Charlotte was calming down, a tiny wiggle of June's finger in Charlotte's pussy brought her right back up to her trembling peak. June lost count of the "Oh June" and "Oh Frick" comments from Charlotte. She wiggled her finger at least fourteen times, and each time Charlotte jumped and received another jolt of pleasure. It was only when Charlotte begged her to stop that June removed her fingers.

Charlotte had never come close to the orgasm that June gave her. The second that June removed her fingers Charlotte rolled over, smashed her lips into June's, and went searching for June's clit. Charlotte wasn't gentle like June and she had June panting within a minute and brought on her orgasm within five. The shear animalistic feeling of Charlotte's kisses and fingers excited June like no one had ever done. The culmination of her experience was when Charlotte squeezed her fingers together and inserted her whole hand inside June. June's orgasm lasted several minutes and the whole house heard "Oh Charlotte!" repeated many times.

Chapter 15 - The main event

Everyone met in the living room after baths. Charlotte, Abigail and Becca had red cheeks from the orgasms they had enjoyed in the bath tubs. Martha and Henry had sat at opposite ends of their tub with Abigail sitting on Henry and Becca sitting on Martha. Henry watched intently as Becca showed Martha how to search for paint specs and gently wipe them away. He repeated each step on Abigail and then the two couples watched each other as the girls crept closer and closer to their orgasms. Henry added the extra stimulation of his dick sliding up between Abigail's legs as he opened her up for Becca and Martha to see and took her with him on an ecstasy trip ending with Abigail squeaking like a mouse and Henry adding his cum to the bath water. When they finished, they watched Martha use her fingers to open Becca's pink canal for inspection and search for paint on Becca's clit. By the time the water got cold both girls' faces were flushed from excitement.

Mark had a towel wrapped around him and he stood up and took Becca's and June's hands and led them to the bedroom. They were followed by Martha with Abigail and Henry with Charlotte. Mark asked June and Becca to lie side by side on their backs with room for him in the middle. Henry and Martha sat in chairs on either side of the bed and put their granddaughters on their laps. Tonight was going to be Becca's first time in her pussy and it was a celebration. Martha even put on some soft music.

Mark picked up June's foot and gave it several kisses. He set it back on the bed and did the same with Becca's foot. She was extremely ticklish and he had to skip the bottom of her foot. Before placing it back on the bed, Mark kissed the inside of Becca's leg up to her knee. He put her leg down and repeated the kisses on June's leg.

June and Becca knew what was coming next and trembled with excitement. June was surprised to be part of the intimate moment and appreciated Mark including her. She sighed as he moved her knee over Becca's legs and kissed her inner thigh up to her leg joint. He could feel the heat from June's pussy on his cheek as he kissed and licked down her other leg to her knee. When he moved to Becca, June straightened her leg and gently pulled Becca's leg over hers when Mark opened her up.

Mark kissed and licked Becca's silky soft inner thigh up to her leg joint. He breathed in Becca's sexy, young girl scent and lingered at her thigh for a minute before kissing up from her other knee to the furnace between her legs. It was time to get Becca ready and he kissed her directly on her clit then pressed his tongue between her labia and moved it down to her opening. He felt how small it was when he pushed his tongue inside but Charlotte and Abigail had been that small the first time and they loved it.

June wished she could be next but she knew this was Becca's night, so she turned onto her side to watch Mark give her daughter the love that seemed to be everywhere in this family. Mark slipped his hands under Becca's bum and pressed his tongue deep into Becca's hole. She pushed on his head with one hand and held June's hand with the other one. Mark tongue fucked Becca until he felt her opening stretch enough to let most of his tongue inside her. He squeezed her bum gently when he tasted her sweet girl juice and probed the hole in her hymen.

Becca was starting to feel those wonderful feelings again. Mark was as gentle and loving as her mother and every touch of his tongue sent electric sparks throughout her body. She lifted her head to watch as he licked and sucked her from her clit to her bum. Every time he pushed his tongue inside her she felt a little squirt of girl juice lubricate her insides but her body ached for something bigger than his tongue.

Mark licked until his tongue hurt. He knew Becca was right on the edge and ready for the next step. He crawled up between June and Becca and kissed June first. She tasted Becca on Mark's face and started to clamp on the three fingers she had in her pussy. Tasting her daughter on Mark's lips was almost as good as tasting Becca directly.

Mark then moved over Becca, settling between her legs and keeping most of his weight off of her. He gave her several light kisses on her eyes, nose and cheeks. Becca was smiling from ear to ear as she enjoyed Mark's attention. She looked at Martha and saw that she was gently stroking Abigail's kitty. On the other side, Charlotte had Henry's dick trapped between her legs and was spreading his

precum on her opening. She was planning to push his tip inside her hole as soon as her father was in Becca.

June kept one hand on her vagina and played with Becca's nipples with the other one. Mark got Becca's attention by wiping his dick up and down her crease, gradually spreading it and exposing the opening to her vagina. He lined the tip up directly over her, leaned in to touch his lips to hers and pressed forward. Becca gasped when she realized it was finally happening and involuntarily tightened up. Mark was not in a hurry and continued to kiss her with increasing passion as he pressed forward then pulled back, each time feeling her stretch a little more.

"Try to relax down there." June said but she knew how excited Becca was.

Becca took a deep breath, sighed and closed her eyes as she tried to relax. She pictured herself opening and Mark's dick sliding into her. Bit by bit the picture became real as first a quarter then a half of Mark's crown stretched Becca's opening and pressed inside her. They were both surprised when he passed the half way point and the tension squeezed him quickly inside. They both looked down and his crown was gone, nestled completely inside her young vagina.

"You're in me!" She exclaimed.

"Part way, yup. Doing okay?" He asked.

"Oh yes. Can you put more in?"

"We're just getting started honey. Just tell me if anything hurts and I'll stop."

Mark wanted to pull back and press forward but the ridge of his crown was caught on her opening and there was too much resistance. He could only press forward, hoping his dick would find the hole in her hymen and push through. Becca was loving the feelings she was getting and wanted more of them. Before he could stop her, Becca pushed her hips up off the bed, plunging two inches of Mark's dick inside her. She felt a sharp pain inside for a second but it was quickly replaced by an amazing feeling of a man's dick inside her body.

"Well, I was going to say go slow but it's done. You're a woman now Becca. You just gave me your virginity. I love you."

Martha and Abigail cheered and Charlotte lifted up and sat on Henry's dick, taking him full inside her. June beamed with pride. Her little girl was taking Mark's dick and making a bond with him. He pulled back a bit and pressed forward, keeping the pressure on until his abdomen touched hers.

Becca turned to June for a kiss.

"I did it Mommy, I took all of him in my front hole."

"You did honey, you did. Now for the good part."

June leaned over and kissed Mark.

"Don't make her too sore." She whispered to him.

"Of course not."

Mark turned his attention back to Becca. He pressed forward, making sure she had taken every millimeter of him inside her tight tunnel. As he withdrew, he heard Charlotte gasp. Henry was mimicking Mark's moves, pulling out of Charlotte as Mark pulled out of Becca. "Like father, like son." He thought as he felt his crown catch on Becca's ring.

"Watch Charlotte and my dad." He whispered to Becca before plunging fully into her.

Becca felt the thrill of Mark's dick and the excitement of watching her new friend being fucked by her grandfather with the same movements. She locked eyes with Charlotte as Mark and Henry withdrew and pressed into their respective preteen vaginas at the same time. Mark looked down at Becca and quickened his pace. He was receiving immense pleasure from her tight cunny and tried to remember Charlotte's and Abigail's first time. Becca was every bit as delicious and as he reversed direction again, he watched her face flush and her breathing increase.

Mark plunged fully into Becca and stayed there, trying to resist the explosion that was coming. June knew what he was doing and she reached down and played with Becca's clit while trying to avoid stimulating Mark. She figured that he was waiting for Becca's orgasm to set him off. Becca's vulva was dripping wet and June found her little bead poking out and hard from blood flow. She had only rubbed three circles over it when Becca stiffened and sucked in a breath like someone just saved from drowning. Mark felt her clamp on him and immediately pulled back, slammed into her as fast as he could and repeated the movement as he felt the first amount of cum race up his dick.

"Mmmmmmm Mommy! It's happening. Mmmmmmm Mark! Oh yes, yes, yes, yes."

June gave Becca's clit a final pinch and removed her hand. Mark pressed her to the bed and pumped what felt like gallons of cum into her. Becca humped against him, causing his dick to scrape the back of her vagina and giving him almost painful stimulation. They moaned and panted and gasped as he forced himself to keep pushing into her even though his tip had become super sensitive and every touch caused an electric shock to travel up his spine. He had always stopped when his dick became that sensitive but something drove him to keep pressing, keep overstimulating his body. If anyone would be sore the next day it would probably be him.

They trembled through aftershocks for several minutes, oblivious to Charlotte and Abigail having their own orgasms on their grandparent's laps. Henry and Martha already knew that they would be giving their grandchildren a lesson in lovemaking later that night when Henry pumped his dick into Martha's still stimulating pussy. Mark put his arm under Becca and rolled toward June, taking Becca with him until he was on his back. He felt Martha poke him to lift up and felt her slide a towel under his butt since Becca was already starting to drip his cum out of her hole.

She covered the three lovers with a top sheet and motioned for Henry and Mark's girls to leave. Kisses were given all around and Martha and Henry left with Abigail and Charlotte. They let the girls watch a movie and let Henry recover before heading to bed. Henry let the girls play with Martha's breasts while he lay between her legs and gave her a small dose of his cum. He hoped he would recover overnight because Abigail would have first pick of Henry's dick in the morning since Charlotte and Martha had received it that night. June cuddled up to Becca and put her arm over Mark. They were all emotionally drained and went to sleep within minutes. Sometime during the night Mark rolled on his side, putting Becca between him and June.

Chapter 16 - Morning surprises

Everyone woke to the smell of coffee brewing and bacon frying. Martha was an early riser and she let Henry and the granddaughters sleep in while she made breakfast. Henry woke up to the scent of Abigail cuddled up to him. He kissed the top of her head and adjusted his position so that his dick pressed between her legs and across her pussy. It took a few strokes before she woke up enough to realize that he was knocking on her door.

"Morning Grandpa. Are we doing sex now?" She asked sleepily.

"Would you like to sweetie?"

"Oh yes. I always want to with you Grandpa."

Henry reached for the tube of lubricant that seemed to always be in reach and coated his dick and her vulva.

"That's cold grandpa." She giggled and wiggled her bottom against him.

"I'll warm you up."

He gave her pussy a few wipes with his dick then lined it up for insertion. Henry sighed as he pressed his dick through Abigail's hole and fully inside her. He smiled at how good his life was. When his grandchildren visited, he could alternate between Abigail and Charlotte's tight vaginas and now he could add Becca's even tighter tunnel. He knew breakfast would be ready soon and that Abigail probably

needed to pee so he reached around to her front and played with her clit as he pumped in and out of her slippery vagina. His peak came first and he continued to diddle her as he pumped his morning cum inside her. Abigail felt him swell inside her and that plus his fingers gave her the wonderful tingling feeling all over. She pushed back against him to get his dick to touch the special places deep inside and enjoyed the pleasure that it gave her.

"Oh Grandpa! Oh yes, that's so nice. Is Charlotte awake? I would really like a kiss if she is."

Charlotte had been lying behind Henry and watching him press into her sister. She was going to surprise him by poking his bum but she didn't like touching his old, hairy bottom and when Abigail called her it was a good excuse to move over Henry and in front of Abigail.

"Good morning Abby. Did Grandpa give you a good one?"

"Oh yes Charlotte. He made me feel so good. Come give me some kisses."

Henry slipped out of bed and headed for the bathroom while Abigail enjoyed her afterglow hugging and kissing her sister. She used some of the cum dripping out of her pussy to make Charlotte slippery and pushed two of her fingers inside her. Charlotte responded with lots of French kisses and pulled Abigail in tight as her morning orgasm hit. It was a wonderful way to start the morning.

"Ten minutes to breakfast!" Martha called. "Hit the bathroom and come eat. You can shower after breakfast."

Abigail and Charlotte raced to the bathroom just as Henry was washing his hands. He couldn't resist playing with each girl as she peed and had to rewash his pee covered fingers before heading for the kitchen. In the guest room Mark was getting close after waking June up a half hour earlier and spending the last twenty minutes sliding his dick in and out of her vagina. She was falling in love with him and didn't know what she would do when he returned to England.

Mark picked up the pace when he heard Martha call and gave June a substantial helping of his cum with five minutes to spare. She had already had several orgasms during their lovemaking and was content to pull him tight against her body as he twitched and pumped her full of his semen. He hadn't even bothered to ask if she was on birth control. He was sure Charlotte and Abigail would love a half-sister as much as a step sister.

Everyone sat down to the feast Martha had prepared. She noticed that June and Becca were very quiet.

"You two are very quiet this morning. Did Mark keep you up all night playing?"

June and Becca looked down at their plates with sad faces before Becca finally spoke up.

"We are sad because we're going to miss Mark and Charlotte and Abigail so much."

"I'm afraid we've become very fond of you three." June added.

"Well there is a solution to that once James takes care of the mess with Sam." Mark said quietly.

"What's that?" June asked.

"Charlotte and Abigail need a nanny, at least until the divorce is final and I can make a proper proposal."

"What are you saying Mark?" June asked as her heart began to pound.

"I am saying June Newton, that I love you and Becca and I would like to marry you as soon as it's legal, if you and Becca will have us. I've already talked to Charlotte and Abigail and they think I would be a fool to let you go. So, as soon as your divorce is final, will you marry me?"

"Becca? Would you like to live with Mark and have Charlotte and Abigail as sisters? I won't give Mark an answer unless you agree."

"Would I? Oh mommy, yes, yes, yes!"

"Yes Mark. If James can get Sam to agree to let Becca go to England, then yes, we would love to go with you and once the divorce is final then yes, I will marry you!"

"This calls for a celebration!" Martha cheered. We need to go shopping for champagne and steaks!"

"Why does everything that happens around here end with you shopping?" Henry moaned and everyone laughed.

"I have a better idea." Mark said. "Let's go out for supper, my treat."

That night the girls all dressed in their prettiest dresses, with no panties of course, and ate at an upscale restaurant. June applied for some vacation time and spent the rest of Mark's vacation going with him and his girls to the beach and other local attractions and spending the nights alternating between Mark's and Martha and Henry's beds.

June met with James and was surprised to learn that Sam had a substantial investment portfolio that had done very well since the crash of 2008. He could

easily set up a trust fund to pay for Becca's college and he reluctantly agreed to transfer June's share of his retirement accounts and a portion of the investments to her name in lieu of alimony payments. He agreed to modest child support payments and in the biggest surprise of all, he gave June full custody of Becca and permission to move her to England. He asked to have Becca stay with him for two weeks per year in the summer until she was eighteen.

June and Becca had to stay with Martha and Henry until the divorce was finalized at the end of the summer and after Becca begged her several times, she asked James to come to Martha's house so that he could play Mouse in the Hole with Becca again. James restated that it was not part of his fee then enjoyed his time at Aunt Martha's house. Becca surprised him by lifting up and pushing the mouse in her hole, making James instantly cum inside the seven-year-old. It was going to be a fun rest of the summer.

One afternoon when Martha was in the magic closet with Becca, June went up to Henry and said "Come with me."

She led him outside to the big lounge chair and turned to hug him.

"You and Martha have taught us so much and Becca and your grandchildren have kept you very busy. Now that we have a quiet day, I want to show my appreciation."

"June, we love you and Becca. You don't have to pay me with sex for helping you."

"Wow, I sure didn't explain myself right." June said as she stroked Henry's dick. "I want this bad boy up inside me, now. Make love to me Henry. Pretend I'm Becca if you have to."

Henry got the message and pulled June into a kiss. They stood in the back yard frantically undressing each other until she was naked and he was down to boxers.

"Did you lock the gates?" She whispered in his ear.

"Shit, no, don't move." He muttered as he ran across the grass and locked both gates.

When he returned June was lying on the lounger with the back reclined and a sexy smile on her face. He dropped his boxers on the grass and crawled between her legs. He was about to lick her vagina when she pulled on his head.

"Forget the foreplay. Put it in me." She growled

Henry was happy to comply and he used his years of experience to give June a mind-blowing fuck. He had a way of grinding his pubic bone against her clit that drove her wild. When he stiffened and started pumping his cum in her, June cried out in ecstasy and joined him. She was so happy with her life she started to cry tears of joy and hugged him tight.

Chapter 17 - The boy down the street

After a tearful goodbye Mark, Charlotte and Abigail returned to England and June returned to work. She didn't tell her employer about her plan to move to England. She wanted to save as much money as possible until then by continuing to work. She wanted to buy Martha and Henry the hot tub that Martha wanted. Martha was watching Becca one afternoon when her phone rang. The caller ID said it was Larry's mother Nancy.

"Hello Martha, it's Nancy."

"Hi Nancy. How is the family."

"Everyone is good. Are you busy this afternoon?"

"No, it's too hot to go shopping. We are watching Becca for June but we don't have any plans. What do you need?"

"I have to take Mary to have her cast removed and Larry has been talking about what a good time he had at your house. I was wondering if you could watch him for a few hours?"

"Of course Nancy. I'm running out of games to play with Becca. I'm sure she would love to play with Larry if he doesn't mind playing with a girl."

"Actually Martha, he hasn't stopped talking about Mark's daughter Charlotte but he said that Becca was nice too. Apparently, they both made quite an impression on him."

"Oh Charlotte is a sweet girl. Maybe some of her English charm rubbed off on him. Anyway, he is welcome to stay here. Is it okay if he and Becca run through the sprinkler again?"

Martha was thinking two things as she talked to Nancy. The first was that Charlotte had probably rubbed off Larry but not the way his mother was thinking. The second thought was if Nancy said yes to the sprinkler, she was saying yes to Larry being naked and showing her his cute little stiffie.

"Oh sure, why not. He saw the girls just a few weeks ago and it didn't seem to bother him. He never talked about it anyway."

"They grow up so fast. Let them be kids, right? Becca is only seven. I'll wait for Larry at our front door."

Martha quickly let Henry and Becca know that Larry was coming. Becca wasn't very interested because the last time Larry was there, he was only interested in Charlotte. He was two years older than Becca but years behind in experience. Martha waved at Mary in the back seat as Larry got out of the car and ran up the walk. Nancy shouted another thank you and was off.

"Hi Mrs. Murphy. Thank you for letting me stay here. Is Becca here? Can we play in the playhouse?"

Larry wasn't wasting any time. Charlotte had taught him things about girls that he had never imagined and he wanted to pass on his knowledge to Becca.

"Well dear, you'll have to ask her. I should warn you though that the last time you were here you spent all your time with Charlotte and ignored Becca. Girls notice things like that."

"But Charlotte was older and so bossy. She didn't give me a chance. I like Becca way better."

"Well you need to tell her that and go along with whatever game she wants to play. If she wants to play with a doll or play 'house' don't argue, okay?"

"Okay Mrs. Murphy but I hope my friends don't find out that I played sissy games."

"I hope your friends never find out about the other games you played in the playhouse." Martha said with a stern tone in her voice.

"Oh, um, yeah. That's a secret."

Larry headed for the back door and found Becca wearing a cutoff T-shirt and very short knit shorts. She bent over to pick up her doll and he could see her underwear clearly under the shorts.

"Hi Becca. Whatcha doing?"

"Hi Larry. Charlotte's not here."

"I know that. I want to play with you."

"Why, Charlotte's the pretty one."

"No she isn't. You're way more pretty than her. I like your hair much better."

Becca alternated between loving her flaming red hair and hating it because it made her stand out. Today she was loving it because Larry liked it.

"Can we play in the playhouse again?" He asked, hoping she would say yes.

"Will you play 'House' with me?"

"Sure, I guess. What do I have to do?"

"Come with me."

Becca held her doll in her arm and used her free hand to take Larry's. She led him to the playhouse and stopped.

"I'll go up with our baby first. You pretend you're coming home from work and come up the stairs and give me a hello kiss when you get inside. I'll explain the rest after that."

"Do we have to kiss?" He complained. He hadn't learned how pleasurable a kiss could be and wanted to get to the undressing part.

"If you want to play house with me then yes. You are the Daddy and I am the Mommy. If you don't like it, you can go play with your trucks."

"No, no, I'll do it."

Becca climbed up the steps, giving Larry a good view of her panties and her bottom as she went. He waited until she was out of site then followed her.

"Oh honey, you're home! Come give me a kiss." Becca announced like she was reading lines in a play.

Larry moved into the center of the room and put his hands stiffly on her shoulders. He closed his eyes and leaned in, waiting for Becca to get it over with. Becca touched her lips to his and found he was smiling instead of puckering.

"You don't smile when you kiss. Your lips should be soft like this and keep your eyes open at first."

She showed him a standard pucker and he tried to imitate it. The second attempt was better and Becca began to enjoy his kisses. He hadn't breathed and pulled back to gasp for air.

"That was better. You can breathe through your nose and hug me you know. Maybe I'm not Charlotte but I'm a girl."

"I told you I like you better than Charlotte."

"Then kiss me better."

Larry was determined to show Becca how much he liked her and how much he wanted her naked. He put his hands on her shoulders again and leaned in for another try. This time she took his right hand and put it on her waist and then pushed it down to her hip. She reached around and grabbed his butt and pulled him in tight against her body.

Larry felt his dick press against Becca's body and received a new appreciation for kissing. His lips softened and became much more sensitive to Becca's soft mouth. When she squeezed his butt, he wrapped his hands around her and massaged her bottom through the thin flexible shorts. When he felt her tongue licking his lips, he reached lower and pulled the thin shorts up until he felt bare skin. Becca responded with more passionate kisses as she felt his fingers on her bottom.

"Let's lay down." she said breathlessly as she moved backwards.

Larry was doing a good job of making her kitty tingle and she wanted to move things along. She laid down on the cushions and held her arms out for him to cuddle with her. He laid beside her with his right arm up and his left under her neck. When he pulled her close, he felt her body mold to his. Her bare legs intertwined with his and he used his free hand to explore her back under her crop top.

"I'm glad you came today." She said quietly.

"Me too. I like you a lot Becca."

They continued kissing and Becca encouraged him to explore her body over and under her clothes. She wouldn't let him go inside her front yet. That was reserved.

"Take your shirt off." she said after a long hot kissing session.

Larry practically ripped the shirt as he pulled it over his head. He was going to lay down for another kissing session when Becca stopped him.

"Now take mine off."

Becca knew how to get a guy excited. Undressing a girl was way up the list of sexy things a boy could do. His hands were literally shaking as he pulled the crop top up, over her head and off. She didn't have tan lines because of all the time spent nude in Martha's back yard and her chest was almost as flat as his but it was a girl's chest and to him it was an instant turn on. He looked at every detail until she beckoned him to lay beside her again. If kissing with clothes on was good, kissing with his bare chest touching hers was ten times better.

Larry threw himself into making out. He learned how to excite her with his tongue while they kissed and let his hands roam all over her back and bottom. She even let him slip his hand between her legs from the back. He felt the heat coming from her pussy as his fingers explored her soft skin. When he stopped to rest his lips she pushed him down, guiding his kisses to her nipples. They weren't very big but they could give her lots of pleasure when he licked and sucked on them.

"Keep going." she whispered as she nudged him to go lower.

Larry kissed her soft belly and heard her laugh when he tickled her belly button with his tongue. He kissed down to her waistband and stopped, not sure if he should go lower or wanted to. Looking was nice but he wasn't sure he wanted to kiss where she peed.

"Take my shorts off then let me take yours off." she instructed.

Becca held the waist of her panties tight and lifted her bottom while Larry pulled the knit shorts down. Her panties were thin and bunched up between her legs, barely hiding anything. He thought it was the sexiest thing he had ever seen. Playing 'House' with Becca was more exciting than Charlotte practically ordering him to put his dick inside her. He was glad it was Becca who stayed behind.

After Becca's shorts joined her shirt on the floor, she sat up and unzipped his shorts. His bulging dick pushed his underwear up as soon as it was free of the tight shorts. He wished he hadn't worn superhero underwear that day. He decided he needed to ask for some plain Calvin Klein underwear for his birthday. Becca suppressed a smile when she saw The Hulk printed across the front of his briefs. It was what was inside that mattered.

When they lay down to kiss again, she took his hand and put it directly on her pussy. His touch sent sparks up her spine and she knew he would give her an orgasm soon, hopefully the first of several. She put her hand on his dick, outside his briefs, and he jumped. He didn't want to cream his pants but her hand felt so good it was going to be hard to resist. After only a few more kisses he stopped.

"Can we get naked now?" he asked.

"Yes. Please. Then rub me, I'll show you how."

Becca was so close she was trembling. She pushed her own panties off and kicked them away then almost ripped Larry's underwear as she tore it off. She was tempted to lick his dick but she was pretty sure that would make him squirt and shrink. She wanted him hard when he pushed inside her. When they laid down again, she showed him where her clit was and how to rub the hood without being too rough on her sensitive organ.

"Do me first and it will make me slippery so you can go inside me."

Larry grinned from ear to ear. Becca had just confirmed that he could put his dick inside her like he did with Charlotte. He didn't know that Charlotte was older and much more experienced so her vagina was stretched much bigger than Becca's. He took his right hand and tried to do exactly as she said. Becca thought he was doing a great job and she started panting and building up to her orgasm. When she was right at the edge she gasped.

"Put your finger inside me, put it in my hole."

Larry searched for the hole that he knew was there somewhere. Becca couldn't wait and grabbed his hand with both of hers and directed his finger to her opening. When she had pushed him half way in she let go of his hand and rubbed her clit as her fireworks started and her whole body tensed.

"Oh, oh, oh yeah, oh frick yeah." She moaned as he sent her on a rocket ship ride.

Larry watched as Becca squeezed her eyes shut and lifted her hips up off the cushion. He kept his finger deep inside her slippery tunnel. There wasn't much more he could do until she calmed down and pulled him in for more kisses. His dick was throbbing for attention but he knew if he touched it, he would spray her with the little amount of cum he could make.

"Give me a minute, just a minute." She gasped as he tried to give her the kisses he thought she wanted.

"Whew, that was a good one. You did good." she finally told him. "Come get on top of me. You're turn now."

Becca pulled her feet up and spread her knees out to the side as only a young girl can. Her pussy opened up to accept Larry's small but very hard dick. He moved into position and felt her hold his dick at her opening.

"Go inside me Larry. I want you to."

"Oh God Becca. That feels so good."

"For me too."

"Yeah? Can you feel me inside?"

"Duh? That's why people like sex. It feels awesome. I can feel every bit of you inside."

"Oh fuck! It's so good when I move". Larry groaned. He was enjoying the slow pace much more than he did with Charlotte although your first time is always special.

"I know. Come lay on me, you won't squish me. Move in and out and kiss me. This is the best game of 'House' ever."

Larry let himself down until his chest touched Becca's and he kissed her constantly as he rocked his hips back and forth, sliding his three and a half inches in and out, in and out, faster and faster until his whole world exploded.

"Oh frick, Becca, it's happening, I'm doing it inside you."

Becca put both hands and both heels on Larry's bottom and pulled him in tight as he gave her his dose of cum. There was no way to describe it. It had all the pleasure of giving himself a hand job but with all these other feelings from her hot wet tunnel licking his dick as he came. Every jerk of his body as it pushed out the cum gave him a jolt of pleasure from moving inside Becca. It also gave her similar pleasure and she quietly enjoyed her own smaller orgasm.

Inside the house Henry was giving Martha his much larger dose of cum. They had watched the whole thing from the hidden wireless camera in the playhouse and when Larry inserted his dick in Becca, Henry had taken Martha from behind so that they could continue to watch as he pounded into her. He came right after Larry did and reached around to make sure Martha followed him.

Larry didn't have much staying power and slipped out of Becca within a minute. He was thoughtful enough to slide off of her and pull her into a hug. They stayed that way, enjoying their afterglow, for at least ten minutes. Becca loved the feeling of Larry's smaller body against her. She loved the thrill that Mark and Henry's adult erections gave her but it was nice to be able to kiss Larry while he was putting his cum inside her. She hoped there were boys like Larry in England.

Martha and Henry let Becca have lots of time to enjoy being held by Larry then Henry went out to the playhouse and knocked on the wall.

"Would you two like some cookies and milk?"

"Ah, yes, sure, just a minute." Larry said from inside.

"Take your time." Henry replied and headed back to the house smiling.

Becca decided to put her panties on to catch any drips from Larry and they both headed inside for some of Martha's famous cookies.

"Larry." Martha said later. "Becca will be moving to England soon. I'll ask your mom if you can come visit and keep her company a few times before she leaves."

Martha did ask Nancy who agreed completely. She thought that Becca was a good influence on Larry who had started taking showers more often and kept his room neater. She even agreed to let Becca come for a sleepover one Friday night. Martha had her so convinced that Larry and Becca were immature that she agreed to let them both sleep in Larry's bed with just a pillow between them. Sometime that night they christened his bed as a love bed and she gave him her panties as a reminder of their special night.

The day finally came for June and Becca to leave. Sam had signed all of the divorce papers and moved in with his girlfriend. June and Becca received permission to move to England with the intent of becoming permanent residents and Henry agreed to take them to the airport. Martha and Larry were there for the sendoff and there were lots of hugs, kisses and tears all around. Larry had slept over the night before and Becca would be flying with some of his seed inside her still infertile womb. When the car drove out of sight Larry couldn't stop crying.

"I miss her so much Mrs. Murphy. What am I gonna do?"

"Larry, have I ever told you about my magic closet?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well why don't you come with me and let's see if it will make you feel any better."

The End

List of Characters

Henry Murphy - Protagonist

Martha Murphy - Protagonist

June Newton

Sam Newton

Becca Newton 7

Mark Murphy

Charlotte Murphy 10

Abigail Murphy 8

Sally -gossiping neighbor

Nancy - Larry and Mary's mother

Larry 9 - Nancy's son

Mary - Nancy's daughter