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CP Encounter

(Formerly: Photographic Encounter)

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Warning!

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!

If you wish to read material of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Summary: Brian spends a few days in a different school in a run down district. There, he discovers two teachers blackmailing girls into posing for extremely pornographic photos. He has a dilemma. On the one hand, he knows he himself is a paedophile and could take advantage of the situation to his own advantage. On the other hand, he is a good teacher, with the children's best interests at heart. He has a decision to make.

At the end of this story, there is a list of characters

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Brian woke up at dawn. The blackbird chirping on the roof interrupting his dream; a dream of having four girls from St. John's Church Primary school in his bed all at the same time. Did it really happen? He pushed the sheets down and got to his feet. Looking down at the stains on the under-sheet, confirmed: yes it happened.

When in the shower, he recalled early in the night, he had had another recurring dream of Beth. He dreamt of her nearly every night. She had come to him in his sleep. The lovely nine-year-old Beth Stevens. She and Brian loved each other. She had been his first love since Cathy had died and she had changed his life. She had a round face, framed by long light brown, almost blond, hair, with bright brown eyes. Brian knew he had been in a deep

sleep, but with Beth, it seemed so real. She understood him, his needs his desires, his perversions his deviances and yet she still loved him and he loved her.

She climbed over him, straddling his growing erection, jerked down, her hymen torn away in a moment, just as he remembered, letting his cock sink deeper into her, feeling her end against his tip, making her tense and gasp. She lifted up and pressed down, gasping again. Up and down she moved, her scope increasing with every cycle. Faster, deeper, better, so good. She started to cum. He could feel her clamping on him constantly now, her urgency making her move even quicker, as his crown forced itself against her deepest place, her 'G' spot, her cervix, seeking her womb.

Her frantic sighs and gasps and clamps on his cock went on and on, until she was spent, right at the very moment he erupted into her, blasting his semen into her deepest place. Such ecstasy.

He was half way through his shower wanking himself off to the memory of Beth and the other four girls, before he remembered where he was supposed to be today: 'Dock Road Primary school'. Even the name filled him with gloom and dread. Dock Road was where anyone went if they wanted anything illegal. Street girls, drugs, weapons, forged papers. You name it, Dock Road provided it. Half way up the Road stood the Victorian red-brick built grim looking 'Dock Road Primary school'. Why he'd agreed to work there for a week, he couldn't imagine, but there it was, fucking Dock Road Primary school. The nemesis of so many good potential teachers. His workplace for the next 168 hours.

As he dressed, he half wished he had a Kevlar jacket in case some tyke tried to stab him. The only reason he'd agreed to do this was because the head was an old friend of his dead wife, Cathy. She had been bridesmaid to Cathy at their wedding. She believed in trying to help the underprivileged of this world, got little reward for her efforts and needed every bit of help she could get. So in a weak moment, Brian had said, "Yes".

He arrived early that first day to try and orientate himself, get his bearings and meet Penny Lane the head. Her father, a Beatles fan had had a sense of humour when he named her Penny.

"Hi Brian," she greeted him with a kiss, "you're a sight for sore eyes." They chatted about old times for a few minutes before she said: "I'm putting you in Year Six. You will spend half your time with them. I've swapped one or two teachers around, because there's something I want you to do for me." She got up and closed the office door.

Something's not right in that class, Brian," she said, with a worried expression on her face.

How do you mean, Penny?" he asked.

She bit her lower lip for a moment, before taking a breath and said: "I've noticed some things. Call it intuition, if you like. Some students playing truant, some being rude out of character, homework not done, girls self harming. We even had an attempted suicide last month and another the month before. Discipline has gone out of the window, several have been found carrying knives. I can't put my finger on it, but something is amiss in that year group. This is a rough area, as you know, so you can't expect miracles, but even so, something's wrong. That's why I specifically asked you to come in as a locum for a week, Brian. I need someone who doesn't know the other teachers or the pupils; fresh eyes. See what's going on. Someone I can trust. You have my permission to go anywhere, at any time, night or day. You have a free hand. Come and go as you see fit. Be discreet, but ask any questions you want. Here is a copy of the master key. It should let you into all areas including off limit areas to other teachers." She handed him a credit card like pass-card, much like a hotel room card and a large bunch of keys.

"So," he said with a smile, putting the card in his wallet and keys in his pocket, "I am to be Sherlock Holmes as well as turn that bunch of dunces into geniuses, or is that genii? Do you think I need as long as a week to do it?" He grinned at her, seeing hope in her face. "No promises Penny, I will do what I can."

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"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," he said, opening the first class in his usual style. "Our first class is science. Can anyone name any gasses in the atmosphere which we breath all the time?" All he got was rows of sullen faces. He knew he was fighting an uphill battle. Penny was right the class were obdurate with closed minds. They needed waking up. "The main gasses in the air are Oxygen and Nitrogen. But there are others too, like argon, carbon dioxide, methane, helium, hydrogen and ozone." He knew this class was already dead. He needed to do something and fast.

Then an idea came to him. On the floor behind the desk was a litre bottle of Coke. Whose it was or why it was there he neither knew or cared. He picked it up and placed it on the desk. "In every bottle of fizzy drink is a gas. Can anyone tell me what it is?" More sullen faces. After a few seconds, he continued: "Well it's Carbon Dioxide, often called CO₂. Would you like to see the power of this simple gas?" Silence.

He opened the cap of the bottle, glad to hear a loud hiss. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a packet of Mintos. He took out two, held them over the open bottle, dropped them in and moved away quickly. There was a few seconds of silence, then the bottle erupted, sending Coke up as high as he ceiling. It was like a bubbling liquid volcano and. Coke was everywhere, all over the floor, ceiling, desk. But the most important thing was he had got a reaction from the class. Most either screamed, or squealed, or gasped. All

of them seemed to be chattering, grinning among themselves as they surveyed the mess he'd made. But most of all, they were looking at Mr. Phillips with new interest. He had turned their usual boring class into something exciting and funny. He'd finally got their attention. The rest of that class went smoothly and at the end, he knew they were listening to him.

The rest of the morning he was in the same class. Usually he would move from one class to another, but Penny had arranged things so he remained in Year Six as much as possible. The pupils seemed to be enjoying the class, and he knew he'd made a first step in finding out what the root cause of the problem was.

During lunch, he met several other members of staff. The impression he got was that they fell into three distinct groups. The first group were like Penny. Dedicated, trying their best. Worn by disappointment, but still trying. The next group had given up trying. Going through the motions, taking their wages and accumulating pension points, counting down the days until they could retire. The third group. Well there were only two in that group. Everything the other teachers said or suggested was contradicted or disagreed by them. Their names were Robert Tyler (Bob) and James Swift (Jim). Without any reason for doing so, he took an immediate dislike to the two.

After lunch, Year Six had games and gym, so he had a couple of hours "class preparation time". He took the opportunity to explore the school. The main classrooms, he was familiar with. There were maintenance areas, utilities, changing rooms, storage areas, kitchens and food preparation areas cellars and attics.

There was the assembly hall that had rooms let off. All were locked, so he quietly opened each door in turn, with his pass keys. One stored hymn books and stacked seats for assembly. Another stored old gym equipment which hadn't seen the light of day for ten years or more. Another was empty and full of dust. But the last was different. When he opened the door, there was just a small empty room, like a lobby. Nothing more. But to the side, there was another door. He turned the handle and opened it to peer inside. There was another room. It had been used recently. Brian slipped inside and closed the door behind him. He noticed the inside of the door was fitted with thick felt padding, like the room was soundproofed.

He found a light switch, which revealed a clean and tidy room. But what was in it confused him completely. For it seemed to contain an entire photographic studio. There were several tripod mounted lights, umbrella reflectors, back screens of various colours, a couple of cameras mounted on tripods ready for use and various strange items of furniture. There was a small two seater couch, stools of different heights, a narrow topped vaulting horse various blankets and rugs, he assumed for floor covering.

To the side, there was a chest of drawers. It had three wide drawers, one above the other containing many items, which he recognised, but couldn't

understand why they were here. Coils of cord, cable ties, handcuffs, vibrators, in one drawer. The next drawer contained several mouth ball gags, nipple clamps, and many items of highly erotic underwear; the sort even Victoria's Secret wouldn't supply and in sizes only a small child could possibly wear. In the last drawer were adjustable leg spreaders, which could be clamped around ankles, then adjusted to any desired length. There were a series of whips with leather thongs attached and several canes with curved ends, the type used in schools like this one, fifty years ago or more.

Looking up, he saw, a ceiling beam with two pulleys bolted to it with cords fed through them. One end had wrist straps attached, the other went to wall mounted cleats to the side.

It didn't take a genius to work out what had been going on here. It had to be a pornographic film and photo studio. Brian checked the cameras and found their batteries had been removed, probably for re-charging and memory cards taken away for editing. They were hardly likely to have left evidence like that lying around.

He sat down on the two seater couch to think this through. How should he tackle this. The thought of watching girls (he was sure it would be girls) being photographed using the various items he'd seen sent a real thrill through him. His cock was erect just thinking about what went on in here. He vaguely wondered how much they got paid to pose. He could almost feel the bad angel sitting on his left shoulder.

Then the good angel, on his right shoulder, told him he was a committed teacher, who'd done many things in his career to educate and inspire hundreds of children and what was going on here couldn't be good and he should have nothing to do with it, other than to bring it to an end.

Brian sat there for a few more minutes pondering what to do. Then he heard a muffled sound outside, through the padded door. Someone was coming in. He looked quickly around. The couch was pushed against the wall, but if he eased it away a few inches..... He slipped in behind the couch just as the door swung open.

"We must have left the light on yesterday, Bob," said a voice.

"Not our problem, Jim," came the reply, "we don't pay the school electric." The two men laughed humourlessly. "What've we got on tonight, Jim?"

"A first timer, Bob. That blond seven-year-old I approached last week. What's her name? Oh yeah, Sarah, that's right Sarah. I told her to be here straight after school ends, so her mother doesn't twig. I sent a text to her mother that Sarah would be in an after school activity for an hour. After her, we've got the three from Year Six. The first is coming at five o'clock, the other two later."

“What about those two eight and nine-year-olds we started on last week, Jim? When are they coming back?” asked Bob.

“Tomorrow, Bob, tomorrow,” said Jim. “We’ve got more than enough to keep us busy tonight, I think. When Sarah gets here, I’ll handle the cameras, you get her in the usual positions for a first timer. We don’t need her screaming the house down on the first session.”

Brian realised who the men were. They were the two teachers he’d taken an instant dislike to earlier in the staff room at lunchtime. He listened to their conversation and tried to work out what they were doing. They set up a colourful back drop, moved some tripods around and made the room far less threatening than it had appeared before. They placed some batteries near the cameras, then left switching out the light, leaving Brian in total Darkness. He waited until he heard a faint clunk as the outer door closed, before getting his phone out and switching the torch on. He looked at the time and realised that in a few minutes he needed to be in class. But he already knew he was on the trail to what Penny had asked him to find out.

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The last classes of the day passed without incident. The Year Six pupils had come to accept their temporary teacher and even liked him. They listened to him and learned from him. Children will always listen to a good teacher. What he was trying to work out, though was, which three of these girls were going to stay behind after school and head for the room near the Assembly hall. None of them seemed to give any hints. The entire class was sullen, only motivated slightly when he got through to them with his inspired teaching.

The final class ended and Brian wanted to see if he could get into the room first. He had realised that the men, Bob and Jim, had set up the back screen on a freestanding frame already. It was near a wall, but there was enough gap where, he hoped, he could hide, as long as they didn’t need to move the screen.

As he walked along the corridor, which was full of pupils and staff moving in various directions, he saw, out through the window, the two men chatting to a small blond girl out in the playground. They were smiling at her, nodding and talking. Brian assumed she must be seven-year-old Sarah. She was smiling too, happy to follow them back into the building.

Brian knew he was about two or three minutes ahead of them, so moved quickly to the assembly hall, which was now empty and moving to the studio entry, slipped into the outer lobby unseen. He flicked on his phone torch and was inside the studio itself in moments. He moved quickly behind the screen and settled down to await what happened.

The two men entered, followed by the little girl, Sarah, who said: “I never realised there was a photo studio here.”

"Oh, yes," replied Jim. Then with a smooth lie said: "We often take the school photographs in here."

"When will you pay me the money?" asked Sarah.

"Here's your £50 we agreed," said Bob. Brian could hear movement, when he assumed Sarah was taking and pocketing the money.

"Well let's get started Sarah. You're a very pretty girl, do you know that?" said Jim in a mechanical way that Brian assumed was said to every model in here. "First of all, we will photograph you in your uniform, standing and sitting, then lying on the floor, OK? Let's get started."

There was a click, and suddenly the room was flooded with very bright lights. The back drop they had chosen to use was yellow, and when the lights came on, Brian could see through it quite clearly. Whether he meant it or not, Jim had been right, Sarah was a very pretty girl. Her long blond hair was tied in a ponytail down her back.

"Sarah, could you let your hair loose, please?" asked Bob, handing her a hairbrush, "here, you can give it a quick brush with this."

The photos came thick and fast after that. In fairness, thought Brian, they knew the poses and how to capture her in the camera lens. After about fifteen minutes, Jim said: "Ok Sarah undo your skirt for us, like we agreed and take your blouse off, would you? We will take the rest of the photos with you just in your panties, OK?"

She looked a little nervous, but after a minute, did as they asked. Soon she was posing for them in just her white regular panties. They were neither tight nor over loose, but fit perfectly. She stood and turned. Then when asked, she sat on the two seater couch with her feet along the seat. Finally, she sprawled on the floor, with the camera taking close ups of her bottom when she was kneeling, and the nipples on her flat chest, which, although not much bigger than grains of rice, stood hard and proud.

"Well that's it, Sarah," said Jim. "Thank you for being a good model. You can get dressed now."

"Do you want me to model for you again, Mr. Swift?" she asked hopefully, pulling on her regulation white school blouse. "It's just that I had something I want to buy, but it's more than the £50 you paid me."

"I don't know, Sarah," said Jim doubtfully. "We've done all the poses we usually do with girls your age and we shouldn't really have done the ones in just your panties. What do you think, Bob?"

“Well. I don’t know, Jim,” said Bob in a much repeated manner, “we could get into a lot of trouble if anyone found out, especially if her mother found she had £100 hidden away.”

“£100?” repeated Sarah, holding the blouse ready to slip her arms into it, her little round areolæ seeming to swell.

“Yes,” said Bob, “the fifty you already got and another fifty for just half an hour. Here let me show you.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out five, ten pound notes. Her eyes wide, focused on the money, her mind in turmoil.

“What...what do I have to do?” she asked after a few seconds thought.

“Exactly the same as you just did,” said Bob in a reassuring tone, “just without your panties on.”

“Bbbut I ccouldn’t do that,” said Sarah with a shocked voice.

“That’s OK, Sarah,” said Bob, “you earned your fifty pounds. Take it home and spend it how you want. But remember Sarah, you agreed not to tell anyone you came here. The same as we wouldn’t tell anyone if you decided to stay for another half an hour and go home with £100. Have a think about it for a few minutes.”

Brian watched the girl through the screen. He didn’t know the rent man was calling later that night and the man never took ‘no’ for an answer. Last week he’d hit her Mum; he’d threatened to really beat Mum up this time and evict them from the apartment.

“You wouldn’t tell anyone?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“Of course not,” assured Bob, “if we did that, we could get into trouble as well, couldn’t we?”

“I suppose,” she muttered. Then after a few more seconds, she added: “OK I’ll do it.”

Brian watched, entranced, as Sarah stood up and dropping her blouse on the couch, put her thumbs in the waistline of her panties and pushed them down and off her legs. Because she had her back to Brian, he had an amazing view of her bum as she bent over. Her feet were apart, her labia bulged out between her thighs. Then as she stood upright and feeling the men’s eyes on her naked body, she turned around, facing Brian.

He’d already studied her flat chest with her pinky round areolæ, encircled with tiny goosebumps surrounding her slightly darker pinhead nipples, which seemed to stand out with their exposure to open air, or her nervousness. He could see all of her ribs under her pale skin. She wasn’t gaunt, but there was no fat on her either.

Her abdomen dipped in beneath her sternum. She had a little innie tummy button just above the rise of her mons, which seemed disproportionately large compared to her small body. It was tear shaped, tapering in as it disappeared between her thighs. She had a dimple right at the very top heralding the longest cleft he'd ever seen on a preteen. A slip of skin betrayed where her clitty lay hidden beneath. Her plump labia, as he'd seen when she'd bent over before, seemed to fill the gap between her legs, her cleft looking deep as it vanished under.

"Turn round Sarah, Would you?" said Jim, as he squinted through a camera lens. "Just move to the right. That's it, hands on hips, smile into the camera, good. Now turn to the side, but keep your head turned this way." And so the session started. The two men kept Sarah moving continuously for about five minutes in standing poses.

"Now sit down here," said Bob, indicating the couch, which he moved into the centre of the studio in front of the yellow screen. As the poses moved forward, she sat, lay, reclined, knelt and squatted on the couch. None of the poses so far could be considered to push the limits and Sarah seemed to be relaxed in working in the way they asked.

"Do you want a quick sip of water, Sarah?" asked Bob, offering her a small bottle. The lights were hot and she'd been in the studio a good while now. She gulped a couple of mouthfuls. She blinked when she heard the camera shutter click and the lights flash. She was about to screw the cap back on, when he said: "pour some water down your front for me, would you Sarah?" She saw nothing wrong with his request, and did as he asked, watching the camera follow the trickle of water heading for the delta of her pussy.

"Well done Sarah," said Jim, looking up over the camera, smiling. "We're half way through this session. You're doing really well. Bob will move the couch out of the way, would you sit on the floor now, please?"

Brian watched as she sat on the yellow material draped across the floor, quite close to where he was standing. Her feet together, stretched out towards the camera, leaning back on outstretched arms. Jim snapped away. Brian looked at his watch. Twenty minutes had passed.

"Now lift your knees up, Sarah. Bring your feet up to your bottom," said Jim. She moved as he asked, her knees pressed tight together. "Good, now cuddle your knees with your arms, put your chin on your wrists."

"Any time now," thought Brian, "this is when it will all start happening."

"Right, Sarah," instructed Jim, "keep your feet where they are and move your knees outwards, so they touch the floor." There was a moment of hesitation from the girl. "Now Sarah, please." Slowly, her knees moved outwards into the position. Snap, snap went the camera as the lights flashed. Lie on your back now, Sarah, but keep your legs exactly where they are," came the next

instruction. "Good, now bring your legs up and point your toes at the ceiling. Now hug your knees to your chest."

Brian watched, as Jim detached the camera from the tripod and brought the lens close to where her plump labia were bulging out between her upper thighs, snapping continuously.

"Now, Sarah, tuck your legs behind your shoulders for me," said Jim, so casually, she was halfway in position before she knew how she would be exposed. "Now Sarah, please," he said firmly, "we're ten minutes to the end and we have a lot more to do." Her face clouded over. She was no longer enjoying this, realising what she thought was going to be a few rude photos for £50, was turning into real porn. But she couldn't pull out now, it was only a few more minutes and then she could go home.

Sarah moved her legs as he'd instructed and watched, fascinated as the camera came down, pointing directly at her pussy. She couldn't help herself, she knew she was wet down there. She could feel it running out of her vagina and down towards her bottom.

"Keep you legs where they are, Sarah," instructed Jim, but bring your hands round the outside of your thighs to your bottom. Good, that's right. Now move your fingers to your pussy and push in. Hmm, yes, now pull yourself open. Wide open, Sarah, wider than that, unless you want Mr. Tyler to do it for you."

Brian watched. From his angle, all he could see was the top of her head and shoulders, with her knees tucked under them with her feet sticking upwards. But he could see she wasn't happy. But the two men couldn't care less. Their eyes and the camera lens were focused on her wide open pussy.

"Five minutes to go Sarah," said Jim. "On your hands and knees now. Quickly, or we go into extra time."

She rolled over on all fours. Her nose was only inches away from the yellow screen through which Brian was watching, while the camera and lights clicked and flashed.

"Keep your bottom as high as you can, Sarah," said Jim. "Press your chin and chest to the floor. Move your knees further apart, I want to photograph your bottom. Mr. Tyler will help you." She got into the new position, aware Bob was standing beside her. He leaned down and pushed her knees outwards and upwards an inch or two. Then, getting a nod from Jim, he placed his hands on her buttocks and pulled them apart, his fingers pressed to her labia, opening her pussy as wide as possible. Jim brought the camera right up to her bottom and started to record the most intimate photos possible. Sarah's face was one of extreme unhappiness. It was only a few inches from Brian's. He thought he could almost smell her scent, as she gritted her teeth, clearly thinking "This will be all over in a minute".

Brian watched as Jim put the camera quietly down on the floor and while Bob still held her open, ran his fingers up the length of Sarah's pussy. He straightened up, looked at his finger tip, smiled at Bob and sucked his finger.

"Thank you Sarah," said Jim, as he took his finger from his lips, "you can get dressed now. You are a natural model. We look forward to seeing you here again tomorrow at the same time."

Brian watched the girl grimace as his words sank in. Brian could see she was not at all happy. A tear was threatening to run down one cheek. She quickly grabbed her panties and pulled them on, hopping first on one foot then the other. "I don't want to come back for any more photos, Mr. Swift," she told Jim.

"I don't think you have any choice, Sarah," he replied, pulling the memory card from the camera and inserting it into his laptop on the table. "Come here and look." He selected one of the photos where she was lying on her back, legs tucked behind her shoulders, while she held her pussy wide open, with her face looking down her body at the camera. "I don't think your Mum would like to see that picture at all, do you?"

Sarah gasped. The photograph was far worse than even she thought it might be. It was crystal clear, her face didn't show any anguish, and her whole pussy, bottom, cleft, clitty and bald mound were in sharp focus. "Bbbut you can't I won't I don't want to ..." she tailed off into silence, seeing the men's expressions, knowing they meant it and she would have no choice. "What will I have to do?" she asked in a more resigned tone of voice. She knew she was defeated. Then she looked up, a glimmer of hope, "How much will I get paid?"

"You won't get anything," said Bob, almost savagely. "You have already been a very naughty girl, letting us take these pictures today. We will have a little arrangement. If you cooperate, we won't show them to your mother or anyone else you know, and we won't put any on the internet." His face never flinched as he told that last lie.

"What will I have to do?" she repeated.

"Very easy stuff, Sarah. You'll only be here half an hour. The time will fly by and who knows," he smiled at Jim, "you might even enjoy yourself. Now off you go home, Sarah, there's a good girl. We look forward to seeing you tomorrow." Then he added unnecessarily: "Every bit of you." She thought she could still hear them laughing as she left the room and went out into the assembly hall.

* * * * *

Brian watched the two men wondering what they were going to do now. He nearly did a double take when Jim said: "Shall we change the backdrop, Bob?"

"Why bother?" was the reply. "With what they're going to do for us, any colour would do. Who's first anyway, Jim?"

Jim picked up a piece of paper. They're all in the same class, Year Six today, Bob. Let's see, Sandy Fraser. She's just ten. Remember she's the one who nearly refused to come back for a second session, particularly when she realised she would have to do more stuff and not get paid anything?"

"Yeah, that was funny when you pretended to WhatsApp that photo while she watched. Would you have really sent it?"

"I dunno," said Jim, "never got that close before, I guess. Probably not. We've enough girls prepared to do what we want. So why take the risk with the odd one who refuses?"

"Yeah, you're right. So what are we going to do to Sandy Fraser?" asked Bob.

"Well as she nearly refused we can tackle her in one of two ways. We can either go easy and let her feel it's not so bad, or....."

Bob smiled, "What've you got in mind, Jim?"

"We can go the opposite way and string her up," he nodded up at the cords threaded through the pulley blocks in the ceiling.

"Yeah, why not?" said Bob. "Shit or bust, let's give her the works."

"OK, that's Miss. Fraser sorted," said Jim, "who's after her?"

"Ah, let's see, Jenny and Annie together," replied Bob, consulting his sheet.

"Well, up until now, they've done everything they were told to do," said Jim. "Let's push the limits with them. We'll give them knob & gob. Which one do you want, Bob? I'll have the other. Shame we can't fuck 'em for real, but with DNA and all that, it's a risk we just can't take. OK, we'll go to the pub in a while for a pint and a bite to eat. But first I'll quickly transfer Sarah's files onto the encrypted drive."

"You ought to show me how to do that, Jim," said Bob. "If anything happened to you, everything would be lost."

"OK, Bob, I'll show you. Come over to the laptop. I keep the drive hidden in here." He indicated where an old panel was fixed to the wall. There was a cavity at the top just the right size for the drive to slot into, which from the floor was impossible to see. He stood on a stool and reached in to the cavity and pulled the drive out. He plugged it into the laptop and clicked an icon which appeared. "I created a simple decrypt code which should be nearly

impossible to crack. Watch.” He pressed the key in the top left corner ` then the 2, 4, ending with =. “See,” he said “starting with that key beneath the Esc key, I go clockwise round the keyboard pressing every other key. Down the side, # along the bottom, up the left ending with q. Everything lower case. Then press caps lock and now upper case, starting with L, go left along that row, every other letter ending with A.”

“Sounds complicated,” said Bob.

“Try it,” said Jim, “here, let me clear what I typed in, you do it.”

Bob tapped in the keys. He made a couple of mistakes, but on the third attempt, he got it right.

“See nothing to it,” said Jim. “Now we need to add a ‘Sarah file’ like this, plug in the camera memory card and transfer across.” Click, click. “Give it a few seconds. There done. We put the drive back in it’s hidey hole here, then we can head for the pub.”

With that, the two men left the room, leaving Brian in pitch darkness once more. His mind was racing, as he fumbled for his phone torch. Seeing Sarah naked and treated as she had been, nearly made him cum several times, but they meant her harm and, at the end of the day, he was a good teacher and did have the kids best interests at heart, even if he did like fucking them when the opportunity arose. Then he corrected himself; he didn’t like fucking them, he liked fucking ‘with’ them. That was important. It was a two way thing, not one sided, like Jim and Bob wanted.

He had an idea. He stood on the stool and reached in to the cavity, behind the panel and pulled the drive out. He put it in his pocket and made for the door. He ran to his car and jumped in PC World would close in ten minutes. He just made it in time, bought an external disk drive and a couple of connecting cables. He broke every speed limit to get home, connected everything up and held his breath as he typed in the men’s decrypt code into the laptop. He got it wrong twice, but on the third time was in. Immediately he clicked the mouse to copy across all files, then went to the toilet. He’d been bursting to go for the last half hour.

He returned a few minutes later, chewing, a sandwich clasped in one hand, a cup of tea in the other. He sat at the table and watched the progress bar move excruciatingly slowly across the screen. He glanced at the clock. Just after six. The time indicator suggested forty minutes to run. He stared at the screen, like a watched kettle that never boiled. The green line stopped, started, moved again, until at last the message “Copy complete” appeared. He disconnected everything, threw the new drive into a drawer, stuffed the men’s drive into his pocket and sprinted to the door.

Brian ran across the playground. It was ten to seven. As he sprinted, he passed a short, brown haired girl in a grubby school uniform, half way to the door. He was in through the door in a moment, into the the assembly hall

and through the studio door a full minute before the girl walked into the hall. She sat down, nervously, waiting where she'd been told to sit.

Brian stood on the stool, dropped the drive into its hiding place. He kept taking deep breaths to slow his panting and was safely behind the yellow screen when he heard noises in the outer entry. He flicked his phone torch off and waited to see what happened. The door opened a few seconds later.

"Come in Sandy," said Bob. "If you would like to sit on the couch and take off your clothes, we'll carry on from where left off last time, alright?"

She still looked as nervous as before, but started to strip off as instructed. The tripod mounted camera lights were switched on and immediately, Brian could now see, as well as hear, what was happening through the yellow screen. Soon, she was naked, sitting on the couch, her hands wringing.

"Today we are going to try something new, Sandy," said Bob, pulling open one of the drawers in the chest. He handed her a blindfold. It was the same type people use when wanting to sleep in aircraft or night workers sleeping during the day. She carefully pulled it over her head and turned her head, as if she could still see. "Open your mouth for me, would you Sandy?" asked Bob. She did as he asked and he popped the ball gag into her mouth, fixing the strap behind her head.

Bob couldn't believe how willingly she was letting them do this. Some of the girls in the past had struggled when asked to do this. One had even bitten him when he'd tried to force the gag into her mouth. He'd enjoyed punishing her for it though.

"Stand up now, Sandy, please and hold your hands out for me." Asked Bob. She did as he asked and he slipped and fixed a cord loop over each wrist, leaving the cords loose for now. Finally, he slipped loops over both ankles.

"I'm going to lift you up in a moment Sandy," said Bob. Mr. Swift has placed two stools either side of you. I want you to stand with one foot on each stool." Without another word, Bob put his hands on her waist and easily lifted the girl up, while Jim grabbed her ankles and spreading her legs wide apart, placed one foot on each stool. Her feet were just on the edge of the stools, which were each about a foot wide. Bob kept his hands on Sandy's hips, steadying her, while Jim took hold of each of her calves in turn and pulled them much further outwards. She was now in a splits, her legs 120 degrees apart. Then, Jim took hold of the cords attached to her ankles and taking up the strain, cleated them to brackets on the wall either side, so her legs were now held wide apart.

"Lift up your hands, Sandy. This will support you so you don't fall over," said Bob, still holding her steady by her hips. Jim then pulled the cords attached to her wrists through the ceiling pulleys and when he judged half her weight was held on them cleated them off too.

Brian looked on amazed. From where he watched, the girl, with her back to him was in an 'X' shape, standing on two low stools, her arms stretched upwards and outwards, supporting her so she didn't fall, her legs held firmly outwards with cords to the side. She was blindfolded and gagged. He realised she was completely vulnerable and the two men could do anything to her they wished. His erection was bar hard, but at the same time, he sympathised with the girl, who he could hear making nasal noises of protest at her involuntary treatment.

"Just stand still for a moment, Sandy," said Bob in his irritating reassuring voice, "while we take a few photos of you. You really are a very pretty girl." Jim, using the camera hand held moved all round and under her, snapping shots from every angle. Then Jim gave Bob a nod, and moved the camera right up close to her, as Bob brought his fingers to her labia and roughly pulled her open. They moved to several angles, before coming round behind her and pulling her bottom open repeated the exercise, getting intimate shots of her anus and vagina from the back.

"Well done, Sandy," said Bob, in his false ingratiating voice, "that's all the photos done for today. Now we are going to make you feel really nice." He laughed, "Or rather we are going to have a really nice feel." Brian watched as Jim put the camera on the table and pick up two blue tubes, which he recognised as KY jelly. Both men applied a generous amount to their middle fingers, before reaching for Sandy, pulling her open and pushing their fingers, none too gently, into her. Bob was penetrating her rectum, while Jim her vagina. He watched as the men pushed their fingers all the way into the child in a digital double penetration. Sandy snorted through her nose at the first touch and continued to moan, wriggling as best she could, her hips moving from side to side, while they assaulted her little body. Bob smacked her buttocks with a hard sweep of his hand and told her to stand still. The two men, on some unseen signal pulled their respective fingers from her and changed positions, so Bob now pushed his finger into Sandy's vagina and Jim her bum. Brian no longer found this arousing. It was brutal, painful, unkind and against everything he held dear. In that moment, he went from voyeur to determined rescuer. But at the same time, he knew he needed to think through his strategy. Rushing in now would, or could put his and Sandy's lives in danger, if they became violent.

A few minutes later, Bob looked at his watch and said: "It's ten minutes to go Sandy and we do so want you to enjoy yourself here." Both men, laughing again, pulled their fingers out of her, Bob started to undo Sandy's ball gag. He told her if she made a noise, he'd put it back in. Then he took off her blindfold. She blinked a couple of times, watching, wondering what they might do to her next.

Jim went to the drawer and pulled out a very thin, short, skin coloured vibrator. He moved back to her and quickly pulling her labia back open with one hand, pushed the device into her with the other. The vibrator was the type with a flanged end, so when it was fully home it was invisible from her front. All the while she looked down at what he was doing to her, eyes wide.

"What are you doing to me?" asked Sandy, plaintively.

"Whatever we want to," came the curt reply.

Jim switched the vibrator on, then picked up his camera, set it to video and waited. The two men were watching closely to see what happened. Being behind the girl, Brian saw the first reaction, as little dimples appeared on her buttocks. Then he saw what looked like a ripple of muscle move down them, then she clenched, before she cried out. Her orgasm was completely involuntary. This had not been a pleasant experience for the ten-year-old at all, but suddenly she was cuming. Even from where he stood, looking through the screen, Brian could see flows of little girl cum and urine running down her thighs, as her orgasm, driven by her rough treatment overwhelmed the child.

Her head was arched back, her belly thrust forwards. Her whole body was tensed and curved like a strung bow. Her eyes closed, mouth open wide, as she panted short gasps. Brian could see her anus opening and closing as her climax went on and on. Beyond her, Jim was recording everything on video, while Brian pressed the vibrator fully home every now and then, as her vagina tried to eject it from her body.

At last it ended. Her whole weight hanging from the ropes above her. Her body shook, her chest rose and fell with her laboured breathing. Brian could see her legs were buckled slightly, her buttocks quivering. She'd been treated very badly, but she'd had the climax of her life. So intense, she would never experience it again, ever. If he hadn't seen it, he wouldn't have believed it.

Bob reached under her and pulled the tiny thin vibrator out of Sandy. He sucked the end briefly, and tossed it into the drawer it had come from. Jim was pulling the memory card from the camera, while Bob uncled the cords holding her ankles and helped her to her feet. When she had regained her balance, he released the cords holding her hands. For a moment, she didn't know what to do, so after a while, she started to get dressed.

"Have a look at this, Sandy," said Jim, standing over his laptop. She moved beside him and gasped. There in full HD was a photo of her with her legs splayed out, her arms upwards. Both her tied feet and hands had been cropped out of the picture. What could be seen, though, was her whole naked body. The image of her face dominating the picture. The sheer ecstasy of the moment was painted there, No one could misunderstand her expression. The photo was 100% proof Sandy was enjoying the experience. The fact that moments before the picture had been taken, she had felt nothing but distress and humiliation was not reflected in the image. "Your Mum would love to see this Sandy, don't you think? She would recognize you know how to enjoy yourself."

Sandy didn't know what to say. He was right in what the picture said. Mum would think this is how she spends her time after school.

"Of course we could add your photos to a web site we know of offering nice young girls like you to men who pay lots of money. If your Mum saw that, I wonder what she would say."

"Ohmygod," gasped, Sandy, her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide at the thought. "You can't do that, you just can't."

"Well that's where you're wrong Sandy. We can do anything we want with those pictures, unless you do exactly as we want you to do."

Realisation came to her face. "What do you want me to do Mr. Swift?"

"Tomorrow, at the same time, come back here. It will only be half an hour, then you can go home," said Jim.

"But, but what will you want me to do?" she asked, dreading the answer.

"Have you ever heard of a blow job?" he asked. Then without waiting for her answer said: "That's what we want. But you don't have to do it, if you don't want to Sandy, I can pay another girl to do it, with the money I'll get for posting your photos online, after they go to your Mum."

It was only a minute or two later Sandy left for home. Brian could see she was very shaken. He was worried for her. He knew girls sometimes committed suicide with less reason. He would need to act quickly.

"Well I think that went very well," said Bob. "I can't wait to see her swallow a couple of loads of fresh cum."

"Yeah," said Jim, "talking of blow jobs, what time is it? Jennifer and Annie are due before too long."

"They'll be here in about ten minutes. I had Annie look after me last night. You'll like her Jim. She really knows how to use her tongue, I fancy trying Jennifer this time."

"That's great. You'll like her too, Bob, she can really suck." Said Jim. "Before they finish us off, what shall we get them to do? Any ideas?"

"Although they've been a few times, this will be the first time these two will be here together. I was thinking we should get them to do a bit of girl on girl stuff. Remember that pair we had in a couple of weeks ago? You know the Latvian girl, who could hardly speak English and that Pakistani girl."

"Sure I do, Jim," said Bob, with relish "how could I forget, by the end they were hurting each other quite a bit. We shouldn't let it go so far this time."

"No, perhaps we'll just do a knob & gob, what do you say?"

"Sounds good to me."

Brian was beginning to realise the number of girls involved in this could be considerable. He knew four girls would be here in all today, they had just admitted to two others a fortnight ago. How many others were there? He realised the answers may lie in the external drive he had copied at home.

Penny Lane had realised something was amiss in the school. She couldn't have had any idea what the problem was, nor the extent and immensity of it. He also knew if something of this magnitude were to get out, it would close the school, kill Penny's reputation and be a magnet for every tabloid press reporter in the country looking for a salacious story to print, causing further harm to the kids.

"While I get the camera memory cards copied across, Bob, why don't you get the rest of the kit ready to hand, I'm really looking forward to this." The way they laughed at what they intended to do to two ten-year-olds left Brian's blood running cold. Already he was thinking of ways of how to put this all to an end without further harm coming to the girls or their school.

* * * * *

There was a quiet tapping. Bob opened the door and let the two girls in. "Hello Jenny, hello Annie. You both know each other don't you? Yes, of course, you're in the same class, aren't you, Year Six. Come on in we were waiting for you."

"Hello girls," said Jim, having just refitted the, now empty, memory cards into the cameras, "You've each been here three times before, so you know what we want you to do, so let's not waste any more time, take off your clothes, would you please?"

The two automatically started to strip off, knowing to delay would incur the anger of the men. Last time they'd been here, both had been punished for taking too long. It had involved sticking something up their bottoms, then when a button was pressed it gave them an electric shock. They'd also been told that next time it would go in their cunt. They saw the device laying on top of the chest of drawers, as if to threaten them. Yesterday they had each been forced to give one of the men a blowjob. It had nearly made them vomit, especially when they had been told to swallow.

Annie was a very small, quiet blond haired girl with bright green eyes. She looked very nervous. This was her fourth time here and she knew whatever happened now, she wouldn't like it at all. Previously she'd always been on her own. She wondered why Jenny was here at the same time.

Jenny, a red headed, freckle faced girl with a rounded face which made her look chubby. There was in fact, like most children in this school, no fat on

her at all. She too wondered why she and Annie were here together. They were about to find out.

“Stand side by side,” instructed Jim as his camera started clicking. “Good, now put your arms around each other’s shoulders. Get close together. Now move your hands down, and cup each other’s bottoms. Yes, good. Now turn towards each other and smile. Now kiss. No, not like that a proper kiss, mouths open, use your tongues.” Jenny grimaced and pulled away. She didn’t see Bob move, but she certainly felt the smack on her bottom as the flat two inch wide piece of wood connected with her buttocks, making her jump and squeak. Suddenly, the two girls were kissing like lovers, each trying to ensure they weren’t the next to be punished. “Cup each other’s pussies, push your fingers, in and move them around. You know what to do. Make each other feel good.”

Brian’s cock was rigid once more. Pre-cum flowing freely. There was nothing more arousing to him than a nice lesbian display. What worried him, though, was that he knew they were being forced to do this and he felt he shouldn’t be aroused he felt a bit ashamed.

“I want Annie to lie on the floor and Jenny to get on top. I want you to do a sixty-nine,” said Jim.

“What’s that?” asked Jenny, looking down at Annie, now lying beneath her. Bob was about to say something, the piece of wood looking threatening in his hand.

“Down here, Jenny, on hands and knees,” said Annie. “Your head needs to be down there,” she pointed, “and your, well your pussy up here, so we can lick each other.”

Jenny had just climbed into position over Annie, when she realised what those last few words meant. “Ewww,” she spluttered, “I’m not going to” her words were cut off when the piece of wood cracked down on her buttocks, leaving another red line parallel to the first one. “Oww,” she cried out, looking up at her tormentor. Seeing Bob raising the stick again, she dropped her head down between Annie’s thighs and pretended to do as she’d been told. But Bob could see her tongue was nowhere near Jenny’s pussy and brought the stick down again, CRACK. A third red line appeared parallel to the other two. It did the trick, though, because Annie was now slurping Jenny’s cleft like a veteran.

Bob and Jim watched the girls work on each other for ten minutes or so, telling them to swap places, before instructing them to stop and stand up side by side again. “Feet apart,” barked Bob, “I shouldn’t have to keep telling you that. Let’s see what you feel like.” He reached down and none too gently shoved his middle fingers up into each of their vaginas. “Yes, you seem to be wet enough, what do you think Jim?”

Jim stepped over, took Bob's place and pushed his fingers up into the two girls. "Yes, you're right Bob, they're wet enough." He turned to the girls, "Stand up either side of the wooden horse, facing each other," he indicated a frame that Brian assumed had once been used as gym equipment. It was like a solid table, four feet long, but only about a foot wide. "Now each of you move a few inches to your left and bend over the top. Then move closer together. I want you pressed together."

Brian watched, wondering what they were going to do, as did the girls from their expressions. They were bent over the top of the vaulting horse, side by side, shoulders pressed against the other girl's hips, heads alongside the other's thighs. Brian didn't know what their plan was, but he had a feeling of dread that something incredibly humiliating was about to happen to these two ten-year-olds.

The two men, in an obviously well rehearsed way each picked up a tube of KY and moving to opposite sides of the vaulting horse, casually unscrewed the caps and pushing the nozzles into the girls' bottoms, squeezed a generous quantity into them. Then they unbuckled their trousers and let them drop down to their ankles, followed by their underwear. Brian watched as they grabbed their erect cocks and casually waved them in front of the girls faces.

They didn't mess around or waste any more time. Both men stepped up to the rear of their girl, pulled her buttocks apart and pressed their tip into their open anus. Both girls cried out. Not so much in pain as in outrage. Applying constant pressure and helped by the KY, soon they popped through the girl's sphincters, penetrating deeper and deeper.

"No please don't do this, please, don't...." said Annie, as her voice was cut off by a hard slap of Bob's hand to her buttocks.

"I'll do as I fucking well like, you little bitch," said Bob viciously. "Think yourself lucky I'm not fucking your pussy. One more word and that's what I'll do next."

Both men had now bottomed out and started an in-out movement, feeling the tightness of the girls' recta on their long thick cocks. What happened next caught Brian completely by surprise, as he stood watching the poor girls faces, tears dripping constantly onto the floor, from their tightly closed eyes, as they endured this humiliation and torment.

"Now," called Jim. Both men immediately pulled out, their shit stained shafts wafting in the air as they took one step to the right, where the face of the other girl was looking up at them, fear on their faces. "Grab my cock, Jenny," growled Jim. "Both hands. Rub it good, come on up and down all the way. That's it. Now suck the end, like you did yesterday."

The girls were horrified. It was true she'd been forced to give both men oral sex in the last few days, but not after it had just come out of someone's

bottom. Jim picked up the long flat piece of wood and tapped it on her buttocks. "Do it, or you know what you get." Annie thought she would be sick, as she tentatively opened her mouth. She was about to curl her lips around the bulbous, purple end, when he just jerked his hips forward, nudging hard into the back of her mouth, making her gag. He pulled back a bit, letting her recover before telling her to suck hard.

Jenny was having just as hard a time of it sucking Bob's cock, as he pushed it in and out of her mouth, making her cheeks puff out and in. The taste of Annie's shit in her mouth had nearly made her sick too, but then she knew Annie was suffering the same way.

"Now," called Jim. Again both men pulled back and moved to their right, going anti-clockwise round to the other side of the vaulting horse. Jim was now behind Jenny, while Bob had now got Annie. Once more they pulled the tormented girls bottoms open and shoved their cocks deep into their recta. This time they started to piston in and out much quicker than before. They would cum before too long. After a few minutes, at a nod from Bob, Jim called "Now." They both pulled out, took a step to the right and before the girls knew what was happening, found a different cock to swallow into their mouths. Jenny now had a circumcised round ended throbbing cock, while Annie got one covered in a shit smeared foreskin.

"Squeeze it hard, bitch," snarled Jim. "Suck it harder. HARDER," he shouted as he brought the stick down in a whip like crack on her buttocks twice. The two tortured girls whimpered. Frightened of what might happen to them next, they sucked on the shit coated cocks, hoping their ordeal would end soon. Jim grunted and grabbing Annie's hair to make sure she didn't pull away exploded into her mouth. A second or two later, Bob did the same to Jenny, both men firing their pent up load of semen deep into the children's mouths, ignoring the gagging sounds and sobs.

"Lick it clean, bitch" Jim finally told Annie when he'd finished.

"You heard," Bob told Jenny, "clean mine too."

For the next couple of minutes, all Brian could hear was their slurping sounds as they sucked and licked the men's cocks, until Jim eventually said: "Enough, get dressed, the pair of you. Make sure you're here on time tomorrow, or we take your cherries. Before you go, wipe your arses and faces on a wet wipe," he tossed a pack across the room, "and drink one of those cans of pop over there," he pointed to some Coke and Fanta cans on a shelf. The pop would help disguise any DNA that might linger in their mouths and throats. "Now you can fuck off," he added unnecessarily.

The two girls pulled on some of their clothes and grabbed the rest, wanting to get out of that room as soon as they could.

* * * * *

“What do you reckon, Bob, back to the pub?” asked Jim.

“Why not,” replied his friend, “I’ve worked up quite an appetite.” Jim copied the camera cards across onto his encrypted drive, put it away and they were out of the room less than five minutes after the girls.

Brian wasted no time. He felt sick. He knew he was a pædophile, but he now knew for certain he only wanted consenting relationships with his girls. What he’d just witnessed turned his stomach. He knew he had two things to do as soon as he could. First was to put an end to what was going on; second see if he could repair some of the damage these two evil men had done to goodness knows how many little girls.

He searched in the drawers and found what he was looking for: a USB flash drive. He booted up the laptop, retrieved the external drive, plugged it in, keyed in the decrypt code and copied Sarah, Sandy, Jennifer and Annie’s files across. He would transfer them onto his encrypted drive later.

Brian was in a daze as he drove slowly home that evening. He knew he was going to put a stop to this. The question was how. He turned out of Dock Road and up the hill, away from the river estuary. There was a park on the left bordered by a low stone wall. Over the wall he could see children on the swings and roundabouts playing, families walking their dogs and people seated on the benches alongside a path which led to woods deeper into the park. Then he saw them. Sandy, Jenny and Annie. They were huddled together, sitting on a patch of grass, well away from other people.

He slowed and parked the car, locked it and walked to the gateway leading to the path. The three girls were sitting in a ring, heads together talking, so they didn’t notice him walking towards them. He was just a few yards away, when Annie’s eyes lifted and she saw him. Her face darkened as she leapt to her feet her eyes burning with defiance.

“What do you want?” she said in a voice so hostile, it almost rocked Brian back on his feet. The other two girls turned to see who she was talking to. In that moment, Brian realised he had absolutely no idea what to say to them.

“Hello girls would you mind if I had a quick word with you?” he asked.

“Why don’t you just fuck off?” Jenny spat. “We’re not in school now. You can’t tell us what to do.”

“I don’t want to tell you what to do, Jenny, nor you Sandy nor you Annie.” He saw them blink in surprise at him knowing their names even though this had been his first day at their school. “I have come to see how I can help you.”

“Help us? How,” demanded Jenny.

"I don't know, Jenny," he said, desperately trying in vain to form some comprehensive plan that wouldn't involve them. In the end he decided to just jump in with both feet and tell them straight.

"If I can help you stop Mr. Swift and Mr. Tyler shoving their penises up your bums or making you suck them off, I will if I can. If you don't want my help, that's up to you." He turned and started to walk away.

"No, no," called Jenny, "I didn't mean it like that, please come back." She paused and asked: "How did you know?"

"You mean how did I know they shoved their fingers up inside you, then made you kiss each other and then lick each other out in a sixty-nine, before bugging you then getting you to give them blowjobs? Let's say I know all sorts of things about what they have done to you and other girls before you. Like Sandy here, who was strung up from the ceiling with ropes around her ankles to keep her legs apart, so they could put their fingers in her before making her cum with that vibrator, so they could photograph her to keep her silent. How did I know? I couldn't possibly say, but let's say I have all the evidence I need to put them away for many years."

The three girls were sitting open mouthed as he recited what the two men had done to them. "What should we do?" asked Jenny.

"Well first you should wipe your mouth, Jenny, you've still got some cum on your lips." She wiped her sleeve across her mouth.

Brian sat down on the grass. The three girls made room for him in their circle. "First question I need to ask you is: have you been injured in any way? I don't mean where you were smacked with that piece of wood, Jenny, but, you know, inside your bum or your pussy. Did it hurt, Sandy where they put in that vibrator?"

The three girls blushed brightly, but they already knew that with Brian on their case, they might be rid of the two men. They confirmed they didn't have any long term physical injuries. He wondered about mental scars. Would they be put off sex with men for life?

"Now, girls," he said, "I need to ask you a very important question. Do you want these men sent to prison?" They all nodded. "Remember, if they go to court, your mums will know exactly what happened to you and will see all the photographs. You will have to stand up in that court, in front of maybe a hundred people and tell them everything that happened to you. Your mums and all those people will see those photographs and hear you tell everyone exactly what happened to you. Do you want that?" They hesitated, looking nervously at each other.

"Then perhaps there is another way," he said, looking from one to another. They wondered what he meant, as he continued: "a way no one else needs to know about; your mums, the police, your head teacher or the court. But if

we go down this route, you have to swear to secrecy. You can never tell anyone outside our group. The reason is we will be taking the law into our own hands. In other words, we will be breaking the law ourselves.”

The girls looked at each other, uncertainty on their faces. “I’ll go and walk across the park,” Brian said, standing up. “You three have a chat. Talk about it. Do you want to be secret criminals, or would you prefer we go to the police, in which case everyone, everywhere will know what happened to you, especially when they see those photos of you enjoying yourself, Sandy when you were shaped like a figure ‘X’ or you, Jenny and Annie, when you had a cock up your bum or were sucking it afterwards. I’ll be back in ten minutes.”

Brian walked aimlessly across the grass away from the three, knowing they were looking at his back. He still didn’t have a plan, but he had decided the choice must be theirs not his. He looked across down to the docks, where a new regeneration project was underway, building a new wharf wall in the inner harbour. The noise had been constant for the last ten days, pouring concrete continuously.

He’d only walked a hundred yards, when Jenny came running up to him and told him they’d made a decision.

* * * * *

Half an hour later, Brian had formed the basis of a plan. “Right you three need to act normally tomorrow. Sarah Simpson is meant to be the first to go into the studio.”

“What that little Third Year girl,” said Annie, “She’s only seven. She must be frightened to death.”

“Go and speak to her in the morning break, would one of you?” he asked. “She will need to agree to keep our secret too.”

“I’ll do that,” said Sandy, “our Mums are friends, so she knows me quite well.”

“That’s good. Tell her she needs to pretend to be ill after lunch and say she needs to go home. She doesn’t really need to go home. She can sit in my car if she wants. I’ll park it somewhere out of the way. Then I need you three to vanish tomorrow afternoon too. You’re all in my class, so I can cover for you. I’m going to leave an unpleasant surprise for Messrs. Tyler and Swift. Afterwards, they’re going to be really angry. They might come looking for you to find out who I am. So it’s important you keep out of the way until this is all over, understand?”

They all nodded enthusiastically, a smile showing on their faces. The first animation he’d seen any of them give since this had all begun.

“Now if something goes wrong and we have to take some unexpected or unplanned course of action, then I will leave a note for you. Where is a good place to leave it. You know the school better than me?”

Sandy grinned and said: “I know a good place. Why not leave it on the school notice board. Nobody ever reads that and if the note is on the back of a boring fire drill routine or school rules sheet, it won’t be seen in ten years.”

“Brilliant, Sandy,” said Brian, smiling at her, seeing her open face studying him with interest for the first time.

“Whatever the message, it will be on the back of something like Sandy described, but it will be on the top right-hand corner of the notice board. Now to alert you that there is a message there, I will write on the classroom smart board, again in the top right-hand corner ‘Year Six’. Then you will know to go and look at the notice board.”

“But the key thing tomorrow, girls is that you stick together all day, no matter what, understand? These men are dangerous and unpredictable. When they realise they’ve been found out, they may well come looking for you. You are the ones who can point fingers at them and put them in jail. So until I have this sorted out, you keep out of sight. Whatever you do, tomorrow, don’t go to any of your homes. They’re the first places they’ll look. You will be alright tomorrow morning, I will set my trap at lunchtime.”

“What trap is that, Mr. Phillips?” asked Annie.

“I’ll tell you afterwards,” he replied, “but for now the less you know the better. But let me just say it will be a flash, bang, wallop!” He grinned at them. They became silent for a few minutes, watching the sun go down over the river estuary and sea beyond. “It’s time you three went home. Before you go, I want to make you all a promise. What happened this afternoon will never happen again. Those two men are evil and tomorrow, they are going to get their just deserts. But I ask you again, promise me, whatever happens, it remains our secret. Your mums will never know what happened or see those photos. And whatever happens tomorrow, if anyone asks you, you will have no idea how it happened or who made it happen.”

The three girls all grinned and linked their little fingers in a pinkie promise. In the sunset glow, it warmed Brian’s heart to see their faces lit up. They may have been damaged today, but they were already on the road to recovery. They knew it and so did he.

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“Hello, Penny,” he said after the door creaked open on a safety chain, following him ringing her doorbell a second time. “Can I come in for a minute?”

Seeing who it was, Penny opened the door and ushered him in. They went through to her small sitting room, where a mug of hot chocolate sat in the middle of an old coffee table. In the background was a radio station playing classical music. She was wearing a pale blue towelling dressing gown.

"I have good and bad news for you, Penny," he said as she handed him a steaming mug of coffee. She sat on a chair opposite him. She had known Brian since she, Cathy and him had been at school together, longer ago than she cared to remember. She knew Brian was one of the most capable teachers in the profession. She knew he could have succeeded in any career and perhaps made millions, but he'd chosen teaching. He was a brilliant chemist and could have headed up any top university research department. She knew she was lucky to have him helping her. If he'd shown interest, she would have married him in a moment, but it was Cathy he'd loved. Poor dead Cathy.

"Go on Bri'," she said, grinning, "hit me with the bad news."

"They'll never be genii." He said.

She laughed. "I know, and the good?"

"I've found out what the problem is in the school," he said so matter-of-factly, she almost missed it.

"What?.... Already, you can't have. It's not possible, I've been trying to work it out for six months or more. You've only been with us a day! What is it?"

"Before I say anything, Penny, I want to put a couple of scenarios to you." She was about to say something, when he held his hand up and added: "Bear with me."

"Next week you come to school and the children are playing in the yard before assembly. They are singing and laughing and being typical children, enjoying life and school as all children should. They are taught their lessons by your teachers and one day they leave and progress through their lives in their various ways. You will look back and remember how you helped to send them on their way in life, as the dedicated head teacher you are."

"The second scenario is this. Tomorrow, you have hundreds of reporters at the school gates with their cameras snapping at everyone and everything. Police crawling over the entire school, interviewing everyone. The council spokesperson confirming to the media that they had been considering shutting the run down school for years, and perhaps it was now time.... Pupils hiding from nosey reporters, parents enquiring about places at neighbouring schools. The scapegoat, of course will be you, Penny. No matter how dedicated you are, someone will take the blame and that someone will be you."

"Ohmygod," she said, tears already rolling down her cheeks, "what ... what is going on? What can be so terrible as to cause this?"

He looked at her steadily for a few seconds. Then he said: "Do you trust me, Penny?"

"You're one of the very few people I would trust with my life, Brian. Why?"

"Well, if I tell you what is happening in the school, you would have to report it. Then the police and media would be crawling all over the place by tomorrow afternoon and I can tell you, your school will be shut by the weekend and you will never work in education again. If I tell you nothing, and you let me handle this, I might be able to make the problem go away. I can't guarantee it, but I have a plan, which I think might work. What do you say?"

"I don't know what to say," she said, picking up her now tepid chocolate drink. "Anyone else and I wouldn't go along with this. But as it is you, Brian, I am going to trust you. From what you have implied, it sounds like I am trusting you with my life anyway." She took a sip of her drink, pulled a face and put the mug back down on the table. "So what do you need me to do?" she asked.

"Do nothing, Penny," he said. "It's important you act normally. I may need to suddenly move away from the class or even the school. Can I rely on you to be available to step in if the unexpected happens?"

"Yes of course. Where will you be?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I am going to set off a train of events tomorrow. I don't know how things will evolve, but I do know I will need to be nimble on my feet and ready to move however I must."

"There may be the odd bang, and some exciting noises, but it is all planned. I just hope it goes to plan, that's all. One more thing Penny," she looked at him, trustingly, "you're one of the best head teachers I have ever worked with. Believe in yourself and know that tomorrow will be the day you will look back on and remember it was when everything started to go right."

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Brian had some late night shopping to do. He called into the 24/7 Superstore and found what he needed. He was a science teacher after all. The woman at the checkout till was surprised at how many extra large bottles of Mr.Muscle drain clog removal fluid he'd purchased. He'd filled the trolley with the stuff. Why this good looking, smart chap needed hydrogen peroxide hair solution or even so much gelling agent, stain removal products and nail varnish remover, she couldn't imagine. Then there was the 50 litre plant pot. It wasn't any of her business, and anyway, she was off duty in ten minutes and with her husband working nights, she was looking forward to a bit of nooky with her brother-in-law later.

He had needed to make visits to several stores. Some had nothing he needed, others one or two. After an hour or two, he had acquired everything he wanted. All regular household items. Nothing sinister. He parked the car some distance from the school and putting everything into the 50 litre plant pot, unlocked the side gate and entered the building, which was in complete darkness other than exterior security lights.

He moved through the building to the Assembly hall and entered the studio. He worked quickly, now knowing what he was going to do. He pulled the yellow backcloth out of the way and poured the Mr.Muscle drain clog removal fluid across the floor where the screen had been. He then carefully replaced the yellow cover back on the floor.

Next he took the 50 litre plant pot and placed it on a tall bar stool he'd borrowed from the kitchens and emptied the gelling agent and several other fluids into it. He then made several trips to and from the kitchens carrying buckets of water, filling the plant pot to the top. The trap was nearly set. He placed the envelope he'd carefully prepared on the laptop lid. It was labelled "To Jim & Bob". Lastly, he retrieved the external drive from it's hidey hole behind the panel and using the hammer he'd brought from the car, smashed it to pieces, and scattered the parts around the laptop on the table top.

Brian checked everything was as he wanted and moving to the door placed the bar stool behind the door, leaving just enough room for him to squeeze through the gap and get out of the room. Switching off the light, he left the room and school, heading home.

As soon as he arrived, he defrosted a pizza and shoved it into the oven. He grabbed his laptop and after booting it up, plugged in the external drive. He needed to know how many girls had been involved. What he saw amazed him. The opening directory was a list of names. Some he recognised, like Sarah Simpson, Sandy Fraser, Jennifer Williams and Annie Fuller. But there were many more. Each girl had her age shown. More than half the girls in Year Six were listed. Ten of them. That probably explained why Penny had focused on that year group in particular. But every year group was represented. There were five girls from Year Seven, four from Year five. Three more from Sarah Simpson's class, three six-year-olds from the year below and one five-year-old from Reception. In all there were twenty five girls listed.

Brian noticed there was a directory titled 'Other'. He clicked on it and found three other schools named. He took one of them at random and found there were half a dozen or more girls listed there. Returning to the original list, he clicked on a random girl's name, which happened to be Inaya. He recalled one of the men mentioning a Pakistani girl and a Latvian and how they'd hurt each other. Clicking on, a screen opened up listing all her details from date of birth, home address, parents names, skin and hair colouring, comments on appearance, looks and attitude, which in her case stated: 'subservient'. He saw a column headed 'sold to:' and a tick-box list of agencies with foreign names. Two boxes had been ticked with prices marked beside – large prices.

Below was a list of dates. Presumably when she'd attended the studio. Six dates in all.

He clicked on the first date on the list. Thumbnails appeared showing about fifty pictures. They were similar to the poses and progression he'd witnessed for Sarah and like her, she was naked at the end of the session. He clicked 'back' and chose the last date in the list. In the session, she and another girl had whips in their hands. A video was on file and when Brian opened it, he saw it was ten minute duration. Fast forwarding, the two girls took it in turns to whip each other on the buttocks. He closed the file before it ended. He just wasn't into that sort of thing.

He went methodically through the files, getting a picture of who were the models/victims, what they'd been made to do, who had bought their photo and video sets and how much for. At a quick reckoning, the totals looked like hundreds of thousands of pounds. It might well be into the millions, he thought.

Some girls seemed to be more willing than others. Perhaps they were paid something to keep them happy. Maybe they even enjoyed what they were doing. By session two or three, the girls were being molested routinely and by the fourth, they were being buggered and giving blowjobs. In about six files, there was a notation in the heading, which simply showed a 'F'. When he opened the last files for these girls, there were videos and stills of how the men had taken their virginities and fucked them. In view of their previous comments, they had made, Brian decided the girls must have been willing participants and paid for their services.

Finally, he looked at the clock and saw it was three in the morning. The pizza had burnt to a crisp. Now a piece of uneatable charcoal. Brian switched everything off and went to bed, knowing his mind was racing and so he was unlikely to sleep. But sleep he did, woken a couple of hours later by the noisy blackbird on his roof. He realised when he woke, for the first time in many days, he hadn't dreamt of Beth.

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The morning went by surprisingly quietly for Brian, the girls, who kept looking nervously at him and the school generally. Several times Penny passed his classroom and peered through the glass door window.

During lunchtime, Brian watched the two men from another table at an oblique angle. Before he'd finished eating, he saw them both stand and walk out. He waited, then followed.

The two men went into the Assembly hall, waited until no one was walking through and entered the lobby leading to their studio, locking the outer door behind them. As they pushed open the inner door, they felt it knock the plant pot on top of the stool, which tipped over, pouring water across the whole studio floor, as they entered.

"Fucking hell," cried Jim, "who the hell's been in here? Jeez what a fucking mess. Oh god no, look!" He'd reached the table and picked up the bent and buckled casing of the ruined external disk drive, wires hanging from it. His mouth open in astonishment that it had firstly been found, and that anyone would then go and destroy it. He dropped the remnants onto the table and saw the envelope cryptically labelled "To Jim & Bob".

Without saying a word, he opened it and pulled out a folded sheet of paper. On it was written a few words. Bob looked over his shoulder to see what it said: "I am sorry boys, but your time with the little girls has come to an end. It's people like you that give paedophiles a bad reputation. You have caused too many girls too much pain and too much suffering. Take this as a final warning. If you attempt to make any contact again with any of the girls in this or any other school, I will find out and next time, my warning will be hotter than this one. Don't fight fire with fire is my message, because I know who you are, but you don't know me. I have enough evidence to put you both away for life, so don't test me. You will both vanish, today and not return. You will not teach in any school again. If you do, I will know and I will act. The enclosed is a little spark for you to enjoy, the way you have made your victims enjoy their time with you. I hope you appreciate it."

In the message, was a small piece of paper folded tightly. Jim unwrapped it to find a small thin square of silvery looking metal. He held in the palm of his hand, inspecting it, as if it might speak. Suddenly, he shook it, watching it drop onto the yellow covering, now soaked with water at his feet. "Fuck," he exclaimed, "that was hot. I mean burning hot."

What Jim or Bob didn't know was that the piece of metal was very familiar to any and every chemistry teacher the world over. It was a piece of sodium. It had reacted with the damp on his hand. Even now, as they watched, the piece of metal laying on the damp yellow material, seemed to writhe. It started to smoke and bubble in the water, moving around as it did so. They watched transfixed, wondering what the hell it was. Then, at last the little piece of sodium spontaneously caught fire, a small flame little bigger than a candle flame flaring up.

Meanwhile, another chemical reaction had been taking place over the last several minutes. The Mr.Muscle sink and drain cleaner, had started to react with the water that had other domestic products Brian had included. The chemicals are powerful and react quickly. One bi-product is hydrogen and unknown to the men, a considerable quantity of the gas had filled the room.

There wasn't enough gas to cause an explosion, but there was certainly enough to cause a 'flash fire', which is a sudden, intense fire caused by the ignition of flammable substances in the air. It is powerful, but very short in duration. When the hydrogen in the room came into contact with the burning sodium, an instant flash fire took place. It lasted less than two seconds. But in that time, both men were seared. Most of their hair, eyebrows and eyelashes

went. Their clothes were singed badly, as were all the exposed hairs on their arms.

Throughout the school, everyone heard a low 'whoompf' as the flash fire went off. The fire alarm sounded. No one saw it had been triggered by Brian who'd been waiting just outside the assembly hall. The two men stumbled out of their studio, smoke rising from their clothes and singed hair. They were in shock and considerable pain from burns, but nothing life threatening.

Brian walked up to the two and asked: "Are you alright?"

Neither answered, but both registered who'd spoken to them. I guess you two need to get to the hospital. Do you want a taxi or ambulance? You look as if you've been burned badly." Jim, who had burnt fingers from the letter which had nearly exploded in his hand (Brian had coated it in potassium nitrate), said: "It was you. You fucking did this."

"I couldn't possibly comment," said Brian with a smirk on his face. He had already decided to let the men think he might have been responsible, to take the heat off the school, Penny and the girls. He knew he could look after himself if necessary. It was just then that Penny ran into the room, followed by several teachers and a group of pupils. She took one look at the two men, who still had wisps of smoke rising from their clothing, and gasped.

"Call an ambulance," she said to no one in particular. At that moment, Bob staggered and almost fell. The two men were guided to some seats and waited until the ambulance arrived. Penny looked at Brian, an almost invisible jerk of her head indicated she wanted a word. He casually followed her out and down the corridor to her office.

"So what's going on?" she demanded. "Tell me. You're behind what happened to Jim and Bob, aren't you? Looking at the state they're in, they could have been killed."

"As I explained last night, Penny," he replied, "there can be only two scenarios. This is the quiet, under-the-carpet choice. Those two deserve everything they get, believe me. The alternative doesn't bear thinking about and would include the school closure and your career ending." She looked at him steadily for a few seconds.

"Brian, as I said last night, I trust you," she said, "but after this is all over, you owe me an explanation."

"OK, Penny, that's fair enough," he said as he walked to the door.

Back in the assembly hall, the two men were just being checked over by the ambulance paramedics, before being taken to A & E for treatment. As they were being led out, Jim looked at Brian and in a menacing tone, said: "You haven't heard the end of this, Phillips."

After they had left, Brian looked along the hall and saw Sandy, Jenny and Annie. They were all grinning. They knew what Brian had done to their tormentors. He was about to turn away, when he saw more in their faces than just grins. If he wasn't mistaken, there was more, far more. What was going through their minds, he didn't know, but he knew they would let him know before long.

It was a little while later that the afternoon classes finally got underway. Brian found that compared to before, the pupils were attentive and alert, responsive and conscientious. A real contrast to the previous day. After half an hour, Penny came into the room and quietly spoke to Brian.

"We may have a problem," she said, "there's a girl missing. She's in Year 3. Her name is Sarah Simpson. Her mother phoned the office to say she has to work late tonight, and would we tell Sarah to go home with Sandy Fraser. Apparently their mothers are friends. But Sarah had already been to the office and said she needed to go home, because she felt unwell. Problem is, we can't find Sarah. I just wondered, with all the chaos that's been going on, whether you might be able to throw some light on it. If I leave it much longer, I'll have to call the police. I thought I would check with you first, Brian."

"I think I might know where she is, Penny," he said. "Let me check. Can you cover for me here?"

She nodded then said: "You seem to be short of pupils yourself," she looked round the classroom, "whose missing? Let me see."

Brian said: "Sandy Fraser, Jennifer Williams and Annie Fuller. I think they will be with Sarah." He'd told them to keep out of the way. Now, the men were in hospital, it should be safe for them to return for now.

"Oh and there was another strange thing, Brian," she added as he was about to leave, "Jim and Bob discharged themselves from the hospital."

"When, Penny?" he asked.

"As soon as they were treated, probably half an hour ago."

Brian left the room, heading to his car. He ran to the car park, and just got to his car before he saw the two men drive in. He ducked out of sight. They parked at the end nearest the buildings, whereas Brian had left his car at the far end. He got in and saw the four girls were all there.

"OK girls?" he asked casually, as he put his key in the ignition.

"We saw Mr. Tyler and Swift just now, Mr. Phillips" said Sandy, pointing to the men's car.

"I know," said Brian. "Mrs. Lane told me they'd left the hospital."

"They were all covered in bandages," gloated Annie, "I hope it hurt them, your trap. It worked, didn't it? They hurt us. They deserved it. Lots of their hair was burnt off too." The others giggled.

"Hold on," said Brian, "they're coming out again. Someone must have told them I had just left the building." He was thinking fast now. He needed to let Penny know the girls were safe and were with him, but he also needed to get out of there, as they would find him if he hung around for long. He started the car and drove slowly towards the exit. He was just turning out, when one of the men pointed at his car. He put his foot down. Brian thought he'd seen Swift holding what looked like a gun. Brian was worried instead of following him, they might enter the school, but instead he saw them running to their car.

"Penny," he said, speaking on the phone, hands free, as he headed along Dock Road, passed the vast machinery pumping concrete into the new wharf being built. "All four girls are with me. I'll look after them for now. I will explain everything later, but for now they are safer with me than in the school." He knew he'd pushed the limit of trust with Penny, but he also knew he now had no choice. He had about thirty seconds lead on the two men, as he shot down the Dock Road. Rounding a bend, he took a turn up the hill away from the river. He was at the back of the same park where the girls had met him the previous evening. Turning and doubling back several times, he knew unless luck was against him, they couldn't have followed, so he slowed to the speed limit.

Without intending to, he had been heading towards his own home. Then an idea occurred to him. After Cathy died, he hadn't had the heart to sell her car. He took it out for a run every now and then for old time's sake, kept it taxed and insured and stored it in a lock-up just round the corner from home. He pulled into his drive, told the girls to stay put, ran in, grabbed a bag and threw in some overnight items. He was just leaving, when another thought came to him. He picked up his laptop and external drive and dropped them in the bag too.

Locking the house, he went outside, and told the girls to get out of his car and follow him. The row of lock-up garages were just a hundred yards away. He opened the garage door, started and reversed the car out, then told the girls to jump in. He got out and closed the garage door, picked up his bag, dropped it in the boot and got in. They drove off heading out of town. As they travelled down the hill, Annie pointed out a bright yellow car coming the other way. "Isn't that them?" she said.

"Duck out of sight," he said. "They probably wouldn't see us, but just in case...." Brian just hoped they wouldn't trash his house out of spite.

Now that they were away and free, he realised he had no idea where to go. He pulled into a supermarket car park and turned off the engine. After a minute, he called Penny. "Hi, we're safely away, Penny, but I don't know

where to take the girls where those two won't come looking for us. Any ideas?"

She thought for a moment, then said: "My mum lives in London, but she has a cottage she comes to near here for weekends. I'll meet you there." She gave Brian the details and hung-up.

The cottage was a pretty place in an isolated spot ten miles out of town. Brian parked and waited.

"Well girls, this is a fine adventure you're having," he said, trying to lighten the mood.

"I'm frightened, Mr. Phillips," said Sandy. "Those men want to hurt us, don't they?"

"Yes, Sandy, that's right," he replied, looking over his shoulder at her in the back seat of the car, "but I'm sure you'd rather be here with me than in that studio with them right now."

She shuddered. "You're right Mr. Phillips. I'd rather be frightened here with you than in that studio with them poking my little girl bits with their fingers and things."

"I have a rule, girls," he said, smiling at her pretty face. "When I am in class, I insist everyone calls me Mr. Phillips. But when we're away from the school, I like to be called Brian. Would you call me Brian?"

She smiled bravely and nodded her head. Just then, Penny's car pulled in alongside Brian's. She looked worried, but got out and waved them to the cottage door. She unlocked and entered. Picking up a few items of post from the carpet, she walked into the kitchen, dropped the letters on a worktop and opened the back door. "Why not go and explore the garden and woods at the back girls," she suggested. "No one ever goes there, you'll have the place to yourselves. Mr. Phillips and I want to have a little talk." She held the door while the four girls trotted out and down the garden path.

"So what's this all about, Brian," she said turning to him.

"Yesterday, you asked me to try and find out what was going on, Penny," he said. "By lunchtime I had found out something and by last night, I knew it all. Let me get my laptop out and show you something that will make your hair curl."

He sat down at the small kitchen table and set up his laptop. He didn't need to show Penny the extent of the issue, by showing her the external disk drive. At this time, all she needed to know was the gist of what had happened. So he took out the USB flash drive he'd used to copy across the photo sets taken of the girls the previous day.

"Before we start, Penny, I want you to know I took the course of action I have to try and save your career and the school from closure," He pressed the 'on' switch and watched as the laptop booted up. "What I am about to show you is a tiny fraction of what's been going on. How long it's been happening, I don't know. Only in-depth investigation could determine that, but I suspect for some months, perhaps as long as a year, maybe more. The number of girls involved could be upwards of fifty."

Penny looked perplexed, wondering where this was leading. "Before I show you," he continued, "do I have your word that what you are about to see and hear will not be revealed or repeated to anyone. It's important the girls don't know you have seen this. If they knew, I am certain it would harm their mental health."

"What could possibly be so bad?" she asked.

He plugged in the USB flash drive. There were four directories, each with one of the girls' names on. He clicked on the last file name, Sarah's. Up came a series of photos of her in her school uniform. Brian clicked rapidly through them. They were well posed and composed. Then they came to the series where she was wearing just her panties and finally she was naked. Penny gasped, her hand covering her mouth. "She's only seven," she whispered to herself.

On the photos went, through the revealing pictures of Sarah spread on the floor, holding herself open, nothing hidden from view. Brian noticed Penny had gone quiet.

Next, was Sandy's set, she started naked and the photos were as revealing or more so than Sarah's. She had been tied up, and was spread like a figure 'X'. The men molested her, fingering her, doing anything they wanted to her.

The last set was Jenny and Annie's lesbian act, culminating afterwards in the scene the men had called 'Knob & Gob, where they buggered each girl and got the other to suck them afterwards, before repeating it, swapping girls each time.

All this time, Penny was wide eyed, at what had happened to the four girls who had been in her care and she'd not known a thing about it. She'd asked Brian to help, and in a single day, he'd uncovered the truth. The incredible truth.

"You say there are upwards of fifty girls involved?" she asked. He nodded silently. "You were right," she said, "if I had found this out myself, I would have gone straight to the police. And I know you are also right it would have been the end of the school and so many girls' lives would have been ruined more than they probably have been already. Brian, thank you for thinking of me and trying to help, but I think we may still have to take this to the police."

He shook his head. "No Penny. There is no point in doing that. What could be gained?"

"Well they'll be arrested and jailed..."

"Yes, and what?" he asked, "get a few years, then what? Come out and pray on other girls somewhere else. Meantime you are working stacking shelves in some supermarket, because no education authority will want to touch you and some of those fifty girls, with all the publicity will have suffered mental problems, self harmed or worse."

"You mean suicide?" she asked.

"I mean suicide," he confirmed

"So what are you going to do, Brian? Nothing illegal, I hope."

"Something very illegal, Penny. Probably as illegal as it gets. But those girls will know their tormentors will never bother them again and neither will the media. Their families will be none the wiser. Just imagine Sandy knowing her mother has seen photos of her having a massive orgasm, while tied up with a vibrator pushed up her pussy; or Jenny and Annie were made to perform lesbian sex, before they had those cocks up their bums."

"What do you want me to do, Brian?" she asked the words telling Brian she was finally going along with his plan.

"Could you call the parents of those four," he pointed at the window, "and find some excuse as to why they can stay here until this is all over. Could you stay with them for an hour or two, Penny?"

"Of course, but where will you be, Brian?" she said.

"Me?" he grinned, "I'm going to a funeral."

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For the first time since this all started, Brian felt he was at last on the offensive rather than defensive. He'd asked Penny to give him Jim and Bob's addresses. On some pretext to her office, she soon got that information. He quickly checked and ascertained they were not at home. Next he remembered they were regulars at a local pub close to the school. It was outside the third pub, half way along Dock Road, he saw their distinctive yellow car.

Brian was no car thief, but if you want anything illegal, Dock Road is the place and for a crisp ten pound note, a lad, who looked about twelve, had the car door open in a matter of moments and ran off with a shout of "Thanks Mister."

He quickly brought the other domestic items from his car, which included hydrogen peroxide and a bag of charcoal, with one or two other items all purchased from one or other of the supermarkets he'd visited. He split the bag of charcoal and placed it on the floor in the back of the car, poured some gelling agent and hydrogen peroxide over it. He then took a bottle of vinegar and emptied it into a half litre McDonalds paper cup and balanced it on top, knowing when the car moved it would tip over. He poured the other half litre of vinegar over the charcoal, to give it a start.

Brian went and sat in his car and waited. Three prostitutes approached him in that time offering their services. One of them looked as though she was only about thirteen. It was dark when the two men, slightly worse for wear came out of the pub. This was the moment. He drove passed them, wound the car window down and called out: "You two looking for me?"

There was a moment of disbelief in the men's faces, who ran towards their car twenty yards away, pointing in the wrong direction. Brian drove off down Dock Road well inside the speed limit. He knew exactly where he wanted to stop. He just wasn't sure if the timing and distance was right.

Jim and Bob's car's wheels spun on the tarmac as they u-turned their car. Already, the cup of vinegar had spilt.

"Your car smells like a fucking chip shop," said Bob as they accelerated down the road, seeing Brian's rear lights ahead. Unbeknown to them, in the back a chemical reaction was taking place and their car, already partly filled with the odourless carbon monoxide gas, was becoming a death trap as more and more gas was produced. Brian watched their lights getting closer, kept his speed steady. He saw the following car veer a couple of times.

He saw the flyover coming up ahead and slowed. The yellow car was only fifty yards behind now. He reached the apex and slowed to a stop. The yellow car coasted to a halt. It rolled back a few feet. For a moment, Brian thought it might run away backwards down the slope. He simply sat there and waited, listening to the rumble of the conveyor below running 24/7 carrying millions of tons of liquid concrete to the astonishing new wharf, now half completed.

Brian called Penny and asked how things were going. She surprised him when she replied: "The girls and I are doing fine, Brian. I've given them each a bath and I'm putting them to bed now. They don't have any nightwear, but never mind. How's it going with, ... you know?"

"Let's just say I don't think our friends will be giving our girls anymore trouble. I'm just waiting for them to call it a day." He ended the call and waited a few more minutes. He watched in the rear view mirror and up ahead, until there were no cars approaching. He got out and went to the car behind, and peered in. Both men looked pink, as he expected. Their eyes were open and they were dead. He took out his phone and snapped a quick photo.

Checking the road in both directions, he opened the door and watched as Bob slumped half in and half out of the car. Brian released Bob's seatbelt and pulled him from the car, dragged him across the pavement, lifted him and tipped him over the barrier, watching as he fell the twelve feet onto the conveyor below. Two minutes later, Jim followed and another two minutes various items like a torn bag of charcoal and an empty vinegar bottle and a half empty bottle of hairdressing hydrogen peroxide. The gun he'd found in the car followed the other items over the barrier. He pulled the vinyl surgical gloves off and watched as they too floated down onto the conveyor.

Half a mile away, Bob's inert body, now submerged in the grey liquid concrete dropped between the steel shuttering and weld mesh reinforcement and became part of the new wharf against which giant luxury cruise liners would be moored against in a year's time. Brian's final act was to switch off the engine of the yellow car, close and lock the doors, before dropping the keys over the barrier into the flow of concrete.

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Brian drove carefully back to Penny's mother's cottage. His mind felt release. Without realising it, he had been under considerable stress during the last couple of days, finding what the problem was; the horror of what the girls had been subjected to; planning and dealing with the two men. The previous night he'd only had two hours sleep and overwhelming exhaustion was overtaking him.

He pulled up in the cottage drive and almost immediately, the front door opened and out rushed Penny. She threw her arms around him muttering: "Thank god you're safe," before leading him inside, where, with the light on him, she made the comment: "You look dreadful," to which he thanked her. She led him into a bedroom and watched detached, as he stripped off his clothes, climbed into the bed and passed out.

Beth came to him in his sleep, as she had done nearly every night since they had met just weeks before, his dream so vivid and lifelike. She climbed on top of him, her beautiful naked body pressed to his. Her hands reaching down to guide him to where she so needed him to be. It had now been several weeks since they had been together and her need was as great as his. He reached down and clasped her buttocks, as she pressed down against his crown. His cock so hard it hurt, now pushing into her entry. There was so much pre-cum, he slipped through her entry, feeling the cuff of her labia squeezing down over him, as her hymen resisted him. His dream was so vivid, because he remembered every moment of their first time and now his mind was replaying it in his hour of need.

She jerked down, her hymen torn away in a moment, just as he remembered, letting his cock sink deeper into her, feeling her end against his tip, making her tense and gasp. She lifted up and pressed down, gasping again. Up and down she moved, her scope increasing with every cycle. Faster, deeper,

better, so good. She started to cum. He could feel her clamping on him constantly now, her urgency making her move even quicker, as his crown forced itself against her deepest place, her 'G' spot, her cervix, seeking her womb.

Her frantic sighs and gasps and clamps on his cock went on and on, until she was spent, right at the very moment he erupted into her, blasting his semen into her deepest place. Such ecstasy. Such bliss.

He had been asleep less than an hour. Beth always came to his dreams early in the night. The lovely Beth. He was drifting off again, when he felt movement. He opened his eyes and saw Not Beth, but Annie. Realising he was now awake, she smiled at him. She pressed her hands against his chest lifting herself up, letting her long hair drift across his face. She smiled and brought her cheek back down to his chest and said quietly: "Thank you for saving me and my friends, Brian. I love you."

He lay for a moment, collecting his thoughts, when he realised he was still several inches inside the little girl. His flaccid cock not anxious to leave the warmth and comfort of her wonderful vagina. He curled his arms around her and held her in a warm embrace, enfolding her whole body against his. He let one hand slide down the small of her back and over the rise of her bottom. Remembering how she'd been bugged by the two men, he didn't press into her, but simply caressed her buttocks in a loving way. Then the arms of Morpheus once again embraced him and he was in a deep, deep sleep again.

Beth returned. She so loved him, she never let him sleep without coming at least once in his dreams and as he slept, so she made love to him. She rubbed her cleft up and down his cock making him hard once again, before letting his end slip into her entry. She pressed and eased, pressed and eased many times as she had done countless nights before. Just when he thought she would stop, she pressed again. Then his crown slipped into her just like it had so many times before. She pushed her hymen against him and eased, pressed and eased, pressed and dropped. He was inside her once more, his lovely Beth. She pressed down, his cock sinking deep into her.

Then suddenly he was awake conscious awareness returning. This wasn't Beth at all. This wasn't a dream. His eyes opened and instantly he recognised the lovely Jenny. "Hello sleepyhead," she said in such a sexy voice, it seemed to ooze from her lips. She squeezed her vagina, clamping his cock. His eyes closed. She did it again, making him moan. "You like that don't you, Brian. I like it too." She lifted up, her knees either side of him, her hands pressed to his chest and pulled herself up, then dropped again. Up then down she went, moving faster, deeper, better. His mind was in a whirl. For the second time in one night a girl had unexpectedly taken her own virginity on the end of his cock. She was calling out now, her climax reflected in her clamping on his crown as he too neared Nirvana. Up and down she went. Instead of her knees, her feet were now pressed to the bed, so she

could lift higher, drop quicker, with more weight, bottoming out, before rising again.

Brian suddenly came, seeming to explode deep into the ten-year-old, his cock pulsing again and again far inside the child. He was drifting off again, as she quietly said: "Thank you for saving me and my friends, Brian. I love you."

He was so tired and so sated, he never felt her finally lift herself off him, as Beth returned for a third time that night. He felt her rub and caress his cock. He even felt her suck it for a while. It was when she pulled his foreskin down and started to lick his frænulum, that he became erect again. His dream told him Beth was so good at making him feel such ecstasy, but his conscious mind was trying to tell him to wake up; that this wasn't Beth, but Sandy.

She had wanted to be first, but Miss. Lane had made them draw lots. Instead, she had come last out of the three. But now, she realised she had won something extra special. Brian had been so tired, he'd hardly woken at all as Annie then Jenny had fucked themselves on his cock and he'd cum and then fallen asleep again. They'd loved it, feeling him cum so deep inside them, but it had been over in ten minutes. Sandy knew that if she did this right, she could have him to herself for hours. Miss. Lane had said the three oldest could take it in turns to fuck Brian, but in the morning, they must help little Sarah have whatever she wanted.

So as Sandy felt his cock finally slip through the cuff of her tight labia, she knew that her first, her hero, her Brian would be hers for as many hours as she could manage and she looked forward to it, as she jerked down, feeling his cock split her hymen and sink into her. Yes, it stung for a moment, but now she could feel him inside her. His warm thick cock, making her vagina feel full, feel needed, feel so good. His gentle snore told her he was deep in his sleep now, while she started to pleasure herself on him.

Down and down she pressed, until she felt him press her end, sending a spark of pleasure shooting up through her whole lower body. She pressed again and again, feeling her orgasm building within her and then it broke in the most wonderful climax. She knew she'd just squirted on him and a little pee might have escaped too, she wasn't sure. But this was so much nicer than the orgasm she'd suffered when the men had strung her up in an 'X' shape and shoved that vibrating thing up her. Yes it had made her cum, but she'd hated every moment of it, like it was a torture, not something to enjoy.

Sandy pushed gently down again, feeling those sparks of pleasure surge through her body, as his wonderful cock nudged her deepest place. Her mind drifted back over the last two days. It had started with her just wanting a little money to help Mum with the rent. The rent man had been so cruel. She knew he'd enjoyed hitting Mum. Then she saw same man again at school. He was that Jim Swift, Bob's friend. She'd given the £100 to Mum, but when Mum asked where it came from, she could see in her eyes she didn't believe her story about setting up a carwash club at school.

Then Brian had suddenly talked to them in the park..... "Oh his cock feels so nice when I push down like that against my end," she thought as another gentle climax swept through her. Her conscious mind returned. Yes, the park. He'd seemed to know all about the studio and what the men had done in there to them. Then today, he'd rescued them, taken them away from the school, while the men chased them. She'd seen that Jim, holding what looked like a gun. She'd been so frightened"Oh here it cums again," she thought as another gentle orgasm massaged her insides.

What had really amazed her, though was what Miss. Lane had told them. She and a lady called Cathy had been friends when they were Sarah's age, just seven. She told them that Brian and Cathy and herself were very close friends. Brian was twelve then. He had shown them lots of things, like pictures in magazines and stuff. He liked to play games and even though he was a boy and they were just girls, he included them in his games.

One day he'd told them that if they showed him their couchies, he would show them his pee pee. Well that was an easy choice for little girls like them. Looking led to touching and touching led to feeling and feeling led to more. He played with them, they played with him. He taught them masturbation and he taught them how to suck his cock, while he licked them out. They had especially liked that. Then he suggested Cathy and Penny did it to each other, while he watched. At first they'd been hesitant, but tried it, liked it and then did it every time they could when they were at each other's houses. Brian took their virginities after a couple of months. But, by then the girls were enjoying each other almost as much as they were enjoying being fucked by him and eventually Brian lost interest.

But, one day Cathy and Sandy were in their garden playing, after they'd spent an hour in her bedroom, and a large dog came into the garden and attacked them. Penny thought they would die, but suddenly Brian appeared from nowhere. He cornered the dog, using a stick and held it there until Penny's father came and took it away. He'd saved them. After that, they let him fuck them whenever he wanted, because he was their hero. Penny loved Brian from that day on and would do all her life.

There was the time when Brian was home from college visiting. He would have been about 18 then. Penny saw him peeking through her sister's bedroom door. She wondered what he was looking at. Her sister was only six. She walked away, made a noise by closing a door and when she got back to her sister's door, Brian was going downstairs. She looked through the gap in the door, and saw what Brian had been watching: her sister masturbating with the leg of her dolly. So from then on, she knew that Brian was interested in little girls, but she never again saw him say or do anything that gave his secret away.

They grew up. Penny and Cathy remained lovers and after college lived close together so they could see each other, even though Cathy married Brian. Cathy always told Brian when she'd seen Penny and gave him a

detailed account of what they had done together, before letting him fuck her any way he wanted.

Sandy was amazed at what Miss. Lane had told her as she moved Brian's cock a little harder inside her vagina again. Miss. Lane had told the girls they needed to thank Brian for saving them. She told them it needed to be the biggest thank you they could think of. They asked her if she had some ideas about what Brian liked. Well, Penny knew that Brian, like herself, was into little girls, even if he never practiced his passion. But she knew that passion was there, deep seated anyway. It just needed awakening. The girls had needed remarkably little persuasion and here was the third one fucking herself on Brian's cock in just a few hours.

As Penny watched, she pushed the vibrator deeper into herself. It had been quite a day and the tension inside her had taken a great deal of slaking. It had started soon after Brian had left to kill those men. She knew that's what he would do with an absolute certainty. It had thrilled her to think he would do such a thing to protect her and her girls. It had made her incredibly horny. So much so, she had broken her golden rule, to never make overtures on her girls.

It had been Annie, while Penny was running her fingers through her soft cleft, as she was bathing her, who'd started the conversation with "Miss. Lane, is Mr. Phillips going to kill those men? If so, it's what they deserve."

"I don't know Annie," she replied, "but I don't think he's gone out to wish any of them a happy birthday, do you?"

There was a pause of a minute or two, when Jenny said: "Is it bad for us to have liked some of the things they made us do, Miss. Lane? They hurt us and did horrible things, but some bits made me feel quite nice, like what you're doing to me now. Is that bad?"

"No, Jenny, of course not," she answered. "What bits did you like?"

Jenny blushed, as Penny held out the towels to dry the girls after their bath, but she knew Miss. Lane seemed to know everything that had happened anyway and she did like Miss. Lane. "The bit when they made Annie and I lick each other. They called it a sixty-nine, I think."

"That's right, Jenny a sixty-nine. I always enjoy a sixty-nine myself. I haven't done it for a while. I am glad you liked it. Did you like it Annie?"

Annie blushed like Jenny, but she too liked Miss. Lane and she knew whatever was said would remain a secret. She smiled and nodded, as Miss. Lane checked to see if all the girls were dry between their legs, taking a few seconds longer than necessary.

Penny looked at Sandy and said: "Do you know what they mean, Sandy?"

"Yes Miss.," she replied, "they told me what happened. It sounds like fun."

"Would you like to try it, Sandy?" asked Penny. The girl turned crimson, but even so, nodded at her head teacher. "If Annie and Jenny do it together, would you do it with me?"

Sandy's jaw dropped open. She hadn't realised Miss. Lane meant for them to do it together. But she did like Miss. Lane and she had helped them today, so she shyly said: "I will, if you show me what to do, Miss. Lane."

So it was that Annie and Jenny partnered together, while Penny and Sandy did the same. Little Sarah watched in awe, then realised she was being left out. "What about me?" she said plaintively.

"I have a very special treat for you, Sarah," said Penny. "In the morning, I am going to ask Brian to do whatever you ask him to do. How does that sound?"

"Anything?" she replied.

"Yes, anything, Sarah, whatever you want."

"What even kiss me?" said the little girl.

"Even kiss you," said Penny, chuckling, "but he will do more for you if you ask him. Why not have a think about what you might like him to do?"

"Yes, Miss.," said Sarah, already in deep thought.

So as Sandy moved up and down on Brian's long thick cock, making her gently cum every few minutes, being watched by Miss. Lane, who smiled and nodded her encouragement, she realised a whole new world had opened up for her and her friends this week. She'd seen the good and the bad and in the case of those two men, the ugly side too. One thing she knew for certain, as she came yet again, was that this wouldn't be the last time she fucked, and she already knew it wouldn't be one of the eleven year boys, who were sometimes pestering the girls for a quick feel, but a real man, like Brian. She smiled wickedly to herself, wondering if her Mum's new boyfriend might be interested too.

Brian woke up at dawn. The blackbird chirping on the roof interrupting his dream; a dream of having He suddenly came to his senses, How many girls? He wasn't even sure. His head lifted off the pillow. On one side of him were Sandy and Penny. On the other side of him were Annie and Jenny. He looked down and lying on his chest was Sarah. Little Sarah, fast asleep. Everyone, including Penny were naked. What had happened?

Sarah's little legs were too short to reach down over him to the bed, so her thighs were spread out as wide as they could stretch over his lower abdomen. He reached down, his hand sliding over the small of her back, up and over the curve of her tiny buttocks and through the wide open valley of her bottom. She

stirred. His fingers moved further, feeling the dip of her anus, then down, over her perineum, finding her vagina. She was wet and slippery there. On through her cleft, finding her clitty, a tiny bump, hidden inside the folds of her labia. She jerked in reaction.

Sarah had waited all night while the other girls and Miss. Lane had done things together. Things that had made her feel all squidgy between her legs. Things that, after a while made her want to join in. But when she had said something, Miss. Lane had promised her she could ask Brian for anything she wanted.

During the night, she had learned a lot. She had learned what people could do to each other with their tongues and fingers and his thingy, what had he called it? his cock. She had watched each of the other girls climb on top of him while he slept and with Miss. Lane holding his thi ... err cock and guiding it, they had put it into their couchies and moved up and down, making all sorts of squeaky sounds and heavy breathing and gasps. They looked like they were enjoying themselves. She already knew. If that's what the big girls liked to do, then that's what she wanted too. So after everyone had gone back to sleep, she had climbed on top of him and waited.

Dawn had come and she heard that bird outside singing. It seemed to wake him up. Then she felt his hand slide down over her back. At first it tickled, then he started to feel her bum. That was nice. His hands were warm and caressing, unlike those two men, when they had forced her to do things in the studio. The other girls said they were now dead. She was glad. Mr. Phillips had saved them all. The others had said they loved Mr. Phillips. She knew she did too. If he wanted to feel her bum, that was OK, as long as he put his thingy, his cock, in her couchie afterwards. Then she knew she would be a big girl, like the others.

She lay there feeling the tingles inside her grow as he played with her kitty. She jerked in reaction several times as the tingles got bigger and bigger. Suddenly, she saw stars and coloured lights in front of her eyes. She'd heard the older girls call it a cum. She had pretended she knew what they meant. She did now. She didn't know she had cried out, her little girl squeaks waking the others from their sleep. She smiled shyly at them as they sat up watching her. Even Miss. Lane was watching.

Then Miss. Lane did something. She reached down behind her. Sarah wondered what she was going to do, when suddenly, she felt Mr. Phillip's thingy pressing into her couchie. She hoped she would be able to fit him in. She'd watched all the other girls do it and she so wanted to be a big girl too. She felt him press, while Miss. Lane held him there. He felt far too big to go in.

He kept pressing into her and easing off again. Over and over he did that. It felt nice. She liked him doing that. She looked at Miss. Lane, who smiled at her. She thought this was really naughty, but if Miss. Lane thought it was alright, then it couldn't be naughty. Those tingles inside her started to get

stronger and nicer. She felt it was all gooey down there now, slippery as his cock seemed to go in a little bit. It felt even nicer now. She noticed the other girls' hands on her back. They were gently rubbing her, making her feel nice.

Then Miss. Lane did a strange thing. She reached down and put her middle finger into her bottom crack. She didn't mind, she liked Miss. Lane. Then she felt her finger going into her there. Just then, she felt Mr. Phillips's cock slide into her. It felt really tight down there, but nice too. She felt him nudging against something inside her. He stopped and looked at her face and smiled. She smiled back, as he jerked suddenly. She felt a stab of pain, but it was alright after a moment. He stayed still after that for at least a minute. She wanted him to move again, it felt nice when he did that.

Then, he pressed all the way into her. He hit her end three inches in. It made her jump again. She really liked that. Then he pulled back, almost out of her. She didn't like that. Then he pushed in again a little quicker this time. That was nice, it really made her kitty tingle. Then he was pushing in and pulling out all the time. It was feeling really nice now. Suddenly, stars were spinning around her, as she crashed into her orgasm.

"Ooooooh, haaaaa, mmmmmmmm, oooooooh, gawddddd," she gasped, as she came hard, his cock now pumping fast and deep in and out of her tiny vagina. She was clamping so hard on him now, Brian knew that despite cumming three time through the night, this was going to be quick, intense and deeply satisfying. Suddenly he stopped, pressing deep into her cervix, and blasted into the seven-year-old. Over and over he spurted deep into her, filling her, making her cum even more, both enjoying each other's bodies pleasuring one another. So good.

* * * * *

"I think I'm going to take the day off," announced Penny with a grin.

What took place for the rest of that day would take a whole book to describe. But, the girls received a sex education far beyond any conventional classroom experience.

It had started with little Sarah letting Annie, Jenny and Sandy each see how much of Brian's semen they could suck out of her. Penny, feeling neglected then told the girls of a game she and her friend Cathy, played together with two other friends, when they were all about eight. It was called 'Here we go round the Mulberry bush' and based on the old children's nursery rhyme. Penny, because of her deep auburn colouring, called her pubic hair the 'Mulberry Bush', lay on her back, while Annie settled between her spread thighs, ready to lick her out. Sandy and Jenny each had a breast apiece, while Sarah straddled her face. They started singing:

"Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush.

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning."

When the verse ended, they all rotated round, changing position, or as Penny said, going round the Mulberry Bush.

Brian watched, as the girls serving her boobs and pussy were kneeling with their bottoms high in the air, affording him some wonderful glimpses of labia bulging playfully between little thighs.

Breakfast was in bed, followed by the girls, on Penny's insistence, drawing lots again, to see who could have the benefit of Brian's cock for as long as he could hold off cuming. It was Annie who won and this time, rather than being on top, she wanted to lie on her back and feel the weight of Brian pressing down on top of her. Watched by all her friends and her head teacher, she felt a wonderful sense of companionship with them. Whatever the two men may have done to her mind was being washed away by a new understanding that her body was her own, to enjoy as she wanted, not used by some perverted men forcing her for their own pleasure and financial profit.

Brian made it last as long as he could for the diminutive Annie, as she lay under him, feeling him enter her and withdraw, over and over. Her climaxes cuming and going so many times, she lost count. How long it went on for, she didn't know or care, but when he finally came deep inside her, it was as if she was being given a new life. She knew she had a circle of friends who would do anything for her and she would for them. Then when Brian had filled her up and pulled out of her, her wonderful head mistress, Miss. Lane brought her mouth to her pussy to suck her dry and clean her up. She so loved Miss. Lane.

"Let's go for a walk into the woods at the back of the house," suggested Penny, after they had laid side by side on the bed for half an hour, recovering. They dressed in their school uniforms, which was all they had to wear, and went off, holding hands in pairs. The woods were a part of an ancient forest. Penny explained some of the oak trees were many hundreds of years old. In the centre, near an isolated pinnacle of granite with a worn flat top, was a circle of yew trees. She said that archæologists and experts in arboriculture had dated the trees as over two thousand-years-old. She told them that when she sat on the rock in the centre, she always felt peace and calm sweep through her. Each of the girls tried it and agreed.

The last to sit on the rock was Jenny, who remained there, as if sunbathing, her face uplifted, eyes closed, absorbing the warmth and light, even though it was a grey overcast day. "Are you alright?" asked Penny.

Jenny opened her eyes and smiled at her head teacher. "Oh yes, Miss.," she replied, "I have never felt happier in my life. I like it here. Can I whisper something to you, Miss. Lane?" she asked blushing.

"Of course, darling, what is it?" Penny leaned in, her ear an inch from Jenny's mouth. Jenny spoke and Penny nodded, smiled, stood up straight and looking at Brian said: "Jenny would like you to make love to her right where she is now. Would you do that for her Brian? But there's something else." Penny looked around at the other girls, "She wants all the girls to make her feel nice first."

Brian looked back at Jenny, and saw she was already unbuttoning her school blouse, before unbuckling her pleated uniform skirt. In moments, she was lying back on the rock naked, her feet drawn up and her knees drifting outwards. It was Annie who got to her first, with the glib comment: "I have first dibs with my studio partner," as she bent down and engulfed the whole of Jenny's pussy in her mouth. She started sucking noisily, while her hands reached up for her friends flat breasts, finding small nipples hardened in anticipation of what was to follow.

After a few minutes, Sandy tapped her on the shoulder and quickly took over from Annie and then it was little Sarah's turn. Throughout, Jenny had been cuming, her friends either licking her pussy or caressing her nipples, pleased her until at last she simply said: "I'm ready."

Brian had stripped off and watching the girls working on their friend, had made him incredibly horny, his erection like a steel bar. As Sarah stepped away, he moved to where she had been and stood looking down at the beautiful girl, lying on the rock, she looked at him. Nothing was said as his cock made contact with her entry, pushing in under gentle pressure. Last night had been like a dream for Jenny. She knew he'd been half asleep, half awake as she fucked herself on him. Now she was the one laying back, and she knew he was going make her feel wonderful. She had never looked forward to anything in her life as much as she looked forward to the next twenty minutes.

Brian pressed his cock steadily into her, feeling his pre-cum making them both slippery, as his rim popped through the tight cuff of her entry. She blinked smiled, nodded once, then lifted her head so she could watch his shaft sinking into her body. Inch by inch he slipped slowly in. They all knew when he hit her end, as she closed her eyes, an angelic expression on her face and called out: "Haaaaaaaayyeessssss."

He paused only for a second or two, before pulling slowly back and pushing in again. Increasing speed, he started to piston in and out of her, nudging her cervix hard each thrust. He looked down and as he thrust into her, he could see a bump moving along her mound, up to her tummy button, and back, as his cock moved inside her. Soon Jenny was cuming hard, her head arched back now, eyes screwed up tight, fists clenched, her breathing a series of short pants, as her orgasm went on and on increasing all the time.

She called out cries of "Ohmygawd, ohmygawd," and "Harder, please harder," as her ecstasy increased by the moment.

Brian felt his prostate clench with the early warning signs and suddenly was blasting huge amounts of semen deep into her infertile womb. He looked down and saw her mound lift each time he throbbed inside her. So good. His cum felt sensational, as he pulsed and pulsed into the child. Finally it was just dry heaves and he slowed. Both he and Jenny were out of breath. He leaned forward and gently kissed her lips. She smiled and hugged him to her chest. At last they separated. Brian dressed, while Penny squatted down between Jenny's thighs and sucked at her vagina for a few minutes, making the girl have one or two more gentle cums.

They walked back through the woods towards the house, glad to be in each other's company. The sun came out and shone a green dappled, shimmering light through the tree branches, as the light breeze rustled the leaves in a continuous hissing sound, birds chirping, little girls laughing as they skipped along, happy, contented, now safe.

It was late morning when they entered the house. Nothing was said, but everyone knew it would be Sandy's turn soon and last of all, little Sarah. They had a drink and a snack to eat, while Penny phoned the school, asking her secretary to let the girl's mother's know that they had had a lovely time on a nature trail out in the national forest and would be back in school before going home time today.

They all went into the little family room, sat down and watched TV for an hour - Paw Patrol. Because it was only a small room, every seat had at least two girls in it. Penny had Sarah on her lap and Brian, Sandy. The episode of Paw Patrol had just ended, when little Sarah asked: "When are you and Mr. Phillips going to get married, Miss. Lane?"

There was an embarrassed silence for a few seconds, before Brian said, before Penny could respond: "In the summer school holidays, Sarah. We want you four to be our bride's maids."

Penny's eyes shot open in surprise, but almost immediately, her smile broadened and warmed the room up. Her childhood sweetheart, the love of her life, had just proposed to her. She had lost her best friend whose widowed husband now wanted her.

Sandy slipped off Brian's knee he assumed so she could go to the bathroom. After a few minutes, she returned and resumed her seat on his lap. Her school skirt was rucked up, and as she leaned back against him, she said: "Would you like a little feel, Brian?" He slipped his hands under her skirt and found she'd taken her panties off. Her knees were outside his, so in this position, her thighs were spread out wide.

He ran his finger tips down her abdomen and up over her mound, feeling it's bald, firm warmth. Her dimple seemed wider and deeper than he remembered, heralding her cleft running down, pointing to her treasures below. His finger tip caressed her clitty for a moment, before slipping down through her damp valley, finding her vagina open, waiting, anticipating. He

moved further over her perineum, finding her anus, which clenched as he touched it. Moving back to her clitty, he settled to masturbating her slowly, gently, lovingly. She leaned back and whispered in his ear. "While we sit here, would you put it in me without anyone else knowing?"

It took some manoeuvring, but after pulling her skirt out of the way, unzipping his trousers and getting his very stiff cock free, he managed to bring it to her entry from below and found it slipped all the way into her remarkably easily. He nudged her end, making her jerk a little. After that, he resumed rubbing her clitty, feeling her tension up and ease off in three or four minute cycles.

They continued in this manner for half an hour or more. After about fifteen minutes, Sandy started to clamp on him, as her gentle climaxes ebbed and flowed. At last, she whispered again to him. "Am I a bad girl if I ask you to do it really hard?" He silently shook his head, no. She continued: "I saw this video on the internet," she said, then went on to describe it to him.

Brian, clasping Sandy to his front quietly stood up and walked round to the back of the seat they'd just got out of. He leaned forward, letting her tummy rest on the seat back. He reached to her side and unclipped her regulation school skirt, which dropped to the floor. Still no one else had realised what was happening. He leaned down and asked: "Ready?" She nodded.

The first stroke was gentle. The second full depth and much faster. The third caused a loud slap, as his thighs smacked into her bottom. Every head turned at the sound and in moments, there were four others crowding round watching what was happening. Quickly, Brian got up to a fast metronomic rate, almost coming out, before slamming his tip into her cervix, making her grunt each time. It was on about the tenth cycle, he felt something give, and on the next thrust, his cock went in all the way, seven and a half inches in. He paused for a moment asked her if she was hurt, and just got the reply: "Do it hard, Brian".

Feeling like his cock was encased in a tight silken grip, he thrust hard into her again and again. The slapping got louder as his pubic hair ground into her buttocks. Sandy was by now beyond rational thinking. The sensations surging through her body were quite overwhelming as his cock plunged so deep into her young body. Her orgasms were not only continuous, but seemed to increase in magnitude. She was aware of her friends standing beside her, touching, feeling, enjoying her pleasure. A fleeting thought passed through her mind. Those two men who had blackmailed her into doing the things she did meant nothing to her now. They were dead and she was alive; more than she'd ever felt in her life.

When Brian came, she felt as if she was being pumped up. Her climax peaked and suddenly all she saw was darkness. "She's passed out," said Penny, her hand resting on the child's back. "Just had too much of a good thing, I guess." She watched the small part of Brian's shaft that wasn't inside the girl, swelling, pulsing, jerking and throbbing, as he spurted more and

more cum into Sandy. Cum which she hoped to suck out in a few minutes time.

Penny wondered if she was living a life of fantasy. He hadn't fucked her for over twenty years since, when she'd been ten, and yet he had indirectly proposed marriage to her during an afternoon in which he'd fucked three other ten-year-olds and was going to fuck a seven-year-old as well. "Oh well," she thought, smiling to herself, "I guess my turn will come sooner or later!"

Lunch was pizza and chips from the freezer. They were all hungry and nothing was left on their plates. She had been quiet for quite a while, when little Sarah suddenly said: "Is it my turn next?"

"Yes, Sarah," said Penny, "if that's what you would like. It's up to you. No one will make you do anything you don't want. What would you like."

"I want Mr. Phillips to put his pee pee back in my kitty," she coloured up a little and giggled. "Is that naughty?"

"Not if we are all here to watch you," said Penny. "Why don't you and Brian go through to the sitting room and watch a bit of TV, while the rest of us clear the dishes?"

Brian took Sarah by the hand and went through to the other room "Is this what you really want, Sarah?" asked Brian when they were on their own.

"Oh yes, Mr. Phillips," she giggled again, "would you put it in now, in secret, like you did for Sandy?"

"I didn't think anyone saw that." He said.

"Where I was sitting, I could see between her legs," she admitted.

"Alright, Sarah," he said, "in that case, why not slip your panties off and we'll make a start before the others come and join us. Do you want me to make you all wet and squidgy first?" he asked, as he undid his flies and released his hardening cock.

"Yes, please, Mr. Phillips," she answered, as she wriggled onto his lap.

"Would you call me Brian instead of Mr. Phillips?" he asked as he settled his cock up against her spread pudenda, feeling his crown nestle into the recess of her entry.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips." She replied. He grinned at the back of her head.

Reaching under her skirt, he found her tiny, smooth, hairless mound could fit into just half of his palm, while his fingers slipped down through her cleft, finding her little nub hardened and erect. He was well practiced at arousing

little girls now and spent time just circling her clitty feeling her tension grow and her muscles twitch as he worked on her, hearing her breathing shorten, her heart beat quicken against his chest.

They both felt his cock ooze into her, his rim popping through her tight entry cuff. He paused for a moment, letting her adjust to the pressure, as she dilated around him. He didn't push, but again they felt movement, as his crown started moving deeper into her, feeling her passage peel reluctantly open as he penetrated her. He bumped her end, making her jerk. "That was nice," she muttered, "do it again." He pulled back an inch and pushed back in, pulled back and pushed. Her reflexes jerking each time. He noticed her little gasps as he hit her end grew louder each thrust. He knew she was about to cum, but the others hadn't joined them yet.

"Slow down Sarah," he whispered in her ear. "There's no rush. You can take as long as you like. Enjoy yourself."

She looked over her shoulder and grinned. "I am," she giggled.

They spoke for a moment and agreed what they were going to do. He unbuttoned his shirt, while she did the same with her blouse. His trousers were already undone, so he knew they would drop down when he stood.

Penny and the other girls entered and sat down to watch another episode of 'Paw Patrol'. They saw Brian and Sarah were now naked, with the little seven-year-old sitting on his lap. But at that moment, Brian stood up, holding her to his chest, turned, sat on the coffee table before laying along the length of it, with Sarah lying face upwards on his front. He reach down and holding her by the shoulders, lifted her, so she was sitting astride of him.

It was then that Penny realised Brian was in Sarah. Not only in Sarah, but somehow all the way in Sarah. She moved between Brian's knees and reached down to examine them and sure enough that was the case. Then she saw the bulge in Sarah's tummy above her navel and gasped. She'd never seen anything like it. She almost came on the spot. She waved the other girls over and told them what they were to do.

Sandy took hold of one of Sarah's feet, while Annie took hold of the other. Jenny climbed over the table and straddled Brian's face, bringing her spread thighs down over his mouth, letting him taste her pussy once more; and she knew he'd said she was very tasty. Penny held Sarah by the shoulders, then nodded to Sandy and Annie, who lifted Sarah's legs out horizontally, either side. Then Penny quietly said: "Up," and they all lifted together.

Up she went, nearly coming off the end of Brian's long cock, before Penny said: "Down." Sarah came down under her own weight, steadied by Penny holding her shoulders. "Up....down....up.....down," called Penny.

They quickly got into a rapid rhythm, with Sarah moving up and down the seven and a half inches of Brian's long hard cock. Soon, Sarah's head

started to loll around, as her climax hit, her little tongue just visible at the corner of her mouth, her long blond hair swishing around with the movements. Up and down she went, experiencing the most sensational feelings of her life. Up and down, up and down. Slap, slap, slapping sounds came from where their bodies met each drop.

To Brian, this was the highlight of his time since he set foot in Dock Road Primary School. As he lay there, with the seven-year-old Sarah moving up and down his cock, feeling his crown popping into her tiny immature womb every second or two, he considered working for Penny and solving her mystery hadn't turned out badly at all. There was just one further duty to perform and that was about to happen.

His prostate tightened up. A surge of pressure shot through his shaft and semen exploded into the child in a geyser-like spurt. Sarah's head fell backwards, her face now upwards, as sounds emanated from her like a young wolf calling. At first quietly, then the volume increased, until she was howling at the ceiling, as the intensity of her orgasm swept through her in pulses of ecstasy, in time with the spurts of Brian's orgasm.

Up and down, up and down, Penny and the girls continued to lift Sarah, until she went limp in their hands. She hadn't passed out as Sandy had done, but she was senseless and her muscles had lost all control. Penny nodded, to bring the girls' attention to Brian's belly, where a line of urine flowed down either side of him onto the table. They lowered Sarah's legs and settled her onto Brian's front again, a wet seal of little girl pee spreading between them. It would be a little while before Sarah was recovered enough to move. Certainly she would remember her first time for the rest of her life, as would the other three girls.

* * * * *

Penny had told the girls they would be leaving soon, and to tidy up the mess they had made. There was little they could do about the blood stains in the bed. Penny would have to come back to load the washing machine before her mother returned.

Brian sat at his laptop, sipping the mug of tea that Penny had handed him. "So what are we going to do about this little lot?" she asked as she sat beside him, clutching her steaming mug. "How many in all are there?"

"In Dock Road Primary, there are thirty nine," he replied. She gasped. "Then in other schools," he continued, "there seems to be another dozen."

"How traumatised do you think they will be?" she asked

"That depends on how far they let Jim and Bob lead them astray," he said, clicking the mouse, looking at a particularly close up of a nine-year-old's wide open vagina. "About half never came back for the second session," he

explained. "They just did some simple nude shots, like Sarah did, and refused to return."

"What about the other half?" Penny asked.

He clicked through some files. "Hmm," he mused after a few minutes, "it seems if they did return after that first time, they kept coming back. Let's pick a girl who returned a few times. What about this one... name is Karen Summers?"

"She's one of the Year Six girls," said Penny.

"Yes I remember her. Quite a timid little girl as I recall. OK," he said, clicking into her file, "let's see what her story is. Fuck, look at this, Penny. How many times did she return? They're dated, see here. Her first session seems to have been about eighteen months ago. The last one ten days back." He clicked on the first date and quickly scanned the thumbnails. They were very similar to Sarah's first session, starting clothed, ending naked. The next session showed her spread in the 'X' shape like Sandy had been and following that she was subjected to all sorts of depraved acts, including Knob & Gob and lesbian sessions with other girls.

Brian counted her files. There were twenty five of them, each showing a hundred or more photographs. By session ten, she was being routinely tied up, or handcuffed, leg spreaders fitted, whipped and beaten. Nipple clamps and electric shocks were also applied. She was regularly forced to perform fellatio on Bob and Jim. In one, there was a dog involved. In the last files, it was obvious other men were participating. In these, though, her identity was disguised by fitting a hood over her head, with just a hole over her mouth. Six masked men, one after the other fucked her up the bum, while another was sucked off.

"I think I'm going to be sick," said Penny after they closed Karen's file. "What are we going to do about these girls, Brian?"

"Let me ask you a question first," he replied. "How do you think Sarah, Sandy, Jenny and Annie feel about their future, now?"

"They know their tormentors are dead," she paused for a moment, thinking, "and now they know their bodies are theirs to enjoy with whoever they choose. Why?"

"Because I think we should make contact with each of them in turn. We can involve our four here in breaking down barriers, gain their confidence and show them they too can enjoy their bodies, rather than having them abused by the likes of Bob and Jim."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?" she asked.

“What that I want to get to know and fuck another twenty odd preteens? The thought never crossed my mind.” They both laughed. “No, Penny what I want to do is get to know them and try to repair the damage done to them, and if in the course of that we become intimate, then that’s a bonus.

“Well,” said Penny grinning, “it looks like we have some work to do ahead of us. Come on, it’s time we were getting these four back to the school. Thanks for your help, Brian. I couldn’t have done it without you. What are you going to do now?”

“Me,” he smiled, “go and buy a ring.”

End of Photographic Encounter

Look out for Brian’s next adventure in: Travelling Encounter.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Brian Phillips – protagonist
Penny Lane – Head teacher at Dock Road Primary school
Robert Tyler (Bob) – Photographer, teacher and child molester
James Swift (Jim) – Photographer, teacher and child molester
Sarah Simpson – Pretty blond 7yo model – 1st timer.
Sandy Fraser – 10yo model – 2nd timer.
Jennifer Williams (Jenny) - 10yo model – 4th timer.
Annie Fuller - 10yo model – 4th timer.
Karen Summers - 10yo model – returned many times