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Close 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!

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Summary: Brian has become one of the most trusted teachers in the district. He is highly respected as one who inspires and motivates his pupils. He is asked to mind one of the children for a while, which ends up as a sleepover for several of them. What follows might not be on the school curriculum, but teacher and pupils learn a great deal.

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

Close Encounter

The doorbell rang. It was like an alarm going off for Brian and Beth, because they weren't expecting their visitors for another hour yet.

"Fuck me," said Beth they're early, "where're my fucking clothes.

Brian had already pulled up his trousers and in moments his T-shirt was in place as he said: "On the first point, young lady, I have already fucked you twice this morning. Are you not satisfied with that? And on the other, it looks like the bedside clock must have stopped. You get your clothes, they're over there," he pointed to a crumpled pile of clothing in the corner, "and into the bathroom, while I go and welcome Sam and her girls."

"Hello Sam, do come in," said Brian, as he pulled the front door open for them. "I am in sixes and sevens," he said, "I quite forgot the time. Do sit down. I don't know where Beth's got to, I'm sure she'll be down in a minute."

Just then, they heard the toilet flushing followed by a call "I'll be down in a minute."

"I don't know what it is about you," said Sam, cocking an eyebrow, "but as soon as I mentioned to Toni and Terri they'd been invited to a sleepover with you, they couldn't wait and spent all morning deciding what to wear and what to pack."

"As I keep telling Beth, it must be my magic touch."

"Well whatever it is, coming here, for a sleepover, I can tell you they'll be the envy of their classmates," she soothed. "You know you've caused something of a stir in the school. All the children love being taught by you, you know. They say you always make learning so easy and such fun. I can tell you both my girls have said the same and Toni even likes Maths and science now, when before she hated both." She paused, smiling, "Oh, sorry Mr. Phillips, I've made you blush."

"Brian please," he said, "please call me Brian. I'm only Mr. Phillips in the classroom. Toni and Terri, why don't you two go upstairs and see where Beth's got to?" The two girls jumped to their feet and rushed to the stairs.

"I hear Olive's Mum's not too good," she said, her tone changing.

"No. I understand it's just a matter of time now. 24 or 48 hours, I think," he replied.

"Such a shame," said Sam. "we live near her. When Olive came to visit, we often saw her granny and Olive and Beth and sometimes they'd ask us round. My girls really loved her. It's a shame she's on the highway to heaven."

"Yes," he said, "Beth's told me a little bit about her. She will be really upset when the time comes." He didn't add that Beth had confessed her granny had taught her some things when she was five or six, that, perhaps Olive might not have approved of, which Beth held very dear to her heart. It was the reason her mind had been opened to other girls and why she now wanted to explore that possibility with Toni, if she could.

"What are you going to do with the terrible trio this afternoon?" asked Sam.

"I thought I might take them to the new soft play up the road. I've heard one or two of the kids at school saying how good it is."

"I'm off to see my sister this afternoon," Sam said, "but if you want, I could come with you for an hour or two."

"That's kind," he said, "I'll treat you to whatever snacks they're offering."

"Thanks, it's a date. What's keeping those girls?"

Brian walked to the bottom of the stairs and called up to say they were off to the soft play. The three came down like an avalanche moments later.

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The venue was called 'Super-kids Soft Play' and was a converted warehouse with all the climbing frames, slides, obstacles and features, packed in. Every inch of space was in use. The three girls kicked off their shoes and dived into the activities with all the other children, leaving Brian and Sam standing holding coats and shoes. They found a table, Brian went to the counter and ordered a coffee for himself and a Cappuccino for Sam. They watched the antics of the kids, detached, while they chatted.

"So," said Sam eventually, wanting to ask the question on all the mother's minds, especially the single mums, "do you like St. John's Church Primary, Brian?"

"Yes," he replied seeing a little six-year-old girl climbing an inflatable ladder in a short skirt, her white panty clad bottom projecting in his direction, her shape undisguised. "it's a fine school, well run, good staff. In fact it's as good a school as I have ever worked in."

"So why don't you come and work there full time?" she asked the direct question, which he'd been asked elsewhere before.

"I'd be happy to," he responded, "but I also enjoy the variety of locum teaching, going to different schools. Perhaps one day I will settle in one school, but for now a mixed routine helps me concentrate on my work and forget some things which give me pain." As soon as he'd said it, he knew what was coming.

"What happened, Brian, do you want to talk about it?" she asked.

He hesitated, not wishing to continue the conversation, because it always caused him pain. "My wife, Cathy, died five years ago," he said quietly. "She was eight months pregnant with our daughter. Drunk driver, head-on crash."

"Oh my god," she said. "I am so sorry, I didn't know."

"Why should you?" he said looking again at the same girl coming towards him on a slide, her knees up and apart, giving him a quick glimpse of a deep camel toe, before she leapt to her feet and ran towards the ladder again. "It's all in the past, now and life continues. I have buried myself in my work since and try to move on."

"Have you, you know, met anyone since?" she asked kindly.

He gave her a fierce look, about to tell her to mind her own business, but his face softened when he realised it was an innocent enough question. "No, I haven't" he said in a tone which she might interpret as sadness, or even despondency. "I guess I'm just not ready for that yet."

Just then, seven-year-old Terri came over to their table and said: "Brian, would you come and help me?" She turned and ran back into the thick of the action without explaining what she needed help with.

"Looks like you're in demand," said Sam grinning. "Don't let me keep you."

Brian got up and walked towards the entrance to the complex. He'd seen Terri run into a doorway, which led to some stairs, that moved up in a spiral curve around a central pillar. Half way up, he saw a little girl sitting on one of the steps, crying. He guessed her to be about five-years-old.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a soothing tone. "Can I help you?"

"I'm frightened," she said, tears running down her cheeks. "I got lost. My sister was here and now I don't know where she is."

"Oh, hold my hand, we'll walk up together," he said. "What's your name?"

"I'm Susan. Carry me," she said, "I don't like these stairs, they frighten me."

"Alright Susan," he said reassuringly, "I am a teacher at St. John's Primary."

"Yes I know," she said. "You're Mr. Phillips aren't you? I go to St. John's. You don't teach our class."

He reached down and lifted Susan up, his hand sliding up the back of her bare legs, up under her knee length skirt onto her bottom, clad in an oversize pair of knickers. Both buttocks fitted into one hand. He looked down the stairs and due to the curve, could only see five or six treads down and looking up was the same. No one in sight. He held her to his chest for a few seconds, enjoying the feel of her bottom in his hand.

"Which way do you want to go, Susan, up or down?" he asked.

As if she hadn't heard him, she said: "I like you Mr. Phillips, I wish you taught my class. Would you just hold me for a minute?" Brian had no problem with holding her, as she relaxed, his fingers pushing the thin cotton of her knickers into her bum crack. He realised the leg holes were anything but snug and as she moved, he let his fingers slip under the fabric, letting him feel the smooth skin of her tiny buttocks. She didn't seem to notice.

Soon they heard some children coming up from below, so he turned and started to walk up, still holding Susan. In a few seconds, they reached the top and he carefully put her down, casually taking his hand off her bottom.

"Ah there you are Susan," said a child's voice, "I was wondering Oh hello Mr. Phillips." He looked round and saw a girl he recognised from the Year Five class. The same class as Beth's. It took him a second to remember her name.

"Hello Melanie," he said relieved he recalled her, "Susan was a little frightened on the stairs, so I brought her up. Have you seen Beth, Toni and Terri? Terri asked me to come up." He studied her for a moment, realising just what a stunningly pretty girl she was. She had beautiful shiny raven black with electric blue eyes and was wearing a crop top which only came down to her abdomen, leaving a large gap below which, her snug pale blue terry shorts just covered the top of her mound.

"Yes," she replied, pointing to the next layer up, "I saw them just now, up there, at the top of the Mega slide. I think Terri wants to come down it, but she's a bit frightened and wants someone to come down with her. I was about to go back up. Shall I show you the way?" She turned and as she proceeded him up the steps, he realised she was showing him a lot more than 'the way', as her bottom, swinging from side to side, seemed to wiggle inches in front of his face like two small boys fighting under a blanket.

They reached the top and Brian felt quite breathless. Melanie turned to him grinning said: "It's worth coming up here just for the view, isn't it Brian?" He couldn't recall telling her she didn't need to call him Mr. Phillips. He realised Melanie was certainly precocious, but he liked her spirit. He certainly liked her beauty and given the chance, he would love to get to know her better, much better.

"Oh I agree, Melanie, the Chinese have a proverb about views: There are many paths up the mountain, but the view from the top is always the same; but I think there's a more interesting one from Sweden: Advice should be viewed from behind." He left Melanie trying to work out that last comment. Certainly he'd appreciated her behind.

He walked along the padded footway to the top of the Mega slide and as he rounded the corner, there waiting for him was Terri. She grinned brightly, knowing he would go down the slide with her. "Where are the others?" he asked.

"Toni and Beth went down a few seconds ago," she replied. She paused and looked around as if she might be overheard. "They were holding hands," she whispered."

"That's nice, Terri. I think they are becoming very good friends." He said as he positioned himself at the top of the slide.

"Yes, I think so." She sat on his lap, wondering why she could feel a lump beneath her bottom. It reminded her of when she'd sat on his lap in the cinema. Brian clasped his hands around her chest as he pushed off. In the rush of movement, she never noticed him feeling her hardened nipples as

they went over each of the bumps during the descent. They shot out of the exit tunnel onto some coconut matting.

"Can we do that again, please Brian, again," she demanded.

Four more climbs and four more slides later, Brian managed to escape Terri's enthusiasm for the Mega slide. She was left wondering why her pussy was tingling. She'd never felt that before except in bed when she diddled herself, or sometimes when Toni helped her.

Brian walked back to the table, to his cold coffee and Sam, who had now been joined by another woman called Jenny. It turned out they knew one another. Jenny was Melanie and Susan's Mother.

"We could see you had your work cut out with my Terri," said Sam. "One thing's for sure, she'll sleep well tonight, Brian, you won't hear a peep out of her." The two women laughed. A few seconds later, the five girls arrived in a tsunami of girly squealing and giggling. They all needed a quick re-hydration. Brian walked over to the counter and ordered five San Pellegrinos and carried them back on a tray, where he heard the whining of disgruntled girls.

"That's not fair," said one voice, "why can she go and I can't." "But Susan's going to Auntie Clare's" "Toni's going to Mr. Phillips" "I'll be on my own... it's not fair."

"Is there a problem?" he asked, as he distributed the drinks. Toni and Terri sat there straight faced, Beth was grinning openly, as was little Susan, but Melanie looked like she'd swallowed a wasp and was standing there, pouting with her arms folded.

It turned out, with some probing from Brian that Melanie got wind of the sleepover, but was told she and Susan were going to sleep at their auntie's that night, while their mum went to see a friend (details of the friend never emerged. But then again, they didn't need to know about the very exclusive escort agency she occasionally worked for to make ends meet). Melanie didn't want to go to Auntie Clare's at all and when she heard Toni and Terri were having a sleepover at Brian's was like red rag to a bull.

They all looked at Brian expectantly, mothers and children alike. "Alright, Melanie can come too," he said. "I'm sorry Susan," he said looking at the five-year-old, "when you're a bit older, you can come too. The older girls broke into cheers making other parents look and smile at the group. "But there's one thing, I must point out," he continued, waiting for quiet. "My spare room only has two beds, a single and a three quarter double. The girls will have to share, unless they want to sleep on the floor downstairs."

Sam and Jenny looked at one another, a silent communication going on between them. "I think the spare room would be perfect, Brian," said Sam, "if you want your house to remain in one piece."

“As I thought my girls were both going to Auntie Clare’s, I’ve got their bags in the car outside ready,” said Jenny. “Are you sure you’re happy to take on these four?” she continued. “They can be quite a handful at times.”

* * * * *

Brian decided a McDonald’s lunch would be a good way to start the afternoon. He smiled, watching the four girls’ interplay, communicating with gestures and single words. They knew what each other was talking about, he certainly didn’t. All he gathered was talk about the boys in their class, which moved on to the girls. He noticed two things. Firstly, Terri wasn’t in the same class as the other three, so she was out of the conversation. Secondly, he realised, knowing what Beth wanted from Toni, was moving the conversation towards girl interests and relationships.

Terri was sitting beside him, and they soon started a conversation of their own separate from the others. It was typical adult/child opening conversation.

“What do you like doing when you’re not at school, Terri?”

“I like looking at clothes in magazines and online. I like new clothes.”

“Yes, you always look very pretty whenever I see you,” he said.

“Do you think so?” she smiled shyly, unconsciously smoothing down her dress.”

“Yes, you always seem to wear very pretty dresses which suit your hair, skin and eye colour.” He reached out and pretended to straighten a crease on her collar that didn’t need straightening. He then ran his fingers quickly through her hair and added: “And your hair is so silky. I love long blond hair.”

She blushed delightfully. He could see she’d lapped up every word of praise. He realised in that moment, talking about her clothes was the way to get inside them. He certainly thought she was pretty in the clothes she was wearing, but he was sure she’d be prettier still without them.

“Whenever I teach your class, Terri, I always think you are the prettiest girl there.” She smiled and blushed bright scarlet, loving his compliment.

Terri’s mind was in a whirl. All the children at school said how nice Mr. Phillips was and that they always understood what he was trying to teach them. She also knew many of the girls had been talking about him, saying what a hunk he was and how he made them feel horny. She’d had to ask Toni what ‘horny’ meant. When she heard, it made her pussy clench. Her pussy was clenching now. She so liked Mr. Phillips. She just wished he wasn’t leaving the school at the end of the following week. She realised he made her horny too.

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They arrived back at his house and before long, Beth was showing them round. "Come upstairs," she said, "I will show you where we're sleeping tonight. There's a T.V. up there and an Xbox, Playstation and everything." They each carried their little overnight bags up and disappeared.

Brian used the time alone to do a couple of quick domestic jobs. He could hear the constant giggling and laughter from upstairs. As Sam had said, they would occupy each other.

"This is where I always sleep," lied Beth, patting the three-quarter double bed, having never slept in this room before. "Who wants to share with me?" Predictably the three guests all said they wanted to. "I think two can share with me and the other can have the single," she pointed to the single bed all the bags were laying on.

"Now there are house rules, my house rules," she said, her voice going suddenly very quiet. The three others leaned in to hear. Beth looked around, as if Brian might be there. "When we are in bed, I like to sleep nude." Three pairs of eyes went wide. She could see from the slight smiles which appeared on Melanie and Toni's faces, they weren't worried by the idea. "And...." She added waiting for their full concentration, "I love a cuddle when I'm in bed." In moments, Beth knew Toni and Melanie would be willing to share the bed with her and that the night was going to be an interesting one. She could also see from her expression that Terri was a little anxious about a little girl-on-girl action. She'd need a bit more work to bring her round.

"Terri," said Beth kindly, "while Melanie, Toni and I sort our things out, why don't you go down and tell Brian we're going to play a game of strip poker up here and he mustn't come up until we tell him."

"Strip poker?" gasped Terri, "I mean isn't that really naughty, I can't tell him that."

"Just tell him that to keep him out. Tell him he's not to come in here until we say." She looked at Melanie and Toni, who both realised Beth had successfully got rid of Terri, while they played some games, which they knew were going to be very interesting and probably include strip poker.

"Oh, OK," replied Terri, who was glad to be able to get out of the room and rejoin Brian.

"Right," said Beth, as Terri closed the door behind her, "Whose for a game of strip poker?"

Terri walked down the stairs, where she found Brian sitting with his feet up along the couch. He was making notes for some of the classes for the following week. "Hi Terri," he said, smiling at her, "I was just doing some work for school. It can wait," he said, dropping some papers onto the floor beside him. "Would you like a drink or something?" She nodded and they both went

through to the kitchen, where she chose a can of pop from the fridge. She relayed Beth's message to him as she poured her drink into the glass he'd handed to her. They both laughed at the strip poker comment.

"Do I get the impression you'd prefer to stay down here with me rather than going back upstairs to join those rascals for the time being?" he asked. She nodded, then followed him as he went back into the lounge and resumed his seat. He turned to her as he swung his feet back up. "Turn round, Terri, let me have another look at that dress. It really is very pretty." He realised from before she loved praise. "And the way the light shines through your hair makes it glitter. You are a very pretty girl." She smiled gratefully, before wondering what to do now. "I'm going to have forty winks. I often have a nap at this time. Would you like to watch a little bit of T.V?" he asked.

He picked up the remote control and tuned into Netflix's childrens' menu. "Oh, look," said Terri, pointing at the screen, "they've got Frozen 2, can I watch that?"

"Of course you can," he said. "Do you want to sit on my lap, like you did in the cinema?" She smiled again, nodded and moved towards him. He reached out and taking her hips in each hand, turned her round and lifted her up and swung her so she leaned against his chest, her legs outside his, her head coming to rest just below his chin. He pressed play and put his arms around her, interlocking his fingers over her tummy.

After a minute or two, she said: "Brian, can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can, Terri. What would you like to know?"

"First I want to say, you're my favourite teacher," she said in a tone almost nervous. She went quiet, collecting her thoughts.

Brian realised she wanted to say something very important to her. "Take your time, Terri," he reassured her, "just ask."

"If I promise not to say anything, would you promise to tell me the truth?" she turned, looking over her shoulder at his face.

"Yes, of course. I promise," he said, now intrigued by what this was about.

"I promise too," she paused, then after a moment said: "You know when we were in the cinema, and I fell asleep, did you, you know touch me? Did you put your hand in my panties, or did I dream it?"

He was stunned. She hadn't said anything to her mother or anyone else, wasn't sure if he'd done it at all, and now after promising her silence was asking him outright if he'd molested her. He recalled, when she got off his lap, she'd clutched her pussy and had said she needed a wee.

"How would you feel if you thought I really had done it, Terri?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, then she shyly smiled at him. "I think you did didn't you?"

"Well I promised to tell you truth, didn't I?" he said. "So I must tell you I did. Does that shock you?"

"Well, when I thought about it last night, I suppose it did, but the more I thought about it, the more it made me tingle, you know, down there. Can I ask you something else? I promise I won't tell anyone?" He nodded, wondering what other bombshell this girl might drop on him. "Do you like little girls, you know, more than older people, like my Mum?"

Brian had never analysed himself to that extent, but realised she'd seen his inner person quicker than he had himself.

He saw an opportunity to flatter the girl. "Well, not really, Terri. I was married until my wife, Cathy, died a few years ago and I loved her very much indeed. But, if I see a really, really pretty little girl, like you, then yes, I confess I do. And because I think you are so very pretty, I couldn't help myself I needed to touch you. I hope you don't mind?"

She thought for a second or two, then said: "If it had been anyone else, Brian, I would have minded. But as I like you a lot....." her voice trailed away. He realised as she relaxed into his front, she had closed the subject and had she objected, she wouldn't still be on his lap, but screaming to her sister to call her mother. She sat staring at the screen as Princesses Anna and Elsa sang a song.

Nothing more was said for about five long minutes, then she said: "You can if you want.....I don't mind." His hands were still over her tummy, fingers interlocked. She then did two things which surprised him. With one hand, she reached down and pulled the hem of her skirt up. With the other, she pushed his hands down until they were touching her belly just above her panty waistline. He looked down and saw she was wearing white panties with Anna and Elsa pictures from Frozen printed in a pattern across them.

Brian didn't need to be told twice and he didn't need her to suddenly change her mind. He separated his fingers and slowly pushed both hands down under the elastic, immediately feeling the rise of her mons. He remembered from the cinema how her mound seemed to be very large in proportion to her size. His fingers slid down, then, with his right index finger over her dimple, pulled her gently apart and found the nub of her little clitty firm with anticipation. He pressed the pad of his finger to her, gently massaging in tiny circles, feeling her body stiffen in response.

Terri's mind was in a turmoil. She'd admitted to herself earlier she had felt horny, just thinking about Mr. Phillips. She had suspected he'd touched her in the cinema, but hadn't been sure, like a dream. She knew she shouldn't be

letting him do this to her, but now he was touching 'that spot', she couldn't have stopped him even if she wanted to, which she didn't.

As he played the touch of love on her tiny button, he felt her mound push against his finger, then drop down and rise again. She wasn't going to cum anything like as quickly as Beth, but then she was only seven. Would she cum at all, he wondered?

After a few minutes, he felt her microscopic movement followed his on her clitty, become a regular rhythm. She was definitely enjoying herself now. So keeping his right middle finger busy, he moved his left hand further down, exploring her immature body. But what surprised him was when his fingers passed over the recessed entry to her vagina, she was not just damp, but wet. He took a risk, and pushed his finger tip in a short way, letting his other finger work on her clitty. He pressed in slightly further and felt her springy hymen push back. Not only did she not object, but her movements against his fingers increased. He could feel her heartbeat against his chest increasing, as well as her breathing becoming quicker and shallower.

Without pressing harder, he felt his finger slowly sink through the tiny hole in her hymen into the unexplored depths beyond, her tight passage, as it gripped his finger, his only resistance failed to prevent him penetrating in deeper and deeper. Suddenly, she jerked her hips upwards, as his finger nudged her 'G' spot deep inside her.

"What was that?" she gasped.

He smiled to himself, as he said: "What, do you mean, this?" and dabbed her tender spot again making her muscles reflex violently, her hips rising even further this time.

Brian realised this was not the time to tease the child. It was a whole new experience for her and he wanted her to enjoy it to the full. He stopped his finger movements and said: "Terri, would you like me to make you feel really nice? Just slip your panties off for me, and I will make you feel things you've never even dreamed of before." He'd hardly finished speaking before she pushed her panties down and off her legs, letting him see her nakedness for the first time. She was small, but her perfectly formed, firm but pliable mound filling his palm, her hairless skin so soft to his touch, her pencil thin legs emphasising her youth.

"Move your knees as far apart as you can for me would you?" he asked. Again she was doing as he asked almost before he'd finished speaking. He noticed she could bring her thighs nearly in line with one another, 180 degrees apart.

"Ready for the nice bit, Terri?" She looked over her shoulder, smiled and nodded, before sliding down slightly on his front, making herself even more comfortable. He started to work her clitoris and 'G' spot in earnest now, not being too vigorous, but methodically working her higher and higher. She started to pant and her hips were rising and falling as fast as possible. The

back of her head suddenly pressed hard into his upper chest, her closed eyes screwed up, her mouth looking as though she was either in deep pain or deep ecstasy.

He carried on letting her enjoy the new sensations for a while. Then with his middle finger still on her 'G' spot, he pressed his little finger into her anus. Suddenly, everything seemed to happen at once. Terri gasped; her vagina clamped once hard on his penetrating finger; her belly arched high upwards. Then there was a pause which seemed to last for ages, but was probably no more than a couple of seconds. Then she screamed out as her climax consumed her tiny body; she squirted a whole stream of cum juice out onto his hand as his finger kept rubbing into her deepest place. "Oooohh, nnnngggg, haa, haa, haa, aaaaahhh, ohh gawddddd, that's so nice, don't stop, please don't stop." He didn't stop, but eased off a little, letting her settle down, before the next onslaught in a few seconds time.

"Did you enjoy that Terri?" he quietly asked her.

"Jeez, yeah," she sighed. "What did you do to me? What was that? I've never felt anything like that. Would you do it again?"

At that moment, they heard a door opening upstairs, "What was that?" called Toni's shrill voice. "Did you hear someone scream? Was it Terri? Quick get downstairs."

In a rapid reaction, Brian slipped his fingers from Terri's orifices, flipped her skirt down her legs and with no effort, lifted and turned her, so before the first face appeared over the baluster, they were sitting side by side watching Frozen 2 on the screen.

Suddenly, there were three girls standing in front of the couch looking at Terri. "What happened, Terri?" demanded Toni. "We heard you scream."

"I'm sorry," she said, "I don't know what came over me." Brian nearly burst out laughing at her words. "I was so into the movie, and suddenly Anna fell down an ice cliff and Elsa couldn't help her and"

"So it was just the movie?" said Toni, now looking cross at her sister, hands on hips.

As if waking up, Terri blinked at Toni, then looked at the others. "Why aren't you wearing your T-shirt, Toni? I can see your nips." Realising, Toni's hands immediately shot up to cover herself, but not before Brian had taken in the image of her raised cones, in the earliest stages of development, two perfect circles of brown areolæ, topped with peanut sized pink nipples, surrounded by delightful rings of slightly darker goosebumps.

He had taken in all three in one photo-memory glance. Melanie was standing in a pink T-shirt with some super hero picture, he didn't recognise, printed on it, one sock and her panties. Her mound pushed out, displaying her shape, a

hint of camel toe suggesting what lay beneath. Beth on the other hand was only wearing her panties, a very tight fitting pair of almost sheer panties. What he also noticed was both Beth and Melanie had damp patches on their panties.

"Are you three having fun up there?" he asked, as Toni and Melanie turned and made their way back to the stairs. Brian couldn't help studying Melanie's bottom as it wiggled with her movements.

"Are you having fun down here? Asked Beth grinning at him, as she bent down, picked up Terri's panties and handed them to him without Toni or Melanie noticing.

"How's the strip poker going?" he whispered in her ear.

"Just as I hoped," she whispered back, "Toni's already let me touch her once when Melanie went to the loo. Not sure yet about Mel. Should know soon." Suddenly, she grabbed his hand, pulled it towards her and in a flash, sucked his fingers. Then in a normal voice, looking at Terri said: "You two are doing fine, I think. We'll go and finish our games, I'll make sure the others don't come down, while you're finishing yours." She moved over to Terri and leaned into her ear and whispered something. Terri's eyes went wide, her face turned bright scarlet and watched as Beth turned on her heel, headed for the stairs and her new special friends upstairs.

"Do you want me to rewind the movie to where we were interrupted?"

She looked a little shy when she said "I think I lost the plot, a while ago. Perhaps we can watch it from the start another time, Brian." So the movie carried on playing, volume turned down, ignored by them both. Terri climbed back onto his lap, leaning once more against him. She lifted her bottom and pulled her hem once more up to her chest, then spread her legs wide apart where they were before. Finally, she took hold of his hands and pushed his right hand to her mound and his left down to her vagina, pressing his fingers to where she wanted them.

As he started working his fingers into her, she sighed, her head relaxing against him. This time, as his fingers worked on her clitty and 'G' spot, she quickly rose to full arousal. He let her get right onto the cusp, then eased off. He felt the tension go out of her, then brought her up again, her belly lifting upwards. He repeated this several times. Each time she was right on the cusp, before he let her down. Each time she felt the urgency in her body, demanding release.

At last, she could stand it no longer and just as she was about to cum, he pulled away again. "Please, please," she muttered "I need Oh I need.... Oh, please." She didn't know how to phrase what she wanted.

"Do you want me to make you really cum, Terri? Make you feel better than you've ever felt in your life?" he asked, as he eased back again.

“Oh yes, please make it happen, please.”

“I will,” he said, pressing into her again for a few seconds, “but you have to tell me another secret.”

“Yes, anything,” she responded .

“Tell me what Beth whispered to you just now,” He felt her again almost cum under his fingers, easing back, counting a few seconds and applying pressure again.

“But I can’t ...oh!” she uttered as his fingers pulled away once more. This time his movements froze.

“What did she say, Terri?” the stillness and silence hung over them both like a weight.

Finally she said: “Alright, I’ll tell you,” she felt him start to rub her once more then as she rose again, she said: “Beth said: ‘Do you know what he really likes, Terri, he loves it when you suck his cock.’ It made me feel all tingly inside.”

“Isn’t Beth a naughty girl?” he said, now massaging her more vigorously, feeling her rapidly rising for what was eventually going to prove to be a monumental intense and extended orgasm.

“You ahh, you made me, hah, tell you a secret,... nggg, now you have ...uurrrghhh to tell me one, ohmygawddd.

“Go on,” Brian said, thinking her climax would beat her to it, “ask me.”

Ohhooooo,” she stuttered, taking a deep breath, “Has Beth.... haaah, has Beth sucked your...your...your cock forrrrrr youuu?”

“Would you really like to know Terri? Would you like to know what else she has let me do to her?”

“Gawwwdddd, yesssss,” she managed to stammer, as she felt the first twinges of her orgasm rushing towards her.

“She has sucked my cock several times, Terri. And while she did that, I licked her pussy. That made her really cum Terri. Would you like me to lick your pussy, Terri while you cum? Then she let me fuck her Terri. She let me do it in her pussy and afterwards I did it in her bum.” She was silent.

He suddenly realised she hadn’t heard much of what he had said, because she was clamping hard on his fingers, one in her vagina, another in her bum and even the one massaging her clit could feel her pulsing strongly. He looked up at her face to see she was holding a cushion to her mouth. Her teeth were

biting on a corner, while her hands pressed the padding to her nose. All he could hear was muffled gasping.

Brian kept playing the tune on the musical instrument that was Terri. It had never been played before, but he knew it would be played over and over, a record which would never wear out, with a tune that she would love forever. He was so glad he had been the one to introduce her to this classic piece of personal music. And like many classical pieces, her orgasm went on and on. She had taken a long time to reach the plateau of her pleasure; but now she wasn't going to drop down the other slope anytime soon. She was going to enjoy the heights of her craving, for as long as her young body would permit; and enjoy it she did. On and on she came and came and came. He expected her to push his hands away as Beth had done on more than one occasion.

But Terri was made of different stuff and her body demanded every ounce of pleasure he could give her. Ten minutes, fifteen, thirty. Still she came. By now her body had moved sideways; she was lying across him at an angle, so he could now suck her nipples from time to time, she looked up at him while he gave her such wonderful feelings. He looked down into her eyes, she looking at him, a silent communication passing between them.

She finally stopped clamping on his fingers after forty five minutes. Nothing needed to be said, as he pulled his hands slowly from her. She swivelled round, her head on his shoulder, her chest against his, her arms reaching round him, pulling herself tightly into his front. She had discarded the cushion. He could see the wet teeth marks along the edge of the whole of one side.

He recalled her mother, Sam's comment in the soft play 'Terri'll sleep well tonight'. He smiled, as he heard the buzzing sound of her snoring. She was sound asleep. It was still early afternoon.

* * * * *

Brian carefully got up from the couch and went into the kitchen to drink a glass of water. He then went into the downstairs toilet and had a pee and wiped away as much of the pre-cum in his boxers as he could. He went back into the lounge and stood by Terri's feet for a few minutes, just looking at her spread legs and the glorious sight of their confluence; her wide open vagina, puffy and reddened, still oozing so much little girl arousal mucus onto the couch cushion beneath her. Her angelic face showing total contentment, a half smile on her lips. He reached down and pulled the skirt of her dress down to her knees, just in case anyone unexpectedly came in.

He moved to the foot of the stairs and listened. There were muffled sounds from upstairs, but nothing to indicate what might be happening. He knew every step, which creaked and those which didn't and slowly climbed up, listening all the time. He reached the landing and moved towards the spare room door. Beth had left it open an inch, as he knew she would. He listened again at the door. All he could hear were muffled sounds still.

He pushed the door open another few inches, until the corner mirror came into view. He stepped closer, hidden by the door and in the mirror, could see the three girls were lying on the larger bed. The covers had been pushed to the floor. All three girls were completely naked. On the side closer to the mirror, were Melanie and Toni. On the far side was Beth. Her hair was dishevelled, cheeks flushed and even as he looked, he could see her mound was swollen, still damp with saliva and below, her pussy lips full with arousal, surrounded her open vagina, which oozed mucus, almost as much as Terri's downstairs.

As he looked, he could see Melanie and Toni were in a deep, intensive sixty nine. He could now hear slurping sounds from both ends. Melanie was underneath, her head clamped between Toni's thighs, while Toni's head, facing downwards, was similarly clamped between Melanie's.

Brian pushed the door further, and quietly stepped into the room, a movement seen by Beth, whose head came up, her smile widening immediately. She put her finger to her lips to indicate his silence. Then she waved him to move closer.

"Can I feel your bum again Toni?" asked Beth, leaning into the girls head.

"Mmmm," came the reply, the slurping sound continuing.

Beth nodded to Brian, who leaned down and gently placing his fingers on Toni's bum crack, slipped them along to her open anus and started to softly massage her there. After a minute or so, he brought his mouth there, pushing his tongue along her crack, finding and tasting her tartness. He had to make sure his chin didn't touch her, so his bristly chin didn't alert her to what was actually happening.

His fingers on her buttocks carefully pulled her open, while his tongue tried to unsuccessfully penetrate her opening. As he licked, he looked at Melanie's beautiful face, her eyes screwed shut in the ecstasy of her ongoing orgasm on the end of Toni's tongue. Keeping his tongue in Toni's bum, he looked up at Beth, who was sitting cross legged, her eyes watching his every movement, her fingers playing with her own clitoris. Seeing his look, she twisted her head to the side, indicating he should leave.

Brian carefully detached himself from Toni and as quietly as he could, left the room, hovering outside the door, when he heard Beth say: "I need the loo, I might be a few minutes. You two carry on." The reply was two muffled 'mmmmms'.

Beth came out the room and indicated his bedroom door, but Brian had a better idea, shook his head and waved her to follow. He moved to the stairs and descended; Beth followed.

As soon as they got downstairs, Brian leaned over Terri and flipped her skirt back up onto her chest. Beth gasped, as she saw, Terri lying on the couch,

fast asleep, her legs still spread wide apart, her swollen and livid looking pussy testimony to what Brian had done to her earlier.

Beth turned round and grinning at Brian said in a quiet whisper: "You got your wish then?"

He smiled back, pointed at the ceiling and replied: "so did you." He guided Beth to the end of the couch, where they both looked at Terri, in a very deep sleep, both admiring her little young body. Beth, still naked, leaned over the arm of the couch, her bottom high in the air, and brought her mouth to Terri's wide open pussy and started to gently, with feather-light touches, lick her whole pudenda, from top to bottom.

Brian, watching Beth, started to undress and in a few seconds, stood behind her, holding her hips, guided his rampant seven inch erection to her wet and willing entry. Neither of them needed any foreplay, they'd both been incredibly aroused for well over an hour and needed release as soon as possible. He applied gentle pressure, letting her dilate in her own time, but before he was even through the tight cuff of muscle at her entry, he felt her tense up. She was going to cum. He just hoped she wouldn't be quite as noisy as usual.

Suddenly she erupted: "Urrrgggggg, haaaah, nnnggggggg, mmmm, omygawd, that's juuuust sooo goood, urrrrgg."

Fortunately, Terri didn't wake, and after a few moments, Brian carried on thrusting deeper and deeper into Beth's super tight vagina. He bottomed out, as his crown nudged into her cervix, five inches in. He pulled back and thrusting back in again, he set off another wave of grunts, moans and other noises from Beth, who was trying her best to keep quiet, while he fucked her from behind, and she sucked on Terri's tasty pussy.

Brian knew after all the activity of today, he would cum in record time and that it was going to be a biggy. It was. He felt his prostate tension, the surge and suddenly he was blasting deep into Beth's womb, his crown now pressed hard into her cervix. He swelled each time he pulsed deep inside her, setting Beth off on one of the best cums of her life. "Haaaah, nnnggggggg, mmmm, omygawd," Still Terri didn't wake, until Beth, without meaning to, fell forward, her teeth grinding into Terri's pussy, sending a sharp stab of pain through her lower body.

At first, Terri didn't know who or where she was, or what was happening. She lifted her head and looked down her body, bleary eyed. Suddenly those eyes shot wide open, seeing Beth's head was between her thighs and Brian, naked, standing behind her, holding her hips, his body moving against her. Then in a flash, she realised Beth was sucking her pussy, while Brian was fucking her from behind. She screamed loudly, before she realised it might bring Toni and Melanie rushing down to find out what was going on.

"Ohmygawd," said Terri in a much quieter voice, "what are you doing?"

Beth took one more lick of Terri's pussy, lifted her face and said: "Brian's giving me a nice little fuck, Terri. I thought I would lick your pussy while I'm here. You don't mind do you?"

At that moment, Toni's voice shouted from the upstairs "Are you alright Terri? Do you need any help?"

Terri looked at Brian and asked very quietly: "can I sleep with you in your bed tonight?"

Brian nodded and said: "Of course you can Terri."

Terri then shouted up: "No it's alright, Toni, there was another scary bit on the movie, that's all."

"Oh OK," came from upstairs, followed by a click of a door.

"So, Terri," said Brian, "it looks like you found us out." He could see she was suddenly full of confidence. She had Brian and Beth at her mercy. One word from her and they were both dead meat.

"Show me your willy," she suddenly said, but only loud enough for Beth and Brian to hear. He stepped out from behind Beth's bottom and came round in front of the couch, her eyes riveted on his still, half tumescent, cock. "Make it bigger," she commanded.

Brian didn't want to go into the details of why men shrink after cuming, so played along, took hold of his floppy shaft and standing in front of her, his crown pointing at her, just a couple of inches away, started to masturbate. She was fascinated and moving her hand down between her thighs, started to play with herself. She looked at all the semen still seeping from the hole in his end. There was plenty, as his orgasm had only half finished when she'd screamed, quite putting him off.

Terri didn't know what else to ask him to do. He'd made her feel really nice earlier, but then she'd fallen asleep, only woken when Beth's teeth pushed into her.

Brian realised this was the limit of her imagination and said: "You can touch it if you like Terri." She tentatively reached out with a finger and dabbed his now thickening crown, touching the, silvery, glistening, creamy stuff, feeling how slippery it was. She pulled her finger away to inspect it and saw a string of spider web like strand connecting her to him. She brought it to her nose and sniffed it, then she surprised him when she stuck her tongue out and dabbed her finger on it. She looked up him and smiled shyly, realising he and Beth had been watching her reaction.

Terri had always been treated as the little sister, the menace, the one in the way, whenever Toni wanted to do something. Their mother, Sam had always insisted Toni looked after Terri and included her in everything she did, took

here wherever she went. Sometimes Toni had resented it, despite loving her sister and today had been one of those times. Upstairs, she knew what Beth and Toni and Melanie wanted to do together. She'd felt the odd one out. So when she came downstairs and cuddled Brian and let him make her cum, she knew she'd pulled a flanker on her sister. Then when she'd woken, she realised Beth and Brian had been fucking, with Beth wanting to lick her at the same time. How cool was that? She knew tonight she was going to get Brian to fuck her as well. That would really put one over on Toni if she lost her virginity before her older sister. The problem was, she didn't know how to make that happen. Then she had an idea.

Brian and Beth were watching Terri, to see her reaction. Both expected her to pull a face and run off to rinse her mouth out. Instead, they watched in amazement as Terri leaned forward and licked the end of his cock. She did it again, pausing each time, savouring the taste, judging whether she liked it or not. Then without any warning at all, she took hold of his cock, opened her mouth and sucked his crown in between her little lips. He felt her tongue start to explore, working round his end, where so much semen had been moments ago.

Terri was in a world of her own. She hadn't been sure what to do, but something inside her drove her on and before she knew what she was doing, she'd taken his willy into her mouth and was licking all round it. Suddenly several flavours hit her all at once. She could taste Beth's pussy. After she played with herself at night, she sometimes sucked her fingers, and knew what that tasted like. She could taste his slimy stuff and his cum. There was a slightly salty flavour to it. But most of all, it made her pussy clench. She didn't know why, but her pussy really tingled now.

Without knowing what to do, driven only by primeval instincts, Terri gripped his shaft in both hands and started to move them back and forth. She felt the skin on the end, not knowing it was called a foreskin, move with her movement. Her tongue felt the smoothness of his crown underneath, which seemed to release lots more taste into her mouth. She also felt him growing in her mouth. She wondered if her mouth was big enough to take it.

Brian's earlier climax had been curtailed by Terri screaming and Toni calling down from upstairs. He now realised if Terri kept this up much longer, he might cum again. The thought of blasting into the mouth of a seven-year-old, really rang his bell. He whispered in Beth's ear. Beth nodded and moved behind the now, kneeling Terri and buried her face in her buttocks, finding her peach shaped vulva squeezing out from between the little girl's thighs.

Terri couldn't believe what had happened to her today. She had been molested by the nicest teacher she'd ever had. She had willingly opened her legs wide apart and let him feel her, push his fingers into her, even up her bum. He had made her cum and cum, until she fell asleep. Then when she woke, she found him fucking her sister's friend Beth, almost on top of her and saw she could demand anything she wanted. She wanted what Beth had just

had. She wanted to be the first girl in year three to have a real fuck and she knew she was somehow going to get it tonight.

She was loving sucking Mr. Phillip's cock. She couldn't think of him as 'Brian'. To her he was Mr. Phillips. She had felt him slowly grow in her mouth. She had decided she liked his taste and hoped she was giving him plenty of pleasure. She was beginning to cum now. It was only a gentle cum, but she was enjoying it, and she wasn't even touching herself. Beth was doing that for her. She felt him jerk slightly, then he swelled up in her fist and inside her mouth. Then suddenly her mouth was full of his cum. It shot down her throat and made her gag and cough. It brought tears to her eyes. After a second or two, she found she could handle it OK. She waited for the right moment, then swallowed. He pulsed and she swallowed again. It tasted really nice. A friend's older sister had said it tasted really yucky, but you had to do it if you wanted to keep the guy. Terri now looked forward to getting Mr. Phillips's cock inside her tonight and just that thought made her cum again.

* * * * *

Brian, Beth and Terri heard movement upstairs and a toilet flushing. They quickly got dressed again and were sitting in a row watching the tail end of the movie, when Melissa and Toni came down stairs.

"Have you had a nice time up there?" he asked without looking at either of them, but Beth saw them both colour up at the comment. She smiled at them and winked, making them grin back.

"I thought we might go out for an hour or two," said Brian.

"You must be kidding," said Beth, "have you looked outside?" He looked out of the window she was pointing at and saw a large black cloud extended across the skyline. It was clear a storm was heading their way. "Can we watch a movie instead?" She moved to a cupboard by the T.V. and pulled the door open. Inside on neat shelves were rows of DVDs. She looked along the lines and spotted 'Lolita', which she and Brian had watched a few day's ago. But beside it was another with the same title. She pulled it out and saw it was a 1997 remake of the same movie. This one starred Jeremy Irons and Dominique Swain. "Can we watch this Brian?" she asked, flashing the cover towards him and the other girls, which depicted Lolita lying on her front on the grass in her garden, reading a book, being showered by a watering sprinkler, making her thin skirt and panties almost transparent.

"Sure," he said after a moment's pause. If anything that had happened in this house in the last couple of hours got out, he was dead meat, so watching this movie couldn't condemn him any further, "I'll put it on for you." He went to the T.V., put the disk into the player and taking the remote, pressed 'play'. When he turned, he found Beth and Terri were squeezed together in the only single chair, while Toni and Melanie were at opposite ends of the two seater couch. He looked at the small gap between them, unsure, but when Toni patted the cushion in invitation, he succumbed and carefully squeezed in between them.

Brian found he had to sit slightly forward, because their shoulders prevented him from leaning back. After a few moments, Toni leaned forward and asked Melanie something. She leaned forward too, so Brian quickly leant against the cushion. The girls leaned back, each now pressing into the side of his arms. He took the simple solution and lifted his arms up and draped them round their shoulders. They were now cuddled into his sides. At that moment, the opening scene started.

Brian could feel the heat emanating from Toni and Melanie as their flanks pressed against him. He looked across at Beth, who winked at him. He looked down at Terri, who was now sitting on Beth's lap in a similar way to how she had sat on him before. Then he noticed movement, Beth's hands had slipped under the waistband of Terri's skirt.

The movie settled into the story of Humbert's early life. The four girls settling down, enjoying the story. Brian noticed Toni rested her hand on his thigh, and just a minute or two later, Melanie copied her on the other side. Meanwhile in the other chair, Beth and Terri had started to kiss. He was quite surprised that Terri would do this in front of her sister Toni, who, he noticed, glanced across at them every few minutes.

Humbert was just beginning to develop his relationship with Delores (Lolita), when he detected Toni was becoming restless. She hadn't moved, but he could feel her pulse had increased slightly and her breathing was more shallow. Neither of which she was necessarily aware of herself. He felt her squeeze his thigh lightly, most probably unconsciously by Toni.

Melanie's other hand slipped down between her thighs. It was an innocent movement. The one on his leg felt hot. He felt a tension in the room, as the movie continued. Humbert walked along the corridor outside Lolita's room. She was naked. He paused and watched her openly. Brian heard Melanie take a sharp intake of breath. Toni's other hand, like Melanie's had moved between her thighs.

Brian let his hands move down from their shoulders, slip under their armpits, they both raised their arms slightly, giving him access. His finger tips were now just an inch or two from their burgeoning breasts. He felt them both take another deep breath. Toni's hand moved an inch up his leg, mirrored a moment later by Mel. Melanie, taking the initiative for the first time, lifted her arm, pretending to move some hair from her face, and twisted, her body moving under his fingers, which now found a tiny bump of a breast pushing through her T-shirt. He didn't move, as her arm came down again, trapping his under her armpit. He waited, wondering, then as if someone had shouted instructions, Toni repeated what her friend had just done.

He now found he had a young breast under each of his fingers. Melanie's was flatter than Toni's, but Toni's nipple seemed to have swollen more, as far as he could tell through their clothing. Fingers moved even higher up his thigh;

the three of them were watching the screen, pretending they were following the film.

It was after about five minutes of stillness, Brian tenderly moved his finger tips. The pressure and movement was almost nothing, but he immediately felt both their nipples stiffen, as his stimulation on them took effect.

It was about the time when Humbert was first in bed with Lolita, that Beth and Terri did an extraordinary thing. They started whispering to each other, then after nodding and smiling, both stood up, reached under their skirts, and pulled their panties down and off, before resuming their seats again. Brian realised that Mel and Toni had seen what had happened and that they continued to watch as Beth pulled Terri's skirts up and lifted her legs up and apart, like Brian had done earlier.

Mel and Toni sat watching, their mouths open wide, as Beth started to masturbate the seven-year-old Terri quite openly in front of them all. The other thing they could see was that Terri's pussy looked very swollen, engorged and very damp, like it had had a thorough workout already.

Brian rubbed and pinched Mel and Toni's nipples more vigorously, as they watched the salacious display in front of them. Beth was beginning to insert her middle finger into Terri's vagina, while rubbing her clitty, just like Brian had done earlier. He suddenly felt the weight of a small hand pressing against his erection encased in his jeans, followed in just seconds by another. He knew now he could take a risk and lowering his hands, found where Melanie's crop top and Toni's T-shirt ended and slipped his hands up underneath them, quickly finding their almost flat breasts.

Nothing changed for a few minutes, while Melanie, Toni and Brian watched the intimate lesbian display continuing in the other chair. While Brian felt the two nine-year-olds' nipples harden under his finger tips, he sensed their building tension, their desire growing, unsure how to assuage it. At last, he felt the golden button of his jeans release, soon followed by his zip being dragged slowly down; his cotton covered cock pushing out through the gap. He felt both girls lean in to see the damp material under tension from his cock beneath. Then a hand came in from each side and pulled the blue jean material open a bit more, his cock escaping another inch or two through the 'V' shaped gap of his zip.

Again he felt he could take things a step further and slowly, oh so slowly let his hands slide down their chests, to where their tummies dipped, feeling his fingertips slip under the elastic waistbands of their terry shorts. The rise of their mounds heralding the delights he now knew he would experience in a minute.

Onward his fingers explored, feeling the dimple near the top of Melanie's mound, telling him she had a really long cleft. Toni's was at least half an inch lower. He dabbed his fingertips carefully into them, feeling the girls jerk in reaction. He pushed his fingers down a little further, feeling the rise of their

cowls, slipping a fraction further, before reversing, letting his fingers find their tiny nubs together.

Both girls tensed up under his arms, his fingers almost pulled away from their sensitive places, before their bottoms settled again, letting his fingers delve deeper.

“Ohmygawd,” said Melanie, in a pained voice between clenched teeth, “ohmygawd.” He realised she was hypersensitive. The smallest touch would make her react. She wasn’t cuming yet, not by a long way, but she was on the journey. He massaged both of their clits, feeling their tensions rise. Melanie continually muttering her ‘ohmygawds’, remaining still, while Toni started to move against his finger.

He looked across at Beth and Terri, where the little seven-year-old was now on her knees on the floor, her face buried between Beth’s thighs. Beth was not looking at her young lover, but at Brian; their eyes fixed to one another, as if what they were experiencing was with each other.

There was a silence in the room, a tension, which seemed to build for several seconds, before Beth, Toni and Mel all came simultaneously. The room was suddenly filled with gasps, moans and cries of joy, as Brian worked Toni and Mel’s clitties with his fingers and Beth enjoyed little Terri’s tongue. On and on it went, Beth, Mel and Toni gasping out their orgasms. Finally, they seemed to all come down from on high together. Other than panting, as they caught their breath, nothing was said. Then with a deep sigh, Mel said: “Beth told me you were her favourite teacher. Now I know why. What else are you going to teach us, Mr. Teacher?”

They remained like that for another ten minutes or so. Terri had turned and was sitting on the carpet between Beth’s knees, leaning back against the chair, watching the TV screen, while Brian’s hands remained in Toni and Mel’s panties, just enjoying the feel of their hairless mounds and wet clefts against his fingers. No one felt like moving; they were so relaxed, they could have even fallen asleep.

* * * * *

At last, Brian said: “Does anyone fancy going swimming?”

There were four puzzled looks, before Beth asked: “Swimming? There isn’t a pool nearby and the one which our school uses is closed for a few days for maintenance. And anyway, we don’t have our costumes.” Brian grinned at her. “What?” she said, realising he had a plan.

“How about we go and swim at St. Cuthbert’s school up the road. I was teaching there recently and the head said I could use the pool anytime it was free. I’ll give him a call.”

"What that posh private school, where none of the pupils talk to the likes of us?" Brian just nodded, still grinning. "Yeah, I guess we could do that," said Mel, "but that doesn't solve the problem of no swimsuits." Brian just cocked an eyebrow. "You're going to say we don't need swimmbos!" added Mel. The four girls burst out laughing.

"I'm saying nothing," he chortled, "it's up to you if you'd like to swim or not."

He made a quick phone call to the head teacher, who hoped he could get Brian to teach full time at his school, and was given the combination numbers for the gate and swimming pool. He was told to make sure the gate was locked while they were inside, so no uninvited guests entered the premises.

Beth climbed into the front seat of his car, while the other three girls got in the back. It was only a three minute drive. Brian parked at the rear of the premises and unlocked the side gate near the gym and pool complex. The girls quietly filed in, while Brian locked the gate and door.

The pool was modest, in that it was about fifteen metres long and eight wide. Being a primary school, the shallow end was only a couple of feet deep, and the deep end about five. The girls dropped the towels Brian had leant them on some wall mounted benches and immediately started to undress. None of them seemed to be in the least embarrassed at him seeing them naked, as they quickly peeled off their clothes.

By the time Brian had removed his shirt, the four were surrounding him, watching intently. He just smiled and stripped off, letting them wait for his boxers, now tenting out at the front, to come off last. He was about to make a slow show removal of them, when Beth, standing in front of him, took hold of the elastic waistband and yanked them downwards. But she hadn't reckoned on his huge erection, which caught in the elastic and stopped her sweeping them off him. She leaned forward and pulling down again watched as his cock bent further and further, until it was released from the garment, flicked back up and slapped her on the chin, making everyone roar with laughter.

The three older girls walked to the deep end and standing in a line, jumped in together. The three of them started to play some game or other.

"I can't swim," said Terri, looking up at him plaintively. "Would you help me?"

Brian held Terri's hand as they stepped together into the water at the shallow end. Brian let her play around for a few minutes, before he said "I'll hold your hips, Terri, while you practice your swimming." Brian walked back and forth across the shallow end of the pool, while Terri kicked her legs and swept her arms in an uncoordinated way, but reassured by Brian's firm grip on her hips. Every now and then, he would give her some advice and slowly she was swimming. He moved in front of her and holding his hands out, beckoned her on until at last she swam the whole width of the pool.

"Well done Terri," he said, praising the child, who had so wanted to learn to swim, for the want of someone to teach her. He sat down in the warm, shallow water and leaned against the pool-end. Terri, without a word said, came and sat on his lap and leaned against him, much as she had on his couch, letting his erection sink into her cleft. While watching the other three girls play at the other end, she unconsciously reached down and pressed his crown into her clitty, giving pleasure to them both.

After a few minutes, Brian reached down and took over, concentrating on rubbing her clitty, he soon brought Terri up to the boil. He glanced up and saw the other three girls had moved to shoulder deep water and were in a group hug. Brian could see each of them was caressing the girl to their right, arm around the shoulder of the girl on their left.

He leaned forward and whispered to Terri: "You asked to sleep in my bed tonight." She nodded. "Did you want me to do naughty things to you, Terri?" Her cheeks coloured up, but she nodded anyway. "What would you like me to do? Would you like me to put my cock in here?" He tapped the entrance to her vagina. "Would you like me to fuck you Terri? I know you're only seven, but I will, if you do something for me first." Her face was now puce, but she had a determination on her face.

"Yes," she whispered over her shoulder, "that's what I want. What do you want me to do?" Brian leaned into her and whispered quietly. Her eyes shot wide open and she gasped. "But that'sthat'sreally rude," she whispered hoarsely.

"I know Terri," he agreed, "but you're a big girl now. You learnt to swim today. Tonight you're going to have your first fuck and all I would like you to do right now is let me slide my cock into your bottom without the other girls knowing."

Terri was older than her years. She had always tried to keep up with her older sister and her friends, but was always being pushed out. She knew if she could sleep with Mr. Phillips tonight, he would fuck her before he fucked Toni. That would really be special. All he wanted to do was put his stiffy in her bottom. The more she thought about it, the less gross it seemed. Besides, she was in water, it couldn't get too messy, could it? After a minute, she looked over her shoulder and just said: "OK." Then after a few seconds: "What do I have to do?"

"You don't need to do anything, Terri. Just lean back and enjoy yourself. And remember," he paused and added, "later you can have whatever you like." He put his hands under her bottom and lifted, raising his knees at the same time. His cock slipped down her cleft, over her clitty, vagina, perineum, before settling into the recess of her bum. He gently pulled her buttocks apart, feeling her open a little, his crown filling the void. He then lowered her an inch or so, feeling the pressure of his crown pressing into her anus.

"Push like you are doing a poo, Terri," he said, "it will help." He heard her strain, then grunt and wondered if she had a real turd waiting to come out, but

instead, he was rewarded with the rim of his crown popping through her sphincter. Suddenly, she clamped hard on him, a sharp stab of pain shooting up his cock. "Relax, Terri" he gasped, trying to sound relaxed himself, "push again." He felt the pressure ease, and in moments, he sank an inch more into her. He lowered his hands under her bum, feeling his cock sink further into the child, then the pressure seemed to go, and he let her slide all the way down, so she was now sitting on his thighs.

"How does it feel, Terri?" he asked.

"Weird," she replied, "it's like I really do need to do a poo."

Brian reached round and with one hand fondling her tiny nipples, he lowered the other seeking her treasures lower down. His fingers slipped over the rise of her wet, hairless, plump mound, finding her dimple, her cleft and her cowl. He wriggled deeper, feeling her hardened nub growing against the pad of his finger, as he gently started to massage her most sensitive place.

"Oh, I like that," she said after a few minutes, "it makes me feel all tingly inside."

Brian wanted to feel her full weight pressing down to give him deeper penetration, so said: "I'm going to stand up, Terri and sit on the edge. I'll hold on to you." Clutching her around the chest, he quickly got up and sat on the pool edge, his feet just touching the bottom of the pool. She just grunted as she felt his cock sink the last bit of it's full seven and a half inches into her. He resumed playing with her clitty, feeling her climbing the heights of pleasure once more.

Then the unexpected happened. The other three girls came over to join them, still chatting among themselves. They stood in a row in front of Brian and Terri, watching his fingers at work in the seven-year-old's pussy.

After a minute Toni sat down beside Brian and Mel knelt down between her knees, leant in and pulling her cleft open with her fingers, started to lick her friend. Beth smiled at Terri and mirrored her friend's action and also got to her knees and did the same. Brian said nothing, realising Beth didn't know where his cock was. Beth worked hard on the little girl's clitty for several minutes, gradually bringing her arousal up. Brian could feel the tension in her building.

Then everything seemed to happen at once. Toni started to move her hips up and down, her hands on Mel's head, pulling her into her clitty harder as Toni suddenly climaxed loudly, her gasps and moans speaking for themselves. Her sister, Terri suddenly came too, her cries of utter ecstasy told the others what was happening to her.

Her continual clamping on Brian's cock was too much for him and in moments after Terri started to cum, so did he. He was determined not to let the others know what he was doing to Terri, so kept as calm and still as he could, while he blasted deep into the child's bowels. Spurt after spurt shot up into her. His

pulsing cock heightened the pleasure of her orgasm and made her cry out even louder than before.

At last it ended. Terri and Toni were panting as if they'd run a marathon. Beth and Mel were smiling at them, knowing they had given their friends huge pleasure, hoping they would reciprocate soon. Brian sat still, the wonderful feelings of post coital relaxation sweeping through him.

"Thank you, Terri," he whispered in her ear as soon as Beth had moved to sit on the pool edge beside Toni and Mel. "Tonight, I will let you do anything you want. You name it and I will do it for you."

She grinned over her shoulder at him, feeling his cock shrinking inside her bottom. At first, she'd been a bit worried when he'd asked her to do this, but had decided it couldn't be all that bad. He was one of her teachers. He was Mr. Phillips and she knew he would never hurt her. Then towards the end it had felt soooo nice, she knew she would want to do it again sometime. But she now wondered if he would keep his word and let her do the things she had in mind. Yes, she decided, he would. She realised that she really liked Mr. Phillips, but she loved his cock even more.

"Ready for a bit more hanky panky?" asked Toni, slipping back into the water, "Your turn Mel," she added, pushing her friend's knees apart, as she buried her face between her thighs.

Beth looked hopefully at Terri, wondering if the youngster would be able to give her what she needed. She moved to her and putting her hands under Terri's armpits, lifted her off Brian's lap. Even though he was now flaccid, as she went up, there was a sucking sound as his cock was pulled out of her rectum. Beth blinked, wondering what she'd heard. Then a faint smell caught her nostrils and being the intelligent girl she was, realised what had happened. She quickly stood Terri on the side of the pool, turned her and pulled her buttocks apart. She immediately saw the semen seeping out of Terri's anus. She flashed Brian a look, then leaning in to Terri whispered: "You'd better make it good for me, unless you want your sister to know what you just did." Then getting into position on the other side of Brian from Terri, quietly said to him: "Up her bum, Brian? Naughty teacher." He smiled sheepishly.

Brian remained sitting on the side of the pool, while a pair of naked girls pleased one another on each side of him, completely unconcerned at his presence. At last, after the girls had swapped a couple more times, Brian told them it was time to leave. There was a reluctance to move, until he said: "If you're ready in five minutes, I'll take you to Pizza Express." They were ready in four.

* * * * *

It was getting late when they got back to Brian's home. They sat in the same seats as before, and watched a short Disney movie. Brian gave each of them

an alchopop drink, thinking it might help them sleep. Toni, Mel and Beth showed no reluctance when Brian suggested it was time for them to head up to bed and soon he was switching the lights off and locking up.

When he got upstairs, he heard lots of giggling from the guest room and felt he would leave them to it. He went into his room, shut the door and as he turned on the light, saw a lump under the covers of his bed. All he could see of her, was her blond hair spread over the pillows. Terri giggled and pulled the sheet down off her face, showing off her toothy grin.

"Well hello Terri," said Brian, "fancy meeting you here."

Brian started to slowly undress, being watched avidly by the seven-year-old. At last, he was just standing in his boxers, tented out in front, marked by an enlarging damp patch.

"Do you want to help with these?" he asked nodding down at the garment.

Terri threw the covers off her, revealing she was as naked as the day she was born, and jumped off the bed, grabbed the waistband of his underpants and yanked them downwards, again finding his erection caught on the elastic, stopping them from dropping all the way down. She'd learned her lesson from before, and tucking a finger under the elastic, pulled outwards, while the other hand pulled down.

She stood in front of him, no longer the shy girl she'd been just twelve hours ago, when she'd refused to join in the lesbian activities the other girls were now playing; instead enjoying a much more adult game on her own with Mr. Phillips. She grabbed his erect penis with both hands and with a very cheeky look on her face asked: "How much of this can you get in my couchie, Mr. Phillips?"

Brian picked the child up and cuddled her to his chest, her legs naturally circling around his waist, while fingers of his hand holding her under her bottom, slipped into her cleft, finding she was already slippery and wet. "As much as you can take," he replied, "and maybe a bit more." He reached a little further back and found her anus still slightly dilated from before. He pushed his finger in and discovered his semen, still in there, lubricated her passage and let his finger slip in all the way.

"Stop playing with my bum, Mr. Phillips," she said. "It's my couchie you should be fiddling with. Besides," she added in a tone beyond her years, "you agreed to do anything I want."

"Yes, that's true. So what do you want, Terri?" he asked.

"I saw on the interweb a couple doing it," she said. "I want to do it like them. The boy lay on his back and she stood over him and went down on him slowly so it didn't hurt. I want to do it like that."

Just at that moment, they heard several loud cries of joy from the guest room down the hall. The fun down there must have started. Brian and Terri smiled knowingly at each other.

Brian climbed onto the bed and lay in the centre, feeling the warmth from where Terri had been laying when he entered. He propped himself on a small pile of pillows and waited to see what she did.

Terri clambered up and stood over him, studying his body, as he lay between her spread legs, his erection seeming to point directly at her eyes. She also knew from his eyes, where he was studying her. He wanted this as much as she did. She didn't need any more arousal and could see he didn't either; he was leaking pre-cum all the time.

She squatted down, letting his crown push into the recess of her vagina. She paused, feeling the wonderful sensation of his end settling into her there. Her clitty was pulled into his cock, kissing his rounded end, as she watched. Just seeing that sent a thrill through her pussy. She lifted a fraction, seeing it released, before dropping down two or three inches, feeling the pressure, as his helmet shaped end pushed into her entry again, only penetrating a short way. She could feel her lips bulge out under the pressure, her clitty sending lovely feelings through her lower body, before she lifted again. On and on she repeated the cycles, feeling him go slightly deeper into her each time.

Suddenly she felt him sink in further. The tight cuff of her entry finally surrendering to the assault. He was now up against her hymen. She wondered what to do, when he, seemingly reading her mind said: "take your time Terri. Don't force it. Let it sink in slowly."

She followed his advice. After about five minutes, her legs ached more than her pussy and she was caught by surprise, when her hymen dissolved with hardly a twinge of pain and he was suddenly inside her at least a couple of inches. She paused again, but her thigh muscles were beginning to ache now, so she simply lowered herself down. There was still a couple of inches to go, when she felt his crown nudge into her deepest place, sending wonderful surges of pleasure shooting through her lower body. They rapidly intensified and suddenly, she crashed into a mind numbing climax. For a full minute all she saw were stars, all she felt was pleasure and all she heard was her own calls of ecstasy, as her orgasm gave her the pleasure of a lifetime.

When she finally came to her senses, she found he had moved her. She hadn't realised. Her feet were now on his shoulders, and she was sitting on his... her bottom was on his hair, but now he was in her all the way inside her. She had seen his length. She'd seen earlier the two inches which just wouldn't go in; but now were.

She thought it was all over, then he grabbed her hips and started to move her up and down. She felt him moving deep inside her, his shaft moving in and out of her, sending more and more tingles through her body again. It couldn't get any better, could it? Then she felt him throbbing deep inside. She knew he

was cuming now. Once, twice he pulsed then another wonderful orgasm washed through her tiny body, and again she was unaware of anything until the sensations and stars and ecstasy went away.

This time, he'd moved her again. She was lying face up on his front. He had turned her round without her even knowing, then laid her down. His hands were round her front. One gently twiddling her hard nipples on her otherwise flat chest. The other was gently playing with her clitty, sending more electric shocks of delight into her immature body.

Terri didn't remember falling asleep, nor Brian rolling onto his side, cuddling her from behind, his flaccid cock still several inches inside her, as he too fell into a very contented sleep. It was only eight o'clock, but both were dead to the world and neither would work out what happened next until the following morning.

* * * * *

It must have been after midnight when Brian woke; or rather his bladder woke him. Really he was still asleep, on autopilot and noticed nothing as he climbed back into bed and cuddled up behind her, spooning into her bottom. He was drifting off, when he felt her wriggle against him. She did it again and a third time. He reached down and cupped her buttocks in his palms and felt her press back against his, now growing, erection, which settled into her cleft, as she parted her thighs enough to give it access.

Brian was fully awake now, aroused by the seven-year-old's appetite for more sex. He thought she would have slept all night. But if she was ready for another nice fuck, who was he to deny her.

It was just a tiny movement of his fingers and they were either side of her labia. In the position she was lying in, her knees must have been pulled up to her chest. Her whole pudenda was pointing at him. It was pitch dark. He wished there was some light so he could look down where they were pressed together. His finger tips pressed in, and pulled her open. He curled his hips back an inch or two and he felt his crown ooze into her entry. He reversed, feeling his pre-cum seeping into her, flowing freely, lubricating.

Like before, he pressed to her, feeling her dilate exquisitely slowly, knowing she could take him; it was just a matter of time. Then it happened. He popped in through her elastic cuff, into her passage, feeling resistance, which vanished immediately, as she pushed back at him, his cock now sinking once more into her depths, hitting her deepest part, making her gasp. Like before, he waited until her tension eased, then he pulled slowly back, before pushing in, back and in, increasing speed slowly, like a steam locomotive building pace and power, in, out, in, out, again and again.

Now, each time he hit bottom, she grunted deeply. She hadn't done that last time. Perhaps she was getting more into this as he started to pound into her, like the great locomotive of the Orient Express. Her grunts turned into gasps

and her gasps into cries and then it happened. She went silent, as he felt her vagina start to clamp hard on his cock, then she howled, like a dog at the moon. It was a plaintive sound, long and loud. But Brian had little time for her wolf like howls, because at that moment his orgasm hit and in an instant, he was filling her young womb with his semen, which seemed to pulse and pulse into her one blast after another, as he emptied his balls into the child. He had barely finished squirting into her, his pulses weakening, slowing, stopping, when he fell asleep once more. The whole episode seeming no more real than one of the vivid dreams he sometimes had.

* * * * *

His eyes popped open. The bedside clock was just visible over her shoulder on the nightstand. Half an hour until dawn. He didn't know what had woken him. Perhaps an owl screeching outside, or she'd moved in her sleep. She was still in the same foetal position as before, her bum pointing at him, her knees hugged to her chest, her whole pudenda open to his exploration, which he'd unconsciously now started to do. He knew he would never tire of running his fingers over the private parts of naked preteen girls and he was enjoying doing exactly that right now.

Brian felt her move. She was becoming aroused. Amazing. He'd fucked her twice already, in the last eight hours, and now she seemed to be rising for a third time. He didn't know if he had it in him. But then again, she was perfect, available, willing and already slippery. He chuckled silently to himself when he thought: "I might not have it in me to do this, but she soon will."

He repeated the moves of before, holding her buttocks; his fingers pulling her vulva open; his cock finding her opening like a guided muscle; pressing into her; feeling her slowly, oh so very slowly dilate; oozing into her; feeling his rim pop through the tight entry of her labia.

Somewhere in his subconscious, he heard the blackbird on the roof of his house. That damned bird, which woke him like an alarm clock at dawn every working morning. The first tendrils of grey light filtered through the thick curtains, making almost no difference yet to the black darkness of the room.

He felt her jerk back at him, as if in impatience, she squeaked just once, as his cock sank a couple of inches into her. She seemed tighter than last time, perhaps not yet as aroused as before. This girl was insatiable. He loved his pedo fucking, but three times in a night with a first timer? And a seven-year-old at that. That must be some kind of record.

Brian, in the last couple of weeks, had gone from ultra conservative, never-put-a-foot-wrong teacher, into a self confessed pædophile, willing to take any risk and every opportunity to sate his newly found perverted desires.

She jerked back at him again, bringing his mind back on the job. He thrust, she called out "ohmygawd" he pulled back, she sighed. He thrust, she called out 'ohmygawd' he pulled back, she sighed. Again and again this repeated, as

he got into a good steady fucking cycle. It was getting better now, as she started to clamp hard on his cock as he pounded repeatedly into her cervix, "ohmygawd, sigh, ohmygawd, sigh,"

Then it suddenly hit him like a revelation. The light of dawn had grown stronger, as he looked at the back of her head, her beautiful dark hair glimmering in the faint light permeating the room. She was wonderful, an incredible fuck, one of the best he'd ever had, but she wasn't Terri. She was Mel. Instantly he came, blasting into the nine-year-old virgin until half an hour ago, now calling out: "ohmygawd, sigh, ohmygawd, sigh, ohmygawd, sigh," with every thrust his body forced him to make.

Finally it came to an end. He lay still wondering how to react, what to say. As he looked at the back of her head, resting on her pillow. Then he saw the unmistakable red hairs on that same pillow. Long bright red hair strands. Hair exactly like Toni had. His mind was now in a whirlwind. He'd wooed and fucked Beth and Terri. But unbeknown to him, all along, they had conspired with their friends to get him to fuck them too.

He was about to speak, when there was a click as the door opened and the light from the landing flooded into the room. There standing in the doorway were Terri, Toni and Beth, naked and grinning openly at him. Before he could say anything, the three of them took a running jump and landed on the bed.

"Was it as good for you as it was for us?" asked Toni of her friend Mel. "Did he make you cum lots?" asked Terri, "I came all the time." "Oh look," said Beth, "there are spots of blood all over the place. I wonder who's is who's?"

The next hour or two blurred into obscurity, as the four girls performed some amazing lesbian antics on and around his body, as if he wasn't even there. Sixty nining, finger tip massaging, daisy chain oral sex. Every possible position they could dream up and one or two suggested by Brian.

The girls weren't due to be collected until later that afternoon, so Brian suggested they could each have him to themselves for a couple of hours each. The rest of that day was like a marathon for Brian. First was Beth, who wanted him up her bum as much as in her pussy. She'd loved him bugging her the previous day and as long as he played with her clitty, he could carry on as long as he liked, providing he finished in her pussy.

Next was little Terri, who at least gave him a break, because she insisted in doing squats over him, like she'd done the night before. Finally the friends and lovers Toni and Mel insisted on fucking him together. They said he had to give them each ten minutes, before changing over for another ten minutes. They also insisted as they were going together, they got four hours with him and each needed him to cum in them at least once.

The day dragged on. He didn't know if he had enough stamina to complete the challenge. Brian wondered if this was some kind of punishment sent down upon him for becoming a very naughty teacher. Somehow, he decided, he

would manage. Punishment or not, four preteen girls in his bed together had to be his dream come true, not his nightmare. A dream he knew with certainty he was going to repeat as often as opportunity presented itself, however sore his cock felt.

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End of Close Encounters

Brian's adventures will be continued in:

'Photographic Encounter' Brian spends a few days in a different school in a run down district. There, he discovers another teacher 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.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Brian Phillips – protagonist
Beth Stevens – 9yo student
Olive Stevens – Beth's mother
Sandra - the school administrator
Cathy – Brian's long dead wife
Toni – 9yo old friend of Beth in her class
Terri – 7yo sister of Toni
Sam – Toni & Terri's mother
Susan – 5yo in soft play Melanie's sister
Melanie (Mel) – 9yo friend of Beth's, Susan's sister
Jenny – Melanie and Susan's Mother