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The Bird Watcher

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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: Harry is a lonely man, but doesn't know it, because he's so wrapped up in his bird watching hobby. Suzie is an outcast. No friends at home or school. Her mother, unintentionally neglectful, loves her, in her own way, but has problems of her own. Harry and Suzie meet by chance. They hit it off instantly. This story is about their developing relationship and love for one another.

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

The Bird Watcher

Chapter 1 – A Chance Meeting

Harry was a keen twitcher. He'd been bird-watching all his life, and could tell a Hawfinch from a Nightingale, or Greater from a Lesser Spotted Woodpecker. He had spent hours in hides over the years, staring at mother nature's wonders. On this particular hot, late July day, the woods were alive with birdsong. He could name every bird from their chirrups, tweets and warbles. He was in Harry heaven. In the portable, one-man hide, Harry had his tripod mounted camera, binoculars, note book and coffee flask all to hand.

He was watching a little brook, in the hope of photographing the Kingfisher, which he'd seen, in flight here, a week ago, when suddenly, he heard a splashing sound. The unmistakable footsteps of a human walking along the

stream bed. No chance now of seeing a kingfisher, or any other bird, for that matter. He was cross. It was private land, and his friend, who owned the woodland had told him no one else would be in the area that day. He was about to storm out and remonstrate with the trespasser, when there suddenly appeared a young girl. She would be no more than eight or nine years old. She had beautiful auburn hair, tied up on her head. She was wearing a long sleeved T-shirt, which was in faded colourful stripes, merging one into another, of blue and pink and orange. She was wearing matching bikini pants, which he could see below the hem of her "T". She had a beautiful smiling face, as she concentrated on something in the water, bending from time to time, to get a closer look. In her hand, she held a bamboo cane, with a small fishing net mounted to the end.

Harry remained still. The girl hadn't noticed the hide, it was so well concealed. She kept moving towards him, until she was only a matter of five or ten yards away. She bent once more, looking intently into the water. He noticed her bikini pants were slightly loose around the leg holes, suggesting it was well worn, perhaps second hand, or had been owned by another child, now grown out of it. As she turned, still bent over, her lovely bottom was suddenly facing him. The material of her bikini, was pulled tight across her buttocks, forming into the crevice between her cheeks. Lower, he could even make out her labia pushing out against the material. He was riveted; his cock twinged, something it hadn't done in years.

She seemed to become aware she was being watched. Slowly, she stood up straight, and turned, looking around, as she did so. Then suddenly, she saw the hide, her eyes narrowing, a little frown on her pretty brow. She stepped towards him, her feet splashing through the shallow water, peering, trying to work out what it was. Harry flipped the hide cover up, and stood, looking down at the child.

"You shouldn't be in the woods, do you know that?" he said, making her startled look turn to one of defiance.

"I wasn't doing any harm, Mister," she said. "Just paddling and looking for tiddlers. What you doing here then, if I'm not allowed?"

"I'm bird-watching," he explained. "This is my hide. I can sit here quietly, where the birds won't see me, and wait, hoping to photograph them. I have my camera and my little seat and my lunch. I sometimes wait all day for the right moment. Unless, of course, some little girl turns up uninvited, and scares all the birdies away."

She could tell he wasn't really cross with her. She clambered up the muddy river bank; she nearly slipped, but caught his outstretched hand and pulled herself up.

"What's your name, and what are you doing here?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Suzie," she said. "Can I see some of your pictures of birdies?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "in a moment, but you didn't answer my question."

"I often come here," she said, as if it explained everything to him, but seeing his expression continued, "my Mum has to work some days when I'm not at school, and my Nan can't always look after me. I live up the road there," she pointed vaguely into the distance, through the trees, "so walk down here and play on my own in the woods. Can I see the photos then?"

Harry picked up his camera, and switched it on, turning the little viewing screen towards her. He clicked through his selection, answering her questions. "This is a robin. Don't usually see them at this time of year. That's a Bullfinch; this is a bunting."

She showed more interest than he had expected, and eventually asked? "Can I watch the birds with you?"

"The hide's only small," he said "it'll be a bit of a squeeze, and there's only one seat in there."

"That's OK," she said, "I'll sit on your lap."

At that moment, there was a "peep peep twitter" sound, which made Harry's head spin round. "That's a Wood Warbler," he said eagerly. "They're very rare around here. I've only ever seen two in my life, and that was in Wales and the Lake District, never round here. They make a very distinctive song listen, it's like a spinning coin on a marble slab. Can you hear it?"

She picked up on his sudden infectious excitement and said, "Yes, I think I can. Let's get out of sight quick then, before he sees us."

Harry slipped back into the tiny hide and sitting on his fold-up chair, held his hand out to her. Without hesitation, she squeezed in, and sat on his lap, as he flipped the cover back over the top of the hide, and secured it in place.

"There it is again," he said in a hoarse whisper, "hear it?"

Suzie cocked her head to one side and listened intently. Suddenly, her face lit up, turning towards him, "Yeah," she whispered back. "Will we see him?"

"Maybe, maybe not," he replied quietly. "We might see him in two minutes, two hours, or never. That's why people like me get so excited. It's like the thrill of buying a lottery ticket."

They lapsed into silence, listening, watching waiting. She leaned back against his chest, relaxing. He realised, without having intended it, his arm was around her waist, his hand resting on her thigh, half on, half off her bikini panties. He decided he wouldn't move. If she was uncomfortable with his touch, she would move. She didn't.

CHAPTER 2 – The Hide (and a little seek)

Harry reached over, and opened his lunch box. He always took extra with him on these “Hide Days”, as he may remain in there for many hours. He always brought easy-to-eat food, to reduce noise and risk of scaring a bird. He had some small pieces of pork pie, slices of pizza and cocktail sausages. He put the box on the small shelf, in front of him, beside his binoculars. He took out a small sausage, and popped it into his mouth. He was aware, with amusement, the child had watched the move. He then took a piece of pizza, and started to chew it too, Suzie still watching him.

“Would you like something to eat, Suzie?” he asked, picking the box up, and offering it to her. He smiled, when she grabbed a slice of pork pie with one hand, and a slice of pizza with the other. She was still cramming it into her mouth, when she realised Harry had gone rigid, leaning forward, peering through the little viewing slit. “He’s there,” he hissed. “Keep as quiet as you can.”

Harry placed the box back on the shelf, and picked up his camera. Rather than use the viewfinder, he flipped the screen round, and held the camera at arm’s length, so Suzie could see. Starting at wide angle, he found the bird, on a branch, on a tree, thirty yards away. He twisted the zoom lens, bringing the bird close, nearly filling the whole screen, and pressed the button. The bird hopped around on the branch, the camera following him all the time. Finally he flew off.

Putting the camera down on the shelf once more, Harry leaned back, realising he’d pushed Suzie forward in his single minded focus to get the bird photographed. She too leaned back against him, taking his hand in hers, and putting it back across her lap, where it had been before. She picked up the lunchbox, and took a sausage and a cheese sandwich, before holding it for him to take something for himself.

They sat quietly chewing on their food, before she asked: “Do you get lonely sitting here all day waiting for a bird, which might never come?”

“Do you get bored, being in the woods, paddling up the brook with a fishing net?” he responded.

“No,” she said. “There’s always something to see and do. Sometimes I go up to the pool in the middle of the wood and have a swim. Today I wanted to catch that minnow. I nearly got him twice, just before I saw you.” She reached forward, and took another slice of Harry’s pizza, and stuffed it into her mouth.

“Enjoying my lunch, are you?” he smiled at her.

“It would only make you fat,” she grinned, “so I’m doing you a favour, really.” She scooped up two slices of pork pie, and biting a mouthful from one, proffered the other to his mouth. Harry chewed on the pie, while he picked up the camera and scanned through the photos he’d taken of the Wood Warbler.

The photos were good enough, he knew, to enter into the next month's Twitchers' Monthly magazine. It had been a good day.

"Why are you not at school, young lady?" he asked her.

"Why are you not at work?" she retorted

"Touché," he said. "I'll tell you mine, if you tell me yours!" he said grinning.

"I bunked off," she said. "I copied my Mum's signature. Anyway it's the last day of school, we're on holiday tomorrow. So what difference does one day make?"

"Hmm, I'm not sure about that," he replied. "Anyway, I said I'd tell you too. I am rich. I invented a new type of computer algorithm. It is very clever. Someone came along and offered me enough money to go away and watch birds all day, so here I am." She had no idea what an algorithm was, nor did she care. Her new friend was rich and liked to watch birds.

They remained still for some time, exchanging small pieces of information. He handed her a bottle of orange squash, which she put to her lips and gulped down as if she had crawled through the Sahara desert without water. She handed the bottle back to him, before she explained she was an only daughter of a single, hard-up mother, who always seemed to be working. Her, much older brother, had left to join the army two or three years ago. Her Nan, too, worked, which was why she often couldn't look after the girl, meaning she was home alone a lot. She learnt that Harry was single, always had been, after a long engagement with a woman, who had been married, with a family, and never thought to tell him. He had been the "bit-on-the-side". He liked to go to exotic places on organised bird-watching holidays for a fortnight, once a year, and other than that, spent most of his time peering through a pair of binoculars, inside a hide.

The heat increased as the early afternoon arrived. The atmosphere very humid. Harry had reclined back in his seat, knowing there wouldn't be much avian activity for a while, now. He thought about heading home, before going down to the lakes to watch the evening duck flights. Feeling the young girl on his lap, leaning back against him changed his mind. He had never had any thoughts about women, young or old, since Margaret, whom he thought would be his wife, had betrayed him. He had his passion in his bird-watching, and that was where his interests began and ended.

As he sat there, his knees a foot apart, he looked down, and studied her little legs, as they were splayed over his, her calves outside his knees. Her tiny naked toes looked perfect from here, as did her thin legs, stretching up and over his own, meeting under the cover of her little colourful bikini pants. Another thing he noticed, was that she had fallen asleep. She had a gentle little buzz like snore. Her chest rose up and down with her breathing, her mouth open slightly.

Harry felt very happy, for some reason. He had never wanted company since Margaret, and that was the main reason he'd taken up his insular hobby. To keep away from people. Then suddenly Suzie had come into his life. He'd only known her for a few hours, and yet, they had seemed to bond as if they'd known each other for years.

He knew nothing about little girls; what their likes and dislikes were; why they dressed as they did; said the things they did. And yet, he'd taken a liking to Suzie. They'd found each other by pure accident, and yet somehow, he knew it was meant to be. As he lay back, thinking, listening to her gentle snore, he wondered about her, how she looked, her personality, even her smell. It wasn't sweat, just little girl smell.

As he looked down, where her T-shirt had rucked up an inch or two, leaving a band of white skin between her T and panties visible, in the middle of which was her "innie" tummy button. Below, her elastic waist band was pulled tight across from hip to hip, just touching the rise of her belly in the middle. Where her hips stood proud, a tantalising gap, on each side led down to the crease between her thighs and lower tummy. Further down, he could see the shape of her mound, pushing the blue, pink and orange material up, a crevice in the centre showing him a line pointing to her most private place.

Harry sat studying her for ten minutes or more. He hadn't had a sexual thought in over five years, but suddenly, this girl had awakened something long forgotten in him. But what shocked him even more, was the thought that he found this nine year old girl attractive. Did that make him a pedo? As his mind wrestled with these thoughts, she stirred in her sleep, shifting her position, her calves now well over his thighs, her own thighs spread wide apart. Until a few moments ago, he'd hardly even noticed her position. But now, it was the focus of his attention.

He couldn't help himself. He moved his fingers to the small gap near her hip, under her bikini panties, and slipped his finger down an inch. He paused, waiting to see if she moved. She remained still, so emboldened, he moved his finger towards the centre. Still no reaction, so he then brought his other hand to join the first, and carefully, slipped his thumbs under the elastic. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he lifted the elastic upwards and outwards. Quarter, half, a whole inch. As the material lifted, so he could see further down into her panties. Her hairless mound rise from the dip of her belly, higher. He had to lift the waist band more so see. A dimple appeared in her skin, heralding the start of her cleft. His heart was now pounding in his chest at well over one hundred a minute, the adrenaline surging through his veins.

Suddenly, she moved. He pulled his thumbs out from her bikini, hoping the elastic didn't twang on her naked skin, alerting her to what he'd been up to. She blinked a couple of times, and sat up, rubbing her eye with a fist.

"I must have dozed off," she said. "Did I miss any birdies?"

"No, not yet," he answered, smiling, "it's very quiet. I thought there might be a cat prowling somewhere. For a while I thought I was going to see a pussy." He chuckled to himself at the private joke.

"What's so funny?" she asked, smiling, slightly bemused.

"Nothing, really," he said, suddenly going rigid. The same as he'd done before the Wood Warbler. "Listen," he hissed, excitedly. In the distance, there was the sudden distinctive chi-keeeee. The rattling, machine-gun calls are more often heard than their makers are seen. "Kingfisher," he said. "That's what I've been waiting for all day."

He detected a moment of hesitation from Suzie. She'd been so enthusiastic last time. She turned her face round, looking over her shoulder at him. "I need to go," she whispered.

"What, home?" he asked.

"No," she said, more urgently. "It's what woke me. I need to pee."

"But the Kingfisher..."

"It's urgent, I can't wait," she said plaintively. "I'll squat on the ground between your feet. I'll be as quiet as I can." Without waiting for a reply, she stood between his knees. She was bent almost double, because the roof of the hide was only just higher than Harry's head, as he sat in his fold-up chair. She pushed down her bikini panties, giving him, for a second, a glorious view of her firm buttocks, divided by her valley, her little asterisk shaped anus just showing, and beneath that, the folds of her peach shaped vulva, bulging out between her thighs. She squatted and rested her elbows on his knees. He could hear the trickle of her urine as she relieved herself, splashing onto the ground, between his feet.

When she'd finished, she looked over her shoulder once more, a little embarrassed. "Sorry about that. Like my Mum says, 'when you gotta go, you gotta go.'" She stood, once again bent over, her bottom pointing at him, for a moment, before she swept her bikini panties up. She moved back and once again sat on his lap. "Now where's that birdie?" she asked.

They sat silently for a while; Harry thinking about what she'd so casually shown him, as though it meant nothing to her, to let him see her naked. She thinking she liked Harry. He, like her, was someone used to his own company. Preferring it to crowds. Yes, she decided, she liked him.

A sudden flash of incandescent colour shot passed the hide. The Kingfisher. She felt him tense, as he slowly reached round her with both hands, and picked up his camera. "There," she heard him whisper. The camera came to bear, and the whisper sound of the shutter moving told her he'd captured this bird. She could see in the viewing screen the bird enlarge. It was sitting on a twig just over the water, looking intently down. Then in a flash, there it was

with a minnow in its beak, water running down its red and blue plumage. All the while Harry's camera clicked away. Then just as quickly, the bird had gone.

In an instant, Harry threw his arms around Suzie's waist, and hugged her in his excitement. She grinned up at him, pulling the camera towards her to have a look at the results. The pictures were stunning. Some of the best he'd ever taken. The Wood Warbler and now a Kingfisher. He was really overjoyed. But what he would think about when he returned home wouldn't be whether the photographs would win next month's Twitcher Magazine prize, but of Suzie. The lovely, lovely Suzie, who he suddenly realised had penetrated his soul in a way no other person had managed to do in many years. He was perplexed. But what she said next both surprised and pleased him more than he would have expected.

"Can I come and join you tomorrow, Harry? I promise I won't get in the way, or make a noise and frighten off the birdies." Her smile, over her shoulder told him she had enjoyed her day as much as he had, and that she really did want to return the following day.

Harry packed up his hide in a well practiced way, in a matter of minutes, while Suzie finished off what was left in his lunchbox. Soon, they were ready to leave. He was a little worried about leaving her out in the woods, where some paedophile might take advantage of her. But she needed to go one way, while his car was some distance away in the opposite direction. She insisted she would be fine, she did it every day, nearly. They arranged a time and place to meet the following morning. It was on the far side of the woods, but there was a good chance of seeing other birds there. He watched her as she paddled back along the shallow stream in the direction from which she'd first appeared, until she was out of sight. He wondered if he'd dreamed her up in his head. But, looking down, the damp patch on the soil showed the evidence of where she'd squatted.

CHAPTER 3 – The Return Visit

The following morning, he was up and ready earlier than usual. He took more time in preparing something special to eat. He selected some chocolate cake, as well as some lemon slices. He even took several cans of San Pellegrino fizzy pop, although he knew the hiss of them opening would be heard by the birds. He packed a range of sandwiches, ranging from strawberry jam to peanut butter. When he looked at the heap, he realised he might have slightly overdone it. He didn't even know why he'd done it. Packing it into the plastic boxes and then into his shoulder bag, he suddenly realised he was excited. But he couldn't have told himself why he was excited, even if the thought had crossed his mind.

He was about to head out, when, on a whim, he went to his trophy drawer and pulled it open. Inside were the many prizes he'd won over the years for his stunning wildlife photography. He picked up the brooch and studied it. It had been first prize in a national competition, last year, entered by over a

thousand photographers. It was a beautiful Aspreys enamel Kingfisher in flight, mounted on a solid gold backing. The eye of the bird was a tiny ruby. Putting it into his pocket, he quietly closed the drawer.

Harry arrived at the spot he'd described to Suzie twenty minutes early. He had parked his car, and walked around the outside of the wood, to the place where the stream left the wood, and meandered over some open farmland. He looked across the farmland, owned by the same friend that owned the wood. There was a hedge alongside the stream, with a crop of wheat to one side, and maize to the other. He looked up at the sky. It was going to be hot today.

He set up the hide ten yards inside the wood. He hoped to see some woodpeckers today, but he might also see the kingfisher over the brook, or even the odd Goldfinch. Many birds flitted in and out of the woods from the fields and back. Not rare species, but enjoyable to observe.

He really didn't know if she would come or not. He questioned why he so hoped she would come. He'd lived a happy and successful insular life for the last five years. He'd never craved for anything, or anyone. So why were these alien feelings making him so alert, tense, anticipating? Harry sometimes had a problem being honest with himself. He had caught himself thinking stuff through, over the years, and then consciously shutting his mind to uncomfortable truths about himself. But one truth, which he was becoming conscious of, was that he realised he really wanted her to be here today. It was more important than the bird-watching, or competition winning photography. He couldn't understand what had come over him. He was definitely out of his comfort zone.

He heard her humming a tune, before her splashing feet in the water, as she approached from inside the wood, following the stream, as she had done the day before. From the sound of her feet, he knew she was skipping; he knew she was pleased to be here. He sat in the hide, waiting for her, playing the game of "hide and seek". Then she came round a small bend in the streambed, and her sparkling blue eyes seemed to instantly settle on his, even though he was inside the hide, making her stop dead. Her eyes narrowed, then she pointed her finger at him and grinned, as if to say "I saw you first". Despite himself, he grinned back like a small schoolboy.

He watched her approach. Today she was wearing what looked like a man's sweat shirt. It was far too big for her. It was printed in the green, grey and khaki colours of army camouflage, and hung down to her knees. He stood up, and moving to the bank, offered her his hand to pull her up. She was still grinning, as he asked: "What on earth are you wearing, Suzie?"

"Don't you like it?" she said in a pretend, affronted tone. "I stole it from my brother's cupboard. He never wears it. I thought it would help hide me from the birdies."

"It's lovely," he replied in a sarcastic voice, "the birdies will adore it. But you'll cook in that. It's going to be really hot today." She looked out beyond him,

across the farmland, as if it would somehow confirm his weather forecast. "I thought we might spend some time here, then later, move out into the field, and watch from there," he suggested.

"OK," she said, almost immediately looking at his pack, "did you bring enough lunch today? You were a bit mean with the grub yesterday. A person could starve round here." He couldn't help but chuckle at her impish expression. "What do you hope to see today?" she asked seriously, changing the subject in an instant.

"Oh, just the usual range of birds, sparrows, finches, larks, swallows, swifts listen," he said, cocking his head to one side, "hear it? There!"

"I can hear a birdie making music up in the air," she replied, "is that it?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes looking into the middle distance. "Skylark. They sing in short bursts, as they climb higher and higher into the sky. They're a scruffy, brown and grey, looking bird, but their song is exquisite. Listen." As if by order, the birdsong commenced once more. "When they get to full height, they can be very hard to see, even though you can hear them clearly enough."

Harry sat down on his chair, in the hide, and Suzie immediately sat in his lap, just as she had the day before. He pulled the cover over them, then leaned back, waiting as bird-watchers do 95% of the time. He pointed out a small black and white bird, perched on a branch, twenty yards away. "That's a Pied Flycatcher," he whispered. "They fly all the way here from Africa, where they spend the winter. See what he's doing? He's following the swarms of insects, as they fly over the water, waiting his moment. Then he'll catch several in one swoop."

"Where does he live?" she asked.

"They use holes in oak trees usually and nest there. But they are naughty birdies," he grinned at her.

"Why are they naughty?" she asked, as he knew she would.

"They have more than one mate. Sometimes two or three. Then they fly from one home to the next. Just imagine if people had two or three wives?"

"Would you like a wife, children of your own?" came the inevitable question.

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied, "just haven't met the right person yet. Spending all my time watching birdies, I don't get to meet many ladies out here. You're the first," he added. They lapsed into silence, as they watched the Flycatcher swoop down, across the water, from time to time, before returning to his perch.

The morning wore on, the heat increasing continuously. "You're right about this sweatshirt being warm," she said. "I should have put on a T." She looked

flushed. Harry reached down into his pack and pulled out two cans of San Pellegrino, a lemon and an orange, and offered them to her. She took the lemon, which for a reason unknown to him, he knew she would. They popped the cans, and watched as the startled Pied Flycatcher flew off swiftly.

Suzie put her drink down on the small shelf by his camera, and said: "Do you mind?" as she proceeded to wriggle out of the sweatshirt, pulling her arms clear, and then lifting herself up, so she could pull it out from under her bottom, then swept the whole thing up and over her head. For a moment, she sat there with the garment laying across her knees. She took another swig of her drink, then lifted the sweatshirt off, and dropped it onto the ground. As if unsure what his reaction would be, she sat upright for a minute or two, holding her can in both hands, sipping occasionally from it. Then, as if deciding it was OK, that she had come to a decision, she simply leaned back against his chest once more. Even then, he could feel her tension only slowly ease, as her back once more moulded into him.

Harry hadn't said a word, because all she was now wearing, was a pair of worn, grubby pink knickers. He didn't want to freak her out, or make her change her mind and put the sweatshirt back on. He just hoped she didn't notice the sudden bulge beneath her bottom, as his cock raised itself to life for the first time in years.

He tried to act natural, and as he leaned back, he put his arm around her as it had been before, and all afternoon yesterday. She suddenly sat up. "I almost forgot," she said, reaching down for the sweatshirt, which for a moment, he feared, she was going to put back on. "I brought you a present," she said. She put her hand into a pocket, and pulled out a folded piece of paper, which she handed to him.

Harry, with one arm each side of her, unfolded the sheet, in front of Suzie, as he looked over her shoulder. What he saw both surprised and delighted him. There before him was a beautiful crayon drawing of the scene they had photographed the day before. In the centre, was a Kingfisher, in flight. She had somehow captured it's movements exactly, giving the picture the impression of movement. The colours and shades were right. Even the way she'd drawn the background trees and woodland plants was superb. Truly excellent for the hand of a nine year old.

"This is superb," Suzie, he gasped, "really, really good. You have the eye. Thank you very much. I brought you a present too."

Still looking over her shoulder, she smiled, wondering what he'd brought for her. He reached inside his pocket, and grasped the brooch. He moved his arm round in front of her, and opened his hand.

Suzie gasped. She glanced over her shoulder again and said: "For me?" He nodded. She turned back, bending towards it, reaching her hand to pick it up. Turning it, she studied it carefully. "Is it real gold?" she asked.

"Yes," he confirmed, "and the eye is a ruby. I won it in a photo competition last year, but I would like you to have it." She kept turning it in her hand, inspecting it in detail from every angle.

"I can't take it home," she suddenly said. "If my Mum sees this, she will think I stole it or ask me if some pervert has been messing with me, or something. She'll take it off me and sell it."

"What do you want to do, then, Suzie?" he asked, disappointed in what she'd said, only now realising she was right. Any mother would be suspicious if their nine year old daughter suddenly turned up at home with a brooch worth seven or eight hundred pounds.

"Would you look after it for me?" she asked. "But what am I thinking?" she added, "I haven't thanked you." She slipped off his lap, and turned and put her arms around his neck, and leaned forwards, and pressed her lips to his. She put one knee, then the other, on his thighs, and kissed him. Harry put his arms around her, unsure where to put his hands, and kissed her back. It was passionate. She was in no hurry to pull away, and twisted round, so she was sideways on, now, still clinging onto his neck. As she moved, his hand slid over her firm, full, left buttock, feeling the warm cotton under his fingers. At last, she pulled her face away from his, both looking into one another's eyes. "Thank you," she said, "I love it," then after a moment's pause: "Did you know your hand's on my bum,?"

He nodded, keeping his expression unchanged. "Do you mind, Suzie?"

She shook her head, and gave him a half smile, a message of understanding passing between them. She remained there a few more seconds, before she turned round again, sitting back on his lap. She kept looking at the brooch. Then holding it in one hand, she twisted round, and with her other hand cuddled his chest. "Thank you," she repeated.

The woodland went quiet, as the morning came to an end, the sun reaching it's zenith. Harry sat back with Suzie once more spooned into his front. He might have thought she was drifting off to sleep, were it not for the fact she turned her hand to look at the brooch every two or three minutes.

"Do you know, this is the nicest thing anyone has ever given me?" she suddenly said, just when he was convinced she really was falling asleep. "And," she added, "the nicest thing I have and I can't even take it home. You will look after it for me, won't you?"

"Of course I will," he confirmed, "and you can come and look at it anytime you want to."

"You said yesterday you were rich," she stated. "Does that mean you live in a great big house?"

"No," he replied, "I still live in the same house I moved into after I finished at university eight years ago." He pointed through a gap in the trees. "You see those white houses on the far side of the field?" she nodded, following his finger, "Mine's the one on the end, on the right. I keep thinking I move soon," he paused before saying: "I've made us a picnic lunch, today, would you care to join me? I thought we might go out into the field. There is a large oak tree, over there, in the hedgerow. It's a place I think you might like."

She grinned, as she got down off his knee. "Oh," she said, "excuse me, a mo', would you?" Without a pause, she swept down her knickers and squatted down. Once more, he was left with a vision in his mind of her glorious, full, pert, bottom, and a distinctly rising cock, as it once again arose from it's long hibernation following years of neglect, while she peed on the ground between his knees. He waited with anticipation for her to stand, bent double in the confines of the hide, and wasn't disappointed, as she seemed to struggle to pull her pink panties up. She grinned over shoulder, saying: "enjoying the view?"

"Uh huh," he said, "almost as pretty as a bum...bum, Bunting," he laughed, watching as she finally pulled her panties back up.

"What's a Bunting?" she naively asked.

"I could bore you and say it is an Old World passerine bird forming the genus *Emberiza*, or just tell you it's a pretty bird like a sparrow. But it's not as pretty as the other."

"What other?" she asked, walking into the trap.

"Your bum, of course," he laughed, standing up to pack the hide.

"Perv," she said, laughing just as much, "you shouldn't be ogling nine year old bums."

"Yup, you're absolutely right," he added, "I was wondering if we should pin the brooch on it." She laughed again, before bending to pick up her sweatshirt.

"Yeah, definitely would look good there."

As she turned around, he had his first look at her areolae. Her boobs had not started to grow in the sense they were in any way mounding, but he could see where maturity had started it's journey, firmness was surrounding her little bee stinging circles of slightly darker pink skin, with hard pip sized nipples in the centre.

"You're staring," she accused, looking down briefly at her own chest, but not covering herself.

"No I wasn't," he responded, turning his eyes into the tree cover. "I'm sure I caught sight of a pair of Paridae. They are very rare around here." She looked up, following his glance.

"What are Paridae?" she asked, once more glancing into the trees.

"They are the family of Tits," he said seriously. "There are many in the family. There are Bearded Tits, Blue Tits, Coal Tits, even Crested Tits, but these ones," he blatantly stared at her chest, "are definitely Great Tits!" There was a pause, while she studied his face, which suddenly cracked into a huge smile, followed by a roar of laughter. Suddenly realising the fun he'd made of her, she punched him quite hard in the chest. But despite herself, when she looked up at him, he could see she was grinning too. There was a bond forming between them, now.

CHAPTER 4 – Alfresco Confession Time

They were packed up and moving in less than five minutes. Walking along the streambed, they meandered between the hedge on one side and the wheat crop on the other. After a hundred yards, they came upon the large oak tree growing through the centre of the hedge.

"This is the place," said Harry, "we'll climb up here," he pointed to a gap in the hedge by the tree. Suzie immediately scrambled up the bank, bending over as she went, her bottom just a foot or two in front of him. Her thin pink knickers were pulled tight over the globes of her buttocks.

She was nearly at the top, when she suddenly stepped on a bramble, which had grown out from the hedge, with her bare foot. She screamed, losing her footing, swivelling round, landing on her bottom, sliding down towards him. He dropped the things he was carrying and caught her under her armpits, lifting her up onto her feet again. She was already sobbing, her arms clinging to him. She slowly let him go, and turned to climb once more. He immediately saw the blood. There were several marks above her knee, in a line towards her panties, which were also stained with several similar bloodstains.

They pushed through the hedge at the top, where there was shade from the tree, and a small area of grass beneath, beside the edge of the tall maize crop. Laying her down, Harry quickly carried up the other items they'd brought from the woods. In his pack, he had a small first aid kit, with antiseptic, cotton wool and band aid plasters. He spread out the hide over the grass, and indicated for her to lay on it face down, while he inspected the damage.

She lay on the material, and looking down her side at him, asked: "Is it bad, or just a scratch?"

"Let me clean you up, Suzie. I don't think it's too bad," he explained, "but I think it will be sore for a while." He opened the TCP and soaked some cotton wool with it, and dabbed the first wound, near her knee. He saw there was a thorn in the wound, and with the tweezers in the kit, pulled it out. An inch

higher there was another, and another. Three needed sticking plasters to stop the bleeding. He reached the leg hole of her panties. He lifted it up and looked underneath. There were three more bloody dots on her buttock.

"Pull them down," she said, "if you need to. You've already seen my bum, anyway, so it won't make any difference, will it?" After a moment's hesitation, he pulled the waistband of her knickers down, below her knees, taking care not to scrape them over the thorns sticking up from her skin. He plucked the thorns out and cleaned the area with the antiseptic. One needed a sticking plaster, the others weren't bleeding. Before he pulled her panties back up, he used the excuse of pretending to clean a fictitious wound, to run his fingers across her buttock, feeling her silky soft skin, watching her anus appear, as he pushed her buttock across.

When he could think of no more excuses to prolong the medical treatment, he sat back, and packed up the first aid, putting it into its pocket in his pack. She leaned round, trying to examine herself, lifting the edge of her panties, to see.

"Real war wounds," she said. "Just as well I have a long sweatshirt to wear going home. Better make sure Mum doesn't see my bum for a day or two."

"Why not," he asked naively.

"She'll want to know where I've been, and who patched me up, of course," she said. "She thinks I'm at my friend's house. Not really a friend, just the daughter of someone my Mum knows."

"So where's this friend, if you're here?" he replied.

"She has a boyfriend. She's thirteen, he's seventeen. She tells her Mum she's at my house. Neat arrangement, hey!"

Harry smiled at the crafty way this nine year old had manipulated her freedom. "So why aren't you out with your friends?" he asked.

She gave him a steady look. One which warned him this was a delicate subject, so he needed to tread carefully. After several seconds, as if she were weighing him up, she made a decision and said: "I don't have any friends." Although she didn't say anything else, he could see she wanted to unload her burden.

"Why ever not Suzie?" he said quietly. "You're a lovely girl. I would have thought you would have dozens of friends." Suddenly tears were streaming down her pretty face. He sat down beside her, and put his arm around her, and cuddled her into his side. She sobbed and sobbed, as if her heart was breaking, like a dam waiting to burst, and had finally done so. She lifted herself up and sat across his lap, and threw her arms around him, burying her face into his shirt. He felt the heaves and sighs of her sobbing for several minutes, until at last, she calmed and just went still and silent, The tears wetting his shirt front finally ending.

"You can talk to me about it, Suzie, if you want," he said.

"I can't," she stuttered, on the point of bursting into tears again, "you will only hate me, like everyone else."

"What if I made you a promise that there is nothing in the world you could say to me to make me hate you?" he said, so quietly, she almost missed it. There was hesitation, as she digested what he'd said.

"Say it," she finally whispered.

"I promise," he said, solemnly.

"Cross your heart and hope to die, promise."

"Cross my heart and hope to die," he repeated. She remained silent for two or three minutes. She was still clinging to him, his arms clasping her to him, one around her waist, the other across her buttocks. "What if I told you a secret, which might make you hate me?" he suddenly added.

She pulled away from him, studying his face again, reading him, one of her hands coming up to wipe away a tear.

"I'll tell you, then, if you tell me," she said. "You go first."

Harry hadn't expected that, but even so, he took a deep breath. "You know you asked me yesterday if I had a wife?" she nodded. "Well, that's true what I said, I don't. But, I very nearly did, then, as I explained yesterday, I found out she was already married. So I have never looked at another woman. And then I found out why I never wanted to look at another woman."

"When did you find out?" she asked.

"Yesterday," he stated, "after I met you."

"What do you mean? Yesterday, where do I come into it?" she asked, confused.

"It was yesterday I became honest with myself," he confessed, "and now I am going to tell you why, and you will hate me, and never want to see me again."

"What could be so bad? When you hear what I tell you, it will be nothing as bad. What was it?"

"I realised I like you," he said simply.

She blinked at him. "What's wrong with that? I like you too."

"No you don't understand," he continued, "I like you the way a man shouldn't like a little girl." He braced himself for her reaction.

"Oh," she said, "is that all?" I thought it would be something really bad."

"But that is bad," he said, trying to explain. "I could get locked up, if anyone found out."

"Not if don't I tell. Anyway, I already knew." She said. She saw his expression, before continuing.

"You got your hand on my bum now, right?" she grinned, as he whipped it away, as if he'd got burnt. "And yesterday, when you thought I was asleep, you tried to peek inside my panties. No I already knew. You haven't tried to touch me, so what's the harm. I don't hate you. In fact I like you looking at me. It makes me feel someone wants me, even if friends don't. Your secret's safe with me, Harry, but will mine be with you?"

"Of course, I already swore on my life," he said, squeezing her bottom, as if checking she really hadn't moved after his confession.

"Right, well if you'll stop fiddling with my bum, I'll tell you," she said. Suddenly her face turned deadly serious. "It started several years ago. I was only five or six, then. My Dad used to take me out shopping. He got me to make a diversion; maybe scream the place down, then while people came to calm me, other kids' mums and so on, he would steal from their handbags. You know, cash and credit cards. Anyway, one day he was caught by a man, whose wife was trying to calm me down. He went for my Dad, and there was a fight. The man slipped on something spilt on the floor, banged his head and died. My Dad ended up in prison, and the newspapers called me the micro mugger. When my school found out, they asked my Mum to take me away from the school, but she refused, so instead, they made sure I was an outsider; no one will speak to me. And now I've told you, you won't want to either." She started to cry again.

"If you think I won't talk to you, Suzie, why did you tell me?" he asked.

"The same reason as you, I guess," she replied incisively. "Both of us would have found out sooner or later. Better be sooner, hey? So, we'd better pack our things and go," she sighed. "Just when I was getting to like you, as well. I'll give you your brooch back."

"You'll do no such thing. Anyway, why do we need to go anywhere, Suzie, we haven't had lunch yet," he said. "And besides, I'm enjoying holding your bum." Suddenly, her face lit up like the sun at dawn. She threw her arms around him, and squeezed him as tightly as she could.

"Do you mean it?" she whispered, not believing she had a friend after all this time.

"Of course," he chuckled, "I wouldn't lie to you about something as serious as holding your bum!" She laughed out loud, as the tension she had endured eased away.

"So do you want something to eat, or what?" He asked. She helped him unpack his bag, and as the contents of the bag spread out across the small towel he'd brought for the purpose, her mouth dropped open. It was as if he knew every single favourite food she'd ever eaten. It was a feast as attractive to her as Christmas lunch.

He couldn't help laughing, when he looked at her, holding a peanut butter sandwich in one hand, and a jam sandwich in the other, taking bites alternately. As they ate, he looked at her sitting in a cross legged position, the gusset of her panties pulled tightly into her cleft, forming a camel toe; the edges of her labia visible either side.

"Why do you like me, Harry? You said you only knew yesterday. What did you find out?" she asked.

"For years, I always thought I just never wanted to be betrayed again. Then yesterday I realised it wasn't about women at all. I discovered I liked you. You know, really liked you. Then it all became clear to me. All these years, I've been waiting for you. Suddenly you were there. It was like the final piece of a jigsaw puzzle. It all fitted. I haven't wanted another woman these last five years, but I never knew why. Then you came. Now I understand. Have you heard of love at first sight, Suzie? That's me. But what about you? You must be frightened by everything I've confessed to you. What would you like me to do?"

"That's easy," she said pointing to his side, "pass me a piece of that chocolate cake!"

Suzie worked her way through the huge spread of food, as if she hadn't eaten in a week. She pulled the tab off the orange San Pellegrino, and started to swig it back, pausing only to burp loudly, giggling at him, before taking another big gulp. Finally, she couldn't eat another thing. She looked ruefully at the remaining scraps, as if they'd defied her efforts to consume them.

Harry took hold of her sweatshirt, rolled it up and lying back, used it as a pillow under his head. She snorted and said: "If you're using that, I'll have to lie here." She shuffled along, and lay back, placing her head on his belly. He reached over and put his hand across her tummy, feeling her hand immediately press over his.

It was just a few minutes later, Harry said "Hear that? It's the Skylark again. See if you can spot him. Sometimes you just never see them. She shielded her eyes from the glare, with a hand, while she scanned the sky above. Finally she excitedly said: "There."

Harry, having seen many Skylarks before, knew what to look for and had spotted it almost from the start, but said: "Well done, Suzie. You do have sharp eyes." The bird descended into the wheat field, just the other side of the hedge, and remained silent. They lay there, both deep in their individual thoughts.

"I don't mind," she suddenly said after twenty minutes of quiet. "You can look at me if you want." Silence returned for a few minutes.

"I mind," he replied, turning, his head propped on his hand. "I mind that you have no friends for something which was never your fault in the first place. We should think about that. Do something about it."

"Do you want to?" she asked resuming her own conversation.

"Of course I do, Suzie," he responded, but I would rather I knew you were happy with anything I do. I will only do what you want." She lay back, looking at the sky once more, thinking. She rolled onto her side, so she could look at him, along his chest, her head still on his belly, her beautiful auburn hair spread across his skin. It was only a few minutes later, she fell asleep, her mouth opening an inch, her hand slipping from his fingers, down to her side, her buzzing snore in regular rhythm.

His hand was only an inch or two above the elastic of her panties. His heart started to pound, as it had yesterday, at one hundred per minute, as he slipped it down, his fingers touching the material, pausing, before sliding under. He'd told her he wouldn't touch her, so he just lifted the material away from her, as he pushed his hand further down. Her wonderful mound appeared, pushing out from her tummy, smooth, like silk. He so wanted to touch. Then her dimple which he'd seen just before she woke yesterday. It was half an inch across and deep, but what made him catch his breath, was the little slip of skin, just showing at the top of her deep cleft, now coming into view. Her labia were full, pouting, disappearing down between her thighs, now pressed together, with her lying on her side. He just looked, worshiped, adored for several minutes. He glanced up for a second, to find her watching him, a half smile on his face.

He blinked in surprise. "Do you mind?" he asked, smiling.

"No, it's nice," she said. She remained still and silent for several minutes, as he once more studied her beautiful mons and cleft, watching as her clit pushed outwards, enflamed with arousal. Then she really surprised him, when she simply said: "Touch me, if you want to."

"Are you sure?" he asked, confirmed with a little nod.

Harry gently pressed his middle finger to her cleft, just below her clitty, and slowly moved it upwards, watching it sink into her valley of paradise. The instant he touched her clit, she jerked.

"What was that?" she gasped, her expression telling him in an instant, she really didn't know.

"Do you trust me, Suzie?" he asked. She nodded, although her expression showed worry. "Then let me show you."

He pressed his finger back to her sensitive spot, finding her clitty once more, firm to his touch, her labia embracing the sides of his finger, clinging to it. He very gently and carefully pressed and released, pressed and released, feeling her tension start to rise, for the first time in her life.

"Is it feeling good yet, darling?" he asked the child.

"Hmm yeah, that's nice. Don't stop," she replied, her eyes tightly closed, pressing her fingers over his, pushing him deeper. She pursed her lips, as though concentrating hard on the feelings which were starting to dominate her being. Harry eased off a little, wanting her body to crave for release, rather than for him to push her into it. So he gently played with her clit, feeling her rise, easing off, letting her slip back, then back up again. This went on for a good twenty minutes or more, until she went over the point of balance, and crashed into the first glorious climax of her short life.

Harry eased back, but played her clitty just enough to keep her at the peak, feeling, hearing sensing her riding the wave of ecstasy for the first time. Suzie was breathing in short bursts, in time with the pulses which surged through the whole of her lower body. On and on it went, her breathing becoming little piggy snorts, as she lost all conscious control. He even felt damp on his fingers, knowing she'd wet herself. Neither of them caring. He played her clit like a musical maestro, letting her rise and fall, rise and fall. Not many women multi orgasm. Even fewer young girls do. The exception was Suzie, whose pleasure went on and on, until eventually she muttered "enough, please enough." He stopped all movement, and smiled, as she fell immediately to sleep.

Holding her head with one hand, he reached back for the sweatshirt pillow, and rolling away from her, placed it under her head. She immediately twisted onto her back, her arms either side of her, at forty five degrees to her torso. This time, he knew she was really asleep. He sat up and looked at her. He knew he had fallen in love. This was nothing to do with illegal, underage pedo lust. He knew without a doubt he was in love with the girl. This was forever love. The inconvenience being she was seven years below the legal age of consent. "Well," he thought to himself, "I have been celibate for the last five years, if I have to wait another few, so be it."

This time, he had more confidence, as he knelt down, he grasped the waistband of her panties, and carefully, but steadily slid them down and off her little legs. He looked at them. They were blood stained, urine stained, a brown skid mark up the back, mud stained, and smelling of little girl arousal. In his first aid pack, he had some liquid alcohol hand sanitizer, which he tipped onto the panties, and rubbed vigorously into them, working the fluid into the

stains. He then squeezed back through the hedge and down to the brook, ignoring the outraged Kingfisher sitting on a twig, no more than six feet from him. Both unconcerned about the other. He rinsed the panties, using some sand and a rock in the stream to scour them. When he finally shook them out, they looked slightly soiled, but much more presentable now. Climbing back up, he rejoined Suzie, hanging the panties on one of the branches of the oak tree to dry out.

She was out for the count, in a blissful sleep of the sated. He sat looking at her for a few minutes, before he decided what he wanted to do. He shuffled down, and lifted first one, then the other leg. He placed her heels near to her bum, about two feet apart, but guided her knees outwards. Suddenly, her pudenda flowered open up to his view. Completely open. Nothing hidden. From her little brown asterisk shaped anus he'd seen yesterday for the first time when she'd peed, over her pale perineum, wide open red, cream and coral coloured vagina, damp cleft, and clitty, now completely exposed to him for the first time. He wondered if this was the first time any man had ever seen her. She had said he could look, and look he did.

When she woke an hour later. She never stirred. Didn't move a muscle, so he was unaware she'd come to. She kept her eyes closed, working out her own position, and his. She realised he'd taken her knickers off. For some reason, she liked that he wanted to. She carefully lifted her head up, and looked down her naked body. He was lying on his front, his chin resting on his palms, his elbows bent. His face was only a couple of inches from her spread thighs, her vagina within reach of his tongue, were he to choose to use it. But she knew he wouldn't, because he'd given his word. She could see he was worshipping her body. She had no problem with that. He'd given her such pleasure earlier, let him look if he wanted to.

She lay her head back and closed her eyes once more, thinking through the events of the day. She knew this couldn't have been any accident. All this time, she'd been the loneliest girl in the world. She'd prayed and cried herself to sleep night after night that her life could be happier. Then yesterday, she'd met Harry. As if fate had played a part, answering her prayer. She already knew she loved him. She didn't, for a moment think he might feel the same. She could only hope. She drifted off to sleep once more.

When Suzie woke again, another hour had passed. She sat up and looked at Harry. No words were spoken, but they both knew their relationship had changed irrevocably. They knew without speaking, or any other action, or discussion, they each had absolute trust in the other. Neither knew why they felt this, but both knew it to be true. It was a silent bond which had started from the moment they had met, and grown ever since. They each knew it was just meant to be. Some greater power had dictated it. Both were grateful they had each found the other.

They sat and chatted about a wide range of subjects, from his life; to her school and home life; how he'd made his money; to why he spent so much time alone in the woods. She was sitting in his lap in the fold-up chair, under

the shade of the old oak tree in the balmy heat. They were completely hidden in their oasis between the thick hedge and the tall maize crop. Neither worried that she was completely naked, while her panties dried above their heads.

"Before we go," she said, "we ought to give each other a wish." He nodded at the cute idea. "Shall I go first?" she asked. He nodded. "I want you to kiss me. Like a boyfriend kisses his girl. Teach me, would you?"

"OK," he replied simply, "do exactly what I do."

He turned, and cupped his hand behind her head, and drew her towards him, their lips pressing together. Then opening his mouth a fraction, he touched her lips with his tongue. Her eyes popped open in surprise, but only for a moment, before her own tongue touched his. For a few seconds, their tongues danced the dance of love, before he opened his mouth wider, drawing her tongue in. her own mouth followed suit, and soon his tongue was exploring her mouth too. This went on for several minutes, before she finally pulled away, wide eyed, breathless. "Wow," she gasped, "we gotta do that again," as she pressed her mouth to his once again, finally pulling away several minutes later.

"Your turn," she gasped, wondering what he would choose.

"I would like to kiss you too," he said. She puckered her lips towards him and closed her eyes. "No not like that. Trust me?" he said repeating his earlier words. She nodded, nervously, wondering what he would want her to do. "Turn around, and lie on my lap, your head over my knees, and rest your legs over my shoulders." She looked at him a little warily, unsure what his game was, but never-the-less, did as he asked.

He put his hands on her hips, and lifting her upwards, brought his mouth down to her, encompassing her whole vulva. She gasped at the sudden sensations, once more surging through her young body. Suzie lay back, and felt his mouth against her. Then his tongue was pressing into her. She realised he was even licking her bum, searching, delving, sucking. In moments, she knew this was going to be sensational, and moments later, her climax crashed back in.

The next few minutes merged into obscurity. She would struggle later to remember what exactly happened. All she could remember was that the feelings shooting through her little body were so wonderful, they overwhelmed her conscious thought. Coloured lights were spinning around behind her eyes, like a kaleidoscope. She thought she had peed, but couldn't be sure. Her orgasm continued, for how long she didn't know. But when she finally came too, she looked around, and realised the afternoon was getting late, the sun was now much lower in the sky.

When she finally focused on him, she smiled and said: "Is that how people kiss, where you come from?"

"Oh, yes, all the time," he chuckled. "Want some more?"

She held her hand out, pressing against his forehead, before he sent her into another orbit of heaven. "No, enough. Let's save some for tomorrow. His heart fluttered at the thought she wanted to return."

They remained in that position for another twenty minutes, her legs spread over his shoulders, her thighs wide apart. Her wet, open vagina gaping. Every time he looked longingly into her depths, she felt a thrill, knowing she was giving him pleasure. She really hoped he enjoyed looking. She already knew tomorrow she would want to pleasure him in some way. He had asked for nothing, today, only given, taking nothing in return. So tomorrow, she was determined was payback time.

They packed up their belongings, ready to leave. It was only at the last minute, did she pull the, almost, clean panties off the branch, and slip them on, and hauled the sweatshirt over her head. The garment suddenly seemed so cumbersome and heavy. But it did hide a multitude of sins, including her "war wounds", and a very swollen pussy.

"Do you want to see me again?" she asked, almost plaintively.

"I want to see you forever," he responded. "Tomorrow, the day after, next year." They walked back along the streambed, hand in hand, once more ignoring the outraged Kingfisher, which was almost within reach, seeming to sense they were no threat to it.

CHAPTER 5 – Crossing the Rubicon

The following day, Harry was up just as early as the day before. He'd gone to the supermarket the evening before, and bought a huge range of nibble food, cans of drink, cakes and any other treats, to make up the best picnic he could manage. He knew he was besotted with Suzie. He knew it couldn't last, and would probably end with him in jail. But he didn't care. At that moment some driving force within him wiped every rational thought from his mind. It was just what he had to do.

Before he left, he had an idea. He opened his trophy drawer, and immediately saw what he sought. It was a leather bound copy of a bird reference book, detailing every bird known to exist in the country, from the 5 gram Gold Crest, weighing the same as a sugar lump, to the great 6kg Common Crane, which stood taller than Suzie. The page edges were gilded. It had been awarded to him for his contribution in providing many of the photographs the book contained. Taking a fountain pen, he opened the inside cover, and wrote an inscription: "1st prize, annual wildlife drawing and painting competition. Awarded to Susan Slowe, for 'Kingfisher in flight'."

Once again, as he set off, he was a bundle of nerves. Would she show up? Had he frightened her the previous day? Would the police be waiting for him? They had arranged to meet in the same place where they spent the previous afternoon, under the shade of the big oak tree. He only took his binoculars

and camera this time, as a cover story, in the unlikely case he was challenged. Instead, his pack held other items he might need. He wanted to devote his whole day to Suzie. Suddenly bird watching held little interest to him.

Walking along the streambed, he was deep in thought. He glanced up, and smiled as the Kingfisher looked down at him, from his perch, disdainfully. He had brought a rug with him, and having climbed up the bank above the stream, spread it out. It was going to be hot once more and the humidity high. Today he'd brought an ice box, carried in the space in his pack, which the hide usually occupied.

He had just finished unpacking his things, when he heard the skipping sound of her bare feet, splashing in the water. She was humming the same tune he'd heard the previous morning. His heart jumped at the sound. He was like a schoolboy about to get a treat. Her face appeared through the hole in the hedge, and lit up, when she saw he was already here. She stood, and ran to him, throwing herself into his arms. In moments, they were kissing, their tongues wrestling with one another. He ran his hands up and down her back, finally resting under her bottom, and lifted her off her feet, her legs naturally curling round behind him, her arms clinging to his neck.

"I've brought you two presents, today. Put me down," she said finally. He lowered her reluctantly to her feet. It was only then he realised what she was wearing today. She had a pink and red T-shirt, printed with some of the characters from Disney's Frozen, and some jeans, cut off a few inches above her knees.

He was disappointed, and perhaps it showed, because she looked down at herself and said: "You don't like what I'm wearing?"

"No, it's fine, really," he said, realising she could read him like a book.

"I've been wearing these since I got home yesterday, to hide the marks on my leg from that bramble." She then turned all coy. "My first present is a game. It takes exactly five minutes. Can I borrow your watch?" He undid his Citizen wristwatch, and handed it to her.

"Can it count down? I need it to count down five minutes." she asked, handing it back to him.

"Sure," he said, taking it and pressing a few buttons, "press that one there, and it will start the countdown."

She grinned at him. "Turn around, hands behind your back." He did as she said, wondering what she was up to. She went behind him, and in a couple of seconds, had wrapped a strip of Velcro strap around his wrists, tying them together. "Now, here's the game," she said. "You have five minutes. You can do anything you want to me, but you only have five minutes. No hands allowed." She clicked the button on the watch. "Go," she said.

For a few seconds, he didn't quite know what she wanted him to do. Then she grinned up at him, and standing with her feet apart, she placed her hands on her hips and said "These jeans are only held up with a press-stud and a zip, you know." She looked knowingly down at herself, then back up, expectantly at him. Harry smiled at the little imp. The innocent little nine year old girl of yesterday, perhaps wasn't quite so innocent today. He wondered what else her mind had in store.

He dropped to his knees, almost losing his balance on the uneven ground, hidden beneath the rug. He leaned forward, almost expecting her to step back, but, if anything, she moved forward. Bringing his mouth towards her, he tried to grip the thick material of her waistband, beside the large press-stud. He couldn't quite get a grip. But on the third attempt, he managed to get hold of it, ripping backwards with his head, the material pulling from his mouth. He could hear her laughter, at his poor attempts and growls of frustration, as he struggled with the infuriating stud. Again and again he pulled at it. He was on the point of abandoning the exercise, when, getting a really good grip, felt the stud finally give way, releasing the tension around her waist. A tiny glint of pale skin could be seen in the V now showing.

He could just see the tab of her zip, under the fold of the blue material. Using his tongue, he tried to tease the end out, failing several times, mainly because she was laughing so much, she was moving around. Finally, he got it, and gripped it between his teeth, just as she said "Two minutes". He pulled the zip down, losing it once more, before he got it all the way. He then took hold of the open waist band, with his teeth, and tried to tug it down. He worked one side, then the other, back and forth, seeing the jeans only moving painfully slowly.

He was getting frustrated, and growled once more, muttering "Oh fuck", when the material again slipped from his grip"

She laughed again, before saying: "You shouldn't use naughty language, when little girls might hear you."

Harry got hold of the waistband again, with more determination, and pulled down hard, one side, then the other, seeing them move down an inch. "Three minutes," she laughed. "You're running out of Time, Harry, think of all the naughty things you could have done to me. You've only got two minutes left. Better hurry, Harry." She laughed again, when he growled once more.

Finally, there was movement, as the jeans dropped another inch, catching on the rise of her bottom. He shuffled behind her, and biting the material there, pulled down, finally seeing them drop to the ground. "Four minutes, Harry," she teased.

She'd intentionally put tight panties on today. They were pink, and the material pulled right up into her crevices. He tried to get hold of the elastic waistband, but it was pulled into her skin, so he had difficulty getting hold of it,

and lost twenty seconds. In the end, he had to bite her carefully to grip it, and began to drag them down. He saw the crack of her bottom start to appear. He pulled them down as far as he could against the tension, then shuffled round to her side, pulled down there, then the other side. Suddenly they slid down, and her whole cleft was revealed in a moment, her clit just poking out of its hiding place, below the dimple in the centre of her beautiful mound. He pushed his tongue hard into her valley of delight, as the watch 'dinged'. She jerked back.

"Time up Harry," she teased, laughing again. "Just think of the fun you could have had, if you hadn't messed about." She looked down at him, as he studied her nakedness, just inches in front of his face. He darted forward once more, trying to get at her cleft with his tongue, but she saw his move, and stepped back.

"Did you bring me a present?" she unexpectedly asked. He looked up and nodded. "Do you want it now?"

She suddenly became the little girl, once more at the thought of a present.

"Yes, please, shall I get it? You seem to have your hands tied up." She laughed again. The sound was music in his ears, in contrast to the sound of her crying the previous day, as she opened her heart to him.

"Look in the side pocket," he instructed. "It's in pink tissue paper. It's all I had to wrap it in."

Harry sat down on the rug, awkwardly, his hands still bound. She came and sat cross legged in front of him. She was focused on the present, wondering what it was. She realised it was a book, but what sort? Harry was looking at her spread pussy, seeing her cleft open and close with her movements.

"What is it?" she asked, drawing out the anticipation.

"You'll have to open it to see," he said. She started to unwrap it, trying not to tear the tissue paper, folding it carefully, before she lifted the book to inspect it. It was beautifully bound in leather. The gold leaf page edges glittered in the sunlight. Then she opened it at random at a page in the centre, which was a double page spread photo of a White Tailed Sea Eagle. It was exquisite, with the bird flying low over water, a fish clutched in its talons, water seen falling away beneath. At the bottom of the page was a caption explaining where and when the photo was taken, and credited Mr. Henry Swallowtail as the photographer.

"Did you take this picture?" she asked in awe, looking once again at the book. She started to flick through the pages.

"Yes," he confirmed, "I took about half of them. Have a look at the inside cover."

She opened it as he'd instructed, and read the caption, he'd written.

"But, I didn't enter a competition," she said. "Why did you write this."

"I have a plan, Suzie," he said mysteriously, "I'm going to come and see your Mum later today, or tomorrow. I'm going to tell her I work for the Twitchers' Monthly magazine and that you have great drawing talent. I will present the book to you in front of her. Then I'll say we would like to commission more of your work in the magazine. This way, you get to keep the book, and I get to know your Mum in a more formal way. Then, after a while, I will tell her that by chance, I live not far away, and then at some point, after she's got to know me a bit, I will explain the magazine organise bird watching trips, and that I would escort you, if she'll allow you to go. I will tell her they are by invitation only, and never advertised. All expenses paid to readers who make contributions as good as yours."

Suzie was sitting open mouthed. "Where do these trips go, Harry?" she asked, looking at the book once more.

"Anywhere you would like to, Suzie," he replied. "But wherever we go, we will tell the hotel we are father and daughter on holiday." She gasped, as realisation dawned on her as to what he was suggesting. She was obviously delighted with the idea.

"Can we go to the seaside?" she asked.

"If you like," he said. "Now, I seem to remember you said I had another present...."

"Oh, yes," she said, having almost forgotten, "but I've changed my mind. I'm not going to give you what I had planned."

"What had you planned?" he asked the obvious question.

"Oh, I was going to stand here, and let you look at me, you know, up close," she teased. "But now it will be different. Right," she said, becoming bossy, "lie back on the rug." She waited while he did as instructed. Harry had to wriggle a little to get his bound hands out of the way.

"Ready?" she asked. Then, without waiting for him to reply, she stood up, and looking down at him turned, so she was facing his feet, and placed one foot either side of his head. Looking down, she could see where his eyes were focused.

"Is that a nice view, Harry?" she asked coquettishly. "Would you like to see more, Harry? She inched her feet a little further apart, watching as his blue eyes widened further. She gyrated her hips for a few seconds, then for just a second, she squatted down, and reaching forward tapped the huge bulge in his shorts, before standing once more. In that second, her whole bum crack, anus, cleft, vagina and cowl had spread wide open to him. He could see right

inside her. Her asterisk shaped anus, her pink and coral coloured vagina, both stretched apart, her damp hymen, never seen by a man before, her clit, now stiff.

"My, my," she said, "are we having naughty thoughts, Harry? I think your thingy is waking up, down there. It looks like he's leaking. Would he like to see a bit more?" She moved her feet further apart. Harry looked up, enthralled. This nine year old girl, who seemed so young and unworldly yesterday, was showing she knew a little bit more about what made the world go round, than he'd realised. She let him study her for another minute, before she moved her feet apart yet again. He could now see the whole of her cleft opening up again, her vagina dilating, even as he watched, mucous seemed to stretch from one side to the other.

Suzie knew she had him completely under her control, but at the same time, her own arousal was growing. She remembered those wonderful feelings he'd given her yesterday, and wanted that again. But he'd been so kind to her, she wanted this to be her gift to him. She knew he liked looking at her, so let him see.

Her feet were now stretched apart as far as she felt comfortable with. Her pussy was still a couple of feet above his face. "I think you rather like looking at me, Harry. You really are a naughty man. You shouldn't look at little girls like that." He groaned in response, now incapable of coherent speech.

Suzie seeing the utter lust in Harry's eyes, started to lower herself, squatting down, her knees moving outwards, spreading her thighs even more. Harry was almost beside himself now. He'd never realised his secret desire to see a naked little girl, and in the space of the last forty eight hours, he'd not only discovered it, but had realised his previously unknown craving in full. As he looked, her whole pussy got closer and more open. He wondered if he could reach her with his tongue. He'd already tried to pull his hands free, but they were tied tight. As he lifted his head, so she lifted herself away from him.

"Naughty Harry," she scolded, "that's not the way this game is played. If you try to break the rules, you don't get treats. So you have to be a good boy from now on. Understand?" She couldn't make out his muttered incomprehensible reply, but assumed he'd acquiesced. She lowered herself back down again, hovering over him, letting him drink in the most lascivious sight of his entire life.

He was now muttering something which might have been "ohmygod, ohmygod, but she wasn't sure.

"If you're a very good, boy Harry, I will let you see inside me. Are you going to be a good boy for me, Harry?" she teased. Again, his strangled reply probably signalled his agreement.

"Well in that case Harry, let me show you." She reached under her spread thighs, and pushed two of her fingers into her pussy, from each side. Harry

watched, enthralled, as they sank into her little vagina, up to her first knuckles. "Here we go Harry, have a good look," she goaded, as her fingers, gripping herself, pulled outwards, pulling her cunt wider and wider apart. Her vagina was only three or four inches above his face, now. He so wanted to taste her, but at the same time didn't want her to stop again. He could see right into her now. Her wet inner and outer labia, her hymen with a hole in it's centre, gaping open and closed with her movements.

"Don't move Harry," she said, taking her fingers from her vagina. She reached down, and although he was still looking at her spread thighs and what was between them, he could feel she was undoing his belt. In a moment it was released, and his shorts unclipped and unzipped, pushed open. He felt her push his boxers down out of the way, and his cock spring free from the confines. "My, my, Harry," she said huskily, "what a big one." In truth, she had never seen a naked man, only her older brother, and he'd not been erect. She was awed by the sight, but wanted him at a disadvantage, so kept up her little tease game.

Suzie returned her fingers to her pussy, pressing them in once more, and pulling herself open. She knew when he could see inside her, because his cock suddenly jerked in reaction. "You really are a naughty boy, Harry. What would my Mum say if she could see what you are doing." She started to move her fingers around, gyrating her vagina. "Would you like to taste me, Harry, like you did yesterday? If you are a very good boy, I will let you." In truth, Suzie was almost as aroused as Harry, and needed his tongue in her again, but that wasn't part of the game.

She squatted lower, until she felt his breath on her sensitive skin. She didn't know she had dripped on him; she did hear him moan in response. Lower she pressed, and suddenly his tongue was there for her. She'd wanted to give him the pleasure of really ogling her, but now it was her turn. Still holding herself open, she pressed down. She couldn't help herself from moving forward and backwards slightly, as his tongue started to scrape along her cleft. One moment he was licking at her clit, the next his tongue was pressing into her pussy, then her bottom hole and back again, never still, always seeking her depths. She knew she would cum soon, and she knew if she did, she wouldn't keep her balance. So she took her fingers away, and moved down onto her knees, now pressing down harder. She could feel his tongue better now. So good.

Then everything seemed to happen at once. Her climax crashed in, making her jerk against him. Waves of pleasure flowing through her lower body, over and over. She didn't hear herself crying out in her orgasmic pinnacle, but the Kingfisher in the tree above them did, looking down disdainfully at them. She reached the height of her climax after what may have been a moment, or an hour, but even as she opened her eyes, she looked at his stiff erection, just as it squirted at her belly from eighteen inches away, splashing her mound and thighs. She hadn't even touched him, and yet what she had done to him had made him cum too. She was so pleased he'd enjoyed it as well. She had come today, hoping to repay his kindness, and now she knew she had.

Suzie had never had an orgasm before yesterday, never seen a naked man, an erection or semen. In twenty four hours she'd experienced them all. But she also knew what else she wanted, but she needed to think carefully about how she was going to get it, because she thought Harry would draw the line at what she now craved for.

CHAPTER 6 – A Common Bond

They lay naked, side by side on the rug, looking up through the branches at the oak tree, the Kingfisher looking back down. Neither worried or embarrassed about what had taken place. Both knowing it would be repeated before the day was over. She so thankful for the time she'd spent on the internet the night before, finding out about her body, and his, and how they worked. She didn't want him to know that she was so ignorant. She'd found a website which had shown her some amazing stuff. She'd blushed at first, then become aroused, then really excited, then she'd formed a plan of what she was going to do to him today. Part one had gone like clockwork. Even better than that.

Harry lay there wondering at the contrast to the girl he'd met, with her little fishing net, just two days ago, and the one lying beside him now. She was like two different people. He wasn't complaining, of course, just amazed.

"You know when you squirted that stuff," she said, "out of your thingy, Harry?"

"Uh hah," he replied, trying to sound non committal.

"Did it make you feel good?" she enquired.

"Fuck yeah, did it ever," he thought, but said: "Yes, like it made you feel good. It did feel good for you, didn't it?"

She giggled, blushing slightly, "Yeah! But why did you squirt? I wasn't even touching you."

"That's because I was so excited at what you showed me, and did to me, I couldn't help myself. It just happened," he explained, realising she knew some stuff, but not everything. Where she'd found out about how to display herself to him, he didn't know, but wondered if the internet had had something to do with it.

"So it doesn't just go off like that every time, then?" she pushed on.

"No. It is unusual for that to happen. Only when it is really excited, as I said. Why?"

"Would you mind doing it again, now, so I can watch what happens?"

This was getting a little surreal, he thought. "It takes a while for it to get ready again. It's a bit like having to charge up the battery on your phone. If it's flat, it won't work." He said.

"Oh," she sounded disappointed.

"We're here all day, if you want, there's plenty of time," he said brightly. Then changing the subject, "I bought a cool box. There's some ice cream if you'd like some. Her face lit up. He opened up the box, and let her choose. She had a chock-ice, while he had a small tub of ice cream. He'd hardly started on his, before she'd finished hers, and looked mischievously at his, working out how to steal it.

"If you want my ice cream," he said without even looking at her, "you'll have to earn it."

"How?" she asked, knowing he was up to something evil.

"Let me tie your hands behind your back," he said, sitting up, grabbing the Velcro strap.

"No way," she shrieked, but giggling, jumping up.

"It's only fair," he said in a crafty voice, "I let you tie me up." She thought about that for a moment. "Better decide," he added, "I've nearly finished the ice cream."

"No fair," she protested, as he scooped another chunk of ice cream into his mouth. She put her hands behind her back and turned so he could tie her.

"Lay down, like I did." He watched as she did so, watching him suspiciously.

"Right it's one spoonful for you, then one for me, OK? I only need three spoonfuls," he said, his eyes twinkling, "you can have the rest." He filled a spoon, and fed it to her, watching as she sucked it clean and licked her lips, a half smile, wondering what he was up to.

He carefully took the spoonful of ice cream, and being careful not to drip it, moved it over her nearest nipple, and smeared it around, covering the whole of her areola. She shrieked at the intense cold suddenly contacting her sensitive skin. He leaned in, and started to lick it and suck it, feeling her tiny pip sized nipple start to harden under his tongue. She involuntarily arched her back in response, her eyes screwed up in agony and ecstasy. When he'd licked her clean, he pulled away, looking down at her face, an inscrutable expression there now.

Harry slowly took another spoonful of ice cream, and proffered it to her lips, watching, as her sexy little tongue slowly came out to take it in, but knowing her mind was now diverted from that towards what he planned next. Another

scoopful of ice cream landed on her other nipple, and was consumed in the same manner as the first. By now, Suzie's body was taut with anticipation.

Harry fed another spoonful of ice cream to her, watching as she let it drip along her cheek, her mind now elsewhere, while she sucked it in. She already knew what was to follow. He took a large dollop of the, now almost melting cream, and pressed it to the dimple at the top of her open cleft. Her thighs were spread apart, and even as he smeared it against her, he watched as some turned to liquid, and started to follow her valley downwards, over her sensitive clit, making her shriek once more at the chill suddenly contacting it, toward her darker entry below, where it somehow seemed to be sucked into her.

Putting down the cardboard tub of ice cream beside her head, he repositioned himself, now kneeling between her open thighs. What followed would remain in their memories for the rest of their lives. Harry started licking her from her dimple, downwards, licking in micro movements, pressing hard against her, letting his tongue work slowly downwards. When he touched her clitty, now poking stiffly out from it's cowl, she again arched her back and called out something incomprehensible, which said so much. Onwards he moved down. Now using his thumbs to pull her open, he dipped into her beautiful virgin vagina. Tasting a heady mixture of her arousal, now flowing from her in glutinous strings, and the sweet ice cream. Pressing into her, his tongue pushed against her hymen, stretched tautly across her passage, the little hole in it's centre, now dilated more than before.

On he travelled. She couldn't believe it, he was going to lick her bum. NO NOT THERE, then he did, and the sensations coursed up through her pussy, sending her once more into another mind numbing climax. His tongue moved back up, searching into her womanhood, and up to her nub of pleasure, flicking it back and forth, back and forth a hundred times, keeping her on the breaking wave of her orgasm for as long as he could. Just as she was coming down, he tickled her or pressed harder, or used his fingers, bringing her again and again up onto the crest of the wave of pleasure.

At last, it ended. Silence swept over them, only broken by her ragged breathing. He slumped down beside her, his hand idly resting over her belly, his face an inch from hers, as they stared into each other's eyes. The little cardboard pot of what was left of the, now melted, ice cream remained forgotten.

"Untie me," she said quietly, "I want to cuddle you."

"I'm not sure I should," he replied, the half smile now returning to his lips, "I quite like you tied up."

"Pervert," she giggled.

"Yes, but I'm your pervert," he whispered into her ear.

They lay side by side, once again in silence for fifteen or twenty minutes. Eventually Suzie said: "Are you really my pervert, Harry?" she asked simply. He 'ah haad' a reply, before they lapsed once more into silence. "Is it always as nice as that?"

"No," he chuckled, "sometimes it's nicer."

"Nah," she said, "I couldn't handle nicer." The silence returned again, both comfortable with it, before she eventually said: "You know, earlier, you said you would come and see my Mum. Did you really mean it?"

"Yes, of course," he confirmed. "I spent a little while last night on my computer, and made up a business card. It says I am the national photography manager for Twitchers Monthly. Here let me show you." He reached into his pack side pocket, and pulled out a wallet. Inside he'd inserted four copies of a card, which had a background photograph of a Golden Eagle in flight, and an address and logo of the magazine. It looked professional. "That was one eagle I photographed last winter, up in the Scottish Hebrides."

"But I have friends in the magazine. Because I write for them regularly and a quarter of all the photos they print are taken by me. When I send in your drawing, they will print it. I will submit an article to go with it. I think they'll ask you to produce more work. So when I meet your Mum, I will have the story ready in my head. But imagine if I told her we were organising a trip to the Florida Everglades, for a small select group of invited guests to see if we could photograph the Cape Sable Seaside Sparrow, Snail Kite, Wood Stork and the Piping Plover?"

"Florida?" she said dreamily. "Imagine going there. How many select people would be going?" she asked.

"Two, you and me," he said. "But it wouldn't be the Everglades; we'll go to Orlando. We will visit Universal, Disney World, Epcot, Kennedy Space Centre. There's loads to do and see there."

Her mouth dropped open, "You mean....Disney....in Florida.....in America.....really?"

"Yup, why not? Unless you don't want to. We can always go somewhere....." He was cut short by her mouth pressed to his, her urgent kisses almost hurting, as his lips were pressed to his teeth. When she finally stopped, he felt quite breathless.

"Harry, why would you do all this for me?" she asked, suddenly becoming serious. "I only met you two days ago, and now you're offering to spend thousands on treating me. Why?"

He pushed her away, at arms length, holding her shoulders with both hands. "How many friends did you say you had? None wasn't it?" he said quietly. Her

lips went into a tight line. "And I think I explained what happened to me with Margaret betraying me."

"Yes," she doubtfully, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"We're kind of alike, you and me, when you think about it. Two lonely people. We talked about this yesterday afternoon," he said. "I told you I love you, even though we only just met. I can't tell you why, but I can tell you it is true."

"I love you too Harry," she responded, "but I don't have anything to give you to prove it to you." She went quiet for a while, cuddling into him, her naked body pressed to his side.

"But, Suzie that's the whole point of love. Two people don't care what they get from the other, as long as they get love. Love is like a merging of the mind. It has nothing to do with what you give or take, but everything to do with trust and conviction and taking risks for one another."

"What sort of risks?" she asked, genuinely puzzled.

"You'll take a risk with being with me. Imagine if we were found out. You already have no friends what if on top of that you were known to have willingly consorted with a paedophile? And I would be taking a risk too," he paused, looking at her, "I'm the one who would be in jail, waiting for some thugs to drag me into some dark corner, and cut my nuts off!"

She suddenly grinned at him. "We can't have anyone cutting your nuts off now, can we?" He moved like lightning, and swatted her bottom with the back of his hand, connecting slightly harder across her naked buttocks, than he'd intended, making her squawk loudly. She immediately leapt onto him, pinning him down, her knees either side of his hips, his deflated cock under her bottom, her hands holding his shoulders.

"What's a peedyfile, anyway?" she asked.

"A paedophile? It comes from the Greek. Paed is the word for child and phile, meaning love. It means child lover."

"Is that the same as someone who wants to fuck little girls, Harry?" she asked matter-of-factly.

"Whoa, where did that come from?" he asked.

"Well, I was looking on the internet, last night," she said, "and they mentioned it. Are you a peedyfile, Harry?" She asked in the same tone as she might ask if he liked strawberries.

"I...I suppose in the eyes of the law, I am," he confessed. "Three days ago, it wouldn't have even crossed my mind." He glanced down at where her pussy was pressing his cock into his belly. "But things seem to have changed."

"So does that mean you want to fuck me, Harry?" she asked trying to keep a straight face.

"I.. oh.. err, no, of course not, Suzie. Whatever made you think I would?" he desperately muttered.

"So you don't like me enough to fuck me," she stated.

"I didn't say that, Suzie, stop putting words into my mouth," he retorted.

"Well you either want to or you don't," she rationalised.

"That's not fair, Suzie. Of course I would like to. But that's not the point. The point is whether I should or could, and more importantly, what you want." He said seriously. He then looked up at her, and realised, from her grinning face, she'd been trying to wind him up, and had succeeded completely. "You little minx. I should spank your bottom."

"Are you one of those who like to spank little girls, Harry?" she asked coquettishly, "I read all about it on the internet, last night." She couldn't help herself from bursting out laughing. Suddenly her expression changed. "So are you going to, Harry?"

"No," he said emphatically.

"Why not?" she asked moving her pussy back and forth along his flaccid cock.

"Because.....err, it's...Tuesday, and you're too young, and you're Mum might not like me if I did....," he gabbled.

"I know you want to," she stated.

"What? How would you know?" he asked, perplexed.

"Your willy's growing bigger. When a girl is sitting on one, she tends to notice that sort of thing."

He couldn't help laughing. "Well we're still not going to do it today," he stated.

"Why not?" she asked, now really puzzled.

"Because," he said with finality.

"Because, what?" she asked, now leaning down so her face was close to his.

"Because, I want to anticipate you, to enjoy you being a virgin for longer. And when that time comes, I want it to be special, very special. But before then, I want to study, caress and touch you everywhere. Besides there are all the other things we can do to each other, before we fu.... make love."

"Like what?" she asked intrigued.

"Well like doing what you're trying to do now," he said, "but better. We can do it orally, anally, we can even do it remotely." From her expression, he knew she hadn't a clue what he was on about. He had realised she'd been onto the net the previous night, picked up a few pointers, and gone straight for gold, without realising all the joy along the way to be had. "Want me to explain?" She just nodded.

"Making love isn't just about a man shoving his cock in a woman and squirting stuff into her. It's all about giving and taking as much pleasure to and from each other as is possible. You can do this with your tongue, like I did to you before. You wouldn't believe where you can get your tongue into that feels good. Or even use your whole mouth," he explained.

"You don't mean..." she blushed, looking at his crown, now poking out on his belly, under her mons. He just raised his eyebrows in answer.

"Then there is your bottom," he continued. "That is one of the most sensual places on the whole body." Again she looked puzzled. "Well you are sitting on my cock now, Suzie, and I must say it doesn't feel half bad." She smiled in understanding. "But, a cock might not just rub along it, like now, but over it, or even go inside it."

She gasped, as she realised what he meant. "Inside?" she repeated.

"Yeah," he confirmed, "but some people don't like doing it that way, and for others it's their favourite. Everyone's different."

"You said 'remote', what's that?" she asked.

"That's when you don't touch each other, but try to make each other cum. It's probably the most sensuous of all. And it can last for hours. You can even do it over the phone, you know, talking to each other. Then there's positions. The ancient Indians had a book. They called it the Karma Sutra. They reckon it had 64 different positions described. Imagine that? Perhaps I should buy you a copy, so you can try all 64! So don't rush in and squander your virginity. Enjoy the journey."

By now, Suzie was moving forward and backwards on Harry's cock, enjoying the sensations of his enlarging erection, as it sank into the folds of her cleft. Harry, too was enjoying the feeling of her labia enfolding his cock, as they swelled with their arousal. Somehow their relationship, in the course of just forty eight hours, had moved from a chance meeting, to mutual interest, to sexual encounters, to mutual gratification. They both already knew this transition hadn't been planned, it had just morphed, and the journey wasn't over yet. Neither now had any embarrassment of the other, and both knew where this would lead to and neither regretted it for a moment.

Harry reached up with both hands, and started to massage Suzie's nipples, watching them swell with the stimulation, their areolae darkening, hardening. She arched her head back, her eyes closing to slits. In so doing, she pushed her pussy down harder onto his cock.

"Gonna cum, Suzie," he muttered. She looked down just at the moment his first, small squirt shot from his crown to his belly button, filling it. She felt it throb under her. She was on the point of sliding into her own climax, and seeing his semen shoot out under her, sent her over the top. Still watching, she saw the next squirt, spurt almost to his chin, along his chest, and the next and next, before they eased back, seeming to lose their energy and force. But Suzie was well into her own orgasm, now, and continued to rub herself back and forth along his pulsating cock, which was giving her so much pleasure.

Soon, she calmed, and climbing off, lay alongside him, watching his chest rise and fall with his breathing. She ran her finger along his hairy chest, through the string of semen, close to her face, studying its texture, warmth and smell, knowing it had come out from inside him, wondering.... She put her tongue out, and tentatively tasted the drop on her finger. It wasn't so bad. She'd expected it to taste yucky. She sucked her finger, before letting it scoop up a little more. Soon, she was leaning over him, letting her tongue scoop up the trails, her lips now sucking it in, like lengths of spaghetti. She realised there was so much to learn in this new world of love which she had stumbled upon just two days ago. She might bunk off school frequently, but this was another school she never wanted to miss a lesson in.

She rested her head in the crook of his shoulder, looking up into the tree, seeing the Kingfisher look down at her. It was as if they had both got a relationship with Harry, now. A common bond between them. She sat up, and started to empty Harry's back pack out onto the rug.

"What are you doing, Suzie" he asked, curiously.

"I'm famished," she said, her head almost inside the pack. "A girl could starve to death round here, unless she takes the matter into her own hands." She pulled out another couple of Tupperware containers, inspecting them, before placing them on the rug with the others.

"What are these, Harry?" she asked holding out a pair of small plastic button shaped items in the palm of her hand. Each was attached to a tiny piece of wire about an inch long. They were less than half an inch across. In her other hand was the open foam lined box they had come out of.

He glanced at them, and taking one, in his fingers, held it up by the wire. "They are miniature cameras," he explained. "I hide them inside tree holes, or near nests. I've had some great pictures, with them, over the years. They are high definition. They link to a small transmitter, which has to be located within a few yards. The transmitter is linked to the internet, and can send pictures to my computer. Here let me show you."

He pulled out a small phone sized item from the box in her hand, flicked open it's cover, and pressed a switch. Then taking his phone, opened an app and nodded as the two linked. He handed the phone to her and said "Watch this." He held the tiny camera in front of his face, and grinned. In the screen, she had a perfect picture in crystal clear clarity. He then turned the camera, and the kingfisher appeared in the screen, making her smile. Then he turned it once more, and moved it towards the gap between her thighs, her wet cleft and slightly open entry to her vagina, filling the whole picture.

"Pervert," she laughed, as he switched the transmitter off. She closed the cover on the phone, and handed it back to him. "Will it work anywhere?" she asked.

"Well, as long as the camera is close enough to the transmitter and it in turn receives a signal from the internet, yes." She nodded, looking again at the little camera, lapsing into silence, while she studied it.

"H-a-r-r-y," she asked, in a sing-song way only young girls seem to speak, when they want to say something, but don't know how, "I want to ask you two things. But I'm not sure if you'll think me bad if I do." It was a question and a statement simultaneously.

"Well, Suzie," he said, looking at her sideways, "in my mind, there is nothing in this world you could ever say, which would make me think less of you. So there's a challenge. See if you can shock me." He smiled at her, making her grin back, and cuddle into him. "You said there were two things," he said, leading her on.

"Oh, yeah," she muttered, composing her thoughts. "They are different questions, but they are sort of linked." She hesitated before she asked: "Harry, if you had the opportunity, would you like to look at other little girls, without their clothes or is it just me you like to look at?" She blushed, even as she said it.

"Well, that one came in from the left field!" he said. "Err, if you'd asked me a week ago, I would have said I have no interest in little girls, at all. But since I met you, Suzie, I realise I love you, for you, even if I never see you naked again. But in an honest reply to your question, I confess, you have awakened something in me I didn't know was there. I think I might enjoy seeing other naked little girls, if the opportunity occurred, which I doubt it would. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," she said, "but first let me ask my second question. Do you think it's wrong to get revenge on someone?"

"Ah, well, now that's a much more philosophical question than the first," he answered, thinking he was on easier ground now. "It depends on the circumstances. Is it vengeance, or retribution or even reprisal. Who do you want to get revenge on, Suzie?" he asked, suspecting he probably knew part of the answer.

"I will tell you, Harry, but I want you to cuddle me while I tell you, because I find it difficult. I'm frightened, Harry." She said, turning her back on him, letting him cuddle her into his tummy, now spooning together. "It started when my father went to jail. I told you my Mum refused to take me out of the school. Well there is a gang of ten girls in the school. In fact they call themselves the Gang of Ten. They are all in the last year, before they go to senior school. Most of them are eleven years old. They bully all the younger children, and what they say goes. There is nothing anyone can do about it, because the gang leader, Felicity, her name is, is the headmaster's daughter. And anyway, it was the headmaster who told my Mum I should leave the school. I think he told his daughter he wanted me out. So every time the gang get the chance, they try to make my life unpleasant, and hit me and hurt me, or steal from me. No one else in the school will stand up to them, and won't make friends with me, because they're frightened that the gang might turn on them too."

"Hmm, I see," he mused, "I think you're a very brave girl to even consider standing up to them. What did you have in mind?"

"Harry," she started, "at school, I heard Felicity talking the other day. They said the gang would all go to the swimming pool together, now that school term is ended. Well, they said they were going later today."

"Ok," said, "so what's the plan?"

"That's why I asked you if you would like to look at other little girls. Don't you see?" she said emphatically.

"Sorry, Suzie," he said, puzzled, "you've lost me. What are you talking about?"

She sighed, as if he wasn't listening properly. "Keep up Harry," she sighed again. "I will go to the pool. I know they spend hours in the showers after they get out of the water. They've been told off about it in the past. I think they do it to annoy other people. Felicity, that's the headmaster's daughter, told one lady to 'fuck off' last week, when she complained they were taking too long. Anyway, I'm going to take your little cameras in there and hide them, while they are swimming. Then I will go into the pool when they go to the showers, and then get the cameras back when they go to get changed. If I'm careful, they won't even see me. But it won't matter if they do. It might even make it feel better for me."

"But why do you need to go to all that trouble, Suzie?" he asked.

"For my revenge, don't you see?" she said resolutely. She looked at him, seeing he still didn't get it. "I need you to look at them all naked, Harry. I need you to get all excited looking at them. Really excited. Then while your looking at them, I want to play with your, you know, willy, and make you squirt. They won't know what I've done, but I will, and that's what matters." She looked at him hopefully, and asked: "So do you think I'm a bad person?"

"Yes, Suzie, but you're my bad person, like I'm your pervert, and I love you for it. Pass the camera and transmitter. I will show you how to operate it." He spent the next ten minutes showing her, then getting her to show him, so he knew she'd got it. "The next question is where to hide the cameras. You can push the wire through material, or soap, or a flannel or sponge, leaving the lens almost invisible if you are careful. I'll give you three camera sets to take. I would put a couple on the floor, looking across and up, and the other waist height. Looking along the shower units. But you'll need to see what's possible, when you get there. For what it's worth, I think it's a very exciting idea. Look."

He nodded down at his cock. She reached behind her, and felt his erection, hard in her hand, and giggled. She turned over, now facing him, both lying on their sides "Harry, would you mind if I play with your willy for a while?" She started to shuffle down, so her face was level with his hard erection.

"You've already done it a few times, and by the way, I call it my cock," he said.

"No, what I mean is," she said, "I want to look at it, study it, touch it. I never saw one before yours; only my brother's, and not since I was five. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, as long as you let me do the same to you, at the same time," he responded, rolling on to his back. There was a pause, as she worked this out in her mind, before she giggled once more, got onto all fours, turned around, and climbed up onto him, her feet now under his arms, her mound pressed to his chest, her bottom just below his chin. His cock was now held firmly in her hand, its end pointing upwards. She looked for a minute or two, before she ran her fingers along its length, feeling his hardness, heat, softness. She already knew her desire was to get this inside her, but she also knew he would be reluctant.

Just then, Suzie felt Harry's fingers against her pussy. He was exploring too. It made her shiver, knowing he could see inside her now, with her legs spread out as they were. She felt dampness. She knew she was leaking stuff. She didn't care, she hoped it made it good for him. Then she felt him pull her open, down there. Then he blew on her, very gently. She could feel the air inside. She must be wide open. She felt his cock in her hand, throb. She knew he liked what he was looking at. She hoped so.

Suzie, still holding his shaft, pulled downwards. Earlier, she had seen the round bit at the end push out through his skin. She wondered if she could make it do it again. Slowly, his skin moved down, She saw the bulge at his tip move against the skin, until, at last, the tip appeared. But what surprised her was seeing lots of clear gooey stuff flow down from his end, down along his shaft, and over her hand. She pulled her fingers away a little, and watched as the mucous spread from his cock to her finger tips. She rubbed it between her finger tips. It was slippery. She brought her hand to her nose and smelt it. Almost nothing, just something there, which made her pussy tingle. She touched her tongue with her finger, expecting it to taste like his semen had done earlier, but found it was almost tasteless. Just very slightly salty.

Harry was hypnotised by the wondrous sight of Suzie's wide open vagina inches from his eyes. Her arousal was pouring out of her, down her cleft, over her clitty and mound, before spreading out on his chest. He had two fingers on each side of her, like the four cardinals. He was pulling firmly outwards, with continuous pressure. As he watched, she dilated more and more. Her wet interior seemed to have a life of it's own, her pink flesh moved with her pulse and muscular movements. Her hymen was stretched across her beautiful passage. It rippled, the light glinting, like off the surface of moving water.

Suddenly, as he watched, her passage seemed to dilate even wider, and as it did, so the hole in her hymen winked open. It closed again immediately, but then opened once more and stayed open. Mucous was stretched across it, but now he could see deep into her. Inside her most private place, where no man had ever looked before. He gently blew into her. Immediately, her passage clamped up, but slowly opened once more. But what happened next almost made him cum, because he felt the unmistakable sensation of a tongue rasping across his helmet shaped crown.

Harry didn't need telling, and in a moment, his own tongue dipped into her, nudging against her barrier, tasting her exquisite flavour. Little girl taste. So different to Margaret, all those years ago. So much better. And in that instant, he knew with absolute certainty that for the rest of his life, he would crave for this unique flavour. The taste of pre-teen cunt.

In the next few minutes, both of them couldn't help themselves. Suzie, on feeling his tongue deep inside her started to cum. She pressed her mound up and down against his chest, trying to extract as much pleasure from his tongue as she could. Meanwhile, without realising it, she let his tip slip between her lips. Her tongue was busy running around his end. She gently sucked, feeling the strand of his pre-cum like a length of spaghetti slip across her tongue. So good. She clenched, feeling her climax increase, encouraged by his tongue now flicking across her clitty repeatedly.

Suzie opened her mouth, and let his cock slip between her teeth. Had she thought about this before, she would have been repelled by the idea. But now she not only wanted to do it, to give him pleasure, but she wanted him to cum in her mouth, as she knew he would. She didn't know exactly what he was doing to her. She could feel his tongue working all along her cleft. One minute on her clitty; the next in her vagina; then in her bottom; then back again, repeating the cycle. Her orgasm had started almost as soon as his tongue had touched her, and went on and on.

She held his shaft in her hand, and let his crown sink further into her mouth, until it was almost touching the back. She didn't want to gag, so pulled back a fraction. She'd read about blow jobs on the internet, last night, and tried to remember everything it had said to do. She sucked, and rubbed him with her tongue, flicking it up and down. Then she started to move her hand along his length. She brought her other hand to join it, both gripping him tightly. Moving her hands up and down, she felt the tension in him increase.

Then he muttered, "I'm going to cum, Suzie. Better pull off me, before it goes in your mouth." But instead of pulling off him, she pressed down, and sucked him as hard as she could, feeling him swell. Suddenly her mouth was filled with his semen. The taste the same as before. But this time, her mouth was full. She swallowed, just as he pulsed again; once more she swallowed.

Both were cuming together, enjoying the exquisite pleasure of each other's bodies, as their orgasms slowed and calmed.

"Fuck me, that was good," he muttered.

"May I?" she asked. "May I fuck you, please Harry?"

She felt him freeze beneath her. She realised she'd perhaps pushed him too far, too soon.

"We'll have to think about that, Suzie," he said, carefully. "It's a big step, and I don't want to hurt you, or let you ever feel I took advantage of you. Give me time, will you?"

She muttered "Uh huh," around his now, semi tumescent cock. Suzie knew she hadn't pushed him too far. Just sown the seeds of her deepest desire. She decided she would be cheeky. She pulled away from his cock and asked. "Did you enjoy me sucking you off Harry? Did I give you a nice blow job?"

She was surprised when his hand came down on her bottom quite hard "Naughty girls get spanked," he chuckled.

"Pervert," she responded.

"Yes, but don't forget, I'm your pervert."

CHAPTER 7 – Cinderella

The rest of the early afternoon was spent in consuming the huge feast he'd brought down for their lunch. She had never seen so much delicious food, and ate more than she should have done.

"Does your Mum ever see you naked, Suzie?" he suddenly asked, as they lay side by side, staring up at the Kingfisher, who looked back, as if in judgement.

"Of course," she replied, "I'm only nine years old, you know. Why?"

"Because your pussy is getting sunburnt," he answered. She immediately propped herself up on her elbows, and reached down, and pulled her knees up and outwards, so she could see. She let her legs back down, and giggled. "Oh yeah, so I am. You'll be wanting to put some factor fifty on it next, I suppose!"

"Probably," he chuckled, "but knowing you, it would just lead on to something else. Would your Mum notice?"

"Yeah, probably," she shrugged, "but I often play at home in the nuddy. Our garden isn't overlooked. So she wouldn't say anything." He lay there taking in the idea that she seemingly liked to be at home naked.

It was mid afternoon, and they'd lain there talking about a thousand and one things, getting to know one another better. They held hands the whole time, occasionally kissing one another, or gently caressing. This was not about arousal or sensuality, but all about their relationship deepening in a platonic way. At last it was time to go. Harry carefully put the tiny cameras and transmitters into their little foam lined carry case, and handed it to her. She clicked it open and looked inside. He'd tucked in a folded twenty pound note.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"It will pay for your entry to the pool," he said.

"But it won't cost anything like that," she stated.

"Then buy something for yourself with the change." He smiled as she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek and said, "Thank you Daddy."

"Take care of yourself, Suzie," he said, quietly. "I realise this is something you just have to do, but I wouldn't want any harm to come to you. You know you have become very important to me." He looked into her eyes, and gave her lips a gentle kiss. The simple act meant more to Suzie, than he could possibly have realised at the time. "I hate to say it, but it's time we got dressed."

Harry walked her all the way to the end of the road where she lived, before returning to his car. They had arranged to meet the following day, but the weather looked as though it may change. She asked for his phone number, in case it rained, and they couldn't meet at their usual place. That night, he found sleep escaped him, so active was his mind, with the events of the day. He was almost grateful when dawn broke, but it was after nine, when he woke with a start. He'd fallen into a deep sleep, only woken by the trill of his phone.

"Hello, it's me," a little voice said into his ear, "can we meet? It's raining though." The disappointment in her voice tangible.

"Of course," he said, now wide awake, "I'll come and pick you up. Where are you?"

"I am in the shop at the end of the street. You know, where the filling station is. I will wait in the shop. You can come and fill your car up, then when you go in to pay, I will walk out and get into your car, like I'm your daughter."

"Well done Suzie," he said, "very clever. I'll be there in five minutes. Get into the back seat, will you?"

The rain was beating against the screen, the wipers hardly able to clear the water, as it flooded Harry's vision. Large pools were already appearing in the road. It was only a short distance to his home. "Keep out of sight, would you, Suzie," he said, "there are one or two very nosey neighbours, who would just love to see you get out of my car." She slipped down in the seat, and pulled a coat lying there over her. He clicked the button for the automatic garage door to open, and drove inside, clicking the door down behind.

"Welcome to my little home, Suzie," he said, ushering her into the utility room. "Here let me take off your cardigan, you got soaked." She'd had to sprint from her home down the road to the shop, and the rain had turned from light drizzle to stair rods in that time.

"I know your game," she giggled, "you just want to get my clothes off me."

"How did you guess?" he responded. "Come through, I'll make you a drink. What would you like?"

"Do you have any gin?" she asked innocently. He looked at her askance, then saw her expression, grinning up at him. "Do you have any more lemon San Pellegrino? I quite liked that." He opened the fridge and pulled out a can and handed it to her. He watched casually, as she peeled back the foil cover, before levering the tab off. He didn't know why, but he found all her finger movements so graceful, not clumsy.

"Would you like to have a look around my house?" he asked. Without replying, she moved to the door, leading to the sitting room. The house wasn't large, but it was clean and tidy. She instinctively moved to the trophy cabinet on the far side of the room, and opened it, looking in at the hundreds of prizes he'd won over the years for his wildlife photography. She picked up several items, inspecting them and reading the inscriptions, glancing up at him from time to time, pride in her face, that this quiet man who she, now, so loved had achieved such recognition in the world of bird photography. She closed the cabinet and looked around the room at the many stunning ornithology pictures framed and carefully mounted. On the sideboard, there was a framed photo of him as a young teenager, being presented a small silver cup by a short, rotund, bearded man.

"His name was Bill Oddie," he said, anticipating her unspoken question, "you wouldn't have heard of him, but he used to present wildlife programs on the BBC. His love was for birds in particular. That little cup," he pointed to a shelf in the corner, "was the first prize I ever won, and he awarded it to me. On that day, I decided to make bird photography my life's work."

The tour of the house didn't take very long; there wasn't a lot to see. She took a final swig of her drink, and as she handed the empty lemon can to him, burped loudly, grinning cheekily up at him. She walked through to the kitchen, opened the fridge and pulled out an orange San Pellegrino, and handed him the foil cover. He stood smiling, as she swigged away, while he held the

empty can in one hand and the foil in the other. "Will there be anything else, Madam?" he asked in a mock posh tone.

"You haven't got any cheesy biscuits or some of those bacon crisps we had yesterday, do you?" She dodged sideways, giggling, as he tossed the empty can at her, which missed by a couple of feet.

"Harry," she said in a tone, which instantly made him pay attention, "you know I haven't got a Daddy. You know, one who's there for me." He nodded careful not to comment on this emotional subject for her. "Well, would you mind if, when we're together, like now, you pretend to be my Daddy?"

"No of course not, Suzie," he said, holding his arms out so she could cuddle into him, "I would like that very much indeed."

She stood, clinging on to his chest, her ear and cheek pressed to him, enjoying his arms enveloping her, like a real Daddy would do. She finally stepped back, and holding him at arms length, looked up at him with a watery smile. He noticed a single tear trickling down her cheek. He moved his finger to it, and held it for a moment, before glancing at her, then sucking his finger.

"There," he said gently, "that tear is captured forever. Whatever upset you is banished, now." Then changing the subject, glancing at the rain running down the window glass, he asked: "What would you like to do today? We could go to the cinema, or a soft play area, or go to the....."

"Could we stay here?" she asked, her tone telling him rather than asking.

"Of course, Suzie, today, we'll do whatever you want."

"May I ask you to do something for me?" she asked. "You might think it silly, but it's important to me. It's something my father never ever did, and I would so love it if my Daddy would." She hugged tightly into him again. He couldn't help noticing her use of the term, father versus Daddy.

"What would you like me to do?" he asked, quietly.

"Would you give me a bath? You know, so you wash me all over." At first, he thought he hadn't heard her right, but looking at her realised she was in deadly earnest. "My Mum was the only one who ever did that for me, and she stopped when I was four, saying I was too old. I know after yesterday, you will be kind and gentle. I would love it if you would." Harry knew she had a father who had manipulated his daughter to be his stooge, to rob innocent passers by; a mother who probably loved her, but lacked the maternal instincts to look after and cherish her daughter; no friends in the world; she desperately needed someone to love her, someone to give her unlimited affection.

Harry reached down, and lifted her up. Her legs automatically curled round his waist, her arms hugging his neck, her face buried in his shoulder. He had one hand behind her back and the other supporting her bottom. This was not

sexual, but very, very intimate. One false move would spoil everything for her. He realised the whole bath thing was a sort of ritual baptism for her, to wash away the past, to start a new life, looking forward not back.

“Come on darling,” he said, playing his part, “let Daddy take you upstairs and give you a nice warm bath. Would you like that?” She just muttered ‘uh haa’, quietly into his shoulder. Still holding her tight, he went into the bathroom, and turned on the taps to fill the bath. He struggled to open a bottle of bubble mixture, which Margaret had left behind, and tipped a good supply into the water flow.

He then carried her through to his bedroom, and sat down on the edge of his bed. He leaned back slightly, so he could undo the buttons of her blouse. She sat watching him, as one by one the buttons popped open. He then slipped his hands under the garment, and lifted up and back, over her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Today, she was wearing a denim skirt, which had a clasp to the side of her waist. He unclipped it, and pulled the little zip down beneath the clasp, but left the skirt in place. He reached down, and pulled off the shoe and a sock from one foot, then the other. Next, he lifted her up under the armpits, and stood her between his knees. As soon as she stood, the skirt dropped to the floor on top of the blouse. She was now just wearing her plain little white cotton panties. They were a size or so too small, and hugged her shape, forming to her curves and crevices.

Harry had seen her naked most of the previous day, but the anticipation of what was to follow now, aroused him immensely. But at the same time, he knew he mustn’t spoil it for her. He would have to bide his time to have his own lustful urges fulfilled. This was for her alone.

Without looking, he slipped his thumbs into the elastic of the waist band of the panties, and pushed them down, feeling them drop down to her feet. He kept his eyes on hers. She stared back, their eyes locked. He picked her up in his arms once more, and carried her through to the bathroom. He decided to play her game to the finish.

“Suzie, have you brushed your teeth,” he said. “You know you must brush your teeth before you have a bath and go to bed, don’t you?”

“I forgot Daddy,” she said, her lower lip pouting, her eyes downcast.

“Don’t worry,” he said brightly, “I have a new toothbrush here in the cupboard. I will get it out for you.” He handed her the brush, and watched as she applied the toothpaste, and scrubbed her teeth, showing them to him, after she’d finished. While she was doing that, he stole a glance at her bottom, as it wiggled with the movement of her body. It was sticking out with the way she was standing, just as her tummy too was pushed forward against the sink.

At last, she dropped the toothbrush into the mug on the stand, beside his own. A little thrill passed through him at the simple gesture. He tested the temperature of the water, and switched the taps off. He’d obviously put too

much bubble mixture in, because the bubbles were almost overflowing the side of the bath. Turning, he reached out to her. She raised her arms, and let him lift her up and into the water. She sat for a minute, playing with the bubbles, bringing them to her face, blowing them into the air. As he watched her play, he pulled off his T-shirt, knowing he was going to get wet before long.

Harry remembered something. He had been given a big yellow plastic duck by a friend, as a joke, when he'd won a national prize for a picture of a flight of ducks at sunset. He'd thrown it into the bottom of the cupboard under the sink. Fetching it, he knelt down by the bath, and put the duck into the water, before pushing it towards her. She giggled, and started to play with it. He rested his elbows on the side of the bath, occasionally pushing the duck back towards her. He looked at her and smiled. She grinned back. She was obviously very happy at this moment. He wouldn't push her.

After about ten or fifteen minutes, Suzie leaned forward and picked up a bar of soap. Without looking, she handed it to him. He took that as his cue, and dipping his hands into the water, quickly worked up a lather. He simply said: "Arm," and ran his soapy hands up and down from her shoulder to her finger tips. He made sure, of course he worked the soap into her armpit, making her squeal. She was incredibly ticklish. He made a mental note to remember that. Could be useful in the future. "Other arm," he commanded, washing it like the other, making sure he tickled her armpit again, making her laugh, pushing his hand away. Her earlier contemplative mood seemed to be lightening.

He washed her back, before soaping up a flannel and handing it to her to wash her own face. "Leg," he said, but only washed it to a few inches above her knee. "Other one," he continued. "Now sit up, while I wash your chest and tummy." He made sure he had lots of soap, then starting around her neck, he quickly worked down, ensuring her tiny nipples, which suddenly weren't so tiny now, were given extra attention, as they beaded up under his fingers.

Suzie had absolutely adored the way he had given her the bath which she had dreamt of all these years, which other girls had taken for granted. They both knew what was to follow now, and both were shaking with anticipation.

"Would you like to lie back for the last bit or kneel in the water? It's up to you," he said, holding the soap in the palm of his hand.

She thought for a moment, before she rolled onto her knees, sideways on to him, her elbows and hands resting on the side of the bath. Harry decided he would tackle front and back simultaneously. He soaped the small of her back, his other hand on her tummy, just above her mons. His touch was featherlike but to Suzie, he was caressing her. This was just such a wonderful feeling. One she had never experienced before. It was as though his fingers were spreading love into her silky soft skin.

She felt his hands now moving over the top of her bottom, and her mound. He was just above her cracks. She suddenly realised he had given her the bath

she had desired all these years, and still he hadn't tried to grope her or in anyway molest her. It made her love for him grow. She now felt his fingers washing her cleft, through her bottom, into her vagina. She felt no sense of abuse from him at all. He was just being a Daddy, like she'd asked him to be.

At last he said to her: "Suzie, do you want to play in the bath for a while, or would you like to get out now?"

In reply, she stood up and held her arms out to him. He grabbed a huge pink fluffy towel, and holding it in both hands, wrapped it around her, lifting her out of the water, cuddling her to him once more. He leaned and pulled the bath plug out, and walked through to his bedroom. He laid her on the bed, then spread the towel out, looking down on her naked body. Taking one end of the towel, he used it to wipe her dry on one side, then repeated it on the other.

"Would you read me a story, Daddy?" she asked. "No one's read to me, since I was a little girl." His heart went out to her.

"Of course my precious," he said. "Is there a particular story you'd like me to read?"

"Yes," she said, "would you pass me my bag?" Harry went over to the dressing table, where she'd put her bag, and held it out to her. As she opened it, he noticed inside the little carrying case for the cameras. He decided he'd let her bring that subject up, when the time was right. She pulled out a very thumbled and grubby book. On the cover the title read: 'Cinderella'.

"I like this story," she said. "Cinderella is a lot like me really."

"Why's that Suzie?" he asked, walking right into it.

"Because we were both miserable for many years, then like her, I met my Prince Charming," she looked at him, her eyelids fluttering, "haven't I?"

He gave her a reassuring hug. "I think I am the one who has found my fairytale princess, more like."

She crawled up the bed, on hands and knees. She knew where his eyes were looking, and she didn't mind. She didn't mind at all. She lifted the duvet, and, sitting in the very centre of the bed, pulled the pillows up behind her and leaned back on them.

"Pass my drink over, Harry," she instructed, "I'd like another drop."

"Certainly, Madam," he replied, "will there be anything else, Miss?"

"Probably," she giggled, lifting her knees under the covers and folding her arms behind her head. He admired her flat little bee sting areolae for a moment, before he sat down beside her, opening the book.

"No, not like that, Daddy," she said frowning. "Take off your shorts. Why should I be bare when you have clothes on?" Harry pushed his shorts and boxers down and off his legs. He lifted the corner of the duvet, and leaned back against the pillows beside Suzie. She leaned into his side, so he put his arm around her, his hand trailing over her tummy.

"Once upon a time there was a girl called Cinderella....." he started. Soon, she had half turned, so she was partly facing him, her arm across his chest, her fingers idly playing with his blond curly hair. After about ten minutes, Cinderella was getting ready for the ball, and Harry heard Suzie sigh, contentedly, and after another ten, Cinderella was running home, having lost her glass slipper, he realised she was asleep. Her thumb was in her mouth, sucking, where only a day ago his cock had been. He leaned back and put the book down. He'd not slept well the night before, and soon he drifted off himself.

CHAPTER 8 – Movie Time

It was about an hour later, he woke up. He looked down at the girl, still under his arm, who had changed his life totally in the last few days. He glanced at the bedside clock, and saw that it was still only mid-morning. He needed a pee, so careful not to wake her, rolled out of the bed and went to his en-suite bathroom. Standing there urinating, he looked at his reflection in the large wall mirror and despite knowing he was now, technically a paedophile in the eyes of the law, could look himself in the mirror and feel no pangs of guilt. He'd done nothing he should feel ashamed of. He knew he had not coerced her in any way. So even if one day he was arrested, he could live with himself, and that's what mattered.

He came out of the bathroom, and despite the flush of the toilet and the squeak of the bathroom door hinges, she hadn't stirred at all. He looked out of the window, and saw the rain had stopped, and a bright sunshine had replaced the grey skies. This side of the house faced south and it was getting warm in the room, with the sun shining in through the window. He looked at Suzie, and could see beads of perspiration on her brow. She was too warm. He stood beside the bed, and carefully lifted the duvet off her. Dropping it to the floor, he stood looking down at the naked child, sleeping on his bed, the sunlight playing across her pale skin.

Harry lifted her arms, one at a time, and lowered them onto the bed spread out from her sides. He then pulled her legs apart, very carefully. First one side, then the other. Repeating it over and over, bringing them wider, until she was in a full splits. Her whole cleft was open to his view. Almost hidden under her, her anus had opened. Above, her flat perineum, and vagina, an open hole showing her pink interior was damp. Her cleft was spread, her labia drawn apart with the position she was in, letting him see deep into her most personal place. Her clitoris could be seen, enfolded in the wings of her cowl, which had opened like a flower and just above, her dimple, which moved with her breathing. He pulled his chair over, and sitting down, studied her, every

inch of her. He wanted to be able to recall her body in his mind, any time he wanted. So the video recorder, which were his eyes, went to work.

It was an hour later, she stirred. At first she didn't know where she was, then opened her eyes, looking at the ceiling, recalling her morning, with a smile. Sensing his presence, she turned her head, and saw him sitting on the chair.

"You're staring at me," she stated.

"Yes," he replied honestly, "I was getting to know you." Harry realised the little girl of earlier had gone, and a mischievous nine year old had returned.

She looked down her body, and realised the position he had put her into, her whole pussy open to his ogling. Then she realised he wasn't ogling. His eyes were, sort of warm. There wasn't any lust there at all. She let her head drop back to the pillow, but kept her legs where they were. This said more to Harry about her consent to his actions, than any words could have done. At last, she sat up and grinned at him. It was the same grin he'd seen the day before several times when her mind was at work.

"What?" he asked, knowing she was definitely up to something.

"I gotta go pee," she said, coquettishly, "wanna watch?"

He blustered for a moment, "Watch? Why...."

"You watched me several times yesterday. And, the day before, when you thought I wouldn't notice. So do you wanna?" He nodded. "Come on Perv, before I wet the bed. Those two San Pellegrino's have dropped right through me." She got off the bed, and taking his hand, walked into the en-suite.

Suzie went to the toilet, and dropped the seat down, which he'd left up, and instead of sitting on it, stepped lightly up, and turned facing him. "Move closer," she told him. When he was just a foot away, with her hands on his shoulders for balance, she squatted down, and pushed her knees apart. Harry followed her down, now on his knees before her, worshiping at the alter of undisguised lust.

"Ready, Harry?" she asked, "here we go." She relaxed her bladder, and let go a small stream of yellow piss down into the pan below. Harry watched entranced, as her urethra seemed to swell, pout for a second, then open to the flow.

"Touch me there, Harry, please touch me," she whispered, her lips pressed to his ear, her palms now clasped to the sides of his head. He reached forward, and cupped the whole of her pudenda. His fingers almost touching her anus, his palm under her vagina and clitty, the thick pad near his wrist, pressed to her mound. Her warm urine flowed over his hand and fingers, and down into the toilet. He moved against her, and heard her hiss. He moved once more, and she gasped. He realised she was getting very turned on by what was

happening. The tip of his rigid, hard cock was pressed to the porcelain of the toilet. He was pretty aroused himself. Harry had never considered water sports as a fun activity. But then, unlike Suzie, the previous night, he hadn't studied the subject on the internet for hours.

He curled his fingers into her, and felt her shudder. Despite the flow of urine, she was cuming, making her pee come out in squirts. Her hands clasped his head hard, her knees closed together, trapping his wrist, while her gasps became rasps. Her climax was short, but intense. It was the prelude to what she had in store for herself. And now she had emptied her bladder, she would be able to focus on what she needed to show him.

She climbed down from the toilet seat, and flushed the loo. She looked at him and said, grinning: "don't forget to wash your hands." This time, he was just fast enough to connect his wet hand hard onto her left buttock, making a very satisfactory 'smack'.

"Perv," she muttered, "now I'll have to wash my bum."

They returned to the bedroom. Compared to earlier, despite him having calmly studied her naked body for over an hour, the sexual tension was now palpable. Both knew the next few hours were unpredictable, and both knew they would remember them for the rest of their lives.

She flopped onto the bed, propped on one elbow, one leg bent up at the knee, as he came out of the bathroom. "Wanna watch a movie, Harry?"

"Sure," he said, "I have Netflix, Prime, Britbox, what would you like?"

"I want you to watch a new one," she said. "It's here." She picked up her handbag and tipped out the little camera carry case onto the bed. He picked it up and almost reverently opened it. The cameras were each tucked into their round recesses in the foam backing, each beside their transmitter, which he pulled out.

"I'll be right back," he said, leaving the room. In moments, he returned holding a small black device, which looked similar to a games console, and some cables. He quickly connected the transmitters to the device, which in turn was plugged with an HDMI cable into his wall mounted wide screen TV.

"I use this to edit my bird spy-cam videos," he explained. "It's like a miniature TV studio editor. I set the three transmitters running simultaneously, then coordinate them, so I can switch from one camera to another. It records the result, as well as showing it on the TV. Clever hey?" She smiled and nodded enthusiastically. Harry picked up the remote control for the device and returned to sit beside Suzie, propped up against the pillows. "Once it's running, there's a large picture at the top, and along the bottom small pictures of the other two camera's images. All I have to do is press which camera is recording. How did you hide the cameras, Suzie?"

"Yeah, it was easy, really," she said. "I waited outside the leisure centre, until I saw the ten of them arrive, with the headmaster's wife. They didn't see me. I gave them a few minutes, then followed them in. I asked when the next swimming session started, and was told in five minutes, so hung on. The lady behind the counter wanted to know why I was on my own. I just told her my Mum had dropped me off and I was joining a birthday party group. I was a few minutes early. She gave me the nod, so I paid and got a green wristband."

"The earlier session was orange," she continued. "I went into the changing room, and got into a cubicle and changed. Then I waited twenty minutes, until the red wrist bands came out and showered. When they'd finished, I went into the shower room. It was empty now. The next lot in there would be the orange bands. I took the cameras, and stuck one into an old towel hanging on a hook on one side, and put another in the handle of a mop, the janitor had left propped there, on the other side. The third I pushed into a piece of screwed up toilet paper, and put it against the wall, on the floor in the middle of the line of showers, looking upwards and outwards. Then I went back to my cubicle, and checked the three lights on the transmitter were green, like you told me. I put everything into my bag and placed it in the nearest locker to the showers. Then I got my towel, and held it over my head, like a hoody, so when I went into the pool area they wouldn't recognise me. I sat on a chair, and waited ten minutes, and the orange bands were whistled out. When they had gone, I had a swim."

Twenty minutes later, green bands were whistled out. I dallied as long as I could, and got out when the man whistled and pointed at me and waived his thumb towards the exit. Even then, the ten of them were still in the showers. No one else went in there, because they were swearing and making comments to other swimmers wanting to use the showers. I pulled my towel over my head, and went in the toilet, and sat there until I heard they'd gone. Then I went into the showers, had a quick rinse and pulled out the cameras. Mission completed."

"Well done, Suzie," he praised, "you'd make a real life James Bond. Let's watch the video, shall we?"

"No," she said, firmly, "I want you to watch it. I don't want to see it. I want to watch you, and play with you, while you look at them. I need you to look at all of them. It will be my revenge on them for what they've done to me all these years."

Harry understood now why she was so determined. These girls had spoiled her childhood. Them and the headmaster. This wouldn't harm them, but it would give her a deep feeling of satisfaction. And for that, he was willing to play along. He made himself comfortable in the middle of the pillows. Suzie lay across the bed, on her side, facing him, away from the screen, her head resting on his thigh. She reached for his flaccid cock with her hand, but didn't do anything more at this stage.

He set the sequence running. At first, the shower room was empty. Then a woman entered, had a quick shower and left. Another young mother came in with a toddler, showered him and herself, and also quickly left. There was a gap of several minutes, then a sound of chatting voices could be heard, as the group of ten girls approached. There was a middle aged woman showering alongside her daughter, who was perhaps in her mid twenties and heavily pregnant. The group arrived together,

"My god," said Felicity, "look what we've got here. An old hag and someone who's been shagging." They all laughed, as the two women grabbed their belongings, and hastened off to the changing cubicles.

"What have you got for us today, Felicity?" asked a dumpy, dark haired girl, as she peeled off her one piece swimming costume.

"Do you mean now, or later?" asked Felicity.

"Both," said the chubby girl. She had boobs, but Harry couldn't tell if they were just fat or the real thing.

"Well, later, we'll meet up at the coffee shop, but tomorrow, I think we should go back to that shop we turned over last week," stated Felicity. "You know, the clothes shop, run by that Indian family. That skirt I nicked last week had a £70 price tag on it. I was in there yesterday, they've got some new stock in. And they still don't have any security cameras. Are they fucking stupid or what? Get there about half four."

"And now?" asked another girl.

"Right, Ellie and Jane, you two stand watch. Make sure no one comes in here. Same as always. Rest of you, get your swimsuits off, we'll play around for a while."

Quickly, the eight girls, who hadn't already done, pulled off their costumes, and tossed them to the side. They switched on the water taps, and for a moment stood under four of the shower heads in pairs. Then, one by one, they started to rub soap into one another, working up and down their young bodies. It was obvious to Harry that this was a practiced and repeated process, because there was no hesitation on the part of any of them, as they moved their fingers into each other's pussies, and started to masturbate one another. This went on for about a minute, when Felicity called out: "Change," and they all moved to a different partner, working their fingers deeper into each other's clefts, vaginas, manipulating their clitties, arousing each other.

All this time, Harry had been watching from one camera only, and flicked to the other side, where he had a similar view, before clicking to the upward looking floor camera. It was wide angle enough to capture two couples in the shot. Above the camera, were four girls each with their naked thighs spread out wide, allowing their partner to get their fingers right into them, masturbating them with an experience suggesting to Harry, they had done this

many times before. The pairs switched around every two or three minutes. Harry could see every bit of the eight girls cunts, as they pleased one another for a good quarter of an hour. There was no question, they were all climaxing on each other's fingers. There was no reluctance on the part of anyone. Their expressions looked like a cross between ecstasy and pain.

At last, a whistle was blown in the distance. The green band swimmers would be coming out now.

"Right," said Felicity, "time to go. Ellie and Jane. Your turn to have a quick shower," she said to the two who'd been standing watch, "As you missed out, you go into a cubicle together." Harry watched the two girls, unpeel their costumes and shower quickly. The shower room soon emptied out. It was a minute or two later, other swimmers came in for their showers. Harry clicked off the recording. He thought to himself that he might sneak a peak of what took place later. But right now, his mind was elsewhere. He knew what she wanted to do, so clicked the remote and set it on playback.

Suzie lay across the bed, looking up at him. Her hand holding his cock, waiting for the video to get to the important part. She knew when the scene opened, because both his face changed, and his cock started to swell. She smiled wryly to herself. This was exactly what she wanted. She really needed the ten bullies to get their comeuppance. Slowly, she started to move her hand up and down his rising cock. His eyes became very focused, his eyelids closing slightly, his expression one of concentration. His eyes flickered back and forth across the screen, his cock hardening. His breathing intensified, movement at his hips, as he unconsciously thrust against her fist, gripping him hard now, as it moved up and down his cock.

He glanced down at her for a moment. "Don't look at me, please don't look," she said. His eyes darted back to the screen. She really needed him to drool over the ten girls; for their nakedness to be completely open to his gaze; for every dirty thought that passed through his mind be drawn from the scenes on the screen. She knew he was rising now. It wouldn't be long. Soon. She could feel the tension in him climbing. Then she heard on screen Felicity say: "time to go." Suzie needed to finish this now, and moved her fist up and down his shaft fast and hard. She was nearly coming off his tip, before smacking into his pubic hair, gripping him as hard as her little hand could manage. She'd studied how to give a hand job on the internet, and reckoned she had a pretty good idea how to make it good for him. She loved him. She would do anything for him.

Suddenly, his face looked upwards, before his eyes shut, his back arched, his hips rising. Her fist was a blur now, moving up and down his cock. This would be a biggy. She needed him to really, really spurt. She now closed her eyes and imagined he was standing over the ten girls, his cock pointing across their naked bodies. His first spurt pulsed, his cock throbbed in her hand. She glanced down again, and looked at his tip, just as a huge spurt shot out. In her mind's eye, it went all over the ten girls, again and again he throbbed. He was moaning now in the throws of his deep pleasure. Her pace on his cock had

eased right up, letting him ejaculate across the ten girls. On and on it went, until at last, his hips dropped back to the bed, and a long sigh came from him.

"Fucking hell," he muttered, "I have never felt anything like that in my life." Silence then fell over them. Harry's cock shrank in her hand, she swivelled round, and lay alongside him, her finger playing with the semen flooded across his belly and chest, lifting it every now and then, watching the strings it made, seeing how long she could make them before they broke.

"Daddy," she said, making Harry aware she was once again the little hurt girl, "can I ask you something? You won't think me bad will you?"

"Of course I won't my darling," he responded. "I've already told you, there is nothing you could say or do which would make me think any lesser of you."

She looked at him carefully for several seconds, before she finally said: "Daddy, I know you don't want to, but would you fuck me?"

"We've been through this Suzie," he said, unsure how to word his response.

"I know, Daddy, but I so want to. But, there is a reason why I want to," she said, forcing his reply.

"What might that be?"

"I have no friends, and the only people I know hate me," she emphasised those last two words. "My mother pretends I'm not there most of the time, and then I have you. I do have you, don't I?"

"Yes, of course you do my darling, but..."

"I so want to believe that, Daddy, really I do," her voice was full of doubt.

"What can I do to prove it to you, Suzie?" he asked, walking right into her trap.

"Fuck me, of course," she almost spat out. He felt trapped. Up until now, his games with her had been just that, games. It may have been illegal, but no real harm had been done to her. Now she was demanding full blown intercourse. That was a very different game indeed. He knew he had to choose, and do so right now.

"Listen to me, Suzie," he said levelly. "If we do this, we do when and where and how I say, or not at all, understand?"

"Does that mean you'll do it, then?" she demanded.

"I suppose it does, yes," he smiled at her.

"Yay," she shouted in triumph.

In a moment, she had leapt on top of him, her lips to his, her arms hugging him, her chest and tummy squeezed to his, huge amounts of semen sandwiched between them both, oozing out the sides.

"Thanks Harry," she said, grinning up at him, "I knew you would in the end."

"You little minx," he chastised, "you deserve a damn good spanking for that."

"You wouldn't dare," she said, instantly regretting her words, knowing what would follow. The flat of his palm landed loudly on her bottom, where it rested afterwards.

"Pervert," she giggled.

"Yeah, but I'm your pervert, and you're stuck to me," he said. "I think we both need a shower."

CHAPTER 9 – Terminating Trouble

"So this is what we're going to do," he said, taking a bite from the McDonald's cheese burger, unsure whether this new experience was to his liking. He eyed the fries with suspicion, picked one up and chewed an end off, finding it tastier than he'd expected. He'd told the pimply youth serving 'no gunge,' but his burger still seemed to contain various items. Gherkins! Who'd dreamt that one up? He watched Suzie, as she tucked into her Big Mac Meal with drink. He couldn't believe such a large meal was going to fit into such a small girl, and said so.

She leaned across the table and whispered: "I had the same thought about your cock." She grinned her hypnotic smile, melting all resolve, as she took a long slurp from the straw in the gallon sized coke cup, before burping, making other diners smile across at her. She stirred the straw around the cup, making the ice cubes clunk quietly.

"This is what we're going to do," he repeated, watching as she stole several of his fries. He looked out of the window, down which rain still trickled, with less volume now. Across the street was the clothing shop run by a very pleasant Indian couple, who had built up their business from nothing over twenty years, through sheer hard work. "In a short while, we will go over to the shop, and walk around it, like any father and daughter. We will try and work out what Felicity and her friends will target, and place the cameras. I brought both sets of cameras I have, so there will be six in all. That should be more than enough to catch them, if they intend to rob the place." She nodded, picking up his cheeseburger, and took a huge bite out of it, without him even realising.

They were back in the McDonald's. The cameras now in position. Harry was sipping a cup of surprisingly good tea, while Suzie was half way through a refill of a huge coke, burping every few minutes. She leaned forward, her expression making him move towards her. "Think it'll still be fizzing when I pee

later? Wanna watch, Harry?" She was in her sexy 'Harry' mode, rather than her affectionate 'Daddy' mode. His cock twitched at the comment.

"You need a good spanking, Madam," he muttered.

"I know, I can't wait, Harry.....Hang on, there they are," she hissed, her bendy finger pointing down the road. On the other side, about a hundred yards down, was the group of ten girls, walking towards them. They paused further along the street, had a quick discussion, and then broke up into small groups, entering the shop in ones and twos.

"Let's hope the cameras are in the right places," he said, thinking out loud. He opened his ipad, pressed a couple of icons, and six small pictures appeared on the screen. He would edit the results from the transmitters at home later. The whole shop was covered to a greater or lesser extent. The girls were milling around, picking things up, putting them down, moving stuff about. Mr. Gupta and his wife were trying to follow the small groups around, but couldn't keep track of them all. Harry noticed a small group of three congregate at the end of an aisle. He brought the camera nearest, up to full size on his screen.

"What do you think Flick?" one of the girls asked Felicity. Harry had a look at her face for the first time. She wasn't unpleasant to look at, but certainly not as pretty as Suzie. He smiled to himself. Up until now, from the shower video, he was more familiar with her pussy than her face.

"I'll choose some of those jeans over there. I'll go in the changing room with two pairs, and afterwards put one back on the shelf. I'll keep the second pair on under my own. What are you two having?"

"I'll have some of those sexy knickers," said Ellie, the girl Harry recognised as being one of the lookouts, when the others were in the showers, "do you think your Dad would like them, Flick?"

"You'll find out later, won't you. It's your turn with him today, isn't it? Have you decided what you'll do for him, this time, Ells?"

Ellie grinned at her friend. "Let me see, it's a hand job for a tenner, blow job twenty, full fuck for fifty," she paused for dramatic effect, before adding: "I think I'll fuck the headmaster. Will your Mum want to watch, and join in like last time?"

"I expect so," replied Felicity, "she usually does. At least you get paid for it. He never pays me. Come on, let's get this stuff and go over the road. I fancy a McDonalds."

Harry took that as his cue. "Come on Suzie, time to go. We'll wait until that lot are settled in here, then go and get the cameras out. I saw a rather nice bikini, when we were over there earlier, and some racy knickers. Would you like me to treat you?"

"It's you that would have the treat, Perv," she teased, grinning. "OK come on let's go."

They left the McD's and walked a little way up the street. A few minutes later, they saw the ten girls come out of Gupta's Clothing Emporium and walk across into the McDonald's. Careful not to be recognised, both wearing hoodies, they entered Gupta's shop. While Harry picked up the items he'd spotted earlier, he went to the counter and got Gupta into conversation, while Suzie removed the cameras and transmitters.

They got back to Harry's house, where Suzie insisted in trying on each of the garments he'd bought her. They had cost over £100 and fitted easily into one small carrier bag. He particularly enjoyed watching her, as she stood completely naked in front of him, while she unpacked each item, before trying them on.

You're staring again," she accused.

"Yes," he confirmed with a grin, "but I call it ogling."

"Perv," she giggled, "By-the-way, when are you going to fuck me?"

He was unready for the sudden question, but soon composed himself. "I've given that some thought," he said seriously. "When we can arrange it for you to stay overnight." He saw her face cloud over.

"But that could be forever," she complained.

"I know," he said, "but I want it to be special. No wam-bam-thank-you-mam bonk for you, my darling. It will be worth waiting for, I promise." Her bottom lip pouted in frustration, but at the same time, she could see he had a point.

They spent the next hour going through the individual camera recordings from Gupta's shop. Harry made up a video of the sequences. Every girl either stole, or covered for one who did. The evidence was incontrovertible, especially the clips taken inside the changing room, where the stolen garments were worn under other clothing. Harry was already forming a plan about how to handle this evidence.

It was late in the afternoon, when Harry dropped Suzie off at the filling station shop. He watched as she walked down the road, towards her little home. Having reluctantly made the decision, he now had a burning desire to consummate their relationship. Just thinking about it aroused him, as he stared at her bottom wiggling in her jeans as she turned the corner in the distance.

Harry spent the evening putting together the evidence he'd acquired. There was a long video showing the ten girls systematically stealing from Gupta's. There was an audio clip, taken from the shower video, in which they had discussed the raid on the shop and finally the video conversation between

Ellie and Felicity, with two of the other girls listening in the background, discussing Ellie's decision to fuck Felicity's father, the headmaster. Everyone in the ten girl group were implicated, as were the headmaster and his wife, Felicity's parents. Next, he found an anonymous email server, who provided a means he could send out the evidence without it leading back to him. It took a little while to find the right email address for the man, but finally cracked that too.

"Dear Headmaster," the email read. "It would seem your daughter and her school friends have been a little indiscrete. It would seem not only are they repeated offenders in stealing from retail shops, but bully other girls at your school, before coming over to your home to engage in prostituted underage sex with you and your wife. I have attached some of the evidence for you to see I am able to prove my assertions. I will give you forty eight hours to respond to my email, before I send it to the media."

He finished off the email, attached the edited files, and clicked 'send'. Before he went to bed, though, he decided he deserved a little quality time viewing the girls in the showers.

The following morning, Harry was again up early. He looked out of the window, but the sky was grey, although no rain was anticipated. He switched on the coffee machine, the breakfast TV show and his computer. A flashing icon indicated he had email. Three junk messages, one from Twitchers Monthly accepting several recent photographs he'd submitted, including the Kingfisher, and the drawing made by one Susan Slowe, which they were including in their annual art competition. He glanced up at the, now framed, picture on the wall above his mantelpiece. But the final email was the one he was waiting for, from the headmaster.

"OK, you've made your point, where do we go from here," it read.

Harry was very tempted to reply 'to jail', but instead wrote:

"Despite what you may think, I do not intend to extort money or anything else for myself. However, you and your daughter are the cause of deep hurt to someone very dear to me. So this is what is going to happen."

"Your daughter is a thief, bully, lesbian and victim of an incestuous father. She is the ring leader of a vicious group of feral girls in and outside your school. This gang will be broken up immediately, or else pictures of each of the girls, naked, doing very imaginative things to each other, will start to be made public."

"If the girls meet together, socialise in any way, enter one another's homes or communicate with one another, the culprits' photos will be the first to make an appearance."

"You, and your wife, who I understand also works at your school, will resign with immediate effect. Your house will go on the market, and you will leave

this town within the week. This is non negotiable. The alternative, of course, is that the police will arrest you, within the week, and you will be out of the town anyway.”

“Finally, I cannot estimate the value of the thefts from Mr. Gupta’s shop, but I know it is several hundred pound, and probably a great deal more. Pay him £1,000 compensation. He is a good man, and didn’t deserve to be a victim of your family’s greed. I will know when the payment has been made.”

“You have one week. There will be no further communication from me. You either comply, or accept the consequences.”

Harry sat back and read the email a couple of times, changing the odd word, then pressed ‘send’. He knew a very nervous man would be waiting for it. He went to bed, and unlike last night, slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER 10 – Obfuscation, Misconception and Vaginal Mastication

“Hello,” said Harry, speaking into the phone “is that Mrs. Slowe? Yes.....yes, you don’t know me. My name is Henry Swallowtail. You won’t have heard of me. I work for the birdwatchers magazine, Twitchers Monthly. The reason for my call is.....oh! you’ve seen it already. Good, good, yes, the leather bound copy of the bird reference book. It’s nice isn’t it? Susan won it for entering a winning drawing of a Kingfisher. The reason for my call is that I wanted to let you know the magazine will be publishing the picture in next month’s issue. But there is another matter I would like to discuss...yes, that’s right. By coincidence, I happen to live not very far away, and I wondered if you would mind if I popped over to see you, to explain. Would this morning be convenient? Yes, of course ten o’clock, fine, I will see you then.”

He parked in the drive and walked to the door, holding several copies of the magazine in one hand and a wrapped parcel and the framed drawing in the other. He’d already primed Suzie about his visit, so when the door opened, and the young girl opened the door, the conversation was, as if, with a stranger. Soon her mother appeared behind her. She had an open face Harry judged her to be about forty. She could do with losing a few pounds, but she wasn’t obese. Her brown hair suggested Suzie got her auburn colouring from her father.

“Come, please,” she invited. Harry stepped in, and shook her hand. He put the items he was carrying down, and fumbled for his wallet, as if unsure which pocket it was in. Finally, he pulled it out, and handed her one of the carefully produced business cards he’d created for the occasion. She studied it briefly, before putting it down on the table.

“I brought Susan’s drawing along to show you,” he said. “She has caught the bird exactly right, as you can see. This is the main reason I came to see you.” He paused, hoping she’d ask.

“Sorry,” she said, “you’ve lost me. What are you saying?”

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I haven't explained myself. Susan has amazing talent. In fact for a child of her age, nine isn't she, she is exceptional. What we would like to do is to include some of her work occasionally in the magazine. We would pay her a retainer, of course, plus a freelance payment for each picture used. She would also be invited along to join our 'World Tour Trips', of course." He paused again.

"Sorry, you lost me again, Mr. Swallowtail, trips?"

"Yes, we organise trips to sites around the world. We have local experts who act as tour guides, who really know their birds, and where to see them. There will be a photography instructor too. The number is limited to fifty. The next one will be to the Florida Everglades, in a couple of months time. Susan would be invited to come along."

"But why would she be invited?" she asked.

"Didn't I explain? I am sorry, Mrs. Slowe," he paused once more. She tilted her head prompting him. "Oh yes, she would be there to inspire younger readers to take up the hobby, by drawing beautiful pictures, which would be printed in the magazine."

"Mr. Swallowtail...", she started.

"Please call me Harry," he interrupted, "my name sounds like a subject in our magazine."

"Please call me Rachel," she responded, smiling for the first time. "So, err Harry, who would look after my daughter while she is away from home? A young girl all on her own."

"Oh, she wouldn't be on her own, Mrs. ... err Rachel. We will be a party of fifty, as I said. There will be several family groups there, the editor and his two daughters, they're about Susan's age, a couple of our photographers..."

"I think I have the picture," she said, "but what I want to know is who would be responsible for my daughter, Harry. Who would have loco parentis?"

"Any member of the editorial team you care to name," he said, taking a gamble.

"OK, I will have to think on that," she said, suddenly looking at her watch. "I have to go," she added, getting out of her seat, "my shift starts at noon. Thank you for calling round. I will give it some thought."

"Rachel," he said in a different tone, "I hope you don't think me forward, but since my partner died five years ago, I have devoted all my time to my work."

She smiled, "Sorry Harry, you lost me again, what are you saying?"

"Oh yes, silly me again," he chuckled. "Would you mind if I asked you and Susan to join me for dinner?" She blinked in surprise, sitting down again.

She hadn't, in truth, been asked out by anyone since her husband, Peter, had been arrested and jailed. She knew she and Harry were completely incompatible. His mind was on another planet, for a start, but he was rather nice, and she hadn't had a meal out in years. "OK," she said "when did you have in mind?"

"Oh err, would tonight suit you? We could go to the Manor Restaurant." She nodded. "Fine I will book a table. Shall I pick you up at say, seven o'clock?"

He stood, and shook Rachel's hand, before turning to Suzie.

"Well done young lady, I think you have a great career in art ahead of you," he said shaking her hand. She had had such a difficult time over the last ten minutes, trying not to laugh at Harry playing the idiot. She knew he had taken her mother in completely and then he'd topped it all by asking them out for a meal. She clung on to the tiny piece of screwed up paper he'd placed in her hand as he'd shaken it.

He picked up a few things for lunch, in the shop at the filling station up the road. When he got back in the car, she was already there, seatbelt clipped on, waiting for him. "You're a two timer," she accused him in a semi serious tone. As he was driving he couldn't study her face.

"Hmm? How do you mean?" he asked, walking into the trap, yet again.

"My Mum, Harry," she said, "you asked her out for a date!"

"Not, really," he smirked, "I asked you out. She's just tagging along."

It was only a few seconds later, he knew instantly she had changed into the 'other' Suzie, when she said: "D a d d y," in that long drawn out sing-song way of hers, "I'm really tired. When we get home, would you give me a bath and read to me again in bed? I really liked it when you did that before." Harry couldn't get home fast enough.

She lay in the warm soapy water, looking adoringly up at him, as he ran his hands and fingers back and forth across her beautiful, soft creamy skin. Her knees were pressed to the sides of the bath, but never once did he try to arouse her. They both knew this wasn't the time. This was 'Daddy' time. Soon she was lying on the large towel on the bed, as he dried her, she looking up at him, her arms and legs spread wide.

While he dried her, he recited a few nursery rhymes to her: Jack & Jill, Humpty Dumpty, but when he came to 'This little piggy went to market', he couldn't resist, at the end tickling her armpits unmercifully. She curled up into a tight ball trying to protect herself from his assault. In moments she was

shrieking for him to stop, so ticklish was she. He carried on a moment longer, but released her when he thought she'd had enough. When she caught her breath, she wagged a bendy finger at him, a frown on her face. "Daddy, that was naughty. Suzie will get her own back on you. Wait and see.

Presently, she crawled up the bed, pulled the duvet down, and lay in the same position as she had the day before, while he pulled off his clothes and lay beside her reading 'Snow White'. Her thumb was deep in her mouth, as she sucked on it, and once again, she was asleep before he'd finished half the story. It was warm in the room again, with the sun breaking through the clouds at last, so like yesterday, he peeled the covers carefully off her, spread her legs wide apart, and sat down in his chair to study her beautiful, beautiful body.

She awoke slowly about an hour later, without stirring. She carefully opened her eyes into slits, squinting down at him. He was caressing her body all over with his eyes. It made her feel warm inside. She started to tingle. She knew she was getting wet down there. But then she saw his eyes widen. He leaned forward towards her, studying her closely, seeing her little girl arousal flowing from her into her bum crack and even dampening the sheet beneath.

She so wanted him to desire her. No one had ever liked her before, let alone desired her. So when he got up from the chair and bent over, inspecting her closely, she felt her heartbeat increase. She had to be careful she didn't pant, and took long careful breaths. She could feel his breath on her mons, he was that close. She could see he was inhaling her odour. His cock was going rigid. He was getting aroused. She was so pleased. She desperately wanted to touch herself down there, but that would tell him she was awake, and spoil the game.

Suzie felt the bed move. He was crawling up the bed from the bottom. He was on his hands and knees. She felt his breath again. This time on her pussy. Then his tongue tip touched her there. At first she wasn't sure, because it was so gentle. Then he did it again. He was tasting her. Oh god it was sooo nice. Then before she could do anything about it, she crashed into a massive climax. Her orgasm had hit without any warning at all. She lost control of her breathing, her gasps telling him she was awake. She could feel her pussy spasming. It must be opening and closing like a fish mouth. Then she felt his tongue press hard into her there, and for the next ten minutes, her mind was in such a turmoil of pleasure driven confusion, she would barely be able to recall any detail afterwards.

Harry hadn't been sure if she was awake or not, as he carefully got out of the chair and leaned closer into her. He could see her arousal flowing freely out of her vagina, down over her perineum and into the valley of her bottom. It seemed a shame to waste it, and so after a minute of studying her very carefully, he pressed his tongue very gently to her opening. Her flavour was exquisite. If he could bottle this, it would make a fortune.

He lapped her again, but suddenly she erupted into one of the more spectacular orgasms he'd seen her enjoy. She was certainly awake now. That was for sure. He pressed his whole mouth to her, wide open, and encompassed her whole pussy. He was now rubbing her clit as hard as he could, flicking his tongue tip against her clitty. In just a few seconds, she fell into the abyss of an even greater climax, more intense, quite overwhelming. He realised she was completely incapable of any self control, now, and so he pressed to her, sucking her, licking her, pleasuring her.

Harry, like a surfer on the perfect wave, saw the chance to give Suzie such pleasure as she'd never experienced in her short life before. He worked her clit, her vagina, even her anus, back to her clit, again and again. One orgasm rolled into the next. Her gasps for air were short and fast. She was struggling to breath, so intense was her pleasure. If someone had told him this would be possible for a nine year old, he wouldn't have believed it.

Finally, after about fifteen minutes, she pushed his head away, her fingers clawing through his hair. "Enough, please, enough, Harry." She flopped back, her arched back finally releasing the bow like tension it had been under all this time. He lifted himself up and sat back on his haunches, looking down at her, admiring, worshiping everything he could see.

"Wow, Harry," she said quietly, almost a whisper, "wow."

He looked down, and even as he watched, her whole pussy darkened from pale, to pink, to the colour of sunburn, then darker.

"Oh," he said. She looked at him, his expression said more than words.

"What?" she demanded.

"Err...umm."

"Whaatt," she repeated.

"I seem to have given you a sort of, err, hickey," he said.

"WHAT!?" she shouted "Fucking hell, you can't be trusted with my cunt for two minutes." Harry was trying not to laugh.

"Don't...don't even think about laughing," she said, wagging her bendy finger at him again. "If you do, it will cost you dear."

He couldn't help it and snorted loudly. "Right, that's it. Just you wait, I'll get my own back," she said, a glimmer of a smirk in her eyes now. "Get me a mirror, will you, I'd better inspect the damage." He found a small hand mirror and handed it to her. "Geez Harry," she said, prodding her labia with her fingers, "look at the state of that."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same," he replied, grinning, "just look at the state of that." He was laughing openly now.

"Right, that's it," you've had your lot, now," she said emphatically, "I was going to give you a really nice blow job, but you can whistle for that. I'm going to the bathroom."

She clumped across the room, her pretty bottom wiggling sexily. She was about to leave the room, when he said: "That's a shame, I had a much better idea, but if you're not interested....."

"What?" she said, pivoting around on one foot.

"No, you said I've had my lot," he teased. She took a couple paces towards him, eyes narrowing, hands on hips, head tilted slightly to the side, her lips pursed. He looked pointedly at her reddened pussy and said: "Don't drip on my carpet, it will stain." Her eyes widened in fury, she took two more steps, and leapt at him across the bed. He caught her in the air, in a bear hug. She was trying to thump his chest, but he'd pinned her down in one swift motion.

At last, still panting with the effort, she stilled and said: "What better idea?"

He looked down at her, his expression now unreadable.

"What better idea?" she repeated. He cocked his eyebrow. "What better idea?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"I would like to make love to you, Suzie," he said, equally quietly.

Her face lit up. "You wanna fuck?"

"No, that's not what I said at all, young lady," he admonished, "don't put words in my mouth. Even though it might have been nice to have put my cock in yours." She stuck her tongue out at him. "Nice tongue, I might have a little job for it." She struggled to get free, but still he held her. "I said I want to make love to you."

"But you just made me cum so hard, you even made my cunt a bit sore, and now I don't know if I can stand much more," she said, looking at him puzzled.

"It's nearly half twelve," he said. "I suggest we have some lunch, then you have to go home at, what, five?" She nodded, "OK, we'll eat until one, then I will make love to you until five. What do you say?" She looked puzzled. As if reading her mind, he added: "Suzie, my darling, there are many ways to make love, and if we have four whole hours, I hope to show you several of them."

She almost looked shyly at him, as he released her. She sat up and said: "What you got for me? I'm famished, I could eat a horse." As he sat up, she walked into the bathroom, leaving the door wide open and sat on the toilet to relieve herself, finally. She looked at him, as he watched her peeing into the

pan. She pulled her knees a little further apart for him. "You're a real, perv, do you know that." She smiled. "But I'm glad you're my perv."

CHAPTER 11 – Bumming Around and Plumbing the Depths

"We're going to have a picnic lunch," he explained. "We will start with pizza slices, in the kitchen" he announced, pulling a baking tray out of the oven, covered with many small slices of various flavours. "Then we will move into the sitting room for some savoury sausages with a spicy dip. I've also got a big sausage for you, but we'll try and dip that later. Then we move to the bedroom, for the rest. I've some chicken nuggets and finally, some ribs in sauce. I might have to spread a sheet over the bed for those, it might get messy. In fact I know it'll get very messy."

Suzie was getting quite excited now. Over the years, no one had ever done anything for her to make her life fun. Then along comes Harry, and in just a few days, turns her life around completely. She knew he'd taken the trouble to prepare all this food, and think up a game to play for her to enjoy. She felt a little guilty about her earlier spat, but then, he did deserve it. It was all part of their complex relationship, which she knew, this afternoon, was going to get even more complex.

"Rules!" he said. "You have to follow the rules. In the kitchen, the rule is you are not allowed to feed yourself. I will, and you feed me, OK?" She grinned. "Right, let's start."

He picked up a slice at random, and moved it to her open mouth. Almost immediately, she spat it out. "Oh yuck, anchovy, I hate anchovy." He picked up another slice, and repeated the exercise. This time, her face lit up, as she chomped gleefully on the pizza. Suzie picked up a slice, making sure it was the hated anchovy and fed it to Harry. And so the starter began.

Soon, they moved into the sitting room. Harry spread a large bed sheet over the floor, and they sat down cross legged facing each other. He held out a dish of half a dozen small sausages. "Take half of these," he said. She took three and put them on her plate. "Now, the rules here are: we have to feed one another again, any way we want, but we're not allowed to put it in each other's mouth with our fingers. Do you want me to start?"

Suzie was grinning away, really intrigued as to what he had in mind. Harry picked up his first one, and popping it into his mouth, held it in his teeth, and moved in to her mouth. She took it from him, but as she did, his tongue followed it in. She only realised just in time, before she bit his tongue. He pulled away, and let her chew and swallow it. Suzie then picked up one, and did exactly the same.

Next, Harry put one in his belly button, sticking up like a small erection. She giggled as she leaned in and sucked it off him. Getting into it now, she lay the next in her dimple at the top of her cleft. When he took it, he made sure his tongue ran the full length of her whole cleft. His last one took some care. He

pulled back his foreskin, placed it at the end, like a cock extension, then rolled his skin back as far as it would go, which wasn't far, but just enough to support it, as he lay on his back. She moved over him, and opening her mouth, moved down his shaft as far as she could, then clamped her lips to him and slowly lifted herself up, taking the sausage with her.

Suzie knew what she had to do. She grabbed the last one, and leaning back, pushed it into her pussy. She leaned back, rested on her elbows and watched with amusement. She knew she'd pushed it in a little further than would make it easy for him to just grab it with his teeth. The problem was, though, when he tried to grab it, it moved further in. He giggled, trying to catch it, making the problem worse. She giggled too, realising what had happened. She looked down, and could see it had almost disappeared into her. They spent the next several minutes trying to extract the two inch long sausage from her vagina, with just his tongue and teeth. In the end, they were laughing so much, they gave up, and she had to get it out by her holding herself open, and he, very carefully piercing it with a small table fork. Just as well they'd spread a sheet out, because it had traces of the spicy sauce all over it.

So now they moved on to the bedroom. Harry quickly spread the sheet over the bed. He made a pile of pillows in the middle at the top of the bed. Then, he went to his cupboard, and took out a small cardboard box, smaller but longer than a shoe box. Placing it in reach, he sat on the bed, leaning against the pillows.

"Would you like to make love now, Suzie?" he asked. "I won't go in your pussy, like I said, but I will do everything else I can to make you feel good. If you trust me, that is."

She looked at his face, and realised he had something in mind and she could tell he wasn't sure she would like it. But then, he had always made her feel good and never, ever hurt her.

"Sure, Harry, what you got in mind?" she asked.

"I want you to sit on my lap, facing me. I want to touch you all over. Every bit of you, while you eat your lunch," he explained. "But there is one more thing, if you're willing to let me do it."

She realised this was important to him. The way he spoke, his body language. "What's that," she asked.

"While I touch you all over," he continued, "I would like my cock to be inside you."

"But you said you didn't want to fuck my pussy," she exclaimed.

"I never said I didn't want to fuck your pussy, what I said was I won't do that until you can sleep here with me afterwards. No, today, I would like to be

inside you differently. I would like you to let me put it inside your bottom. Would you let me?"

Suzie had spent a lot of the time recently pouring over the internet. A week ago, she had been almost ignorant about sex, and since then had tried to keep one step ahead of him with her research. This question, though, had completely floored her. She didn't know what to say.

"Isn't, like, a bit yucky? I mean, my bum," she said. "Isn't that dirty, Harry. I never heard of anyone wanting to do that."

"If you don't want to, Suzie, that's OK," he quickly said, realising he may have pushed her too far, this time.

"No, no, it's not that I don't want to, it's just....oh, I don't know...will it hurt me, Harry? If it doesn't hurt, I'm willing to let you try."

Those were the golden words he'd been hoping to hear.

"It might feel a bit strange at first, Suzie," he said truthfully, "but by the end, I will make sure it's really good for you, I promise."

"Alright, I suppose," she said quietly. "What do I have to do?"

"Come and lay across my lap, Suzie, face down," he instructed. "I will get you ready first." She did as he asked, wondering what would follow. He looked for a second at her beautiful bottom, her toned globes firm to the touch, her delightful valley, in the centre of which, her asterisk shaped anus opened just a fraction. He reached for the little box, and opening the lid, took out a tube of KY Jelly, a tapered dildo and a vibrator. He quickly unscrewed the top, and put some KY on his finger tip. He carefully pushed it into her entry. He felt her clench in reaction.

"Relax, Suzie," he said, "try and enjoy this."

"Easy for you to say perv, you're not the one having someone sticking their finger up your bum," she retorted.

Suddenly his finger popped through the tight muscle of her sphincter, and sank in an inch or so into her buttery passage, making her squeak. He rotated his finger around, spreading the jelly. Pulling his finger out, he coated it again, and pushed it back in. It went in much easier this time. Next, he pulled his finger out, and taking the tapered dildo, coated it's whole length with plenty of KY. The tip was a similar thickness as his finger, so went in easily enough. He then put a finger on the end, and applied a very gentle pressure. This dildo was twelve inches long, and tapered gently. So it was able to penetrate much further than a vibrator would. Originally he'd bought it to bugger Margaret, but she had refused point blank to engage in anal sex, so it had remained in the box, unused, ever since. He watched it go in, inch by inch, slowly into the child's rectum. He could see her anus stretching now, as the taper widened.

“OK, Suzie?” he asked.

“Yeah, I suppose,” she said, unenthusiastically.

“Nearly there,” he said. “We’ll be into the nice bit soon.” By now, the dildo was about ten inches in, and he felt resistance. “That’s as far in as it needs to go. Just wait a minute. Want a chicken nugget?” He passed the plate over so she could select one.

“Right the next bit needs to be done carefully,” he said after the dildo had been in her for five minutes or more. “I need you to get up and squat over me. What I will do is take it out, then I want you to lower yourself onto me, OK?” She grunted acceptance. This wasn’t fun at all. She could feel the end of the dildo pushing against something in her tummy. It was uncomfortable it also made her feel she needed to poop.

She got into position, and Harry gently pulled the dildo from her, watching the little brown streaks appear along its length. As soon as it was out, he dropped the toy and lined up his cock, now coated in plenty of KY Jelly, and told her to lower herself slowly down. He popped in almost immediately. In fairness, Suzie didn’t hesitate, and kept lowering herself. Although she had shown reluctance, she actually found this really sexy, feeling Harry’s cock sliding into her bum.

Down and down she went, feeling his crown opening her up, deep inside. But with all the slippery stuff he’d used, she didn’t really feel uncomfortable now. It felt lots better than that toy thing. Suddenly, she felt his thighs under her bottom. She’d got him all inside! She smiled at him in triumph.

“Well done Suzie,” he praised. “Now this is what we will do now. I will lift my knees up, then you can lean back and rest against them. That’s good. Now lift your feet up, and put them on my shoulders.” As she did this, they both felt her full weight drop onto where they were joined and his cock slip into her another full inch.

“That’s great, Suzie. Ready for the nice bit?” he asked. So far she hadn’t been impressed one way or the other. Admittedly, it hadn’t hurt. But then it wasn’t much fun either. She idly watched, as he picked up the vibrator. She hadn’t seen one before, but had seen pictures of them on the internet. He pressed a button on the end of it, making it buzz.

He rested the handle end in his tummy button and brought down the tip into her cleft, the tip just touching her clitty. The effect was instantaneous. She arched her back, her bottom lifting off him several inches, making the vibrator slip down, so as she came down, she was sitting on it. Already she was scrabbling for it. The effect it had had on her, just for the two seconds it had touched her, had transformed her mind about what they were doing. She couldn’t free it quickly enough.

She glanced up at him, seeing his expression, her eyes narrowed. "Don't you dare laugh," she hissed, "don't you dare." She finally pulled it free from under her, and held it for a moment against her clit, taking a deep breath, her eyes now closing in ecstasy. She had no experience of anal sex, and so had no appreciation just how heightened her sensitivity would become. In just a few seconds, she tumbled into her climax. Harry could feel her clamping again and again on his rock hard cock, seven inches inside the nine year old girl. Her breathing became a staccato of gasps and moans and grunts. The only thing she managed to say, from time to time was: "omygod, omygod, omygod." At last, she pulled the vibrator away from her sensitive clitty, panting, her eyes remaining closed, her clamping continuing for another full minute. "Jeez," she finally gasped, opening her eyes at last, "why didn't you tell me it would be that good?" she demanded.

"Some girls love it up the bum, Suzie, and some hate it," he said neutrally. "Which group are you in?" She playfully hit him in the chest with a clenched fist. "Would you like something to eat now?" he asked. They spread out the food either side of them, and started to pick at the bite sized pieces. Every now and then, she would grin at him, and clench on his cock, so a few seconds later he would do likewise. Suzie had never been happier in her life. The man she knew she loved more than anything in the world was inside her body. She wanted this to last. And yet she wanted him to spurt his semen deep inside her. Whatever happened, she knew she would want him to do this again, and as soon as possible.

They took their time, eating, and afterwards relaxed, looking at one another, enjoying their closeness, not needing to speak, their conjunction saying enough.

"Harry," she finally said, after a long comfortable silence between them, "what are we going to do?" She didn't need to explain. It was weighing on both their minds.

"I honestly don't know, Suzie," he said. "But, what I do know is I love you, and want to spend the rest of my life with you. We have to work out how we carry on until you are older."

"I can wait if you can," she said, squeezing his cock inside her bum in reassurance. "I have been alone all my life, I am used to it. But there is the other thing."

"What's that?" he asked.

"You like little girls, now, don't you?" It was more of a statement than an accusation. "I will get older, and you will want someone younger."

"I won't lie to you Suzie, I realise that's true, except for one thing," he stated firmly. "I love you and I will always love you, and I will never leave you. So I will need your help and understanding."

"You have my understanding already, Harry, but how can I help?" she asked.

"Well I only realised, when I met you, what I am, you know, a little girl lover," he admitted. "Then you took those cameras into the showers. You wouldn't believe how exciting I found that."

"I know," she said, "but that was to get my revenge."

"Yes, revenge for you," he said, "but a thrill for me."

"So you'd like me to hide cameras for you again, you mean?"

"Yes and other things too," he said, suddenly realising the possibilities.

"But what about me?" she asked plaintively. "You'll just want them and not me!"

"No, that's not true," he said, "don't you see? I will lust after them, but I will always love you, always. I might drool over them, Suzie, but afterwards, it will be you, only you."

She looked at him, steadily, then smiled. "Is that a cross my heart and cock in my bum promise?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar," he said, "or do I just mean bottom?"

"OK," she said, "I think I can live with that. Now, we've finished all the food, what else shall we do?" She clenched her bottom particularly hard. "Oh, yes, I remember."

Harry picked up the vibrator, and switched it on. He held it in front of her in a meaningful way. "Ohgod," she muttered, "I don't know if I can take any more. Just as well I love you, go on then, do it, Perv." He lowered the tip to her engorged, reddened clitty, and the instant it touched her, she arched her back once more, launching into another intense orgasm.

"For a nine year old, this child sure could cum," Harry thought.

He knew it wouldn't be long now. Earlier, he had held off as long as he could, but now there was no need, and quite soon, he felt the unmistakable sensations of his climax rushing in. When the first blast hit, her eyes went wide. They stayed staring at each other, as he unloaded deep into her bowels, each throb making her clench too in reciprocation. He pulsed and pulsed, spurting a massive cum deep into her. It didn't get much better than this.

Finally it ended. She was leaning back against his upraised knees, he feeling his cock starting to wilt after hours of rock hard penetration. He looked at his watch. "We're going to need to clean up and go. I've got a date, remember. I've also got an idea about your Mum."

"You going to make a play for her?" she asked.

"No," he smiled, "much more subtle than that, what if she thinks I'm gay?" Suzie thought about that for a moment, then her smile split her face from ear to ear.

He was driving her back to the filling station shop, when she said: "These little girls you want me to find you, Harry, what do you like, blond, or dark hair, thin or chubby, younger or older than me.....?" At that point, Harry knew she was going to go along with his plan.

CHAPTER 12 – The Gay Date

Harry turned up bang on time. He rang the bell. Suzie opened the door, pan faced, as they'd agreed, and ushered him in. She called up the stairs: "Mum, Mr. Swallowtail's here." A voice from the distance replied: "I'll be right there."

Rachel appeared soon after, smiling, patting down her hair unnecessarily. "Hello Harry," she said. "thank you for offering to take me and Suzie out for a meal. I really appreciate it."

"Oh ... err, yes, quite so," he said, adopting his bumbling idiot mode. "Where shall we go?" he asked.

"I thought you said you'd booked a table at the Manor," she said, confused.

"Did I? Oh, yes, must have forgotten," he replied. "Hope I did, let's go, then."

"The table in the window, Mr. Swallowtail, like you requested?" asked the server who met them at the 'Please wait here to be seated' sign. "Please come this way."

The restaurant was only half full, but it was still early. They settled in, and were soon browsing the menu. "Please do have whatever you would like," he said. "I am on expenses with the magazine tonight. When I told them who I was taking out, they said it was their treat. Nigel the editor is such a nice boy."

Rachel cocked her eyebrow at the comment, but said nothing.

Harry looked out of the window, and suddenly froze, a forkful of food halfway to his mouth. "Oh my," he said, putting his fork down and pointing. "Upon my soul, I do believe I saw a Willow Tit. He flew over there to that old rotting tree in that patch of woodland. But I saw him just now, when he flew near the window. They're very rare you know. It is similar to the Marsh Tit, but has a distinctive pale panel on it's wings." He looked at Rachel's glazed face. "Oh I'm sorry, I'm boring you. It's just that I love Tits, don't you?" He glanced at Suzie, who was going puce, trying not to laugh, remembering he'd had his cock in her bum most of the afternoon, while his fingers played with her tits.

The conversation changed to holidays, Harry explained he only ever went on organised ornithological trips, like the forthcoming one to Florida in a few weeks time. Nigel always consulted him on where he thought the next trip should go to. "Nigel is single, don't you know," he explained, "so to save money, we share a room, whenever we go away."

Rachel said that usually they try to go somewhere like Tenerife or Minorca, but money was a little short at the moment, and she couldn't afford a holiday this year. She was so pleased Susan had been invited to go to Florida. "Do you mind me asking you a rather personal question, Harry?"

"No not at all," he responded.

"Well you asked me and Suzie out for a meal this evening, which is very kind of you, but I sort of get the impression that this isn't a date. Are you gay by any chance?"

"Oh dear me," he said in a very camp tone, "I am sorry, Rachel, I didn't mean to mislead you. It's just that I was going to eat out tonight anyway, and I needed to come and see you about Susan's prize and I do like company,oh, I am sorry."

She reached out and put her hand on Harry's in a reassuring manner. "Don't worry, Harry, I'm not offended. In fact I think it was sweet of you to ask us out tonight. Thank you. At least I know you won't have an ulterior motive afterwards." She tried to ignore Suzie, who snorted, once again trying not to laugh out loud. "Whatever's the matter with you tonight Susan? You seem to have ants in your pants, or something." Little did she know her daughter actually had traces of semen on her pants.

The meal continued. Harry found Rachel to be quite an interesting conversationalist, and they got along fine. She had almost zero knowledge of birdlife, but had an interest in art, which seemingly Suzie had inherited. Afterwards, Harry drove them home, and she invited him in for coffee.

"It's getting late, Susan," Rachel said. "While I make the coffee, why not go and get ready for bed?" She watched as Suzie ran upstairs and went to make the coffee. Harry followed her into the kitchen. "She's such a good girl," said Rachel, "I just wish I could do more for her. But money's always so short. I haven't told her yet, but we're going to have to move soon." Harry was on alert now, listening to her every word. "The lease is up on this house, and they're reviewing the rent. They gave me a figure the other day, and I know I can't afford it, so I'll have to look for someplace else."

"When's the lease end date," he asked casually.

"Three months," she said. "I have plenty of time, but I need to start thinking about where I will go to."

Harry's mind was racing with many ideas, and one formed in his head. "I am moving too, Rachel," he said, having only decided five seconds ago to do so. "I am investing in a buy to let property, with an adjoining property for me to live in. I realise we have only just met, but would you be interested in helping me find a suitable place, and if you liked it, you could rent it from me? At least then I would know I had someone in there who won't trash the place. But, I also had something else in mind," he added. "Because I am not the most organised person in the world, I have been thinking I should find a housekeeper. Would it interest you? We could then have an arrangement on reduced rent in return for housekeeping. Don't give me your answer now, but I would like you to think about it."

Rachel was standing there with a coffee cup in one hand, and a spoon in the other, her mouth open. What he'd just said could be the answer to her prayers. She'd lain awake at night, trying to work out how to make ends meet. What he'd just suggested might be just the perfect solution. "Let's go through, Harry" she said, "I think I can hear Susan coming down. But I promise you, I will think about what you have suggested, and I will let you know. Perhaps we could talk again, when I have had a chance to chew it over."

They went through to the sitting room, where Suzie, now in a nighty and dressing gown, was curled up in an armchair. Rachel put the two cups down on the coffee table, as Suzie said: "Mum, could I have some hot chocolate, please? Sorry I didn't say before." Rachel nodded, and went out to the kitchen. Immediately, Suzie lifted her knees up and parted them, as far as the arms of the chair would allow. Her dressing gown fell open, and her short nighty slipped up her thighs. She put her hands beneath her legs, and curled her fingers underneath, finding her pussy, and pulled herself wide open. She looked at him, her coquettish expression fixed on her face.

He stared at her pussy, ogling her, his erection getting harder. Where he'd given her a hickey earlier, was all red and inflamed. Her anus was still dilated, more than an hour after he'd pulled out of her. Was that semen he could see there, or a trick of the light? Soon, they heard Rachel clattering in the kitchen, as she put things away, before re-joining them. Suzie curled up again, the innocent, demure child once more.

"Has Susan been entertaining you, Harry," she asked, as she put Suzie's mug down on a drinks mat beside the girl.

"Yes, err I was just reminded about a Red Pussy," he paused for a couple of seconds, both Suzie and Rachel, wide eyed at his comment. "Sorry, my mind's wandering again," he said. "You've probably never heard of it. It's a bird which lives in the Everglades in Florida, I hope to be able to show Susan when we go there." In fact Harry had never heard of it either. Rachel settled into her seat, while Suzie gave him a 'just-you-wait,-I'll-get-you-for-that-comment' look. Inside, Harry was bursting with laughter, his face dead-pan.

“Harry was telling me he is going to buy a new house with a buy-to-let annex, or something like that,” said Rachel to Suzie. “He was wondering if we would be interested in renting the annex from him. What do you think, Susan?”

“Yeah, sounds nice,” she said, trying not to explode with enthusiasm. “Didn’t you say we had to get out of here soon anyway, Mum?” asked Suzie. “Might be just what you’re looking for.”

“Harry,” said Rachel, “I was thinking about what you said, you know about helping you find something suitable. Could I come over and chat to you about it?”

“Sure Rachel, why not. Are you free tomorrow?” he asked “I will try and get some agents property details in the morning, so, how about the evening. What time do you get off work?” And so the conversation continued.

CHAPTER 13 – Planning the Future

The following morning, Harry did a quick run around the local estate agents, picking up a pile of a dozen or so brochures to take home and browse through. They all had more information on their websites, which he would study with Rachel later.

He got a text at 11:30: “Mum off to work soon. See you at the shop.”

He parked in the same bay, went into the shop, bought a few items, and found her in the car, when he got back in.

“Hi Suzie, how are you today?” he asked.

“Sore,” she growled. “My pussy’s turned purple, and I can hardly sit on my butt.”

“Oh well,” he mused, “perhaps we should go out bird watching, instead of heading back to my place. What do you think.”

“Don’t be stupid,” she retorted. “My pussy’s not that sore. Nor my mouth! Let’s get back to your place.”

He opened the garage door and shut it behind them, before they got out. She raided the fridge as soon as they were inside, pulling the tab on a can of lemon San Pellegrino. He saw her change, even before she spoke.

“Daddy, would you read to me again? I like it when you do that,” she asked, suddenly becoming a five year old once more. “It makes me all sleepy. But I would like you to give me a bath first, please.”

They made their way upstairs, and after she’d brushed her teeth, Harry gave her a long, warm, leisurely bubbly bath, enjoying running his fingers through every nook and cranny on her body, before drying and slipping into the bed

naked together. "Once upon a time, there were three bears....." She was asleep in moments. Like before, he waited for her to settle into her deep sleep, before lifting the duvet carefully off her, and spreading her legs as far apart as they would go. He then crept up the bed, and lowered himself to the bed, his mouth just an inch from her beautiful red bruised pussy. He just looked at her for half an hour. Her form was etched into his mind, like a photograph. Her hymen stretched across her passage, the little hole just below centre, stretched open, as if to tantalise him, damp seeping from inside.

He pressed his tongue to her labia, feeling their puffy firmness before moving his fingers to open her further, watching as a little string of mucus stretched across her passage. He lapped again, tasting her exquisite flavour, which was lost, when a girl became a woman. As he lapped, her labia swelled, aroused, her reddened skin darkening further. Then, without warning, her vagina seemed to slowly enlarge, before snapping shut and opening and closing rapidly.

"You know it's not fair to take advantage of a little girl when she's asleep," she admonished. "You should be ashamed of yourself. There should be a law against it. You should wake me first. Want me to give you a suck?"

Harry lay back. The ripples of his intense orgasm receding, as his rock hard cock slowly softened in her tiny hand. He looked at her face, as she lifted herself up, semen smeared all round her mouth. She licked her lips, grinning at him, as she climbed up onto his chest.

"Mum talked to me about what you said to her," she sighed with contentment, the saltiness of his semen still strong on her taste buds. "She said it sounded almost too good to be true. I didn't tell her it was so you and I can fuck whenever she's not around." She squealed, as his palm cracked on her globular bottom. "Ow, I already told you to mind my butt. Oh and I have a bone to pick with you," she wagged her crooked finger at him in a familiar way, lifting herself up, her elbows digging into his midriff. "What was that all about last night: a Red Pussy Bird. Who's ever heard of such a thing? What's it look like anyway?"

He reached across for his hand mirror. "Here, I'll show you." She was ready for the comment, and pulled a handful of hair from his chest, making him yelp louder than she had. For a minute or two, they wrestled on the bed, ending in giggles, as they tickled each other, finally ending in a comfortable long cuddle, their naked bodies pressed together.

"Mum told me something interesting this morning," Suzie said, folding her arms across his chest. "The headmaster at school has resigned, and his wife," she said. "No one seems to know why. It's a mystery."

"I know why," Harry said so quietly, she almost missed the comment. She lifted herself up again on his chest, her face close to his.

"Come on, Harry, tell me," she pleaded.

"Well it's all because of you, Suzie," he stated.

"Me? Why me?" she gasped. Harry explained about the recordings, both in the swimming pool and the shop, and the pool of information confessed by the girls. He explained about the email he'd sent, and the demands he'd made, including the girls in the gang were to separate, or suffer the consequences. He became aware she had gone quiet. Her cheek was pressed to his chest. But, then he noticed something else. Tears were running down through his hair across his skin and onto the bed. She shuddered with a sob.

"What's the matter, Suzie?" he asked, becoming concerned for her. She didn't answer, although he knew she would. He lay there, rubbing his hand up and down her back affectionately, waiting for her to speak.

"No one's ever done anything nice for me before," she shuddered, "only my Mum. Thank you Harry." Those simple words spoke volumes to him. Nothing more needed to be said. Certainly not at this time. There was a five minute silence. Then, what she said next would remain in his mind forever.

"Harry, I will find you as many little girls as you want. You can do anything you want to them, as long as you always love me. Do you promise? Say it."

"Yes, Suzie, I will always love you," he said "until the day I die. That's a cross my heart and cock up your bum promise."

"That's alright then, as long as it's a cock up my bum promise. But not today, I'm still sore."

They had a long leisurely lunch on a sheet spread out in the sitting room. He had bought all her favourite things, and watched amused, as she worked her way through all the food, even though there was enough to feed four, rather than just two. Later, she sucked him off again, and he licked her to orgasm for over forty minutes, until, at last, she pushed his head away. "Enough," she said contentedly. After that, they simply lay in each other's arms, not needing to speak, just being there, together, enough.

"Harry," she asked, after being silent for over half an hour, "is it nice having a fuck?" He realised she already knew the answer to the question. But that wasn't what she meant.

"Suzie, it is the nicest thing in the world," he tried to explain. "It can't be described. Imagine the nicest feeling you've ever had in your whole life, then double it, add a million tingles, and then perhaps you have an idea. What is the nicest feeling you've ever had?"

"Easy," she replied, "yesterday up my bum, when that vibrating thing touched me."

"Well," he said, "double it, add a million tingles, and you have some idea. Why do you need to know?"

"Well, it's complicated, but here goes," she explained. "When my Mum had a call from the school this morning. You know, about the headmaster. Well it was from a friend of hers who works there. She confirmed what we'd heard. She said the headmaster's wife had left too. She did the accountancy for the school. I think they call it a bursar. Anyway, they need someone to replace her really fast, and wanted to know if she's interested in the job. Well, of course she is, we're a bit hard up these days. The problem is, she has to go for an assessment over the weekend. Tomorrow night and Saturday, returning here Sunday. So what do you think?"

"I don't understand, Suzie," he responded, confused.

"God my Mum said you were in a world of your own, last night, perhaps she was right. She needs someone to look after me for the weekend, starting tomorrow night. My Nan is away at the moment. Do you understand now?" From his expression, she realised the penny had dropped. She banged her palm against her forehead. "Finally," she uttered. "So I can stop here, and finally have a fuck?" she asked.

"I don't know, Suzie," he said doubtfully, wiping her smile away, "I had better check my diary, I might have something more important happening." He cried out in pain, as she tugged out another handful of chest hair. But both of them were now excited with the anticipation of what the following day might bring.

Rachel arrived on time. He'd called her and suggested they could have a takeaway, maybe Indian or Chinese, while they looked through the brochures. They were soon munching their food, putting the various brochures into piles of reject, possible, probable. Rachel was really surprised how much interest Susan paid in what they were doing. Usually she would have made an excuse to watch TV or play on her laptop.

It didn't take long, and they short listed two, with a third in reserve. "Let's drive over there and have a peek from the outside," suggested Rachel. "It won't be dark for another hour or two, and they're not far away."

The first one they came to was next door to a factory making car components, working 24/7. They didn't even get out of the car. Number 2 was next to the local sewerage works. The water company were selling it off. That left the reserve, which looked perfect. They looked at the brochure again, and realised it had been poorly composed, poorly photographed and a whole section was obviously from another property entirely. It was a four bedroom, detached place, with rural views out the back, overlooking, in the far distance, the maize field, where they had spent so much time. It also had vacant possession. The other point which they noticed, when they walked around the side of the place, and peered into the back garden, there was a swimming pool, not even mentioned on the brochure. They agreed to make an appointment and return for a viewing.

"Well I think we really made some inroads to the project, Harry," said Rachel, as she poured out some coffee. "It's my day off tomorrow, so I won't be working," she added. "If you like, I'll come with you, if you can get a viewing. I'd like to see the place. Could you carry the coffees through for me? I'll be in there in a minute, I'll find the biscuits." She called out: "Susan, do you want a chocolate drink again, darling?"

"Yes please, thanks Mum" came the distant reply.

Harry went into the sitting room, and saw Suzie sitting in the same chair as before. As soon as she saw he was alone, she lifted and parted her knees, and pulled herself open, in one swift, easy motion. She was grinning at him like a Cheshire Cat. Harry openly stared at her pussy. There was no pretence between them. It was only a minute later, they heard Rachel leaving the kitchen, and Suzie was soon curled up like any nine year old.

"Something just reminded me, Rachel, I have a big crack in the plaster, in one of the walls at home, if I'm selling my house, I have a few jobs to catch up on." he paused a few seconds, as Suzie glared at him, knowing he was teasing her yet again, "I must get it fixed." She so loved him, he was such fun.

They had finished their coffee, when Rachel said: "I've got the opportunity of a new job, Harry."

"Really," he responded, "what's that?" She explained what Suzie had said earlier.

"They want me to go for a two day interview and assessment down in London," she explained.

"Great," he enthused. "This is the break you deserve Rachel. I hope you're successful. What about Suzie? Will she go with you?"

"Well, she can," she replied vaguely, "but I was wondering, would you put her up for a couple of nights?"

Harry didn't want to appear too keen, so made noises that he could put off the twitchers' meeting the following night, and tell his mother he would see her the following week, instead of Sunday. "Yes, Rachel, I think I can help out," he said, "on two conditions." She cocked her eyebrow in query. "One, I'm not very experienced with kids, so Suzie must do exactly what she's told, and secondly, you get the job!"

Rachel looked at Suzie, "Well?" she asked.

Suzie, trying not to leap up and down cheering, while doing double somersaults, turned sideways on to her mother, her knees pointing directly at Harry, and parted them for a couple of seconds, as she said: "Don't worry, Mum, I'll try not to be too much of a handful."

CHAPTER 14 – Losing a Cherry

The following morning, the agent met them at the house. Harry had picked up Rachel and Suzie from their home, and driven the five minute journey, arriving just as the agent pulled up. As soon as they entered, they knew the house was perfect. It wanted some modernisation in the kitchen the two en-suite bathrooms, and a lick of paint throughout. New carpets would make a huge difference too. Harry said he would be back to them, and he was interested.

“Do you have a property to sell, Mr. Swallowtail?”

“Well I thought I had,” Harry responded, “but I have reconsidered that. I think I will rent out my house, as my budget allows me to buy this place mortgage free. So if we make an offer, we will be able to complete immediately.” Harry steered the agent by the elbow to the window. The lad looked like he was barely out of school. He still had spots on his chin. This house had probably been one of his first projects. The marketing had been appalling. Harry would have given him one star in a feedback review. “Tell me, between ourselves,” Harry asked conspiratorially, “why hasn’t this house sold before now? It’s been on the market for some time.”

The young man looked uncomfortable, before finally saying, quietly, so Rachel wouldn’t hear: “The previous owner drowned himself in the pool. People feel uncomfortable with the idea of living here.”

“So if I were to make you an offer on this house, any offer, it would be considered,” said Harry.

“No reasonable offer would be rejected,” said the agent.

“Well, I’ll make you an offer here and now,” said Harry. “You’re asking £250K. I’ll offer you £200, with full settlement on completion. No chain, no finance issues. That leaves me £50K to make the improvements which desperately need to be done before I can move in. Do we have a deal?”

The agent blinked. The house had been on the market for six months, this was only the third viewing, and the only interest shown. “I will put your offer to the client, Mr. Swallowtail, and let you know.” They shook hands with the agent, and headed back to Rachel’s home. On the way, Harry suddenly said: “Let’s stop and have a pub meal. What time is your train for London, Rachel?”

“Not ‘till three,” she replied, “I’ve plenty of time.” She paused, before saying: “You know Harry, I have a feeling today’s our lucky day. You with the house, and me, I have a good feeling about this new job. What about you, Susan do you feel lucky today. Perhaps you should make a wish. It might come true.”

Harry looked at Suzie and smiled. She blushed cutely. They were both thinking the same thing. It would certainly be a day she would remember all her life.

Lunch over, Harry drove them home, and waited while Rachel collected her and Suzie's things together. He sat, idly thinking. It had been just a week since he'd met Suzie by pure chance. In that time, he'd fallen in love, paired up with Rachel, and made firm plans to move home. More had happened to him in the last seven days, than had happened in the previous seven years.

After dropping Rachel off at the railway station, they called in to the supermarket, to pick some supplies up for the following couple of days. Whilst in there, Suzie saw a girl from her class at school. Her name was Joanna, but everyone called her Jo. She had long blond hair, and sharp blue eyes. When she saw Suzie, she smiled broadly.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Jo, "You know about the head going. Everyone's talking about it. No one knows why. Did you hear the other thing, about the Gang of Ten."

"No," said Suzie, "what?"

"Well again, no one knows why, but they're not talking to each other. The gang's broken up. I'm really pleased, Suzie. They were so mean to you. Several other girls, like me, wanted to be friends with you, but they made sure we didn't. One or two other girls suffered the same way. I think it will be nicer at school, when we go back in September. Whose the dishy guy you're with, Suzie? He looks nice."

"He's a friend of the family," explained Suzie, "Mum's gone to London, so he's looking after me for a couple of days. He's just buying a house with a swimming pool. My Mum and I are going to live there with him."

"Wow," said Jo, "I wish I was living with a hunk like him. Can me and some of the other girls come over for a pool party or something?"

"Yeah, Harry won't mind, I'm sure. Thanks for talking to me Jo, I appreciate it," said Suzie.

"No I'm pleased too Suzie," she said, "I'm just sorry for what you've had to put up with. We'll all make it up to you." They swapped mobile phone numbers and moved on.

"Who was that pretty little thing you were chatting to?" asked Harry, as she re-joined him.

"That was Jo. She's in my class, Harry. I'll tell you what she said later," Susie leaned in to his ear to whisper. "Would you like to get into her panties? I'll help you if you want. I've seen her in the shower, Harry. She's really pretty. I invited her over to our new house, when we can use the pool. Imagine the changing room full of your cameras." Harry's cock twitched. He needed to get his mind onto other things, before his oncoming erection was seen by one of the housewives crowding the store. They had filled the trolley with a huge

heap of treats nine year old girls love to eat, before heading to Harry's home, for two whole days.

"Daddy," Suzie said, quietly, looking at him, with one finger to her lips, "would you give me a bath and read me a story?"

Half an hour later, Harry was sitting in his chair, looking at Suzie, naked, spread eagled on the bed, her little chest rising and falling, as she slept after her story. Her perfect body was open to his inspection. It now didn't matter whether she was asleep or awake, she was very happy if he looked at her all day, if he wished. So he looked.

Her mound was raised more than usual, or so it appeared, and her deep cleft parted, because of her position, her thighs being so far apart. Her labia were full, swollen, pouting almost, with the arousal flowing through her sleeping body, their redness from the hickey he'd given her diminishing now. He could see mucus starting to flow from her. She was really aroused. Was she awake and pretending? She'd done that yesterday, hadn't she? He stood, and went to the dressing table. There, he kept an eagle's feather as a memento. Picking it up, he moved onto the bed, between her legs, and bringing the feather carefully to her, started to stroke it through her cleft. It was on the third stroke, she giggled.

Throwing the feather to one side, he immediately pressed his open mouth to her pudenda, and started to flick his tongue across her clitty. He felt it harden, and her stiffen, her arousal rapidly rising, her taste intensifying. Suddenly he felt her hands on either side of his head.

"Now, Harry, please now, I've waited long enough, make it special, please my Daddy," she whispered. He raised himself up on his elbows and looked at her face. It was time. It was the right time. He moved up over her, taking his weight on his elbows and knees. She reached down, soon finding his rampant cock with her fingers. She guided him to the top of her cleft, and then pushed him downwards, feeling his crown plough through her valley, over her hardened clit, and dip into her recess. She moved it up and down, across her entry a few times, feeling his pre-cum spreading between them.

Harry already knew she could rise incredibly fast, but even he was amazed, when he felt her whole body tense, as his crown pushed into her entry, pulling her clit in with it, making her gasp out loud. He released and pressed once more, and suddenly she was climaxing under him, her hips thrusting in the limited space between them. Harry pressed to her, feeling her hymen moving against him, as she thrust back at him and released, thrust and released. Her climax intensified. He would never have believed a nine year old could experience such intense sensations and certainly not so quickly. But, of course, she had been building up to this moment for several days now.

Suzie was in a fairytale world, now. She had experienced such intense feelings both physical and emotional, the barrier between the two opaque. Her mind swirled with the kaleidoscope of colours behind her closed eyelids, the

intense surges of pleasure pouring through her lower body, and the feeling that she had never, ever in her life felt anything so good as this. She was aware of a little pin prick of pain, but nothing to detract from the powerful gratification her repeated climactic spasms were giving her.

At last, it ebbed away. She opened her eyes and looked up at him, his smiling eyes only asking the silent question "Was that good for you, would you like more?" As happens when someone has been in a deep sleep, it took her a few seconds to focus on him and recall all that had occurred.

He remained still for a full minute, before he moved a fraction inside her. She blinked, not understanding, and looked down between their bodies, where she could see he was buried half way into her vagina. Her head flopped back to the pillow, her smiling face answering his question. Yes it had been good and yes she wanted more. She liked how his arms were under her back, his hands cupping her shoulders. She felt safe and secure. Her Daddy.

Harry had been careful as he'd climbed up over Suzie, not wanting to frighten her or make her regret what she was letting him do to her. As they'd touched, though, he'd felt her stiffen. At first he'd thought it was resistance, but then a second later, he knew she was about to cum. Then suddenly it was like an avalanche. Her climax simply overwhelmed her. He realised her mind was somewhere far away. Her body had taken over her mind, as her orgasm intensified. He could feel her whole vagina gulping on his crown, and all he had to do was press. He felt the exquisite sensation of his crown sinking into her. Her hymen just seemed to dissolve. Her passage peeled open, while he felt his cock sink deeper into her.

Harry had never felt anything as good as this in his life, ever. At last, he felt her end. But even as he nudged into her cervix, it triggered another series of intense pulses in her tiny body. Her back was arched up, head and bum pressed into the bedding, her face contorted into an expression of intense pain or pleasure; the agony and ecstasy. Definitely ecstasy. He remained in that position, letting her climax calm and finally end. Her eyes at long last opening and her smile telling him everything he needed to know.

"Now I understand, Daddy," she said quietly. He could see from her drooping eyelids, she was falling asleep once more. He'd noticed this girl lived her life at a thousand miles an hour. She never stopped, whatever she wanted to do, she ate three times what he would have expected, and fell asleep at the drop of a hat. Then she would wake and the cycle would start once more. He was fully impaled inside her, and didn't want to break the union. She stirred when he lifted one leg over hers, and rolled all the way over, taking her with him. He was now on his back, she on top. Her knees naturally fell to either side of his hips. She smiled again. "Read me a story Daddy", and she was suddenly gone, asleep once more.

Harry loved this child. He loved her more than his own life and, he thought ironically, his own liberty. His cock was deep inside her now, pressing against her deepest place, her most private place. And yet, she had allowed him to be

her first, and then she trusted him so deeply, she was happy to fall asleep with him still inside her.

She started to snore. They were the most wonderful little vibration sounds he'd ever heard, like a bee on a flower on a bright summer's day. "Buzz, buzz, buzz." He could listen to it all afternoon. He looked down at her auburn hair, and remembered the day he first met her, just a few days ago, as she paddled up the brook, with her fishing net in her hand, her faded T and bikini panties in colourful stripes, merging one into another, of blue and pink and orange. His cock twitched at the thought, making the sleeping child grunt quietly.

He would be nowhere else in the world at this moment, and with no one else. He started to explore her body with his finger tips, feeling every dip and bump on her. The firmness of her athletic buttocks, the dip of the small of her back, her ribs just beneath the surface of her silky soft skin. He reached lower, and ran his fingers through the crack of her bottom, down to where he penetrated her, making him swell. He pulled upwards, letting his finger now trail into her anus. She was so relaxed, as he pushed into her, his finger sinking into the first knuckle.

But then he realised this wasn't what he wanted at all. He wanted to make love with Suzie, not take advantage of her while she slept. He pulled his finger from her. He explored further, running his fingers along the crease, where her buttocks met her thighs. He pushed further down. The crease deepened where her labia mounded up, pushed outwards because of his penetrating cock. Finally, he placed his palms on her buttocks and just waited.

She had the ability to wake up without him knowing. She'd done it several times in the past few days. She was awake now. Suzie lay there, feeling his cock deep inside her, pushing against that sensitive spot way up inside her. It felt so good. It wasn't just the sexy feelings she'd enjoyed over and over, but the sense of security Harry had instilled in her, since the moment she had met him. Whenever he was there, she wanted for nothing or anyone. She just needed to cuddle him, and now he was inside her. Soo good. He'd given her so much already, and solved so many of her problems. And now he was fucking her. She had two whole days to enjoy this and she was jolly well going to.

The first he was aware she had come round, was when he felt her clench. Not once, but twice.

"Your awake then," he said.

"No I'm not, Harry, you just think I am," she giggled. He realised she was in a playful "Harry", rather than "Daddy" mood.

"Are you going to lie there all afternoon, or are you going to fuck me?" There was no way, in this position, she could avoid the palm which slapped her bum, with a very satisfactory clap. "You're a child abuser," she said in a giggly tone, just as he thrust his cock for the first time. The thrill which shot through her

body made her gasp. He pulled back and thrust again. This time, he felt her clamp on him, and as he went in the third time, she came. One thing was sure with this girl, she was on a hair trigger, when it came to cuming.

She pressed her mouth to his, their tongues intertwining, as he slowly fucked in and out of her vagina. Suzie was in heaven. Not just because she was experiencing the most sensational continuous climaxes, but because she loved Harry and this was the very best way to show him. She wanted him to enjoy her body, as she was his.

Slowly their pace increased, and his cock was sliding in and out of her faster and faster. Still their mouths were pressed together, their tongues making love. Harry's arms were curled all around her, one across her shoulders, the other over her bum. Suzie was snorting continually through her nose, as her orgasms merged one into the next. Her vagina clamping hard on Harry's cock, his crown being squeezed every couple of seconds. She arched her back, her tummy now lifting off his, as she thrust back at him, trying to increase the speed and depth of their lovemaking. Her hands were on the move constantly. One moment her fingers tearing through his hair, the next scraping her nails down his back, before clawing down his chest, leaving red lines.

They both knew the climax was rapidly approaching. Her movements became frantic, as she leapt up and down on him, trying to extract the last ounce of pleasure from his rampant cock, before it ended. Then, he seemed to pause in mid flight, before he thrust hard into her cervix, and held himself there, his ejaculation spurting deep into her. He pulled back and thrust again, as the second blast exploded deep into her, making her jerk in response. Again and again, he pulsed deep inside her, his semen filling her deepest place with his love for her, she wanting all of it and more.

They slowed, and finally stopped, their breathing like the pant of an exhausted athlete. Neither moved, but both clung onto the other, needing the closeness. They both knew this was going to be the first of a lifetime of lovemaking. Their need for one another absolute. "I love you Daddy," she muttered, before she drifted off to sleep once more.

He shrank within her, enjoying their closeness, as she slept on top of him. He drifted off himself a few minutes later, and was amazed two hours had passed, when he glanced at the bedside clock. But what had woken him was her movement. She was gyrating her hips over him, trying to increase the friction between them, trying to pleasure herself on his cock. Instantly, he started to grow in her, his cock swelling, lengthening, penetrating.

"You're awake at last, then" she giggled.

"No I'm not," he said in a mock grumble. "Leave me alone, I need my beauty sleep." She laughed and immediately thrust her hips down, pushing him deeper into her. Then, she lifted herself up, pressing her hands against his chest, her knees either side of his hips. But what she did next surprised him, because she lifted her knees up, so she was now sitting on him, only her feet

touching the bed, her whole weight on where they were joined. He was still growing, and they could both feel his crown burrowing into her, getting deeper, getting thicker.

He knew it could go no further, but he hadn't told his cock that, and it just kept wriggling it's way into her. "Well, Harry, you're definitely awake then," she teased him, his cock telling her more than he did. "We've got until the day after tomorrow, Harry....". She laughed when she heard him groan in mock despair. She moved her hips forward and backward now, dragging him in and out of her vagina. She could feel her clitty being pulled into her, with the friction, and as he came out, the whole of her cunt lining seemed to be dragged out with it, before the cycle repeated.

Suzie was already feeling sore. She knew tomorrow she would really feel it, but right now, her pleasure far outweighed her pain. She'd lost count of how many cums she'd enjoyed on his cock this afternoon, but she sure intended to enjoy many more, before the weekend was over. As she moved over him, she could feel wetness seeping down from inside her, making her movements slide more easily. She looked down, and could see his semen seeping from her from last time. It was tinged with pink. She'd read on the internet that sometimes girls bleed a little on their first time. She didn't mind. To her it felt like a badge of honour.

She was cuming and cuming. Suzie had lost track of time, and it was with amazement she realised it was early evening. The sun had gone down, and it was getting gloomy. She knew Harry had really, really cum before, because she was still leaking with it. The internet had told her he might not cum again, at least for a while. So it was with some surprise, she felt him hardening within her, his movements becoming more insistent, urgent almost.

Suzie had been enjoying a continuous gentle cum for the last ten minutes or so, but already, she knew she was building up to another explosive one. And so it was, she heard him gasp, and then she felt him throb inside her, deep inside her. She looked down, and could see the bulge in her belly, by her tummy button, where she felt his tip to be, moving up and down. Suddenly a wave of pure bliss overtook her. It was more intense than when he had put that buzzing thing on her clitty, when he'd had his cock up her bum. But this just got better and better. She thought her head would explode. Then everything went black.

"Well," thought Harry, "that's something you don't see every day."

Suzie had passed out, fainted, the pleasure had become so intense. He looked down, and saw what a mess she was in, even as the tail end of his own orgasm ebbed away. There was blood from her vaginal bleed, mixed with large quantities of his semen from two cums, seeping from her. Her pussy was red raw, and her hickey surrounding it added to the impression the nine year old had been thoroughly abused and fucked, were the wrong person to look at her, which her mother might. "Well," he thought, "I can't turn the clock back, and if I could I would do it all again."

He got off the bed, and going into the bathroom, ran a deep bath, putting in some smelly mixture with bubbles. Switching off the taps, he went back to the bedroom and picked her carefully up. She was snoring in the way she did when in a deep sleep, her buzz, buzzing continuous. He carried her into the bathroom, and climbed in. He sat down and holding her back to his chest, lay down. Even now, she didn't stir. He hugged her to his front, his hands over her chest and tummy. Her head pressed to him, just below his chin. He picked up the soap, and slowly washed her, as far as he could reach. He spent several minutes cleaning between her legs, enjoying the feel of their bodily fluids, together with the soap making a very slippery, smooth feeling. He knew if she were awake, her pussy would be sore, so he made sure she was extra clean, now, pushing his fingers deep into her.

She was still out for the count, so he carefully got out of the bath. He spread one large fluffy towel across the bed and laid her on it. He dried her gently with another towel, before drying himself. He had some local anaesthetic cream in his medicine cupboard, and taking some, applied it to her vagina. Still she was asleep, so he picked her up, and climbing back into the bed, sat up, with her on his lap, her back to his chest, and watched the early evening news.

"Hello Daddy," he heard her mutter, "I love you so much."

"Hello Sweetheart," he responded, looking down at the top of her head, her auburn hair, shining in the light.

"Daddy, I hurt," she said quietly, "you know, down there."

"I know darling, I've had a good look at it for you," he said. "I've put some cream on it for you to help make it feel better."

"Daddy," she said in her 'I want to know something' tone, "you know what we did, before, will you do it to me again? Not now," she added, "I'm too sore. But, it was the nicest thing I've ever felt and I want you to do it to me lots of times. Because I love you, Daddy."

"Harry," he instantly realised her tone of voice had changed, and suddenly she was back in 'Harry' mode, "would you like me to call Jo up tomorrow, and maybe one or two other friends?"

"You're a very naughty girl, Suzie," he stated. "Do you know that? You know what I should do to a naughty girl don't you?"

"Yes, but I am your very naughty girl," she responded immediately, "besides, I'm too sore to be spanked. You're just a pervert anyway. Thinking about fucking little girls like me and my friend Jo. Just as well you're my pervert. You might get into all sorts of trouble otherwise."

CHAPTER 15 – Bugger the Bird Watching

That night, they watched a little TV. She was too sore to consider anymore sex and he was so sated, he was happy to just cuddle her. The next thing they both knew, it was morning and the sun was shining through the curtains, warming the room up quickly. He was aware she was awake, although she hadn't stirred. He could almost hear the wheels turning in her brain. At last, she could remain silent no longer.

"I'm sorry Harry," she said.

"Whatever for?" he asked, surprised.

"I can't let you fuck my pussy," she said. "I so wanted to do it again and again. But I am too sore still. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, Sweetheart," he replied, "we don't have to do anything you don't want to. In fact we don't have to do anything at all."

"But I wanted, to, Harry," she said plaintively. Then after a long pause, "I know, shall we go bird watching? You can make a picnic lunch and we can go out for the day, just us."

And so an hour later, Harry set up his hide in the same place where he had first met Suzie, barely a week ago. He set up his binoculars and camera, his flask of coffee and beside it a row of San Pellegrino cans. He sat in his fold up chair, and waited for her to come and sit on his lap. She was behind him and with the hide in the way, he couldn't see what she was up to. She lifted the flap, and still standing, she started to undo the button and zip on his shorts.

"Take them off," she instructed. Harry didn't need telling twice, and soon his shorts and boxers were on the grass under his seat. Suzie climbed onto his lap, her denim skirt spread over hers and his knees. He instantly realised she wasn't wearing any panties, and already his cock was springing into life. This was her game and he didn't want to spoil it for her, so sat back and waited. She leant forward and lifted up her skirt, out of the way. Then she reached for his cock, now standing stiffly between her thighs. And started to rub the end gently. Unsighted as he was, he wondered what she was up to.

"Harry, I need you to do something for me," she said. "I am going to lift myself up. Would you put it in my bum for me, please?" She raised herself up, and as he grabbed his cock, he could feel the KY Jelly on the tip, which she must have brought from his home and just rubbed on him. He adjusted it, bringing it to her anus and as he pressed to her, he could feel her already lowering herself, the pressure between them increasing. She paused, waiting, then his crown popped through her sphincter. She sighed as the pressure eased with her dilation. Then, sooner than he expected, she started to lower herself onto him, his cock slipping deeper into her rectum, to her bowels.

She bottomed out, in both senses of the word. She took his hands in hers, and leaning back against him, clasped them to her tummy. "Do you think we'll

see the Kingfisher?" she asked. And so the morning in the woods started. It was going to be another hot day, after the few days of inclement weather they'd experienced. Harry remembered the other day, when he'd last buggered the girl, how good it felt, and knew this would be just as nice. He hoped her soreness wouldn't detract from her pleasure.

They sat like that for over two hours, but at the same time, neither wishing it to end, both longing for their climaxes to sweep through them.

"Harry," she said, after a long comfortable silence, "does it feel nice up my bum?"

"Suzie just being inside you is nice for me," he replied. "I could stay like this all day. It makes bird watching so much nicer. But, yes, I really like being in your bum. Do you like me being there?"

"If you like it in there, then that's OK with me. Let me know when you want to cum, and I will clench on you for a bit...Oh!" Just those few words had made Harry's cock swell and twitch inside her. She clenched in response, and he swelled.

"Are you going to cum, Harry? You know you are a very naughty man doing it in my bum Harry. What would my Mum say?"

Despite himself, Harry couldn't stop, and almost immediately, he exploded into her bowels, pumping spurt after spurt of hot semen into her.

"Hmm, Harry, that was a big one," she teased. They sat there, unmoving, as his climax gradually ebbed away, his pulses inside her diminished and finally stopped. He started to pull from her, but she gripped his arm. "No, please, Daddy, leave it there. I like it there." She twisted slightly sideways, and put her thumb in her mouth, curled up into his chest, and closing her eyes, and fell asleep. Harry heard a scratching sound on the roof of the hide. He glanced up, and through the gauze vent, saw the Kingfisher. It seemed to be looking at them; first at him, then at her. It chirped once, then flew leisurely away.

Suzie woke up about an hour later, and smiled at him. "What's for lunch Harry? I'm famished. I hope you weren't stingy and brought enough this time!" He couldn't get at her bottom to give her a thwack, it being otherwise occupied.

"You're getting too cheeky, young lady," he said, one eyebrow cocked. "I think I shall have to show you whose boss when I get you home."

"Don't bother," she giggled, "we both know it's me. So where's the grub?"

"I've been thinking, Harry," she continued without pause. "You know, about my friend Jo.....HARRY, that's very naughty," she giggled. "Your cock just went 'twang' in my bum. You shouldn't be thinking about my friend, when you're in

me. Anyway, about Jo. Stop it Harry. Do you want me to talk about her or not?"

"Sorry Suzie, I couldn't help it," he chuckled. "What about Jo?"

"Harry I'm not going to say any more if you let your cock grow in me like this. It's off putting," she chastised. Then she grinned at him. "You like the idea of messing about with her, don't you, Harry. You really are a naughty boy. I've been looking at the internet, Harry. I never realised girls can do it with each other. Oh...you liked that idea, didn't you? Watching you drooling over that video of the gang of ten made me realise. Anyway, I wondered if I got my friend Jo round one afternoon, and show her stuff on the internet, maybe I could get her to try out some stuff with me. Then you could watch through your cameras. Would you like that Harry?...Oh yes I already know. What would you like to watch me doing to her, Harry? Would you like me to lick her pussy Harry, while you watch? Oh Harry, you naughty boy, you're cuming in my bum again. You're going to have to take me home now and give me another bath."

That evening was relatively quiet. They were both sore and drained. Harry found a large blanket, and with her sitting on his lap, naked, they wrapped themselves into a cocoon, cuddling, while they watched some Disney film on Netflix, which neither would recall in the morning, eating a cold non descript pizza.

Dawn broke, and Harry woke, realising in the past ten days, his life had changed irrevocably for the better. He was spooning into the love of his life, his cock between her thighs, encased in her labia, his crown squeezed between his palm and her cleft. He never knew when she woke. She had the ability to pass from sleep to wakefulness without any movement, her quiet buzzing snore continuing.

It was only when she said: "Mum's back this afternoon," that it confirmed she'd woken and reality returned to them both. They had a bath together, which lasted over two hours. When they finally got out, their skins looked like prunes. They had breakfast in bed, enjoying one another's company, before life returned to the usual routine.

Rachel returned soon after lunch time. Harry and Suzie went to the railway station to collect her. Rachel was so enthused with her time in London, she barely had a moment to ask how the two of them had got on. She had got the job and had been asked to start as soon as she could. She explained she was owed holiday, and would be able take it in lieu of notice. They had wanted her to take a week's long induction course as soon as possible. So she'd said she could start whenever they wanted.

"It's amazing," Rachel explained, "they were interviewing the new headmaster at the same time. We bumped into each other at lunchtime. I know him. I was at university with his wife. I was one of her bride's maids. We sort of lost touch

afterwards, because they moved south for a teaching job he got. She was diagnosed recently with M.S. She's in a wheelchair now.

She suddenly stopped, as reality hit her. She looked at Harry with doe like eyes and said. "Harry, would you be able to help out? The induction course is down in London. The same place I've just been to. I need someone to look after Susan. My mum usually helps out on these occasions, but she can't just now."

Harry had to make out he was really busy with his "magazine job", but he would be able to pull something in and work from home, he was sure. "Susan and I got along OK while you were in London. We didn't kill each other. We even went out bird watching yesterday and she didn't die of boredom. So, yeah I'll do it."

Harry took them back to his house, where they had a late lunch together. Suzie's case had already been packed. Rachel chatted about her new job, and how she was looking forward to it. It wouldn't pay a lot more than she'd been on before, but the hours were better and holiday allowance generous. So combined with the proposal of setting up house together, she saw herself being better off and happier. So did Harry and Suzie.

CHAPTER 16 – The Pool Party

The following few months were some of the happiest the three of them had ever experienced. Harry submitted regular photographs to the magazine, along with drawings by Suzie. She became quite famous in the world of ornithology, and her work was in demand. Harry completed the purchase of his new house, and rented out his old one to the new headmaster, while they found a suitable, wheelchair friendly place of their own to buy.

Harry spent a lot of time decorating the new house and had experts come in to overhaul the pool, re-lining it and fitting new solar panels to heat it. They were planning on a grand opening party, when it was completed.

Over time, Harry and Rachel's relationship evolved. They were living like brother and sister. Soon, he refused to accept rent from her, because she organised all the housekeeping and shopping, and managed the household budget. They would all spend the evenings together, watching TV, or listening to music while Suzie drew her pictures and Harry edited his photos. Any outsider would have simply assumed they were just another typical happy family.

One evening, Suzie came downstairs, to watch TV, having had a bath and got ready for bed. She was wearing her dressing gown unfastened over a short nightgown. Rachel, sitting in an armchair across the room, was checking through some paperwork from the school. She glanced up and noticed Suzie had sat on the settee beside Harry, who had his laptop open, working on some photo editing work. Suzie had curled up, and was leaning into Harry's side, her arm cuddling his, her thumb in her mouth. Rachel hadn't seen Suzie suck her

thumb since she was five. Then she distinctly heard Suzie say: "I love you Daddy." She wasn't sure how to react, then smiled to herself. Suzie had had such a tough time since her husband had been jailed, she deserved some love. Rachel knew she wasn't so good at maternal love, and perhaps this gay man filled the gap left by her own shortcomings.

Suzie wriggled into a more comfortable position. Her dressing gown, slipped off her hip behind her, her bottom half showing. As Rachel watched, she saw Suzie's peach shaped labia pushing out, squeezed between her thighs. It looked quite red and swollen, but it might have been her imagination. Rachel knew Harry couldn't see what she could see, but her daughter was still almost naked, while cuddling him. Harry reached out, and absent mindedly placed his hand on Suzie's hip, his fingers just touching and caressing her naked thigh, where the nighty had ridden up. After a few seconds, Harry suddenly realised what he'd done, and tried not to overreact. He carried on working on the computer, willing his fingers not to twitch, or for Suzie to say or do anything. He could feel Rachel's eyes studying him closely. At last, he lifted his hand and brought his arms behind his head and yawned in pretence of being tired, before bringing both hands back where they should be on the computer keyboard. Crisis over, or so he hoped.

Rachel was an observant person, though and stored up many small snippets of information in her mind. Another thing she'd noticed was that he no longer seemed to be the bumbling idiot she thought him to be on their first meeting. No she was building up a very different picture of him in her head. He was astute and intelligent; attractive too. Rachel had her suspicions about what they were up to. She'd seen the state of Suzie's panties in the wash basket. She knew semen stains when she saw them and observed Suzie's demeanour towards Harry. But she'd also seen the happiness in her daughter's whole being and decided to leave well alone for the moment.

She cast her mind back to when she was eleven and had become besotted with one of her teachers. He taught her more than history and geography. No, she had a fair idea of what was going on. But life was now much better than before, and she didn't want to rock the boat.

Rachel herself had formed a new life. Unbeknown to anyone else, she had started a very quiet, discrete affair with the headmaster. His name Gerry. They had been friends for many years, his wife, Angie, her best friend, unable to be a comfort to him in bed any longer, had asked Rachel if she could talk to her. Rachel went round one evening and the two women had a long heart to heart, helped by some gin and tonic. Afterwards, Rachel had agreed to what her friend had asked. Angie needed and wanted someone she could trust to give her husband the affection in bed any man needs, before he went off and found someone else and left her. With M.S., her life would then, in effect, be over. She loved her husband and he loved her. The arrangement suited them all, especially Rachel, who hadn't had a man since her husband went to prison. So Monday and Thursday evenings, Rachel "worked late". Everyone knew why, and everyone pretended not to. It also enabled Harry and Suzie time to themselves. Time which they also made very good use of, in his bed.

The pool was completed and filled and the day of the pool party approached. Suzie had invited half a dozen very carefully chosen classmates over for the afternoon. She and Harry had spent an hour or so that morning in the changing room, installing some cameras, to best advantage. The first of the girls arrived, when Rachel got a call from Angie. Could she come over for a couple of hours? Harry said he would manage if she needed to go.

In fact, what it turned out to be, Angie and Gerry had had a very honest conversation and at the end agreed that they needed to be more open with each other about Rachel. Angie, although she couldn't do anything for Gerry, could still enjoy a climax, and was feeling neglected. So she had proposed Rachel and Gerry had sex together, but she join in, as best she could, so she could get some pleasure from it. This turned out to be more successful than any of them had expected and that first afternoon, Rachel was away for more than six hours. But Harry didn't mind, because Suzie had got all the girls out of their clothes and then suggested they did some gym exercises before they went in the water. During the course of the next half an hour, Harry, watching on his laptop, saw every inch of every girl in sharp high definition close-up. But what happened next astounded him.

"Did you hear about the Gang of Ten?" asked Jo.

"No, what?" asked Suzie, knowing all the detail, of course.

"Yeah," said another girl, "the gang was broken up. It happened the same day the headmaster left. Something must have happened."

"That was only part of it," added Jo. "did you hear what they'd been doing?"

"No, what?" several girls asked together.

"Rumour has it they were having sex with the headmaster. It was found out and that's why he left so suddenly," she said. There was a collective gasp from the group of naked girls. "But not only that," she added, "they were doing it with each other too."

"Wow," said a pretty dark haired girl called Rosie, "I've heard some girls like to do that. I've never tried it, though. Have any of you?" The look in her eye suggested she was inviting, rather than questioning.

"I would," said Jo, "with the right friend."

Suzie thought the conversation was about to drift off, when she added: "I've never tried it either, but I'll try anything once." The seeds were sown. "Does anyone fancy swimming in the buff?" she asked. There were giggles from several girls.

"What about your Dad? He'll see us," said Rosie.

"He won't care," dismissed Suzie, "besides, didn't I tell you, he's not interested in women at all. My Mum says he's gay. Besides, he's not my real Dad. This is his house. My Mum and I just live here and in return, she looks after the place, does his shopping, cleaning and stuff. He's really fun, though. I like him a lot." As if a decision had been made, Suzie opened the door and led the way out of the changing room, to the pool edge. The girls all lined up, side by side, and on the count of three, dived naked into the crystal clear water.

Harry had bought various toys for the pool, balls, floats, rings and so on, which they started to play with. It wasn't long, before Suzie noticed several of the girls, Jo and Rosie included, touched her affectionately on the arm, or back. She reciprocated, and quite soon, on several occasions, she noticed the others too were becoming intimate, without being too forward. This was a slow process of silent, "I will if you will".

At one point, Suzie was standing near the side of the pool, water just below her tiny boobs. Jo came over with Rosie and one stood either side of her. They'd obviously been talking, because they both put their arms around Suzie's waist at about the same time. Suzie responded, by putting hers around theirs. She smiled at them. It was only a matter of seconds later, she felt their hands sliding down towards the rise of her bottom, so she did the same, letting her fingers slip down over each of their buttocks. No one pushed the limits too far. This was new territory to them all.

A moment later, one of the other girls threw a ball down the pool close to them and called out "Piggy in the middle." Rosie immediately pushed off from the side of the pool, to grab the ball and swam with it away from the others, who were pursuing her. Suzie had remained where she was with Jo, their hands still on each other's bottoms, their finger tips just feeling the other's valley.

"What do you think, Suzie?" asked Jo. Both knowing she didn't mean the ballgame.

Suzie looked at her friend and nodded with a smile, "Yeah, if you like." As if a signal had been given, both girls pushed their fingers in and downwards, through their bum cracks, underneath, and found their friend had parted her legs ready. Both pushed further, over their vaginas, sinking into their clefts towards their clitties. Both sighed, as the other touched them, feeling their fingers exploring, arousing, caressing. They were there for about ten minutes, when two things happened. Firstly both of them started to climax on the other's fingers. Neither knew the noises they were making. Secondly, the ball game had come to a stop, as their friends realised what was happening between Suzie and Jo. The other five girls slowly swam over to them and watched as their intimate caressing finally ended and their climaxes subsided.

"Wow," said Rosie, "you two did it! Was it good?" Suzie and Jo both smiled at their friends, slightly embarrassed, but not ashamed.

"Yeah," said Jo after a moment, "you gotta try that. Suzie's really good at it. She showed me what to do. I just did what she did. Suzie," Jo asked, "have you done it before with another girl? You were so good."

"Will you show me?" asked Rosie, quietly.

"Sure Rosie, why not?" said Suzie. "Anyone else want to try?" The other four girls looked at one another, uncertain. Their faces said they were keen to try, but their natural hesitancy held them back. At last Tamara moved forward. The others were quite surprised, because she was usually a very shy person, waiting to be led, rather than lead. She was originally from Ethiopia, but arrived in England, with her family, when she was three. Her skin was the colour of a hazel nut, but it shone, almost verging on looking like burnished gold in the sunlight. She had the high cheek bones, long pointed nose and a narrow chin distinctive of the beautiful Nubian race. She was a very fit ten year old girl, muscle toned and lean. She was the fastest runner in the school, and extremely good at gymnastics. Her hair was black, long and straight and seemed to float on the surface of the pool, around her.

"OK," said Suzie, now in charge, "we'll move to the steps. When you get the tingles, you might want to hold onto something. And if it helps, you can put your feet up on the steps too. See how it goes." It sounded convincing to the two girls. What they didn't know was that Suzie had suggested to Harry they put one of the cameras in the water, behind the steps, looking outward.

"Do you want me to do you both at the same time?" asked Suzie.

"Together," was the answer.

"OK, face the steps, your backs to me, I'll put my hands around you and cup you around the front. Good. Now move your feet apart, both of you. Yeah, a little more. That's nice. Now I will just slip my fingers down the front of you, like this. My goodness, Tamara, you've got a lovely mound. It's so firm to the touch. And Jo, your cleft, it's so deep. You have really thick pussy lips. They're much bigger than mine. Now here we go." She curled her fingers into the two girl's clefts, quickly finding their clitties, making them jerk slightly. She flicked her finger tips back and forth over their little nubs rapidly. She already knew Tamara was getting into this, and only a few seconds later, she felt Rosie stiffen too.

Suzie was finding this incredibly arousing. She hadn't expected to, so it was a pleasant surprise to her, when she felt a little hand cupping her pussy from behind, reaching between her thighs. She looked over her shoulder, and saw Mary, a beautiful red headed girl with freckles had made her decision and was experimenting on Suzie. But beyond, Suzie saw two things the other two girls, Helen and Liz, were in a clinch together, kissing hard, their hands in each other's crotches; and beyond, she could see Harry looking out of the window. They made eye contact. He gave her a thumbs up.

Back to the job, very much in hand, Rosie and Tamara were both beginning to rise now, as was Suzie herself, with Mary's help, who was also now being caressed by Jo. Tamara lifted her long legs up and perched them on the pool edge, wide apart. Rosie, still standing lifted one leg and rested it on the steps. Both girls were now shaking in Suzie's hands, and she knew it was only a matter of seconds.....and they came, together.

The two girls' orgasms weren't spectacular or making tidal waves, but anyone watching would have known exactly what they were experiencing right now. They were nervous, experiencing their first clitoral stimulation, outdoors, in front of several other people. But having said that, both knew they wanted more and as soon as possible; preferably somewhere where they could really let go. All six of Suzie's new friends had discovered a pleasure they fully intended to explore together. So it was a surprise to no one, when one of them suggested they should get out of the pool and they all agreed.

They went into the changing hut and were about to go into the shower room together, when Suzie's phone rang. The caller I.D. read "Birdie", Suzie's code word for Harry.

"Hi Harry, how you doing?" she said in a carefully controlled voice.

"Hi Suzie, having fun? Want more?" he asked

"Uh huh," she said non committaly.

"OK, this is what I suggest.....," he explained his idea concisely. She became very excited as he outlined the plan.

She clicked the phone off. "Mum's had a crisis," explained Suzie to the other six girls. "Harry's got to go over to Angie and Gerry's right now. He says we can't go in the pool if he's not here, but we can do anything else we want."

"Isn't Angie that nice lady with M.S.? Wife of the new headmaster." Asked Jo.

"That's right," replied Suzie, "she's had a fall. Mum works in the school office. They need Harry's help. He says he'll be out for a couple of hours. He wanted to know if you all needed to go home, or could we manage here without him." They all looked at one another, and giggled.

"Shall I make sure he's gone?" said Suzie. "Then we'll sneak into the house and use Harry's huge shower. We can all fit in that, dead easy." Suzie wrapped a towel around her and padded, bare foot, out of the changing room and into the house, where Harry was waiting for her.

"Brilliant," he praised, "you should be on the stage, with acting like that." She looked down at his shorts, which bulged out, and were soaked from massive pre-cum leaks.

"Looks like you're about to explode Harry," she nodded down at him, grinning. "So what's the plan?" He explained what he wanted them to do, while he slipped his hand inside her towel and felt her dampness. "don't, Harry," she pleaded, "you'll make me cum and that's not a good idea just yet."

She went back to the changing room, where she found the girls in three pairs, kissing and fondling one another. "Coast is clear," she announced. "Come on, let's not waste any time."

They entered the house, carrying their towels, and quickly went upstairs into Harry's bedroom. Suzie led the way into the huge wet room. There were four ceiling mounted and two wall mounted shower heads. She switched on the taps, and in a few seconds, the water was the perfect temperature. The seven girls made a circle, washing the one next to them. They took and gave enormous pleasure in this simple act.

While this was going on, Suzie suddenly said: "I think we should make a new gang together. Just us." The others looked at her, wondering what she was going to suggest. "As you know I was bullied by the Gang of Ten." The others looked uncomfortable, because none of them had stood up for her. "Well, I think our gang should make sure no one in our school ever gets bullied. And then, we have to look out for each other; cover for each other if we ever get into trouble."

"That's a great idea," said Rosie, "What shall we call our gang?"

A couple of suggestions were made, before Suzie said: "Let's call ourselves The Magnificent Seven." And so it was agreed. "I think we should have some rules too."

"What sort of rules?" asked Tamara, who had to abide by many strict rules at home.

"Well, we'll need to think about it, because we want the gang to be fun," Suzie said, "but at the same time, we need to make sure we stand by each other, no matter what happens. For example, we never talk about what we might do together."

"What sort of things?" asked Mary.

"Well, what you're doing to Helen, for a start," said Suzie, nodding down at where the girl's fingers were pressed into her friend's cunt. "Whatever we do, at all, anything. We keep silent; agreed?"

"What sort of things might you do, Suzie?" asked Liz, cautiously.

"Not just me," emphasised Suzie, "any of us. For example, if we forget to do our homework in maths, well Liz is good at maths, or Helen with history, so they have to help us." The others grinned. "Then there's the other stuff, I can help with." They all looked at her, questioningly, knowing there was more.

"Sex stuff, for example. What we've done today is nothing to what I can teach you."

Tamara was bursting with curiosity. "What stuff, Suzie?" she asked, her breathing almost a pant.

"Well, I can't say, unless you are a member of the gang, Tamara," said Suzie, looking at the black girl. "And to join the gang, we will each have to prove we want to join and will follow the rules. The main rule being we never talk about what we do together."

"How can we do that, Suzie," asked Tamara, a little baffled. "How can we prove it?"

"We will have an initiation, suggested Suzie. "We will do something really naughty, which if anyone found out, would be really embarrassing. So embarrassing, we would never break the rules, to make sure no one finds out."

"What sort of thing?" asked Liz, wide eyed.

"I don't know," lied Suzie, "let's have some ideas from all of you."

"Promise on the bible," was one, "sign a contract," was another, and so it went. "You're quiet, Suzie, you already have an idea, don't you," said Jo. "what is it?" Suzie smiled and nodded.

"We'll go through to Harry's bedroom. We will take it in turns. One of us lies on the bed, and each of the others have to lick them all the way from their bum to their clitty, for thirty seconds. Then someone else takes over, licking her for another thirty seconds, until everyone has licked her. Then someone else lies there and we do the same; until each of us has licked everyone. But there is more," she paused. They looked at her aghast, unsure if they'd heard her right, "we will record it on my phone. So if anyone breaks the rules, or blabs, then they know what will happen with the film."

The other six stood there, open mouthed, silent unmoving, until, at last, Jo smiled and said: "Brilliant, Suzie, absolutely brilliant. No one will ever blab if we do that." One by one, the other girls smiled, until an air of excitement filled the room. They moved through to Harry's bedroom.

"Who would like to go first?" asked Suzie, "I will be the first to lick her, whoever she is. After that, we'll take it in turns."

"Can I go first, please Suzie?" said Jo, with more enthusiasm than Suzie had expected.

"Sure, Jo, lie here on the bed, make yourself comfortable. That's right, now bring your feet up to your bum, but further apart, then swing your knees outwards. Great that's right." The other girls all watched, while Jo's whole

pudenda opened up. Her vagina and anus, two dark tunnels. "Now, all of you watch carefully what I do, because you have to all do the same. Put your fingers here, either side of her bum and cunt holes and pull her open, like this. Make sure her clitty pops out as well, so she can enjoy this. Can everyone see?" They all nodded. An air of excitement pervading the room, now. "Tamara, use my phone and video what I do, would you?"

As Tamara clicked the record button, Suzie pressed her face into Jo's spread pussy. She licked her anus for several seconds, then moved up to her vagina, tasting her arousal, which was quite tangy for a nine year old. Then she moved up to her clitty and worked hard on it to stimulate her.

"Time up," said Tamara. "Who wants to go next?" There was almost a rush to take Suzie's place. This was going better than she'd expected. One by one, the girls licked Jo out and on the fourth time, she came, squirting Liz full in the face with her juices. Next on the bed was red haired Mary. She had started the day as a timid, shy girl, holding back, but now was elbowing her way to the front. She came after the second girl had licked her out, and was crying out loudly before her turn was up. Every girl's actions were recorded on Suzie's phone camera. She knew Harry was going to love watching that.

At last, the initiations were over. Every girl had licked out every other. They knew a bond had formed between them all in this simple action.

"Well I don't know about you girls, but I am hungry after eating you all out," said Suzie. They all laughed at her silly joke. "I think we all need some practice in sixty nine-ing. What do you say?" One or two weren't sure what she meant, but it was quickly explained. "You six make a start, while I go down and prepare something for us all to eat." Suzie watched for a minute while three of the girls lay on the bed and three more got over them, settling into classic sixty nines. She watched for a moment, then went downstairs, where Harry was waiting for her.

"That was absolutely brilliant, Suzie," he said quietly, looking up from his laptop with a screen showing what was happening upstairs on his bed. "What do you think we should do? Leave them to it or should I surprise them?"

She grinned at him with a devilish look, her eyebrow cocking up. They both knew what he was going to do. "Wait until I've been in there for at least a couple of minutes, then follow me in." She nodded. This was so exciting to her.

Harry picked up one of his best bird watching cameras and switched it on. He adjusted the settings, and then went quietly up the stairs, Suzie, behind him. He paused at the door, listening. It was obvious that the six girls were all now climaxing on each other's tongues. They were now deep into their first full lesbian sex orgy, every one of them really enjoying what they were doing.

Harry pressed the record button, and stepped through the door carefully. What he saw almost made him cum on the spot, because there on his own

bed, were two girls lying with their heads on his pillows, and between them a third with her head at the foot of the bed. Then on top of them, another three girls all in a sixty nine, their heads bobbing up and down in their mutual ecstasy. Moans and groans and squeaks and sighs coming up from them constantly. He zoomed in to the action, one couple at a time, and had got some really good detail, before there was a sudden ear piercing scream. He'd been spotted at last. Every girl's head shot up in panic, their faces showing alarm, horror and fear, all at the same time.

"Good afternoon girls," he said, now holding the camera in front of his chest, letting the recording continue, "I hope you have had a nice time in my home today. It looks like you've all got to know each other very well. I don't know where Suzie is. Do you? I wanted to ask her something." He was aware that Suzie was standing behind him, just outside the door, out of sight of her friends. The six girls were frozen in position. They had left their clothes in the pool changing room and their towels in the bathroom. They were stark naked in his bedroom.

"You're Jo, aren't you?" he said speaking to the beautiful girl with long blond hair. "Suzie's told me so much about you. I must say you are a very pretty girl." He held out his hand and she shook it in hers. "And you are....?" He asked holding out his hand again.

"Oh err, I'm Helen," said the pretty round faced girl with brown hair. And so he worked his way along the line of girls. He knew Suzie would be outside the door, bursting with laughter.

"I've just been down to the bakery," he said, "I knew you would all be here, so I bought some fresh iced buns and some jam donuts. When you've finished," he swept his hand in an arc over them, "can I tempt you all to join me?"

"Do you mind if we get dressed first Mr. errr..." said Rosie.

"Feel free," he said, breezily. "Please call me Harry. Everyone does. We have a rule in my house, whatever we see or do in here, is never mentioned outside the house. Do you understand what I am saying?"

It was Jo who cottoned on to his meaning. "Yes, Mr.... err... Harry. Does that mean what we were doing, you know, just now, you won't say anything."

"Of course not, why would I?" he said dismissively. "No I like you girls already, and I don't want us to start on the wrong footing. Come on, let's go downstairs and have those buns, shall we? Oh, look, here's Suzie now." He turned, as she took his cue and walked in smiling.

"Hi Daddy," she said, smiling, "how did you get on with Angie? I see you bought some really yummy buns downstairs for my friends. I see you've met them all. Come on girls, let's go downstairs." She turned and led the way down. Harry intentionally waited a few seconds, watching their bottoms wiggle, as they made their way out of the room and downstairs. He stood at

the top of the stairs, listening. They couldn't see him now, but he could hear their conversation.

Sue: "Your Dad walked in on us when we were, you know, doing it."

Suzie: "Yeah, but he won't say anything if you follow his rules."

Liz: "What rules?"

Suzie: "His house rules. Let's have some of these buns he's bought, shall we. They look really scrumptious."

Helen: "But we're still naked. He might come down any minute."

Suzie: "I already told you he isn't interested in women. You don't need to worry."

Jo: "So what are these house rules, Suzie. You haven't told us?"

Suzie: "Well, rule number 1 is whatever happens in this house is never talked about outside this house."

Helen: "Yeah he told us that. Shouldn't we get dressed now, before he comes down?"

Suzie: "You can if you want, but do you want to, Helen? I mean, we had some real fun upstairs, didn't we?"

Helen: "Yeah I suppose, but he walked right in on us."

Suzie: "Like I said, he won't care and more importantly, he won't tell, Helen. You can do anything here you want to do. In this house, you are completely free. You can all come here anytime you like and do what we did upstairs together. If you ever have a boyfriend and want to make out, you can bring him here and fuck him if you want. The only thing is, you can't when my Mum's around, though. She's a bit funny about stuff like that. Like most Mum's I suppose."

The six girls were all looking at her with open mouths, amazed at what she had said. Finally, Jo asked the question they all wanted to know: "Suzie, the way you said it, just now, have you ever fucked anyone?"

Suzie: "Sure, haven't you? It's really cool. I had the best teacher in the world. He made it sooo good, I want to do it all the time, now. But he's a bit older than me, which is why he didn't mess up, like most of the boys at school would. I decided some time ago I would find the right person for my first time and I did. I have no regrets at all."

Jo: "Who was it Suzie? Was it anyone we know?"

Suzie: "I'm not sure I can say, without him knowing and agreeing. I mean, you might say something and as I said, he's older than me, so he'd be in real trouble. You already know that. But I can tell you something. If ever you want someone really, really good to make your first time incredible, then let me know and I will ask him if he would be willing to help you make it special for you too. I can promise you, you will never regret it.

Helen: "Wow, Suzie, that's just wow! Do you like him, I mean really like him?"

Suzie: "I will love him for the rest of my life, Helen, even if one day I marry someone else. In fact I will always want him to love me, to caress me, to fuck me. He is that good. Just let me know what you want and I will ask him for you. Each of you. But I will say nothing to him, until you tell me you want to. Now what about those buns?"

They all went through to the kitchen, where a huge spread was laid out. There were the promised sticky buns and jam donuts, but also there were peanut butter and strawberry jam sandwiches, a big jam and cream sponge cake and every San Pellegrino flavour ever made. They sat around the big table and started to eat, soon getting absorbed in the feast.

Harry came into the kitchen and pretended not to notice them, as he went to the oven and opened the door. Using an oven glove, he pulled out a tray of savoury snacks and transferring them to a warm plate, put them in the centre of the table. He went to a cupboard and brought out a range of relishes and ketchup. Each time he moved to the table he was able to steal glances of their naked bodies. He then said "I have some chores to do upstairs, Suzie, like making the bed. You know where I am if you need me." He walked out of the kitchen and left them to themselves.

Suzie picked up one of the bite sized sausages from the plate with her fingers, but dropped it immediately, because it was so hot. "I'll go and find some forks for the hot food," she said, getting up from the table.

Jo followed her out and whispered in her ear, "Suzie, did you mean it, what you said about your, you know man. Is he someone really caring, who would be willing to teach me about sex and make my first time special?"

Suzie nodded, "Yeah, I promise you he is kind and gentle and sooo sexy."

"Would you ask him if he would teach me?" asked Jo, nervously.

"Why not ask him yourself?" said Suzie. "He's waiting for you upstairs right now."

"But...your Dad, err Harry....I thought.. you said he was gay!" said Jo baffled.

"No I didn't" said Suzie slyly. "What I said was: my Mum thinks he's gay, and that he doesn't like women, not that way, anyway. I never said he didn't like little girls like you and me. Why not go up and join him? But remember, he has

his house rules. One of them is he won't fuck you unless you can sleep with him afterwards. So if you like him, you'd better ask your Mum if it's OK to come for a sleepover one night. Go on up for a few minutes, Jo. You'll not regret it, I promise you. I will see what the others want to do, and send them up if they're interested. Tell Harry what's happening." They grinned at each other briefly, before Jo moved towards the stairs.

Suzie went back to join the others. "Where's Jo?" asked Tamara.

"She needed to go upstairs for something," said Suzie dismissively. "Oh you've nearly eaten all the savouries. You little piggies! Give me one before you scoff the lot." They all laughed. They lapsed into silence. All the girls seemed to be deep in thought. Suzie thought she heard some giggling from upstairs, but she wasn't sure.

Just then Liz said: "Suzie would you mind if I had a private word for a minute, please?" the strawberry blond beauty was blushing bright red. "Mary wants to ask you the same thing," she continued.

Suzie got up from the table, followed by Mary and Liz and went into the sitting room.

"Well, what it is, err..." stuttered Liz, her face as red as a beetroot now, somehow highlighting the pink tinge in her hair.

"What she means, Suzie," interrupted Mary, "is we would both like you to ask your friend, whoever he is, if he would, you know, teach us stuff, like you said."

"What about the other three in the kitchen, Rosie, Tamara and Helen," asked Suzie, "what do they want?"

"Oh they want to as well," replied Mary, "but they're too shy to ask. They're trying to pluck up courage."

"Come on," said Suzie, "let's go and ask them." They went back into the kitchen, where the other three seemed to be waiting for them. Suzie decided to play it slightly different.

"If you three could have any wish in the world come true," she asked, her eyes scanning across the three of them, "what would you have? And remember whatever is said in this house is never repeated outside, OK?"

The three looked at one another. Even Tamara was blushing brightly through her dark skin tone. Suzie stared them out. At last it was Rosie who spoke.

"We would all like you to speak to your friend, whoever he is," she said steadily, "and ask him if he would teach each of us, and be kind to us and not hurt us."

"He will be all those things, Rosie," said Suzie, smiling kindly, "but he will be much more besides. I promised Jo he would give her the best, first time anyone in the world could hope to have. She's with him now, upstairs."

"You mean, your Dad...err Harry?" stuttered Helen. "We all thought he was gay and not interested in us, but all the time we were with him, naked and he's really a pedo."

"Don't call him that, Helen," said Suzie, sharply, "he's the nicest, kindest, gentlest man I have ever met. I love him. He only ever does what I want him to do to me. He's never forced me, or hurt me, ever. Now you can ask him to teach you, or you can go home." A tear started to roll down her cheek. "I never said he was gay, only that he didn't like women, Helen and I thought you were my friend."

Helen realised she'd really upset Suzie and had spoken prematurely. "I am sorry, Suzie," she said quickly, "I didn't mean it that way, I promise." She put one hand on Suzie's naked thigh and the other around her shoulder, pulling them together. Helen kissed Suzie on the lips, but Suzie immediately opened her mouth and started exploring with her tongue. Helen realised what she wanted to do and copied her. After a few seconds of tongue wrestling, they pulled apart. "Wow, that was sexy" said Helen, gasping, "where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"From the pedo upstairs," said Suzie acidly.

"I'm really sorry, Suzie," said Helen again, "I really shouldn't have said that. How can I make it up to you."

"You can lick my pussy out," responded Suzie.

"Sure," said Helen enthusiastically, moving towards her "now?"

"No," Suzie said emphatically, "when he fucks you for the first time, taking your cherry, I want to sit on your face. You can lick me out then. I'll forgive what you said if you do that."

Helen blinked a couple of times, working out what Suzie had suggested, then suddenly smiled. "OK, I guess I deserved that. Can we go and see Harry now?" Suzie leaned forward and kissed Helen once again. This time it was more passionate. Finally they broke apart.

CHAPTER 17 – Joining the Gang (nearly bang)

The six girls went upstairs and crowded into Harry's bedroom. Some of them half expected to find them copulating vigorously. But what they found quite surprised them. Harry was lying on his back in the middle of the bed, propped up against the pillows. The stunningly beautiful Jo was sitting on his lap, her long blond hair pressed between them, as she leaned against his chest. His hands each held one of her tiny boobs, his fingers massaging her erect

nipples, while his huge erect cock projected up between her thighs, it's top edge enclosed in her labia, his crown two inches above her mound. Under his instruction, she was gently peeling his foreskin down over his bulbous crown. He was instructing her all about his cock. As they entered, he looked up and smiled.

"Ah girls, how nice you could join us," he said, as if they were about to go out bird watching. "I was just telling Jo how this works," he chuckled, indicating his cock. "Come over and make yourselves comfortable. That's right, three on each side. Why not sit cross legged, facing me, so I can have a good look at you. I was just explaining to Jo about pre-cum. See here Jo, if you pull it down a fraction more....yes that's it. See how it's started to flow down over your fingers. See how slippery it is, Jo. Rub your fingers together. You other girls touch it. See what it feels like."

They each dabbed their fingers into the clear slippery pre-cum, as it flowed steadily from the tip of his cock. "Taste it if you want," he suggested. "Some like the taste, some aren't so sure." He watched, as they each tentatively dabbed more pre-cum onto their fingers, then smelt it, before looking at one another, uncertainly, and touching the end of their tongues with it. There was a pause in each case, then one by one, they sucked their fingers clear, before returning for more.

"It tasted of nothing really," said Jo, as she sucked her finger in for the fourth time. "Is that what we'll taste when we give our boyfriends a blow job?"

"That's right, Jo," chuckled Harry. "That is until he cums. That tastes a little different. You'll find out soon enough."

"Are you going to fuck Jo? You know, while we watch. Seeing as she came up here first," asked Tamara, her excitement and anticipation conspicuous.

"No, Tamara." He said. "I don't know if Suzie explained to you all, but I will not give you a quickie fuck and send you home with wet panties. No, if you want me to teach you how to make love, I mean really make love, then you need to be able to have long enough to spend as long doing it as you wish and then sleep with me afterwards. That is one of my house rules. I have another house rule too. If I sleep with you, Suzie must sleep with us too. Suzie is my darling, the love of my life. No one fucks me without her full knowledge and agreement and even participation, if that's what she wants."

"Oh," said Tamara, "I was hoping you were going to show us how to fuck. I've never seen that before."

"All in good time, Tamara," he said. "Now back to the lesson. Jo, would you get off me, now please? Oh you do have a lovely bottom. I would like to play with that in a few minutes if you don't mind. Now you can see my genitals. In other words my cock and balls. You can each feel my cock, if you like. Put your hand around it and grip it, then squeeze it as hard as you can. Oh fuck yeah, Liz, that's exactly right. Your boyfriends will all want you to give them

hand jobs. So, Liz, try moving your hand up and down. Haaa, yes that's good. Have you done this before, you're very good at it Liz. That's enough, we don't want me to cum just yet, do we, so you'd better stop? Now while you each have a feel, I would like to feel each of you too. So could you take turns, one each side and kneel beside me, with your thighs as far apart as you can. Suzie, could you pass me the KY Jelly, you know where it is?"

Tamara knelt one side and Helen the other. They each had one hand on his shoulder and one on his thick, long cock, squeezing and releasing, feeling it, familiarising themselves with it. Meanwhile, he cupped each of their pussies, feeling them, comparing them. Both were very different to Suzie and each other. Harry already realised with these girls, he was going to have variety. Neither of these two felt like each other, or Suzie to him.

He picked up the KY and squirted a generous dollop onto the middle finger of each hand. The girls watched in keen anticipation, as he moved his hands, palm up between their thighs, knowing where his fingers were going. He spent a few seconds making sure the KY was well spread, before gently starting to penetrate their little vaginas. Their tight little entries resisted him for a moment, but after a few seconds, he felt them dilate enough to let his fingers slip between their puffed up labia and the elastic cuffs of their entries. He immediately felt their slippery dampness. These girls were extremely aroused and their condition testified that they had climaxed many times this afternoon, before he got his hands on them.

They felt so different, though Helen's cunt was smaller than Tamara's. Helen seemed almost petite. But she felt hot to the touch, whereas Tamara seemed almost cool by comparison. Helen's mound was narrow and long, whereas Tamara's filled his palm. Both had large clitoral cowls enflamed with their desire and as his hands came into contact with them, he flicked them with his thumbs, and both of them arched their backs, hissing out their pleasure. His fingers started to sink into their depths slowly. Oh so slowly. He didn't want to rupture their hymens, which he could now feel pressing back against him. No he wanted his cock to have that honour.

They continued to squeeze his cock in their little hands the contrast between them like ivory and ebony both in looks and feel. Tamara's tight muscled grip against Helen's gentle touch. Harry knew if he allowed this to continue, he would blast off in their hands. With what he had planned, that wouldn't do at all. He gently eased his fingers all the way into them, feeling their cervixes press back against his finger tips, a smooth patch on each, their 'G' spots, which, when he touched them, set them off on another climax, both now taking their hands from his shoulders and grasping his wrist to increase the pleasure he was giving them. Tamara's athletic strength dominated her, demanding more, while Helen was led into her ecstasy by his skilful touch. Harry knew these two had passed their audition. He couldn't wait to break them in when opportunity allowed.

Next up was Liz and Jo, the two blond bombshells, but Liz's hair slightly pinker than Jo's. They were, in Harry's opinion, probably the prettiest two girls

in the group; but then, he did have a leaning towards blonds. He certainly wouldn't confess that thought to Suzie. He molested the two of them in the same way as the first two, feeling their plump genitalia for a few minutes, letting his fingers slip along their clefts and bum cracks, before applying some KY to his fingers and did some internal exploration. He couldn't believe how different each girl's vagina had felt as he pushed his fingers into them. They say variety is the spice of life. Well he felt his life was getting plenty of spice.

Liz and Jo, just like Tamara and Helen before them, started to rock back and forth as his fingers caressed their deepest places, bringing them up to a climax in less than a couple of minutes.

Finally, Rosie and Mary had their turn. As soon as he touched them, they were cuming on his fingers, they had got so aroused waiting for their turn. Again he noticed just how different they felt to the others, who had gone before them and each other. He was going to enjoy the anticipation of what the following few weeks would offer. One thing was for certain, he wasn't going to be accused of forcing these children. They seemed to be very willing indeed.

As Mary started to cum, she swivelled her head back and forth, her bright red hair swishing across her face in the process. Her expression of completed joy and concentration telling everyone in the room she was getting her fair share on his finger. Rosie likewise was in another world. Her face was screwed up, eyes closed. She had one hand holding his wrist, as he fingered her to yet another orgasm and the other holding his cock. At last, it ended, the silence in the room broken only by the heavy breathing of the two girls, as they came down from orbit.

Harry was amazed he hadn't cum himself, as he untangled himself from the last two ten year olds. He made a play of sucking his fingers clean, as he sat up against the pile of pillows once more. Then smiled at the seven of them.

The girls were uncertain what to say or do now, so Harry said: "Well, girls, that was your first lesson in how to enjoy your body and give pleasure to one another. There are many lessons before we can consider introducing you to fucking, but if you all work hard, I think you will enjoy yourselves. Now I need to ask each of you a question, and I want you to all think about it, before you answer. I want no coercion, so I would like all of you to go outside the room and close the door, then come in one at a time, please. Suzie, you don't need to, as we've already had this conversation. You can sit on the bed beside me."

They all trooped out, then Tamara returned, smiling, her hands by her side, her fabulous mound sticking out towards him, her cleft glinting with the damp of her arousal. "Tamara," Harry said, "I want to know what you would like to learn from these lessons and that you are here willingly? Could you tell me in your own words?"

She looked at him, a little puzzled, before she said: "Harry, I'm here for you to teach me to fuck. I want to know how to enjoy my body and I want my first

time to be special, not with some dumb kid who squirts off before he's even got inside me. So yeah, I want to be here. Count me in."

"Thank you Tamara," he said, smiling, "that's what I needed to know. Would you wait in the bathroom, until I have spoken to all the other girls, please?"

One by one they all came in and said much the same as Tamara. The only exception was Jo, who added: "Harry I think I love Suzie. Would you teach me to love her and she to love me?"

Harry looked at Suzie, questioningly. She shrugged and nodded with a smile. "OK," he said, "I think that answers your question."

"One more thing," she said, "how soon will you fuck me? I really need to know."

"You'll have to ask your Mum if you can have a sleep over when Rachel's not here," he said, firmly. "Sorry Jo, I won't do it, unless you're here all night. Do you want to call the others in now?"

They were soon all standing around the bed again, an air of anticipation, wondering what would happen next.

"Have any of you ever seen two people fucking?" There were six shaking heads. "OK, as I thought," he said. "Have any of you watched it on the internet or seen photographs there?"

Sue and Jo both put their hands up. "Yeah," said Jo, "when I was round at Rosie's a few weeks ago, we saw some pictures on her Ipad, but they didn't show what was happening, then her Mum came in and we had to stop. So we didn't get to see much."

"OK," said Harry, "would you like to see Suzie and me having a fuck right now?" They stared open mouthed. They hadn't expected that just yet. After a few seconds, they were all nodding and smiling in anticipation.

"Alright then," he said, "this is what we'll do. I am going to lie on my back and let Suzie come on top of me. Her knees will be either side of my hips, so where we are joined should be open for you to see what's happening. After we get started, though, I want three of you on each side of us. This is where things will become fun. When things get started, I want to be able to feel each of you and you can touch me and Suzie as well as each other." He smiled at each of them. "Well, let's get started."

Harry made himself comfortable. He applied some KY Jelly to his crown, to help ease into Suzie, because she was, at the end of the day a very tight nine year old. He looked up at her as she climbed onto the bed and over him. Her face was a picture. She was beaming with happiness.

Suzie was so, so happy. This was the best day of her whole life and it was all because of one wonderful man. Harry had changed her life completely. Just a few weeks ago, she'd been a lonely, unhappy, bullied little girl of nine, with nothing in life to look forward to. And then he'd come along, by pure chance in a wood in the middle of nowhere. They'd fallen in love in a couple of days. He had given her such wonderful experiences in bed. He'd then driven away the people who had been the cause of all her hurt. He'd found a way for her to make a new circle of friends, who would do anything for her, especially in bed. And finally, he'd asked her to show these new friends that she was the one who mattered most to him. Yes he would fuck them too, but she was happy for him to do so, because it pleased them both. Anyway, she would be there to join in or just watch and even decide who would have him and when. Yes she was a very happy girl and now he was going to fuck her in front of her friends. This would be sooo sexy.

She looked around the room and smiled at her friends. Not a 'cat-that-got-the-cream' smile, but a 'this-is-what-I-am-going-to-give-you-because-you-are-my-friends' smile. It would be the last time she looked at them for another hour, because her mind would be on other things. She brought her lips to his, and kissed him. It was a kiss of love and passion. A kiss to start their love making. The other girls looked on enviously, knowing that Suzie was already enjoying something they'd never experienced yet, and they hadn't even started yet.

Suzie's hands were under Harry's back, cupping his shoulders, her chest now pressed to his, her bum up in the air, waiting for him. Harry brought his hands around the outside of her little thighs, his fingers curling round, sinking deeper along the crease between her thighs and labia. He reached in, his fingers meeting in the centre, pressing to her, before pulling outwards, opening her cleft even wider than it already was. Her vagina was now a round dark tunnel.

The six girls could already see, looking into her where her hymen had once been, where theirs still was. Then they could see no more, because his crown moved to her entry. "No way was it going to fit into her," they all thought. His crown was coated in KY, his pre-cum was pouring from him in a constant stream, her arousal was oozing from her into her cleft, towards her clitty.

He pressed to her, the six girls leaning in close now, needing to see. It was Jo, who took the initiative, when she leaned forward and placed her palms on Suzie's buttocks and her thumbs either side of Harry's cock, where it was pushing into Suzie, and gently pulled her apart. Almost at once, they saw his crown slip half an inch into her. They wondered if it was so tight it might hurt her, but Suzie's "Oh yes, more, please," put their minds at rest. A few seconds later, they all witnessed the movement and then his crown popped into her entry. They all seemed to let out a breath of relief together. Not least Suzie.

Harry paused now for several minutes, letting her dilate, before he took the long plunge. She finally looked up at him, smiled again and nodded. He pulled back a fraction, letting more pre-cum ooze from his tip and pushed into her gently, carefully applying almost no pressure, just letting her vagina suck him in. The six girls watched enthralled, as their nine year old friend was impaled

by a man three times her age. They just couldn't wait for their turn. Several of them were now openly masturbating as they knelt around the couple, watching as Harry's cock sank inexorably into Suzie. Deeper and deeper.

When he was about half way in, he stopped and pulled back, almost popping out, before pushing back to where he was and further, now. Deeper, until he nudged her cervix. The six knew something had happened, as Suzie's bum jerked upwards and her anus winked wide open, before closing again. Once more they leaned in close, as Harry's cock started to move now. This was all so different to how they'd envisioned what it would be like. Certainly it wasn't a thirty second bonk, which Helen's older sister had complained was her first, very unsatisfactory, time.

He slowly pulled almost out again and immediately pressed in. As he plunged in, they could see her clitty kissing his shaft and being dragged into her own vagina with it. Then, as he reversed, the whole lining of her cunt seemed to turn inside out, her pink wetness then moved back in, as the cycle repeated. Again and again he moved in and out of her, getting faster and deeper. She started to reciprocate now moving in counterpoint to him.

"Want to go deep, Suzie?" he whispered to her. She just nodded, without changing her stride. They continued as before, but he curled his hips upwards, adjusting his position slightly. On the next downward plunge, Suzie slowed. She too curled her belly in, then dropped down. They had practiced this many times in the past few weeks and now managed cervical penetration without any difficulty. The six girls couldn't believe what they saw, as his cock slipped deeper and deeper into her, until his pubic hair ground into her mound, her bottom sitting on his testicles.

He looked up at her and they grinned at one another. "Ready to really fuck?"

"Definitely, perv," she chortled.

Suzie now took over, She was on top and had more scope for movement. She lifted her feet, so she could squat, rather than kneel and started to lift and drop. At first she took her time, but soon built a faster pace as they loosened up. Harry started to thrust in counterpoint, meeting her half way, a satisfactory slapping sound as their bodies met. He then spread his arms out wide and just let the other girls take turns on his fingers, his fingers sinking deep into them. This was the most erotic experience of Harry's life, but one he already knew he was going to repeat and repeat. His long thick cock was now pounding in and out of the nine year old child, slapping into her hard. He looked up at Suzie, who he loved more than his own life and could see from the ecstatic expression on her beautiful face, she was enjoying this to the limit. She was clamping hard on him now, her orgasm continuing minute after minute, as she lifted and dropped on his long hard cock. He knew he was going to cum any moment.

She sensed it too, as she looked down and said: "Make it a good one." She glanced at her friends, who were all fondling one another with one hand and

touching where Suzie and Harry joined, with the other. Each of them now had their eyes closed as they experienced their own climaxes. Suzie knew her gang was going to be a great success. She knew she was going to love Harry for ever and she knew he was going to fuck her friends many, many times, while she joined in. Then she felt that first little telltale throb deep inside, as he swelled. Then he erupted inside her seeming to fill her womb with his wonderful semen. All her muscles turned to jelly, and she fell backwards onto his legs, her orgasm simply overwhelming her to such an extent, she didn't know if it was Monday or Christmas.

The six girls all immediately saw the most amazing site. Harry's head at one end of the bed, Suzie's at the other, they were joined in the middle, but all of them could see her slim belly, lifted two or three inches into the air, with his huge erection pushing up from underneath. They could see it pulse in time with Suzie's gasps, as he came inside her. All of them knew at that moment that they had found the very best teacher in the world, to show them how to enjoy their first time. Each of them now desperately wanted that time to come as soon as possible.

Suzie lay there thinking, as everyone's breathing settled and pulses dropped to something below 100 a minute. Harry's cock still seemed to throb somewhere deep inside her, giving her little flutters of cum. Yes, she was glad she'd paddled up the brook and stumbled into him. He had shown her something which she would now crave for, for the rest of her life with him. But on top of that, she also now had six special friends. They had awoken something else deep inside her, which she wanted to explore. She nodded to Jo, as if some secret communication had passed between them. Harry could have her friends, but so would she. Something only girls could try. She knew her life had changed for the better, irrevocably. She also knew her future looked rosy, very rosy indeed and she would make sure she took full advantage of what that future had to offer, the past forgotten. Hers would be a wonderful childhood.

THE END

Author's note. I have written a sequel to both 'The Birdwatcher' and 'The Allotment', following Suzie's and Anna's adventures with their friends. It is titled "The Pact".

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Suzie - auburn hair main protagonist 9

Harry – protagonist aged 32

Jo - blond haired friend of Suzie's 9

Rosie dark hair 10

Tamara black girl originally from Ethiopia 9

Helen brown hair 9

Liz strawberry blond beauty 9

Mary red head 10

Rachel – Suzie's Mum

Gerry – new headmaster having an affair with Rachel

Angie - Gerry's wife. Suffers with M.S.

Felicity – leader of bullies “Gang of Ten”

Ellie – member of Gang of Ten

Jane – member of Gang of Ten