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The Choices Club

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This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW!

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THE CHOICES CLUB

Keywords: Man/girls 7-11, voy, 1st, ped, pett, solo, spank, anal, oral, ws, rom, bd, rape, nc,

Summary: Sam, a war wounded veteran, returns to his home town, and has a job as janitor in the local school. He forms a club for young girls, providing friendship and companionship, but much more, of course for himself. During a school camping trip, he gets to know many of the girls very intimately. After busting a local drug ring, he acquires huge funds, to enable him to develop the club. He takes them to Europe, and has several adventures on the way, including their plane being hijacked by Muslim extremists.

Word count: 298,000 This is long take it as a holiday read!!

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INTRODUCTION

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Many authors will tell you that when they start writing a new book, they have no idea how it will evolve. That the characters in this story somehow developed their own personalities and almost made demands on the author as to how their story should be told. This story was originally called 'The Janitor', but as the theme of choices emerged, so did the concept of how choices affect us and those around us. The following are three quotes I picked out, which I hope you will enjoy, as I also hope you also enjoy the story.

Please do let me have some feedback on this, my fourth (and favourite) book to have written so far. I write in the Queen's English, not US, and I appreciate that as this story is set in the US, some words or phrases may grate on the reader. I apologise for that and hope you will overlook these minor issues.

"Life is about choices. Some we regret, some we're proud of. Some will haunt us forever. The message: we are what we chose to be." —Graham Brown

"Choices are the hinges of destiny." —Edwin Markham

“I believe that we are solely responsible for our choices, and we have to accept the consequences of every deed, word, and thought throughout our lifetime.” —Elisabeth Kubler-Ross
There is a list of the main characters in this story, at the end.

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CHAPTER 1
Monday Afternoon – To catch a thief.

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The young girl slowly entered the shower cubicle. Sam noticed that she was on her own, her friends had already headed home for the day, following their after school activities and team games. It was late, and he had been about to start his evening locking up duties. He thought she looked distracted, clearly thinking something through, not concentrating on what she was doing. She carried her fluffy blue towel over one arm, which she unconsciously hung on one of the hooks fixed to the dividing wall between her cubicle and the next. In her other hand there was a small, school issue, mauve holdall bag of the type which all the pupils used to keep their day clothes in when doing field sports, swimming or gym and taking their sports kit home in for washing.

She dropped the bag onto the wooden bench fixed to the wall, and sat down. Leaning over the bag, she unzipped it. She pulled out her red and black regulation pleated tartan skirt, her white blouse and clean underwear and dumped them in a heap on the bench. Sam was a little surprised she didn’t hang these up with the towel. But clearly her concentration was held by what else was in the bag. She had a distant smile on her face. It wasn’t a warm smile. It was a “cat has got the cream” sly smile. She reached into the bag, pulled her house shoes out and dropping them onto the floor, reached in and fondled something inside the bag. After a few moments, she suddenly seemed to come awake, and gathered her wits, looking around her. The young girl stood, and started to undress. As she did so, she looked into the bag a couple more times, and then smiled at her own reflection in the large mirror mounted on the wall of the cubicle. She was obviously very pleased with herself for some reason. But pleased or not, she was undressing, and he waited in impatient anticipation for what she was going to show him.

When Sam had left school, in fact this school, he had joined the army. There, having been selected for the special forces, he had learnt most of his technical skills, which would stand him in good stead for the rest of his life. During his last posting to Afghanistan however, he had been severely injured, and was lucky to survive the I.E.D. bomb buried by the roadside, that had killed his friend, “The Professor” and injured several others. He had been awarded the Purple Heart, honourably discharged, given a paltry pension, and forgotten about. Forgotten, that is except for the people of his home town, who took him under their wing, accepted his P.T.S.D. which made him shake occasionally and react nervously to loud bangs, robbed him of most of his sleep and found him a job. What surprised everyone was that he was really good at it, loved it and settled down. It was win – win all round.

Sam was now officially the school janitor. However, his duties were many and varied. He cleaned the place, made repairs, drove the small school bus for trips. He helped with organising school events, worked back stage in the school theatre when they held concerts and plays, maintained the swimming pool and gymnasium, as well as the 1001 jobs that needed doing daily. He was the Mr. Fixit. Everyone in the school and indeed the small town where it was located, knew and liked Sam. The ladies of the town especially admired his fit physique, his rugged good looks with his cobalt blue eyes, unruly sandy coloured hair giving him a friendly shaggy dog appearance.

Having been a physical training and unarmed combat instructor in the army, he had been encouraged to take a short teaching diploma, so now with the status of a member of the teaching staff, he could teach the children self defence and outdoor pursuits, such as this weekend’s camping trip. He occasionally helped out with the swimming and gym classes if they were short handed. He had another side line though, when he came out of the army, he had been recruited by his old platoon commander, a huge man of Irish extraction, Steve Bandon, to become an undercover agent for the DEA. They needed people like Sam in schools to ensure drug distribution was kept to a minimum.

Sam only had a couple of vices. At the age of 25, he enjoyed going to watch the matches played by the local girls junior netball team, and always celebrated their winning afterwards with - too much to drink, and

drowned his sorrows when they lost, with - too much to drink. Having said that, he never lost control, and never disgraced himself. His other vice was that he was a closet pædophile and voyeur. No one would ever have guessed his secret from his behaviour, because he had never yet touched a child or even looked lasciviously at one in public. He had been very, very careful about that. He had also been waiting for the right opportunity to put that right. Over the years he had sown seeds and made plans. He now intended to germinate those seeds and put his plans into action.

His opportunity to practice his voyeurism had come by accident. It had been about a year after he had started working at the school. The chief maintenance man had retired, leaving just Sam on his own. In truth the man had all but retired several years ago, and Sam had been drafted in to stop the school falling apart. Slowly Sam had pulled all the loose ends together, and after the guy retired, and not been replaced, it resulted in Sam's minor, but, to him important promotion. He still insisted on being called the Janitor, not 'Head of maintenance', or even assistant gym teacher, which his new position entitled him. With it had come the use of a small grace and favour apartment above his workshop, which was attached to one end of the changing rooms. As he now lived on site, he was always around. Sam, since his P.T.S.D. needed little sleep, so at night he tended to work, cleaning and maintaining the school, and was unofficially the security guard to boot. He was now simply indispensable to the school, loved by all and trusted implicitly. During the day he had some free time to follow his 'interests'.

Some years back, he had been called in to the administration office, and asked if he could renovate the junior school changing and shower facilities during the long summer vacations. The problem was it was on a budget, so he could have a free hand, providing he kept it simple, or in his translation, cheap. As long as he was within budget, he could use his own design and keep the excess money for himself. Sam was happy with that arrangement.

As required, Sam's design was simple. The boys on one side, the girls on the other. In between was a service corridor containing all the water feed and drainage pipe work, electrical supply cabling and air extraction ducting. This corridor was about four feet wide. Along the ceiling the colour coded hot and cold water feed pipes were mounted from hanging brackets, as were the cable trays carrying the wiring.

T- junctions supplied small pipes dropping down where needed, passing through the wall of the changing rooms, to supply the wash hand basins, showers and lavatories. Along the floor, which sloped slightly towards one end, the soil pipes ran. The corridor floor was about a foot below the floor level of the changing rooms, to provide a drop for the waste water down into the soil pipes. Every pipe, wire, drain and valve was accessible, making maintenance simplicity itself. At the far end of the corridor was a stairwell leading down to the swimming pool pump room.

The changing rooms were divided into three sections. A locker room where the children could enter the building and keep their belongings, change their clothes and prepare for whatever activities they were playing. This ran parallel to the corridor along the length of the building. Between the locker room and the corridor, were the lavatories, each with it's own cubicle and door; the wash hand basins; and the half dozen showers, each with it's own cubicle which included a "dry" area where the pupils could get dressed. The shower cubicles did not have doors to them, as these were the junior school facilities. Each was spacious and had two shower heads, so more than one child tended to use each cubicle at a time.

In the lavatories and shower rooms, the wall panelling was a white plastic cladding material, with 4 inch wide broad black horizontal stripes. Sam had installed them so the lowest cladding panels came about three foot up the wall from the floor. There was a gap of about four inches, then the upper panel. This gap was where all the service pipes were passed through the wall from the corridor. Finally, Sam had skilfully masked off the gap using thick black acrylic, screwed to the wall, but easily removable if any maintenance was needed. Because the acrylic was the same width as the decorative black stripes of the panels, the walls gave a smart continuous, waterproof, modern look, and the joins were invisible. However, what was not apparent, was that the black acrylic was transparent when viewed from the dark corridor, giving Sam an uninterrupted view into the childrens' changing facilities.

Sam had carefully made some screening sheets on the inside of the acrylic panels, to ensure they weren't visible if someone entered the corridor without his knowledge and made a casual inspection. Sam had used the excess funds from the budget to buy several small digital cameras which he could mount on some brackets facing into the showers and lavatories.

So here he was this late Monday afternoon enjoying his favourite pastime, sitting on a low wooden stool, watching an uninterrupted view of a young girl getting undressed for her shower. He guessed she would be about 10 years old. She was quite a pretty little thing. She had a rounded face, with a ski jump nose, a big dimple in each of her cheeks, which he noticed deepened when she had smiled. She had strawberry blond hair, which came to just below her shoulders. It was crinkled, from, he presumed, where she had plaited it, and now let it loose. Her eyes were a very dark brown. He could have been forgiven for thinking they were black. He knew her name, but was just trying to recall it. Suddenly it came to him. She was Elizabeth Browning. He remembered, because the staff had joked about the fact her mother was a keen poetry reader and having the same surname as the famous poet, had named the unfortunate child after her.

She was wearing her PE kit, a blue pair of track suit leggings and a white sports top. On her feet were a pair of running sneakers over white socks. Elizabeth, or Lizzie as he had heard the other girls call her, looked fairly fit, although she could probably, like most kids these days, do with losing a couple of pounds around the waist.

She removed her wrist watch and placed it carefully on the wooden bench, followed by her spectacles. She kicked off her shoes, shoving them under the bench, and pulled the socks off, tossing them to one side. Next, she slipped her thumbs into the elastic waist band of the leggings, and turning away from Sam, bent and slid them down in one smooth movement. He had a direct view of a pair of cream/white sport panties, drawn tightly over her bottom. They were perhaps a size too small for the growing girl, and they were pulled deeply into the crack of her firm rounded bottom. She stood upright and quickly slipped her top over her head, and dropped it onto the bench alongside her other clothing. She was wearing a training bra. Quite why ten year olds did this, Sam couldn't fathom, as she, like most of his favourites, was as flat as a pool table.

Sam watched as she reached behind her struggling to catch the clasp of the bra. Shrugging it off, and turning towards him, he was rewarded with a view of her areolæ, which were little more than bee sting pinkie red circles with tiny nipples in their centres, He also noticed as he cast his eyes down over her, that her panties, being small for her, were tight into her cleft showing him a very clearly defined camel toe. She turned to the mirror, and using her index fingers, rubbed her nipples a little, as if to get the circulation back into them. Finally, again turning away from him, using her thumbs, she swept her panties down her thin thighs. As she bent, Sam could see the brown hole of her wrinkled, asterisk shaped rosebud pucker into view, the skin around it winking at him. As she lowered her panties, her cleft came into view, and just as she was about to stand again, he could see her labia, which seemed to have grown, reluctantly peel apart, providing him with a view of heaven for just a moment, the darker shadow of her vagina disappearing as quickly as it had appeared.

Stepping into the ceramic shower enclosure, Lizzie switched on both shower heads, jumping back to avoid the cold burst of water as they came to life. Soon Sam noticed the steam forming and Lizzie stepped under the hot deluge cascading down. With no one else using the showers, the water pressure was high. Sam noticed her pinkish ivory skin glisten, as the water ran in rivulets down her body. She grabbed her bottle of gel and started to lather up the suds and caressed her body as if anointing herself. Looking down, Sam could see she had a prominent mound, which stood quite proud of her belly. There was not a trace of hair to be seen on her. As she turned towards him, he watched the water pouring down her front where it made a confluence at her groin. She had quite a long cleft, ending almost half way to her "innie" belly button, with a large dimple at the top. He absolutely adored looking at little girls with dimples at the top of their cracks. Actually, he also loved looking at naked little girls without a dimple at the top of their cracks.

As she washed, he noticed she kept returning to rub her fingers through her slit. As she did so, he could see that her clitoral hood slowly became engorged, and enlarged, and started to protrude from her cleft. After a few minutes it was clear she had finished her wash, and was simply enjoying her body, as Sam was too. She moved her feet further apart, tilted her head back. One hand held onto a pipe for support, while the other moved over her mons. Her fingers deftly pressed into her cleft, causing her prominent mound to bulge out further. Her middle finger now was flicking across her clitty in a fast, seemingly well practiced, rhythm.

Suddenly, she stopped. She straightened up, and the sly smile returned to her face. Turning, she moved towards her bag and looked at her watch, nodding in satisfaction. She wiped her hands on her towel, and reached inside. What she pulled out stunned Sam. He immediately recognised what it was. Although he hadn't seen it before, he recognised it, because the police had been searching the school most of the day for it, after it, or they, as it was one of a pair, had gone missing. It was a Japanese Tanto dagger. It was impossible to know it's value, but it was known to be worth a fortune, perhaps millions. The pair of knives

and their accompanying Samurai sword had been kindly loaned to the school as part of a cultural exchange. The sword, being too large to hide easily had been left, but the two daggers had vanished.

The blades, about six inches in length, were known to be lethally sharp. The handles also were about six inches. The scabbard was, or looked like it was, made from Ebony. It was a mirror image of the handle, in that it was oval in profile, very slightly curved, with a rounded end. The scabbard and handle were inlaid with ivory and some beautiful mother of pearl scrolling. It was exquisite work. When assembled, the handle and scabbard appeared as one piece with no join, so beautifully was it crafted. To remove the blade from the scabbard, the handle had to be twisted a few degrees, whence it slipped out easily. Sam watched fascinated.

The naked preteen girl stepped back towards and faced him, under the falling shower cascade, and quickly resumed her masturbation. Only now, after a few moments, she started to rub herself with the handle and scabbard of the dagger. She again grabbed the pipe for support, and still facing Sam, leaned back, so that her belly arched out towards him. Her pussy was now only a matter of inches away from Sam's hungry eyes, as she again spread her legs further apart. Sam could now clearly see her pink inner labia lips, as the black oval shaft moved through her cleft, making her whole mound bulge out as she did so. The girl's breathing was beginning to get ragged.

There was a slight pause in her movements, and Sam could see that instead of just rubbing the shaft along the inside of her pussy lips, she had now turned it so that the rounded end was being pressed into her. She adjusted her stance, moving her feet even further apart, leaning back more, still holding the pipe for balance, and arching her belly further forward, so that her hand holding the dagger's handle was almost touching Sam's acrylic viewing window, and slid the shaft slowly into her wet, pink, engorged vagina. He heard her gasp as little by little it disappeared into her. She had pushed perhaps four inches in, when she reversed her movement, and slid it most of the way out before pressing it in again a little further and a little faster.

Lizzie was completely absorbed into a world of her own. The eroticism of using this stolen, valuable, fifteenth century, antique to bring her off had overwhelmed her. She enjoyed getting her jollies, but this was something else. Her eyes were screwed up, as she leant as far backwards as she could, her weight supported by her outstretched arm, gripping the pipe. Her other hand pushing the shaft in and out of her hungry cunt, giving the most wonderful sensations of her whole young life. She could feel it's end shoving against her inner itch. She wanted more. She reached down, and Sam stood transfixed, as he watched her take hold of the shaft of the scabbard just below her pussy, and the handle of the knife a few inches lower down. She twisted it slightly, separating the two halves and lowered the knife, leaving the scabbard fully inside her. Sam could see several inches of the lethal blade appear, as if from within her. She then quickly shoved it back into place, it making a thump as the blade went home in the scabbard, deep inside the girl. She lowered the blade again several inches before shoving it back up with another thump, then repeated the movement several times, speeding up as she did. Sam noticed the pounding of the blade into the scabbard had pushed the shaft into her vagina almost up to the join between the handle and scabbard. It looked as though she was shoving a naked blade into herself. The child's climax when it stormed in nearly made her legs give way beneath her. The sensations washed through and through her. She was unaware of the loud noises she was uttering. Sam was vaguely worried it might alert other staff members, if they hadn't gone home yet, to come and investigate. Finally, slowly, with trembling legs and arms, she straightened up. Her breathing still coming in short gasps.

Sam hadn't been able to hold himself back. He had been firmly working his cock from the first moment he saw the naked girl step towards the shower. Over the three years he had been watching the hundreds of girls from this viewing gallery, he had never known such an intense orgasm as the one which now overwhelmed him. He had learnt to cum quietly. He was aware that any noise he made may be heard the other side of the thin cladding wall. He smiled to himself, as he noticed his semen running down the acrylic window, just an inch or two from the girl's pussy, as she too enjoyed herself in the final throws of her climax. Sam definitely felt he had got the best job in the world, but now he had another job he had to do.

Lizzie finished getting dried off and dressed. Her mum was going to pick her up in about forty five minutes, on her way home from work. Usually she got a lift with her friend Hannah's mum, but Hannah hadn't felt too good, and had left early. She packed her things into the bag, had a last look around and headed through the door. As she entered the lobby, Sam came in through the outer door, and they almost collided.

"Oh, sorry," said Sam, "I didn't realise anyone else was still here. Shouldn't you have left by now, Lizzie?"

“I’m waiting for my mum,” she answered with a sneer, “anyway what’s it got to do with you? You’re just a janitor, you can’t tell me what to do. Besides, what are you doing sneaking into the girls’ changing rooms?”

Ignoring her jibe, he noticed she was holding the bag between her thumb and finger, so it was the movement of a second, he snatched the bag, and stepped through the, still closing, door entering the girls changing room. Before she could react, he had unzipped the bag and tipped the contents onto the table which was in the centre of the room. Lizzie was still wrenching the door back open following him, as the two daggers rolled off the pile of clothing onto the wooden table top.

“Well, young lady,” he said giving a sideways glance, “it looks like you have some explaining to do.”

Lizzie’s jaw had dropped open. She was completely wrong footed the adrenaline hadn’t kicked in yet. She was rooted to the spot.

“Are you aware that theft is a serious offence, Lizzie? Are you aware that the police have torn the school apart looking for these items? Are you aware that if you had simply found them somewhere, the time for handing them in has long passed? So what do you have to say.”

“Om, mmmy gggod,” she stammered, “I don’t know what to say Sam. My uncle said if I could get my hands on them, he would give me money. If I put them back, could you say nothing about it?” She looked at him like a rabbit in the headlights.

“I’m afraid it doesn’t quite work like that, Lizzie,” Sam mused, “Apart from the huge value of the items and the publicity their theft raised, and the involvement of the police, and the fact that you have been in deep trouble before, as I recall, on two or three occasions, for stealing. In fact didn’t you get a final warning twice before? No I think this time you’re in for the high jump. I can’t see you staying in the school, and there again I can’t see you keeping out of a long stay in youth custody, can you?”

Sam reached over and picked the two daggers up and rolled them in the palm of each hand. Feeling dampness on one, he slowly brought it up to his nose. He made a play of sniffing the whole length of the ornate black wooden shaft, before rolling his eyes towards her.

“What have you been doing with this, Lizzie?” he feigned surprise, “I think you’ve been a very naughty girl. Have you been doing with this what I think you’ve been doing with this?” He didn’t give her a chance to respond, before licking the sticky shaft, and nodded towards her. “You have, haven’t you? Don’t deny it Lizzie. Well what do you say?” He had kept her on the back foot until this moment, not letting her put any reply in. “Well, Lizzie, what do you have to say?”

Lizzie looked around her, her face now burning red, as if looking for an escape route. She was shaking now, clearly frightened. Tears had started to form in her eyes.

“Oh, Sssam, pleassssee, let me go, I promise I will be good. I promise it won’t happen again, please, please.” She gave him a doleful look.

“I’m sorry Lizzie, you’re passed all that now, you promised the principal twice it would never happen again, and now here we are. I don’t think I have any choice. I think I had better call the police, don’t you? It would be best all round.”

“Oh god, nooo,” she moaned, “please Sam, I will do anything you ask, but please don’t call the police. After the things I’ve done, they will put me away. Please Sam I’ll do anything.”

Sam took a step back from the shivering girl. He looked her up and down as if appraising her of her willingness to reform. He knew full well she was going to do anything he wanted, but all in the fullness of time. First he would teach her a lesson and have some pedo fun.

“Well,” he said, “perhaps I could be persuaded you are willing to stop stealing and not make trouble for the school and everyone else. But you are going to have to convince me you mean it this time.”

“Yes, yes Sam, whatever you say, I won’t do it again honest. Whatever you say.” She repeated, looking hopefully at him.

“Right, young lady,” he said with firmness in his voice, “You will need a punishment, of course, and make a full confession of what you did.”

“What will I have to do,” she asked hesitantly, not sure what he meant, “will I have to do detention or clean the kitchens or something?”

“You will do exactly what I say, young lady, do you understand. Stay here a minute.” Sam, still holding the daggers walked out through the door, round to his workshop next door, where he securely locked away the daggers, picked up some cord, a pair of scissors, which he put in his pockets and returned holding one of his cameras. He quickly set the camera on the table facing the unfortunate girl and told her what he wanted her to say, and pressed the record button.

In the course of the next five minutes, Lizzie, through sobs, tears and long pauses, confessed to the theft of the daggers, various cash amounts over the months, and items of personal property from her fellow pupils. In a few clipped sentences, she admitted to a one person crime wave. Quite a few of the offences had never even been reported. Sam told her to add how she had used one of the daggers to pleasure herself at the end of the recording.

“Right, Lizzie,” said Sam, “that’s a good start. If at any time you decide to back out, I will copy this to the principal and the police, but if you don’t, I will hold this as evidence, and not say anything. Do you understand?”

Having made her confession, Lizzie was already feeling better than before. “OK, Sam, I understand, but what will my punishment be, and what else will you need me to do in return?”

Sam had no intention of telling her what she was going to have to do yet. He was going to screw the ass off her, but not just yet. He would build up to that. For now, he would take advantage of the situation and enjoy punishing her. When would he get to fuck her? Tomorrow or the day after. “Yes,” he thought, “she would be his soon enough”. He was going to stretch the anticipation. But, fuck her sooner or later, he certainly was going to.

“I am going to let you think about that Lizzie. We will talk about it tomorrow. We are going to have an understanding you and I. You could call it a few ground rules. From now on, you’re going to have a series of choices. You can refuse at any time anything I ask you to say or do, OK? I will never force you to do anything. In fact everything will be your choice Lizzie, understand, choices? If you choose to play along, I think you and I could become good friends. But, if you decide you don’t want to agree, then, well, I think you already know what the alternative reward is. Don’t you?”

She stared at him with her obsidian eyes and grimaced.

“First you need to be punished don’t you?” Silence. “Don’t you?” he shouted. She looked nervously at him, seeing a different Sam to the one she, and all her friends thought they knew.

“Yyyes,” she stammered in uncertainty, worried where this was leading.

“I think I will have to spank you,” he stated simply. “Would that be a fair punishment do you think, or would it be better to speak with the police and let them decide what punishment would be appropriate? As I said Lizzie, it’s choices, and you have to choose.”

Lizzie felt cornered. She didn’t want the humiliation of being spanked by Sam, but even worse would be the police hearing her confession, especially what she’d done with the stolen knife in the shower. Everything she had done over the last few months, would come out. She knew she would spend the rest of her school days in a remand school and have a criminal record. She cursed Uncle Aaron for what he’d forced her to do. Sam was offering her a choice, a way out.

“Alright Sam you can spank me. How do we do this? I have never had corporal punishment before.”

“Well Lizzie,” he said, leading her by the elbow to the end of the table, “It won’t take long, and as long as you don’t struggle or scream, it will be over before you know it. We will have a few rules though, OK? At any time you want me to pause for a few seconds, just say ‘wait a minute’. That’s OK, and I will pause for up to a minute. If at anytime you want me to stop, then say ‘stop’, and I will do so, immediately, but you know what the alternative would be if you stop the punishment, don’t you?” He left that hanging for a second. “Finally, if you do stop the punishment at any time, but then change your mind and allow me to carry on, there will be a consequence, and the punishment will take on a new aspect, as you will find out if it happens.”

“Stand at the end here,” he continued.” Move your feet apart, so your knees are up against the table legs. That’s right.” Sam pulled the cord from his pocket, cut a length with the scissors, stooped down and with a flick, swung the cord a couple of times around her leg just below the knee and table leg before tying it off. Moving to the other table leg, which was about two foot six inches from the first, he stooped again and repeated the process. Standing again, he quickly took her wrists one at a time and looped the cords around them tying them off with a bowline so they wouldn’t tighten. He motioned her to lean over the table and stretch as far as she could along it’s length. He then tied the cords to the far legs of the table. Her arms were stretched quite tight along the table top. She was bent over at a right angle, looking nervously at him. Sam noticed that as she had been stretched along the table, her feet had lifted off the floor by several inches. Flicking the camera on to record, he moved behind her.

“Well Lizzie,” he said, not unkindly, “As I said before, I’m going to give you a choice. You can decide this. Either I am going to use my leather belt on you as you are positioned now, or you can have the flat of my hand on your bottom. I am worried that the leather belt might make large bruises on you and possibly even make you bleed.” She looked at him with horror.

“No belt please Sam. Just do what you have to do. Use your hand if you have to.”

“No, Lizzie,” he said, “this is your choice entirely. If you would like me to spank you with my hand, just ask nicely.”

“Oh, OK Sam,” she said hesitantly, “would you spank me with your hand, please?”

“Certainly, Lizzie,” he smiled at her, “if that’s what you would like me to do.”

Sam moved behind her again. He was really looking forward to this. Gripping the hem of her red and black pleated tartan skirt, he slowly lifted it up and over the small of her back.

“What are you doing?” she stammered,” you didn’t say anything about lifting my skirt. You can’t do that. You just can’t.”

Sam flipped the skirt down again, leaned over and cut the cord holding her wrists. Although still tied by the knees, she was able to stand upright.

“OK, fair enough, Lizzie, have it your way, it’s your choice.” He moved to pull out his mobile phone. “I have the local police number somewhere…”

“Alright, alright, I give in, do it your way.” She leaned back over the table stretching out. He shook his head and indicated for her to stand again.

“Oh dear, like I said before, Lizzie,” he smiled, “ it was your choice, I did say if you interupted at any time, there would be a consequence, and your punishment will go a step further. Take your skirt off.” She blinked, but on seeing his uncompromising expression, she shrugged, took a deep sigh and unclipped the fastening at the side, and tossed the garment onto one of the benches nearby. Standing now in her gossamer thin light weight powder blue satin bikini style panties, she waited for his next command. He indicated for her to lean down again. Quickly he re-tied the fastenings to her wrists.

“Would you like your punishment to be given quickly or slowly? I am going to spank you 20 times. Like this.” In a flash, he swung his arm down hard and his hand connected with her bottom, making a very loud smack. Lizzie gasped in surprise and pain.

“If you like, I can wait 10 or 15 seconds in between each smack if that would be easier?”

“Yes please,” she muttered. In what seemed to her just a moment or two the next blinding stab of pain crashed across her bottom, as a loud smack filled the room.

Again and again Sam’s hand came hard down on the little girl’s pale blue panty clad bottom. He could feel the heat from her increasing with each contact. Each time he could hear her grunt as he connected. After about six or seven smacks, he realised she was probably becoming a little numb, so took the liberty of leaving his hand, which spanned both globes of her bottom, on her for a moment or two to feel her shape and firmness, his erection now rock hard.

THWACK went his hand onto her again. “No, please stop, please? I can’t take any more.”

Sam looked at her. “Do you want a minute break, Lizzie, or are you asking me to stop, it’s your choice?”

She moaned, as she realised she was in a no win situation. “Carry on Sam, just give me a few seconds, would you please?”

Sam waited for a full minute, but then he put all of his strength and power into it and made the next smack a really hard one. Even his hand tingled. She cried out. “No, no, that’s enough. Stop, I can’t take any more.”

Sam leaned across, scooped up the scissors, and quickly cut the cord holding her hands. She stood up, and started to rub her sore bottom with the palms of both hands.

“That’s a shame, Lizzie,” Sam said in a kind voice, “you were nearly half way through your punishment, and now you will have a sore bottom and sleep in a police cell tonight. But it is your free choice. Are you sure that’s what you want?”

She looked at him, and shook her head, defeated. Tears ran down her cheeks. She held up her hands as if to allow him to re-tie them.

“Well, Lizzie, hold on, you interrupted me again. As you know there are consequences for doing that. Your punishment will now move a step further. You understand that don’t you?” he said quietly.

She nodded. Now looking resignedly at what she might have to accept next.

“Pick up the scissors, Lizzie,” he pointed to them on the corner of the table and paused as she complied. “Now cut the side bands of your panties.” She hesitated, looking up at him with an appeal in her face, but as she saw his expression, and as he was about to speak, she reached round and cut first the left, feeling the elastic releasing, then right waist band and looked forlornly, as the pale blue, now useless, material that had once covered her most private parts, fluttered to the floor between her feet.

“Are you sure you wish to continue, Lizzie? As I keep saying, we are only doing what you want me to do, I am not forcing you. You know that don’t you? If you would like me to stop, that’s OK, but if you want me to continue with your punishment, you have to ask nicely. I see you are still rubbing your bottom, Lizzie. Does it sting a bit? Would it help if, in between each smack, I rubbed your bottom a little to ease the pain? Now, then, this time you have to tell me exactly what you want me to do.”

She looked up at him. She was beginning to understand her position, and how to respond to Sam. “Umm, Sam, would you please smack me with your hand on my bare bottom, please? Would you rub my bottom after each smack, so that it doesn’t sting so much, please?”

She held her wrists out towards him again. Sam quickly re-fastened the cords. As she regained her previous position, she braced herself for the next stinging slap to arrive. But there was a pause. She didn’t mind and wasn’t going to say anything to bring on the punishment sooner than necessary. Her face was turned away from him. She didn’t want to anticipate the smacks as they were laid on her, now, very sore, naked, bottom.

“I’ll give you a few moments to recover, Lizzie,” he said, “I want us to be friends after all this is over, and although this is your punishment, I don’t want you to feel it was unfair. Would you like a few more seconds Lizzie?” She nodded assent.

Sam was standing behind the small ivory skinned preteen, girl admiring her body and just taking the scene in. He knew his camera was recording everything, but he wanted this etched on his mind forever. She was stretched taut along the table top. Her belly was bent over the table, where her hip bones pushed into the edge. Her knees tied to the table legs, forced her thighs wide apart. He could see the weals across the cheeks of her bottom and thigh tops, clearly showing the lines his fingers and palm had left behind. Her bottom was going to be quite bruised by tomorrow. The marks across her little globular ass seemed to dip into the crack in the centre, and pass over her asterisk shaped rectum. Looking further down, her perineum looked sore too, where a redness showed that the sensitive skin had been slapped as well. Just below, Sam could now see the oval shape of her vulva. He understood why people compared them to a peach. The shape was similar. Her cleft was parted, because of the position of her thighs. Her pussy lips had peeled apart, and he could see within that her inner lips too had separated, showing him the darker shadow of her vagina.

Sam knelt down close behind her. He placed one hand on each of her cheeks. She flinched at his touch, mistakenly reacting to a non existent blow. He placed his thumbs just either side of her vagina, and gently eased her lips further apart. He could now see quite deep into her coral coloured cunt. But what surprised him, and excited him was the fluid of arousal which had started to flow from the ten year old.

“Oy, what are you doing back there?” she said in a startled voice “you shouldn’t be touching me there. I’m going to tell my mum.”

“OK, Lizzie, I’ll stop, I was just having a little fun while your bottom recovered a bit. You and I both know you aren’t going to mention today’s little episode to your mum, or anyone else, don’t we? Oh dear Lizzie, you interrupted me again. Right after each slap, I will rub you a little to relieve the pain, but now I’m going to fondle you as well. Shall I carry on now with the punishment? I am only doing what you want me to do, Lizzie, you will have to tell me when to rub and when to smack, OK?”

Lizzie gave a grunt, which Sam took to be acquiescence. Sam stood up and went back to his position along side the prostrate body of the girl. He swung his arm again, and was gratified that, the now naked bottom, made a much louder, succulent smack than before without the thin layer of her panties to cushion the blows. Immediately, he stroked his palm across her cheeks, feeling their hot warmth glowing. He moved his fingers around in a figure of eight pattern, going up one side, down through the length of her bottom crack and up the other side. As his fingers slid down the centre, they passed lightly over her perineum and through her cleft. Each pass, he made sure his finger tips nudged her clitoris, which he could feel was now protruding well out from her cleft in a small, hard erection. He must have made several of these movements before bringing his hand to a rest, his fingers still feeling the increasingly slick, slimy wetness of her arousal.

“Ready for the next one, Lizzie?” He noted a small nod from her head, which was turned away from him.

He raised his hand and brought it down again on exactly the same red marked area of her bottom. “Eleven,” he muttered, as his fingers regained their practiced figure of eight motion, “only nine more to go.” She moaned. He wasn’t quite sure if it was from pleasure or pain. His gentle massaging of her bottom cheeks, thighs and pussy went on for a full minute. There was a distinct rocking motion. There was no doubt in his mind, she was getting her jollies out of this.

“Ready?” he asked quietly. She murmured, nodding.

SMACK, went his hand and the massaging motions continued. “Twelve.” Now, there was little doubt to either of them that her movements were anything other than pre-climactic arousal.

“Can you do it again, Sam please,” she murmured “I think I’m ready for another.” Sam realised she was becoming breathless.

Sam adjusted his position slightly, so that instead of his hand slapping across her bottom, it would be able to slap down it. Her thighs were tied so far apart, the flat of his hand could smack her perineum and his fingers would reach right down to the rise of her mons.

SMACK “thirteen,” he muttered, “lucky for some.” He didn’t lift his hand though, but kept it where it had landed and started a gentle massage of her clitoral hood, which was quite firm to his touch. There was an

immediate reaction from the little preteen. She moaned, and lifted her bottom off the table an inch or two, before moving her hips, trying to increase the contact between her genitals and the invading fingers.

“Would you like the other seven now, or leave them until another time, Lizzie? Perhaps you have had enough. Would you like me to just rub for a while? I am sure it will make you feel nice”

Lizzie’s head nodded slightly again. “Oh, yes please, don’t hit me again, I think……I think, …….I think, Ohhh mmmmyyy ggggoodddddd, I’mmmm nnnnnnnnggggggggggggggg hhhaaaa hhhhhhaaaaaaaa.” She cascaded into a blinding world of bliss and coloured lights behind her closed obsidian eyes. Her breathing coming in short panting gasps.

As the 10 year old girl’s climax slammed into her, Sam moved behind her. He quickly unzipped his fly and his cock sprang out like a caged tiger released. He pressed it against her cleft, and rubbed it up and down her cunt all the way from her mound, then up over her clit, between her vulva lips, over her vaginal entry, her urethra, her perineum and over her rectum, before pushing it down again. His pre-cum was pouring out in a continuous flow, through the preteen’s bottom and cleft She was so numb from her smacking, and so far into her orgasm, she was oblivious to Sam’s movements, as he took his pleasure from rubbing himself firmly against her obscenely displayed genitalia. He felt his orgasm approaching rapidly, he pulled back his foreskin and pushed his cock into the entrance to her vagina, and even felt her dilate a little, as his helmet shaped cock head pressed into her. He exploded. His semen shot out, and with the seal between their bodies so tight, it nearly all ejaculated into the young girl, whose own climax and stinging pain of her bottom kept her from realising her cunt was full of Sam’s sperm filled semen. Sam’s pulses went on and on. With each pulse another injection of his semen went into her. He could still feel the contractions of the girl’s pussy as her climax continued although now slowing. His own pulses keeping pace with hers.

All good things cum to an end, and eventually Sam pulled his cock, which had, by now, slipped just through her tight entry, out of the, still oblivious preteen’s cunt.

He leant down, and scooped up the wrecked pair of knickers lying on the floor between her feet, and used them to wipe her thighs of the bulk of the juices flowing from her which had run down her thighs and dripped onto the floor. He stuffed the soiled garment into his pocket. Next he moved over to one of the wash basins, grabbing a towel, he ran some warm water and soaked it, and returned to the girl, where he gently washed her and wiped away the last evidence of his pedo lust. Lizzie seemed to be in a comatose state. She just laid there, and let him wipe her without a murmur or other movement.

Sam picked the scissors up and cut the ties holding her hands and knees. He scooped up the cord, and put the pieces into his pocket. He picked up her skirt, and lifting her on to her feet, placed it around her and buckled it at her waist. He stuffed her sports kit into the bag, and handed it to her. She was still in a daze.

Making sure that nothing had been left behind, he switched off the lights, locked the outer door and led the girl out of the changing rooms, and round to his workshop, next door. The walk had woken her, and as they entered, she was gingerly rubbing her bottom again. She declined to sit down on the hard wooden seat Sam offered her.

“From what you said earlier,” Sam stated, “your mum should be here in about fifteen or twenty minutes. We have some things to discuss.” He looked at her meaningfully. “Do you have anything to say about your disgraceful behaviour today?” She shook her head. “Well young lady, I do. Firstly you are very lucky that it was me that caught you with those knives. Are you aware of that? Anyone else would have handed you over to the police immediately. But nothing comes without a price, Lizzie. You and I are going to have an understanding. Do I make myself clear.” She nodded again, but not really comprehending his meaning.

“As I said before, Lizzie,” he looked at her firmly in the eye, “from now on everything you do will be your choice, alright?” She nodded, she was beginning to understand what Sam’s choices meant. Suddenly she frowned, and looked down. She lifted out her skirt a few inches away from her knees, and moved her other hand up inside the skirt, and after a few moments she took it out and looked at her fingers, where a large amount of semen was spread which had evidently run out of her vagina. Sam realised she had no idea what she was looking at, or how it had got there. He leaned over, and passed her a hand towel, which she used to wipe herself.

“As I was saying, Lizzie,” he paused from his flow, glanced down meaningfully at her skirt, “it looks like you got carried away in there doesn’t it?” He was surprised when she blushed. “Anyway, it’s your choice, you can do anything you like. OK?” She nodded, still confused. “Does your bottom really sting, Lizzie?” She nodded again, reaching behind her massaging herself again. “You had better tell your mum you have a bit of a sniffle, and ask for a note to keep you off swimming and games for a day or two. We don’t want your bottom being seen by anyone for a while, do we?”

“Tomorrow, and for the rest of the week, Lizzie, you are going to have detention. Do you understand?” Another nod. “Now we have to decide what we do about the rest of your punishment don’t we?” She looked wearily at him. “Each day of your detention, you will have choices you can make. They will be slightly different each day. They are entirely your choices. Whichever one you choose, you will have to say to me ‘What I would really like is…….’ And then you can say which of the choices you have decided on. OK? Your free choices tomorrow will be, and this is exactly what you have to say, Lizzie: Firstly, ‘ Sam, what I would really like you to do is let the police and the school principal know what I have done and show them my taped confession. I won’t blame you when they arrest me’.“ He noticed her shudder. “Your second choice is ‘Sam, what I would really like you to do is to finish off my punishment, and spank me seven more times on my bare bottom. I understand that as I interrupted you during my punishment before, the smacks will be much harder, and that you will have to add another seven.’ “ Sam heard a sharp intake of breath. “Your final choice is this Lizzie. It won’t cancel either of the other two choices in the days to come, so your punishment is only deferred, ‘Sam, what I would really like you to do is lay me on your table take my skirt and panties off and massage some cooling balm on my bottom and pussy and make some of the pain go away’.“

Lizzie blinked at him, not quite sure if she had it right. “Well if those are my choices, I can tell you right now, it’s the last choice.”

“Say it Lizzie,” he smiled not unkindly at her.

“OK, Sam, what I would really like you to do is lay me on your table take my skirt and panties off and massage some cooling balm on my bottom and my pussy and make some of the pain go away. In fact if it’s that cooling, could I have some now?” She actually smiled at the one who minutes ago had been her tormentor.

“Sure, Lizzie.” He gestured towards the table, which was a twin of the one in the changing room. He moved over to a shelf, and lifted down a large pot of cream salve and an ærosol can. It was the type he used during school games to treat injuries and bruises. As he turned, he noticed the girl had lifted her skirt hem to her shoulders, exposing her nakedness, seemingly without the least concern and had laid face down on the table. The red weals on her bubble shaped livid bottom fully exposed to his gaze. Some already showed darkening where her bruises would take a few days to heal.

Sam pulled the plastic cap off the can, shook it a few times and sprayed her bottom with the ice cold fluid. There was a sharp intake of breath as she got used to the effect. He waited about ten seconds, and gave another short spray. Next, after waiting for the spray to be absorbed, he opened the pot and scooped out a dollop of the glutinous cream with his fingers. He spread it onto the fingertips of both hands, and very gently smoothed it over her skin. Already he could feel some of the heat had gone out of her bottom. Soon the cooling cream balm took effect and the girl felt relief. She was enjoying the massage, and was now aware that Sam’s fingers had moved away from her bottom, where the pain was greatest, between her thighs, and was now massaging either side of her pussy, which was still leaking semen. She was even aware that she was getting excited again. Suddenly, just as she felt those tingles deep inside her returning, it stopped and she felt almost cheated, as he flipped her skirt back down and told her to stand up. She was unaware that Sam had been keeping an eye out of the window, where he saw her mother had pulled up at the school gates in her car.

“You had better put your sport panties on, it looks like someone has arrived.”

Lizzie caught his look, and seeing there was a man and a girl with her mother, she brought her hand up to her mouth and with a sharp intake of breath said “Oh no, it’s Uncle Aaron. I was supposed to give him the knives tonight. I texted him to say I had them. He said it was important, something about funding his next shipment. God what am I going to do?” Sam looked at her, understanding she was in serious trouble. He had heard about Aaron Leon from Steve Bandon. He was bad news. He also dealt with some big names in the drug world. Toni Campolo’s name had been mentioned. He was locally known as ‘The Don’. He was a

drugs lord. People did not mess with him, if they wished to stay in good health. Sam's brain was running in overdrive. He reached across opened a drawer, took out and opened a small plastic box and picked out a coin. He looked at it, flicked it, activating an almost invisible micro switch, and put it in his pocket.

Looking across the school yard, Sam and Lizzie could see the trio walking, clearly wondering where Lizzie was. Lizzie gasped again "Hannah's here too. She has the keys." Again Lizzie's hand slapped her mouth. She'd spoken out of turn.

"I take it those would be the keys for the locker room, Lizzie?" She nodded miserably. She had betrayed her friend unwittingly. It all became very clear to Sam. This Aaron, was using the girls to steal property from the other pupils, and fencing it on to fund his drug deals. What is Hannah to you, Lizzie?"

"She is my cousin," she looked at him unhappily, "Uncle Aaron is my mother's brother, well step brother."

"Right Lizzie, this is what you are going to do. Firstly I will sort out Uncle Aaron, OK? I will make sure he doesn't hurt you again. In return, I need you to promise not to say a word to Hannah about you being caught. If you do, you will both be reported to the police understand?" She nodded eagerly. She really didn't want Uncle Aaron bullying her. He was a brute. "I will go out and meet them. You wait about ten or fifteen seconds, then go out through that back door," he indicated an exit which led to the blind side of the building, "walk towards the main school, and wait near the entry door. I will send your mum round to find you."

Sam went out and walked towards the gate, nonchalantly. He greeted them and asked if he could help.

"I am Lizzie's mum," she said in an arrogant tone, "I don't suppose you've seen her have you. She's always late. I have come to pick her up."

"I think I saw her a few minutes ago by the main school building. If you walk round the end of the workshop, you'll probably see her." They made to walk off. "You are Aaron Leon aren't you? I have something that may be of interest to you, could we have a few words in private?" Sam put a reassuring arm around the man and swivelled him back towards the school gates, as the two females walked away.

As soon as they were out of sight, Sam applied his fingers to two pressure points just below and behind Aaron's ears either side of his neck. In a flash, he had grabbed his hand, and twisted his small finger into an excruciatingly painful hold. Sam's self defence knowledge coming to it's own.

"Right, You little piece of rat's turd," said Sam in a low, but penetrating voice, "I shall say this only once, so get this right first time. Do I make myself clear?" Aaron nodded, his fat face becoming puce.

"Lizzie hasn't got your knives. I caught her red handed with them." Sam smiled to himself. He didn't need to go into details as to what she was doing with them at the time. "I am willing to hush up her crime, and by implication your part in it, which would have you both arrested and Lizzie certainly kicked out of the school, and you in jail, on the condition that you stay away from her and don't mention this to her again. Do I make myself clear?" The man nodded again. Two things happened. Firstly, Sam gave a very careful but controlled twist, dislocating Aaron's finger. The man screamed. As he did so, Sam slipped the coin into Aaron's pocket.

Aaron was left doubled up in pain, as Sam turned away and walked back towards the workshop. He was almost there, when the three females came round the corner.

"What's up with Aaron?" asked the woman, "is he hurt or something?"

"No, he stumbled over," said Sam nonchalantly "I think he hurt his hand. Oh, sorry to mention it, Mrs. Browning, But Lizzie's been naughty again and she is on detention for the rest of the week. Each evening after school."

"Oh, God, what was she doing this time?" her eyes rolling towards the girl, who was now looking suitably contrite. Sam noticed a knowing look between the youngsters, confirming his thoughts that they were in cahoots.

"I am afraid I caught her playing with some very sharp knives. It's absolutely against the rules, Sorry." Sam looked at Lizzie, who was looking back in a very meaningful way. She knew exactly what Sam had implied.

“Mr. Pottu…..Potttuensk…...”

“Call me Sam,” said Sam, “even I can’t pronounce my surname. Apparently it’s one of the longest names from Poland. Everyone just calls me Sam.”

The ice had been melted. “OK, Sam,” the woman replied, “if Lizzie’s on detention, will she still be allowed to go on the camping trip with her class this Friday?” Sam nodded with a smile, “But there may be conditions attached.” He looked meaningfully at Lizzie. “Oh that’s a relief,” the woman said, looking down at her daughter, “you see I have to make a trip to see Lizzie’s dad this weekend. He’s away, er away on, er business, you see and I didn’t think Lizzie should go where he is, If you understand my meaning?” Sam understood alright, Browning was in for grand theft, drug dealing and several other crimes. He wouldn’t be around for another ten years.

Sam watched as the four made their way to their car. He knew he had to call Steve, and he also had a lot of thinking to do.

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CHAPTER 2
Tuesday morning – Trespassers

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Sam was sitting on his stool, leaning back against the wall. He had a slice of buttered toast in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. He was watching closely as the two girls took their shower. Taking a shower would not be how Sam would have described it. Messing about playing games under a flow of water would have been a little more accurate.

Their mother, in the next cubicle called to them to get on with it, she hadn’t got all day, and what were they playing at? As all mothers the world over do.

Sam looked closely at them, the water flowed over their smooth, glistening bodies. They were both ginger red heads with startling green eyes. Obviously sisters. The one would be about seven years old, and the other perhaps a little over a year older. As they played, he enjoyed watching their antics. He noticed, when standing in profile to him, like many girls of their age, they both had bellies which stood out almost as far as their bottoms on the other side. The little girls seemed to present a letter “S” shape in profile. He could watch this for hours. Neither had tits, but then at their age why would they? They both had areolæ like little mosquito bites, which were only a shade darker than the rest of their perfect pale skin. They each had beautiful hairless mounds, as smooth as the best silk, that he would dearly loved to have cupped and fondled. He had no idea just how soon that dream was to be made real.

They made a start washing after their mother called again. They kept dropping the soap, like all kids do, as it slipped through their fingers, and Sam loved it when they bent down to pick it up, giving him a close up view of their tiny anus and vagina holes, as they flowered open as if in invitation to his gaze. Their cursory wash over, they went back to another game.

“Shall we do handstands against the wall?” asked one, “OK,” said the other.

They each took a side of the cubicle, and with one step forward, flipped up and leant against the opposite wall, one after the other.

“I keep getting water up my nose,” giggled one. “And me,” was the reply.

“Let’s do the splits.”

“OK.”

The girls, holding their weight on their outstretched arms, leaned their bottoms against the wall, and let their legs drop to the horizontal. Sam's view wasn't as clear as he would have liked, looking from the side. His patience was rewarded a moment later though, when instead of leaning against the side walls, they flipped up against the back wall. As they dropped their legs again, one of them had generously placed her pussy just beneath his viewing window, no more than a couple of inches from his hungry lascivious eyes. Sam's coffee was going cold, forgotten. Actually pressed against the acrylic was an asterisk shaped brown anus. As she moved, he could see her sphincter twitching, dilating and closing slightly. Shifting his gaze an inch, her pussy had flowered open. He could see right into her openings. She had a little hymen which was a pink barrier tempting his gaze. her little thin legs were stretched so far apart, her vulva lost it's shape, just a bump of skin, the flesh of the skin of her perfect thighs seeming to flow into the cavities which were her vagina and rectum entries.

Their mother picked that moment to come out of her shower and into the girl's cubicle. The mother seemed to look very fit. Her body would be attractive to most men. She had small firm tits, well shaped legs, topped by a muscular, well formed bottom. He guessed her to be about thirty years of age. Her vulva was plump and oval shaped, her pubes had been shaved, but there was a tell tale shadow of amber coloured stubble remaining, belying the black dyed hair she was now rubbing dry with her towel. Sam was not interested. He knew the kind of cunt he like to watch, and it was always much younger flesh.

The girls' mother quickly towelled her daughters dry and gave them a lovely cuddle each. Clearly these two girls loved her and she loved them. So did Sam, but for different reasons. Soon they were dressed in the school uniform. Mum combed their hair and put their belongings into a locker. Sam anticipating the move, stood and quietly left the corridor and entered the workshop.

As the three left the changing room door, Sam timed his exit to perfection, almost colliding with them.

"Excuse me," he said, "I didn't know anyone was around at this time of the morning."

"Oh, er sorry," she said, "I was just, err….."

"Let's not kid ourselves," said Sam warmly, "you've been using the school's showers haven't you? You know it's not permitted."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she stuttered, clearly embarrassed, "I'm on my own now, and our own hot water has packed up and it's all I could think of to clean them up. I just don't have any money to fix it 'til I get paid, and that's the end of the month."

Sam had noticed the two girls, Sophie, the younger and Amber the older, were always well turned out, despite coming from a poor family, which some people unkindly referred to as 'trailer trash'. People sometimes just needed a little lift every now and then

"Look," he said "what's the problem with it? Perhaps I can help." She described the trailer, and with his prompting, the water system they had. He felt sure one of the heating elements in the store might fit, and the repair wouldn't take long.

"I'll come over tomorrow evening if you like. I have a detention to hold, but it should be finished by about 6.30, I could be over by 7 o'clock," he said.

She looked awkward. "Please call me Ellie, Sam. To tell you the truth, I work shifts, and this week I am on lates. I won't be home until 10 o'clock or after."

"Oh," he said, "where will the girls be while you're out?"

"They stay at home, but my neighbour keeps an eye out for them, 'till I'm back. She works in the entertainment business, and often goes out to work just as I get home." She was really embarrassed, because she knew Sam realised she had to leave them home alone a lot.

“OK,” said Sam, “I’ll tell you what, I will come over and fix the water for you, I’ll watch the girls until you’re home tomorrow. How’s that sound?”

“Oh, how kind, how much will it cost to fix the water? I haven’t got any money.”

“Don’t worry, you’re one of the school mums. We have to look after our community. It will be my pleasure.” Sam didn’t add that the pleasure would be all his when he had the two girls all to himself, when he had the chance later. They exchanged phone numbers, he got the trailer’s address and went off to start his day.

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CHAPTER 3
Tuesday morning – Catching Hannah

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Sam went through the outer office, occupied by Marjorie and wished her a good morning. Marjorie liked Sam and always gave him a bright smile. He knocked on the large oak door leading to the Principal’s office. He heard ‘come’ shouted from within and pushed the heavy door open.

“Good morning, Sam, how are you,” beamed Mrs. Prentice, the Principal. She always liked Sam’s visits. He had a habit of making her problems go away. “What can I do for you?”

“It’s what I can do for you Celine,” he always smiled to himself about her name, it seemed so incongruous. She reminded him of the woman in the Adams Family, who played Morticia.

Sam leaned down and reached into his canvas bag he had placed on the floor, picked out the two ceremonial daggers, now nicely cleaned of their cunt juices of the night before, and placed them on the desk in front of her.

“Sam,” she gasped, “where were they, where did you find them, who had them, oh Sam?” She leaned over the desk, and kissed him.

Sam knew this wasn’t a sexy kiss or even a pass. It was the kiss a woman gives her friend, sister or mother. Sam had been a little crafty a few years ago. When he heard the previous Principal was leaving, he decided to set up a little smoke screen for himself. He had gone online, and after considerable time and effort plus some cost, had procured a medical certificate giving a report on his sexual abilities. The report, a work of his own complete fiction, stated that Sam had been hit in the groin with shrapnel from the I.E.D. and it had severed some nerves near his testicles. As a result, although he could have sexual relationships and ejaculate perfectly normally, he could neither feel any pleasure from intercourse, nor did he have any significant sexual drives. A separate report, stapled to the first was a recommendation of action to the patient. It said he should pursue normal relationships, as he was capable of having children, he should simulate orgasm when having sex, and thus could provide any partner with satisfaction without them knowing his difficulty. Sam, during his nightly rounds had been able to insert the forged medical reports into his personal file. Marjorie’s idea of secure storage of office keys being a school joke.

When the new Principal arrived, she undertook a series of ‘get to know you’ meetings with all the staff. After Sam’s interview, he came out of the office, and muttered something about the new Principal not being worried about his medical condition. So when a minute later she came out and handed Sam’s file to Marjorie, requesting her to put the file away. Marjorie made short work of finding out about Sam’s “problem”.

Marjorie, as Sam knew she would, being the school gossip, lapped up the little goldmine of information. Sam knew immediately his “secret” was out. He kept getting sympathetic looks from all the staff, who, from their body language, he knew were discussing him. A few days later, he was aware of the same looks when walking around the town. Sam had achieved his objective though. Over the weeks and months, he noticed other members of staff and mothers were willing even happy to leave their girls unattended in his company.

“So Sam, where was it?” she asked for the umpteenth time, bringing Sam back to the present.

“I’m not sure I can prove who it was just yet Celine. I noticed something out of place at the back of the stage. A door always shut, wasn’t. I opened the door and rummaged inside the costume cupboard, and found them there, quite well hidden. If I find out who was responsible, I will let you know.”

She wasn’t convinced by Sam’s story, but over the years had learnt to ‘go with the flow’ where Sam was concerned. He always worked hard, did what was asked of him, despite having no help. He was popular and everyone loved him, especially the kids.

“I will call Mr. Matsuda from the Japanese trade mission and let him know. I am sure he, like us, will be very relieved. Oh, Sam, is everything set up for the girls’ camping trip this weekend? The boys all enjoyed their weekend two weeks ago. They all asked if they could go again next time.” Yes he was, and yes everything was organised and yes he was looking forward to it.

Sam went back to his workshop, and had a coffee. He called Steve to report in. “Hi Steve, anything back on the locator/listening device yet?”

“No Sam, not yet. I’ll WhatsApp you when something happens. How about a beer, time we met up for old time’s sake.” They agreed a time that evening in a bar they both frequented.

Sam checked the corridor, there was no one in the changing area yet. The doors to the lavatories had rising hinges, so when they were left unlocked, swung open automatically, so he could see beyond into the locker room. He drank his coffee mulling over the last twenty four hours. Just as he finished his drink, Hannah, as he anticipated, made her appearance, and moved straight to the far side of the line of lockers where he couldn’t see her. As the lockers were set left to right from Sam’s perspective, he could only see her when she came round to the near side. She worked her way along the lockers, working swiftly and methodically removing anything of value. This was something she had patently done before. She had a master key to the lockers. That would be the one which went missing from Marjorie’s office last year sometime. He saw a couple of the new, expensive wrist watch style sport activity recorders go into her bag. He recognised the FitBit logo on one. They were worth a lot. Bingo!

Sam bided his time, then made for the door, and repeated the interception he achieved the previous afternoon with Lizzie. The bag was snatched, he wheeled her into the workshop, emptied the contents, extracted her confession, all recorded by his camera, including her involvement with the theft of the knives, and put her on detention, like Lizzie, for the rest of the week. Hannah had stood there the whole time, shaking like a leaf. She was genuinely frightened as to what was going to happen to her. And so she might be.

Sam looked at her. He had seen her naked in the showers a few times, but when you see twenty naked girls all at the same time, you tend not to remember one over the others. He appraised her now, knowing he would be on much more intimate terms with her in a couple of days time. She wasn’t tall, but somehow gave the impression of being so. The reason was, she was long featured. Her face was tall and narrow, with high cheek bones, a long slim nose, and narrow mouth with a pointed chin. Above her light brown eyes, her eyebrows almost met high above her nose and sloped down either side, leaving her with a permanent quizzical expression. Her hair was dark brown, almost black. She had a fringe across her forehead. On her crown, It was parted in the centre and pulled back to a very long ponytail. Her hips and shoulders too were narrow. She had all the looks of the beautiful ten year old Jewish girl she was. She was painfully thin though. Verging on being gaunt. He wondered if she, like so many young girls, had an eating disorder. He would enquire.

“Right Hannah. You realise, of course, you are in deep trouble don’t you?” She nodded silently. “We can handle this in a number of ways. Last night, I caught your cousin in the same way. I told her if she told you I had found out, she would be reported immediately to the police. So don’t blame her. You have been caught and will be punished for what you alone have done. Is that fair, and do you understand?” she nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

“OK, Hannah, your punishment will be entirely your choice I am going to offer you the same choices of punishment that I offered Lizzie yesterday. Is that fair?” Another silent nod.

“Good, you will have three choices, just like Lizzie. Firstly, you can let me take you to the Principal, and you can let her know what happened. I think you know what will happen next if we did that. Don’t you? And of

course, Lizzie would then be implicated as well. You wouldn't want both of you to spend a few years in youth custody, would you?" a little shake of the head.

"The second and third choices are sort of linked as either/or choices. The second choice you can be spanked with my leather belt, but I suppose that is more like a whipping, and I do so hate blood," he indicated the heavy leather strap around his waist. He observed her as her skin paled and she silently shuddered. This was exactly the reaction he'd hoped for.

"Or you can opt for the choice that Lizzie went for and be spanked, with the flat of my hand. It's entirely your choice Hannah. You don't have to decide now. You can talk to Lizzie about her choices. Your detention will be immediately after school at five thirty. You can tell me then. In the meantime, please text your mum to say that you, like Lizzie, will be on detention today."

"Oh, Sam," she stuttered, "I don't know what to say. I can't let you report me to the police, I have already had warnings from them. I know I would end up in a youth custody institution. I couldn't let you whip me, but your third choice, Sam, I don't know if I can do it. Unlike other girls, I can't stand pain. What do I do Sam, I know I just couldn't get through it." She looked like a caged animal. Her eyes looked haunted.

He looked at her kindly. She was wringing her hands. "I tell you what, perhaps I can be a bit flexible when the time comes. I will give you some extra choices if you like."

"What sort of choices? Sam, I am frightened. Please don't hurt me." She looked at him pleadingly.

"Look, in fairness to Lizzie, I have to punish you the same as her. After all, she was spanked and although she didn't take all her punishment, I owe her those extra ones still, she learnt her lesson. If I let you off, she would resent it wouldn't she? But if it helps, before we start, I will let you have some extra choices. They might help."

"What sort of choices, Sam? I really need to know. I am so frightened, I just can't take pain. Is there a way you can do it lighter and still call it my punishment? Sam I just have to know."

"Alright, but you mustn't say anything to Lizzie do you understand? If you do, I won't offer you the other two choices," he said firmly.

"What other two choices Sam?"

"Well if you want me to spank you softly, it will need to be thirty smacks instead of twenty, on your bare bottom, but with a wet hand. I won't do it so hard, but it will still sting. Do you understand?"

She nodded. "And the other choice?"

"You have to ask me very nicely."

"Ask you what Sam?"

"You will ask 'Sam, I know what I would really like, would you please, please, please stop slapping me and fuck me instead?' But as I said Hannah, it is entirely your choice. I am not going to try and make you do one thing rather than the other. OK?"

The ten year old looked as though she was in shock. She couldn't believe what she'd just heard. She looked defeated. She knew she had to think this through and talk to Lizzie. What worried her a little though was how her heart fluttered when he offered her the last choice. She had a funny feeling in the bottom of her tummy. She really liked Sam, with his rugged good looks and like most of the girls, had a crush on him. She knew she would be thinking about his final choice all day.

Sam made Hannah return all the stolen items to their owners' lockers, before bringing the master key back and handing it over to him. He went through to the corridor to observe her, to make sure she did it. He decided the master key she had got might be useful in the future.

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CHAPTER 4
Tuesday Morning – Sam meets Sylvia

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Half an hour later Sam was in the swimming pool pump room, checking on the chlorination levels. A class of seven year olds were due for a lesson. As usual, he removed one of the lights which shone through a glass porthole at one end of the pool, and set up one of the digital cameras in it's place, pointing down the length of the pool, and pressed 'record'.

Sam had come up with an idea about three years previously. He suggested that as the junior children all grew so quickly, why not introduce a costume exchange scheme. There was a box of used costumes set up, and anyone could take out a costume as long as they put their outgrown costume in it's place. This worked really well. Costumes were there for both the boys and girls.

During the school vacations, Sam made sure the padded white liners in the gussets of the girls' costumes had all been removed. He had meticulously un-tacked all the stitching so no one would realise there had ever been a liner. Because they were discards, most of the costumes were worn, and some holey. The mums all appreciated what he had done to help them, and many made use of the exchange scheme, in this cash strapped community. Sam had also made a similar collection of leotards for the gym classes, and likewise they too were being used. Without the liners, and the costumes usually being on the small size, Sam was rewarded with many a close up view of a camel toe. In fact almost every costume displayed the young preteens' intimate shapes in a very erotic manner.

Sam entered the pool area. In a few seconds, he took in the scene. He had watched the girls changing for the lesson and so arrived just as they were about to enter the water. The new P.E. teacher was a young graduate of about 23 years of age. Her name was Sylvia Ponsonby-Smyth. It was such an awkward name from her old English ancestry, everyone, including the staff called her Miss. P. She was permanently wearing sports clothes, with a whistle on a ribbon around her neck. She was wearing her own swim suit beneath. Sam went over and sat beside her and chatted.

Miss. P., who was very popular with the children, allowed her charges to play around in the pool for a while, before instructing them to swim lengths if they could. Those that couldn't swim yet, she would coach in a few minutes, meantime they could play a little longer.

"I understand you are joining us on the camping trip this Friday, Miss. P." Sam stated.

"Yes, I am quite looking forward to it. It sounds like the boys had a great time a couple of weeks ago when they went. How come we are able to have the use of such a great facility up in the woods?"

"Well, when I was in the army," he said, "I was a physical trainer too. I got to know all the camps around, and the people that ran them. After I left, I kept in contact, and when I approached them and explained ours was a school with few resources, they were more than helpful, and said that as long as I was in charge while we were on their property, we could use it and the equipment they have."

"That's fantastic Sam. You are a useful person to know."

"It's funny you should say that," he grinned, "Those are the exact words the Principal said to me this morning."

At that moment, one of the youngsters came over to her and asked, "Miss. P., can I have my lesson now?" With the teacher sitting, and the girl standing beside her, their shoulders were on a level. Sam noticed the young girl put her arm around the teacher's shoulder, in the same intimate way she might have done her mother or close friend. Sam also noticed the teacher's arm go around the girl's waist. At first he thought nothing of it, but then saw her hand slowly slip down, and cup the globe of one side of her bubble bottom. Sam made a mental note. The little girl was wearing one of the two piece white recycled bikini costumes he had given his 'treatment' to, and was delighted to see that the suit being wet, was almost as transparent as if she was naked. She had a very short cleft he thought, but she did have that deep dimple he so loved at the

top of it. The two were discussing what they were going to do in the lesson, as the girl, apparently called Amy, was almost able to swim, but needed a little more help yet.

While Sam was half listening, and pretending not to inspect the girl in an obvious way, he heard one of the girls, her name was Jenny, in the pool say to her friend, “I need a poo, I will go and ask Miss. P. if it’s OK to go on my own.”

Sam took his queue, and told Miss. P. he needed to check the chlorine levels in the pump room and that he’d be back in ten minutes. Without waiting for a reply, he left the pool, went round the end of the building, and entered his workshop. Quickly he grabbed a camera, and slipped into the corridor, just as he heard the outer locker room door slam. Next he heard movement the other side of the partition, and after one wrong guess, opened the correct screen, which covered the window on his side and sat down. When Sam had built the facility, he had mounted the cisterns just above the acrylic screens, ostensibly to provide better flush flow. In fact it was to ensure he had an unimpeded view. The other adaptation Sam had made was he never fitted the plastic seats to the toilet bowls. As a result, almost all the girls squatted rather than sat on the porcelain.

Jenny was just locking the lavatory door. She was wearing a one piece red swimming costume, which was still dripping water onto the floor. Without a pause, she pulled the straps off her shoulders, and slid the entire suit off her body, down her legs and onto the floor. She turned away from Sam, and positioned herself so her feet were either side, with her legs an inch or two from the pan. She leaned forward, then placed her hands on and bent her knees, she lowered herself. As she did so, her bottom flared open, Sam could easily see her vulva lips part exposing her tiny clitty, and her urethra, which dilated even as he inspected it. The flow of golden fluid immediately followed. She pissed out at least a half pint.

Sam was waiting for the main event. The girl grunted. He could see her sphincter start to dilate and just beneath it, her vagina also flared open in time with her pushes. It was no more than a foot from him. His camera was getting everything. She grunted again. Perhaps she is a little constipated, he thought with a smile to himself. She dilated a little more. Sam reckoned he could have easily got his middle finger into a hole that size. She grunted a third time. Suddenly, Sam could see her turd start it’s final journey slowly, then speed up. Her excrement came out horizontally then curved down. It must have been at least six inches long and as thick as his thumb, before the automatic clenching of her sphincter pinched it off. Allowing it to drop into the bowl with a loud splash. The girl gave a long sigh, shoved out another piece of shit about an inch and a half long. She tried for another, but it was just dry heaves. As she grunted, so her anus and vagina winked open and closed several times. She stood upright, and reached for and tugged off the paper using only two squares, she gave herself a cursory wipe, which Sam always enjoyed watching, flushed the cistern, pulled on her red suit again, which made her shudder on account of it now being wet and cold and fled to rejoin her class.

Sam knew that he had enough archive footage of the type he really enjoyed, to be able to retire now, and never get bored of what he was watching. He switched off the camera, replaced the screen cover, and walked down to the pool pump room, down the stairs. He checked this camera was still working fine, it was. He nonchalantly looked through the little window, enjoying the little girls legs as they swam and walked around the pool. He’d made sure the water was so clean he could easily see to the far end with crystal clarity. He was always rewarded with some great views on these occasions and today was no exception. Camel toes, leg elastic gaping open where the rubber had perished, girls trying to practice breast stroke, opening and closing their legs.

He was just enjoying himself, when he noticed the unmistakable red and blue costume worn by the teacher. It even had Miss. P. embroidered on one hip. What caught his attention though was that Amy, in her two piece white transparent suit was having her lesson now. She was practicing her breast stroke, like the others. Miss. P. was supporting her tummy with one hand. Sam was mesmerised, though, because as he watched, the other hand slid along the child’s naked tummy, and under the elastic of the seven year old’s bikini panties. Sam grabbed the camera, to ensure he got this. The teacher started to move her hand around inside the girl’s panties. There was absolutely no question or doubt what was happening. The teacher was molesting the girl in public. The teacher even then moved her other hand down between her own thighs and gently rubbed herself. Sam couldn’t believe what he was witnessing. After a few minutes, the show was over. Sam closed up, and returned to the pool area.

He walked casually in, and sat back in the chair where he had been before and watched the girls and boys playing in the water. Miss. P. strolled over, dabbing herself with her towel. He noticed she had a fantastic figure, muscle toned, she was about five foot six, long blond hair tied into a pony tail, and sharp blue eyes. Had she been half her age, Sam would have made a bee line for her.

She sat down beside him in the same seat as before. “Amy’s swimming is coming along nicely now, I think,” she stated, almost to herself.

“Yes, she’s a nice little girl isn’t she? She seems very fond of you. I noticed how she came up to you here before her lesson,” Sam said in a neutral tone.

“Yes, she is really affectionate. She is such a nice little girl, I love her to bits. On the other hand, she has A.D.H.D., you know, an Attention Deficit disorder. We have to tell her everything several times before she learns, and even then she will forget things a few days later.”

“Does she forget when you rub her bottom, or put your hand inside her bikini and feel between her legs during a swimming lesson?” Sam asked almost casually.

Her head whipped round, her pony tail snaking across her face. Her nostrils flared and fire showed in her eyes. “What do you mean, what are you saying? Be careful when you accuse people of things like that.”

“What I am saying,” Sam looked her in the eye, “Miss. P. is that I saw you molest one of the seven year old girls in a manner which could not be mistaken. Am I correct?”

“No, No, you can’t have seen anything like that,” she was now looking worried and her breathing was almost a pant.

“I’m sorry, but I know what I saw, in fact,” he reached into his pocket and pulled out his camera, “have a look at this.”

He pressed ‘play’ on the panel, and the last recording appeared in the little screen on the back. Two figures were in sharp focus in the crystal clear water. The red and blue costume worn by the teacher even the monogrammed ‘Miss. P. was visible. The white bikini on a small girl. The teacher’s hand inside the panties, fondling her genitals, the other hand obviously masturbating herself. It was cast iron proof.

“How did you…..What will…..Oh god, what a fucking mess, what have I done?” she slumped into a despondent hunch in her seat.

“All may not be as bad as you think,” Sam said in a kind voice, “I’m not about to report this to anyone you know.”

“You’re not? What do you want in return? Do you want money, I haven’t got any you know. Do you want sex, oh, of course, you can’t, you don’t, oh shit, you know what I mean.”

“I don’t want anything, except a little cooperation. You will understand in a few minutes. I have something I would like to show you, which I think will blow your mind. When does the class finish?”

She looked nervously at her wrist watch. “It’s due to end now, I had better blow the whistle and call them out. Are you going to report me though, Sam? I mean, should I get away before the police come, can you give me a little time?”

“Calm down Miss. P., it won’t come to that. Blow the whistle, get the kids out then as soon as you can, come round to my workshop, OK?” She nodded.

Sam left her to organise the little girls and boys getting out of the pool, and went back to his workshop, put away the camera, sat down and waited for her to come in. She knocked, he smiled, no one had ever knocked on his door all the years he’d been here.

She came in, like a small child caught stealing a candy. She was still in her bathing suit, with her towel draped around her shoulders, a pair of flip flops on her feet. She was carrying her bag containing her other clothes.

Sam stood without speaking, put a finger to his lips, and gestured for her to follow him. She dropped her towel and bag onto a table. They entered the corridor. Sam had left a low light switched on. Normally, he was so familiar, he moved in here in the dark. It was vital no light was on when the covers were open. He walked to the shower section, placing his hand on the pipes, he could discern which pipes were running hot water, and so which shower was in use. Most were today. He showed her where to stand.

Reaching up, he flicked one of the relay switches, dropping the place into darkness, and opened the cover. Miss. P. not knowing what to expect, stooped down and gave a loud gasp, as she saw before her four seven year old girls in one of the cubicles, all stark naked, water running down their perfect bodies, rubbing soap into each other, and enjoying the shower, as any seven year old should.

“Sam what have you got here,” she gasped in wonder, “this is heaven on earth, my god, but I think I’m going to cum.”

“Quiet,” whispered Sam in a sibilant hiss, “these walls are paper thin, they will hear you.”

She put her fingers to her mouth, with an apologetic expression. She leaned forward, her nose almost up to the acrylic. Her eyes were drinking it all in.

“Do you like little boys as well, Miss. P.?” whispered Sam.

She nodded. Sam turned and opened another cover on the other side of the corridor. Two boys were in the cubicle there. She soaked in the ecstatic view. She was enjoying this more than any experience of her life. The boys were pulling the skin of their penises out as far as they could in the old game of ‘mine’s bigger than yours’, comparing themselves, as boys do.

Sam saw out of the corner of his eye that she was gently fondling herself. Her finger tips slipping a little under the edge of her costume. He left her to it for a few minutes and went out into his workshop and sat down to wait for her. About ten minutes later, she came out of the door. She had a flushed expression on her face. She was breathing as though she had been running. The smell of female arousal strong in the air. She was obviously unaware that her costume was still pulled to one side. The leg elastic was cutting deeply into her cleft, exposing half of her pussy. Blond pubic hair in full display, as was her clitoris, which was standing out proudly, engorged. She plumped down onto an easy chair that Sam indicated to her. Her knees apart.

“Well how did you like the peep show?” he asked her, with a grin on his face. “Did you drop the covers down, by the way?” She nodded.

“I have never seen anything like it in all my born days, Sam. That was simply stunning. Thank you, thank you, thank you. How can I ever repay you? You could have reported me, and instead you showed me the most amazing sight I have ever seen. I assume you like little girls too Sam,” she asked with a questioning expression on her face. “I like boys,” she continued, “but my choice is girls. Girls of any age, up to about thirteen. How about you?”

“Yes, you are right, girls are my thing too,” he replied. “I’m only interested in the juniors, not the seniors. Really I’m not bothered about boys much, although I sometimes find it interesting to watch when one of the senior boys sneaks in there with one of the juniors and tries a little pederasty. It happens more often than you’d expect. It’s all recorded, of course, you never know when those seniors may become troublesome adults in the future.” He grinned at her.

“How did you set this whole thing up,” she enquired. “This must have taken years.” He nodded, and explained the story behind it all. She was impressed, she had simply no idea, and said, she thought, like everyone else, that he had no interest in sex.

“Yes,” he answered, “it took a very long time to build the fiction that I have no sex drive. Neat little cover story that, don’t you think? I’m not interested in grown women, as I have already admitted to you, so it

doesn't bother me either way, but your pussy is hanging out. Did you cum with a big one?" She blushed, looked down, and burst into laughter, straightening out the garment and nodded 'yes'. "What I have done though is this," he continued, "every now and then, I date someone in the staff, or one of the single mums. I'm not interested, but it's part of the cover. I only go with a single person with no ties, and always someone who gossips afterwards. Their story is the same. They got a great fuck, blew their socks off, 'but it was obvious he was faking his orgasm, as he ejaculated his load into me'. So the legend is created that I am a normal guy, fuck like a stallion, get no pleasure out of it, so don't pursue sex for the fun of it, and by implication, no one would ever think I am a pedo."

"Wow," she said, "that's some cover you've created. So where do I fit in? You could have just kept quiet, or even reported me. It would have been more risk free for you and even strengthened your story."

"Ah, well," he said pensively, "here we come to the nub of it. Neither of us are interested in each other. I mean we could have a nice fuck, probably even enjoy it, but would rather be chasing younger flesh, right?" she nodded. "But think of this, what if you and I became an item, started to be seen out together. Maybe even move in together sometime. That would increase the cover stories for both of us, OK? But the point is this, working together, we can help and cover for each other making a score can't we? In fact I think working together will double the effort and triple the results."

"You've already thought this through, haven't you," she looked at him in admiration, "I don't even have to go away and think about it, I'm with you all the way. Sign me up. With what you've created in that corridor, your cover story and general reputation, I know you can only bring me a fortune in pedo fuelled orgasms! So what happens now?"

"Well next," he said, "we pool our resources. I can let you have access to the corridor and my photographic collection of movies and stills. I have a couple of girls being primed right now which you may be interested in. They are both ten, and I intend to fuck the first today, and the other tomorrow."

She gasped, "Is there any chance I can be there? Oh I would love to watch that.."

"Hold your horses," he said, holding up his hand, "we are still discussing sharing resources aren't we?"

"Oh yes, let me think. Amy is compliant, you met her earlier, I have groomed her now to do whatever I ask her. She is so addicted to my loving attention, she will do anything I ask. She's only seven, but her oral sex is just fantastic. I have another couple of girls who are nine, who I am working on. They keep experimenting on each other, as girls do, but more and more they are letting me lead them in their 'education'. They might come over before long. That's about it."

"Well," said Sam, "there's more there than you think. We are going off for the camping trip on Friday. If by then we have worked out a few schemes, we should be able to enjoy lots of fun. For example," Sam rose from his seat, went to a cupboard and extracted a litre bottle nearly full of a clear viscous liquid. "As you probably know, I suffer from P.T.S.D. One symptom is the inability to sleep. For the past five years, I have been prescribed this to help me sleep. Well instead of sleeping, I have done my job at night. It's quicker that way, and has left me to pursue my 'interests' during the day. So I haven't been taking it, just accumulating it. The recommended dose is about five drops. Just imagine how many kids we could knock out this weekend with some of this? Just imagine what you can do with those kids when they are unconscious.

She rolled her eyes and moaned. Despite his presence, she lifted her legs over the arms of the chair, and started to rub her fingers across her pussy. Her short breaths coming in quick pants. She pulled the leg of her costume again to one side. He could see the whole of her pussy, fluids of arousal pouring out. Her fingers slipped in to her cleft, and as she rubbed herself, a rude squishy noise came from her.

"It looks like we are already on familiar terms," Sam chuckled, looking pointedly, at her salacious sitting position."

She grinned up at him from the chair, her fingers now working well into her pussy.. "I have a feeling we are going to get to know each other very well indeed in a very short time, don't you?" Sam raised his eye brows and she simply nodded.

“Oh god, I’m going to cum again,” she panted, “here it comes nowww nnnnnggggg aaaahhhhhh.” Her face screwed up into an expression of orgasmic pain. It took several minutes for her climax to pass and for her to regain composure. She didn’t bother to replace her gusset over her pussy, or lift her legs down. Sam really enjoyed watching her experience such intense pleasure

“I think,” she said eventually, “we are going to make one hell of a team. Shake, partner.” She extended her sticky fingered hand out. He thought it a bit incongruous, but he walked over and shook it. He glanced down thinking that had he been interested in mature women, she had a superb looking cunt. He was almost tempted to fondle her, almost.

“I think if we are going to be an item, and on such intimate terms, I’d better call you Sylvia from now on. Now, back to this afternoon,” Sam said, “I have two naughty girls coming around for detention. They were the ones that stole the two Japanese Tanto daggers. I have both of their confessions on tape. The first I caught yesterday, and gave her a really good spanking. It was that Lizzie, you probably know her, obsidian eyes, blond hair. She’s been in trouble lots of times.” Sylvia nodded. “The second I caught this morning. Hannah, same age, dark hair, very thin, long features, Jewish looking, beautiful. She’d been led on by Lizzie, but was guilty just the same. She is terrified of being hurt when she is spanked. I’ve got to strike a balance, if that’s not a pun, to make sure she still gets her spankings, otherwise we’ll not get future cooperation from Lizzie, but at the same time that she chooses to having her little virgin ten year old cunt fucked for the first time. Do you want to see that? They are due here at five thirty.”

“Wild horses wouldn’t keep me away. Can I join in?” Sylvia looked at him hopefully. Her fingers were working again.

“I am not sure, I don’t see why you can’t be there though, we’ll play it by ear. Perhaps we will have to be careful for the first time or two, but once they are fully cooperative, you’ll be able to please yourself anytime with them. I’m going over to the office a little later and speak to Marjorie, see if I can pick up any more information on them from her files, if she’ll let me look at them. Then, of course, as I mentioned before, they are on detention for the rest of the week, I hope to fuck Lizzie tomorrow afternoon. But as they say, tomorrow’s another day.”

“Do you fancy a date tomorrow night after detention?” he asked with a raised eyebrow, and a half smile, “I’ve got something on the brew that I think will interest you. Babysitting a seven and an eight year old. You probably know them, ginger haired sisters, really hard up family. I thought it would be a good chance to try out the sleeping potion before we go to camp.

“God yes, would I ever,” she was making a squelching noise with her fingers again, as they worked further up into her cunt. “Would you like me to ask Amy to come round and see you later? I know she’s only seven, but she loves a cuddle, and she doesn’t mind how, or where you cuddle. With her type of learning difficulties, she won’t say or remember anything. She wouldn’t know or understand if it was inappropriate or not. She should be in my gym class this afternoon at three, I’ll bring her round then. You can use her until four o’clock. I’ll call round for her then.”

Sam’s heart skipped a beat. This new partnership might work out very well for them both indeed. At that moment, there was a noise next door, some sort of commotion. They looked at each other.

“My next class for gym must be getting changed,” she said, “they are the 5th Grade. Sounds like they are having an argument about something.”

Sam entered the corridor, Sylvia holding his hips to guide her in the dark. Sam guessed the right window cover to open and through the shower cubicle, they could see into the changing room beyond. One of the smaller girls, Sally was her name, a nervous child, with silvery blond hair, who never seemed to have any friends, was surrounded by three others. The three Vs were well known to the staff for being bullies. All of them had been in trouble before for hurting some of the weaker kids. The little girl was naked and they were all jeering at her for being small and weak. She started to cry. The three were all tall for their age, and overweight. Sylvia thought it a waste of time them being in the gym at all. The ring leader, her name was Verity Morgan, was far fatter than the other two, always reminded Sam of the character Verruca Salt in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, but far more obese.

The three picked up the unfortunate victim's clothes and started searching, presumably for money. Finding nothing, they tossed the clothes into the shower cubicle, still damp from the earlier class, and stomped off to seek another victim. Sally wiped her tears from her cheeks, picked up her now wet clothes and pulled on her old second hand leotard, which was now too small, and resulted in the deepest camel toe appearing as soon as the garment was on. Then she did something strange. She tilted her head as if listening to something or someone, then looked directly at the screen, as if she could see Sam. As she turned away to leave, Sam noticed there was a hole in the costume, over one of her buttocks, showing she was not wearing sport panties underneath, as Sam and Sylvia had already observed. Sally was from a poor family, where any expenditure was carefully considered.

Back in the workshop, Sam fumed. There was nothing they could do about what they had witnessed. Sylvia was much more pragmatic.

"We're going to be on camp with those three for the weekend. Don't worry, we'll have plenty of chance to fix something to sort them out." Sam smiled he liked Sylvia a lot as he got to know her. But Sam intended to sort out those three before the camp.

Sylvia departed to take the gym class. Sam switched on his computer and sorted through his memory sticks. He opened up his anonymous web site, where he stored all sorts of miscellaneous files, opened a new directory, and uploaded three encrypted files. The confessions from Lizzie and Hannah and the evidence on Sylvia. Next, he sent a text to the two girls from his pay as you go cell phone giving them a link to their individual web pages and the decrypt code.

Sam walked out the rear door of the workshop and wandered across the playground in front of the main school building. Boys and girls were playing their usual games, making a huge volume of noise and just being kids, He went to the Administration office and had a chat with Marjorie.

"I need to get a feel on some of the kids on the girls' camping trip. Is there anything I need to be aware of Marjorie? I wonder if I could have a browse through some of the files?"

"Certainly Sam, who did you have in mind? I can get them out as you need them. I may even be able to answer some 'off the record' points as well."

Sam asked for Lizzie and Hannah's files as well as Verity's and her two side kick's. Their names were Vera and Vicky. "Ah, the Three V's, all the trouble makers eh? Yes well, Lizzie. Hmm, I am amazed she's still in the school. Bad family, bad record, bad news all round. I bet she'll not make it to the senior school."

"You're on Marj," said Sam with a grin, "I bet you the price of a beer she will be top of her class this time next year, with a clean record. And," he went on, "for the price of another beer, Hannah will be right up there with her."

"You're on Sam," she replied "that will be the easiest drink I ever won, unless you know something I don't." They both laughed.

"Hannah," said Marjorie, "now there is a sad case. A lovely girl, or could have been, bright, intelligent, pretty, but bad family. She doesn't stand a chance. She has a terribly nervous disposition and has been diagnosed with a deteriorating eating disorder, Anorexia Nervosa. The doctors say something is driving her down, and unless she can pull herself up again, she could be in big trouble. Her weight is two thirds what it should be. She is under fifty pounds and falling. What she needs is something to focus her life onto. How you think you can make something of her, I can't imagine."

"Verity! Another bad one. If you ask me," she went on, "she needs a damn good smacking."

"Just what I was thinking", thought Sam.

"Kicked out of her last school. The rumours were that she not only bullied kids there, as she does here, but tried to supply drugs. Can you believe it at that age? She narrowly escaped youth custody, because her father has close ties with the Mayor."

“She has been spoilt rotten by her divorced parents, who each try to bribe her for attention, with the result you have a really unpleasant child. Can you do something with her this weekend Sam?”

“I’ll try,” he grimaced, “I’ll try. And the other two, Vera and Vicky?”

“Oh, simple girls, easily led. Get them away from Verity, and you would have two normal kids really, just needing a crash diet. No way that’s puppy fat, as their mothers try to insist. Anyone else?”

“Yes a couple more. Sally, the eleven year old, seems to be a loner and finally Little Amy, she’s seven. I know she’s not on the trip, but our paths cross from time to time, and it would be good to have a handle on her condition.”

Well,” said Marjorie, “casting an eye over the file, Sally Williams is another sad case of what might have been. Intelligent; I.Q. thought to be over 140. The music teacher says she is brilliant in her class, and could go far if given the chance. Divorced parents again, her mother, Wendy Williams, doesn’t get the alimony money, despite a court order, so works all hours as an assistant chef in a restaurant. Sally feels guilt about it and instead of forging a life for herself as her mother would probably wish, acts like a church mouse and wouldn’t say boo to a goose. Given the right guidance and inspiration, she could do really well at school and go on to college. But, and it is a big but, she has self harmed herself three times now quite badly. She was on suicide watch for a while. Bullying seems to have been at the root of the problem. She seems to be an easy target.” Marjorie switched files.

“Amy Cartwright. She has A.D.H.D. as I recall, yes,” she said glancing at some medical notes, “can’t remember anything at all that she does or says. Very affectionate, just wants love all the time. A lovely nature. Always smiling. Perhaps with your P.T.S.D. you’ll have something in common. She’ll take a shine to you, Sam I’m certain. She shouldn’t really be here in a mainstream school, but with budget cuts and the current ‘Care in the community’ policy, well, she’s here.”

“Looking down this list, Sam,” continued Marjorie, “there is one more girl that perhaps I should give you a heads up on. Her name is Shirley Webber.” Sam nodded, he knew of the girl, but their paths hadn’t crossed.

“She’s an arrogant girl, needs bringing down a peg or two. Spoilt, comes of having two rich parents without time to raise her. Her father, she gets her arrogance from him, is the Mayor, a friend of Mr. Morgan. Anyway, keep an eye on her. She could become a bit like Verity if given half a chance.”

“How’s life with you Sam? You up for the horrors of taking seventy girls up into the woods this weekend?”

“Won’t be the first time I’ve stuck my neck out,” he chuckled, “and I’m sure it won’t be the last. Anything I need to be aware of with the other staff? The two teachers in charge of the twenty senior school girls, Joyce and Margaret, I haven’t had much to do with them. They will be going up into the higher valley, so after we get there, they’ll head off, and we won’t see them again until Monday when we come home. That will leave Miss. P., Sue Evans, Halley Watson and me.”

“Well,” said Marjorie, “that’s a good crew, and certainly enough for the fifty girls in your group. Miss. P. is fairly new to the school, and seems to be settling into her role very well. The youngsters in particular have taken to her I notice. You two will have a lot in common.” More than you know, thought Sam. “Sue and Halley have done a couple of these trips with you before, haven’t they?”

“Yes, they are experienced outdoorsmen, and know about canoeing, orienteering, sailing, trekking and so on. All four of us are qualified in first aid. I am getting to know Miss. P a little better. We are going on a date tomorrow.”

“Oh,” said Marjorie, her interest immediately piqued, “I thought with your, you know, problem, you can’t, wouldn’t err you know.”

“I understand what you’re thinking Marjorie, and in a way I agree, but I like company, and going out to places, and, well one day I’d like kids of my own. I like Sylvia and we seem to get along so I thought I’d give it a shot.”

“Well I’m pleased for you,” she smiled, placing a warm hand on his forearm, “good luck to you both.”

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CHAPTER 5
Tuesday afternoon – Amy calls

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Sylvia came and sat with Sam at lunch. They were chatting and smiling with each other and the other teachers on their table. They dropped a couple of hints that they were having a date. Sam knew, though, that the seeds sown with Marjorie would germinate quickly.

After lunch, Sam caught her on her own, and mentioned the meeting he'd had with Marjorie and the basics of what he'd found out.

"I think that Sally might be a nice girl for you and I to get to know a little better, if any girl can be groomed quickly, it should be her," he suggested, "what do you think."

"You're dead right, Sam, Let's both work on her shall we? Oh, I will bring Amy round to you at three, for you to use her; I'll bring her to the rear door. Better that, than her wondering around the school on her own. She'll be in her gym leotard."

Sam went back and made some arrangements for the detention later that day. He removed his boxers and slipped into a pair of light sweatpants. He was just finishing, when a tap on the rear door announced Amy's arrival. Sylvia handed her in, and gave the girl a kiss, and told her to do everything Uncle Sam asked her and to be a good girl.

Sam took the little girl's hand and they climbed the stairs to Sam's tiny apartment. Amy had on a green shiny lycra one piece leotard, without leggings. It was obvious at a glance that she wasn't wearing any underwear. It was as if her pussy had been painted green so clearly defined were her features. She had absolutely no curves or bumps at all, other than her mound, which seemed to stand out like a hill on a plain. Her waist was parallel sided, no flare at the hips, her legs pencil thin, like all girls her age. She had dark curly hair, a rounded face, button nose and small mouth.

"Well Amy, I am so pleased to see you. Would you like to play some games this afternoon?" The girl gave a nod and a broad toothy grin. "What would you like to play Amy? I know, would you like to play cuddles? That's a nice game isn't it?"

The tiny preteen nodded her head vigorously again and looked around the room. Sam sat down in an arm chair and gestured for the girl to climb into his lap. She climbed up and facing him, straddled his legs, putting her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss right on his lips. Sam's hands naturally cradled her bottom, the globes of which barely filled his palms. He easily slipped his fingers into her thin leotard's leg holes. Her skin was silky smooth to his touch. Her mind might be a little mixed up, but there was absolutely nothing at all wrong with her little body. She felt utterly divine to his lustful mind. The next two or three minutes, Amy hugged him as though she thought he might escape from her, while Sam quietly enjoyed himself, molesting her, exploring her, running his finger tips up and down her bum crack. She showed absolutely no objection as he caressed and probed her rosebud. She leaned back, still holding him around his neck, her tummy pressing into Sam's chest, then suddenly darted forward and kissed him again.

After some time. Sam suggested they change position, and turned her so she was now leaning with her back to him, her feet either side of his knees. Sam again slipped his fingers through the leg holes of her leotard. He could hear the crackling of the tired elastic as it gave way under the tension, as he pushed his hands through, so he could cup her proud, hairless, firm, but pliant mound.

In this position, with her knees spread outwards, her slit was parted, so his fingertips naturally dropped into her crevice, exploring her delights. The nub of her clitoris, firm to his touch, twitched slightly, as he played with it for a second, before moving further down between her tiny vulva lips, finding the dip indicating the entrance to her virginal, vaginal tunnel. Amy put her hands on top of his, again pressed hard, trying to increase his close contact.

“Do you like me doing this, Amy?” he asked, “It feels really nice to me.”

“Uh Ha,” she replied, “I don’t mind, it feels kinda nice.”

“Shall I move my fingers up and down, like this Amy?” he pressed his fingers into her cleft, and started to feel deeper. There was the slight rise of her clitoral hood. He wanted her to enjoy this. She would be more cooperative that way.

After a minute or two, Amy said “That feels kinda nice, Unca Sam.” She put her hand on top of his, and added to the downward pressure. She lifted up her feet, and swung them up and outwards, over the arms of the chair. The girl didn’t understand what he was doing to her, but her body certainly did, and was telling her what to do.

“Is that nice now, Amy,” he asked, “would you like me to make it even better?”

The kid looked up over her shoulder and with another toothy grin nodded.

“Let’s take your leotard off shall we,” he said, moving his hands to the top of the garment, and slipped the sleeves off her shoulders, knowing she wouldn’t have a clue what he meant said: “I’ll probably cum all over you, we don’t want it to get spoilt, do we?”

“No, Unca Sam, we don’t.” she lifted her bottom up, as his hands swept the green cloth down her tummy and legs, dropping it onto the floor.

Amy took up her previous position, with her legs back over the chair arms. Sam resumed his masturbation of the little girl, allowing his fingers to reach deeper into her crevice. Not wanting her to get too sore, Sam adjusted his position, and placed his hands, palm up, under her upper thighs, so his fingers were able to fondle the wonders of her tiny vulva from beneath. He looked ahead at the large floor standing mirror he had placed to enable him to see exactly what was happening. As he massaged her labia lips outwards, he could see the dark shadow of her vagina appear and disappear.

“Shall I take off my sweatpants, Amy,” Sam asked, “I’m getting really warm playing this game with you?” The girl giggled and nodded.

It was the work of ten seconds for Sam to strip off. He paused, cuddling the little girl across her belly once more to reassure her. After a few moments, he lifted her up with his palms under her thighs, and raised her so her bottom lifted over the end of his raging erection, and lowered her back down, so his cock stood up in front of her between her thighs, the tip pressed to her tummy button. Her cleft gripped his shaft along it’s entire length, like the proverbial hot dog bun.

Sam slid further down into the seat, so he was almost lying down. He lifted her slightly up his tummy, so now the tip of his cock was just pressing into the top of her cleft. Pre-cum was running down her slit already. Sam used the fingers of one hand to hold and masturbate her with his cock, and the fingers of the other to spread his slimy viscous pre-cum all the way from her bottom to the top of her cleft. He was now able to rub her without fear of making her too sore. He detected a small movement. He hadn’t even thought it possible a seven year old might be able to enjoy sexual arousal, but maybe she did. He would enjoy this more if she did.

“How does this feel, Amy,” Sam asked, “Do you like it?”

“It feels kinda funny, Unca Sam,” she replied, “I think it’s kinda nice, I guess.”

Sam continued, grabbed his cock again, and pressed the tip to her clitty, lodged between the wings of her labia and the hood of her clitoris. He then took her hand and asked her to press him into her with her fingers. She managed to work into a rhythm of masturbating herself using his cock.

Sam lifted her slightly with his knees. He put his hand right under her, so he could curl his fingers up just beneath his cock. He could now feel the entrance to her tiny vagina, coated and filled with a continual stream of pre-cum. He very carefully and gently pressed his middle finger to her entrance, and felt the resistance as her cunt lips reluctantly parted, and the tight ring of her entry, initially resistant to his intrusion,

relax as it slowly, slowly dilated over several minutes. Suddenly, he felt his finger pop in, as the muscles at her entry finally relaxed and gave way to his digital intrusion. His finger, coated as it was with so much pre-cum, slid into the little seven year old. He realised she had no hymen, for he encountered no further resistance.

He didn't press hard, but waited for her movements to slowly allow his finger to penetrate deeper into her. His second knuckle went in, and just as he thought his finger would be entirely engulfed by the seven year old's cunt, he felt the rubbery wall of her cervix pressing back against his finger tip. He gently massaged it to enjoy feeling far inside the depths of this seven year old, and bring her arousal ever higher.

Meanwhile, Amy was getting really into the rhythm of rubbing his cock head against her clitty. As she did so, her mound bulged out at the sides in a most erotic way. Sam felt the familiar clenching of her thighs, as she started to try to move her body against him more firmly. He realised she was going to cum. Everything then happened in a rush. The girl gave a loud squeak, started to breath in short pants, which turned to piggy snorts. She started to moan louder and her rubbing of his cock into her clitty became quite vigorous, as her climax reached a crescendo and overwhelmed her. Sam erupted. A great spout of semen ejaculated up into the air, landing on her belly, and again and again it pulsed, landing all over the little girl's tummy, chest and one strong pulse even reached as far as her face. The pool of cum on her belly, ran down back towards her groin, she was coated from her neck, over her tiny nipples, chest and tummy, to her thighs in the glutinous creamy fluid of his sperm filled semen. When it was over, calm descended. Sam lay catching his breath for a minute or two.

"Well Amy, that was nice wasn't it? Did you like that? Would you like to come back and see Unca Sam and do that again darling?"

The little girl giggled again and nodded. "Yes Unca Sam, I got gooey all over me." She dipped her finger into a pool of cum in her tummy button, and as she once again looked up at him over her shoulder, she smiled at him and sucked her finger.

Sam looked at his wall clock. Fifteen minutes to go. He quickly stood, still holding the little naked preteen girl in his arms, and walked over to his shower, ran the water till it was warm, and stepped in. He washed them both down, switched the water off, wrapped her in a large fluffy towel, placed her back on the armchair for a minute, dried himself and pulled on his track suit. He then rubbed the girl down making sure he dried all the 'interesting' bits carefully

Before he dressed her, seeing he still had a few minutes, he wanted to get some really close up photos of her. He asked her if she would show him some of her gym positions.

"Lie on the floor on your back, Amy, yes, that's right. Now see how far you can spread your legs outwards. That's a good girl, well done, can you go further?" The girl's legs were stretched out so far, Sam suggested she put her hands on her knees, and pull, to see how far she could bring her legs up towards her sides. Sam was amazed how bendy she was. Her rectum, perineum, vagina, vulva lips and clitoris were all spread out and open for his gaze and the camera lens. Her vagina was especially wide open. Perhaps from his intrusion there a few minutes ago or just her present position, but he could see into her at least an inch or two. Sam got close up to her, and from just a couple of inches away, camera set to 'macro' he got some excellent 'inside' shots of the little preteen. Her coral pink vagina glistening from her arousal, still flowing out of her.

Time was short so Sam slipped the green leotard back on. He noticed with a smile where the tired elastic had stretched too far, her leg holes flapped open slightly. He was hoping that he would get a return visit from this beautiful, compliant, but mentally challenged seven year old. Her brain might be a little mixed up, but her lovely body was perfection. He even wondered if it would be possible to actually get his cock in and fuck someone this small. Although his cock was long enough, it wasn't as thick as many men, which Sam considered an advantage for his future plans. It might be worth a try. He'd ask Sylvia.

Sam had just brought her downstairs, when the rear door opened, and in came Sylvia. "How'd it go, Sam?" she asked, looking at the youngster, "Did you have a lovely time Amy with Uncle Sam?"

"Yeth Mith P.," lisped the girl, "I had a lovely time, can I come again?"

“Of course darling, you can cum any time you like.” Sylvia chuckled, giving Sam a sideways glance.

Sam showed her the viewing screen of the camera with a vagina entrance filling the whole picture. “You can browse through these later if you like,” he said, “I also got the main event videoed. We can watch it together if you bring the popcorn!”. Sylvia laughed. She had another class to run in a few minutes, and needed to get Amy changed, so stepped out the door again and whisked her away.

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CHAPTER 6
Tuesday afternoon – Saving Sally

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The passage outside his back workshop door was a dark covered way between two double storey buildings, about ten feet wide. His workshop one side, the kitchens the other. His apartment was over the workshop, and above the kitchens were some old disused rooms.

It was a blind alley, and near the end, the school industrial sized wheeled disposal dumpster bins were kept. Behind the bins, was a hidden area, where senior school pupils had frequently been caught smoking, or making out, in the past, so Sam tended to keep an eye out. The last thing he needed was a bin fire just outside his workshop.

So it was no surprise, when a few minutes later, Sam heard voices. They were agitated, and raised. He moved over to the far workshop window adjacent to the noise he had heard, where he was hidden by a curtain. He quickly realised who was there. It was the three ‘Vs’ and Sally Williams.

“Right,” said the unmistakable voice of Verity, “You reported us this morning didn’t you? I think we’ve got some unfinished business. You told on us to Miss. P..”

“No I didn’t,” stammered the unfortunate Sally, “I haven’t spoken to Miss. P. all day,”

“Well someone did,” she sneered, “how else did she know about our chat in the shower room, eh? So now you’re in for it. Grab her.”

Vicky and Vera held Sally’s arms, while Verity leant down and pulled her slip on shoes off, her socks had come off at the same time. She ripped down the kid’s red and black tartan pleated kilt school regulation skirt, ripped her blouse open, popping the buttons and in a few seconds, the unfortunate victim was standing naked except for her panties. Verity stepped forward with an evil leer, grabbed the white cotton, and pulled it down. In another moment, the pile of clothes had been scooped up and thrown into one of the bins, the one with wet, smelly kitchen waste in it. At that moment, Sam was at the door, and stepped out, having caught the three bullies red handed.

“What in god’s name is going on here?” he demanded. Sam already knew exactly what had happened. “Right, Sally,” he instructed, waving his hand towards the poor victim, “you go into the workshop, up the stairs, and in the bathroom, find a towelling wrap. I will come up and see you in a few minutes, OK? Quickly now.” The little naked girl scampered away. “Vera and Vicky, you step into the workshop. Don’t touch anything, wait until I come in. Now!” They ran off as he’d instructed.

He turned to Verity. “Well Missy, what do you have to say for yourself?” he demanded of the defiant girl. “This time I have caught you right in the act of bullying Sally. Well?”

“So what are you going to do?” she sneered again, “you’re not a proper teacher, you can’t tell me what to do.”

“I can stop you coming on my trip this weekend,” he countered, immediately regretting his weak response.

“No you can’t my father’s on the board of the school, he’ll tell you what to do.”

Sam realised this argument was going to take some time to sort out and he just didn't have the time or the inclination, so he sent her to the Principal's office. He went back into the workshop, where Vera and Vicky were nervously waiting. He phoned the office and gave Marjorie a summary of what had occurred, and that Verity was on her way, leaving out the details of stripping Sally naked, and said he would deal with the other two himself.

"Well you two, that was an absolute disgrace," shouted Sam, "I understand from Verity it was an idea entirely cooked up by you two," he lied. "She tells me you're behind all this bullying that's being going on recently. Is that right?" There was silence, two contrite, but offended, faces.

"Mr. Sam," answered Vera after a pause, "we just did what she told us. Verity is the boss, she tells us what to do. If we don't, she just hits us."

"Do you two want to come to camp this weekend?" demanded Sam, "If you do, you're going to have to change and do so before Friday. Do I make myself absolutely clear?"

"Yes Sam," they said in unison, "we'll try and be good from now on."

"Well I am going to punish you," said Sam, an idea had just come to him. An idea that would grow and change his life, "but it's up to you to show me that you can make it work, understand?"

"Yes Sam," they agreed together.

"Well this is what we're going to do. First, you're going to get Sally's clothes out of the dumpster. Next you're going to wash them for her and sew on any missing buttons back onto the blouse. But, before that, you will make it up with her. I think you should share a tent with her for the camp, and you will be her friends, and I mean friends. If I hear one word out of place, you will be sent home from camp. Your job will be looking after her. You will also not speak to Verity from now until camp. Not one word, understand?" Both nodded. "If you show me you can reform, are kind to Sally, I might have a proposal for you, which I think you will find very interesting. It is about a new club I'm forming. But, before that, you're going to apologise to Sally right now. Is there anything wrong with what I have asked?"

Neither objected. "No Sam, We're sorry. But the problem is Verity. Can you keep her away from us, we don't really like her, but she bosses us around?"

"I'll make sure she knows her place," replied Sam "don't you worry, if you mean it, and work with me, between us we'll have a happier school, and one less bully."

Sam led them upstairs. There they found a frightened looking Sally, who recoiled slightly at seeing the two overweight girls, who had so recently tormented her, enter with Sam.

"Sally, Vera and Vicky have something to say to you," said Sam, "don't you girls?"

Looking a little contrite, they stepped forward and even Sam thought their apology was genuine and well meant.

"Sorry Sally," said Vera "I promise it won't happen again. It was Verity, she made us do it. We'd like you to be our friend. We don't want to be friends with Verity anymore. So if you join us, we'll go around together if you like."

"Yes," said Vicky, "I'm really sorry too. I will get your clothes all cleaned up for tomorrow. I promise we mean it. If you like, you could share our tent on the camp. We could make up a new gang, what do you think? Mr. Sam is calling it a club."

Sam took the two back downstairs and told them that if they meant what they said, he would make sure they really enjoyed the camp. He told Vera to go and ask Miss. P., when she had a moment, to come up with a change of clothes for Sally, while Vicky gets the dirty ones out of the bin. He found a long stick with a hook he used for window opening, and handed it to Vicky to fish the soiled clothes out of the bin. He went back upstairs.

Sally was still sitting huddled in a chair. She was wearing Sam's short towelling robe, which came down to her knees. Her feet were tucked against her bottom, and she hugged her shins, looking over the top of her folded knees with two round sorrowful eyes. Sam made some tea and placed a mug on the small table beside her, and sat across from her.

"I'm really sorry what happened out there, Sally," said Sam with a sympathetic tone, "I think and hope I have broken up that trio of bullies, and I am sure you won't be bothered by them again OK?"

Sally nodded silently. She looked as though she were going to burst into tears any moment.

"As you just heard, I am thinking of forming a little group of friends here," he said, looking at her in the eye steadily, "I'm going to call it 'The Choices Club', I was thinking perhaps you might be interested in joining it. The idea is that members will stand by each other as true friends should. We will do various activities out of school time, evenings and weekends. In the vacations, we will perhaps go on trips, maybe get into the woods and hills and do camping and stuff. Would you be interested in that? I will only be asking a small number of girls to join the group. It won't be open to everyone. Just a select few. But those few will be friends for life, and I mean life."

Sally reached over for her tea. As she lifted her elbow, the robe slid down her thigh several inches. She looked at him, and gave him a slight smile. She took a small sip of tea. As she replaced the cup on the table, she sat back further into the chair, relaxing a little. Sam noticed her knees were an inch or two apart now, and knowing she wasn't wearing any panties, he had an enticing view between her thighs, but not quite as far as he would have liked.

"The idea I have, Sally," he went on, "is that members of the club will go off together and do lots of exciting things, but while at school, will look out for each other. You know, a bit like the three musketeers, one for all and all for one. You'll never be bullied again. That, I promise."

Her face brightened up. She reached for her cup again, and took another sip. Sam noticed this time, her knees had fallen several inches apart, and he was rewarded with a direct view of her pudenda. He could quite easily see her gorgeous pussy and her oval shaped mound with just a dusting of a few silvery blond hairs, split with a stunning cleft, her clitty just poking through. Lower a slightly darker shadow betrayed the entrance to her vagina. She saw his glance, and closed her knees together, blushing slightly.

"Would there be any cost for going on the trips, Sam," she asked with a worried look, "it's just that we don't have any money, and I try to help my mum by not asking her to spend money on stuff?"

"Don't worry Sally," he answered, "as I said it's all for one and one for all. If you join my club, you're in for life, and we look after each other. Do you understand? If one person wants help, the others provide it. If you want to go on the trip and have no money, you can go. If someone else wants your help in any way, you give it. We will do anything for each other, understand? Anything. And as I said, you'll never be bullied again." His eyes flickered momentarily down her body, a glance not missed by this intelligent child. "This club, Sally is going to be closer than any family."

"Well in that case, Sam, I'd love to join your club, who else are members?" She leaned forward. More interested in this than she had been interested in anything for some time. Maybe this was what she'd been looking for. She'd been at the point of despair. The humiliation downstairs, the final straw. Life no longer worth living. But in her head, a little voice had told her she wasn't alone anymore. She should listen to Sam. She moved her elbows onto her knees, her palms now cupping her chin. As she leaned forward, her elbows pushed her knees apart until they pressed up against the chair arms. Sam again had a spectacular view between the child's thighs, from her rectum to her belly button. He could see her light scattering of fine silver hair on her mound was still all straight. It hadn't started to curl yet. This time, as she saw his glance, she didn't blush. It felt to her that his gaze was softly and warmly caressing her. She just smiled at him. She didn't mind, he'd been kind to her. Let him look if he wanted to.

Sam kept his gaze moving from her face to her genitalia, and with a smile on his face said, "Like I said, Sally, we look after each other. You look after me, and I'll look after you. You've had a nasty experience outside just now. Would you like a little cuddle?" She looked at him, uncertainty on her face, but certainty in her mind. She knew by instinct exactly what this was eventually leading to. Although she wasn't ready for that, yet, she didn't want to discourage him, and besides, she needed a cuddle. "As I said, Sally, It's The

Choices Club, and we make choices to be in it, but you'll never ever want for a friend again, that I promise you."

She stood up and walked over to Sam, and sat across his lap. She was uncertain what to do. Sam put his arms around her waist, and cuddled her into him she leaned her head over and rested it against his shoulder, her hands pressed to his chest, as if ready to push him away. He rocked her back and forth a couple of times. It was as if she made a choice, for she suddenly put her arms around his neck and cuddled him to her, as if her life depended on it, like the emotional dam within her had broken. Sam realised this little preteen was his for the taking, but mustn't be rushed. She was a nervous, damaged soul and to rush things now, would spoil the chance she had for recovery and he had for molesting her.

So they were still in this position when Miss. P., unheard came up the stairs, and putting her head around the door said, "Hello you two how are you doing?" Sally shot up as if she had been given an electric shock in her bum.

"It's OK, Sally, sit down again, Miss. P. is going to be a member of our club," he gave Sylvia a meaningful look, as Sally once again settled down, looking a little uncertain, "she will always look after you I promise, won't you Miss. P., and if ever you need to ask someone anything, and I mean anything at all, you can ask her, like you might your mum, OK?" She nodded, as he warmly cuddled her again. "Will you come and see me tomorrow morning in your break, I want to know you're OK?"

Sally smiled. She hadn't felt this hopeful for years. Now she had two adult friends and two kids who had been horrible to her and now said they would also be her friends, and a camp this weekend she now looked forward to rather than dreaded. But that voice was in her head again, telling her to trust Sam and Miss. P. She stood up again, took the clothes from Miss. P., pulled on the panties she had brought, dropped the robe onto the floor, not seeming to mind them looking at her budding body, and got dressed quickly. She came over to Sam, who was now standing and placing her arms around his chest, reached up on tip toes and gave him a big kiss on his lips. She hugged Miss. P. and in a moment, she was gone, the voice in her head telling her everything was going to be OK from now on.

"Well, said Sylvia, "you seem to have made a conquest there. Anything you want to tell me? What's this about a club, by the way?"

Sam explained what had happened in the yard, and how he'd handled it. He went on to say he thought Vera and Vicky could be turned around and sorted out. They could be nice people if kept away from Verity. I am going to see them tomorrow and see if I can straighten them out. Sam explained about The Choices Club idea he'd had. The whole concept was growing continually in his mind.

"I'm still thinking it through," he continued, "but imagine if we have a group of girls, who are bound together in a fellowship, whereby they are honour bound to look out for each other. The older ones help the younger ones with homework, that sort of thing. I think we can not only give them an exciting life, we can help these kids get top grades at school, go on to college. They will also get together with us at weekends and school vacations. We go to places, do activities and have fun together. It would be like this weekend's camp all the time. But the key thing is they will do anything for each other. That is the code. All for one and one for all, as the Musketeers said."

"So I assume from what you're saying," she looked at him with a keen face, "if we are members, they'll do anything for us too?"

He nodded, "That's the whole point in setting this up. They get a far better life than they've previously had, we get to fuck every last one of them when ever we want. Which reminds me, you mentioned you have a couple of nine year olds that you have been grooming. How are they coming along?"

"Yes, if we can form The Club, I think they would be ideal," she replied. "They're both very good gymnasts. They will need a sponsor, if they progress further. Maybe The Club could do that. Imagine the bendy positions they could get into for you."

"That sounds perfect," said Sam, "then as time goes by, and if we handle it right, get the older girls to explain what is expected of the younger ones as they join."

“You’re so full of great ideas Sam. Who were you thinking of inviting into The Club? So there’s you and me and Sally, and my two, who are called Sandy and Mandy, by the way, and…?”

“Well, Vera and Vicky come to mind, he answered, “they are nicer people than you think, beneath the surface. Get twenty pounds off each of them, and they’d look good too. The others might be a surprise to you as well. I was thinking about Hannah and Lizzie.”

“My god, you like a hard life, don’t you. Are you sure? They are due here in twenty minutes by the way, for their detention. How are we going to handle it?”

Sam explained what he wanted Sylvia to do, and how they would handle the various possible scenarios which might occur. “I’m rather looking forward to this,” she said.

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CHAPTER 7
Tuesday late afternoon – 2nd Detention

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There was a quiet knock on the rear door of Sam’s workshop. The door creaked open, and the two culprits entered. Lizzie was looking happier than she’d been the previous afternoon, although obviously nervous, while Hannah looked terrified. They looked over at Miss. P. and although they were partly mollified at her presence, they were puzzled too.

“Come over here and sit down,” said Sam sternly, as he went around the windows, dropping the blinds down and clicking the door lock shut, “we need to decide what your choices will be today, don’t we?” They nodded. “Good, now Hannah, as Lizzie had part of her punishment yesterday, and you haven’t been punished at all yet, I think we will have to start with you. Is that fair?” The girl nodded silently, visibly shaking.

“Now as I recall, I gave you a number of choices this morning, for you to decide what your punishment should be, didn’t I?” Another nod. “Hm, let me remind you. You can choose to let me hand you over to the police, they would be pleased to solve that crime. You can choose to be whipped with my belt,” he pointed out the thick strap, laying on one of the tables in the room, “or you can opt to be spanked with the flat of the hand. What is it to be?”

“Didn’t you say I could have some other options,” the girl asked in a squeaky voice, “like have more smacks, but softer?”

“Yes I did, Hannah,” Sam retorted “did you want to go for that instead?” She nodded. “OK Hannah, that’s fine, rather than me give you your punishment, Miss. P. will do it, that way it will be softer, won’t it? Now if you remember, you have to ask for your punishment in a particular way, don’t you?”

Hannah thought for a moment, composing the words in her mind.

“OK,” she said in a tremulous voice, remembering the words Sam had given her, “Sam what I would really like is for me to be spanked, on my bare bottom. I understand that as it won’t be so hard, there will be thirty smacks instead of twenty but with a wet hand, so although it will sting more, I won’t be so badly bruised.”

“That’s a good choice, Hannah, don’t you think so Lizzie?” Sam was anxious there wouldn’t be jealousy between them if their punishments varied.

“Yes, Sam,” Lizzie nodded, “that seems fair, she gets more but softer ones.” At this time, Lizzie couldn’t have cared less. She was looking forward with anticipation to what she knew was to follow. She was feeling very aroused already. Not only at what she knew Sam was going to do to her, but she realised with a little puzzlement at her own thoughts, she also wanted to watch Hannah being spanked. It excited her for some reason she didn’t understand.

“OK Hannah,” said Sam, turning back to the girl, “did Lizzie explain how you have to be positioned for this?” She nodded. “Good, did she also explain that if you stop the punishment, and resume it, we go onto another

stage, but you can pause it for a minute, at any time, if you wish, OK?" another nod, "good come over here then," he moved to the end of the table, "we'll make this as easy as we can. As you have asked us to smack you on the bare bottom, could you get undressed please. While you're doing that, I will get Miss. P. some water."

The unfortunate girl started to undo the buttons on her blouse. He hadn't expected that, but wasn't objecting. Sam found a small bucket, and half filled it with tepid water, and placed it by the end of the table. Hannah slowly undid the buckle at the side of her waist, and tossed the black and red tartan skirt onto a chair. She kicked off her shoes and pulled her white ankle socks off, tossing them on top of the skirt. She hesitated, looked around with a red face at the two adults, her thumbs tucked into the elastic waist of her yellow and blue striped panties, before finally shrugging and seeming to make a choice, and pushed them down and off her legs. What was immediately obvious to Sam was just how thin this girl was. He could see her hip bones and ribs pushing against her skin.

Sam asked her to place her knees up to the table legs. To do this, she had to spread her feet quite far apart, which she did quickly, he supposed having been coached by Lizzie. It was the work of a few seconds, he tied her just below the knee, moved to the other side, and repeated it with her other leg. She offered her wrists. Using the cord, Sam quickly tied bowlines to them both. He indicated she stretch along the table top, and tied off the cords to the legs at the far end of the table.

"Before we start," he asked her kindly, "are any of the bindings cutting into you? Do we need to change anything? I will just check everything looks right."

Sam moved around the girl, he knelt down behind her, and looked at her spread legs, exposing her bottom, which looked bony and without any flesh to speak of. Her hip bones stuck out, against the table edge. He hadn't previously been aware just how thin this anorexic girl was. Her pussy glinted in the electric light. There was definitely some moisture of what looked to him like arousal, Could it be? Without any meat on her bum, her spread bottom just looked like a flat stretch of skin, with her rectum and vagina open to his view in the centre. She had a modest mound, but then again, without an ounce of spare flesh on her, he wasn't surprised.

"Are you ready Hannah? He asked, not unkindly. She nodded, her head turned away from him. "We'll let you know before we start OK?"

Sam gestured for Sylvia to come over. She was obviously really looking forward to this, her face shone with anticipation, as she stepped forward. She leaned down, and immersed her hand into the luke warm water. "OK Hannah," Miss. P. said, "I will wait twenty seconds in between smacks, but if you want it to be longer, just say, OK?" A little nod. "Alright, here we go."

Sylvia's hand swung down, and connected with the ten year old girl's bottom with a sharp smack sound. The girl whimpered. Sylvia looked up at Sam with concern on her face, she was looking at her palm. She dipped her hand in the water again, and when the time elapsed, down it came hard again onto the girls cheeks.

Sylvia stepped over to Sam, and said quietly, "Sam, all I can feel when I smack her is bone. This isn't good, can we change her position?"

Sam came over to Hannah, ran his fingers over her lovely, but lean, bottom, then, kneeling beside her head, asked her if she would prefer to be smacked on her thighs instead of her bottom. Hannah would agree to anything to delay the pain she was experiencing, which was, to her, worse than anything she'd ever had.

Sam cut all the cords, and asked her to stand for a minute. Sam explained he wouldn't use cords now, but asked Lizzie to come to the table to help, with him one side and her the other.

"Hannah, could you sit on the edge of the table end please?" he asked, "Now lie down and bring your knees up and hug them for a moment. Good. Now, Lizzie, can you hold her calf on your side, I'll hold this one, and gently bring them down either side of her chest. Hannah, put your elbows on the back of your knees, and push them down to the table."

Hannah was now lying on her back, bent double with one leg either side of her body, exposing the back of her thighs, spread wide apart, to Sylvia's punishment. The girl's pussy filled the gap between her legs, the rosebud of her rectum open to view as was her clitoris, vagina and cleft.

"Here we go Hannah," Miss. P. said, and swung her hand sharply down on the back of Hannah's thighs, contacting her pussy in between. The poor girl cried out.

Sam suggested she should be smacked instead on her thighs only, alternately. Sylvia dipped her hand in the water, and started smacking her on either thigh, smack, smack, then paused twenty seconds, then repeated.

Hannah by now was beside herself. She had never been able to stand pain, and this was worse than anything she had ever felt in her life. She couldn't take it any more. "Stop, please stop, I can't go on. How many did we get up to?"

"Eight," said Miss. P. "if you stop now, it will be counted as 'not punished'. We will allow you to choose another punishment, though if that's what you would like." Hannah lay for a moment, then asked to sit up.

"So my choices are now what, I'm getting confused and my bottom stings so much I can't think."

"Would you like a quick spray of cooling ærosol to help," asked Sam. "If so, just roll on your front it just takes a second." He reached up to the shelf for the spray, as she repositioned and as her face came down to the table, so the spray covered her thighs in a cooling embrace, making her sigh.

"Well your choices are now, a call to the police, continue with your spanking, but we would have to take it a stage further because you stopped the punishment, or the other choice we discussed this morning."

"Hannah looked at him like a trapped mouse, "What do you mean taking the smacking further?"

"Oh," he replied," it would have to be much harder, so I would have to do it."

"Well, I haven't any choice then, do I."

Sam held up his hand, "You always have a choice Hannah, sometimes our choices are hard and sometimes easy, but this is your choice, no one else can choose for you. And besides, you also have the other choice I gave you this morning. Do you want to think about it for a minute?" She nodded.

"OK, I tell you what, we'll move on to Lizzie, shall we?" he smiled at the other girl. "As I recall, Lizzie, your choices for today are complete the twenty smacks, or have the ærosol and balm applied to cool you off. What is it to be?

"Oh I know what I want, what I really, really want you to do is lay me on your table take my skirt and panties off and massage some cooling balm on my bottom and make some of the pain go away."

Sam smiled at the way she remembered and repeated the words from yesterday.

"OK Lizzie, come here then," he waved her forward, "let's get you stripped off." He kneeled beside the girl, and flipped off her shoes, but left her white socks on. Next, he unbuttoned her white blouse, eventually peeling the garment down her arms and passing it back to Sylvia. He unbuckled the clasp at the side of her black and red tartan uniform skirt, dropping it to the floor, and was dumb struck by what he saw. She was wearing a sheer pair of black lace thong panties. They might have been found in adult sizes in Victoria's Secret, but where did she get a pair in her size? Sam looked up at her face, she blushed slightly and smiled. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Do you like them?" He grinned at her before running his finger tips up the outside of her thighs, over what little of the panties there was, and grasping the waist band, slowly lowered them to her feet, where she deftly stepped out of them. Sam picked them up, and couldn't resist a quick sniff of them, before handing them to Sylvia, who had gone strangely quiet.

Sam slid a second table up to the first, and indicated for Lizzie to lie face down on the surface, so she was fully supported. Her red weals had now merged into a series of black and blue lines. Hannah gasped, seeing

her friend's bruises for the first time and brought her hand up to her mouth in shock, the brutal evidence of what lay before her clear to see.

He used the ærosol quickly, and heard Lizzie gasp as the super cool mist made contact. Now he reached over, and taking the creamy balm, took a dollop onto his fingers, and spreading it across the fingers of both hands, very gently, so as not to hurt her bruises more than necessary, spread and massaged the cream into her. He could feel her muscles move slightly, as they tensed and relaxed repeatedly. When her bottom cheeks were covered, he moved to her thighs, and spread the oily film over them, working slowly towards the centre, massaging continually.

Using his thumbs just below the crease of her bottom, but on her inner thighs, he started a circular motion, which pulled her thigh skin down each rotation, tugging gently on her pussy. He noticed several things together. She let out an almost indiscernible moan, her mound tried to push into the table, her knees parted slightly and he could now see the length of her cleft and that her arousal fluids were flowing in quantity.

Sam didn't need to be prompted. He moved his thumbs further up her inner thighs, and started to kneed her just outside her raised cleft. Her anus having given him a view into her little brown rectum, now flowered open, and as he continued, her movements became more and more obvious. Her legs suddenly moved outwards, her knees flopping over the edge of the table. A pool of her viscous pearlescent moisture was running down over her clitty, before dripping onto the table, where it spread under her mound, pressing hard to the wooden table. Sam indicated for Sylvia to come to one side, while he was on the other, and soon, they were massaging an inner thigh each, pulling her pussy lips out, up, down and back. They took it in turns to gently rub her clitoris, vagina entry and little rosebud, spreading her wet, sticky arousal along the whole length from her deep dimple at the top of her cleft, to the small of her back, where the dark wheals of her spanking ended.

Lizzie now was pounding her hips up and down, as she neared her climax. She had never felt anything quite as intense as this. She realised she had an adult man and woman masturbating her as skilfully as they knew how. She was very aware when she felt Miss. P's, fingers gently slip into her vagina. The tingling deep inside her getting stronger, demanding to be assuaged. Her arousal intensified. This was just stunning. She wanted it to go on for ever, and yet she yearned for the climactic release that was quickly brewing deep within her, knowing it would bring an end to this wonderful feeling which was overwhelming her. She also knew she was going to be addicted to this, and was already wondering how she could ensure a steady supply of this new drug called sex.

The whole room erupted when her climax hit. Lizzie shrieked, her pelvis bouncing up and down so hard, she was probably bruising her mound as it slapped on the table. A squirt of cum fluid shot out of her a couple of feet. She moaned in rhythm with the massaging masturbation of the four sets of adult fingers, which were now slowing, as she gradually descended from the heaven she had only dreamt of before. At last there was silence in the room, except for Lizzie's panting breaths, gasps almost. Sitting in a corner, was Hannah, who, in a shocked state, had unwittingly become very aroused, and had unconsciously made her decision as to how to take her punishment.

Lizzie rolled off the table, almost falling to the floor, before Sam caught her arm. "That was just absolutely bloody fantastic, fucking hell, I've never felt anything as nice. Hannah, you've just got to try that. thank you, thank you."

Hannah was still sitting naked in her chair in a daze. Her bottom still stung from her spanking, but it was as nothing to the feelings she had experienced in the past ten minutes or so. She had watched as her best friend and cousin had willingly submitted herself to be sexually assaulted by two of her school's teachers. Her mind had turned from one of pain at her humiliating spanking, to shock at what had happened to Lizzie, to sudden deep arousal, as suddenly she was aware of exactly what she needed, and more to the point, wanted now. She also became aware of three pairs of eyes watching her.

"What?" she asked, "Why are you all staring at me?"

"Come Hannah," said Sam in a kindly voice, holding out his hand to take hers, "I think it's time, don't you?" The girl blushed, but nodded. "Just say the words, Hannah."

She hesitated before saying, “Sam, I know what I would really like, would you please, please, fuck me.” There, she had said it. Suddenly her heart was all butterflies.

Sam led her back over to the two, now empty, tables, and gestured for her to lay down. She sat on the edge, and swung her feet up and settled down the length of the table. He adjusted her position, so that her hips were just above where the tables butted up to each other. Sam went to a shelf, and picked up two webbing straps he had set up earlier. They had a loop at each end. He reached up, and looped one on a large metal hook in the roof beam. He did the same with the other on another hook he had fixed about six feet from the first. He gently lifted her leg, and swinging it up and outwards, passed her foot through the lower loop. He repeated this with her other leg. He then slipped the loops, one after the other, up her legs, so they were just behind her knees. Her legs were now spread as far apart as they would reach, her feet high in the air. It was reminiscent of a home made version of a gynæcologists inspection couch with strap stirrups.

“Are you comfortable, Hannah,” he asked her with a kind smile, “do you need the straps adjusting at all?”

“No,” she said uncertain of what was to follow, “it’s OK, thanks.”

Sam moved to the table end, where her feet had been, and pulled the table out from under her. She was supported only from the waist up by the table, and as she braced her weight against the straps on her knees, it had the effect of stretching her thighs further apart.

Miss. P. came over to the table, as she had prearranged with Sam, and knelt down between the preteen’s thighs, and leant in to smell her arousal. The juices flowing from the ten year old’s pussy spoke for themselves. Miss. P. moved closer, and slowly licked the virgin’s cleft up and down, She pressed her tongue to the little brown rosebud, spread beneath the beautiful vagina, seated under a long, long clit, in the centre of a slit which seemed to stretch for ever up her belly. The cunnilingus continued for a couple of minutes. By now, the child was rocking slightly, as her muscles reacted to the intense stimulation her clitty was feeling.

Sam stepped over, and tapped Sylvia on the shoulder. She gave a nod, and standing, moved to a nearby seat, licking her lips. Sam had removed his sweatpants and top, and his raging erect penis was standing as rigid as an iron bar. He was unaware that three pairs of eyes were admiring his muscle rippled, naked body and in particular his tumescent cock. As his pulse throbbed, so it bounced slightly in the air.

Closing up now between Hannah’s legs, he placed his hands at the top of each of her thighs, with his thumbs just either side of her vagina. As he carefully moved his cock forward, he gently prised her apart, and brought the tip of his uncircumcised cock into the concave entry of this Jewish girl’s cunt. The feeling to him was electric. He had dreamed of fucking an underage girl all of his pedo adult life, and now he had been asked by a ten year old virgin to do just that.

Sam looked over her thin body. He noticed that just above her firm springy mound, her belly seemed to drop down several inches in a deep valley, emphasising how thin she was, only rising where her bony rib cage began.

He pressed slightly into her, and felt the resistance of the tight immature pussy’s muscles. He didn’t thrust, he just maintained a constant, but firm pressure. He then pressed and yielded and pressed again. Each time he pressed, the girl winced slightly. Not from pain, but fear of it, as was her nature. Sam pressed again, and felt a tiny dilation, as his tip slipped in a minute amount. He held back, and waited another few seconds, and pressed again, and again he felt his cock slip slightly further.

He kept the pressure up, and little by little, he could feel and see his tip sink into the girl. Quite suddenly, his cock head popped into her entrance, the ring of tight muscles snapping over his crown, allowing him to slip by. She yelped. Again not with the anticipated pain, but surprise. He paused, allowing her dilation to continue. Her mound had bulged up and outwards. As he pressed forwards, he immediately felt the resistance of the ten year old hymen, holding him back.

Sam nodded to Sylvia to come over, and indicated for her to apply some clitoral stimulation, He was again surprised when she willingly did this, not with fingers, but with her tongue, bending down, her breath hot on his cock, and the preteen pussy, her tongue now teasing the protruding clit. The girl reacted immediately, as her arousal was far advanced from everything that had preceded and now this new stimulation. Sam started a careful rhythm, thrusting gently in and out, bouncing against the stretched membrane of the girl’s hymen.

His movement, and Sylvia's ministrations quickly brought the girl to a new level, and her breathing became ragged, her hips started to lift and drop, her eyes glazed. The girl was nearing her climax, and just as it hit, Sam thrust hard, his cock breaking through the barrier.

Hannah cried out, and screwed up her eyes. Her climax evaporated. Sam froze, waiting for her stab of pain to subside. The girl suddenly looked up at him, through the tears of her recent pain and smiled. "I think I'm ready now Sam, can you take it carefully, I am a bit sore down there, but it feels nice too."

Sam pulled back, and slowly pushed forward only as far as her broken hymen, pulled back and pushed forward again and again. He noticed that although she was incredibly tight on his cock, the movement became easier. He tested pushing into her deeper, and he could feel the walls of her passage starting to peel apart and ease their resisting pressure to his intrusion. Then, all of a sudden, he slid all the way into her. He could now really feel her vagina walls parting as he penetrated deeper and deeper, finally bumping into the rubbery deepest part of her. He was amazed, because he had gone in almost balls deep. There must have been over five of his six and a half inch cock in her. He again paused, and looked at her lovely beautiful thin face. She smiled up at him. Her fears had obviously evaporated. "Ready to fuck?" he asked, "now comes the nice part."

Hannah nodded and curled herself towards him, welcoming him into her. She was now feeling sensations that before this amazing experience, were entirely alien to her. Deep inside her, she could feel him pushing against her inner itch. She needed this now, desperately. She wanted more of him, all of him, urgently. Sam pulled back slowly, almost coming out, before pressing back all the way in. He repeated it again and again, speeding up with each thrust. Hannah felt his thrusts against that itch, and it was soooo good. She glanced across at her friend and cousin, Lizzie and smiled at her in reassurance. Lizzie, still naked was sitting on Miss. P's. lap. Miss. P. was now naked too. It looked like Miss. P. was doing something between Lizzie's thighs. From this angle she couldn't quite see, but then neither did she care anymore.

Sam now started to speed up his thrusts. Long deep pleasurable penetrations into his pedo heart's desire. He was deep thrusting into a ten year old having her first fuck. His pleasure was increased by the fact that she was obviously not only enjoying this immensely, but she was nearing her own, previously curtailed orgasm.

If he timed this right, it would make this the best fuck of his life, even more spectacular. Sam looked down where he entered her, and watched as her belly lifted a full inch from inside, as his cock slid into her, pushing her skin up. He had never seen anything quite so arousing. His cock's bulge, rippling along and lifting her tummy, stopping just short of her belly button, and then dropping back as he pulled out.

Hannah started to breathe in short pants. As his thrusts increased in pace, so he watched mesmerised, as her belly lifted and dropped. Her muscles tightened. She was about to climax. Sam couldn't hold back any longer, and felt the familiar tingling surge from deep within him, as his balls tightened up, becoming an unstoppable flow of orgasmic pleasure, as both of them climaxed together. Sam's pubis was slapping into the preteen's thighs, as the first pulse of white hot sperm laden semen shot into Hannah's willing and receptive womb, squirting through her cervix in a pressurised unstoppable flow, and with each pulse, she could feel the wonderful liquid ecstasy filling and satisfying her, where only emptiness had been before.

Hannah had never felt so fulfilled. It was like she had been waiting all her life for an unknown element to fill a void in her soul. She pressed her hands to her tummy just over the end of Sam's cock. The last pulses of her climax were slipping away like the waves on a beach at low tide. She knew she had been coerced into being fucked, but she would need no further coercion. She wanted more of this, and she wanted it soon. She didn't know it at that moment, but her anorexic illness had ceased to exist. Also, although Sam knew this was his first fuck with a preteen, what he didn't know was that it would be many decades before a day went by without him fucking others.

Sam's cock started to shrink, and he gently pulled himself from her. He hadn't noticed her move, but Sylvia was right there beside him as he withdrew, and as the first strings of semen flowed, stained with the pink of the girl's virginal bleed from Hannah's cunt, she was ready to lap up the nectar for her own delicious pleasure.

"How do you feel Hannah?," Sylvia asked the girl, smiling at her, as she finally opened her eyes, "Your first time, good, huh? Sam really made it special, for you didn't he?" The little girl nodded, and smiled back.

The four of them quickly took a shower each, in Sam's tiny bathroom upstairs. There was a few minutes until 6:30, so he bounced the idea of The Choices Club off them. They responded really well to it. Sam explained that he still wanted to think through the concept, but that it was going to have some important non changeable rules, but the key point was that any member has to be looked after by the others in everything and anything. "I suppose," chuckled Sam, remembering something The Professor had told him, "It's a bit like what Marx wrote in 1875, 'From each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs'. Except I'm not a communist."

"What's a conmanist?" asked Lizzie. They all laughed.

"Well Lizzie, what would you like to be punished with tomorrow," asked Sam, "back to some spanking?"

"No way, I want what she just got," she replied, pointing at Hannah, "a real good fuck."

"If you ask nicely, when the time comes, I might be able to help you with that." They laughed again.

It was getting late, and Sam noticed Hannah's mother's car pull up at the gates, just as he unlocked and opened the door. As the girls met the woman, Sam heard Hannah say to her mother, "Mum, I'm famished, can we go to MacDs? I would love a Big Mac and all the trimmings." Her mother looked at her gaunt daughter in utter amazement. She smiled and said, "Yes of course darling." The two girls clasped hands and skipped along behind the woman.

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CHAPTER 8
Tuesday evening – The Drugs Bust

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Steve Bandon arrived at the bar just as Sam ordered a couple of beers. "Hi-ho Silver," said Steve in his usual greeting. How this odd address started, neither could remember. They found a private booth to sit in and immediately started reminiscing about old times and mutual friends from their army days.

"How's the family Steve," asked Sam "kids behaving?"

"Yes," replied Steve, "Jenny and Emily have been in your school for a while. Jenny's seven and Emily ten. Since Molly died, just as we got back from Afghanistan that last time, it's been really tough on them. Me working full time an' all. Them without a mum. It had one unexpected upside though. I've become really close to them. It's like they love me twice as much. So although I miss Molly terribly, life seems to have it's compensations. How about you?"

"No kids yet, but I have a new steady girlfriend in tow," he smiled, "at least I hope she'll stick around. How's your dad, he still alive?"

"Yeah, still always talking about the old days in Ireland." Continued Steve, "He retired from the police a year back now. Although, Sam, he's not as well as he was. He's a godsend when I need the kids watching, though, if there's something going down at work. He's always planned to open another bar like the one grandpa had in Skibbereen in Cork. That's never going to happen, though, he's smoked himself to an early grave, I think."

He took a sip of his beer. "Did I ever tell you the story he used to relate of the feller from New York? He walked into Grandpa's pub, he'd been doing research for his family tree. Taken a week travelling Ireland and found fuck all. It's pissing down with rain outside and the feller has to fly back to the Big Apple from Shannon the next day. No one else in the bar, and Grandpa is shining some glasses with a cloth. The feller, sipping his pint of Guiness, having wasted a whole week of his vacation, in an expensive wild goose chase says to Grandpa, 'Gee Paddy, this has got to be the asshole of the world.' Grandpa, without even blinking, glances across and says, 'Is that right sir, are you just passing through?'" Sam was laughing so loud, he got looks from customers around them. "Well every time he tells us that story, Dad just splits his sides laughing!" They carried on talking shop a little while.

“That listening/locator has proved to be useful, Sam,” said Steve in a quiet tone, “turned up all sorts of shit.”

“I’m glad I have been some help,” replied Sam, “after all this time. What’ve you got?”

“Well, there’s going to be a meet sometime soon, we don’t know where or when, should know any time now,” continued Steve, “Aaron Leon has a big mouth, been discussing this meet, and it would seem his supplier is Toni Campolo. We suspected it, but never had the proof. We know there’s at least one other big link in the chain, possibly two, but we don’t know who yet. We have one or two suspicions, but nothing firm. Who gave you the lead on this Sam?”

“I’m sorry Steve, I can’t say, confidential sources and all that, but they’re only a small sprat, which may catch the Leon mackerel, and go on to catch the Campolo shark, would you say?”

“Yeah, that’s OK Sam, you keep your sources to yourself.”

Steve’s phone rang, he answered. “Yeah……..Yeah…….What time?..... Yeah….. Where…… OK I’ll be right there.”

“Look’s like it’s on now Sam, I’ve got to go. They’re meeting up at that old barn on the Clinton farm. Do you know it, about five miles out of town?”

“Yes,” said Sam, “Clinton let’s us use that area for hiking and map reading exercises. Nice people.”

“You better not get involved, Sam, I don’t want anyone getting wind of how I got the intel. These drug people are real bad. Well I’d better go. Sorry I can’t stay longer, thanks for the beer, my shout next time, we’ll catch up soon.” With that, he downed the rest of his beer, and was gone.

Sam thought through what he’d heard for a few minutes. He knew the Clinton place well. They had even taken kids camping in the barn on winter nights when the weather was foul. Sam made a decision. He waited a few minutes more, got in his truck, and headed out of town. He took a couple of dust roads, leading him above and behind the farm, and got out about a mile away. Sam, knowing the area, made fast progress, and approached the barn carefully. He was glad he had got his black overalls in the truck, it made him almost invisible on this very dark night. As he approached the barn, he noticed someone walk away from the building towards a parked white BMW car. They had white silvery hair, quite distinctive. The car started and drove away.

No more than two or three minutes later, Sam heard approaching cars. Twenty or thirty officers leapt from the vehicles and in moments the barn was surrounded. A loud hailer sounded. “This is the police. Come out with your hands up or…” Bang, went a gun, followed by others. Sam heard a curse from inside the barn, and a crash. Flames appeared in moments. Someone had knocked a kerosene lamp over. Over the next ten minutes, there were more gunshots, as the fire grew in intensity, then a shout. ”We’re coming out, don’t shoot.” The flames had really taken hold on the tinder dry wood. Sam was just thinking he was sure that Clinton kept some gas canisters in the barn, when an almighty explosion blew the roof off, and a wave of heat swept over him, making him force his face to the ground with singed hair and eyebrows. Pandemonium broke out, as the fire was now engulfing nearby trees and outhouses. Sam was just getting to his knees, when he spotted a large leather, burnt and smoking, briefcase, which must have been blown clear of the conflagration, a few yards away. Thinking it may be evidence, and get burnt, he reached over grabbed it, and crawled away unseen, then headed back cross country to his truck, before anyone spotted him.

Sam got cleaned up at home, and poured himself another beer. He sat down, and placing the briefcase on his knees, clicked the catches and opened it. His breath came in a gasp. The case was full of high denomination notes. Sam didn’t know how much was here, but it was millions. All in old notes.

This was drug money, he thought. The dealers think it got burnt, the police don’t know about it, and if they did, they too would think it was burnt. Sam was already thinking how he could hide and use this windfall, which no one was going to know he had got, if he was careful. There was a chemical storage safe in the swimming pool pump room. No one but he knew the safe was there, and no one but he had a key for it. Certainly it would suffice to keep the money for a while.

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CHAPTER 9

Wednesday a.m. – Morgan's Showdown

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Sam woke at his usual early hour. He had worked through most of the night performing his duties in his usual efficient manner. He was drinking a coffee, when he heard a noise in the changing rooms next door. Almost from his addictive voyeuristic habit, he went through to the corridor and flipped open the viewing screen cover, and was surprised. There was Verity, on her own coming to the locker area. She was waddling like a duck. What puzzled Sam, though, was the fact that she had two bright shiny black eyes. In her black and white coat, she looked like a panda. He smiled to himself, perhaps she's taken up pugilism. She threw off the coat, and waddled into the toilet cubicle near him. She bent down and lifted the hem of her red and black uniform skirt, and held it up with her teeth. She then put her thumbs into the waist elastic of her huge panties, and slid them down. Something was pressed to her pussy, between her voluminous thighs. It was a transparent plastic package. It was taped to her legs. Verity peeled off the tapes, and pulled the package out from under her. Sam had a funny thought, looking at the disgusting vision before him, she had so much stomach fat, that her plump mound was pushed facing downwards, rather than forwards like most girls.

Placing the package on the shelf, she pulled her panties back up and picking up the pack, made for her locker. In those few moments though, Sam had seen what was in there. There was no doubt, the pack was filled with a large number of sachets of white powder. Drugs!

Sam waited for her to leave, and after a minute, picked up his canvas zip up bag and a self seal evidence bag, supplied by Steve, went into the changing room, clutching the master key he had acquired only yesterday. He quickly opened the locker, and behind some sports kit, found what he was looking for. Making sure he didn't touch the evidence with his fingers, he dropped it into the self seal bag, and then into the canvas zip up. Leaving the cabinet unlocked he headed out the door and went towards the administration offices.

On the way, he saw Marjorie heading in the other direction, looking very flustered. "Oh Sam, I was on my way to find you. There is trouble, big trouble. Oh Sam, I am so sorry."

"Come with me Marjorie," said Sam in a kindly tone, "the workshop is right here, tell me quickly."

"Oh Sam," she sobbed, as she closed the door behind her, "Verity's father, Mr. Morgan is here. He is a governor on the board of the school, you know. Well he says he is here to dismiss Mrs. Prentice our wonderful Principal, and you. I don't know why."

"It's alright Marjorie." Smiled Sam, "Don't worry. Do you trust me?"

She blew her nose on a tissue, and nodded, "Yes of course, why?"

"Would you do something for me please," she nodded. "What I would like you to do is this. I am going to Mrs. Prentices's office now, and while I am there, I would like you to type two letters for me. Would you do that?" She nodded again, now looking interested in this unexpected request. "I want you to type up a letter of commendation from Mr. Morgan to Mrs. Prentice." She looked startled. Sam held his hand up, and continued "I want it to say what a magnificent Principal she is, how she has improved both the academic and sporting achievements of the school, how it has been a pleasure to work alongside her. You get the idea, add other stuff like that, would you, you know what to say."

"OK, Sam, if you say so. And the other letter?" she looked at him, "what do you want in that?"

"Oh that's simple, Marj.," he smiled at her, placing a hand reassuringly on her shoulder, "that's Mr. Morgan's letter of immediate resignation as governor. When you have them typed, put each into an envelope. Write their names on each, so I know which letter is in which envelope, and bring them into the office."

“Are you serious, Sam. This isn’t a joke you know. They’ve been shouting in that office for twenty minutes now. There’s Mr. Morgan and Mrs. Prentice, Vera and Vicky, accused of something, he wants them thrown out of the school, and Verity, who came in just a minute before I came to fetch you. Are you feeling OK Sam?”

“Marj., I have never felt better in my life. This will be a day to remember. Just you wait and see. Oh one more thing,” Sam explained he wanted her to insert an extra paragraph in his letter. “Get typing those letters as fast as you can.” He sent Marjorie away looking bemused but smiling.

Sam knocked, and entered the office without waiting for an invitation. It was obvious immediately Morgan was running this meeting.

“Ah, there you are at last, Mr. er Mr. Pottu…..Potttuensk…... er Sam. I have summoned you here to arrange one or two things, namely your dismissal, the expulsion from this school of these two brats and the termination of the Principal from the school. Now before we go on……”

“Why?” interrupted Sam. He could see where Verity inherited her obesity.

“What do you mean? ‘Why’, don’t interrupt me.” retorted Morgan.

“Why,” repeated Sam, “what possible reason have you got for considering the expulsion of two of our best students.” Sam knew that was a gross exaggeration, but he was laying this on thick. “I think you had better provide an explanation, and it had better be good, before I throw you out of this school, and remember we are not on the ground floor.” Sam noticed Celine trying to hide a smile, he winked at her. Somehow he had restored some confidence in her which had previously vanished. She had a feeling this was going to end up OK. What was it about Sam, he just fixed things for her?

“My daughter was assaulted yesterday afternoon,” Morgan stated petulantly, pointing at Vicky and Vera, “by these two. She also informs me that you personally motivated them to do so. So you’re going to be fired. The evidence is there to see,” he said, now pointing at Verity’s blackened eyes, “there is no denying it. Mrs Prentice has defended you, she denies these two would attack my daughter without provocation or incitement, so I have no alternative but to instigate dismissal proceedings. She has shown she can’t run a fit and proper school. It was high time she was fired anyway. What have you got to say?”

“Sit down Morgan,” Sam said in an icy tone, “now.” Morgan stayed resolutely standing. In a quieter voice, somehow more menacing, Sam repeated, “I said sit down, Morgan.”

Sam took one step forward, Morgan raised his arm, Sam took it in his hand, pressed a nerve just behind his thumb, causing excruciating pain, forcing him to recoil back into the empty chair behind him. The whole movement took just two seconds.

“Thank you,” Sam smiled at him, Morgan rubbed his wrist, “that’s good. Now stay there and shut up, let me tell you a little story. This morning, I had a call from my old army C.O., Steve Bandon,” Sam registered the sudden startled look in Morgan’s eyes. Sam looked at Celine “Steve now works for the D.E.A., as Morgan knows. Well Steve told me there had been a raid by the D.E.A. and police last night, and as a result, two of the dealers in this town were arrested, Toni Campolo and Aaron Leon. A large haul of drugs was impounded and ten other arrests were made. Unfortunately, one person escaped just before the raid started. He had silver hair,” he looked pointedly at Morgan, “and a white BMW. Does that remind you of anyone?”

Morgan scoffed, “That’s not evidence, you can’t connect me with that. You haven’t proof.”

“Well maybe not,” Sam continued, “but then we come onto this morning. Your daughter entered the school premises carrying a substantial quantity of drugs.” Morgan and Verity looked anxiously at each other. Verity shook her head. “Your daughter,” said Sam, stooping to pick up the canvas bag, “placed in her locker enough evidence to lock you both up for twenty years.” Sam unzipped the bag, and pulled out the contents. He held it out for them to see.

“You’ve planted this. This could have come from anywhere,” said Morgan unconvincingly, “You’ve no evidence connecting that to my daughter.”

“Ah, but that’s where you’re wrong,” said Sam, pulling the self seal bag out, and unsealed the outer. He opened the top, and theatrically put his nose to it and sniffed the bag. “I think this smells very much like your daughter’s, err, your daughter’s, err, shall we say D.N.A.”

Morgan looked wide eyed, he knew the bag had been strapped up against his daughter’s fat pussy, he’d taped it there himself, “It’s still circumstantial, it wouldn’t stand up in court.”

“Well, that’s just possible if you have a really sharp lawyer,” said Sam, “so why don’t we make a deal?”

“What sort of a deal?” asked Morgan suspiciously.

There was a tap on the door. Marjorie entered quietly, handed Sam two buff coloured envelopes, smiled at him, she’d clearly been listening at the door, and left without saying a word.

“Here’s how it’s going to be,” went on Sam. “This evidence will remain in a very safe place. You and your daughter will not be prosecuted. These two fine girls, and your own bully of a daughter will remain in the school, as will Mrs. Prentice. As far as anyone outside this room is concerned, nothing has changed in the school. You on the other hand will resign as a governor of the board,” Morgan stiffened, “through, how shall we word it, ill health. Before you depart though, you will sign a letter of commendation for Mrs. Prentice expressing your appreciation for all the outstanding work in turning the school around since she came here.” Sam picked up and tossed the first envelope to Morgan. “Sign it.”

“You can’t make me sign this,” he stuttered.

“Yes I can, sign, now,” snapped Sam. Morgan snorted, and after gritting his teeth for several seconds, finally picked up a pen from the desk, and signed the letter.

“Good,” smiled Sam, “now sign the resignation letter.” He tossed the other envelope across.

Morgan opened and pulled out the letter. He went puce. “I’m not signing this, you’re extorting $5 million!”

“Not at all,” replied Sam, reaching out and turning the letter towards himself, “what it says is that you have generously decided to make a bequest before your departure, you are honoured to donate the money to The Choices Foundation.” He glanced at Morgan, “It won’t come to me, by the way. The Foundation is being set up to help and assist able pupils, from poorer backgrounds in this school, qualify to go to college, and support them when they are there. I will be a trustee, Miss. P., one of the teachers here, and Mrs. Prentice if she is willing to serve too.“

“I refuse to sign. Your evidence is circumstantial. It won’t stand up in court.”

“Ah, but are you willing to take that risk?” asked Sam, “Your daughter was expelled from her last school, as I recall, for bullying and suspected drug distribution. Ring a bell, does it Hmm? You might or might not win in court, but with her history, what happened last night, and the evidence I hold, are you going to take the risk?” Sam stared at Morgan, who sat motionless for five or ten seconds, and finally took the pen and scribbled his signature. Sam passed the letter to the Principal, “Celine, would you witness that please? Well Morgan, I think we have concluded our little business. I think you had better go, now, get out. I will e-mail the details for the money transfer later today, and I expect the money transferred by close of business today, otherwise I shall make a call to Steve Bandon without further notice.”

Morgan and his daughter left the office, the atmosphere lifted immediately. Vicky and Vera were still standing nervously having witnessed the scenes of the last ten minutes.

“What about these two,” asked Celine, “you did attack Verity, didn’t you?”

Shame faced, they nodded. “But please Miss., we only did it because she tried to make us hurt Sally after we’d promised Sam we wouldn’t bully her anymore and we told her ‘no’. She pulled our hair, so we both hit her.” Celine was finding it hard not to laugh out loud. Rough justice seemed to have a pleasing ring about it today.

“I am not going to expel you, but I know you have been involved in bullying a lot of girls especially Sally,” Vera went to speak, but was silenced by Mrs. Prentice’s raised hand, “I am going to place you both on probation. If I hear one report, just one of misbehaviour, you will be out of this school. Do I make myself clear?” Two nods. “Good, well I’m going to place you under supervision for the duration of your probation. Sam, you know the background to this, would you be willing to be their supervisor?” He nodded. “Good, well if Sam has to come to me to inform me that you haven’t kept out of trouble, you will be out immediately, no second chance, understand?” Another two nods.

“Alright, girls,” said Sam in a kindly voice, “I need to speak to the Principal for a few minutes, would you go over to the workshop please and wait for me there?” They nodded again and left.

“Well, Sam,” said Celine, “you are a man of many surprises. Drugs bust, evidence found at just the right moment, and a way of not only getting rid of a corrupt governor, but extorting money from him to boot! I would like to kiss you.” She moved round the desk and holding his cheeks kissed him for several seconds. “Thank you Sam, I owe you big time. I really thought I was out of a job, and in this town that would mean forever. As far as I am concerned you walk on water. Anything you need or want, if I can get it for you, just ask. Now what’s this about “The Choices Foundation’? I’ve never heard of it.”

“Well,” said Sam, “it was an idea I had a day or so ago, and it has grown on me since. I am forming this foundation, which will take selected pupils, encourage them in their sport and academic achievements, help them get a college place, and sponsor their expenses at college. In addition, I have asked Miss. P. to help in this, we will hold after school activities, weekend trips, and special activities in the school vacations. To be accepted, they must be from a poorer, single parent background, which in this school is most of them, and have potential which is being wasted, like those two who just left. Another pair I have in mind is Lizzie and Hannah. Sally is another who, if given a lift could really make something of herself. What do you think?”

“I think Sam, if anyone could make something like this work, you can. You have my blessing. If you are forming an out of school group, do you have any Mission Statements yet?”

“I have been thinking about that for some time. I see it as a mutual support group, to enable a small number of otherwise disadvantaged girls, to achieve their full potential in their education. A real springboard into life. This will be achieved by the older ones helping the younger ones with homework or perhaps mentoring them, or teaching them how to do things, like playing a ballgame, or using the internet. So they have to sacrifice themselves for each other, but willingly. That’s the overall objective, which I will put into some kind of Mission Statement when I’ve worked it out.” Sam drew a scrap of paper from his pocket. This is something I sketched out last night. A few bullet points in terms of guidelines to the members, what do you think?”

He passed it across the desk. She smoothed it out and read:

CHOICES

Everyone has the choice to excel at everything they undertake. Always give of your best.

Everyone has the choice to ensure everyone else always achieves their goals.

Everyone has the choice to ask for or give to anyone anything in their power or possession.

Everyone has the choice to say or do anything. We have freedom of speech and action.

“These are great statements of intent, do you think you can make it work Sam?” Celine asked him “Actually, thinking about it Sam, I know you can and will. Well good luck to you Sam, and thanks again for this morning, I really owe you and I won’t forget. Oh, and Sam, I would be delighted to serve with you as a trustee.”

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CHAPTER 10

Wednesday late morning – Vicky and Vera sign up.

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Sam wandered back to the workshop. Marjorie gave him a huge smile and two thumbs up as he passed through her office.

As he went in, Vicky and Vera were waiting for him, uncertain what to say or do. He noticed a package of clean washing on the bench. He presumed it was Sally's clothes returned as promised.

"Hello girls," said Sam, making himself a coffee, "it would seem we are stuck with each other for a while doesn't it?" Sam walked over, took out and pinned the scrap of paper onto the wallboard he kept notes on. "Now, I want us to come to an understanding ok?" they nodded. "What happened this morning in the Principal's office is now behind us, as long as you follow a few ground rules. We will move on together understand?" more nods.

Sam pulled out a four legged stool, and sat down on it he gestured for the girls to stand either side of his knees, facing each other. He placed his hands around their waists, his elbows resting on the curve of their, not inconsiderable bottoms.

"Yesterday afternoon, after that business with Sally, I said to you, 'I might have a proposal for you, which I think you will find very interesting', if you remember." More nods. "Well, I have decided to form a special club, and I have selected you two to be members if you choose to join. It's all about choices anyway. On the wall there," he pointed with his chin across the room, "I have pinned the four basic rules of the club, but there is one more, the rule that we choose to never speak about our club to anyone else, ever. Anything we say or do here is secret, understand. If you choose not to join our club, that's OK too. But once you join, you're in for life, and you respect every rule, especially the last one, about secrecy."

Sam outlined the idea of the trips, camping, hiking, after school activities, academic help, and the college scholarship idea. By now, his arms were across their bottoms, feeling the shape of their very ample curves. They didn't seem to notice, or perhaps care.

"Let's have a brain stormer. What would you like to have or do most in the world? You first Vicky."

"I would like go to Disney World," she said, adding, "if we had the money.

"Good, what about what you might do after you leave school?" he asked.

"I would like to be a teacher, like Miss.P., I would like to lose lots of weight, I would like to ……."

"Whoa," interjected Sam, "one thing at a time. Now to be a teacher, you have to go to college. Do you think with your grades you'll get into college? And if you did, can your mum afford the fees and your upkeep while you're there?" she shook her head, sadly.

"What about you Vera, what do you want?" he asked, slipping his hands down another inch or two.

"I would like to have lots of friends who like me," she paused, " and I would like some new clothes and I would one day like to be an accountant."

"Well the same applies to you then," Sam said, "I think I can help you both with friends, really good friends, who would do anything for you. Maybe we can all go to DisneyWorld, or even EuroDisney in Paris together. The whole Club. I can help you lose weight too," Sam squeezed their bottoms gently with his fingers, "you could do with losing a few pounds. I know, I will sponsor you. For every pound you each lose, I will give you both $10. But you both have to lose the same, otherwise neither of you get paid. That way, you encourage each other to try. What do you think?"

"Really," answered Vera for them both, "you'd pay us $10 per pound lost?"

Sam nodded, “Yes but only if you’re in The Choices Club. You see this is the way we can help each other. You both need to lose twenty pounds, so let’s set the limit at that, so you each stand to make $200.” The girls looked at each other and grinned. Sam’s hand was still gently gripping the cheeks of their bottoms.

“Step closer, so I can get a look at you,” they shuffled sideways towards him, their hips now pressing against his shoulders. They both leaned in towards him, bending at the hip and gave Sam an unexpected hug. “Thank you for looking after us this morning, Sam, we thought we might have gone to a young offenders centre if you hadn’t spoken up for us.”

“Well, it’s what friends do, they help each other out.” He smiled at them again, He lowered his hands, down the outside of their thighs and felt the red and black tartan cloth of their skirts scrape over his wrists, as his fingers rested on the backs of their bare legs. He moved his hands upwards, until he was then cupping each of their panty clad buttocks. The girls looked at one another with uncertainty in their faces, but both shrugged, seeming to accept his inappropriate behaviour.

“Now, do you want to join my club” he said, looking at them in turn, “You’ll get $200 for losing all that weight, when you’ve done that, we’ll have to buy you some new clothes, if the old ones won’t fit, because we’re then going to Disney. I will make sure you will have the best friends anyone could wish for, and you won’t be kicked out of this school, because you’ll be getting the best grades in class, and go to college. What do you think?”

The two girls nodded absently at Sam. It wasn’t that they were slow on the uptake. It was obvious to them where his hands were, but the pace of the last few minutes had put them on the back foot. Both already knew they wanted to join The Club, but what did he want in return? They were about to find out.

“Would you like to do something for me now?” The two girls looked at him with enquiring expressions. “If you look after me, I will look after you.” He carefully but slowly slipped his hands inside the leg holes of their panties, until his fingers ran downwards over the fat creases of their bare bottoms and on downwards between their thighs. There was a moment’s hesitation, before they reacted, as each of the girls realised what had happened. Sam had two eleven year old preteen girl’s crotches in his hands. He moved his fingers across their cracks, feeling them. They had been taken by surprise.

“You’re feeling in between my legs, Sam,” said Vera, “And me, echoed Vicky.”

“Oh I’m sure you don’t mind? You see in The Club,” said Sam smoothly, continuing to rub his fingers between their thighs, “we help each other in any way we can, read the rules. I think you’ll agree there are lots of benefits in joining,” they looked at each other, “need I go on? So you decide if you want to join The Club or not,” he said with a bright smile. “It’s entirely your choice, no one will force you. I tell you what, if you don’t want to join, you can go back to whatever class you have scheduled, and we’ll say no more about it, OK? I won’t tell The Principal you disobeyed me, this time.” There was a distinct tone of menace in his voice as he emphasised those two words. He looked at each of them meaningfully. “Now, I am going to go upstairs for a lie down. You two have a chat, and if you decide you’d like to be in The Club, come up and join me. We can have a little cuddle and play a couple of games. I think you both know what sort of games I want to play and what I would like you to do. Remember, it’s entirely your choice. Only come up if you want to.”

Sam pulled his fingers, at last, from their panties and smiled at the two girls, as he brought his fingers to his nose, inhaling. He then stood and went upstairs. He knew it would only be a couple of minutes. He changed into his sweatpants and T-shirt, leaving off his underwear and lay down on the bed.

Meanwhile, the two girls looked at each other. They weren’t angels, not by any stretch of the imagination. They knew exactly what Sam was after and what the alternative would be if they didn’t cooperate. But then, what he was offering was very appealing too.

Vicky had nearly lost her virginity several times in the last few weeks. Vera’s brother, Rob had been very persuasive. He was sixteen and a bit of a hunk. All the junior school girls liked him. She liked him too. He had offered to teach her stuff. The same stuff he had been doing to his sister Vera for some time now.

In less than a minute, Sam heard the steps of the two heavy girls climbing up. They entered. Sam looked at them kindly. “You want to join The Club then?” another nod, “I am glad, I really am. Would you like that

cuddle first girls?" After a pause, they again nodded. "Perhaps it would be a good idea if you slipped your skirts off, you don't want to crumple them do you? Your blouses too I think. Then come and snuggle up to me either side."

It was only the work of a few seconds, and the two wearing, only their panties and white regulation socks, climbed onto the bed, one each side. Sam had his arms outstretched, so as they lay beside him, they were over his arms, he cradled them around their waists. From their manner, Sam knew they were still a little nervous. Gently, he rubbed their ample midriffs. Looking down at them, he could see they had both started to develop small breasts. Their areolæ were about the same size. Miniature cones, standing proud. They were a light brown against the pink flesh of their chests. Tiny little goose bumps showed in a circle around their raisin sized nipples, which were surprisingly erect. He leaned over, and gently licked Vara's left nipple with his tongue. He felt her shudder, but she never moved or objected. He leaned the other way, and did the same to Vicky's right one. His erection was by now a rigid bar of iron, almost causing him pain.

"Could you lean more into me, cuddle into my chest, that's right," he said as they rolled in towards him, their chests and his now pressing together. Sam's hands could now rub up and down their backs, gently massaging their ample layers of skin. Soon the girls were much more relaxed, and were themselves running their fingers through Sam's chest hair. Sam, still passing his hands up and down the small of their backs, slipped his fingers under the elastic of their panties. Without pause, he pushed his fingers deep into the cracks of their bottoms, feeling the dampness of their sweat, sticky to his touch. They didn't pull away or object.

"If you want to do anything to me," he suggested, "you can touch me anywhere you like." He was aware of their glance at each other. His fingers were now almost pressing down into their recta. Sam wasn't a great fan of fat sweaty sex, so moved his hands down yet further. Unfortunately, their fat legs filled the gap between their thighs, and blocked his movements any further. He was about to ask them to move, when he felt fingers passing under the elastic of his sweatpants, finding his cock, running with pre-cum.

"Probably better if you take my sweatpants off, they'll just get in the way." They sat up and with him lifting his bottom, slid them off down his legs. Sam decided he would be bold. "While you're up, might as well take yours off too. Anyone want to climb on top?" He realised there was another silent debate between them, before he was aware of their wriggling movements, as they stripped naked.

Vera, very pretty if she were a few pounds lighter, with sharp blue eyes and long curly blond hair swung a leg over Sam's waist, and straddled him. Looking down, Sam could see her flesh, overlapping onto his stomach. Her sparse blond pubic hair slightly damp with a sheen of sweat. She shuffled down, and lifting up slightly, slid herself over his raging erection, pressing his cock between the deep folds of her cunt lips and his belly. She moved herself back and forth, allowing his cock to be entirely enveloped by her cleft and the surrounding flesh. His pre-cum had thoroughly soaked her pussy in it's slippery slime, making her movements over him almost frictionless.

Much to Sam's surprise, he felt the girl lift herself up on her knees, fish for his cock with her hand, lift it back, and positioned it against the entrance to her vagina. "Are you sure, you want to do that, Vera?" asked Sam, but it was already too late, as he felt her cunt sliding down his cock. Although, being only eleven, she was, of course, incredibly tight on him, this was not her first time, that was for certain. Vera started to gyrate her body forward and backwards as well as up and down. She managed to achieve full penetration on the third time she dropped down. Sam could feel her cervix pressing against his cock head. Already, she was enjoying this immensely. Sam's cock was much longer than Rob's, and harder too.

After she had lifted and dropped barely half a dozen times, Vera started to moan, and her undulations changed in character. She reached her orgasm, long before Sam had even got started. He could feel her vagina muscles clenching and pulsing as they gripped and released his cock. Her breathing came in short unfit pants. Her orgasm was intense, but quite short. Finally, after about a minute of freezing her movements, she finished by lifting up off him, his still rampant cock stiff and unsatisfied, and collapsed heavily onto his chest. A minute or so later, she rolled over and off him, still breathing hard, the sweat running from her body.

There was a pause of a few seconds, Sam felt movement on his other side, as Vicky threw her leg over him, and assumed the same position as her friend. She was slightly taller than Vera, and although about the same weight, gave the impression of not being so fat. Her long dark hair flowed over her shoulders and

chest, tickling his skin as it lightly brushed him with her movements. So much pre-cum was flowing from Sam, and indeed the girl's own arousal, it was a matter of only seconds before she was as lubricated as he. He detected more hesitation from this girl, confirmed when she said, "I haven't done this before, can you guide me, Sam?"

"Kneel up as high as you can, Vicky," he answered.

Sam reached down and pushed his cock up and along her cleft, through the few, thin, dark coloured hairs either side. He watched as it pushed passed her clitty, and along her cleft towards her cunt hole. He felt, rather than saw, when he was pressed to her entry. He watched, as her fat labia enveloped his crown. He started a rocking motion, which she reciprocated, pressing and releasing pressure into her entry. He felt her start to dilate after about a couple of minutes, and watched as his cock slowly oozed into her. She was much tighter than Vera, and as she moved down, his foreskin was painfully pulled back along his shaft. Suddenly his mushroom shaped head popped in passed the tight ring of muscle at her vaginal entry, as it was swallowed into her passage. She kept undulating on him, building up her arousal as she did so. The moment came, when suddenly the child made a decision, and dropped her not inconsiderable weight onto his cock, forcing it deep into her. Her hymen popped, she flinched, but then immediately continued her downward movement in one steady flow, until she was sitting on his pelvic mound. She had taken his entire six and a half inches, he was amazed. Sam could feel the tightness of her vagina along the whole length of his rigid cock.

Vicky lifted and dropped, quickly replicating the movements of her friend a few minutes before. Lifted and dropped, building up her pace as she did so. Soon, she was making noises suggesting her climax was not far away. She was still incredibly tight on Sam's cock, but then this was her first time, at eleven years of age.

Sam felt his balls start to tighten in the old familiar way, as his orgasm approached. Suddenly, Vicky shrieked, as she climaxed, pushing Sam over the top. He pulsed strongly and repeatedly into her recently virgin womb, pulsing, Pulsing, pulsing. The bliss of his climax merging with the girl's own. She slowly collapsed onto his chest, and clung to him for several minutes. Sam felt his cock start to shrink, and lifting Vicky a little, they both looked down there, to watch as his cock slipped from her, with it sucking out some semen, tinged with the pink of her virgin bleed.

All three of them lay cuddling for several minutes, just resting and recovering. Suddenly, they heard a floorboard creak on the stairs, and before any of them could move, a shadow of movement, and Sally appeared at the door. She was talking before she entered.

"Hi Sam, you wanted to see me. I knocked downstairs, didn't get an answer, so I thought it would be alright to come up and …….oh …….. err, shall I come back?" Sally was taken by surprise.

"No, it's alright Sally," said Sam, in a very calm voice, "come on in and sit down, we won't be a moment."

Sally was mesmerised not only by the sight of the three naked people on the bed, especially Sam's fit muscled torso, sporting his now flaccid moisture laden cock, but also by the white and pink tinged fluid now pouring from Vicky's vagina, as she scrambled to get off the bed, it was obvious what had been going on. She had never seen a naked man, and had certainly never seen intercourse, or at least the aftermath of it.

"We're going to hold a Club meeting later on, after school, would you like to come along?" asked Sam, looking at the two fat girls as they dressed.

Vicky and Vera, were now almost ready to go, looked over towards him, smiled and said they would be there. A moment later they had left.

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CHAPTER 11
Wednesday noon – Sally Joins

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"Sorry about that, Sally," Sam said, as he dragged his comb through his sandy hair, which, despite his effort didn't look any tidier, "Vicky and Vera came round to discuss The Club and brought your clean school

clothes back. They decided they would like to join The Club, while they were here, and kindly showed me they wanted to be members. What can I do for you."

"You asked me to come round during break time, so here I am," answered Sally a little resentfully.

"I'm sorry Sally, I quite forgot the time. But in a way, what just happened was for your benefit," said Sam, "You see, they have promised to be your friends. They really like you, and I told them they had to prove to me they were committed to being members of The Club, and well, you know the rest."

"Is that the only reason, Sam? Truthfully?" she asked.

"Well, it is true they really do want to be your friends, Sally," continued Sam, but, I need you to promise never to repeat what I am about to tell you," she looked quizzically at him before nodding. "Well they were nearly expelled from school this morning. They would have been, if I hadn't spoken up for them. So they came over afterwards, and, sort of, showed their appreciation."

"What had they done?" asked Sally, now intrigued, "was it bad?"

"They each punched Verity and gave her a pair of black eyes. She had tried to force them to join her bully gang again, so she could get her revenge on you. But you and I know they had promised us they wouldn't. They kept that promise. So I made sure they didn't get kicked out of school."

"Wow, how cool is that," enthused Sally, "I'm sorry Sam, I misjudged them, I can't wait to thank them. You're right they will be my friends. Thanks Sam." She leaned over and gave Sam a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She rather enjoyed the feel of his bare chest pressing against her. She again glanced down at his cock, limp in his lap. "Sam, do you mind if I ask you something? You know, about The Club, and being in it?"

"Sure," he said, "what do you want to know?"

"Well, yesterday, I kind of saw you looking at me, you know, down there. I didn't mind really, in fact it was sort of nice really, no one has ever looked at me like you did. It made me feel nice, you know, down there. Well, anyway, what I wanted to ask, I just saw what you had been doing with Vera and Vicky. And, well, err, do I have to do that as well? I'm not sure if I'm ready just yet."

Sam took a breath, "No one will force you ever to do anything, Sally. If you are in The Club, you do things for each other, because you have chosen to, not because they force you to. Do you understand? Every Club member has to be looked after by every other member, OK?" she nodded. "Think what that means. You want to go on trips, but you don't want your mum to have to pay money she can ill afford, right? Well, you can go on any trip with The Club for free. If you go to college, The Club will pay your fees and your living expenses. Do you get the idea? Now in return, you will have to do things for other members too. You will help the younger girls with their homework, encourage them to do well at school. Understand?" she nodded.

"But Sam, I just saw you with the others, You had been fucking them hadn't you, why?"

"That's because, Sally, they wanted to, and so did I. You see members do anything for each other, and I mean anything. All you have to decide, Sally, is if you would like to join The Club or not. The Club will give you anything you want, and you give back anything and everything." He looked at her in a meaningful way.

Sally smiled, she was intelligent, she knew where she stood alright. She really wanted the benefits of this Club, it would answer all her desires, and improve her heretofore miserable life. "Sam, as I said, I am not quite ready yet, but I would like to think about it for a while, but I definitely want to join, OK? Would you like me to show you I mean it?"

Without waiting for his reply, Sally started to take off the loaned clothing Miss. P. had given her the day before. She needed to hand it back anyway today. Slowly, she unfastened the white blouse buttons. When she finished, with a teasing one inch gap revealing her smooth ivory skin beneath, she turned her back to him, and shrugged off the garment, letting it fall to the floor. She put her left hand on her right shoulder, and turning just her head, looked over that shoulder at him. She then rotated, slowly, finally facing him again, but now, with her hand still on her shoulder, her arm, in a V shape, covered her breasts. Looking directly into his eyes, she slowly lowered her arm, bringing both hands to cup under her areolæ. Her tits were just beginning

to bud. They were cones pointing proudly out from her chest, perhaps an inch. Her nipples, like little pencil erasers hardened from her arousal, poked proudly out. She took her nipples in the fingers of each hand, and for several seconds stimulated them, making them engorge even more.

Sally, knowing she had Sam now spellbound, lifted a foot, on to his knee, and resting her weight on him, unbuckled her shoe, and pulled it and her sock from her foot. As she did so, she leaned her thigh to one side, knowing she afforded him a couple of flashes of blue and yellow, from her borrowed panties, before repeating the process with the other foot. Standing upright again, never taking her eyes off him, she unclipped the buckle at the side of the red and black, tartan pleated regulation uniform skirt, and dropped it to the floor, pooling around her ankles. Sally, now standing between Sam's knees, turned her back to him, and placing her thumbs inside the elastic of the blue and yellow striped panties, slowly bent at the waist, pushing her panties down as she did so. The beautifully rounded globes of her perfect bottom gradually emerged before his gaze, the valley between them opening up, as she bent further and further down. Sam couldn't help wonder where she had learnt to striptease in such an erotic manner. So did his tumescent cock, which he'd noticed Sally glance admiringly at a couple of times.

As her panties lowered beneath her thighs, Sam could now see her rectum flowering open, the tight brown asterisk shape exquisite to his view. Lower, her perineum, smooth, oh so smooth, heralded the object of his desire, her vagina, which suddenly flared open as she bent ever lower down, her panties now half way to her knees. Her love hole was damp from her own arousal, he could see only a little way into her, as her passage disappeared into the shadow of her depths, but he could see a little runnel of pearlescent fluid flowing further down towards her clit, just poking out of her, still only slightly parted cleft. Her panties, pushed all the way by her thumbs, finally reached the floor, and she stepped out, placing her feet wide apart. She didn't straighten up, but now holding the back of her ankles, with straight knees, she peered up at him from between her ankles, her head almost touching the floor.

Staying in this position, she slowly ran her hands up the back of her calves, passing over her knees, and curling her fingers so they caressed her inner thighs as they climbed higher. When her fingers reached the crease between her bottom and thigh, they pressed into her skin, and oh so slowly peeled her cleft apart.

Sally's vagina passage, reluctantly peeled open, and even as he watched, it opened up deeper into her, her arousal fluids were now running freely from her. Sam, sitting only a foot away, could distinctly smell the little girl cunt aroma of her pussy juices. He could see her hymen, tightly stretched across her vagina, with it's little hole, dilating and closing with her motions, inviting him in. Sam knew he wanted to break that barrier with his cock as soon as he was allowed.

"Would you like to kiss me there, Sam?" Sally asked him in the husky voice, not of an eleven year old, but one much older, "you can if you like, I don't mind." Sam looked down at her beautiful face, now smiling brightly up at him in invitation from between her calves.

Sam leaned the few inches remaining between them, and gently, almost reverentially, brought his lips to her. He saw another small runnel of pearlescent fluid slipping down her mound, through her sparse silvery pubic hair, towards her belly button. His tongue caught it, and slowly moved up and into the dimple of the start of her cleft. There he was rewarded with a little reservoir of the slime, which tasted to him like the ambrosia of the gods on Olympus. He took his time, and lapped at it. He moved a fraction upwards, and found her clitoral hood poking out. Enveloping it with his lips, he gently sucked on it, teasing the nub with the tip of his tongue. Her reaction was immediate. There was a sharp intake of breath, and unsteadiness, as she rocked on her feet. Sam had to steady her with his hands on her hips. Looking down, Sam could now see she had her eyes screwed shut.

Moving further up, Sam savoured her scent before lapping at her virginal opening, trying to force his tongue in as far as her hymen, coloured pink and coral and sparkling in reflecting light with the wetness of her arousal. He had never licked anyone's rosebud before, and now was his chance to try. His tongue passed over her perineum, and into the slight dip of her anus. He pressed in as hard as his tongue would allow, and moved it back and forth a few times, savouring the slightly salty tang, which was accompanied by surprisingly little shit smell. He found it more intoxicating than he'd expected. Don't knock it if you haven't tried it, he thought.

Moving back to her clit, which was now projecting stiffly from it's cowel, he again sucked on it. She started to moan now, obviously approaching her climax. Sally was going for gold, it was going to be only a matter of seconds and it was going to be a good one.

Sam caught a glimpse of movement out of the corner of his eye. Looking up, he saw Sylvia's face peering around the corner. How long she'd been watching he couldn't tell, but she was flushed in the face, her fingers pressed to her crotch. He moved his lips away from the girl's genitals, and started to rub her clit with his thumb, and brought a finger to his lips, indicating silence. Looking down, the child still had her eyes shut. Carefully, he stood up, and waved Sylvia over. Standing to one side, while he was still masturbating her, he allowed Sylvia to move into where he had been. Lifting his hands away, she took over his ministrations, sat down, and sucked at the girl's pussy, just as Sam had been doing moments before. Sam quietly moved to another chair to watch the show.

Sally climaxed with an intensity belying her age. She almost fell over, as her legs started to buckle, and would have done but for a steadying hand from Sylvia. Her orgasm went on for over a minute in full intensity, and another minute as she gradually calmed. Finally, Sally stood up, and as she eventually opened her eyes, she saw Sam sitting in the chair in front of her.

"Whoa, what, how…..", she stuttered, then looked over her shoulder, and saw Miss. P. "Ohmygod, ohmygod, what, what?" her hand shot to her mouth in shocked surprise.

"It's alright, Sally," said Sam in a reassuring tone, "Miss. P. is a member of our little Club, and wanted to help you feel nice. It did feel nice didn't it?"

Sally still red in the face from her embarrassment, said, "Errr yes, thank you Sam. It felt really nice. Err thank you Miss. P. it was good." The girl took a minute or two regaining her composure, before she found the courage to say, "Sam, do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Fire away honey," replied Sam "what do you want to know?"

"Well, now I have, you know, let you, er just now," she blushed again, "you know. Does that make me a member?"

"Sally you are in The Club," said Sam "but remember everyone can ask for anything from anyone. And I think you know what I want, don't you?"

Sally smiled shyly at him, "Yes Sam, I think you made that quite clear yesterday, and after, you know, just now, I knew for sure. But is it alright if I wait until the moment is just right for me? You know, I just want my first time to be really special."

"Of course, Sally," he replied, "I want your first time to be really special too, I promise you that." At that moment, none of them knew just how life changing, for all of them, her first time was to become. Sally had started to hear a quiet voice in her head. It was a kind reassuring voice. One she trusted. The first time had been yesterday, when she'd stood naked by the food dumpster and Sam had saved her from Verity. The voice had told her to trust Sam, to do as he asked. When he'd given her tea upstairs and been so kind, the voice had told her to listen. The voice had guided her, told her to relax in Sam's presence, to let him have a quick look between her thighs. It had told her she should let Sam do what he wanted to her, but that she must hold back giving herself to him, until the second night of the camp. The night of the full moon.

Sally quickly got dressed, and surprised Sam when she came over and hugged him warmly. Her finger tips found and ran along Sam's cock in a teasing dance of a moment or two, and then gave him a lingering kiss on his lips, before leaving. "Well," said Sylvia, "that went well, I must say.

"How is The Club recruitment going, Sam?" she asked "I came over to give you some news, by the way."

"Well, we have the five who have all agreed; that's Lizzie and Hannah, the ten year olds. As you know we should fuck Lizzie later, if all goes well. Sally, as you just saw is one step away from giving her all and Vera and Vicky I fucked half an hour ago."

“You did what?” she gasped, “but that was fast work,” her hand was already slipping under the elastic waistband of her games shorts. “God I wish I’d seen that.”

“Yes, well, I have offered them $10 for every pound they lose in weight. I think we would do them a huge favour if you work out a diet and fitness programme for them. It was fun, but I’m really not into hot sweaty heavy weight fucking. So you would be doing them and me a good turn if you could work on that.” She nodded.

“I have to get off to the bank,” Sam glanced at his watch, “you said you had some news.”

“Oh, yes, with your news about Vera and Vicky, I almost forgot. You remember yesterday, I mentioned I have a couple of nine year olds I’m grooming up, well there has been a development. The news about your meeting this morning with The Principal is all over the school. You are some sort of folk hero, it would seem, Sam. Everyone knows you saved Mrs. Prentice from being fired.” She smiled at his blush. “Anyway, The Choices Club seems to have become public knowledge as well. There’s talk of the club holding a legacy of $5million.” Sam knew Marjorie couldn’t hold news like that back for long. Sam wasn’t sure if this early disclosure was altogether a good thing.

“Anyway, these two nine year olds I mentioned, Amanda and Sandra, always known as Mandy and Sandy asked me about it during morning break. I explained that it was a special club to help girls from poor, single parent backgrounds, become a self support group of very close friends, going on vacation trips together and getting other things too.”

“Well, Mandy asked me what they needed to do to become members of The Club,” Sylvia continued, “and I said that they had to show they would be committed to The Club and it’s members. They might be asked to do things for the other members, but also could ask for anything too. Now Mandy is an intelligent girl, and immediately asked me if that meant they had to do, as she called it ‘sex stuff, like you’ve been trying to get us to do, Miss.’ Well I told them perhaps, would it matter? Maybe in the vacations they might like to go to Euro Disney in Paris, France. That excited them, I can tell you.”

“They went off and talked about it for a few minutes, and came back to me and said it was OK. I said I would meet them this afternoon, and I would show them what they needed to do. Sam, I can’t tell you, I am really excited about getting inside their panties. Anyway, I think it might be too early to bring them to The Club meeting later, remember we are going to fuck Lizzie. Shall I ask them if they would like to come at the beginning, meet the other members, and then go after ten minutes or so?”

“Sylvia, that’s fine by me,” Sam said, as he pulled his boxers back on, “we mustn’t rush this, otherwise we might make mistakes. OK, in the meantime, see if you can break them in, have fun. Did you want to use my apartment?”

“I didn’t like to ask,” she answered coyly, “but that would really help, Sam. Thanks. Do you want to come up and meet them? I’m seeing them at two. They have to be in class at three, so if you come up at, say two forty, what do you think?” They agreed, and went their different ways.

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CHAPTER 12
Wednesday early afternoon – Sandy & Mandy’s shower

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Sam’s visit to the bank went well. He spoke to the manager, who was a parent of two of the pupils in school, and the account was opened, using $1000 in cash he had brought, in less than an hour. The mandate forms were run off for signature by the trustees, which Sam promised to return later.

The jewellers next door had some really pretty solid silver choker necklaces. They were made up of a series of square silver plates, edged with gold, hinged together. The hinges were so tight, they were almost invisible. He asked how many they had, and was advised six. He asked how long it would take to engrave them. They said they did it in store, and could deliver later in the day. He bought them and ordered a further twenty. He also asked for two special ones to be ordered. He wanted one in pure gold, and the other with

plates alternately gold and silver. He instructed them to inscribe everything with the new Club Latin motto. ‘Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus.’ He paid cash, and told them where to bring the delivery.

He went into the travel agents, to enquire about Euro Disney, and got a few brochures for ideas.

Next he called into the phone shop, and selected a dozen IPad Pros and IPhone X. He asked the salesman to link each phone to an IPad, set them all up with WhatsApp, and make a new group called ‘Choices’. He instructed him to set the locators on, so he could see where everyone was. He asked the young guy to fill them with all the games and music young girls are likely to play. “Make sure they have all the bells and whistles,” he said, “you know what to do.” They would be delivered to the school later in the day he was assured. Sam paid in cash, with a bonus to the man to ensure he did a thorough job.

He called into a marketing store, that did promotional wear for companies, but also supplied uniforms for most of the schools in the area, and spoke to the pleasant girl behind the counter, who seemed be the owner. Her name was Jane. She appeared to Sam to be about fifteen years old, but must have been much older. What he wanted was a Choices logo, and then T-shirts, shorts, sweat shirts, sports clothes all in a common colour scheme with the logo. He also wanted smart wear for formal visits, but there was no hurry for this, it could follow later. The girl stunned him. She knew exactly what he needed. She knew what young girls wanted to wear, and in a matter of half an hour had taken a huge order off him, and a shit load of cash. She might look young, thought Sam, but she’s got an old head on those shoulders. They spent some time pouring over her computer, which had a special program for designing corporate logos and trade marks. The end result really pleased Sam. She promised to deliver some samples of the clothing later and the balance the following day. The formal wear would follow in a couple of weeks. Sam asked if she could e-mail the logo to the phone shop and arrange for them to print it onto the phones and IPads. She said her boy friend worked there and would fix it for him. Sam decided she’d earned the bonus he left with her.

Getting back to the school, Sam sent an e-mail to Morgan, provided the bank account details, and a reminder that the funds were to be in place by close of business that day. Next, he went over to the office to see Marjorie to ask for the forms the parents have to sign giving the school loco parentis authority while they were away on camp. She handed over the file, with her usual smile. “You really showed that bully where to go this morning, Sam. It was long overdue. Someone should have sorted him out years ago. Well done. You have really made a stir around the school.”

At that moment, Mrs. Prentice came out of her office on hearing Sam’s voice. “Ah, it is you Sam, could you spare a minute?” They entered, she turned and sat on the edge of her desk, facing him. Her likeness to Morticia, with her long black clothing, and hair with pale skin always astonished him. He tried not to smile knowingly.

“Sam, I know I thanked you this morning, but I really appreciate what you did. I have played it over in my head and just don’t know how you managed it, but you did.” She continued, “Thank you. As I said this morning, if there is anything I can do, just say the word.”

“Actually, Celine, there are a couple of little things.” He took out one of the bank mandate forms and passed it over for her signature. She glanced at it, signed it and slid it back across the table. “And the other thing,” Sam continued, “The Choices Club will need accommodation. We could rent a house or something, but that seems to be a waste of money. What I had in mind; above the kitchens, there are some unused rooms which look like they used to be accommodation.”

“Yes,” Celine said, “they were dormitories back in the days before the school bus system, and kids from distant farms and settlements couldn’t travel every day, so they lived there weekdays. They used to board sixty or seventy pupils then. There’s more space up there than you’d realise. It goes the whole length of the kitchens and refectory dining hall. If you can make use of it, then it’s yours. I can’t help with renovation costs, but as far as I am concerned, Sam, your wish is my command.” She was pleased that in some small way she had been able repay Sam.

Sam returned to the workshop, opened the file containing the permission forms for the camp. He drew one out, and studied it. The wording was simple enough, and replicating it onto his computer, created a parental permission form for The Choices Club. He added a few additional clauses to cover eventualities when travelling abroad.

Noise from the next room drew his attention, and entering the corridor, heard a class in the changing rooms, after their gym class. He lifted one of the covers to watch what happened. It was the 3rd graders, and usually they just slipped off their leotards, and dressed in their school uniform. Sam watched as two of them, however, came over to the shower cubicles, carrying their towels and clothes, which they carefully hung up and started to undress.

Sam watched them carefully, because these two were stunningly beautiful. They looked like they must be sisters, but he knew they weren't. He recognised them as Mandy and Sandy. They were both blond, with hair flowing down to the small of their backs. They were fit looking, he knew from gymnastics they were tipped to be in the school team soon. Their faces were angelic. One had emerald green eyes, while the other cobalt blue with grey rings around the irises. Their poise was elegant, their movements graceful. They were tall for their age. Sam was so taken by their beauty, he quite forgot to switch his camera on.

They removed their leotards quickly enough, but to Sam's hungry eyes, it could'nt be fast enough. Suddenly, tossing their games kit onto the bench, they both straightened up, and stepped towards the shower. Sam was hypnotised by the loveliness of the vision before him. These were two nymphs sent from heaven. Their forms were perfect. As they stood waiting for the water to warm, before stepping under it, he heard one say "I thought we should have a quick shower to be clean enough for Miss. P. later. Do you like her? I think she's really nice." They stepped into the shower, and started to lather themselves with their gel.

"Yes," came the reply, "I hope she can show us a few things, you know, sex things, do you think she will? I liked it when I tried the things she suggested the other day. It makes me feel funny in my tummy when I think about it. This Choices Club sounds interesting though, what do you think?"

Sam was transfixed, watching the suds and water flow down the gorgeous bodies, eddying inwards, confluencing at their lower bellies, passing over their tight vulvas, both short, not showing off their secrets.

"I don't know really, we haven't been told much, but if it meant we could get into the state gymnastics team one day, I would do anything to be in it. Sam the guy taking us to camp seems to know a lot about it. I also reckon we are going to have to let Miss. P. do much more stuff to us later. Do you mind?"

"I would let Miss. P. do anything she wants, I like her, but if it meant we could get into the team, I would fuck the devil himself." Sam's erect cock lurched at the music in his ears. "My mum told me when she wanted to be a gymnast, she was told all the coaches did stuff to them. If they didn't let them, they didn't get in the team."

The two had nearly finished their quick shower, and turned to let the water spray their backs. Their globular bottoms were just magnificent, pert, muscle toned, with little dimples on their buttocks, which deepened as their muscles moved. They both put gel on their hands and bending away from him, ran their hands up the backs of their thighs, parting them, to clean the recesses of their clefts with their finger tips. One after the other, two magnificent bottoms opened up to his gaze, and as their hands worked down, their vaginas popped open, showing the darker shadows within, followed by their labia lips, exposing their clit hoods, with their nubs just poking out. All too soon they were standing again, rinsing off, grabbing their towels to get dry.

Sam was about to leave, as he heard a final comment. "You know, I think Miss. P. was dropping hints about that sex stuff and the Choices Club, maybe they're connected. Do you think Sam is going to want to do stuff to us as well? I think he's really nice."

"Yes," she replied, "he is nice, and like I said, I would let him fuck me to get what I want."

"I agree," said her friend, "let's get into that club, whatever it takes."

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CHAPTER 13
Wednesday afternoon – Sandy and Mandy join The Club

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Sam met up with Sylvia in the refectory for lunch. They happened to be at a table on their own, but even so, kept being interrupted by members of staff congratulating him on how he'd dealt with Morgan, and for saving Mrs. Prentice's job. In between, they chatted about The Club, she signed the bank form, and was interested as he chatted about his purchases in town that morning.

"Also, Sylvia, I saw your two protégés in the shower a short while ago, you know, Mandy and Sandy," he whispered carefully, "they had some very interesting things to say." Sam gave her a run down of what he'd heard. "I think perhaps we can let them attend the whole meeting. You'd better prime them this afternoon, when you fuck, err masturbate, err give them extra tuition." They both laughed, drawing some amused glances. Neither Sam nor Miss. P. had seemed happy people to the other staff, until they had met each other. If only they knew.

Sam returned to the workshop and taking his bunch of keys, went up to his room, and unlocked a door at the end. It led to a covered passageway, which bridged over the alley, leading to the rooms above the kitchens. Inside, he found the old dormitories hadn't been touched for decades, but were dry and in good condition. With a really good clean up, they could be converted to be used for modern accommodation with almost no structural adaptation. He realised when these rooms had been used for boarders, his quarters must have been for the supervising staff.

Going back downstairs, he selected two cordless transmitters from his D.E.A. drawer, which he plugged into a pair of motion activated cameras. He plugged the receiver into his computer, and switched it on, testing that everything worked. Next, he went upstairs to position the cameras, ensuring they were well hidden, covering his bedroom. Another look at the screen, and satisfied everything was positioned well, he switched the screen off. The time was nearly two o'clock, so he went off on his rounds, returning about fifteen minutes later.

He entered and then locked the workshop quietly, not wanting to disturb those upstairs. Flicking the computer screen on, he saw immediately that Sylvia had wasted no time. The three were lying on his bed. They were all as naked as the day they were born. Sylvia was giving them instructions in oral sex, and how to give each other the maximum pleasure. "So that's how you do it girls, do you want to give it a try?" Mandy and Sandy glanced at each other and in silent agreement, nodded at their teacher. "Who would like to go first, you Mandy? OK, if I lie here, I can spread my knees right out. Give me some room, that's right. Now if you go to the bottom of the bed and come up between my legs, I'll show you what to do." Sam was riveted, his arousal almost overwhelming. This was just so erotic.

"Now, use your fingers, and spread my pussy lips carefully apart. That's right, a bit more. Have a close look. Here is my clitty, you'll see it's sticking out of it's cover, which is usually hidden between my cunt lips. That's because I'm excited about what we're doing. Just below, is my vagina. You can see I'm really wet and sticky there. Now carefully, lick up through my slit, from just below my vagina hole, up over my clitty, to the top of my slit and down again. Hmmm, yes that's good. Now add a bit more pressure, and do it a little faster. Excellent, you are really good at this. What does it taste like? Do you like it?"

Mandy raised her face above Sylvia's belly, glanced at her friend and smiled. Sam could see she had wetness spread over her mouth, nose and chin and cheeks. "It tastes a bit salty, Miss., but it's OK, I quite like it really. Do you want me to do it some more?"

"OH, yes please Mandy, but in a moment. Sandy, could you come and straddle my face, so I can lick you at the same time? Turn with your back to Mandy, so I can see you while I lick you OK?"

There was a moment of shuffling, and Sandy, with guidance from Sylvia got into position. Their oral stimulation resumed. After about five minutes, it was apparent that Sandy was beginning to get very aroused, and was approaching her climax. She was thrusting her hips forward and backward across Sylvia's lips and nose in increasingly strong movements. She was rubbing one of her flat nipples, stimulating as much arousal from it as she could. With her other hand she was pressing her lower tummy just above her prominent mound.

Likewise, Sam could see Mandy was having an effect on Sylvia, who was now lifting and dropping her hips, as the nine year old brought her orgasm ever closer. The two climaxed simultaneously amid thrusting hips and bellies, moans, groans and sighs. Slowly, slowly, their motions calmed until they were still. Sylvia indicated for the two to cuddle alongside her.

Sam looked at his watch; time to go. He switched the screen off, leaving the recording running. He quietly went up the stairs, and peered around the door. The two girls were snuggled into the sides of their favourite teacher, pressing their faces to her breasts. The girls were away in a world of their own, oblivious to everything around them.

Sylvia saw him and smiled, giving a little nod, her eyes looking down at Mandy. Sam moved into the room, still unnoticed. He spent several seconds just taking in the sight of the two supremely fit preteen beauties. He could see quite clearly between both their thighs, where their open slick clefts were still moist from the undoubted arousal following their underage lesbian tryst of a few moments ago. Sylvia's pussy was very wet and dilated too. Not for the first time, he wondered if they should try and fuck.

Moving quietly and knowing Mandy who was on the near side of the bed, hadn't cum yet, he gently placed the fingers of his left hand on her mound. The girl snuggled closer into Sylvia's breast, her eyes still shut, obviously thinking she was caressing her. Sam glanced up and caught another encouraging nod from Sylvia. Cupping the nine year old's mound, and feeling the firmness of it's hard but supple shape, he pressed his fingers into the dimple at the top of her cleft. The girl arched her hip slightly upwards, meeting his intrusion. Her thighs were parted enough for her cleft to be sufficiently wide for his fingers to run down through her wet inner labia lips, caressing her slick clitoris. He spent a few minutes, just masturbating the child, encouraging her clitty to engorge and stand up, wanting his stimulation, wanting him to bring her off. The girl started to pant and undulate her hips. She was close.

Sam sat on the edge of the bed. The movement disturbed Mandy. She opened her eyes, looked up and gasped. Sam placed the flat of his right hand on her lower chest in a reassuring gesture. He continued to masturbate her, lengthening his strokes from her dimple down to the bottom of her pussy. Her moisture was now spread along her whole pudenda in large amounts. Both girls were now looking up at him with some alarm. He didn't stop his movements between her thighs. With her shock, she seemed not to notice.

"It's OK," said Miss. P., "it's only Sam. He's come to join us. Is that alright with you two? He runs The Choices Club you know. He would like to get to know you both a lot better. If he likes you, he might let you both join." The girls, again glanced at each other, and settled their heads back down, wondering what would happen next.

Sam, looking directly into Mandy's eyes. Still rubbing her with the fingers of his left hand, he couldn't resist a little fun when he said. "Hello Mandy, we haven't met before, how do you do?" He held his right hand out to the girl and almost laughed out loud when she took it in her hand and shook it. "I'm very well thank you Sam," she automatically replied, immediately followed by, "Nnnggggghh ……. ooohhh …….. gggooooddddd …… I'm cuming Miss. P., I'm cuming, oh yesssss." She had grabbed Sam's wrist with both hands, and was trying to fuck herself with his fingers.

Sam could feel the contractions of the fit muscles of the preteen's cunt clamping onto his fingers, as she pulsed out her astonishing orgasmic pleasure. He couldn't resist leaning into her and lapping her gaping, wet, engorged open labia with his tongue, as her pussy opened and closed in time to her contractions. It sent her into a new round of intense climaxes. She lifted her legs upwards, and outwards in a splits that only an expert gymnast could achieve. She pulled her knees behind her shoulders, her chin almost touching her own belly. Her whole pudenda spread out, allowing Sam's tongue to dip further into her vagina, nudging her hymen. A squirt of fluid from the nine year old indicated to Sam her orgasm continued, so he also went on working at pleasuring her. Finally, she collapsed back onto the bed. Her coiled up body slowly unwound and relaxed as she lay in a comatose state, breathing deeply through her nose, her face one of angelic bliss, her green eyes screwed shut, a smile indicating her contentment.

Finally, her eyes popped open. She focused on Sam's face. "Sam, if I join The Choices Club, can I ask for anything?"

"Yes darling," he answered, "that's the whole idea. What did you want to ask for?

"Sam," she fixed him with her emerald eyes, "if I join, would you teach me how to fuck, I mean really fuck?"

Sam's heart fluttered at the turn of events and the phraseology from this nine year old beauty. He'd been wondering how he would persuade these two to let him have his way with them and here he was being

asked a direct question to do just that. “Yes, of course Mandy, if that’s what you ask for that’s what you’ll get. What made you ask this though?”

“Well Sam, let me tell you something first. My mum says she could have got into the state gymnastics team when she was my age, you know nine. Her coach kept trying to do things to her, you know sex stuff. She says all the coaches were like that, but she wouldn’t go all the way, so he kept her out of the team. When Mum was thirteen, she and Sandy’s mum decided they wanted to be in the team so much, they would let him do what he wanted to them. But, he didn’t look after them, and they both got pregnant, with Sandy and me. No one here knows the secret that Sandy’s my half sister. That’s why we look so alike. The coach was arrested, and our mums never did the thing they loved, gymnastics, again. Sandy and I don’t want to make the same mistake. We have talked to our mums and they have said as long as we like our coaches, we must do whatever we have to, to get into the team. So I want to learn from someone I trust how to fuck. You wouldn’t mind, Sam, would you?” She looked so innocently at him, like she was asking him if she could borrow a few dollars, as she asked this earthquake question.

Sam looked over at Sandy. “Is this how you feel too?”

“We are best friends, Sam,” Sandy replied, her bright cobalt blue eyes sparkling at him, “we do everything together, including some of the stuff Miss. P’s been teaching us, so, yes, count me in, Sam, please teach me too.”

“Ok girls,” said Sam, “I think we can organise that for you, what do you think Miss. P?”

“No problem girls,” she grinned at Sam, “no problem at all. We haven’t got time now, but we will make sure you have the right tuition ok? Could you let your mums know, we’re having a club meeting tonight at five thirty, when all the members will meet? If you would like to join, come along then.”

After Mandy and Sandy had left, Sam had a quick chat with Sylvia. “How good are they at gymnastics, Sylvia?” asked Sam, “Are they special?”

“They are going to be invited into the school team next week. It’s confidential until then, so don’t spread it around. We all think they can make the State Junior Team next term. Why do you ask?”

“Why don’t we tell them tonight?” he said slyly, “Let’s take the credit and make out it was joining The Club that got them into the team. The other Club members will be impressed and think membership opens doors. What do you say?”

“You crafty bastard, OK, but we will have to tell them not to say anything until it’s official next week.”

“This afternoon’s meeting,” said Sam, changing the subject, “what shall we put on the agenda? Firstly, introduce them to each other, explain the rules, fuck Lizzie. I’ve also got an idea for a club house, anything else?”

“No,” she replied, “unless you want to ask them to look out for new recruits. How many members do you want in all?”

“I hadn’t got a fixed number in mind, but if we have a maximum of, say 3 or 4 in each grade, and we start with 1st to 5th grade before they move up to the seniors, then we could end up with 15 or 20.”

After Sylvia had left, Sam called Jane up and asked if she could do him a favour. He needed something delivering in time for the meeting. She promised to do what she could. Another bonus promise of $100 did the trick.

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CHAPTER 14
Wednesday late afternoon - The inaugural meeting

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Sam had just finished checking the pool, and locking the gym. He waited in the workshop, and the first knock came at exactly 5:30pm. Within a couple of minutes, everyone was there. The last to arrive Miss. P. There was an air of excited expectancy about them.

“Welcome girls,” said Sam, “I think you all know each other.” Nods all round. “The first thing I would like to show you all is our new Club House. Follow me. For the moment we have to get into it through my apartment.” They trooped upstairs and over the bridge into the old dormitories. An excited buzz went round, as they realised there would be lots of big en-suite bedrooms, a big club room, kitchen and games room.

“I’m going to have this all fixed up, and I hope in a few weeks, we will be able to hold our meetings here, have sleepovers, do homework,” he ignored the groans, they were after all accompanied with smiles, “and all our school based club activities. You will be allowed to chose your own bedroom decorations and furniture. OK let’s go back to my apartment then.”

“I have ordered some Club stuff,” explained Sam “but most of it will be a day or two before it arrives. To get us started, and to show you what I have in mind, here is a T-shirt I bought today.” Sam held up a high quality shirt, with a 3 button front, dark blue at the shoulder, sky blue at the waist, and every shade of blue between, with the school colours of black and red adorning the sides in vertical stripes. On the breast, though, was a beautifully embroidered emblem, with the letters TCC intertwined together in crimson and sky blue silk. The whole was highlighted though with gold thread giving a very impressive and professional look. The girls were very excited as they passed it around from one to another, each caressing the emblem, like they might a kitten..

“There’s one each for you to take with you when you go,” Sam paused, before continuing, “and you can each have one of these as well.” He pulled out a small box from a large carton. It contained an IPhone X. It was in a pink leather case and printed on the case was the Club logo. It looked fantastic to the girls’ eyes. Next, he pulled out an IPad Pro, in a similar case and also printed with the logo. The girls were now very excited. None of them had ever dreamed of owning anything like these. He decided there was little point in explaining the technology to them, they probably already knew more than he.

“Let’s all sit for a minute, girls,” Sam sat on the edge of his bed, while the various seats and floor spaces were occupied. “You will remember that we are a club, and we are going to be closer and stronger than any family. Does everyone understand that?” They did. “Good, you will also recall the four rules of The Club. If not, I had them printed and framed today. Here they are. The fifth rule is the most important rule of all, which I want you to remember.”

CHOICES

Everyone has the choice to excel at everything they undertake. Always give of your best.

Everyone has the choice to ensure everyone else always achieves their goals.

Everyone has the choice to ask for or give to anyone anything in their power or possession.

Everyone has the choice to say or do anything. We have freedom of speech and action.

Everyone has the choice of keeping everything that happens in The Club secret.

Omnes pro uno, unus pro omnibus.

Sally put her hand up, “What’s that last bit Sam? Isn’t it the same as I saw on the T-shirt?”

“That is our motto. It’s like the one for Switzerland, and the Three Musketeers, although I changed it around. It means ‘All for one and one for all’. I think it describes our club, don’t you.” There was an excited buzz again, as they looked at their phones and IPads, T-shirts and the little rule plaque on the wall.

“Sam,” asked Lizzie, “why did you pick that motto?”

Sam looked at her, remembering back to a painful time. “Well, I was in the army, and I was one of three very good friends. We had the nickname of ‘The Three Musketeers’. There was me, Steve Bandon, Jenny and Emily’s dad, and another guy we called ‘The Professor’. He knew so much, and taught me a lot. He died. I loved those guys, it makes me realise how important friendship is. Well I wanted to remember that friendship, and named our motto after them.”

Sam shifted uneasily, wanting to change the subject. “One of the things we talked about is that everyone can ask for anything from any other member,” he continued. ”Sometimes when we have a meeting, we will be allowed to ask for anything. The only exception is cash.” There was a little giggling around the room. “Who would like to go first?”

Lizzie slowly put her hand up. “Sam, can I ask for my punishment to be ended please? My bottom has hurt so much the last two days, I couldn’t sit down.” There were puzzled looks around the room. The other girls wondering what had happened.

“Certainly Lizzie, that’s an easy wish to grant. Would you like to be the first inducted into The Club today? I think you are ready to be a member.” She looked a bit unsure, but nodded.

“What do I have to do, Sam, to be inducted?” She asked, “Is it difficult?”

“No,” he replied, “you’ll just do what Hannah did yesterday. Ok,” he went on, “we’ll end the meeting with your induction then. Are you happy with that?” She nodded, a wave of arousal swept through her at the thought of what was to follow. Sam looked around the room. “Who’s next?”

Sally put her hand up, and asked, “Sam you said we might go on some trips during the school vacations. I would like to go to Disney.”

Sam reached for a brochure from the shelf, and showed them the EuroDisney brochure he’d picked up earlier. “How would this do? Any of you ever been to Paris before?”

The seven girls were beside themselves now. A trip to Europe in the vacations. “Thank you Sam,” beamed Sally. None of them had ever been out of the state before. And yet, somehow she knew what he was going to say. The voice in her head had explained.

“Can I chose Sam,” asked Hannah, he nodded, “I would like my punishment ended too, please? Did I get inducted yesterday?”

“No Hannah, that was just practice, you can have your turn tomorrow if you want, like Lizzie is today, OK?” She nodded, smiling. She was so relieved she wouldn’t have to endure any more pain, and she was excited she would get to be fucked again so soon. She’d been wet all day thinking about last night.

Next, Vicky and Vera asked to have a sponsored diet. Sam explained to the other girls he was going to pay them $10 per pound they lost. “We ought to weigh you now. Strip off so it’s accurate. Hannah, I want you to gain some weight. Would you like to be weighed as well? Perhaps we’ll sponsor you for each pound you gain.” He fetched his bathroom scales, while they quickly stripped off their school uniforms. Miss. P. recorded their weights in her diary. Afterwards, at Miss. P’s. suggestion, they didn’t bother dressing, they just sat down again.

Finally, Sandy and Mandy said they wanted to be on the school junior gymnastics team. Sam, anticipating the question, reached into his box, and pulled out a plastic bag, and emptied the contents onto his lap. It was a school team leotard, with the school logo on the breast, and The Club logo beautifully positioned on the right shoulder. Jane had managed the delivery just minutes before the meeting.

“Put it on Sandy, you too Mandy, here’s yours. You are both in the school team as of today, but you are not allowed to tell anyone until next week, when it’s official, understand?”

The two, excitedly but quickly undressed. They paused when they were just in their panties, looked at each other, and slid them down. They were beginning to understand what Sam liked, needed and enjoyed. They made a point of ensuring that as the new garments went on, they showed him as many glimpses of their sexy bodies as they could. They modelled the leotards for everyone to see. They looked stunning. Sam

reached into the box again, and pulled out a State Team costume, again with the Club logo on, and said “I hope to be able to award these to you both very soon.” The two preteen gymnasts were beside themselves with excitement. Their eyes glittered with unshed tears of joy.

“OK, you two,” said Sam, “we don’t want you spoiling your new gym kit before the big day next week, you’d better take them off.” Like Hannah, Vera and Vicky, they shrugged off the kit, and sat down, again stark naked.

“Sally, we’re going to induct Lizzie in a minute, would you like to strip off too?”

“Excuse me Sam,” said Sally, as she started undressing, “but you and Miss. P. haven’t had a wish yet, and you’re both fully clothed still. What would you like?”

Miss. P. looked at the row of girls, and asked “Before Lizzie’s induction, would you all sit on the back of the bed, side by side, lean against the wall, with your heels by your bottoms, knees apart and hold yourselves open. I would like to come and inspect each of you and lick you a little.” The girls all giggled at their respected teacher asking them to do something so naughty. But never-the-less, they quickly got into the position she asked, and one by one, pulled their tiny pussies open. Without exception, they were all showing the signs of arousal. Pearlescent liquid was running from their vaginas, and down their clefts towards their rosebuds.

Miss. P. quickly undressed, and climbing on the bed and lying across it, she started at the foot of the bed and worked her way along the line of nine, ten and eleven year olds. She spent a couple of minutes, caressing, fondling and licking each of their pussies. She was in a heaven of her own pedo lust. Before she had even got to the end, she had spontaneously climaxed, moaning and groaning, having to stop for a moment to catch her breath. By the time she reached the end, she was sated. Her face was flushed with tiny beads of sweat and she was panting short breaths. A look of ecstatic satisfaction on her face. Although no one had touched her she had had one of the best orgasms of her life. She knew she was going to love this club. Sam noticed though that not only did all six girls have nipples that now stood out hard from their flat chests, they were now openly masturbating themselves, their fingers moving over their smooth bald mounds and into their clefts, caressing their tiny aroused clits. The Seventh being Lizzie, was now looking back at him with keen anticipation.

Finally, as things calmed down, they started to look towards Sam with expectancy. Lizzie asked, “Sam what is your wish? What would you like?”

Sam thought for a moment. He had been wondering about this for a while.

“Well,” he said, pensively, “we are going on camp this weekend. I love to see little girls without any clothes on. I would like you seven to use every opportunity you can, to encourage the rest of the group to strip off for me, so I can see their little naked bodies. That’s my wish.”

Vera, squinted at him, “You mean getting everyone to skinny dip or something like that, Sam?”

“Yes Vera,” he replied, “that sort of thing. I will leave it to you to all use your imaginations.” Sam looked at his watch. “We’ve already been half an hour, so if Lizzie is going to be inducted, we need to do it now. You six stay where you are, Lizzie come over here, Miss. P., would you like to take her place?

Lizzie, how would you like to do this? It is your first time, so you can do it any way you like.”

She looked at him, and glanced along the line of girls, before saying, “Sam, my bottom still hurts, so I want to go on top, please. Also, I fancy controlling everything if that’s OK.”

Sam smiled, and quickly shucked off his clothes. Most of the girls seeing him naked for the first time were admiring his physique and in particular his long, but slender, very erect cock protruding from his groin, pre-cum glinting on it’s end, a long string like a spider’s web stretched to his knee. He lay on the bed, the feet of the six girls were now tucked under his thighs, legs and chest. Looking alongside himself, all he seemed to see was little girl cunt, aroused, wet and fully in view. He casually reached across and playfully ran his fingers over two or three of the vulvas nearest to him. Little fingers were playing their individual tunes on the tight strings of their own clits. Sam had never experienced a harder erection. It hurt, it was so rigid.

Lizzie, who seemed to have just paused for a moment, came to the bed, and placing her right knee and one hand on the edge, swung her other leg over him, so she straddled him. Sam's cock was pressed to his tummy, Lizzie's slick pussy lips enveloped it on either side, after a pause of a few seconds. Slowly, ever so slowly, she moved her vulva forward along him, until his helmet shaped cock head slipped into her bum crack, she slowly started the return slide, spreading the huge amount of pre-cum along the length of her tight preteen cleft as she did so.

Again she made the slow, slip sliding journey, with just a little increase in downward pressure, and speed. Back and forth, back and forth. Pre-cum and slick little girly arousal moisture covering every point of contact. Lizzie in particular loved it as his crown dragged through her cleft over her vagina entry and sensitive clitty. Both of them were totally absorbed in the ecstatic feelings passing through their genitals as they rubbed together. Their audience were not only fully absorbed too, but all seven were now openly masturbating themselves. Sam, who had often had off the wall thoughts, smiled to himself as he altered an old saying in his mind; a family that cums together stays together.

Lizzie lifted herself up, and reaching down between her thighs, gently grasped his hot, hugely, rigidly, erect cock, and moving it slightly back and forth over her vagina, found the exact entrance to her tunnel of love. She lowered herself a fraction, so he was now pressed into her entry. She became aware deep inside her lower tummy an itch starting to grow. She needed to scratch it, but knew there was only one way to do so.

As she rocked backwards and forwards, she became aware that his cock head was sliding through his foreskin, and pressing into her just a little. Not since her experience in the shower with the Tanto knife on Monday had she shoved anything into herself. She needed this more than anything. Just then, she became aware of an easing of pressure, and at the same time his cock slipping into her another fraction. She continued her movements and downward pressure, each time feeling herself open up and him filling the void. Then his cock was suddenly inside her entry. His crown just popped through her tight ring, immediately easing the pressure.

She paused, allowing her ten year old cunt to adjust to his cock's tight intrusion into her virgin pussy. She felt more easing of the pressure, and after a moment's pause, started her movements again. Each time, she could feel the walls of her vagina parting, peeling apart, as he ever so slowly slipped into her. She also started to feel the most ecstatic feeling, as her clit, was dragged into her vagina then pulled out again with it's rubbing against his cock. All of a sudden, all the pressure went, and she realised she was able to lower herself down his shaft. Her vagina walls parting willingly, as he slid further into her, two, three then four inches.

The itch inside her was insisting on relief, and suddenly she felt him bump into her deepest part. Blinding lights filled her closed obsidian eyes, as the tingles within her exploded into an unexpectedly early climax. She lifted herself up and dropped down. Up, down. The feelings were overwhelming her, the insistent itch both satisfied as well as demanded more.

Her climax was so overwhelming, she was unaware when Sam grabbed her poor bruised bottom in a tight clench, as he lifted her up and down in a frenzied attempt to increase the speed and penetration of this beautiful round faced, strawberry blond haired ten year old. Sam didn't know how long he would last, but she was in full orgasm now. Her thighs slapping against his, it seemed he was in her all of his six and a half inches. His cock smacking into her hard rubbery cervix. He could feel her clenches, as she came and came, along the whole length of his cock. Just as he thought she was coming down from the heights of her climax, he felt the familiar tightening of his balls, and the tingling deep down.

He came, oh how he came. The first pulse spurted into her. He heard her grunt as it hit deep inside her womb. The second though was a tsunami of ejaculation, as he exploded into her. His cock swelled so much, it hurt him, as he pulsed and pulsed into her. He was frantic in his movements. He was bouncing her up and down on him like a rag doll on a pole. Her own orgasm reached new heights, as his sperm filled semen shot deep, deep into her, massaging her insides. Together they came and came. The audience were spell bound. They too shared in the orgasmic bliss, as 'they all came together'.

Lizzie collapsed onto Sam's chest. Her breathing a rough pant of exhausted gasps. The side of her pretty face pressed to his heart, listening to the solid beat of his pulse. She felt the fading pulses of his cock, deep

inside her, which echoed the thumping in his chest. He gently put his hands on the globes of her bottom, but this time, she tensed, as the pain shot through her. Realising what he'd done, he moved his hands up and cuddled her back.

"I'm sorry Sam," said Miss. P., "but it's only ten minutes to go, and we've all got to get cleaned up and dressed. We must hurry."

Lizzie had a quick shower, while everyone else used Sam's bath towels to wipe themselves. They dressed in a couple of minutes. Sam made sure they all had their 'Goody Bags' to take home, with their new phones and IPads and T-shirts. He gave them a parental consent form with the request they all got their mothers to sign and return them the following day.

"Before you go," announced Sam, "as part of Lizzie's induction, I have a little present for her. There is one of these for each of you in your turn." He produced a long thin jeweller's box. Inside was the silver and gilt engraved choker. He placed it around her throat, and clicked the clasp shut. Lizzie admired it in the mirror. The girls gathered round to inspect the gift.

Hannah said, "There's something written on it. It says 'Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus'. Isn't that our motto Sam? All for one, one for all. I can't wait to have mine. How soon can I have my induction?"

"As I said earlier," he replied, "you can be next, if you want, tomorrow. Which reminds me girls, I would like to speak to all of your mothers after tomorrow's meeting. Would you ask them if they could come here at 6:30?"

Before they went downstairs, Lizzie put her hand up to speak. "I think I am speaking for all of us, Sam and Miss. P., but this club is going to be the best thing that ever happened to any of us. I really had a ball today," she giggled at the double entendre, "I know that now I will be able to get on with my life without my uncle's bullying, and be able to have and do the things that Sam has told us about, and enjoy the most wonderful feelings, like I did just now."

"As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace. Sam, one more thing," she said with a glint in her eye, "I will try and make sure you see every last girl's pussy at least once on the camping trip."

"Yes, too right, Sam, that's our weekend mission," echoed Hannah. "We'll call it pussy parading, eh girls?"

There was bright laughter as they all agreed on the weekend's project Each girl kissed Sam and Miss. P. on the lips, as they left.

After they had gone, Sam collapsed into an arm chair. He seemed oblivious he was still naked. "Well that went well, Sylvia, what do you think?"

Sylvia, who was lying on his bed, also still stark naked, her legs and arms akimbo, glanced across at him. "You know Sam, it was only yesterday morning you scared the shit out of me when you found out what I was and what I like to do. You have changed my whole life in just over a day. If there is ever anything I can do for, just name it."

Sam, looked across at her and smiled. "You know there is something I would like Sylvia, but it's something you need to think about."

"What's that Sam," she asked, now intrigued, "What would you like?"

"Well you and I are two of a kind. I don't think we'll ever change. But, you know, one day I would love to have kids and someone to raise them with. And, well, I was wondering……"

"Are you asking what I think you're asking, Sam?" she replied. "You want me to have your kids?"

"I suppose I am, Sylvia, I suppose I am."

“It would be an honour, Sam. My mum would love it if I told her she was going to have grandkids. Talking about kids, you haven’t forgotten we’re babysitting Sophie and Amber, have you?”

Sam laughed. “You’re talking like a nagging wife already.” He put on a squeaky voice, “Come on dear, tidy the room up, when are you going to paint the kitchen, don’t forget you’ve got to molest some children?” They both laughed. There was an accord building between them already.

He quickly dressed and went to the cupboard where the sleeping potion was stored. He took the flask down, and an empty eye dropper bottle, he had kept for this purpose. Careful not to spill any, he filled the little bottle with the clear fluid, and put it in his pocket. He selected one of his pocket size digital cameras, flicked the light off and said, “Right, ready to go.”

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CHAPTER 15
Wednesday evening – Babysitting.

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Because Sylvia lived some distance from the trailer park, and also needed to go to the supermarket, en-route, they decided to make their own way there. Sam found the place, and quickly located the home he was looking for. Outside, a bunch of kids were playing. It was a warm evening, and getting warmer. He hoped this nice weather would remain good for the camping trip.

As he got out of his truck, a woman from the property next door came out. She immediately reminded him of Whoopi Goldberg to look at and had a warm welcoming smile. “You gotta be Sam, I’m glad you’re here, I’m just off to work,” she said. She even sounded like Whoopi did in Ghost. The only thing was, Amber and Sophie’s mum had told him she worked in the entertainment business. Seeing how she was dressed though, there was absolutely no doubt what sort of entertainment she was involved in. Fishnet stockings above high boots, a very short black leather skirt, and a low cut red top. “My name’s Dolly,” she said, hoping he would remember her.

“Hi,” said Sam, “yeah, babysitting Amber and Sophie tonight until their mum gets home. Another teacher’s joining me, but she won’t be here for a while. Have you got the key?”

“Yeah, sugar, but, how about you and me stepping inside for a minute. I can give you a discount on account you’re one of my kid’s teachers an’ all.” A little girl of about 8, obviously her daughter, came up and stood beside her. He recognised her from school. Her name was Jasmine. Sam glanced down at her, worried she might hear the conversation. The kid’s pretty little black face smiled back up at him.

The woman seeing the momentary glance continued. “Oh, you like ‘em young do you? Well that’s no problem, you can have her instead if you like. A couple of other teachers from your school seem to like her too. I don’t charge as much for her as I should. Would you like her?”

Sam didn’t like the way this conversation was going. It would be stupid to get arrested for even just talking to this woman like this.

“Thank you but no,” he stuttered, wanting to change the subject, “my girlfriend’s due here any minute. Is your daughter going on the camping trip I organised this weekend?”

“Ah, it was you organised it. She hates me, because I told her I couldn’t afford to let her go,” she said, looking down at the girl, “don’t cha, Jasmine?”

“No mummy, it’s just that all the uvva girls are goin’ an’ I woulda liked to go wiv ‘em.”

“Well maybe next time, Jasmine, who knows.” She looked up at Sam, “Trip’s full now anyway, ain’t that right mister?”

“Yes it is,” answered Sam, feeling sorry for the child, “would you like me to let you know if a place becomes available?”

“Well, I still can’t afford it,” she looked around, clearly wanting to get off to work, “but it won’t do no harm, I s’pose. Here are the keys, I gotta go. You get to bed now Jasmine, ya hear? And if you change your mind, sugar, you know where to find her. She knows what to charge.”

Sam saw the kids were still playing their games, running around outside. The two ginger redheads enjoying their last moment of freedom before being summoned in for the night. He let himself into the trailer. On the table was a note from the mother, thanking him, saying to help himself to a beer in the fridge, and would he be kind enough to bath the kids if he could get the water working again.

Intending to get his chore out of the way, he soon found the water tank. Noting the heating element number, he went to his truck and looking through the selection he had brought, found the replacement he needed. He drained the tank, replaced the element and had it filled and running just as Sylvia arrived. It was only a small tank so would only take about twenty minutes to heat up.

Sam handed her the eye dropper bottle. “How many drops, do you think?” she asked.

“Well,” he replied, “a dose for an adult is about five drops. So a child’s dose would usually be about three or four. We want them out cold, so let’s say six.”

Sylvia went to the cupboard and got two cups down and counted six drops into each one, then carefully noting where they were, returned them to the cupboard.

They went outside and waited while the kids finished their game. They sat down on a bench seat just outside the door, and shared the only beer in the fridge, which Sam suspected Ellie had bought specially for him. It was a lovely evening. “Looks like it will be nice for the camping trip,” he said. “The weather will be clear and sunny according to the forecast. It seems to be getting hotter and more humid though. Could be a scorcher.”

“Yes,” she answered, “I heard it was going to be really hot and sweaty up there. Is there a lot of walking?”

“We’re doing a five or six mile hike the first morning after we arrive, but canoeing in the afternoon. That will be pretty hot. We’ll need to make sure there’s plenty of sunscreen and drinking water. Let’s call the girls in.”

Sophie and Amber ran over as soon as they were called. They liked Miss. P. She was their favourite teacher. She was always nice to them.

“Time to come in,” said Miss. P. “would you like us to give you a nice bath? It looks like you’re both hot and grubby after all that running around. Your mum left a note asking if we would bath you.”

They went inside. The bath water now running warm, confirmed the repair had worked.

Sam started to undress Sophie, while Amber insisted on doing it herself. She ‘was eight now after all’. But if Miss. P. would like to wash her, she ‘wouldn’t mind’.

He slipped off her threadbare T-shirt over her head, showing off her little bee sting areolæ and hard but tiny nipples just standing proud of her chest. Her school skirt unbuckled and placed carefully to one side, leaving just her thin, but clean pink panties. She sported a camel toe, which Sam studied for a moment, before sweeping them down her pencil thin legs. Her little pussy mound seemed too big for a seven year old and dominated her lower belly. Her cleft looked deep with a nice dimple. A tiny bump of skin showed, where the hood of her clit was pushing up. She had caught the sun a little and where her panties had been seemed unnaturally white in comparison. To get a feel, Sam picked her up and cupping his hand under her bottom, her legs either side of his waist, he could feel her little pussy, peeled open slightly under his finger tips. She felt both firm and soft at the same time. He loved it. He made a game of saying she was ready for her bath first, now swinging her around in his arms to distract her from where his fingers were invading her young body.

Soon Amber was naked too, and Sam, putting Sophie down, before she wondered what he was doing, said “I wonder if the bath is ready yet? You two can play a game for a minute if you like.”

The two jumped onto the settee, and bounced up and down, falling on their backs and rolled around, legs flying, bottoms everywhere. Sam and Sylvia watched transfixed, as every inch of their tiny young bodies were repeatedly exposed, hidden and exposed again in flashes of tempting movements no choreographer could beat.

“Let’s see, what would you like to drink before you go to bed?” asked Sylvia, “What do you like, do you like fruit juice?”

“Can I have black current juice please?” said one “Cranberry for me,” echoed the other.

In a moment, Sylvia handed them both a cup and watched carefully as they swallowed the contents in a few seconds. Sylvia noted the time, then removed and washed the cups, dried them and put them back in the cupboard.

Climbing into the bath, both girls had to lift their legs high over the side, a motion which opened up their labia’ inner secrets to view.

They let them have a few minutes playing in the water, as all children love to do. Then, picking up the soap, Sam started to wash Sophie’s arms. He made sure he tickled her armpits, extracting lots of giggles. Sylvia was similarly washing Amber. Sam picked up a foot, and washed her leg up to mid thigh, then the other. Finally, he asked her to stand and took as long as he dared washing her inner thighs, running his fingers back and forth through her cleft, bottom, pushing slightly into her vagina and anus. He was aware Sylvia was breathing in short pants as she too enjoyed her ministrations.

Allowing the red headed girls to play for a few minutes again after their wash, they noticed before long they were beginning to nod. The drug was taking effect. Lifting them out of the bath and wrapping them in large fluffy towels, they quickly rubbed them down. Sam carried Sophie through to the living area, sat down on the settee, and placed her on his lap. Sylvia followed him through. Unwrapping the towel and using the loose ends, he dried her off.

By now, the girl was struggling to stay awake, her head rolling as her eyes closed, suddenly opening again with a startled look. Finally, she gave up the struggle, as her head fell back against his chest. Amber was asleep too about a minute later.

Sylvia looked at her watch. “Almost exactly ten minutes,” she said, “try tickling her again.” Sam lifted the seven year old’s arm, and tickled her. There was a slight twitch, but nothing to bring her round.

“OK,” said Sylvia, getting up to make sure the door was locked and all the curtains were closed fully. “let’s party.”

Sam laid Sophie down on the settee on her back. He placed a cushion under her head, her bottom just overlapped the front of the seat. Knowing from the shower the previous day that both girls could do the splits, he lifted her legs up, and pushed her feet back to her shoulders, then forced them outwards as far as he could. As he did so, her whole pudenda flowered open. He had an uninterrupted view from the small of her back to her belly button. Her cleft was stretched wide open. Her clitoral hood had peeled apart, showing off her tiny hard nub clitty inside. Beneath it, her urethra was clearly visible. Her perineum was stretched flat between the globes of her bottom and her vagina was open so wide, he could see an inch or so into her. Her rosebud, still slightly damp from the bath glistened, inviting him to smell, lick, caress, fondle and penetrate it.

Leaning forward, he inhaled her aroma the full length from her little dimple above her clitty, to the back of her bum crack. He repeated this several times, finally bringing his tongue to bear, running it along her recess, back and forth. He then pressed his tongue into her cunt, trying to force it as far in as he could. Her stretched hymen with it’s little hole inviting him in. Glancing across, Sylvia had Amber in a similar position at the other end of the settee.

“As little girl secret sex goes, this is about as good as it gets,” she muttered through Amber’s vulva, “wanna swap?”

Sam lowered Sophie's legs, and stood up. He quickly shrugged off his clothing. Sylvia now standing too, did the same. They resumed their positions now in front of the other sister, repeating their molestation on the pre-teen children. For half an hour this continued, until Sam decided he wanted more.

He turned Amber around, so her legs were up the back of the chair, still lying on her back, her head flopped over the front of the cushion. As he pushed her legs apart, they slipped down, under their own weight, in the splits, opening her up, so he could fondle her as he pleased. Her head was bent so far back over the chair front, in this position, her mouth was forced open, and as Sam knelt in front of her, his cock poked nicely at her face.

"You're not going to do what I think you're thinking of doing are you Sam?" gasped Sylvia. "Oh god I wish I had a cock too sometimes."

Sam carefully placed the crown of his cock between the lips of the child. He then pushed her chin away, forcing her jaws apart, and slipped into her mouth. At first his movements were tiny, as he adjusted to the stunning sensation of having his cock inside an 8 year old beautiful ginger headed girl's mouth. He pressed in a little more, and felt his cock parting the space between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. He again pressed further, and felt his crown hit against soft resistance. Not being able to hold himself back, he again pressed his hips forward, and suddenly, he felt her throat open up, and his cock quickly slide into her tight, oh so tight, throat. Further he pressed, until he felt her nose knock against his balls, her chin nested into his golden pubic hair. He was balls deep. He glanced at Sylvia. She was staring at where his cock had disappeared, her face reflecting her astonishment and envy. He pulled back, and as he did he heard Amber's larynx gasp open, drawing in a lungful of air. She breathed out and back in, he plunged in again. Out and in, timing his movements with her breathing. Sam knew this wasn't going to take long. It was simply too erotic for him to hold out, even though he had fucked a ten year old not an hour before.

Suddenly, he felt his balls tighten up, and the wonderful feeling deep down start to work it's way upwards. Not wanting to asphyxiate the child, by cuming in her unconscious throat, he waited until the last moment, and pulling his cock out of her mouth, moved upwards and forward, his balls now sitting on her pretty face, he ejaculated across her torso. The first pulse shot out in a string along her chest. The second, always his strongest, spurted along her belly, reaching her bald mound. The third pooled in her tummy button and the rest tailed away, as his orgasm eased off.

Sam became aware of several things at once. Firstly the silence. He glanced across at Sylvia, who was simply transfixed with the eroticism of what she had just seen. Her only movement that of a finger diddling her clit. The next, he realised Amber's head was clasped between his thighs, his weight pressing down on her face. He lifted himself, hoping he hadn't hurt her. And lastly, even in his sated condition, he was aware of how erotic was the sight of this naked 8 year old covered in his sperm filled semen, from her neck to her pussy mound. Even her open mouth had received it's share. Her legs still horizontal, pressed against the seat back, the middle finger of his right hand fully inserted into the kid's cunt.

He reached over for his clothes and dragging them towards him, pulled his camera out and photographed the cum covered child from several angles. Passing the camera over to Sylvia, he asked her to get some shots from the side.

Standing on wobbly legs, he stepped back, and sat on a wooden chair, while he recovered. He became aware of Sylvia moving over, and lapping up his cum off the child. She licked and licked, working methodically, ensuring it was all cleaned off. Next, Sylvia moved back to Sophie, and turning her, laid her along the settee, and then swung her own legs over so she was straddling the child's face. Quickly she lowered herself, so her cleft was pressed to Sophie's chin, mouth and nose and started to undulate herself back and forth, working herself up in the process. Sylvia turned towards Sam, smiled and surprised him. She opened her mouth, it was full of cum. After a minute or two of this self gratification, Sylvia sat up, arching her back, pressing her weight into the child's face. She cupped her breasts, massaging her nipples between her fingers. She took a deep breath, held it, and after a few seconds, let it go in an explosion, as she came across the girls face, her hips still moving back and forth in short cycles.

After Sylvia calmed down, Sam suggested that she perhaps should take her weight off the young girl. She rolled off, and lay in a comatose state for a good five minutes, before she lifted her head, and looking over the naked child's flat chest at Sam, she said "Fucking hell Sam, with what I just watched you do to Amber and my time on Sophie, I think that was the best cum I ever had. How about you?"

“I can tell you Sylvia,” he said, glancing across at her, “that was one of the best ever. I can’t begin to tell you how tight her throat felt on my cock. It was the best ever. I gotta do that again soon.”

“You never know Sam, this weekend, you’ll have fifty girls to choose from and three nights to do it in. Now, time is getting on. We better get these two cleaned up and into bed before Ellie gets home.”

They spent the next half an hour washing and putting the unconscious girls into their nightwear and tucking them into bed, followed by making sure no signs of their nefarious activities were visible in the living area.

Ellie arrived home about an hour later. She was obviously very tired. “Sam, could I come and see you tomorrow first thing when I bring the girls to school? There’s something I want to ask you, but now’s not the time.” After the usual polite pleasantries, Sam and Sylvia made their exit.

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CHAPTER 16
Thursday morning – more recruits

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As usual, Sam worked through the night, performing his work duties. He wanted to make sure everything was up to date, as he had a lot to do Thursday, loading the equipment for the camping trip. After a couple of hours sleep, he was ready to start by 6:30, and by 8:00 was sitting in the early morning sun, drinking coffee, having a well earned break.

Sam saw Ellie pull up in her old car. He had grown fond of her. He really admired folk that despite adversity do the very best they can for themselves and those they love. She walked over towards him, the low sun shining in her open face. She squinted and smiled when she saw him sitting outside relaxing. She sent the girls off to reception, where early arrivals waited together before school started.

“Hi Sam,” she said, “I’m not interrupting am I?”

“No, not at all Ellie,” he replied, “shall we go inside, you want a coffee?”

They went in and while Sam made her coffee, she looked around his immaculate workshop. He noticed her pause when she saw the scrap of paper with The Club’s original four rules written on them, pinned to the wallboard.

“I heard you were starting a club, Sam, that’s what I wanted to come and talk to you about. Are you OK for time, because I wanted to chat to you for a while and ask for your help?” he nodded. “Well giving you a little background, my husband cleared off three months before Sophie was born. I’ve had a pretty tough life since, and I can’t say it’s ever been easy, or that life ever gave me any breaks. But I know I am really blessed. You see I have two of the most wonderful girls in the world. I would do anything for them Sam, and they for me.”

“I already realised that,” he observed, “your love for them shines around you.”

“Thank you Sam, what a lovely thing to say. Anyway,” she continued, “I am finding my life an increasing struggle. You kindly fixed my hot water, and I really appreciate it, I couldn’t have paid to fix it. I went without any luxuries for a whole month just to scrape together the cost for the girls to go on your camp. I know it’s only three nights away in tents, but they so wanted to go, I couldn’t say no. Sam, I don’t have any money, and to get my girls on in life, I’ve considered doing some awful things. My friend Dolly has even said she’d point me in the right direction if I wanted to make some easy money. I think you know what I’m talking about. But then, she doesn’t have life easy either, even though she sometimes even sells little Jasmine, by the time she’s paid her pimp and police bribes, there’s precious little left, so I don’t think it would make my life much better.”

“Well, the reason I came to see you,” she hesitated, “well, err, I heard you were starting this club. I heard that the objective is to get the members through college, sponsor them all the way and tutor them and

encourage them with treats and stuff, while they are here at school. And it can give them little extras like taking them on educational trips, all the things I can't afford, but desperately want for them The Club's been given a lot of money to set it up. Is that right?"

"Yes, Ellie that's right, but we take a lot of time and care selecting who can join, otherwise we would have the whole school on board. We prioritise able girls, who are from single parent backgrounds, who are financially struggling, probably not achieving their capabilities."

"You just described my two," she said. "In fact I couldn't have put it better myself."

"Well, it's not as simple as that", said Sam, back pedalling, feeling a little trapped. "The concept is the group must be able to get on together really well, and sacrifice themselves for each other and that's something we have to judge from gut instinct." Sam realised he was struggling to sound convincing here.

"Sam, do you mind if I'm brutally frank with you?" Sam nodded. "Well I think there's more to it than that. I want the best for my girls, and I think you can help me. You see, I talked to my friend Dolly last night, and she says you're not the person everyone thinks you are. She sees things in people others miss." Sam recalled her astute observation of him the previous night. "Well, I got talking to Clare and Gloria. They live a few yards down the track from me. The four of us mothers stick together, you know, look out for each other. Anyway their daughters, Sandy and Mandy, have just joined The Club. I was with them when they got home on Tuesday. Well, they were so excited, and, well to cut a long story short, I heard a couple of things that made two and two possibly equal three, but more probably four. I pretended to read the paper while they chatted. I didn't hear much, but what I heard made me understand what was going on. Your Miss. P. has been messing around with them. Then your name came up, and The Club, and what you'd been doing to them there and suddenly it all clicked." Sam went to speak, but she waved him down.

"Now I don't know what you did to my girls last night," she continued, "but I couldn't wake them this morning, and Amber said she had a sore throat. I also noticed she had rather distinctive bad breath this morning. Very distinctive. I'm not naïve Sam, I have a fair idea of what probably happened." Sam blushed brightly and went to speak again, but again she waved him down. "Sam, I think I have you weighed up pretty well. You're a nice hard working guy that everyone likes, but you have a secret weakness for little girls. I'm not about to call the police in Sam, because I am not condemning you. Now don't get me wrong, Sam I don't agree with it, but I think you and I could come to, how shall we call it, a little arrangement. As I said, I want the best for my girls, which I can't provide. I want them to excel at school, and then college, in sport and academics. I want them to go on trips and experience the world before they grow up, and enjoy the things I can't afford and I think you can help me. Now, what I would like you to do is enrol them into The Club. You're not to tell them I have spoken to you understand?" he nodded.

"Now Sam, I need to know, what happens in The Club? What do they have to do? Because if you ever hurt my girls…. well need I go on?"

Sam shook his head. "Ellie, I really like you and your girls, and on the face of it, they would fit in with the group perfectly. We have not had any 7 and 8 year olds in the group yet, so I don't know how they would take to our activities. You see, I think you already realise what happens here, but all the girls in the group enjoy sex in all it's aspects."

"Does that include full intercourse?" she asked.

"Yes Ellie it does, but no girl would ever be forced to do anything against her will, nor would she have to do anything that would cause her great pain. How that applies to a seven year old I'm not sure, but we could work something out."

"You might think this is strange, coming from a mother who loves her kids more than life itself, but Sam, I am going to say this now, and it's hard for me to say. If you let them join, and if you promise me you will ensure they get some of the good things in life, Like I never had, and are given every opportunity to excel in school, take them on those educational trips and vacations, and support them into and through college, then in return, you have my consent and blessing to do to them what you like. But, and I mean this, you must never hurt them hear?"

“Ellie,” said Sam, looking at the woman with a serious face, “you have my pledge I will do nothing to them they don’t want to do and nothing that will cause them any great pain. Can I ask you something?”

“Yeah sure, what is it?”

“What do they know about sex?” he asked, “Have you taught them about that stuff?”

“Well,” she answered, “they know all the usual stuff from me that any mother would teach them, but living next door to Jasmine, and being her friend, who does it all the time for money, what do you think?”
“OK,” he continued, “so I’ll assume they won’t be shocked when the time comes.”

“Sam, will you tell me when they have their first time?” she asked. “I’d really like to know.”

He reached over and opened his desk drawer and lifted out one of the long elegant jewellers’ boxes. He opened it and dropped the choker into the palm of her hand. “Each girl is given one of these during their induction. When you see them wearing one of these, then you will know.”

She smiled, and looked up at him, “This is lovely, Sam, I have never owned anything as nice. How much did they cost? I hope you don’t mind me asking.”

“Not at all,” he said,” they are solid silver, with a London hallmark, gilt edged. They came to just under $900 each. The text engraved is The Club Latin motto. It means ‘all for one, one for all’.”

She ran her fingers along the surface of the piece, as if caressing it, perhaps wishing she were eight years old with the opportunity her daughters now had.

“Sam, I am trusting you,” she looked at him again, “please don’t let me down.”

“Ellie, I promised, OK? Oh one more thing, if you want, they can come to a meeting tonight. They won’t have to do anything, just watch. At the moment we just meet for an hour at 5:30. The plan is that later, when we have the accommodation sorted out, they will be able to do their homework here.” As Ellie left, she placed her hand on Sam’s forearm, reached up and kissed him on the lips. “Look after my girls, Sam, that’s the deal.”

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CHAPTER 17
Thursday morning – Jasmine earns a camping trip.

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Sam spent a couple of hours loading up the large trailer he used for the trips, with the equipment, food, stores, and a hundred and one other things needed for the camping trip. While he was doing this various people came and greeted him. It would appear following the meeting with Morgan the previous day, every one wanted to know him.

Marjorie came by, “Hi Sam, how you getting on? Looks like you’re on top of the job.” He smiled and nodded. “Oh, I had a call from Wendy Smith’s mother. She’s gone down with the flu, can’t make the trip. She said to tell you that as it was short notice, she wouldn’t expect a refund.”

“Thanks for letting me know Marj.,” he said, “wasn’t she one of the 3rd graders?”

“Yes that’s the one, Sam. Have you any on the waiting list in that age group?”

“I’ll look in a minute, when I get done here. I’ll see you later.”

Sam knew exactly who would like to go in that age group. In a few minutes, the kids would be out for their morning break. He noticed it was getting hotter. It reminded him, he needed extra dinking water.

When the children came out, he spotted Jasmine, playing with a small group the other side of the yard. He caught her eye, and waved her over. She skipped across with her usual toothy smile.

“Hi Sam, watcha doin’? Did you wan’ me?”

“I’m getting everything ready for the camping trip.” He watched as her face dropped in disappointment. “Did you still want to go?”

She nodded, “But my mum can’t afford it an’ so I can’t.”

“What if I could make a place for you, Jasmine, what then? And, if I paid for you to go, would you be able to?”

She looked at him, with hope in her open face. “Yeah, but that won’t happen. You’re full, an’ why should you anyway?”

Sam leaned down to whisper in her ear, “I tell you what Jasmine, if you come inside right now and let me fuck you hard, you can go on the trip, what do you think?”

She looked up at him and smiled. No shock in her face, this was everyday business to her. “Sure, Sam, no problem.”

Sam ducked behind the trailer, up the alley and in through the back door, the little black girl following him in. He locked the door and led her upstairs, and before he even turned, she was dropping her black and red tartan pleated skirt onto a chair. She had her blouse off in a moment and kicked off her shoes. Sam pulled off his sweaty T-shirt, grateful to be in, out of the morning heat. He pushed his sweatpants down, taking his boxers with them, and laid on the bed.

“Do you have a special way you like to fuck, Jasmine?”

“Yeah,” she said, “I can do it any way you like. My mum shown me lots of stuff. You can even do it in my butt if you like, but sometimes it hurts a bit. I have a special way though that she says I can only do while I’m small, wanna try it?”

“OK, Jasmine, as long as you can get all of my cock into you, you can go camping. What do I do?” Sam was really excited at this turn of events. His erection hard and rigid.

The girl looked at his hard cock, standing like a bar. She put a finger on the tip and another at the base, as if measuring it. She frowned and then smiled. “I’ll try mister. Lie down with lots of pillows under your head and shoulders.” Sam obliged. “That’s right, now move your feet towards you, lift you’ knees up and apart a little.”

Jasmine climbed up, and sat her little naked bottom on Sam’s knees, her feet either side of his hips. She slid down a few inches, now squatting, but still leaning back on his knees. She reached down, and putting her hands behind her thighs, used her finger tips to peel open her pussy. Her cunt flowered open. Her light pink vagina was such a stark contrast to her otherwise dark brown skin.

“Wanna see one of my tricks Mister?” Without waiting for his reply, she pushed both of her index fingers all the way into her passage as easy as if she were sucking them into her mouth. When they were fully in, she gently but firmly pulled them apart, opening a gap which kept getting wider. Sam could see two or three inches into her, possibly more. He was entranced. Deep inside her, he could see her passage, waiting for him to fuck it. He couldn’t wait any longer.

“That’s stunning, Jasmine,” he said, breathlessly. “Now what’s your special way of doing it?”

Jasmine extracted her fingers, and offered them to him to suck, which he enjoyed briefly doing. She had a tangy taste, slightly stronger than he’d expected, like an older girl might have had. She reached behind her and placed her hands on the top of his knees, and took her weight on them, lifting her feet out horizontally to the side, doing the splits in a way only little girls can. He realised she was stronger than she looked to do this, although some of her weight was being taken on the slope of his thighs.

“OK, Mister, now point your thing into my hole.”

Sam grasped his cock, and positioned it as instructed. Her pussy was still about an inch above his tip. She lowered herself, until she was just nestled on him. She wriggled her hips and lowered herself further. Sam felt his cock pop into her entry.

“Ready, Mister?” she asked. And without waiting for an answer, she let go of his knees, and dropped the six and a half inches, landing with a slap on his pubis.

Sam didn’t know how it was possible for a 3rd grader to sit on his cock with all her weight, and take him entirely into her.

“Now put your knees down, Mister,” she instructed. He slid his feet down, removing the last of the support holding her up. Her legs and feet were still splayed out sideways, only her pussy taking her weight, impaled on him.

Jasmine then started to wiggle around. She moved her forearms and shoulders in a contra motion one going backwards as the other came forwards, like a boxer doing exercises. The effect was her upper body started to twist her hips and torso in short rotations around his cock.

Sam could feel his cock being twisted around inside her, his crown being massaged in a way he’d never experienced, ever. How she got him so deep into her he neither knew nor cared. He was in more than balls deep. Never in his life, with any woman, had he been this deep. He wasn’t going to last long, and quickly felt his tingling stirring feeling from deep down, coming up in a rush, he suddenly blasted deep inside the third grader. His second pulse, always the big one made her smile at him, “I felt that.” On he pulsed, pulsed, pulsed. The ecstatic feeling continuing longer than he expected. Finally he was sated, the mini pulses he always enjoyed finally slowing to a stop, and took a long deep breath.

“Did you enjoy that Mister? can I go on camp now? Oh, you can’t tell my mum what you did, she’ll want the money and I want to go to camp, so we have to keep it secret.” Sam had no intention of telling anyone about this wonderful fuck. He smiled at her, nodding his agreement.

“I like you,” she said, “I don’t mind the lady, but the other teacher hurts me. I don’t like him, but my mum makes me. She needs the money. I don’t do history, so he doesn’t teach me.”

Sam knew immediately who she was talking about. His name was William Mouseon, which fitted him well, as he had a rodent like face with pointed features. He knew he would have to sort the man out if he was hurting the kid. He wondered who the woman was.

“Have you got your mum’s phone number, Jasmine,” he asked, “I’ll call her and tell her you’re on camp.”

He put his hands under her armpits, and lifted her off his wilting cock, feeling the suction as it pulled out, making a ‘plop’ sound, followed by a lap full of cum. They quickly cleaned up, dressed, and went back downstairs. Break would be over soon. Sam handed her a sheet of paper. It was the permission form for the camp, and told her to bring it back, signed, in the morning.

He phoned Dolly and explained they had an eight year old cancel from the trip and that the people didn’t expect the money refunded, and would Jasmine like to go. There would be no cost. She agreed.

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CHAPTER 18
Thursday afternoon – The Gymnasts’ first lesson

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Sam had a lot to get through, and although he worked methodically, the time ticked by.

He called in at the bank, returned the mandate forms, and picked up a fat envelope containing documents he’d requested. He called in to see Jane, who helped him out to his truck with several large boxes of

merchandise items he'd ordered. By the time he got back to the school, lunch was over. He grabbed a sandwich and sat outside in the sun. He realised it was going to be seriously hot this weekend.

Sylvia came by. "You didn't make lunch Sam," she asked." Everything OK?"

"Yeah, not enough hours in the day," he answered, "but I think I'm on top of it now. By the way, I've a bit of news for you."

"Your news never fails to amaze me, Sam," she said, with a raised eyebrow, "what is it this time?"

"Well you know those two nice girlies that kindly went to sleep on us last night, and we did naughty things to? You remember how nice their little tight bodies were to do things with and you remember how we took full advantage of them?" He smiled at Sylvia's puzzled expression. "Well their mother came round this morning, and asked if they could join The Club, and in return we could fuck them when ever we felt like it. Well, those weren't her exact words, but that's the gist of it!"

"You can't be serious Sam, really? A seven and eight year old willingly in The Club? And a mother who wants us to do our thing to them?"

"It's a little complicated," he explained, "their mum doesn't want them to know that she gave her permission for us to fuck them, but wants them to join. I can't explain now, too much to do, I'll tell you over the weekend. We've got the meeting tonight to think about and the mothers coming afterwards. Hannah's induction as well."

"Yes," she replied, "and don't forget you've got Sandy and Mandy coming round for their first lesson in ten minutes." She paused, looking at his expression. "Ah, I thought you'd forgotten. How could you forget you're going to fuck two of the most beautiful 4th graders ever created? Honestly Sam, what am I going to do with you?"

"There we go again, nag, nag, nag. When are you going to do this, when are you going to do that, when are you going to get round to fucking those nine year olds?" They both burst into a fit of laughter. It was a worn joke, but it bound them together.

"Could you do me a favour," he asked, "could you talk to Sophie and Amber and invite them into The Club? Then I think we ought to ask one of the other girls, someone like Sally, to take them to one side, and explain what happens. We don't want them running off screaming half way through the meeting." Sylvia agreed she'd speak to them all, and went off to run her next swimming class.

"Have fun," she called over her shoulder, "don't do anything I wouldn't." He was becoming very fond of Sylvia.

The girls arrived a few minutes early and let themselves into the workshop. Sandy locked the door behind them and they traipsed up the stairs. Each of them was wearing their worn old leotards, given the "Sam treatment" and were carrying their small mauve kit bags, containing their day clothes. Sam heard them chatting as they excitedly came up the stairs. As they stood in the doorway clutching their hands in front of their tummies, they were the image of nine year old innocent loveliness. Faces framed with their long blond hair, which hung down to their waists, their round faces radiant with the expectation of what was to follow.

"Come in, girls," beckoned Sam "we were just thinking what you would like to do in these classes. Do you just want to enjoy yourselves, or learn lots of different ways to fuck?"

"I don't know," answered Sandy, "I suppose if we enjoy ourselves, we'll get good at it and want to try other ways. Neither of us has done this before, so we want you to show us everything."

They came over to the bed, where Sam had sat down, one either side of him. He wanted them to relax, so cuddled them around their firm waists. They both put their arms around his neck, and kissed his cheeks. They were more relaxed than he expected. He lowered his hands, and found the globes of their bottoms to be so firm to his touch. Their costumes at least a size too small were pulled up into their cracks, and as his hands moved on, they slipped under the edge of their leg elastic and under the fabric.

His fingers slid along the crease, where their thighs meet their bottoms, and as they slowly moved towards the centre, Sam became aware they both moved their legs apart, accommodating him with space to explore. Neither were wearing panties, and quickly he was running his fingers over the gorgeous valley between their legs, hiding deep treasure.

“Could you both lift your foot onto the bed,” he asked, “that’s lovely.” As they made this small adjustment, their clefts opened up and he could now feel the dampness of arousal as his fingers passed over their vaginas. He moved his fingers forward through their pleasure valleys, finding their clits poking stiffly from their hoods. He rubbed them gently for a moment, encouraging their arousal, which he became more aware of as they started to move their hips a little forward and back, in response to his stimulation on them.

Moving his fingers further back, he felt the entrance to their vaginas again and dipped in a little. Their arousal, indicated by the increase in the dampness flowing onto his fingers, suggested to Sam they were nearly ready for their first lesson. He just needed to know one more thing. He pressed into them further, his fingers now easily sliding into their entries. A little caressing, and they pushed against him. His fingers slipped in yet further, and just then he felt the barriers of their hymens. Both were intact virgins.

“Let’s get undressed,” he suggested, “shall we?”

In five seconds, all three were naked. “I think, to show you different ways, one of you can have me on top. It used to be called the ‘Missionary Position’, and the other I will take from behind, doggy style. Who wants to be first?” The girls looked at each other, and shrugged. “Shall I toss a coin,” asked Sam, “that’s fair?”

Sam found a coin on his bedside locker, flipped it and Sandy called ‘heads’.

“Heads it is, come and lay down in the middle of the bed, Sandy. Now I can’t go all the way, you understand, otherwise I won’t be able to give Mandy her lesson.” The girls again looked at each other, and putting their hands to their mouths, giggled in understanding.

Sandy lay as instructed, and Sam placed a pillow under her bottom, to lift her a little. He paused again to just look at her loveliness. She was just gorgeous. She was just so attractive and desirable, that he hoped he could hold back and not cum in her. He kneeled between her spread legs, and shuffled up the bed to allow his bar tight cock to just touch her pudenda. Keeping in this position, he held his cock, and started to masturbate the child with his crown, spreading his pre-cum up and down her tightly closed cleft.

“Try moving your legs wide apart, Sandy,” he suggested, “You will open up more, I think.”

She did as he asked, and being the gymnast she was, could spread her legs straight out and immediately her whole cleft folded open, and flattened out, as her skin was stretched between her thighs. Her Rosebud and vagina became dips on the flat surface of her skin, her urethra and clit bumps. Her mound stood firmly proud, like a half grapefruit. He pressed his cock to her vagina and applied a little pressure. He paused, and applied a little more. He suddenly felt his crown pushing through his foreskin, and nestled into the cavity of her entry, taking a large amount of pre-cum with it. He pressed again, and felt his crown sliding through her tight ring, feeling the pressure ease immediately. Wanting her to enjoy every moment of her first time, he used his fingers to stimulate her clitty, whilst at the same time, pressed forward and back with his cock. While he did this, he was aware of Mandy being just behind his shoulder, watching closely everything that happened.

Sandy lay there, feeling the most exquisite sensations passing through her body. She had been told about fucking many years ago, and hadn’t believed just how good she had been told it could feel. As she lay there, she realised that Sam was trying to make her first time really special, and allow her to gain as much pleasure from it as he could. She loved him for it. He pressed and stimulated, raising her need and desire. The itch deep down inside her wanted more. She wanted more. She made a decision and suddenly jerked her hips forward. He was forced into her, busting her cherry, which stung for a moment, but suddenly he was half inside her. Oh, his cock felt sooo good there. She pressed her fingers to her mound, just over where she felt him to be.

Sam paused for a moment, realising she might be in pain. Looking at her angelic face though, he knew he could carry on immediately. She looked so beautiful to him. She lay looking up at him with those lovely deep blue eyes, her rounded face framed in glittering blond hair, which flowed both down her flat chest and down

the bed alongside her. And to cap it all as he looked down, his cock impaled the smoothest loveliest hairless cunt he had ever set eyes on, and he had now seen a few. She was gorgeous. He pressed in and pulled out, pressed in and pulled out, going deeper each time. Looking down at his cock, he could see the pink smear of her virginal blood on his shaft as he penetrated deeper and deeper into the nine year old.

“Are you OK, Sandy,” he kindly asked “am I doing it right for you?”

“Sam, it’s the nicest thing I ever felt in my life. Please just carry on doing what you’re doing.”

Sam finally felt her cervix pushing back against his crown. He was about five inches in, which he thought was deep for a 4th grader, but after his experience with Jasmine, he decided he knew nothing. He stopped, looked her in her beautiful blue eyes and asked, “Ready to fuck?” She nodded.

He pulled out and pressed back in, then pulling almost all the way out and pressing fully into her tight, tight, oh so tight vagina, he built up pace. He wanted her to cum, but had to hold back himself. He moved quicker, increasing the rhythm. He stimulated her clitty again. Suddenly he noticed a change.

Sandy was lying in a dream world. Everything she hoped sex would be, was exceeded by the overwhelming feelings she was having, as this wonderful, kind, considerate man fucked her, trying to make her feel even better. Her itch deep inside her was certainly satisfied, but she demanded more. His pace increased. She suddenly felt tingling sensations flowing through the whole of her lower body. She was going to cum, and she knew it would be a monster.

Mandy, sitting on the edge of the bed watched her very bestest friend becoming overwhelmed by the feelings she knew she was experiencing. She looked down where Sam’s cock entered her body. She couldn’t believe someone her age could take something so big into her. She wondered if she could herself. It didn’t matter. In a minute, she would find out. She was so aroused, she had soaked the bed sheet she was sitting on.

Suddenly, Sandy cried out in the intensity of her climax. Sam went into a steady pace, trying to make the little nine year old’s climax last as long as possible, but after a few minutes, her legs swung inwards, and the tension went out of her, Sam’s signal to stop. He paused for a minute, but suddenly feeling cramp in his calves, had to ease out and lay beside the panting girl, holding her to him in a warm embrace, while she slowly returned to reality.

Sam glanced at the clock. Twenty minutes had passed. No time to lose. He thought it best though to wait a moment before the girls changed over.

“I’ve been thinking,” he said, “when you have your induction, we ought to make it special. Something to do with your gymnastics. I’ve got an idea, which we can talk about while we’re on the camping trip. We’ll really show the other Club members what you two can do.” They were surprisingly excited at the idea.

Sandy moved out of the way. She felt wonderful, and loved Sam for making it so special for her. She sat in the same spot Mandy had occupied a moment ago. She felt the damp spot beneath her, left by Mandy’s arousal, and smiled, before slipping a face towel under her, so she didn’t soil his bedclothes with blood.

Placing a small pile of pillows in the middle of the bed, Sam indicated Mandy to fold herself over the top of them. He suggested she place her knees well apart, while he knelt between them. He slid his fingers down the inside of her thighs, and was rewarded with the feel of dampness all over her. Her labia lips were inflamed with arousal, and her clit was firm to his touch. She was ready to go. Sam grabbed his still wet and sticky cock, oozing more pre-cum and positioned it into her vaginal recess. As he pressed lightly and carefully into her, he was amazed that she dilated and he slipped in further than he expected. He eased off, and pressed again, not hard, and felt his cock slip through her tight ring of muscle at her entry. Again he eased back and pushed, feeling her take him into her embrace, bumping into her barrier.

Sam pulled back and pressed forward several times, building his rhythm, bumping her hymen each time. She started to breath deeper. Time to go, and Sam gave a harder deeper thrust, feeling her obstruction tear and part, allowing him entry.

Mandy winced at the stab of pain, but it was forgotten in the wave of overpowering sensations, as she felt the walls of her vaginal passage parting, peeling open, as his lovely, lovely cock slipped deeper and deeper into her, arousing more sensations deep inside her of ecstatic pleasure. Tight, he was so tight in her. She knew he wasn't as thick as other men she'd seen on the internet, but he felt really thick to her and he was long and had really filled her right up. It was wonderful. Suddenly he hit bottom. He nudged her cervix and her beautiful muscular rounded globes, as his pubis pressed against her bottom. Mandy simply had never felt anything quite so wonderful in her short life. She knew she would cum in seconds. She wanted to enjoy this. It was the nicest feeling she had ever felt, and it was getting better every moment. She knew it would be sensational.

Sam couldn't believe how, at the same time, this girl was so tight it was almost painful, and yet he had penetrated her almost in one go. No time to debate it, he pulled almost all the way out, and slid back fully. He repeated it slightly faster, and as he moved in and out of her, his pace quickened. After a short time, his cock was almost popping out of her, before slamming all the way back. His thighs, as they came into contact with the back of hers, started to make a slapping noise. As the pace increased, so the slapping noise got louder. His balls now swinging into her clitty and mound.

Sam couldn't believe just how good these two girls felt. His cock had never had such exquisite, tight, wonderful sensations of utter bliss taking him higher and higher. He was fucking the second of the two most beautiful girls he had ever seen; they were gorgeous. He knew at that moment if he could only have two girls from The Club to fuck, it would be these two. Suddenly he realised he wasn't going to be able to hold back much longer.

Mandy started to feel an overwhelming sensation starting at her knees, rapidly moving to the focal point of her pleasure, somewhere in her lower tummy. It became more and more intense, and suddenly she came in a torrent of blinding coloured lights behind her eyelids. Her fit, tight leg muscles turned to jelly. She felt ripples of ecstasy flow through her as her orgasm overwhelmed her every sense. She thought it couldn't get better, but then she felt Sam's cock throbbing deep inside her. She could feel his sperm filled semen washing her insides and as he pulsed and pulsed, she felt her own orgasm increase to a new crescendo. This was just soooo gooooooood. She was a sex addict already. She didn't want it to end. But end it must, and soon did.

Mandy collapsed onto the bed, squashing the pillows beneath her, with Sam's full weight pressing down on her bottom, his cock still impaled in her. She lay still for a minute, the final pulses of his climax fading gradually. She felt his cock start to shrink, as it withered inside her, slowly slipping out of her. She was aware when he lifted himself off from her and after a few moments, he washed her private place with his face cloth, taking his semen, now leaking from her pussy, tinged pink from her virginal bleed. She neither cared nor moved, her legs splayed apart in a salacious position. She had felt pleasure never before experienced, and she was in no hurry to end it.

After about five minutes, Sam roused them, and got them to dress. They needed to be in their next class soon.

"Well girls," he kindly asked with a broad smile, "how do you think your first lesson went then?"

Sandy answered for them both, "I think I have a lot more to learn, Sam, can we have a lesson every day?"

"I'm not sure about every day," he chuckled, "but I think, like your gymnastics, it's important you get in as much practice as possible. The first thing we'll practice is your induction demonstration." They were mystified by what he meant, but would find out soon enough.

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CHAPTER 19
Thursday late afternoon – The second Meeting

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Sam completed the packing and preparations for the following day's trip. The trailer was stuffed, and ready to be hooked up behind the small school bus. It had been necessary to hire another bus for the large

numbers going, and he checked with the bus company that they were primed and ready for the early morning departure. The heat had increased all day, the sweat poured from him, doing jobs he usually coped with easily.

He finally sat in the shade with a cool drink, as the children left to go home. Many, who were on the trip called over to him “See you in the morning, Sam.” Quite apart from his pædophilia, he genuinely loved kids. But then he smiled to himself, that’s what the word meant anyway.

Sam had made a couple of calls during the day, and spoke to some builders who had worked in the maintenance of the school previously. They had sent a man out to survey the accommodation he wanted to convert for the clubroom. They were really short on work, and quoted him an excellent price, and he gave them the go-ahead to commence, which they intended to do on Monday. He explained he would be away until late Monday, so they agreed to start on re-installing the exterior stair access to the rooms, which would be located at the far end of the passageway outside his workshop. He called Marjorie to let them know what would be happening.

At 5:30, a tap on the door announced the start of the meeting. The girls filed up the stairs, and were followed a minute later by Miss. P., who locked the door. Sam had just got out of the shower, and was wrapped in a towel. The girls smiled when they saw it tented out at the front. They all sat down, and Sam introduced the two new members, Sophie and Amber. They looked a little bemused, but Sally had given them a briefing as to what The Club was about and what to expect tonight, and they soon settled in.

“News for today,” explained Sam, “building work starts on Monday on the new club house renovations. I’m hoping we will be able to move in there in a couple of weeks. Which brings me onto the next point, when it’s complete, I want everyone to do their homework in the clubroom. Also, I expect the older girls to help the younger ones, OK?”

“Who will help us,” asked Vera, we’re the oldest?”

“Miss. P. and I will, Vera. That’s a central point to The Club, you see. I expect each and every one of you to get top grades. In fact, if you don’t get top grades, I will be very disappointed in you, and I may even have to re-think the Paris trip.” Looks of concern spread around the room. “I mean it,” he continued, “If you are going to college, I expect you to get into one of the top colleges. And, if you are to do that, you have to get top grades. Do you still want to be in The Club?” The girls all looked at him, realised he was in earnest, but had a smile.

“As I say, we will help you, but you all help each other too. All for one, one for all. That brings me on to a request about the camping trip. We have girls of all ages here. I expect you all to look out for each other. If Sophie struggles with the walk, then give her a hand. If Vera can’t climb an obstacle in the Obstacle Race competition on Sunday, then I expect the others to be there for her. If Sandy can’t put her tent up, ….you get the idea.”

“Now, we have some goodies again today!” Sam tipped the contents of three huge boxes onto the bed. There was a large amount of mainly sports gear arrayed. New swimming costumes, all in Club Colours of the shades of blue, Club T-shirts, with matching blue shorts, tiny pale blue elasticated terry shorts, trainers in every size, baseball caps, beach towels, socks, in fact almost everything they might want over the weekend and when playing sport. He indicated another box by the door, and moving to it, pulled out a child’s rucksack from inside, again in Club colours. Everything was decorated with The Club logo.

“Sort out what you want to take. If you need any more, just help yourself. Oh and girls,” they looked expectantly at him, “I rather like the pale blue terry shorts, I bought enough for you to each have several pairs to take with you.” They smiled knowingly at one another.

“Who would like to make the first wish tonight? I know, to make it different, as you tell us your wish, you can get undressed. As Lizzie went first yesterday, she can be last today, which means it’s Sally’s turn.”

Sally stood, and looked at Sam, and having had a life of austerity, found it difficult to ask, but eventually, when she had already kicked off her shoes and socks, and was unbuttoning her blouse, she found the words. “Sam, I want to learn music. Would you buy me a piano, and keep it here in our common room? We wouldn’t have the space at home.”

She was just slipping off her panties as she stood to look at Sam, who replied, “That’s the nicest wish you could have asked for Sally. It would be my delight to get you a piano” Sally beamed. Her life’s ambition to own a piano had been answered. She had forgotten she was naked and being watched closely by two adults and eight other children. She walked across the room and gave Sam a long hug. As he hugged her, Sam naturally cupped her globular bum, not in a sexual way, but in affection.

They now all looked over at Hannah, who was next. She stood up and slowly started to unbutton her blouse. She tried to be as sexy as she could, but it looked a bit stiff. Sam said they needed a little music, and almost immediately, Vicky produced her new IPad Pro from her bag, and pressed a couple of buttons, and some modern music alien to Sam filled the air. It sounded a bit tinny, and Sam made a mental note to find his blue tooth music station. But the effect it had was immediate.

Hannah now moved with the rhythm, and slipped her tartan skirt off, followed by her shoes and socks. Finally, looking around her, she placed her thumbs inside her red panties and slid them down, before standing up with her arms outstretched, red panties, swinging from the end of one of her fingers, and said, “Tadaa.” Everyone laughed. She moved over to the scales, still where they had been left the previous day, and stepping on them, Miss. P. recorded her weight and announced she had gained one and a half pounds. She still looked terribly thin though.

Hannah looked around the room, and said, “My wish tonight is to be inducted. I want to do it just the same way as Lizzie, yesterday, but then, at the end, I want to do something different. I will show you when the time comes or cums.” She giggled at her little joke and sat down.

Vicky and Vera got up like a double act. They had little finesse at present, as they were still so heavy and frumpish. What was apparent though was they looked happier than before, and had a spring in their step.

“We talked about this,“ said Vicky, “and we both know we will need new clothes when we lose all that weight. So both of us wish for new clothes that are trendy and smart and suit thin girls.” Everyone laughed, but not in an unkind way. Just at that point, the two pairs of huge panties dropped to the floor. They stepped one after the other onto the scales.

“Vicky has lost two pounds, and Vera one and a half,” announced Miss. P. “I have worked out your diet sheets, you two, and an exercise regime. It isn’t too tough, but you will lose weight. Sam and I will help you with the exercises, OK?”

“Who’s next, is it you Sandy?” asked Sam, “or Mandy”

Sandy stood up, and said, “Sam, I had such a lovely time today, you know, with my extra tuition, but then I realised something.” She looked embarrassed. “Mandy and I have talked about this, and she agrees with me.” Sandy glanced at her and Mandy nodded.

“What is it Sandy?” asked Sam, looking concerned.

“Well, I realise you and Miss. P. are really nice. I haven’t had a lot of love in my life, only from my mum. And even though we’ve only known you a short time, you’ve loved us, all of us.” She cast her eyes around the room. There were several nods. Sandy continued stripping off.

“Yes,” said Sam, “go on.”

“Well, we both want to do well in gymnastics, and we appreciate you getting us into the school team and everything, but,” she again looked at Mandy, who again nodded, “we feel we don’t want to have to do things to our instructors to get in the State team. We don’t want to let them do, you know, stuff to us, Sam, we’ve realised our bodies belong to us, not some coach we don’t even like, we just want you. Can you make that happen?”

“That’s a tough one Sandy,” said Sam, rubbing his chin. “No promises, leave it with me will you, I will see what I can do, OK?” She smiled warmly at him and nodded and sat down. They had heard about Mr.

Morgan and how Sam had saved Mrs. Prentice's job. They just knew Sam would be able to fix this for them. Sam wasn't so sure.

Finally, Sam invited the two new members to stand. The ginger headed sisters looked a little nervous, as they looked around the room.

"OK," said Sam, "Amber and Sophie, what would you like to wish for?"

"Well Sam, I can't talk very well today, I seem to have a sore throat," Amber said hoarsely, as she started to unbutton her little blouse, "I love my Mummy very much, and she would do anything for us, but she doesn't have any money. She's never been anywhere, could you let her have a vacation?" Amber's blouse dropped to the floor, she turned towards Sam, and pulling her elbow and shoulders back, pushed her completely flat chest out at him. Obviously Sally had put her up to it. He smiled. She unbuckled her skirt clasp, as she tried to move to the music, finally pushing her little white with pink elephant panties down. Sam was hypnotised at seeing her prominent mound again, pushing out from her little belly. She somehow looked different, standing, perhaps just more sexy.

Sam motioned her to come and stand in front of him. He took a small flash light off the shelf and switched it on. He told her to open her mouth wide so he could look down her throat. With his other hand he cupped her little bottom and drew her closer. She had to straddle his outstretched legs. "You look sore, Amber," he said, "but I don't think it's a virus. Probably something just got stuck in your throat." He heard Sylvia snort the other side of the room. "I'm sure you can still come on camp." As he was looking into her mouth, he remembered every detail of exactly how she got her sore throat. His cock twitched. He was almost unconscious of the fact that he was now cupping her open pussy, as he put the flash light back on the shelf. He looked at his hand and was surprised to see it was damp. She was as aroused as he.

Little Sophie hadn't moved while her sister talked. She swayed her hips back and forth as little girls tend to do when embarrassed.

"Would you like your big sister to help you?" asked Miss. P. The little girl nodded.

They all watched, as Amber quickly stripped off her sister's school uniform. Finally, she tugged down her little panties, which were blue with a series of Mickey Mouse cartoons printed on them.

One thing Sam loved about very young girls was the way when they stood, their bottoms seemed to stick out as far as their bellies. He also thought that the younger a girl was, the more prominent her mound seemed to be and this girl was no exception. Her crack, which divided one of the most prominent mounds he had ever seen, seemed to extend half way to her little belly button.

"Amber and Sophie," asked Miss. P. "have you two learnt how to play with yourselves yet, you know down there?" The two shook their heads. "When Hannah is inducted, would you like me to teach you?" The girls smiled and nodded. The worry of what to do receded. The girls sat down either side of their Miss. P.

Lizzie put her hand up, and said, "Sam, I know it's my turn to make a wish, but I can't think of anything yet. Can I save my wish for another day? You know like, if I need something special I can ask. It's just that I don't need anything." Sam had a pack of cards on the shelf, pulled out one of the jokers and handed it to her he said, "Here you are Lizzie, whenever you want to make your wish, just hand me the card back." Sam didn't know just how soon she would need to play that joker.

"Shall we induct Hannah now?" asked Sam, "time is getting on."

"What do you and Miss. P. want to wish for Sam?" asked Vicky.

Sam looked across at Sylvia, who nodded and said, "I would like to introduce Sophie and Amber to the fun of what we do here. I will start when Sam does with Hannah.

"What about you, Sam? What do you want?"

Sam thought about it for a moment, before saying, “When we go on camp, I would love it if when everyone else in camp is asleep, as many of you come into my tent to sleep with me as possible. And while you’re sleeping, I want to really get to know you. Every little bit of you.”

The girls all giggled to each other, nodding. They knew what he wanted to do to them alright.

Hannah had moved over to the bed, and asked Sam if he would lie down in the centre, with his head and shoulders propped up on some pillows. She asked everyone else to line the wall, as they had done for Lizzie the previous day. This time, though there were two more to squeeze in, so Miss. P. pulled an armchair to the bedside, and sitting in it invited the two newcomers to sit side by side on her lap. Hannah deftly climbed over Sam, and straddled him. She needed no foreplay. She had been wet all day in anticipation of her second fuck from Sam. She remembered how full he had felt inside her on Tuesday. She hadn’t realised just how wonderful sex was, until he had liberated her from her self imposed sexual and anorexic prison. She had felt hungry ever since. Hungry for food and hungry for another sensational fuck.

Hannah squatted on her feet, her pussy over Sam’s pubis. Reaching down, she lifted his cock, and rested herself on it’s end. As she moved a little forward and back, she felt him settle into her. His foreskin pulled back slightly, releasing a huge amount of pre-cum that had been trapped there. She was now so wet with her own arousal and his slippery fluid, she felt him start to slide into her without a lot of pressure. His crown suddenly popped through into her, and filled her entry with a tight, but welcome sensation. She now started to move again, forward, back, and ever so slightly down, down, down. She felt her vagina walls peeling open as his wonderful cock sank deeper into her. She bottomed out earlier than she expected, and again felt that wonderful sensation, as his crown pressed into that itch deep inside her, satisfying a demand, which suddenly demanded more.

Hannah paused for a moment. She looked around at her new friends. They were her family now. She was glad they were here. They too were enjoying her pleasure in their own masturbation. Hannah still squatting on her feet, lifted up, almost pulling herself off Sam’s six and a half inches, before dropping down again, up and down. She had pressed her hands to her lower belly, and as Sam entered and withdrew from her, she could feel his cock under her fingers. She indicated everyone to look at her belly, as she removed her hands, lifting and falling, lifting and falling.

There was a gasp around the room, as they all watched the ridge moving up and down her tummy, as Sam’s cock pushed her thin skin up as it passed just beneath. This was so sexy. Hannah knew she would cum before long. She could feel the sensations deep down inside her building, demanding. Then it got even better.

“Are you ready, Sam?” she asked, “I want to do something special for my induction.” She stopped moving up and down.

Sam had no idea what she was about to do.

Hannah put her hands out behind her, and rested them on Sam’s knees. As she did so, she leaned back, her light weight now resting on his pubis. Sam’s cock head pressed upwards. Hannah’s tummy suddenly bulged upwards just beneath her tummy button. Sam was transfixed. This was just so erotic, seeing this beautiful eleven year old inflate herself using his cock. She leaned further and further back, until her shoulders rested on his shins. She moved her legs either side of his chest. They were both lying down, Hannah on top, impaled on Sam’s massive erection, which now pushed her tummy up like a tent pole. The centre of the bump was at least two inches higher than usual.

Hannah brought her hands back to her tummy, and started to stroke Sam’s cock through her thin skin.

“Sam, would you do something for me?” she asked him. “Would you play with me?”

Sam reached down, and started to masturbate Hannah’s red, aroused and hardened clitoris, while Hannah pressed her fingers against the underside of his crown, through the skin of her belly. God this was just so arousing, so erotic.

Hannah felt her tingles arrive without warning. One moment she was lucid, the next her world cascaded into multiple waterfalls of blinding colours and sensations throughout her whole body, as her climax slammed in

with a force she had never experienced before. She was unaware she was leaping around on top of Sam, and three of her friends had to put out their hands to stop her falling off him. She was only aware of the pleasure coursing through her, wanting it to never end.

Sam couldn't believe how incredibly sexy this was. This inexperienced 4th grader was showing him something he couldn't have ever imagined in a hundred years. He wouldn't last, and before he knew it, his own orgasm crashed in. But the erotic show wasn't over, for not only did her tummy lift with each thrust of his cock from below, but also as he ejaculated into her, they all saw a fluttering of her skin, as it lifted slightly, as his semen spurted up inside her. Each pulse it lifted just enough to notice. So sexy, Everyone of them were mesmerised by what they saw and masturbating themselves.

All too soon they calmed, Hannah still lying on Sam's pubis, thighs and legs. And, as they all watched, the tent that was Hannah's tummy started to deflate, as his cock slowly withered inside her. Sam sat up, and reached out to Hannah, who did likewise, and cuddled her to his chest in a warm embrace, his softening cock still inside her.

"Thank you, my darling," he whispered in her ear. "That was the best fuck I've ever had."

She blushed slightly. It was the nicest thing he could have said to her. Sam reached to his bedside locker, opened the drawer, and took out the long box inside. He flipped it open, and taking out the choker necklace, placed it around her neck and clipped it shut.

"Welcome to The Choices Club, Hannah," he said. Everyone applauded. Finally Sam reached out and lifted the feather-light girl up and off his cock, hearing the sucking sound from her cunt as he did so.

Everyone was about to tidy up, when Hannah put her hand up. "There is one more thing I would like to say," Hannah stated, looking around the room, "As it is my induction, Like Lizzie did yesterday, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace."

It was time to get cleaned up, as the mothers would all be here in about fifteen minutes. They all had a quick wash. No one seemed to be in a hurry to dress though, and it was only as an after thought when Sam suggested they put on some of their Club clothing to show their mothers, did they start to get dressed. Even Sophie and Amber seemed happy in their nakedness.

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CHAPTER 20
Thursday Early evening – Meeting the Mothers

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They all cleaned up, and dressed in various combinations of The Club kit. Sam and Sylvia made sure everyone had the right quantity and sizes of clothes to take away with them, as they wanted them to really look the part on camp. Everything was packed into The Club rucksacks Sam had bought earlier and taken downstairs.

At 6:30, there was a knock on the door, and the mothers arrived. The workshop was quite crowded. Certainly there wasn't enough seating for everyone.

Sam asked the mothers to stand by their daughters and introduce themselves. When it came to Hannah's mother's turn, she asked an unexpected question. "Sam, what have you done to my daughter?" Sam nearly did a double take. He had been fucking the girl, not twenty minutes earlier. There was certainly a sudden silence in the room.

"What do you mean Mrs. Leon?" replied Sam hesitantly.

"Oh," she giggled, bringing her hand to her mouth, realising what she'd said, "I didn't mean it like that. For a couple of years, up until a few days ago," she continued, "Hannah was ill with a severe case of Anorexia Nervosa. She came to you, for a detention. Since then, she has joined The Club, and hasn't stopped eating.

I told the doctor, and he didn't believe me. He wants to see her next week. So thank you Sam, whatever you did, it's done her a world of good."

Everyone glanced across at Hannah, who was fingering her newly acquired choker necklace. Sam feeling eyes on him, glanced at Ellie, who smiled at him and winked. He blushed.

Sam went on to explain the aims of The Club and that all the members were talented, but in some way or other from deprived backgrounds, and so not achieving their potential. The Club intended to correct that and ensure they excelled in their chosen fields.

"I intend to try to provide an education for the girls," said Sam, "not just schooling. It's for this reason I am proposing we take them on a trip to Europe, the first of many, I hope, in the vacations coming up. They will enjoy parts of the trip, such as EuroDisney in Paris, but I also hope they will benefit from visiting The Eiffel Tower, Sacre Coeur and the general area of Montmartre, The Louvre and the centuries old architecture of the city. Whilst in Paris, we will stay in the George Cinque Hotel or The Ritz. They have suites of rooms large enough for us all. We will then travel by EuroStar to London. I have a couple of West End shows in mind for them to see. The London Eye, Shakespeare's Globe, The 1000 year old Westminster Abbey, The Tower of London, Windsor Castle and so on. They might even like to visit the Warner Brothers Harry Potter Studio in London." There was a cheer at that name. "The trip will take 18 days in all. We will be flying Business Class by Virgin Atlantic." Sam restrained from adding 'of course'.

"You will notice on the parental consent forms, I have added several paragraphs to cover the overseas trips I intend to run on a regular basis. I have in mind a trip each school vacation to places such as Japan, Peru and Australia. The items covered include, permission to photograph them, emergency medical consent, and everything to cover loco parentis eventualities. Do you have any questions?"

The mothers were stunned. They had heard there might be some travel offered, but nothing on this scale. The girls and even Sylvia were surprised and excited about it.

A hand went up. It was Lizzie's mother. "Yes Mrs. Browning how can I help?"

"Lesley, Sam, please call me Lesley. Well, I can only speak for myself. I, and I know one or two others, have some financial difficulty at the moment. It is very generous for you to offer such an opportunity to our girls, but there will be a lot of expenses attached, which we can't cover. We will have to apply for passports, visas, buy clothing, luggage even spending money. Sam the list is endless, and I can't do it." The other mothers all nodded in agreement.

"Don't worry, Lesley, I have thought of that." Sam reached over and pulled the thick envelope he picked up from the bank earlier. Opening it, he tipped out a number of smaller envelopes with names on. He handed them round, each taking their own. "The Choices Foundation has opened a bank account in the name of each of your daughters." There was a collective gasp round the room, as the significance of what he had said sank in. They'd heard rumours about this, but he'd just confirmed it. "You will find there is a balance in each of $5000. I hope this will be sufficient. You are signatories of the accounts. I will retain control of them, and will withdraw the funds and close them if your daughter ever chooses to leave The Club. Would you please take identification to the bank, and sign their mandate form? I have arranged for $1000 to be paid into each account per month for educational expenses."

"Also, I have made enquiries, and have made a provisional booking for you ladies to travel to Prague for 10 days while the girls are away. Please use some of the money to get what you need for your trip too. Earlier I asked Amber and Sophie if there was any special thing they would like. And instead of asking for themselves, asked if Ellie could have a vacation. I had a job keeping the surprise."

Looking around the room, he saw some tears. To most of them, this was too good to be true, like winning the lottery. As far as Sam was concerned, it was he who'd hit the jackpot with unrestricted access to their daughters' pussies. He intended to take full advantage of it. He felt their Prague trip was the least he could offer.

The party went upstairs and inspected the new club rooms. As they passed through his bedroom, Ellie saw a pair of little girl's pink panties just under the edge of his bed. A stained gusset was in plain view. She

nudged Sam in the ribs, grinned at him and looking pointedly down, before kicking them out of sight under the bed. He nodded and smiled at her.

Sam explained the proposed improvements and time scale. “After the renovations are complete, I want all members to come here every evening to do their homework, participate in club activities and take advantage of the facilities which will be here.”

As everyone was leaving, Ellie came up to him and took his arm, steering him to one side. “Sam, I probably sounded a little harsh to you this morning, I’m sorry. You’ve really reassured me this evening, and I am happy about Sophie and Amber going with you to Europe. Look after them for me will you? Make it special.” Sam understood what she was communicating to him. She kissed him on the lips again.

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CHAPTER 21
Friday Early morning – Going Camping.

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Sam worked through the night, as usual, finishing off his routine duties. He had been asked to undertake a small repair in Celine’s office on the window. While there, he noticed her diary had been left open at next week. Monday afternoon – return of campers. Tuesday various appointments during the day, then: 9pm Jasmine. Sam read the simple entry a couple of times. He chewed it over in his mind, “could it be?…..hmm, interesting”. Jasmine had said a lady teacher was involved, but it had never occurred to Sam whom it may be. It left him wondering.

The plan was for Sam and the two senior school teachers to travel early with the twenty senior school girls in the small school bus and the trailer, drop off the equipment for the juniors, before they continued up to the higher valley, where their adventure training was being undertaken. The junior school girls would follow on later in the hired bus.

By 7 o’clock, they were on the road. Joyce and Margaret, the two senior school teachers were competent outdoor instructors, and were obviously looking forward to their ‘paid vacation’. They arrived at the army training area after about a two hour journey, where they pulled into the reception complex. The corporal on duty was a man Sam had known years ago when he trained himself, and they had one or two friends in common.

They were given directions to the east flank of the plateau, some miles up a gravel road. Sam had been here many times, but the man was just doing his ‘mindless corporal’s duty’. “The Sarge said to tell you ‘The canoes have been taken up to Mackenzie Creek’ like you wanted.” Sam thanked him and explained the other bus would be along soon. The corporal saluted before returning to his air conditioned guard room. He’d saluted, not because Sam had once held rank, he hadn’t, but because Sam was a holder of the Medal of Honor. It was the main reason the army allowed him to use their facilities.

They drove on, and finally, arrived at the camp site where the juniors would be located. Because of the way Sam had loaded the trailer, unloading was the work of fifteen minutes, and everything remaining here was piled ready. Double checking they had their phones, charged and numbers swapped, Joyce and Margaret ordered the senior girls back into the bus, and with a final confirmation of their expected time back on Monday, were gone.

Sam wasted no time, he knew in an hour or so, the hoards of juniors would descend, so work time now was worth twice what it would be later. He separated out the small tents the girls would use. The catering stores were placed near where he intended the camp fire to be. He had selected and erected a large tent for himself, as it would double as a meeting tent for staff briefings and storage of some equipment. It was located at a small distance from where he planed the other sleeping tents would be. He had found a suitable site for the latrine, behind a stand of pine trees. Sam erected a sackcloth screen with dividing walls, and hacked down some undergrowth. But before he could start digging, he heard the large coach approaching, so he went off to meet the new arrivals. The squeals and shouts of young voices could have been heard throughout the valley. He was sure the coach driver would be relieved to get away.

As the bus pulled up, a torrent of girls poured forth, fanning out in all directions calling to one another in their excitement. Sylvia stayed in the bus, calling for them to take their time, make sure they had all their belongings, and to be careful. Sue Evans and Halley Watson, the other two teachers emerged. Sam knew from the past, that they were 'an item' and went on a number of school trips together. Sue saw Sam, and walked over to him. "Hi, Sam, I gotta go, where's the bathroom?"

Sam smiled "Sorry Sue, I was just working on it. It's not finished, and I haven't put the wooden frames in yet, but if you go behind those pines," he said pointing, "you'll find it."

Sam was just welcoming Sylvia off the coach, when he heard a shriek, followed by some screams. Halley, recognising the voice, sprinted in the direction of the pine trees. Sam and Sylvia walked after her.

Cries and sobs were still coming. Sam and Sylvia went around the screen, and found Sue lying on her back, her panties and shorts around her ankles, her elbows supporting her in a semi sitting position. She was clearly in some distress, as she didn't have any concern for her nakedness, her thong panties, and her shaven pussy, all on display to her fellow teachers, and an accumulating number of pupils.

It was Miss. P. who realised the problem, and pointed to the Poison Ivy plants which Sam had hacked down, and in which Sue was sitting.

"Get her up quick," she said, "she has been stung badly."

Halley looked anxiously at them. "Poison Ivy you say? She once said she is allergic to it. Something about a danger of anaphylactic shock."

They brought a blanket, and laid Sue facedown on it. The first aid box was comprehensive, and contained some salve for the condition. However, it was obvious she was going to need medical attention. So after a brief debate, they dressed Sue again, put her and Halley with their personal belongings back on the coach, and watched as they headed for the nearest hospital. A call later to Halley established that Sue had indeed reacted badly, and would be in hospital for two or three days. Halley opted to stay with her girlfriend. They would have to manage without them.

Sam asked Sylvia to allocate tents and locations, while he went to relocate the latrines to a safer spot.

On his return, he was gratified to see The Choices girls were grouped together, and had completed the task of putting their four tents up in a cruciform pattern, all the entrances facing each other. All their gear was stowed and even the youngest, Sophie, was standing watching the general chaos, holding hands with her favourite teacher, Miss. P. He also couldn't help but notice they were all wearing their new club kit. Everyone had their pale blue terry shorts on. Sam did a double take, as he realised they were cut in such a way and being elasticated, their gussets were only an inch or so wide, exposing much of their vulvas each side, as they moved, and the leg elastic curved across, part way up their buttocks, round to their hips, where the waist band was also only an inch or two wide. He loved them, absolutely loved them, but perhaps they were a little too revealing, particularly as the material was so thin, and hugged every contour of their bottoms. As they turned to face him, his hopes (or fears) were confirmed as he saw their camel toes as clearly defined as if their pussy cracks were just painted light blue.

"Like what you see," asked Lizzie, "oh, by the way Sam?"

"Hmm what Lizzie?" asked Sam in a distracted tone, still focused on the sight before him.

"You've got a boner." All The Club girls collapsed with laughter. At a distance, some of the other girls glanced across, wondering what all the hooting was about.

They had a quick lunch, and while they were sitting on the circled logs, around where the campfire would be, Sam briefed them all on what he planned for their afternoon.

"We're going to trek up to the Gazelle Falls," he said, "it isn't too far, and when we get up there, there is a beautiful pool under the falls surrounded by cliffs and high peaks. It is a steep climb though, so make sure

you have good footwear on. Carry plenty of water, It's hot now, but it's even hotter up there away from the shade of the trees."

Twenty minutes later, they were off. Miss. P. led the way, while Sam brought up the rear, to ensure no stragglers got lost. There was a happy carnival atmosphere. These girls were here to enjoy themselves. Sam was too. He noticed that immediately in front of him was a group of The Club girls. He didn't believe they were slower than the others, but he did believe they were teasing him with their tiny blue shorts. They walked with emphasised wiggles. Every now and then one or the other would go to scratch her buttock, pulling aside the material in the process, showing a tantalizing amount of white bum flesh. He wondered if he would survive the weekend. He was erect. Painfully.

The day was cruelly hot, and although there was a thin cloud keeping the direct sunlight off them, it was humid and sticky. After about two miles of steep climbing though, they came out above the line of trees. The ground levelled off, and there before them was a horseshoe shaped valley, surrounded by steep cliffs, enclosing a large pool. At the far end was the Gazelle Falls, so named because the water seemed to leap from the top like a gazelle, falling well clear of the cliff face, into the pool below. Beyond the valley, the mountains rose up in spectacular ever higher purple pyramids of craggy rock, one behind the other. The sight was breathtaking, nature at it's best.

They walked around the water to a spot Sam knew about, close to the cascade. It was shaded by a rocky outcrop, and there was an area where grass sloped gently down, giving way to sand and very fine gravel at the water's edge, forming a narrow beach. Small flat topped boulders provided impromptu seating. Sam took his boots and socks off, and walked into the pool and sat on one of the boulders with his feet trailing in the cool water. He pulled his rucksack off. Inside was a large insulated box containing packs of chocolate bars, which he passed round for everyone to enjoy, before the chocolate melted.

Soon, many of the girls were paddling in the water. Despite the water coming from the highest peaks, the pool was shallow, so it was warm. Sylvia came and sat beside him. "This is just such a beautiful place," she mused, "I could stay here for the whole weekend."

Soon, the inevitable question came, "Miss. P., can I go for a swim?" Sylvia was slightly concerned, because with Sue and Halley going, there was now only the two of them to act as lifeguards.

"Yes you can," Miss. P. answered, "but you must only go where you can stand up." Sam advised her that apart from where the fall dropped into the pool, most of the water close to where they were sitting, was less than four feet deep everywhere, so it was safe as long as they kept in one area where they could be watched.

Please Miss. P.," asked Vera, "I didn't know we would be swimming. I haven't brought my costume." She had her back to the other girls, who were some distance away. She shouted so everyone could hear. Sam noticed she had a sly smirk on her face, and raised her eyebrow in an unmistakable way. "Is it OK to skinny dip?"

Before Miss. P. could answer the little vixen, several other Choices girls called out. "Yeah, let's, it's only us girls here anyway." Sam kept seeing glances his way sporting grins. Vera had fulfilled her promise to make his wish come true

The nine Choices Club girls were naked in a matter of seconds, and tiptoeing their way into the water. "It's colder than I thought," said Vicky. "Yes," said Sally, sinking into the water, but it's lovely when you're in."

"Come on in, Sam," called Lizzie, "the water's so nice."

"Sorry girls," he replied, "I have to lifeguard you."

I'll do that," said Sylvia, "if you want to go in." She whispered, "you never know what you might feel!" She called out, "go on in, you deserve it."

Sam slipped off his shorts. He already had his Spandex briefs on underneath, and slipped into the water, being careful to keep his hard, hard erection away from the fifty pairs of eyes watching his every move. He swam out to the middle of the pool in a few easy effortless strokes, showing his expert swimming ability. He

turned and noticed about half the girls were now stripping off, the others looking uncertain. He swam to the far bank, only a matter of fifty yards away, and again turned. This time, most of the girls were in the water, little piles of clothing dotting the grassy bank.

He leisurely swam back until he was about twenty yards offshore, and lazily floated on his back. He was unaware there were sharks in this water, and they took the form of Choices girls homing in on Sam's pleasure and leisure. One distracted him while the others circled round. Sam pretended not to notice, and took a deep breath just before they pounced and ducked him under. He spent several seconds, being held down by many hands, by the shoulders and head. They released him, but Sam, able to swim under water for a long time, then took the initiative, and stayed underwater. He swam beneath the circle of flailing legs, and one by one groped up between their naked thighs, feeling each pussy in turn. Even underwater, he could hear their shrieks.

When he surfaced, there was a collective shout of "Get him." Sam ducked again, and picked them off one at a time, groping and feeling little girly flesh. This was going to be a great vacation.

By now, other girls had come over to join the fun, and Sam realised he now had to be cautious how and who he felt up, for fear of groping the wrong girl.

In the distance, Sam noticed a small group of three or four girls still on the beach. There were a few who'd thought to bring swimsuits, and were changing into them now. One was Verity Morgan, and another was Shirley Webber. They were definitely paired up. Marjorie had warned against this. He knew he had to watch them. An instinct warned him to be vigilant.

Sam was now being grabbed from all sides by the plague of girls, trying to duck him, tug him away, splash him and even on a couple of occasions, grab his cock through his costume. He was getting 'feels' continuously on girls, some of whom he knew, and others he didn't. They were fleeting, otherwise it was too obvious, but feels they were.

One ten year old girl, called Karen Duncan, in particular, squeezed Sam's shaft quite hard. His erection so obvious to the child. He looked at her, and she held his gaze. In a moment of weakness, in a response he immediately regretted, he cupped her pussy, between her spread thighs, in his palm. Knowing this was very dangerous territory, he dived down and swam away. When he surfaced, he saw Karen and Lizzie whispering and giggling together, casting glances in his direction. He put the incident out of his mind, but would recall it vividly on Sunday, when he came across Karen again on the sailing lake.

Sam offered to give the girls a catapult out of the water. He cupped his hands, interlocking his fingers, where they put one foot, before he launched them skywards. It was only a flash, but as they went up, he saw every set of spread thighs and their hidden treasures between. With fifty girls all wanting a turn, he eventually tired of the game and swam away to safer water.

Sam was enjoying the swim in the cool water, in the sunshine, and was floating again on his back. He became aware of young Sophie and Amber approaching him slowly. He looked over their heads, across the water to Sylvia, who had been watching them swim into deeper water. She waved. He was able to stand, but it was just too deep for the seven and eight year olds, so they clung to him, one either side. They hugged his neck and their knees were in front and behind his pelvis. He naturally cupped their bottoms.

"Hello Sam," said Amber, "Mummy said we had to get to know you better now we're in The Club. She said it was alright to hug you and stuff and you can hug us too, She said as we're going to Disney wiv you, you might want to cuddle us a lot."

Sam didn't need telling twice, he moved his fingers into their cracks, finding their little rosebuds nestling around his finger. Sophie giggled, "That tickles." He moved his fingers further down, and cupped their pussies. Even though they were only a year apart in age, they felt quite different. Amber's cleft opened to his touch, as his fingers ran through her parting. Her clitoral hood firm, as he rubbed along it. Sophie, had a more podgy feel to her. Her mound rounder. It was no less sexy to Sam, who found very young girls especially arousing. He'd always enjoyed watching the youngest girls in the showers back at school the most. Sam walked across the pool, fondling the girls as he went, and circled round behind the waterfall, where they couldn't be seen. He sat on a rocky ledge, and pulled them into his lap. His fondling now had

both girls breathing in short gasps. He wanted them to experience the ecstasy of sex before they were in The Club much longer, and what better way than here, now.

He started his double masturbation of the ginger haired sisters in earnest. He alternated from rubbing their clits, to dipping his fingers into their vagina entrances. Because of the water, he couldn't produce enough lubrication, so couldn't penetrate them more than his first knuckle. He did just about feel their hymens resisting his intrusion though. Amber was the first to cum, and snorted loudly, grabbed his wrist, and started to push his hand hard against her sensitive spot. She seemed to vibrate as she came. Her legs shook, her bottom shook. He could feel her vagina clamping on his finger as she spasmed. This was a new experience in little girl orgasms to Sam. Sophie looked at her sister in a quizzical way, but almost immediately was immersed in a similar climax of her own. She too seemed to start a vibration type of muscular spasm, as her own orgasm overtook her tiny body. Each sister enjoyed Sam's caressing movements, and wanted him to carry on for several minutes. Eventually, they relaxed their grip on him, their cum finally over.

"Oh, that was just so good, Sam," said Amber, "is that what Sally tells us is sex? She says we'll have to do what Hannah an' you did yesterday. Is it nice to do? Will I like it, Sam, when do I have to do it?"

Sam looked at the girl and smiled, "You can do it when you're ready Amber. You tell me."

"What about me," piped up Sophie, "can I do it too? Will you let me do what Hannah did, Sam? I want to be a big girl too."

"We'll see Pipsqueak," said Sam kindly "when you're ready you'll know when the time is right, and so will I and then you can try it." They both gave Sam a final cuddle. He enjoyed another free feel of their tiny bare, bald pussies, before the three of them emerged from the waterfall and rejoined the larger group.

Finally, the swimmers got out of the water, and they all laid on the grass letting the warm air dry them off. Sam couldn't be too obvious, but he scanned along the lines of naked little girl flesh, feasting his eyes on every girl, their shapes, curves, dips and bumps, before they eventually dressed ready for the downhill walk back to camp. He noticed Jasmine lying alongside a group of similar aged girls. She seemed to be really enjoying her short vacation. She had after all 'earned' it. He was pleased for her. Despite her many disadvantages and her willing prostitution, he was very fond of her. She caught his stare, and slowly scooted round, and lifted her knees up and apart. Her little pink and coral coloured cunt flowered open. Framed by her black skin, it almost shouted at Sam, "cum and fuck me." He had to look away. He heard her giggling at him.

Sam talked to Sylvia before they left and filled her in on the development with the two youngsters. "Who do you think sent them over to join you in the first place?" she asked, looking at him sideways. He grinned at her. They were becoming a good team.

"If you get the chance Sylvia," he said "see if you can bring them off a time or two. Let's get them really wanting their next cum. By the time I fuck them, I want them begging for it."

"Don't you worry on my account, Sam," she said glancing at him, smiling, "I'll make sure they get to know me too."

On the return journey, Sam noticed little Sophie was tired, and he was gratified to see Hannah carried her backpack for her, and held her hand. He noticed the two of them whispering along the way, both glancing back, looking at him, grinning. He didn't need many guesses to know what they talked about. He was also really pleased to see Vera and Vicky walking ahead, with Sally in between them, holding their hands. But what also caught his eye was Verity further down the path, sweating profusely, walking alongside Shirley. They were looking at the three girls with vitriol in their faces.

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CHAPTER 22
Friday Evening – The Camp Fire

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Everyone settled into camp routine. The girls spent the late afternoon playing around the camp, hide and seek, climbing trees, preparing their tents for the night, organising sleeping bags and clothes. It was still very hot and sticky, so no one exerted themselves too much.

Sam asked everyone to search for firewood for the campfire, and for his fire pit. He quickly had a big supply, and the fire pit was soon blazing well. He wanted it to die down into a hot glowing ember bed for cooking. The rest of the timber was piled by the campfire for when it got dark.

As the twilight descended, Sam placed a series of lamps around the camp, ready to switch on as needed. Everyone started to settle on the logs around the fire. He placed a large cooking griddle over the top and started to cook. He had small pieces of beef, yams, sweet potatoes, peppers, sweet corn to cook as well as bread, salads and other cold prepared food. When everything else was ready, he had steaks to go on, chicken kebabs and sausages. Miss. P. organised some girls to hand round the drinks and nibbling food. Vicky got her IPad, and linking it to Sam's Bose Bluetooth player, started playing music which meant more to the girls than to the "staff". Sam was really pleased when he noticed Vera and Vicky were sitting with Sally and Hannah on a log in an obviously close group. But what caught his eye was the fact that Vera and Vicky were feeding most of their food to Hannah.

As the dusk turned to darkness, the food eaten, the atmosphere became cosy. Vicky found some karaoke tracks, and everyone started singing. They had a great time. Sam noticed Verity and Shirley disappear part way through the evening. He thought nothing of it. Probably going to the latrine. But they had only just returned, when a shout of 'fire' went up.

A tent was on fire and as Sam rushed towards the blaze, he knew it was in The Choices camp. He grabbed an enormous canvas ground sheet he used underfoot in the food preparation area, and was able to throw it over the tent, before knocking down the tent poles and smothering the fire. He could smell kerosene. An empty can lay nearby. The other three tents were soaked in kerosene too, but hadn't caught. They had been just in time.

Sam spent the next hour sorting out the mess, separating good from bad, helping the girls extract their belongings. Some were burnt, some smelled of kerosene, some OK. He was upset when he saw Sophie's little face a smear of tears, as she pulled out her threadbare teddy bear, damaged beyond use. Things like this so upset Sam. The little girl had little enough as it was, and now she loses something precious like her teddy.

"I'm sorry Sophie," he said, saddened, "shall we get you a new French one when we go to Paris? You could call it Michelle or Pierre or some other French name."

Sam was trying to make light of it "It's just as well it was a Club tent which caught fire, eh girls?" he quipped. "We Club members will take special care of each other, OK? Everything that is useable, take over to my tent. I will share with Miss. P. There should just about be enough room for you all in there."

Sam was about to move away, when he saw Sally pull a battered old teddy from her pack, and brushing it's head, handed it to Sophie, saying, "This is Charlie, Sophie. Would you look after him for me until we get to Paris?" The little girl immediately cuddled the bear to her tear stained face. His girls were certainly looking out for each other.

As Sam returned to the campfire, he looked over at Verity and Shirley. There was a definite gloating in their faces. They kept looking at him, smirking. He knew they had caused the fire. Arson is a contemptible thing, especially in a dry woodland area such as this. He just couldn't prove it. He saw Verity use her phone. She kept glancing up at Sam, nodding, talking animatedly into the phone. After she finished, he walked over to where they were sitting.

"I suppose you think that little stunt was clever," he said. "It was a dangerous thing to do."

"We didn't do anything," sneered Shirley in an obviously put on innocent tone, "and anyway, my dad would just say you should be more careful when looking after kids." They burst into laughter, mocking him.

"Yes," said Verity, "my dad says he's going to sort you out." She realised she shouldn't have said anything, and went quiet, her smirk vanishing.

Sam realised he was getting nowhere with them, and returned to sit beside Miss. P. in the centre of a line of Choices girls.

“I am so angry about what they did,” said Miss. P., “but we can’t prove it.”

“Shall I burn their tent down,” offered Vera, with a cheeky grin.

“You can’t fight fire with fire,” mused Sam. “There may be other subtle ways of taking revenge though. The Choices Club stick together, right?”

“RIGHT,” they answered in unison, “All for one, one for all.”

The evening was drawing to a close. Miss. P. went round everyone, with a stack of cups, which she handed around. She was followed by Lizzie, Vera, Vicky and Hannah, each carrying a jug in each hand. “There’s water, juices of every flavour, milk, you name it. Has everyone had one?”

“Time for bed everyone,” said Miss. P., “we have a long walk in the morning and canoeing in the afternoon. But I will let you have a lie in first though.”

Within five minutes, the camp was cleared, and all the girls were in their tents, getting ready for bed. It was too hot to use the sleeping bags, other than as something soft to lie on. Most didn’t even want to use pyjamas, they just slept in their panties.

Sam went round the camp, switching the lamps off, just leaving one on by the latrine.

He slipped into the tiny tent alongside Sylvia, who was lying naked, except for her sneakers, looking at her watch.

“What are you doing,” he asked her, “timing the snores?”

She laughed. “No dope, I am waiting till the drops take effect. Last time it was ten minutes.”

“Do you mean…did you, actually,” Sam was lost for words.

She nodded, eyebrows raised, a half smile showing her answer. “Right, time up, are you ready to go and molest a couple of dozen pre-teens?”

“Did you give The Club girls any?” he asked.

“I did, but only a half dose, just so they get to sleep. I want our team alert in the morning. They can have all of our attention anytime they want.”

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CHAPTER 23
Friday Night – Organised Child Abuse

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They climbed out of the tent, Sam went left, Sylvia right. Having now stripped off naked, except for his shoes, he went to the far end tent, thinking he could start at one end and work his way along. All he carried were his flashlight and camera. He unfastened the zipper holding the flaps, and looked in. Bringing his light to bear, his breath went from him on seeing the wondrous vision before him. It wasn’t that he hadn’t seen young girls naked before, he had, a thousand times at the school, it was the anticipation of what he could now do to them. Three 4th grader girls lay spread-eagled, naked but for their panties. Their legs intertwined, at his end of the tent.

Sam moved into the tent, beside the first girl's legs. He reluctantly pulled a condom from his sock and rolled it quickly over his stiff cock. He realised to leave tell tale snail trails of pre-cum all over the girls and their bedding, would be stupid. Laying his flash light down, he looked at her. She was a pretty round faced honest looking girl, with dark short hair. She was slim, tall and had a button nose and raised cheeks framed with ears that stuck out a little. He bent to suckle her tiny flat chested nipple closest to him. It quickly hardened, as he flicked his tongue back and forth across it. He slid his hand down her chest, over her tummy and under her panty elastic. Her mound was nicely raised, as his fingers followed her contours up and over her divine shape, smooth except for a thin line of fine hair either side of her cleft, and her dimple allowed his finger to sink into it half an inch. He pushed down, his digit running over the girl's hood, just poking out of her slit. Sam sat up, and using both hands, pushed her panties down her legs and off her feet.

Sam spread the girl's legs enough for him to kneel between them. He was then able to lift her calves up and outward. Sam was always amazed how far young girls could split their legs apart. Her feet were touching the sides of the tent. He was able to push her knees outside her shoulder blades. Her vulva was spread before him, raised between her thighs. He held her there for a while, as he photographed her. Some shots up close on 'macro', some further away, making sure her cunt and face were in the same photo. In this position, her vagina had slowly peeled open and dilated, waiting for his tongue to sink into her folds of pre-teen flesh. Sam dipped straight in, his tongue hungry for the first cunt of the night. Her vagina glistened in the lamplight. Her sweat making her damp on this hot and humid night. He licked her for several minutes, his tongue nudging against her virginal hymen, trying to push passed it, before letting her feet down, although still spread well apart.

Moving to the next girl, who was also dark haired, but with long braids, he found her to be quite plump, but not fat, by comparison. Her name was Alice. She was a friendly girl and quite often chatted to Sam when their paths crossed at school. She wasn't a beauty, but as he slid her panties down, his breath was taken away. She had one of the most gorgeous looking pussies he had ever set eyes on. Why one pussy looked beautiful and another not, he didn't know. It was like faces, he supposed, it was just the way it was. Beauty, he knew, was in the eye of the beholder. Well, he beheld one very beautiful pussy. Although she wasn't the most beautiful girl in the world, her pussy far and away made up for it, and perhaps qualified her to join The Club one day. Certainly he recorded her beautiful pussy with his camera from every angle carefully.

Her mound was completely hairless and smooth, long, full and narrow, well padded and firm to the touch, with a deep cleft, running it's full length. She had a lovely dimple, circular in shape, except where it merged into her clit. It was perhaps half an inch in diameter and depth. To Sam an important asset. Her clitty hood poked well out of her cleft, it's generous folds of skin suggested her clit was big. Her vagina, as he started to spread her legs in the same way as he had done the first girl, popped open. He licked her in a similar way to the first girl, but he found his tongue could reach in that little bit further. Pulling back, he now slid his finger into her entry. He gently pushed, his digit slipped in past her tight entry. He pulled back and pushed again, and this time, his finger slipped in, passed her hymen, as far as he could reach. She felt exquisite. The walls of her passage seemed to pulse against his touch, as though he could feel her heart beat.

Being unable to resist himself, he reached down, and grabbed his cock. He pressed against her entry, and in an instant, his crown just popped into her. She was a virgin, so this surprised him. She felt magnificent on his cock, as it pressed against the rubbery barrier of her maidenhood. He got his camera again and made sure the photo showed his cock embedded, as well as her pussy and most importantly, her face. Sam had a problem, a nice problem, too many girls and not enough time to spend on each.

He now moved to the third girl, who was quite different from the others. This one had very long light brown hair, flowing free under her back, making a fan shaped carpet for her to lie on. Her name was Suzy. She was a pretty girl. He knew from school she was an extremely painfully shy girl, who relied on her friends to look out for her. She had spoken to him a few times and slowly he had grown rather fond of her. He was going to molest her never-the-less. He whipped her panties off and just looked for a moment. Her slit was the shortest he had ever seen, in fact almost non existent, as was her bald mound small and flat. As he spread her legs, her knees up by her shoulders, he saw she had the smallest vulva as well. Holding her knees back with his own, he spread the lips of her almost non-existent labia apart with his fingers, and was surprised to see her vagina was as large as any other girl of her age, and like her friend Alice, it looked very pretty to Sam. Why he should be surprised he didn't know, he just was. For some reason he'd expected her hole to be small as well. As he gazed into her he could clearly see her stretched hymen glistening with the dampness of her vagina. He caught her on camera for his album, like all the others.

Again Sam lapped into her cunt, it tasted sweeter than the others, her salty sweat from the day's activities, combined with an essence of musky little girl aroma, which he found so intoxicating. But what overwhelmed him was what happened next. Her pussy was so small, he could cover all of her with his lips. He flicked his tongue over her vagina and clitty several times, before sucking her. He sucked quite hard and suddenly, her bladder let go and his mouth filed with her urine. He had no choice but to swallow. It too tasted sweet. He expected it to be more bitter. He sucked again, and again she pissed into his mouth and again he swallowed. This was just so erotic to Sam.

Sam eventually put the girl's legs down, and wondering whether to replace their knickers, decided he couldn't be bothered. Before he left, he got a photo of all three of the girls he had molested, in a "family group" shot. By the time they went home, he intended to do this with every girl on camp. He zipped the tent panels together, and moved to the next tent.

This one was occupied by two eleven year olds. He knew them as Maggie and Ruth. Again he was startled as he entered, for both were again lying on top of their bedding, but neither were wearing any panties. They were stark naked. Not only that, but they were in an embrace which was unmistakably lesbian in nature. Both had their hands in each other's crotches. Maggie, he noticed, even had a finger inserted into her friend Ruth. They must have started their passion as soon as they got into their tent, and fallen asleep under the drug a few minutes later. He noticed both these girls were starting the road to puberty. They each had slight waists and hips as well as a hint of hair just showing around their clefts and the beginnings of boobs showing as raised cones on their otherwise flat chests.

Sam pulled Maggie's finger from her friend, and sucking her digit, to taste her arousal, laid her and then Ruth on her back. Again lifting their legs up and out, he was able to lick, inspect, smell and taste them both at will, which he did for a few minutes. Pulling their vaginas open by peeling their inner labia apart with his thumbs, he saw that neither had a hymen, and their vaginas were both damp with their arousal. Not just damp, but greasy to the touch. Sam was puzzled for a moment and looked around. Then beside Maggie, he spotted a small tube of KY jelly. But what did surprise him, beside it, was a small pink vibrator, it's motor still buzzing quietly. Sam picked the toy up, and switched it off. Without hesitation, he put the point into the entrance of Maggie's vagina. He carefully and gently applied pressure, and pressed it into her. It slowly oozed in, sinking deeper and deeper, until only the round red cap at it's end was outside her cunt. He switched it on again. The girl stiffened in reflex, but relaxed again, her unconscious state overwhelmed her desire.

After about five minutes, Sam switched it off, and pulling the toy out, moved over to Ruth, and repeated the insertion of the toy into the eleven year old. Like with Maggie, it sank in without any force. They had evidently done this before. Sam thought he might like to fuck these two. He pulled the vibrator out of Ruth, and reaching over, slipped it back into Maggie. Switching it on, he left it there inside her.

He reached for the KY Jelly, and holding Ruth's cunt open with his thumb and forefinger, pressed the tube's nozzle into her, and squeezed. Pulling the tube out, he could see there was plenty in there. He shuffled forward, his cock waving in the air, came to a rest on her cleft. Still holding her legs up and out, he wriggled, until his cock dropped into the cavity that was her entry. She was still dilated from the vibrator. Sam simply pressed in. He felt her further dilate around him. The sudden slickness, as the KY Jelly lubricated his passage into the eleven year old didn't disguise just how tight she was. He kept going in and in, feeling the walls of her vagina peeling apart for the first adult male cock inside this little lesbian girl. Not for the first time, Sam thought how glad he was that although his cock was long enough, it was thin. Just as his pubis was about to bump her clitoris, he hit bottom. Ruth's rubbery cervix although flexible, was firm and resistant to him penetrating her the last inch.

Sam moved out, almost all the way, before sliding back in, out, then in again, faster. Soon he was slamming his pubis into her thighs with a satisfying slap. He wouldn't last long at this rate, and Sam wanted more, so much more before the night was out. He reluctantly pulled out of her. Again he photographed her, as he had done the other girls, while he raped her. He reached for her towel, lying by her head, and wiped the excess slime from between her thighs, and laid her legs down.

He quickly hotched over to Maggie, pulled the still buzzing vibrator out and threw it to one side. He immediately pressed his cock into her before her dilation ended, and without pause, sank into her his full depth of six and a half inches. He waited a moment, to just feel and appreciate the young girl under him. Her tight vagina walls had willingly parted, but seemingly more easily. Her passage was tight, but not as tight as

Ruth's. Sam had the distinct impression this little girl had not only fucked before, but had done so recently, and often. Sam, of course, knew nothing of the financial arrangement her grandfather had with her mother, ensuring a regular source of money for her, and regular, incestuous, underage, sex for him. Making Maggie hate them both for forcing her into his bed, and into her girlfriend's bed as well.

Not his worry. Sam quickly got into his pace again, shoving his cock in and out of Maggie's delicious cunt soon felt the familiar slapping of his balls against her bottom. He still wanted more, so very reluctantly, he pulled out of Maggie, replaced his cock with the buzzing vibrator, slipped the tube of KY Jelly into the top of his sock, and, moved on to the next tent, after again getting his pictures for the album.

Over the next hour or two, Sam worked his way along the line of tents. He managed to lick, feel, inspect, photograph, and generally molest about two dozen girls. Remembering just how lovely Alice and her friend Suzy's pussies had looked and felt, he had returned to the first tent and fondled and photographed them a bit more. He was beginning to realise the variety of vaginas was infinite. They all felt different. Some sensational, like Alice's and Suzy's, and some less so. He was wanting to get his cock into Alice and Suzy as soon as opportunity allowed. They were a must for Club recruitment.

Sam had sunk his cock into about six of the older girls, who either had obvious experience, and or no hymen, until he opened one flap, only to see Sylvia's bottom and pussy moving around in front of his face, as she licked out a 2nd grader. All the youngest girls had been at that end of the line. Either side of the little victim were two other seven year olds, spread out, naked, unconscious.

"How are you getting on," he asked, "looks like you've had breakfast."

"Im gethhhinggg onnn verrryy shwell tphhankk youuu Sam," she mubbled through Linda's pussy.

"Sylvia," he said to her bottom, "would you mind if I ask a favour?"

"No PPrroblemsh, Sham, wash isitt?" she asked.

"I haven't cum yet, would you mind if I dumped my load into you?"

"Noo, Jusht carrysh onn. Don't mindsh meee." She said, still munching on the tiny 2nd grader's pussy.

Sam, pulled the condom off, tossed it out of the tent and waddled forward on his knees. He grabbed his cock, lined it up with Sylvia's dripping pussy and pressed in. What he didn't expect was what he immediately felt. She was a virgin. He had always assumed her to have tried men, used vibrators, and otherwise broken her cherry. But no, she was intact.

"I didn't know Sylvia," he asked, "are you sure?"

She lifted her face off the child for a moment, "What better time to have my first fuck, than when I'm doing what I like to a seven year old. Please fuck me Sam, as I said, I want your kids."

Sylvia was so wet, and worked up, she needed no foreplay. Sam jerked forward, breaking her cherry in an instant. There was a sharp intake of breath, as Sylvia felt the pain. It quickly dissipated, and she made her desires known, by pushing back at him. Sam was so aroused by the events of the night, he knew this was not going to take him long at all. He looked down beside him, to his right, at the spread eagled seven year old, and the other one in a similar position to his left. He reached down, and as he picked up his pace, fucking Sylvia's just virgin pussy, he cupped and fondled the two little girls' virgin pussies, feeling their smooth hairless shapes, their tiny clefts, and wetness inside, where Sylvia's tongue had just been.

Sam didn't want Sylvia's first time with him to disappoint, but he knew he couldn't hold back. So it was with relief he heard Sylvia start to breath deeply in short pants, her moans increasing in intensity, her orgasm suddenly and violently overwhelming her. Sam exploded into her, his sperm filled semen shooting deep into the fertile teacher's womb. Somehow, he knew he had just changed his life forever. They were sated, and both collapsed. Their combined weight landing on top of Linda. He now knew what he would call his daughter if Sylvia got pregnant and it was a girl. Quickly, he rolled one way, she the other. They lay like that for several minutes.

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CHAPTER 24
Friday Midnight – Trouble comes visiting.

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Sam's phone, tucked in his sock, trilled. "Who the fuck is this," mumbled Sam. He knew from the 'caller identity' who it was, "it had better be good. What do you want Steve? What time is it anyway?"

"Hi-ho, Silver," said Steve cheerfully. "Sam, trouble, it's just midnight, Morgan's raising hell. We've been monitoring him the last couple of weeks. It seems he is really, deeply, seriously pissed at you. Something about $5m. Anyway, we tapped a line of his. He made a call tonight. Have you heard of the Tompson Twins? No? Well they're named after those goofs in the Tin Tin stories. Don't be fooled. They're professional. Anyway, he's put a contract on you. It seems you're worth another $5m. They are already on the way Sam, there's nothing I can do here, so I need you to be on your guard. Oh, and who are Vicky and Vera?" Sam explained. "Well, the $5M includes them, they're in the contract too. Seems his family have demanded some kind of retribution. I don't know what kind of shit you're in Sam, we can sort it out later, but watch your back. Oh and Sam, be careful, you're the only friend I have left, I don't want to lose you." He terminated the call.

"Oh fuck," said Sam, "just as I thought my life was turning out nicely."

"What's going on Sam, who was that?" asked Sylvia anxiously.

"That, Sylvia, was Steve Bandon, my best friend from the army days warning me of big trouble. It seems Verity's father has sent two men up here to kill me." She gasped. "They're after Vera and Vicky as well," he continued. " This is what we're going to do. Have you got your phone with you? OK stupid question seeing as you're naked. Keep it with you. I am going to stop those two, then I am going to sort out Morgan once and for all. If for any reason I fail, and they get through, they won't know who Vicky and Vera are, and Verity won't be able to tell them, as she's unconscious."

"What about me," she said nervously, "Sam, they might torture me or something. I'm scared Sam."

"OK, when I find them, I will send you a text. I will keep my phone on silent mode. The text will just be the number 5, OK? That means five minutes. Then, after I have stopped them, I will phone you and tell you what I plan to do next. My call will be no longer than five minutes after the text. If I don't call in five minutes, call Steve Bandon on this number here. Then wake Vicky and Vera and get the hell out of here. Also, find Verity and Shirley's phones, and switch them off. Let's not help them any more than we can help. Right, got that? Good. I must go. Oh, and I must get back, because I've a family to consider now, haven't I?" He put a reassuring hand on her naked belly and looked her in the eye. She smiled ruefully.

Sam extracted himself from between the two naked seven year olds, kissed Sylvia passionately, and was gone. Picking up the used condom on the way, he called into his and Sylvia's tent, stowed his camera, dressed, slipped into his black overalls, grabbed some essentials, moved over to the fire, dropped the condom onto it and picked a lump of charcoal to blacken his face and slipped into the darkness of the forest. He had a rough idea where they would come from. First, he was certain Verity would have had her locator open on her phone, so her father could provide the men with a position. Second, there were only three roads into this area. One from completely the wrong direction; one where the administration area was, which they came into on their arrival, and was manned by a guard post; and the third was a lesser used, but serviceable gravel road, only a couple or three miles long, leading in from a mountain road, high up in the pass. That's where they'll come from, he was sure.

His special forces training clicked in. This was his environment, and he was familiar with the terrain. He moved quickly and silently through the night. Animals were startled as he passed, normally hearing men from far away. Up he moved. In half an hour, he reached the gravel road, crossing at right angles to his path. To his left it led to the public mountain road where he knew they would come from. To the right it traversed a series of steep hairpins, going up the mountainside, to MacKenzie Creek, where the canoe trip would start tomorrow. The road curved away in both directions, so this was the point where they would walk down from, to the camp.

Sam recce'd both directions for a couple of hundred yards to familiarize himself with the lay of the land, then found a suitable place to conceal himself, where he could keep watch. Forty minutes passed, and he saw the loom of headlights high in the mountain pass. Ten minutes later, he heard a vehicle approaching slowly, lights doused.
It stopped about a hundred yards away. It was a large black 4 x 4 truck. Similar to his own. Two men got out. Sam was on the move. Before he had got half way, he could smell cigarette smoke. He smiled. Steve had called them professionals.

Sam was ten yards away, when he heard a voice. "Yes, Mr. Morgan…. yes sir….. We're there now…. Yes OK, What do you want us to do to the girls…yes… yes…. OK Mr. Morgan. We'll call you again later…… Yes sir. Please tell Mr. Webber the contract will be completed by dawn." The phone call was terminated.

"What did he say?" came a voice.

"He said to make sure of the Pole, Sam Pottu…..Potttuensk, whatever his name is. We're to make it slow and painful if we can, but to make sure it's permanent. He said we can take our time and have fun with him."

"What about the two girls?" the other voice asked. "Can we have a different kind fun with them too?" Sam could hear the leer in the man's voice.

"I don't see why not," came the reply, "no one's to know. They're both eleven. We can have one each," they laughed. "The other thing," the man continued, "when we've finished with the girls, we're to hide them and this Sam, make sure they're never found."

That was all Sam needed to hear. This would be a justified action. Sam pressed send on his phone, letting Sylvia know it was five minutes.

The two men busied themselves, collecting and sorting their gear from the truck. Stealth was Sam's skill. He slipped up behind the nearest man, whose back was towards him, while his partner was turned away. One hand to the back of the head, the other on the chin, a sharp up and twist motion, a crack like a breaking stick and the man was dead silently before he knew he'd been attacked. Sam lowered the dead weight to the ground. He moved around behind the trees, circling the truck. The other man was still bending, sorting his gear into a pack. He too never knew what had happened.

Sam took his phone out and looked at the time. Two minutes had passed. He called Sylvia. "Hi, it's me. Danger over, nothing to worry about…yes….that's right…. Yes. Look, I'm going back to town. I'm going to sort that bastard Morgan out. He'll only send someone else after me otherwise…yes… oh, and another thing, Webber's involved…yes. I don't know how he fits in but if I have a problem, I thought you should know. I should be back by dawn. I'd better go." She wished him well. He snapped shut and pocketed his phone. The thought crossed his mind that Sylvia knew he had just killed two men and was about to kill a third. It never occurred to him to keep it from her.

The two men were big and heavy. Sam had a struggle getting them into the back of the truck. He found their phones, which he switched off and keys to the truck in the pocket of one of the men. He fitted the tonneau cover over the back to hide the bodies, got in and drove off. He didn't want to attract any attention, so like them, he drove in the dark until he reached the mountain road. Once on that, he could drive normally.

The trip back to town took just under two hours. He pulled into the curb a couple of blocks from the Morgan house. He approached from the rear of the property. Carefully, he checked all the windows. Upstairs, he could see a light was on. Being so hot, he hoped perhaps one had been left open. He was in luck. He fitted a pair of latex surgical gloves, which he always had in his work gear pockets. Silently, he entered the house, and climbed the stairs. Beneath a door, he could see a crack of light. Carefully and quietly, he turned the handle, and peered through the crack. He could see the back of a man's head, seated in a leather office chair. His hair was snow white. There was only one man that Sam knew with hair like that.

Sam crept forward, across the carpeted floor. The man was snoring, asleep. On the desk, were files, ledgers and masses of papers. A computer was on, the screen showing a bank account statement. In an open drawer, Sam could see drug sachets, cocaine, heroin, Ecstasy, syringes, scales, testing equipment and a little heater for drug preparation.

Sam looked again at the computer. It was logged into a bank account alright, but in the Cayman Islands. In the corner was a countdown clock to log off. One minute and counting. Carefully, he clicked the mouse on the screen and the clock changed to fifteen minutes. Time to browse later.

Sam saw little point in trying to extract information from Morgan. It would never stand up in court anyway. So he made his grim decision. He lifted the little heater, and a large sachet of the 100% pure heroin. He prepared it efficiently. He had seen this often enough on the streets in Afghanistan. Filling a large syringe with the fluid he carefully jabbed the needle into Morgan's arm and pressed the plunger all the way in.

Morgan's eyes popped open. He focused on Sam's face. There was a moment of recognition. "You mess with me or my girls," said Sam, "you little piece of weasel shit, and I will come and find you. Your two goons never made it to the camp. I can't let you have another try, Morgan. Thanks for the $5million by-the-way." Sam, holding the now struggling man by the hair, only had to wait a minute before Morgan passed out, and another five and he just stopped breathing. Another drugs overdose.

Sam now looked back at the screen. He couldn't believe the figures, though. A balance in the account of over $135 million. There, two days before, the $5 million to his Choices account. Another $5 million notated Thompson Twins, but beneath was a third payment of $5 million "Watson". Who was Watson? Sam had a bad feeling about this. He was about to leave, when he had a thought. He pressed 'Print Screen', and watched the printer whir, then clicked the mouse on 'Transfer Funds'. Up came a list of beneficiaries. He pressed 'Print Screen' again. Below, he saw The Choices Foundation listed, and clicked "Make Transfer". Another screen: "Amount" was blinking. "No," he thought, "it couldn't be that simple." He clicked "Transfer All". "Enter Password".

Sam looked through the papers on the desk. He rummaged everywhere. Then he searched Morgan's pockets. In his jacket, was a little black book, and sure enough a passwords page. Many accounts were listed in various banks across the world. He scanned down and found what he was looking for. He tapped in the numbers and letters and pressed enter. He waited for what was only a couple of seconds, but felt like a lifetime. "Transfer Complete!" Again he was about to get out, but had a final thought, and pressed the icon: "Close Account". A message: "Are you sure?" appeared. He clicked: "Yes", and the screen went blank. Time to leave.

On the return journey, Sam at last had time to think through the events of the night. He called Sylvia, and put her mind at rest. Next he phoned Steve and briefed him. Steve said he would get to Morgan's house immediately, but wanted to see Sam early next week. Sam told him about the accounts and the printouts which he had left in the house for him. "There's a connection to Mayor Webber too, Steve. Quite what, I don't know, but see what you can find".

Sam retraced his route and took the road up into the mountain pass, and about a mile before the forest track, which led into the army training area, Sam drove slowly looking for a suitable place for his purposes.

A downhill slope, a bend, and a vertiginous drop. Perfect. Sam pulled over, undid the tonneau cover, and dragged the Thompson Twins, not without a lot of effort, into the front cab. Buckling them into the seat belts, he released the hand brake, and, standing on the running board, steered through the open driver's door window, while the truck gained speed. He aimed the vehicle at the sharp bend fifty yards down the road. Just before the truck left the road, Sam leapt clear, rolled onto the grass verge, and watched as the vehicle accelerated down the bank, before flying over the cliff edge below. It was several seconds before Sam heard the crash from way down on the valley floor.

The first glimmer of dawn was giving a red rosy glow to the eastern horizon, as Sam set off at a fast jog down the forest track. He had three miles of track and two through the woods to cover. It was downhill all the way though, and he got back to the campsite just as the dark shadows retreated and daylight started to conquer the night. He stripped off the black overalls, the latex gloves in the pocket, and dropped them onto the smouldering fire and threw a few logs on top. He went down to their tent just as Sylvia came out to see who was there.

"God, am I glad to see you, Sam," said Sylvia, fussing over him like a mother hen. "Never put me through that again, do you hear?"

Sam crawled into the tent, and lay on his bed, and was asleep in seconds. When he awoke an hour later, he felt refreshed. He got up, washed, dressed and made up the fire for cooking breakfast. He noticed apart from a metal buckle, the overalls had completely burnt. He and Sylvia busied themselves with food preparation for their hike and evening meal.

The first girls to be up were The Choices Club. They crawled out of the large tent, bleary eyed. They walked over to Sam and Miss. P., to see what they were doing, and sat around like children do in the kitchen first thing in the morning. The fact that they were all stark naked didn't seem to have crossed their minds. They were now completely comfortable together, naked or dressed.

Sam was sitting on a log, peeling potatoes, Miss. P. preparing salad nearby. They all helped, and the jobs were completed quickly.

Sally was in a pensive mood, quiet and in her own world. She kept moving around their circle, standing beside one, then another. Eventually, when she was alongside him again, Sam looked up at her, put his arm around her waist, his forearm trailing across her buttocks, and asked, "Sally, we're all your family now, you know, you can tell us what's on your mind. Don't bottle it up."

Sally, inspecting while twisting, a piece of grass between her fingers, was silent for a moment, before she said quietly, "Sam, Miss. P., everyone, I have come to a decision. This is important to me, so I want you to all hear it." They all stopped to listen. "When we were walking through the woods yesterday, I saw a clearing not far from here. In the centre there was a large flat topped rock. It was a place of peace. It had a magic to it, like it was a special place. Tonight is the full moon. I would like us to all go there at midnight, and I would like to be inducted." She didn't divulge the voice in her head had told her about the stone in the clearing, and what to do.

There was silence for a moment, before Sam said, "Sally that's the nicest most sincere thing I think I have ever heard anyone say. We would be honoured and delighted to make your induction very special, and thank you for asking for it in such a way."

Sam lowered his hand from her waist, across her bottom, and started to run his fingers through her crack, moving southward. She stepped aside, "Nnng, nnng," she muttered, shaking her head, "no touching the virgin until she is on the sacrificial stone at midnight." Sam went to touch her bottom again, and she skipped further away, with determination in her face. She meant it. Sam smiled, watching her as she moved away to put some clothes on..

"Food's ready," said Miss. P., no one else is awake yet, it's still only six thirty. How about we all go in your big tent and have a cuddle everyone?"

Sally darted into the tent, and grabbing her belongings for the day, and stepped back out. "I will keep an eye out to make sure no one comes while you're in there having fun." She smiled at the group as they trooped passed her into the tent..

Miss. P. looked at the pre-teen, "Are you not joining us, Sally?"

"No Miss. P., I want to make tonight really special. I don't want to be touched until then."

When the two adults had stripped and crawled into the tent, they saw eight expectant faces, watching them with anticipation. Already sexual tension filled the air, and as they lay down on the spread out sleeping bags, both were smothered in little naked bodies fondling them and each other. Sam had never seen an orgy before, but this was just so erotic, he supposed this must be one. In the years to cum, he would experience scenes like this fairly often. Within seconds, he had a girl straddling his face, another two pushing his hands into their little pussies. His erect cock was being pushed and pulled by many hands simultaneously, as were his balls.

Sam didn't know which girl was which. He managed to twist his head and looked over at Sylvia, and similarly, she was a crawling mass of little girl arms and legs. Pussies were spread, fingers were moving across clitties. He couldn't lift his face up, as he was still being straddled, a rosebud pressed to his nose, it's

distinctive smell tantelising him, his tongue well inside a tight bald cleft, tasting little girl arousal, when he felt the distinct sensation of a little mouth sucking the end of his cock. Whose mouth it was he couldn't tell. He couldn't move his head. The girl astride his face was now gyrating herself onto him. From her movements, he knew she was nearing her climax. He could taste more and more pungent fluids seeping from her. On each of his outstretched hands, he had a girl, working themselves up on his fingers. Both had now manoeuvred his middle fingers into their pussies, their clits both hard to his touch. They were each slick with arousal, their pussies slid along his fingers effortlessly. He curled his fingers back by instinct, and found their vagina entrances. He wiggled his fingertips, and elicited little squeaks, from whom, he knew not. His fingers sank into unknown little girl treasures.

He had never known such an erotic experience. He was in a fairytale land, where all his pedo heart's desires and every pleasure he could imagine all came at once.

Sam felt the familiar feeling, deep in his loins. He was going to come. He had no way of warning the girl sucking his cock, as another girl's cunt was pressed hard to his mouth. He was struggling to breath as well. All of a sudden everything happened at once. Sam came, the girl sitting astride his face came, as did the two girls masturbating themselves on his fingers. Across the tent sounds of orgasmic release told Sam the same was happening there

Sam's cock pulsed hard. He could feel the girl was gripping him with both hands firmly, her mouth sucking him hard. He expected her to pull away as his semen pulsed into her throat, but if anything, she gripped and sucked harder. He had never known a sensation like it, and as his second pulse erupted from his cock, always his biggest, a huge amount of semen was forced into the back of the girl's mouth. She still never pulled away, and he felt the contraction of her mouth, as she swallowed. He pulsed and pulsed. She swallowed again. The other girls were squealing, groaning, moaning, cooing and gasping. Gradually, everything seemed to slow, until there was quiet. Sam could hear heavy breathing, panting even, but otherwise, just the sounds of the forest, the birds, the wind blowing through the trees and the distant water cascading down the slopes.

One by one, the girls all cuddled up to Sam and their Miss. P. They had just experienced one of the most intensely wonderful sensations of their lives, and they were in no hurry to end it.

Someone muttered "All for one, one for all," it mattered not who, he agreed completely. He glanced to each side of him, where the girls were cuddling to him. On his chest was a dead weight. Looking down, all he could see was a mop of ginger red hair. She lifted her head, it was Amber, who he had force fed his cock the other night. She looked into his eyes, and smiled. She opened her mouth, and Sam could see it was full of his cum. She moved her jaw around for a second or two, as if she were chewing gum, then she swallowed one last time, before resting her face again on his chest.

It was some time, before Sam could get the camp motivated. The Club girls were all enjoying a post orgasmic malaise, while all the other girls were suffering sleepiness from the after effects of the anæsthetic drops they had unknowingly swallowed the night before. Finally, though, they were having breakfast, everything kitted out and ready to move.

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CHAPTER 25
Saturday – Trekking & Canoeing

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As they were eating, at about eight o'clock, Sam had a phone call. It was Celine. She said she was on the way, with a child welfare officer. It would seem Verity Morgan's father had been found dead this morning, and they were coming to collect the girl. They didn't want the news breaking to her, until she got home. Verity's clothes were soon packed up, and by the time Celine arrived, breakfast was over and cleared up.

"How's it going, Sam," she asked, "looks like you're well organised, but then again, with you I wouldn't expect anything less."

Sam explained they had experienced a couple of minor problems, the tent fire and the unfortunate incident of Sue Evans falling into the Poison Ivy. Halley and Sue were still at the hospital, and wouldn't be back. He said he felt they could manage with just the two of them.

Sam noticed Celine's eyes following the tiny pale blue terry shorts of The Choice girls as they moved about the camp. She had a hungry look in her eyes. He also noticed she chatted for a moment with Jasmine. He remembered the diary entry he'd seen, for Tuesday night.

Celine and the welfare woman made their departure with Verity, while Sam called the group together for a quick briefing. This was going to be a ten mile hike. The small river, named Mackenzie Creek, which flowed close to their camp meandered up into the hills, through the high ground, in a huge circular twenty mile curve, around several hills, climbing all the way until it reached a point directly up the proposed path. The plan was to cut across the huge curve of the river, float the canoes, and paddle back down to the camp. He instructed them to carry as little as possible, except spare water, sun hats and sunscreen. It was going to be hot. He expected to get to the boats by midday.

The walk was, at first easy going, and fairly level. Gradually, though, the gradient increased, and the going got tougher. It was hot, and the less fit found it hard. They set the pace. Again, Sam was gratified to notice the Choices girls stuck together. They made a game of two of them each taking an arm of Vera and Vicky and pulling them, as they were finding it very hard. Sam knew that had Verity, with her obesity, been here, she would probably have needed regular stops, slowing everyone down.

Again it was obvious to Sam that the light blue shorts were being paraded in front of him again in as great a provocative display as possible. Every now and then, Sam would notice one or the other move their hand to scratch their bottom, pulling the material of their leg hole to one side in a pink, exciting flash glimpse to tease him.

After an hour, Sam called a halt for ten minutes rest, and they all sat in shady spots, sipping water and chatting together. It was a happy group. The only fly in the ointment being Shirley Webber, who seemed intent on sowing discontent. Fortunately, everyone was having such a great time, they largely ignored her.

They set off again. It was very hot still, and the little ones were struggling a bit. Lizzie was carrying Sophie's pack. He decided to lift Sophie onto his shoulders and carry her for a while, her weight sitting on top of his rucksack. It didn't take him long to become acutely aware of her terry clad pussy rubbing against the back of his neck. After fifteen minutes, he put her down, and carried the only other seven year old on the camp, little Jenny Bandon in the same way. Unfortunately, from Sam's point of view, she was wearing regular shorts. For the rest of the journey, he carried them alternately. He liked them both, and it was a good opportunity to chat to them and get to know them better.

After another hour, they came out above the trees, and were in open country. Sitting under the shade of a low cliff, they again enjoyed a short break. While they rested, Sam had Jenny leaning against him one side and Sophie the other. Soon they were moving on. The going now was much easier, and progress good. The views up here were spectacular, and fatigue was overcome by the sheer splendour of what they could see. Finally, late morning, they arrived at Mackenzie Creek, where the canoes had been left for them.

At this point, the creek was a wide shallow lake, no more than three foot deep. Sam told them all they could swim before lunch if they wanted. Having carried the minimum they could, no one had towels or costumes. Following the previous day's practice though, this mattered not at all, no one gave it a moment's thought. They dropped their packs, and stripped off and were splashing in the shallows in seconds.

Sylvia came and sat beside Sam on the grass bank. They both watched the fifty odd girls playing, splashing, squealing and having great fun. Vera called out, "let's see who can do the best handstand". Some girls couldn't, but most were game to have a go and flip their legs up in the air. Sam carefully slipped his camera out of his pocket, and placing it between two large stones, set it running on video. They had competitions, where they had to do the splits, cartwheels, squats.

Afterwards, the girls went back to swimming. No self consciousness about their nakedness. Sylvia sat down beside him again, "did you like that little show Vera laid on for us?"

“Bloody hell,” he replied, “I nearly came in my pants. I think I need to sneak behind a tree or something for some quick relief.”

She laughed, “Not me, I did come in my pants.” They both roared with laughter.

Sam looked at Sally as she walked from the water. He thought about her induction, and the way she’d asked for it to be done. Certainly, nothing was simple with Sally. She was a complex character. He was very fond of her. While he studied her, he noticed two odd things. Her pussy looked incredibly attractive. More so than before, like it was calling to him and secondly, her long silvery hair and thin pubic hair, seemed to glitter in the sunlight. But it was more than just sunshine reflecting off her wet hair. She glanced at him, smiling as if she knew his thoughts. The glittering stopped as quickly as it had started. No one else seemed to have noticed it. He must have imagined it.

Lunch was leisurely, and they all enjoyed it. The Choices Club girls sat in a circle near Sam and Miss. P. Sam noticed Jenny was still sitting with Sophie. The two were becoming friends. Emily Bandon had also joined the circle and was chatting to Vicky. He liked his friend’s daughters and wondered if somehow they could become Choice Club members. Certainly they both had lovely bodies. Now he could see them naked, sitting with their feet drawn up and knees parted. It was one thing to look at his best friend’s naked daughters, quite another to fuck them. He would have to think about that.

“Sam?” asked Mandy, who was sitting with her back against a large rock, lifting her knees up and outward, pulling apart and showing her vagina off, “do you think my pussy’s nicer than Sandy’s?” Sandy moved her knees up in a similar manner. They were both giggling at Sam’s discomfiture. The whole Choices group was laughing by now. Even Emily and Sophie were joining in the laughter.

Sam had to move off behind the tree nearby, muttering about unfair tricks. Sylvia waited a moment, before sending Sandy and Mandy after him. They would know how to sort him out.

The canoes were the wide venture aluminium army issue type, designed for two men with full kit, but were suitable to carry at least three young girls. There were twenty canoes, so some had three, others two. Each had at least one girl who had been on this trip and used the canoes before. Sam and Miss. P. used a low draft jet boat, suitable for rescue if required, and could carry any items that may get wet, as well as first aid kit, extra water, spare paddles and so on. The army guys had brought it up on a trailer, launched it and tied it to a tree at the water’s edge.

Lifejackets were fitted to everyone. Sam smiled when they seemed to all want him to check the fitting, using the excuse to rub their naked bottoms against his thigh. He wondered whether he should tell them to dress, but decided no one else was up in the high valleys, why bother. Besides, he enjoyed it.

Finally they were ready, Sam had completed the safety briefing and ensured everyone knew what they were doing. He got them to each paddle in a figure of eight to ensure they could steer. He explained there were some rapids along the way, but no ‘white water’, although in places, the gorge narrowed and the water speed increased dramatically. One of these, about half way along the course, was called ‘Snake’s Fork’ where the water shot down a long channel very quickly to the right. On the left side, there was a tall rock, and to the left of that was a waterfall which they must keep away from. He would warn them of any hazards as they approached them.

Sam used their paddling out into the lake as an opportunity of allowing them to practice. The canoes were pretty stable, and almost impossible to capsize. The stream leaving the lake, was at first very benign. The girls were having a wonderful time, as they scooted along at a fine pace. The country was beautiful, sun warm and they were loving it.

Further, the gorge narrowed, and water speed increased. They shot along through the narrows, and were excited and squealing to each other as they came out into the calmer water below. Several more of these narrows came and went, the girls getting better at handling their craft, always looking forward to the next narrows. After an hour, Sam called a halt, to allow them to have a drink, and stretch their legs for a few minutes, before they were off again. He really liked watching them. Some didn’t even go behind a tree to take a piss. He enjoyed too watching their naked bums, as they bent getting in and out of the canoes.

The mountains provided an immense backdrop to them, as they paddled on. Their course was a large curve, round the back of a series of hills, of nearly twenty miles.

The girls enjoyed this, the highlight of the whole camping trip, enormously. It was like an extended log flume ride at a theme park, which went on for nearly four hours.

Sam motored passed everyone, and warned them the Snake's Fork was coming up. He told them to keep right. Shirley Webber, now separated from Verity, was in a canoe with two 3rd graders. She was in the stern, steering, while the other two paddled. She goaded them into overtaking the canoe in front, which was occupied by Vicky, Vera and Sally. Sam and Miss. P. were at the back of the line of canoes, shepherding them and advising where everyone should steer, so couldn't take action, as suddenly, just as they came adjacent to the falls, Shirley swung her boat across the bows of the other canoe, and sent it towards the drop. She then leaned out and taking hold of the gunwale gave it a shove. Shirley at the same time, swung her paddle round, knocking the paddle from Vicky's hands, who was steering at the time. They were too close to change course or reach shore. Everyone heard the screams, as the three girls went over the falls.

The drop was only about twelve feet, but it might as well have been a hundred. Sam brought the rescue craft as fast as possible passing the last of the canoes to take the run. He landed beside the large rock, and leapt ashore. He called to Miss. P. to take the boat down the shoot after the last canoe had traversed it, and meet him below the falls. He turned, looked over the edge. Below, he could see the upturned craft, and the three girls clinging to it. He jumped, and landed in the water some ten yards away. Fortunately the water was deep in the pool, and he was soon with the girls.

They had been frightened, but he was really proud of them when he realised they were already organised and swimming the canoe, now righted, towards the little beach on the far bank, fifteen yards away. Sam swam with them and helped them run the craft up the shingle, before turning it over to drain the water. At that moment, Miss. P. appeared from downstream in the power boat, looking worried, but on seeing there were no injuries, smiled at them all. He went to the rescue boat and found three new paddles to replace the ones lost and putting them in the canoe, helped the girls re-launch it. They used the painter to tow the canoe back to where the rest of the convoy was waiting for them on a small beach further downstream. He felt it was time for another break, so issued out some small bottles of water, and some small chocolate bars he had brought with him.

Taking Shirley Webber to one side, he decided it was time to sort this bad egg out once and for all. "What the hell do you think you were doing?" he demanded. "You could have killed one or more of those three girls. Are you naturally stupid or do you have to work at it?"

The girl stood there, admiring her nails, then looking bored into the distance, before rolling her eyes and with an exasperated sigh demanded, "Have you finished yet? Can we get on with the trip? I'm not interested in what you have to say, so save your breath. You were in charge, you were in the safety boat. You had two staff members away and yet still ran the trip. It would have been your fault, not mine." She walked away from him.

Sam couldn't believe this girl's arrogance. She had intentionally put the lives of three young school girls at risk, and was abdicating all responsibility. He fumed, but realised there was nothing he could do. Certainly she would never come on one of his trips again. All he could do today was re-allocate the two girls in her canoe into other boats, and take Shirley's canoe under tow, with her sitting in it.

The rest of the trip down the river was uneventful, but Sam fumed never-the-less. Sylvia teased him from time to time as they continued their journey through the breathtaking countryside. Eventually, she said, "Sam, I have an idea. Why don't we give her a good dose of those drops of yours tonight, and then you can let Vera, Vicky and Sally have their revenge. Don't let her spoil your day. Keep your powder dry."

Sam saw the sense in Sylvia's words, and was soon enjoying the trip again, ignoring the moaning coming from the canoe in tow.

Finally, the flotilla arrived back at the lower pool, where the canoes were stored in their lock up boatshed with the sailing boats they would use tomorrow. Sam didn't need to winch the rescue boat out on it's trailer,

as he would need it the next day, so chained and padlocked it to the jetty. The walk up to the campsite took twenty minutes.

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CHAPTER 26
Saturday Night – Sally's Induction

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The early evening went much as the previous one. Firewood collected, fire-pit lit, cooking underway. The girls were all very tired from the long walk and longer canoe journey. But it was a warm tiredness from a day of achievement. Today was one of those days these girls would remember all their lives.

The sun went down, just as they started to eat. It was still very hot. Sam hoped there wouldn't be a storm before they got home on Monday. Vicky put some music on again. This was an evening of good food, good company and good atmosphere. Again Sam noticed Vicky and Vera feeding Hannah much of their food. Even Shirley seemed to join the fun, despite her previously churlish and morose attitude to everyone. Again they sang some favourite old songs to some karaoke music tracks.

It wasn't long after the meal that yawns and arm stretching signalled time for bed. Miss. P. came round with a spiked nightcap for everyone. This time, though she made sure all The Choices girls had nothing to make them sleep, and the others just had a low dose to make sure they got to sleep. The one exception was Shirley, who got a full dose. By the time Sylvia and Sam had cleared away the meal, snores were coming from many of the tents. They looked into one or two tents, and saw the little near naked bodies lying on top of their sleeping bags, fast asleep.

They walked over to the large tent being used by The Club girls, and inside found a very different atmosphere. Here was one of excitement, expectation, a tension in the air even. The girls just had their panties on, and were sitting around the walls of the tent in a wide circle. Sam and Miss. P. slipped in and sat with their backs to the door.

"Do you think we should have a wish tonight?" asked Sam. "What would you wish for? Whose turn is it to go first? Hannah's I think." There were nods. "Yes, Hannah, what would you like to wish for?"

"I know it sounds wrong to ask for something bad," she said in an apologetic tone, "but my friends could have died today because of that Shirley. I wish we could do something about her."

"I know how you feel, Hannah," said Sam, "but we mustn't become as bad as her, having a little fun is one thing, harming her is another. Let's all think about that one. Sally it's your turn next. What would you like."

Sally was sitting at the far end of the tent, looking quite aloof, leaning on the tent pole. "Sam, Miss. P., all I want is to be inducted into The Choices Club. Not long ago, I was in a very dark place. In a very few days, you have become my best friends, when before I had none, and I love all of you." Sam felt quite emotional at her heart felt request.

Vera and Vicky were next, and asked for suitable retribution to befall Shirley.

Sandy and Mandy, said they didn't want anything special, but asked for their 'extra tuition' lessons to continue and be inducted next week.

Amber wanted Sam to give her and Sophie, who was too shy to ask, a special cuddle, like he did yesterday under the waterfall, and make them feel all nice and tingly again.

Sam asked everyone to help in this, as he wanted the two youngsters to feel at home and part of The Club. "Alright everyone, lets get naked!"

Sam slipped off his sweats, and lay down in the centre of the tent on a bed of sleeping bags. His erection was hardening by the second "Come and cuddle into me girls," he indicated to the two sisters. They slipped

their panties off and shuffled over, either side of Sam's six pack body. He firstly just placed his arms around their shoulders, and ran his fingers up and down their knobbly spines, cuddling them and letting them do the same.

After a few minutes, he let his fingers trail down over their small globular bums into the cracks of their bottoms, and allowed them to sink down into the little dips where their rosebuds nestled. He felt them flex slightly at his touch. He pushed further down, his finger tips passing over their perinea, and into the dips that were the entrances to their vaginas. He moved his fingers lightly around them for a moment. He felt a small muscular spasm from Amber. His fingers could just reach through their clefts, and nudged gently into their clitties, where he caressed them for a few minutes. He could feel them starting to react to their arousal, as he stimulated their most sensitive places. Dampness ran onto his fingers, as the two tiny girls reacted instinctively to their bodies demands.

Sam rolled Amber up onto his chest, with her facing upwards. Her legs fell either side of his. He reached down, and pushed his cock down and up, so it was pressing against her pussy nudging the length of her cleft. He indicated the other girls come and attend to their friends needs. Meanwhile, he reached to his other side, and whispered for Sophie to come and squat on his face, so he could lick her and make her feel especially good.

The seven year old jumped up, and facing her sister, lowered herself carefully down. She felt Sam's hands on her bottom, guiding her down, until her little pussy, pulled wide apart from the position of her little legs, settled onto Sam's nose and mouth. She immediately felt his tongue start to explore her slit, running back and forth along her most private place. She felt him flick his tongue on her little button. She'd heard her friend call it a clit. He made her feel wonderful. She felt all tingly again inside, just like she had yesterday. She was also aware of her friends' hands touching her body. Her little nipples now tingling too were being rubbed and she even had Lizzie kneel beside her, her knees far apart, inviting her to feel between her legs.

Sophie had never felt so good in her life. This was even better than yesterday, this was just….this was just….. Her climax suddenly overwhelmed the little girl. Blinding lights flashed behind her closed eyelids, as she cried out, feeling an intensity of pleasure never before felt, but yearned for in her deepest instinctive desire. Her legs turned to jelly, she dropped her weight onto Sam's face, as she ground out her pleasure onto him.

Sam couldn't believe how the little seven year old had climaxed. She ground her pussy harder and harder onto his cheeks, nose, lips and tongue, spreading her liquid preteen arousal onto his face. She squirted a surprising amount of little girl cum juice into his mouth. It tasted like nectar. This was just so arousing.

Meantime, her sister was being attended to by her new friends, who were using his cock to rub her pussy. They had rubbed, massaged and aroused her tiny nipples into needle points of desire. They had caressed her thighs, pussy and every sensitive spot, until she was in a state of pre-climactic bliss. The point of no return, when you know you're going to fall into the abyss of pleasure, but trying to make it last. Finally, she started to go rigid, a shaking of her muscles, and her orgasm swept through her. Sam's pre-cum coated cock slid up and down through her cleft, pushing against her clitty. Fingers caressing her, raising her pleasure to higher and higher levels until she suddenly passed out, Coming around a couple of minutes later. She was being cuddled by Vicky and Vera, who were themselves cuming, as they rubbed her legs between their chubby thighs.

Sam sat up, and looked around. Everyone was engaged in pleasuring themselves and each other. Everyone, that is except for himself and Sally, who was still sitting at the far end of the tent, leaning against the post. Sam smiled at her, and she smiled back. He looked at his watch, it was getting late, and Sally's special turn needed to be kept on time.

After things calmed down, Sam asked, "OK, that was Amber and Sophie's wish," he smiled, thinking it had fulfilled everyone's' wishes. "Who else," he thought for a moment, "Lizzie, what about you?" Lizzie was still lying with her face in Hannah's pussy, lapping the last of her cousin's moisture from between her labia lips.

"Oh, err, I hadn't thought of one for me," she said, wiping her lips with the back of her hand, "rather I wanted to make Sally's night really special, besides, I've got my joker if I really need a wish. What if we all carry her up to the clearing on our shoulders, you know like a virgin from centuries ago being sacrificed." Sam was touched that again, this recent thief, now she had some real friends, was asking for something for someone

else, not herself. He made a mental note to ensure she was rewarded in some way. He had no idea how soon his admiration for her was to be put to the test and destroyed.

“What about you, Miss. P., and you Sam, what would you like?”

Miss. P., who had been enjoying another really intense lesbian session with Sandy and Mandy for the last half an hour, looked up and said “I am so happy at the moment, I don’t need a wish. Perhaps I will claim a double wish another time. And you Sam, what would you like?”

“Well,” he said thoughtfully, “I was busy last night, so I couldn’t sleep in here, but tonight, after we get back from Sally’s induction, I want to be really close to each of you. I would like it if each of you slept, on top of me for about half an hour, during the night, so I can feel each of you, you know, really, really feel you, while you sleep.” The girls smiled and looked at each other and nodded.

At the appointed hour, they all got out of the tent, and put their sandals on. Other than that, they were all naked, except Sally, who came out in a long white nightdress. Where this had come from Sam couldn’t imagine. Perhaps she had brought it from home for just this purpose. She had woven some flowers into her hair, which only now did Sam notice. The girls stood in two lines, in order of height, either side of Sally. They faced inwards, and picked her up, holding her in their arms, before lifting her up and turning, placed her on their shoulders. The procession moved off. Everyone was naked but for their sandles and Sally in her long white gown. The glade was only about ten minutes walk away, and as they approached, Sam noticed a low glow of light, which shortly he recognised as a circle of the camp lamps, surrounding the flat topped stone. The stone had been covered in a thick carpet of wild flowers, laid on top of a sleeping bag. A pillow of some sort was at one end. Sally was reverently lowered on to her feet at one end, and Sandy and Mandy lifted her shoulder straps away, allowing her nightdress to fall to the forest floor. They then lifted her again before laying her onto the stone.

Sally was in a dream world, her mind ethereal. All her life this was how she had imagined Prince Charming would seduce her. Her maidservants around her, tending her. Her prince approached. She beckoned him on, lifting her knees upward and outward. She watched as he looked down on her, as he kissed her tenderly on her lips, as he moved his mouth to her breast, sucking her in, and then it’s twin. She hoped he liked her. She really hoped that. She watched, as he knelt on the end of her bed of nature, his body there just for her. She felt him caress her legs and the warmth of his thighs, as he came between hers. She was aware he encouraged her friends to lean in and stimulate her. She knew this was unnecessary, as she had been aroused beyond measure all day. She knew this was her moment.

Just then, the moon, full tonight, came out from behind a wispy cloud, illuminating the scene in a misty light, casting silvery shadows over them all. Just then, she heard voices, thousands of voices far away, calling her name. Did she imagine it, was it a dream? Could Sam and her friends not hear the voices? Was it just her? Sally’s hair glistened silver, and further down, her thin pubic hair sparkled, as the moonlight reflected a thousand tiny lights from her almost invisible hair. It was perfect. She was ready.

Sam knew by instinct that some spell had come over Sally. She was in a dream world. But seeing how her hair sparkled once more, made him realise something special was happening. Something beyond his understanding. She had been stimulated, her arousal a thick slimy translucent flow, twinkled in the reflected moonlight, like liquid silver. Her clitoris poked from it’s hood, standing proud, it’s own, moon-shadow pointing to her sacred place. He leaned forward, supporting his weight on his knees and hands and now down onto his elbows, his pubis lowering onto her mons. His cock nudged into her cleft just above her vagina, and with a slight curl of his hips, dropped into the cavity at her virgin entry.

Sally was still far away in her dream world, her head moved from side to side, as though she were experiencing distant people and places. She felt a wonderful sensation as his cock pressed into her entry. She wanted him in, now. She curled her pelvis towards him, and immediately felt his cock head pop through her tight ring. She paused. She wanted this to last all night, and yet she wanted him all the way into her immediately, immediately. She wanted that new itch, deep inside her, scratched. She wanted more. All her life she had been bullied, everyone else telling her what to do. Now, she had her heart’s desire. She felt a love for Sam overwhelming her. He had turned her life from hell to heaven. She loved her new friends. She was experiencing a revelation, as if her life was starting anew. She was being transmogrified.

Sam had paused. Sally's unexpected movement had thrust his cock inside her tight entry. He didn't want this wonderful experience for her to end in pain. He didn't realise, pain was the last thing she felt right now. He could just feel her hymen pressing against his end. He started a gentle rocking motion, in and out, back and forth. She started to breathe heavily through her nose. Her breaths turned to snorts. She was going to climax. He thrust forward, breaking through her, penetrating her to about three inches. She never flinched, she never paused. Her world of fantasy had taken her away to a distant place, the voices in her head a comfort to her. Her climax was going to crash in soon. Sam pulled back, and thrust forward, back and forward going deeper each time. His cock penetrating her passage as it peeled apart, open to his intrusion. He felt a heat within her. It was something he hadn't felt with the others. This was different. Finally, he bottomed out. His pubic hair was pressed against her mons. He paused a moment, then he pulled almost all the way out, and thrust back in, bumping her deepest part, out and back in. Repeatedly, he built his pace and force. His eyes and hers were locked on each other. A silent communication somehow passing between them.

Sally had climaxed the moment he had entered her. Her orgasm had been continuous and increased in intensity, as he went deeper. He hit that itch, deep within her, and kept bumping it, releasing the tension inside her that had built up from a lifetime of being the underdog. She had now found her Mount Olympus, her reason for living, as if her very being had been liberated at this moment. She continued to stare deep into his eyes, drawing something from his soul, something from his strength, something from his spirit. She felt herself changing, strengthening, growing. The voices guiding her, giving her vision and perception.

The moon shone down on to her beautiful face, her blond hair glistening silver in it's light. She was still in a deep climax, it may have lasted a minute or a lifetime, but it was all consuming. Nothing else mattered. A line of close friends stood either side of her, as she ascended into a new world. A world where she knew she would be respected, loved and where she knew her mind. Her friends were all caressing her, making her initiation, in a sense, theirs too.

Sam was aware something had transformed the eleven year old girl. He sensed a new maturity in her movements, looks and even the grunts of her orgasm. He was pressing on her belly, but his forearms were under her upper chest, his hands cupping the tops of her shoulders, pulling her down to their union. His knees almost straight, with her inner thighs pressing against the outside of his.

The time had come. Sam knew the girl's need. He knew he was exorcising something unknown from her. He wanted her to be released. He started to pound into her. His cock slamming into her as deep as he could. His thighs started to slap on hers, his balls swung up smacking her bottom. He had been far more gentle with the other little girls he had fucked, but he knew she needed this. Her groans, cries and tears of passion and pleasure now flowing freely. She was clinging with her clawed hands onto his shoulders, nails digging into him, curling herself to meet every wonderful thrust he gave to her. She was aware instinctively of a change coming over him. He stiffened slightly, his cock swelled deep inside her, and then he came. Oh how he came. She felt him spurt deep into her. Deep, deep into her. Her own climax went up another level. Her scream of ecstacy could be heard throughout the forest. She had never in her short life ever experienced pleasure the like of which she was enjoying at this moment. He spurted into her again and again. Each ejaculation seemed to be filling her more and more. His pulsing cock stimulating exquisite pleasure within her passage, which in turn tightly gripped his shaft.

Finally, the two seemed to freeze. Their climaxes ebbed slowly away, leaving a wonderful feeling of peace and togetherness. Not just in the two of them, but in the whole group. It was as if their conjugation had also united the whole group into a closer more intimate, interdependent family. Soon they would discover how true that was and the important part she would one day play in their future.

Sam's cock slowly wilted, and withdrew from the recently virgin girl. He lifted his weight off her, and climbed down from the stone. Sally remained where she was, and Miss. P. bent down and whispered something in her ear. The girl nodded. Her favourite teacher then bent between Sally's thighs, and licked away the pink semen, seeping from between her thighs. Two of the other girls lifted Sally's legs up and outwards, allowing their Miss. P. to have better access to her nectar, her little girl ambrosia feast.

At last, after Miss. P. had finished, Sally swung her legs round, and sat on the edge of the stone. She felt like a new person. Determination in her soul. At that moment, Sam approached her, and held out a silver choker necklace in his two hands. She bent forwards towards him, to allow him to clip it round her neck. Her face was now just an inch or two from his lovely cock. She cupped his balls with one hand, and stroked the

top of his sticky cock with the other, and kissed the end. This wasn't for arousal, but in affection at what it had given her. She brought her head up and in a clear tone said, "I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace."

Sally stood, and looked around her. They all now knew she was a different person. Her poise, the way she held her head, her demeanour. They had all known her as a small shy submissive person. This was a very different Sally. She seemed to have grown several inches in height. She didn't know it then, she would become a great leader. The whole world would one day come to know and respect this once downtrodden girl.

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CHAPTER 27
Saturday Night – Amber's Induction

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It was Sally, on their way back to the camp, who announced what they should do about Shirley. She announced "Shirley shouldn't be punished by them, but by nature. They didn't understand what she meant, but she said it with such authority, no one disagreed with her. Sam and Miss. P. harboured some concerns. They said that perhaps they should not be involved, and turn a blind eye to what was to follow.

The time was about one thirty when they returned. Apart from their sandals, they were still naked. They gathered round in a circle, before moving to Shirley's tent, which was set aside from the others. They unzipped the tent flaps, and saw the girl lying, like everyone else, on top of her sleeping bag. They reached in, and with her still lying on it, carefully pulled the sleeping bag, and her with it, out of the tent. They then reached down, and slipped the girl's panties down and off her legs, tossing them back into the tent.

Sam and Miss. P. admitted that although Shirley was a nasty piece of work, she was pretty, with a beautiful body. She hadn't exposed herself during the camp, always wearing a costume when swimming. And during their first night's tour of the tents, when Verity was still in it, they hadn't made the detour to check her out. So they were keen to see her naked. See what her pussy looked like. In a way it was a disappointment. She had shrivelled wrinkles across her mons and labia lips. She even had a wart beside her cunt. Sam had seen many more attractive pudenda. It had surprised him over the last couple of days how an ugly girl could have a beautiful pussy, whilst a pretty girl, like Shirley, could have such an ugly one. No wonder she had kept covered up.

The girls dragged the sleeping bag across the ground, with the sleeping child on it, into the centre of the area where all the other tents were. There, was a small sapling. It was only about seven feet high, it's trunk perhaps two inches or less in diameter. They rolled the girl onto her front, and pushed her knees up, so she was in a kneeling position. Her arms were folded, and her face rested on top of them. In this position, her bottom was sticking high in the air, her anus and pussy fully on display. Finally, they dragged the sleeping bag towards the tree, until her pussy rested tightly up against the thin tree trunk. That's where they left the unfortunate girl for the rest of the night.

Everyone was tired. The fun was over, and they all needed sleep. Everyone, that is except Sam, who could cope with just an hour or two a night. He looked forward to having his wish fulfilled.

Sam suggested he lay in the centre of the tent on his back. He wrote numbers on scraps of paper to decide on the order, folded and scattered them on the ground, and invited them to pick one. They all wanted their turn with him, with the exception of Sally, who was already curled up on her side, facing away from them at the far end of the tent, fast asleep. A runnel of pink tainted semen dribbling down her thigh from her still, visibly inflamed, vagina. They each picked one of the folded papers, and opened them together. Who was number one? It was little seven year old Sophie. She had had a lovely day, but she was dead on her feet now, desperately tired. So when Sam laid her face down on his belly and chest, her legs either side of his hips, he was not surprised that she fell asleep almost immediately. Her little snores just whispers of the innocent child.

The other girls lay down around him in the order of their numbers. Like Sophie, they too were tired, after the long day and soon all fell asleep. Sam cuddled the little girl. He loved feeling her gentle breathing against his belly, as her chest rose and fell. Her little arms cuddled into his sides as though not wanting him to escape. He ran his fingers down her spine, feeling her skin, so silky to his touch. Further down, the gentle rise of her bottom, where her little globes rose up. They were firm but yielding. He then ran his fingers gently through the crease of her bottom, parted, because of the position of her legs either side of his hips.

Sam reached down, and grasped his cock, and lifted it out from under her and up, allowing it to nestle between her bottom cheeks. His fuck with Sally had nearly drained him, but a little trickle of pre-cum ran from his tip, which he scooped off with his middle finger and pushed into her tiny anus. He very gently applied some pressure, and felt her immediately dilate. She was so soundly asleep, there was no muscular reaction. His finger slowly slipped into her, firstly one knuckle, then the second. He paused, then withdrew it a little and pressed it back in. He wasn't going to take this any further, but he really enjoyed feeling inside this tiny girl's poop chute for a few minutes. At last, he pulled his finger out and moved further down her cleft. Her little cunt was spread open, and again he dabbed a little more pre-cum on his, now smelly, finger, and pushed it carefully into her entry. He immediately felt her hymen pushing back against him. He just loved feeling this little girl up, who had consented for him to do this, and whose mother had expressly given him permission to molest her. Finally, he decided to diddle her clitoris. She didn't react in any way, other than her clit became slightly engorged, as he played with it. Glancing at his watch, he saw that it was time for his next lover. Hannah had drawn number two.

Sam carefully rolled onto his side, and laid Sophie down. She never stirred from her sleep. He had really enjoyed his intimate cuddles with the tiny preteen. He moved over, to where Hannah was also laying on her side, facing towards him. He wondered if he could do this without waking her. She stirred a little, as he lifted her leg over his. He then placed her arm over his chest, and sliding one arm under her and the other round her shoulder, cuddling her tight, he rolled onto his back, taking her with him. Her legs fell either side of his hips. He immediately noticed just how light she still was, but he could already feel her slack skin was beginning to fill out again.

She lifted her head slightly, and muttered something in her sleep, before resting her face back on his chest and going back into her deep well earned slumber. Sam reached under, and lifted his cock out, which like with Sophie, rested between the cheeks of her bottom.

Sam ran his fingers down her bottom crack and over her perineum, until he felt the damp moisture of arousal flowing from her open vagina. He slipped his finger into her. There was no resistance at all, and he found her passage very damp, he presumed from the evening's activities as well as anticipation of having her turn with him tonight.

He slowly pulled his finger out of her, and hunched his body a little, to allow his cock to come to bear. He pressed the tip to her entry, and was surprised that with her damp arousal and his own pre-cum, he slipped through her entry without any force. His rim, just popped through. He paused, before pushing deeper. He slipped further and further into the sleeping child, feeling his cock exquisitely peeling open her passage, as he penetrated her. Finally, he hit her end. For the third time since he had known her, his uncircumcised cock was totally and tightly encased inside the vagina of the thin, dark haired, Jewish beauty.

Sam pulled out and reversed, his scope for movement limited. He started a rhythm, fucking the ten year old. He became aware, though, that she was responding to his movements, and as his thrusts became firmer and quicker, she was hunching back at him. He fucked her harder still, and all too soon felt her stiffen, and moan as her climax swept through her. Her pussy was by now clamping in spasms on his cock. She suddenly went quiet, her movements ceased. She was asleep again. Amazing. Sam rolled her back into the position he had found her. He pulled his hard cock from her and counted in his head who was next. Lizzie.

She was also lying on her side, facing inwards, as were all the girls. He guessed, so they could watch him, although sleep had overtaken them all. He repeated his previous method to swing her up on top of him. She woke up though as he pulled her up. She silently sat astride of him, reached down and lifting herself up, reached for his, still sticky, slimy cock, and pushing it back through her cleft, nestling into her entry, and pressed down, to penetrate into her cunt. Lizzie lifted herself up as though she were doing the squats in the gym, and dropped down, up and down. He briefly recalled how her legs had been in this same position the previous week, when she'd shoved the tanto dagger in and out of her cunt in the shower. As she came down

each time, her weight was entirely on his pubis, his cock pressing hard, almost painfully into her cervix, deep inside her.

Like her friend, it didn't take Lizzie long to feel those, now familiar, feelings deep inside her, and as she fucked him, she felt the avalanche of sensations suddenly overtake her. She collapsed down onto his chest, humping his cock, as he too was humping her cunt. This was very animalistic. She wasn't doing this for love, or even for him. She was doing this entirely for her own carnal pleasure. Storm clouds of fate were gathering over Lizzie though, and only too soon would the storm break.

Whereas she did love Sam now, despite the beating he gave her at the beginning of the week, she fully intended to get as much of his cock into her as often as she could from now on. She knew she was addicted to sex, and very hard sex at that. Her orgasm continued for a couple of minutes, before slowly diminishing and finally fading to nothing. She still panted, catching her breath. She paused, realising that Sam was slipping away. He was going to sleep himself. She lay her head back on his chest, and clenched her pussy on his long cock, still deep inside her. He moaned quietly in his sleep, before a gentle snore told her he'd gone. She soon fell asleep herself, his cock lodged just where she wanted it.

Sam awoke about an hour later. It was still dark. He rolled Lizzie off to one side. She stirred a little, but he knew she was sound asleep. Amber was next, the lovely ginger haired eight year old. Repeating the process of before, he pulled her leg over him, and then clinging to her body, rolled her over on top of him. She mumbled in her sleep. He really loved this little girl. She had unknowingly deep throated him, then she had voluntarily given him a fantastic blow job and swallowed it in a surprisingly sexy manner, and twice let him molest her and bring her to orgasm, at the same time letting him feel all over her little body. What more could a pedo ask of a child.

He again adjusted his cock, so it lay in the valley between the pre-teen's bottom cheeks. He had recovered somewhat since he inducted Sally, and was aware of his pre-cum leaking into her crevice in far more copious quantities. He ran his fingers through her cleft, enjoying the feel of his slime, as he spread it along the child's labia. Hunching his hips, he adjusted himself, so now his cock was at her entry, pressing lightly into her. She was still sound asleep. He lay like that for a few minutes, the pressure of his cock, trying to penetrate into her, constant. He felt a tiny slip. She had dilated just a fraction, then another and another. Suddenly, his cock head popped through her ever so tight ring at her entry. She awoke, lifted her head, and peeking out through unfocused, tired eyes, looked at him and smiled. His cock pulsed. She felt it inside her, and a look of surprise showed on her face. She smiled again.

"Are you fucking me Sam?" she asked in her sleepy, childish voice. "I don't mind if you want to."

Sam couldn't believe his ears. He cuddled her hard to him. He brought his face down to hers, and kissed her on the lips. It was long, warm and loving. He was only too aware of her hymen pressing against his crown, wondering how to deal with one so young. She answered his conundrum for him, as she scooted up, onto her toes, (her knees not being able to reach), her hands pressing against his chest. She moved forward and back, forward and back, almost as though taking stock, before pushing herself down on him hard, forcing him into her. She gasped, collapsed back onto his chest, her face pressed to him. She just lay there. A single tear ran down her cheek onto his chest.

"Are you OK, Amber, darling?" he asked, "do you want to stop?"

"I'm OK," she said, "it just stung for a moment, I think I'll be alright now. Can we carry on now, Sam? Would it be OK for my friends to see?"

Amber shook all the girls she could reach and told them excitedly what was happening. They woke the others, and soon, there was a circle of bleary eyed, naked girls and a teacher watching with anticipation what was about to happen. Because of the position Amber was in, straddling Sam, her pussy was completely open to view, and when a couple of the girls got their flash lights out, they could see at close quarters Sam's cock, seemingly filling the gap between Amber's thighs, an impossibly big cock penetrating a tiny girl's even tinier vagina. They could see the pink viscous fluid running from under Sam's cock, where her virginal bleed had seeped out. They could see her skin stretched so far, it was white rather than pink, there was tension and tightness where they were joined. Tight, so, so tight.

All the girls gently placed their hands on Amber's flanks, letting her know they were supporting her in this important moment in her life. Amber started to undulate just a little on him. She wanted him now inside her, all the way inside her, her body and her instinct, and friends, guiding her. She started to feel a need building within her. A feeling she'd never had before. She curled her hips forward and back, forward and back. She felt him slip a fraction into her. She repeated it, and again felt the same. She could feel her passage way down inside, peeling open, as it welcomed him in, then all of a sudden, he slipped all the way in, in one long slow movement, until he bumped into her end. Their audience could see there was still a couple of inches of his cock outside her, before she lifted back up, almost letting him out, before dropping down again.

Amber had always dreamed of what it would be like when she had her first time. She had feared it, for it might hurt, she had welcomed it, for it might bring her status as a grown up girl, but she had never dreamed she would feel the sensations now coursing through her. Every slight movement of his cock inside her pussy was sending wonderful electrifying feelings of pleasure through her body, radiating out from a point deep inside her tummy.

Amber's friends were watching transfixed, as they saw Sam's long thin cock slide in and out of her tiny vagina. As they looked, they could see her clitty being dragged into her cunt hole by the friction between his cock and her surrounding skin. Then as he withdrew, it was as if she was being turned inside out, as the flesh of her vagina clung to him, reluctantly letting him slip away, before he plunged in again.

Amber, as Sam's cock slid in and out of her, felt as though she was being lifted higher and higher into a cloud of pleasure. In her mind, she was reaching out for a shining light and needing to grasp it, and as she did, as she grasped it, she came in a sudden unimaginable flow of blissful pleasure, which swept through her, sweeping away all concerns. The only thing that mattered was this moment, this pleasure, this ecstatic feeling, like a wave of pure bliss she was riding.

Sam couldn't believe just how much this little girl was enjoying her first time. She was only eight years old at the end of the day. Her facial expressions, betraying her emotions, kept changing from an angelic look, experiencing an inner ecstasy, to what appeared to be intense concentration, as her mind processed the pleasure flowing through her. He could feel his own orgasm approaching now, and as she moved up and down him in a tight, almost too tight grasp on his cock, he knew it would be another monster.

Suddenly, he pulled her down as far as he could onto him, his cock pressed deep, hard into her cervix. He spurted, as he climaxed, then it was as though the flood gates opened, he erupted, exploding with intense pleasure, deep into her, again and again. Each pulse spurting what felt like gallons into the little girl. He was pressed so hard into her, it could only go deep, deep into her womb.

Amber felt Sam pulsing way down inside her. She had never felt anything so good in her life. She had thought her climax before was the best feeling she'd ever had, but it compared to nothing when this new overwhelming sensation coursed through her. She cried out, her muscles turned to jelly, she collapsed onto Sam. She passed out, and her bladder let go.

"Well," said Miss. P., taking a Kleenex and mopping some of the urine, "that's something you don't see every day." Her quip took the tension out of the air, and suddenly everyone was smiles and laughter, hugging and caressing each other. They knew they were a special community of friends, and it seemed every time there was an induction, their bond grew stronger, and there had been two very special inductions in one night. Two virginities offered and taken. There was now nothing they wouldn't do for each other.

Amber came round after a few moments, and looked up at Sam's face and smiled. He was still pressing against that place deep inside. It didn't demand scratching as it had before, but she was content for him to leave it there. It was comforting. Gradually though, Sam's cock withdrew, as his erection weakened, finally slipping from her. Miss. P. was ready, and as soon as she could, she leaned in to suck and lap at the eight year old's excretions, as pink secretions started to flow from the youngster, mixed with a small amount of the girl's urine. Hardly any semen seeped out at all. It was lodged far inside the little girl and would only seep out of her slowly through out the day.

One or two of the other girls had by now learned that their teacher liked to be fondled while she undertook this messy, but ritualistic practice each time there was an induction. And, soon enough, their Miss. P. was moaning and grunting, as she too enjoyed her climax.

After things had settled down, the group lay still for a few minutes, as they caught their breath. Sam sat up, and rustled in his pack. He pulled out a long thin box, and taking out the choker necklace inside, placed it around Amber's neck and clicked it shut.

Amber, wiped a tear from her eye. She was so happy. Her whole life had changed for the better in the last week, and she now had many things to look forward to. She loved her mummy, but she now loved these friends almost as much. She hugged Sam tight, then sat up and recited what she'd heard the others say, "I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace."

Sam lay his head down. He knew sleep was going to overwhelm him in moments. As he slipped away, he became aware of two naked girls cuddling up to him. Sandy and Mandy deciding to play a few games of their own with Sam's body, while they had the chance. It was only an hour until dawn, and they knew he would be awake by then.

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CHAPTER 28
Sunday Morning Early – Sophie's Lesson

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Sam woke in a tangle of arms and legs. It took him a few moments to work out who was lying on him, up to him, across his legs. He twitched his fingers, to find they had been pushed between two crotches. He could feel the dampness of a pair of tight cunts. He lifted his head and looked around the tent. He had never seen so much naked flesh in his life. Everyone but he was sound asleep. His erection had been the cause of him awakening, or at least the need to pee driven erection, had been.

Carefully, he wriggled out from under the spaghetti of limbs, and slipped out of the tent and walked across the camp towards the latrine he used. He passed Shirley, who was still in her kneeling position, stark naked, with the sapling trunk filling her cleft from anus to clitoris. He half considered standing over her and just pissing on the girl, but decided against it, tempting as it was.

He quickly walked over to a nearby tree, relieving himself gratefully. He thought about how the camp had gone. Since arriving, he had nearly lost three girls to drowning yesterday, they'd had a tent fire, and he had also killed three men, be it in self defence. But apart from that, he had enjoyed himself immensely and intended to carry on doing so.

On returning to the tent, he found little Sophie sitting, rubbing her fist into her eye. She had just woken. As Sam lay down, she smiled at him and scooted over to cuddle him.

"Sam," she asked in a whisper he could barely hear, "would you show me what happens when you put your thingy inside a girl? Mummy says boys squirt stuff that makes babies. Amber told me she tasted yours yesterday, but although I have seen you put it in my friends, you know, down there, I haven't seen it come out of you. Would you show me?"

He couldn't believe what she was asking. A seven year old wanting a sex demo. His erection was already rigid and with the way it felt, it wouldn't be long before he could fulfil her wish.

"Alright Sophie but you will have to help," he instructed. "I tell you what we'll do, hold my cock with both your hands, one above the other. That's right. Now what you will have to do is grip it as hard as you can. That's a good girl, squeeze hard, push your fingers into the dip just under the wide bit. That feels nice for me. Now you will need to move your hands up and down, pretending it's going inside you. Yes that's right. Don't forget to grip it really tight. Yes, good girl."

Sam told her to stop a moment. He wanted her to sit on his face, so he could lick her out while she wanked him off. He lifted her over, so her knees were either side of his head. She reached down and gripped his cock again with both her hands. Her fingers were too short to stretch all the way round him.

Sophie had been unsure about the club when she first joined it. Her mummy had said it would be good for her, and help her in her school work and things, but she had been a little frightened about the sex stuff

they'd done. Then Sam had made her feel so nice in the lake under Gazelle Falls, and again later. Miss. P. had done stuff to her several times too and it had felt really good. She had loved cuddling Sam last night, but she had fallen asleep. Sam was nice. She liked him. She wanted to do things for him, but she knew she wasn't a big girl yet. So she had asked Miss. P. She liked Miss. P. too. She'd told her to talk to Sam and everything would be fine.

Sam didn't have to pull the little girl's cleft open to get at her. In this position, and with such short legs, she was doing the splits across his face. Her cunt was wide open. He pushed his tongue into her, and licked along her valley. He slowly flicked her clitty for a moment. She twitched in response. He had to hump his hips to remind her what she was meant to be doing. He ran his tongue further, and up into her anus. She hadn't washed since the swim yesterday, and was salty with dried sweat. She had a light aroma there as well. He found it a real turn on, his cock twitched. He pressed harder with his tongue, and licked her clean, before moving back to her clitty. She started to undulate as he aroused her further, his tongue working hard.

Sophie was gripping and squeezing Sam as hard as she could. Her hands were getting tired, but she didn't want to disappoint him. She felt wonderful between her legs. Whatever Sam was doing, it felt nice. She moved her hands up and down his thingy. She wasn't sure how fast to go, but she felt him move himself up and down, so she kept pace with him. She could see lots of clear sticky stuff come out of his end. It ran over her hands, and made his thingy all slippery. She could move her hands more easily now. She felt him move himself quicker, so she moved her hands faster too. Suddenly, she had a wonderful feeling deep down in her tummy. It was lovely. It made her rub her couchie back and forth along his face. It made her breathe quickly too.

Sam knew the little girl was cuming, when suddenly her movements speeded up, and she pressed down on his mouth. She squirted little girl cum juice directly into his mouth. The effect was immediate. He came. He couldn't warn her, because at that moment, she was muffling him.

Sophie felt Sam's thingy swell in her hands. She was still enjoying those new feelings between her legs, but she wanted Sam to enjoy what she did for him too. A little drop of white stuff appeared at his tip. She leaned forward to get a closer look. This must be the baby making stuff she'd heard about. She was disappointed at first, as she had been told there would be lots of it. Suddenly, his thingy twitched again, but this time it blasted a huge amount straight into her face. She blinked, and before she could move, it spurted again and again. Her face was covered in it. She didn't want to spoil it for Sam, who she knew was enjoying it a lot. He had said "Oh god," twenty two times. She had counted! He must be enjoying it because she'd heard him say "oh god", lots of times, towards the end, when the other girls were inducted. Sophie did her best to make it nice for Sam. Some of his stuff had gone into her mouth, and she had tasted it. It wasn't too bad. A bit yucky maybe, but she would get used to it. She had watched Amber suck his thingy yesterday and swallow his stuff after he'd said "oh god" a few times. She'd asked her sister what it was like. She'd told her she really liked the taste. She was now beginning to understand what her mummy might have meant when she said to cuddle Sam a lot.

Sam's orgasm slowed, and he felt the wonderful warm feeling as the afterglow washed over him. He decided he could get used to going camping.

Miss. P. had woken when she heard what was happening, and lay quietly watching the little naked girl wanking Sam off. She was getting so aroused, she couldn't stop twiddling herself. So, when she saw that Sam had erupted all over Sophie's face, she moved across ready to take advantage of the situation. As soon as the little girl and Sam had quietened down, she put her arms around the girl's waist, and rolled her off Sam's chest, and onto her own, lying face to face. She then spent the next few minutes licking Sophie's face clean. To her, it was the nectar of heaven. She had been cuming steadily throughout. She too could get used to camping.

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CHAPTER 29
Sunday Morning – The Assault Course

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Morning broke hot, bright and clear. No sign of a storm yet. The Choices girls were the first up again. They were unaware the others had a sleeping draught to shake off. They came and helped Sam and Miss. P. in the food preparation, and soon had breakfast ready and the lunch and evening meals prepared.

One by one, the girls appeared. No one seemed to notice, or more likely care, that Shirley was still naked in her kneeling, bum up, head down, position, as they moved around the camp, washing or doing whatever else needed doing. Soon, everyone was sitting down on the logs eating breakfast, when suddenly there was an ear piercing shriek as Shirley finally woke up and realised what had happened to her during the night. It took her a few moments to extricate herself from the sapling, which had become firmly embedded in her cleft through the night. She leaped to her feet, and using the sleeping bag to wrap around her, scampered off in as dignified a manner as she could muster, into her tent, where she remained.

After breakfast had been cleared away, Sam called for a quick briefing on the safety aspects of the assault course. He explained that if they were sensible it would be fun, but if not, it could be dangerous. They walked down to the lake, where they had left the canoes the previous day, and continued further down the hill a few hundred yards. Here, the ground sloped more steeply, and the army had used the water flowing down from the lake to make a number of water challenges, with rope bridges, rope swings and swamp obstacles. There were also walls to scale, a parachute jump and the highlight, a pair of zip wires.

The girls were allowed to play as they chose for an hour or so on the obstacles not requiring supervision. Then they went over to the zip wires, where Sam organised one while Miss. P. the other, and the girls took turns on the wire run, down through the trees, screaming as they went. They had a wonderful time.

Finally, Sam called everyone together and suggested they had a team race. They would only have a small number of obstacles to go through, but each team needed to get every member through to avoid time penalties. They would be timed on each obstacle and the team with the shortest total time would win.

First they had to cross a gorge on a rope bridge. This was fairly straight forward and would encourage everyone. This was followed by a very long rope swing. It was hanging from a tree top, so that the arc of swing went right over a wide deep pool. If they fell, they would either have to get wet or very muddy at the water's edge.

Next there was a wooden wall. It was ten feet high. There was a platform at the back near the top. The whole team had to scale it. A minute penalty time would be added for each team member not getting over.

Finally was the swamp. They had to crawl through thick sludgy mud, under a wooden frame just above the surface, requiring them to dip underneath to get by. The mud would stain, but back at camp, Sam had advised everyone not to wear clothing that mattered. He grimaced at The Choices girls in their smart new Club kit and hoped it wouldn't be spoiled the first weekend it was worn.

At the end of the swamp, was a narrow fast running water channel, cut into the rocks over the millennia. It sloped down through the trees towards a pool fifty yards below. The team completed the course when everyone was in the pool.

Miss. P. organised everyone into large teams, each with a spread of ages. The Choices girls made a team already, and were talking about the challenges ahead. Sam noticed the girls were all listening to Sally. She had, with her newly emerged natural leadership qualities, become the de-facto group leader. He smiled at how quickly this evolution had occurred. He saw they were looking at The Wall. He knew it was the biggest challenge of all. They quietly discussed how they were going to tackle it.

Drawing straws for the team order, the five teams got ready. Firstly, the rope bridge. Although there were safety harnesses, attached to wires, it was a long drop, and they needed a head for heights, so some were slower than others. Each team was timed and the result noted by Miss. P.

Then the rope swing. Everyone managed to get across without getting muddy or wet. They all enjoyed the thrill of the high swing though.

The Wall followed. The Choices girls were last to go, and watched as each team tried and failed to get everyone over. Only by the strongest lifting the lightest did anyone get over at all. Then The Choices Team went. They had a plan. They made a human pyramid. Sally, Vicky and Vera were at the base, arms around

each other's shoulders. Then Sandy and Mandy climbed up them, with the help of Hannah and Lizzie. They were able to reach the top and, being gymnasts, pull themselves up and over on to the platform. Next, Lizzie and Hannah lifted Amber and Sophie up onto the pyramid and Sandy and Mandy were able to reach down and pull them up. Hannah and Lizzie climbed up next. Then the pyramid reformed, with Sally giving Vera and Vicky a leg up. In the end they were all up except Sally. Their solution was to lower Sandy down, two people holding each of her arms. Sally was able to jump up and cling to her, while her team mates pulled Sandy back up. They all cheered as Sally finally made it to the platform. They were a clear five minutes ahead.

The last obstacle was the swamp. This was a shallow pool of mud, with upright posts every few feet. Across these were rails, under which they had to crawl. The rails were level with the mud. Quick debates followed as to how to manage this.

One by one, the teams plunged into the morass, and ducked under the foul smelling glutinous mess, passing slowly under the bars. They then moved over to the rock channel, and sitting in the fast moving water, worked their way down slowly, as the friction between their shorts and the rock prevented them sliding. Unbeknown to them, the army boys used plastic bags to sit on, which were slippery on the algæ growing on the rock chute.

When it came to The Choices team's turn, Sally already had a plan. Only Sam was here, as Miss. P. was now down by the pool with the other teams. "Sam," asked Sally, "Are we allowed to take off our nice Club clothing? If we can, would you carry it down to the pool for us?"

"Of course, girls," he replied, "you will keep your kit clean and you will be surprised when you go down the chute." He smiled, knowing something they didn't.

Quickly they stripped off. The nine beautiful naked girls, with determination on their faces, knowing a week ago they were losers, and that today they were winners.

The team decided to go in pairs, the oldest guiding the youngest through the challenge, until they were all at the top of the chute, covered from head to foot in smelly mud. They decided to go down together. Vera got in first, and was surprised when her bare feet slipped from under her. She sat down and had to hold onto the sides to stop going down. Vicky sat behind her, again anchoring herself. The rest sat behind them, each person's naked thighs gripping the sides of the bottom of the one in front.

Sally was at the back, with little Sophie's bottom pressed back into her pussy mound. "Everyone on now, whatever happens, hold on to each other. All for one and one for all," she shouted down. "let's go."

They all released their grip together and immediately their crocodile of bodies, moving as one, swept down the channel by the slope and build up of water pressure behind them, at a fast rate, gaining speed all the time. Faster and faster they went. They screamed all the way, but clung on to each other. The last part of the channel dropped almost at forty five degrees, before levelling out twelve feet above the water. Their screams reached a crescendo, as they shot out over the middle of the pool, before dropping down in a huge splash into the water, still holding onto each other.

The Choices Team had won by over ten minutes. The other teams all agreed they had earned it. Meantime, realising that the slide could be enormous fun, all the girls asked if they could climb up and come down again like the choices girls did. Ignoring the large box of carefully folded plastic bags behind him, Sam, who by now had walked down the path to join them, agreed. He sat down on a rock beside Sylvia. He got his camera out, set it to 'video' and positioned it to catch the girls in flight.

One by one, the girls, now completely naked, all came flying down the chute. Sam couldn't help knowing when they were about to appear, from the screams coming through the trees. As they leapt from the end of the chute, they spread eagled in the air. Just for a fraction of a second, he and Sylvia could see each girl's naked cunt spread out before them, before they plunged into the water, appearing on the surface with gleeful squeals of delight, getting out to rush up the slope to have another turn. Their nakedness of no concern, so much fun were they having. But, his high definition camera still recorded every tiny detail.

Every girl must have come down four or five times. Sam knew that tonight they would hardly need a drug to make them sleep. Having said that, he had noticed one or two really nice looking cunts which he would like to check out a lot closer. He had made a mental note of whose they were.

Having dropped into the clean water a few times from a good height, the grime and mud of the swamp had been washed away, but their clothing was grim. He asked everyone to rinse their clothes out as best they could, and hang them out to dry over the tree branches. With this heat, they should dry soon. While they were doing this, Sam and Miss. P. prepared the food they had brought down with them in Sam's pack.

The group were having a wonderful time on their trip away. They all seemed to be getting along, and Sam noticed that the fact they were all naked didn't seem to cross anyone's mind. Even Shirley was sitting naked with a small group of girls her age. Sam saw her laughing with them. As she moved, he saw that her ugly pussy looked red raw from the previous night's harsh treatment. If she hadn't been such a dreadful person, he might have fancied fucking her. Perhaps he shouldn't have allowed last night to go so far. "Aw, fuck it," he thought, "she deserved it."

They all sat around, eating sandwiches, cake and other snacks. It was delicious to the hungry youngsters. Sam leaned across to Sylvia and whispered, "How many open pussies can you count right now? I've just got to thirty." Sam again looked around at the group, sitting on the grass at the water's edge. They all had their knees up and spread out, their feet near their bottoms. There were no secrets. He could see right into every one of them.

"Gawd, don't get me started," she whispered back, "I'm wet enough as it is. Anyway, the answer is thirty five." She grinned at him. She suddenly realised she was getting fond of Sam. This was a new experience.

After they had finished lunch, they bundled up their clothes and walked back up the hill, just wearing their sandals. Sam bringing up the rear, had a wonderful view of the athletic children, leaning forward against the slope of the hill, the muscles of their bottoms rippling, their rosebuds popping into view and disappearing again, with each step. Their whole vulvas would appear as a bulge between their thighs, their labia moving back and forth with their walking. Sam didn't mind walking at the back at all.

At last, they reached the boating house by the sailing lake, where their canoe trip of the day before had ended. While Sam prepared the boats, which were single sail craft suitable for one or two, the girls all slipped into the water, and either swam, or paddled, or just sat in the shallows, as young girls do, splashing and playing. After half an hour the boats were rigged and ready. They were small moulded boats called Toppers. It was almost impossible to break them, but they were ideal for teaching kids to sail. Miss. P. went out onto the water in the jet rescue boat, to keep watch.

Sam asked for a show of hands of those who had sailed before, roughly half, so he asked them to pair with someone who hadn't. Quickly they paired off, fitted their lifejackets and climbed into the boats. Sam turned them around, and gave them each a gentle push away from the bank. When they were all out on the water, he signalled for Miss. P. to come in and pick him up.

Over the next hour or so, under Sam's guidance, the girls taught each other how to steer, set the sails, tacking, gybing, going to windward and so on. They had little races and competitions. The weather was still oppressively hot, and it wasn't long before they were finding excuses for water fights and splashing each other. They were having a terrific time.

Sam suggested that they might like to practice capsize drill. So one at a time, they sat on the downwind side, pulled the sail in, while sideways to the wind, and over they went. He instructed them to swim around, climb onto the dagger board and using their weight right the boat again.

It was during the last one of these, that one girl got cramp in both legs. It was Karen Duncan, a beautiful dark haired girl of ten. Sam remembered her from Friday. She was only a yard or so from the rescue boat, and cried out for help. Very quickly she was alongside the boat, but in her pain, she couldn't help herself, so taking a liberty, rather than pulling her up using the lifejacket straps, Sam leaned down, put his hand over her bottom, under her crotch, and, in one movement, lifted her bodily out of the water into the boat. He got a really good feel of her, as her whole weight was pressing down through her pussy onto his palm and fingers, slipping into every crack in the couple or three seconds he had available. Like a snapshot, though, he would

replay that feel over and over. He suddenly remembered her from the first day, up at Gazelle falls. She was the one who'd grabbed his erect cock when he was swimming.

Sam laid the girl in the bottom of the boat on her back. He took one of her legs, while Miss. P. took the other, putting her feet against their chests and instructed her to stretch her feet forward and press against them. Meantime, they massaged her calves, where the pain was. Unknown to Karen, Sam and Miss. P. also gently moved away from each other, spreading the child's legs further and further apart. Her little vulva spread out before them, an oval shaped plumply padded raised mound. She had a light covering of very fine, black, hairs, dusting her mound. Her cleft slowly peeled open, as her legs moved further apart, exposing her beautiful labia to their gaze. Suddenly, as if unsticking, her vagina popped open, it's dark shadow diminishing, as the sunlight shone deep into her.

Karen who had looked distracted all this time, crying with the pain, heard a quiet gasp from Miss. P. Through her tears, she saw where her teacher was looking. Karen had anticipated and fully understood what was going on. She closed her eyes, and then squinted a little to see what happened next. She could see Sam and Miss. P. obviously ogling her, getting pleasure from looking at her. Although she should have been shocked, it gave her a thrill. She pretended to keep her eyes shut, while she watched them looking at her. She started to get a funny feeling deep down inside her. She was getting aroused, and it was beginning to show in her pussy. She saw Sam and Miss. P. look at each other, smile, and nod at where they had been looking.

Karen opened her eyes. The two adults saw the movement, and lowered her legs to the deck. "How are you feeling now, Karen," asked Miss. P. kindly. "Cramp is very painful sometimes, isn't it?" The girl nodded. "I hope you feel better." Again the child nodded.

"Sam, Miss. P., why were you both looking between my legs just now?" asked the girl, "I was watching and I know you were."

Sam swallowed hard. This moment of carelessness had been a mistake, and they needed to handle this carefully. "Umm, Karen," stuttered Sam, "we were hoping you weren't hurt and we were just admiring you and thinking how beautiful you are. I think so anyway, don't you Miss. P.?" Sylvia nodded, a watery smile on her lips.

"That's OK then," said Karen, "I just thought for a moment you were doing something really naughty. My mummy will laugh when I tell her when I get home tomorrow!" The smile went out of the girl's face. There was suddenly menace there.

Sam looked at Sylvia, a silent message between them.

"Sam," continued Karen, "I have heard about The Choices Club from one of the other girls. She says only a very small number are allowed to be in it, but that they can do some fantastic things. I saw Lizzie's IPad Pro and her IPhone X. I would love those. She even said you are going to Paris and Euro Disney. I was wondering, how do I join? I mean if I were a member, perhaps I would forget what happened just now."

Sylvia couldn't help smiling at Sam. "Well Karen, aren't you a dark horse, blackmail indeed. Do you know what you have to do if you are in the club?"

"No Miss. P., only what Lizzie has told me," answered the girl with a lie, "can you tell me?"

"Well, Karen, there are some rules," said Miss. P. "but the summary is that if you are in The Club, you can have anything or do anything you want. Money is no barrier. New clothes, trips away, and even some financial help for your mother. But in return, you have to also do anything other members want, which might be helping a younger girl with her homework, working hard for top school grades yourself, cleaning the clubroom, or maybe letting us look between your legs."

Karen wasn't stupid. She had them worked out, and had just needed to find the key to getting into the club, which Lizzie had explained, and she now knew for sure. She had faked her cramp, and reckoned she had acted it pretty well. As she lay in the bottom of the boat, she slowly lifted her knees up and outward, spreading her thighs apart for Sam and Miss. P. to look at her again. She reached down, and placing her

fingers either side of her cleft, slowly spread her pussy apart, her coral coloured vagina opening, her passage inside peeling open, deeper, as they gaped at the girl.

“Oh, do you mean like this? You can touch me,” she said in what she thought was a sexy voice, which sounded a bit like a squeak, “if you like.”

Sam didn’t need asking twice, and leaned forward, running his hands up the inner thigh of one of her legs. Miss. P. did the same the other side. They had done this together now several times and quickly had the girl squirming, as they massaged her inner thighs, vagina, clit, mons and rectum. It wasn’t long before she was starting to move in a rhythmic way. She was beginning to lift her hips up and down, her eyes now screwed up shut. She pushed back as she felt adult fingers starting to push into her cunt. Her slimy creamy coloured arousal fluids started to run from her. This was going to be a good one, she thought.

Karen was a fit girl of average build. Her long dark hair made a carpet under her as she lay in the bottom of the boat, out of sight from her friends’ view. She had quite developed boobs for a girl of her age. They were the size of half lemons, with dark areolæ surrounding peanut sized nipples, which were stiff with her arousal. She came from a very poor single parent family. Her father had left shortly after she was born. Her grandfather, that is her father’s father, had helped them with money sometimes, but he had always wanted her mother to “do stuff” to him in return. Recently, she had heard them arguing. Grandad was now demanding Karen to do stuff too, and soon, she knew, she would have to. Karen knew, from what she had heard from Lizzie, The Choices Club might be her way to a better life.

The girl was now banging her bottom against the hard hull of the boat, as she lifted and dropped her hips, while she went rapidly into her climax. She really enjoyed having the fingers of two different teachers pushing into her at the same time, getting deeper. This girl was certainly hypersensitive, thought Sam. Bringing her off had only taken moments.

Karen quietened down. She lay limp, her feet against the outer hull of the boat, her knees felt wobbly. Her body was surrounded by her long dark hair. She looked the epitome of beauty.

“Would you like to fuck me Sam, I wouldn’t mind if you wanted to?” She said, looking up, “Lizzie says I can be in your club if I let you?” And suddenly, there it was, the truth of what Lizzie had done.

Sam’s heart skipped a beat. Hearing this lascivious girl, who was lying naked in front of him, inviting him to take her, was far too tempting. He realized that she already knew too much about The Club to turn her away. He needed to keep The Club’s activities secret, and already within a few days of forming it, the word had got out. He thought quickly, and decided two things. One, she had to join to keep her silent, and two, he had to deal with Lizzie.

“Well, Karen, I would love to fuck you one day soon,” he said calmly, with a smile, “welcome to The Choices Club.”

“Does that mean I’m in?” He nodded. “Oh brilliant,” she continued, “wait till I tell all my friends.”

“That’s something you can’t do, Karen,” said Sam, looking at her seriously. “One of the five rules of the Club, is that everything we do remains a secret. If you are going to join us, you have to promise to keep all the rules. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Sam. I understand.” She looked coquettishly at him. “When would you like to fuck me?” She grinned and moved her knees together and apart several times, looking him in the eye.

“Karen,” said Sam “This isn’t a joke or a game. I want to fuck you very much indeed, but The Club is all about giving you a future. If you want to join us you have to understand that, OK?” She nodded, but grinned again, lifted her knees apart and pulled her pussy open with her fingers, and said” Are you sure.” She giggled when she saw Sam’s reaction. He knew he had a handful with this one. Having said that, he really fancied a live one like her on the end of his cock. He just hoped she would stay silent until Monday night’s meeting, when he intended to make an example of Lizzie. Sam knew security and secrecy was vital, and if he and Sylvia were to enjoy the fruits of their labours, then every Club member needed to understand the consequences of talking out of turn.

The afternoon passed quickly, and the girls had a wonderful time. They raced, splashed about, swam and even got a little sunburnt despite lashings of sunscreen. But all good things come to an end, and they put the boats away and made their way up to the camp. On the way up, Sam saw Lizzie whispering with Karen. They nodded and looked over at him a couple of times, grinning and making gestures to each other. Sam was working out how to nip the problem in the bud. He would have a talk with Sylvia later.

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CHAPTER 30
Sunday Night – Adventures of the Last Night

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The evening went much as the previous two had gone. They sat in a big circle on the logs and ate ravenously their burgers and steaks. Sam had left the best food to the last night and they really enjoyed it. Music was played and they sang along, but it was early that Miss. P. saw the first eyes beginning to droop. She was ready, and did her rounds, making sure every girl had her night cap of spiked drink. Immediately, they made sure everyone headed for their tents, so they didn't pass out before getting there.

The Choices girls, with their new member crawled into their tent. They didn't need to be given a dose tonight, they were so sleepy, while Sylvia and Sam went out to play.

Soon the camp was in silence. Sam and Sylvia looked at each other, smiled and went to the opposite ends of the camp than they previously had done. Sam shucked off his clothes, tucking a condom into his shoe, just in case. This end of the camp was where the youngest girls were. The first tent had the seven year old Jenny Bandon and her two friends, Jasmine and another girl called Naomi. It was the work of a few seconds, and Sam had slipped the panties off the three of them. He immediately indulged himself in spreading their legs and getting his tongue into each of them, tasting their little girl taste, mixed with their sweat of the hot night. Jenny was a little poppet, and Sam was becoming very fond of her. As he shone his flash light into her, to have a really good look and get his camera to bear, he noticed she didn't have a hymen. It puzzled him. He remembered, from the other night, her ten year old sister Emily didn't have one either, and he hadn't thought much about it as he had slipped his cock carefully into her. But now seeing this, he wondered if there was something about their history he didn't yet know. No time to ponder on that just now, he had other fish to fry.

Sam thought he should slip his cock into Jasmine for old time's sake. He knelt between her spread legs, and picking her up by the waist, pulled her onto his rigid member, slipping quickly and easily into her as if she were twice her age. He didn't want to cum yet, so after he'd pushed into her a few times, reluctantly he pulled her off his cock before looking towards the last girl, Naomi. She was absolutely beautiful. To Sam she had the face of an angel. One day she would break hearts aplenty. She had long black hair, which shone like silk, spread like a huge fan shaped carpet beneath her. Her little body seemed to be dominated by her mound, which towered over her flat tummy. She had a deep cleft splitting her mound, as it merged down between her plump labia, forming one of the most gorgeous vulvas he'd ever seen.

Her cleft opened as he lifted and parted her legs. Her labia slowly, reluctantly peeled apart, revealing her clit hiding away at the top, with a beautiful dimple at one end and an even more beautiful vagina at the other. Fine perspiration glistened on her body, giving her skin a lustre, which combined with perfect complexion, made Sam want to caress her whole body.

Sam leant forward and inhaled her scent, her little girl musk, which her vagina and rosebud emitted. He pressed his tongue to her cleft and slowly licked her from top to bottom and back. She was exquisite. He loved this little girl already. She was only seven, but if she could join The Club soon, he'd have years of pleasure in, on and with her.

Making sure he'd photographed each of them from every possible angle, he placed the three girls back how he found them, and moved on to the next tent.

The scene in here was similar in that there were three girls lying side by side, naked except for their panties, which were removed quickly. These ones were all about nine or ten, and what they had in common was they

all had very long blond hair, which seemed to carpet the whole of the tent under them all. Sam again indulged himself in sucking their titties and rubbing his cock along their beautiful clefts. He had, by now, like the first night, slipped on a condom, to make sure he didn't drip on their bedding. He imagined outraged mothers could be so tiresome, when all he wanted to do was just molest and if possible slightly rape their daughters. He smiled, how unreasonable could people be?

In this tent were two of the girls he had made a mental note to check out, when they had come down the water chute this morning, as having stunning cunts (or were their antics just cunning stunts?). If any 4th grader could have a perfect cunt, then here he was presented with two vying for first place. He felt them, their padded raised mounds split by a valley of heaven, with a dimple as deep as ever he'd seen, were firm to his touch. When he played his flash light on them, he could see a very fine peach fuzz on them both, almost invisible. Their vulvas bulged out between their thighs, filling the gaps between their legs. As he moved their legs apart, their labia popped open to his viewing. These two could be twins, so alike were their perfect pussies to his eyes. But looks can be deceptive as he soon found out. He looked down, the one had a vagina so tight, he couldn't even push his little finger into her. She was called Nancy. He pried her lips apart with his thumbs, but her hole remained tightly shut. The photos he got of her didn't show the internal detail he was looking for. The thought occurred to him, though, that she almost certainly not only had one of the most beautiful, but also the tightest cunts he ever hoped to one day squeeze his cock into.

The other one though, her name was Lucy now this was a different matter. As he pushed her legs up and back, she flowered open. Not only that, but he could see immediately she was no virgin, and her pussy looked damp and slightly reddened as if it had had recent use. Her little bag was beside her. Sam opened it and looked inside, and sure enough, he found what he suspected, a very small vibrator. He lifted it out and sniffed it. Yes, this had been used recently. He put the tip to her entry, and pressed it in slowly. It oozed in without any great resistance. He left it there, while he checked the third girl. By the standards of the other two, she disappointed him, and after he had taken his usual face and cunt photos, he went back to see if the vibrator had done it's job of dilating Lucy.

Sam didn't waste any time, he pulled the toy out of the girl, and guided his painfully rigid cock to her entry. He leaned forward, taking his weight on his outstretched arms, as he applied pressure. He was surprised when his cock not only popped into her vagina without any force at all, but continued to sink into the girl a full five and a half inches without resistance or pause, although she was tight, really tight, just how he liked them. Fuck did she feel good. If this was an audition, she should be immediately recruited into The Choices Club. He could easily get used to screwing this angel. In fact, he thought, this should be the way to select future club members. He pulled out, feeling the tiny ridges of her passage rubbing along his shaft as he did so, before thrusting slowly back into her again. She was tight, and yet yielding to his intrusion. He would love to fuck her properly, but he was saving his seed for a Choices girl. They deserved it. He had a duty of care to them after all. He smiled to himself, he didn't want them claiming he neglected them.

Reluctantly, he sucked out of her, and decided she was one he wanted to meet again and soon. He would find out her background and that of Nancy and Naomi from the last tent. Perhaps they might like a trip to Paris. Perhaps they might like him fucking their brains out in return!

Sam worked his way along the line of tents. He made sure he had photographed every single girl's face and pussy, who had come on camp this weekend, spread to ensure every detail was recorded. He had fingered, licked and generally molested every girl as thoroughly as possible. He had gone back to check out one or two for a second time, that had caught his eye this morning at the bottom of the chute, and had even managed to slip his cock into a few more cunts that wouldn't notice it the following morning.
One memorable eleven year old girl was called yang. She was Chinese. He spread her out like the others. He noticed her labia were reluctant to part. But when he got his thumbs to her, she opened up displaying a beautiful vagina glistening in the torch light. She wasn't a virgin either. That was obvious to Sam. He didn't waste any time, and bringing his cock to her entry, applied steady pressure, watching his crown ooze into her. She was tight, but slowly opened to his penetration. In two minutes, he was fully encased in her. He then started thrusting, enjoying the feel as his cock slid in and out of the child, as he raped her. What happened next stunned him, though. She started to hump him back. Not only that, but her breathing became less steady. Then she came. He suddenly felt her cunt clamping on his shaft. She was moaning loudly, her hips thrusting to meet his movements. He needed to pull out soon, otherwise he would cum too. She calmed and he gently slipped out of her. He needed to know if she was conscious. He lifted her legs and pinched her Achilles heel quite hard. She never flinched. She had remained unconscious throughout, as her body enjoyed him raping her.

No, as far as Sam was concerned, this camp had been highly successful. He noticed Sylvia had remained in one particular tent at the far end, where he had started the first night. There must be something very special for her there. She would tell him when she was ready. It was the tent occupied by Maggie and Ruth, the eleven year old lesbians. He half thought of slipping up there and recording it for her on his camera, then decided he had better fish to fry.

He returned to The Choices tent. On the way he pulled off the condom, dropped it into the fire, put his clothes in a corner, pulled off his sandals, and wriggled into the centre. He thought for a moment. Last night he had enjoyed a deeply intimate cuddle with several of his girls. Who was next? Vicky. Sam had been impressed how she and Vera had both taken to the spirit of The Club. They had started Sylvia's diet and exercise regime before coming away, and since being here had never complained of being hungry or tired, and although they had struggled physically a couple of times, had really thrown themselves into the activities. On top of that, he had noticed they had passed on half their food to Hannah, their palindromic friend. Already, he could see they had lost some weight. There had been an unspoken agreement, that they wouldn't have their induction until they had lost their twenty pounds. At this rate, it wouldn't be long.

He moved over to where the girl was sleeping. She had cuddled into little Sophie, and the two of them were in a close, naked and intimate embrace. He gently untangled their arms and legs, and rolled Vicky towards him. She never murmured or stirred. She was in a very deep sleep after her exhausting activities of the day. Being larger than the others, he decided that getting her on top of him might be too difficult, so he simply spread her legs, knelt between them, rested his weight on his arms, soon dropping to his elbows, brought his rampant cock to bear, and pressed into her. She had been a virgin the last time he fucked her, and he had been surprised at the joy she had gained from her first time. He pushed as far in as her cervix would allow, then rested for a few moments. Gently, he whispered into her ear, still nothing, so he tickled her under the armpits. Still nothing. So he decided he would just enjoy fucking her for a few minutes. He pushed into her and pulled out. He built up some speed, pistoning in and out. Not a flicker did she show. His thighs and balls started to slap against her. It was at that moment he was surprised when he felt a clamping on his cock. She was cuming in her sleep. She smiled slightly and made a quiet moan, her vaginal contractions continuing. He felt the telltale stirrings deep inside him. He knew her friend Vera was next, and Vera hadn't had him cum in her yet, so with great reluctance, because despite her weight, and thick thighs, she had a fantastic cunt, which still pulsed on him and gripped him nice and tightly, he pulled out of her.

He rolled Vicky back onto her side, and replaced her arms around Sophie. Vera was on his other side, and lying on her side in a similar way. He remembered, when he fucked her last time that she hadn't been a virgin. He hadn't asked her about that. He would do so when the moment was right. Like Vicky, he rolled the naked girl onto her back. She did stir, and although she didn't wake, her breathing pattern changed.

He spread her legs, and aligning himself with her, pressed in. As his mushroom shaped crown slipped into her entrance, her eyes popped open. She never flinched, she just looked at him for a second, before bringing her knees either side of his hips and arms up to cuddle him to her. Not a word was said, as he sank deeper into her. He pulled back, feeling and enjoying her warm, slick tightness gripping his hard cock. He pulled out and pressed in again.

He was amazed. She started to cum and he had only pressed in to the sleeping child less than a minute ago. She came quietly, but as he thrust into her again, slightly harder, she gasped and moaned. He thrust again and again and as his speed increased, so her panting, gasping and moans got louder and more intense. Like her friend, she had a tighter cunt than her size would suggest. She was so wonderfully tight and her orgasmic spasms massaged Sam's cock in a most sensitive and erotic manner. Finally, Sam felt the stirrings deep down again. He had had his cock completely inside about six little girls in the last hour, and part way in half a dozen more. He had molested, another twenty or so and his cock needed relief. This was going to be a big one. And, as he thought it, his orgasm slammed into him. It didn't just slam into him, it was painful. He could feel pulse after pulse spurting deep into the eleven year old girl, whose own climax was as noisy now as it was satisfying to her.

Vera had wanted Sam to come to her ever since he had coerced her and Vicky into joining The Club. That first time had been necessity. She hadn't wanted to be thrown out of the school, and letting Sam fuck her and join The Club had been her only choice; but a choice she had never regretted. Ever since then, she had hoped he would pay her more attention, and give her what she really wanted, him on top, fucking her hard, just her, and then to fill her with his sperm filled semen. To her, this was a sort of induction. She was

beginning to love Sam. If he asked her to do anything, anything at all, she would probably do it for him. He had been the first person to show he liked her. Despite her weight, and history of bullying, he saw the person in her, unlike Verity, who had used her for her own ends, and her brother Rob, who came to her room every night at home and just shoved his cock in her, came in her, then left her without any pleasure for her. She would never let her brother touch her again. She now had Sam, she now had The Club, she now had happiness. And, she knew he intended, through The Club, to bring the best out in her, and make something of her. If ever she could repay him, in any way, she would. That's why she was determined to lose weight, because he had asked her, and she didn't want to let him down. And now she had his wonderful seed in her. She wished she could lick her own pussy.

In a few minutes, quiet descended on the group, Sam was asleep, the girls also in a deep slumber as Miss. P. crawled in. She smelled of little girl arousal, at least her face did. Her nose, lips and chin were all smeared with it. She had had a wonderful night, and was now ready for a long sleep. She never noticed all the fresh hot semen flowing out of Vera's pussy. A feast of ambrosia missed.

CHAPTER 31
Monday Morning – Returning Home

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Dawn broke, and Sam was awake. He had been lying awake for the last hour, pondering what to do about Lizzie. He felt there was probably just one choice. Funny that, 'choice'. She would have to go. There was no choice. At least he had her confession about the knives he could use that against her to keep her silent. He was sad, as he had thought she was one of his greatest success stories. And, she had been the very first one he'd inducted.

As he lay there, there was a stirring in the corner. Karen had woken. She lifted her head, and glanced around. She saw Sam lying in the middle. She didn't know he was already awake. She crawled over to him, and for a few minutes, studied his fit, handsome, naked body. Carefully, she moved over, so she could look at his cock closely. Sam had heard her moving, and kept his eyes shut. He knew she was a live one, and wondered what she would do.

Karen carefully placed her palm on Sam's cock, and slowly curled her fingers round, gripping it for a moment, before gently moving her hand up and down it, feeling the little ridges of it. She noticed as she stroked it, it started to grow. She had seen her brother's many times, when he had got her to do stuff to him. She knew what an erection was alright. He grew, and as it lifted off his belly, she was able to get her fingers all round it, just. Looking closely, she could see the blue veins under tension along his length, pushing up beneath his skin. Still being gentle and careful, she moved her hand up and down it, wanking him into full tumescence. When she thought it was as big as it would get, she leaned over, and put it against her lips. She brought her tongue out, and slowly licked the side and end of it. She immediately noticed a taste she knew, but sort of didn't. It was the mixed taste of other girls' aroused vaginas, with his semen and pre-cum.

She didn't know why, but this taste brought out something primeval in her. She was so turned on by it, she lowered her mouth over his cock, like her brother had taught her, and started to lick all round it, trying to suck off the taste. She was so intent on getting more, she was unaware that Sam was responding, his pre-cum now leaking from his end, his arousal reaching a new high. He knew this wouldn't take him long at all, in fact just seconds. She was a phenomenal cock sucker. Where she learnt this he didn't know, nor, at that moment, care. He felt the stirrings again in his loins, and knowing she thought he was asleep, didn't see why he should warn her, so he just blasted into her mouth. He heard her cough, but then grabbed his cock and sucked it again. He didn't expect that. She sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, until nothing more was coming from him. She then simply let him go, and crawled back to her corner to catch some more sleep. She knew she had done something he didn't know about. He knew she thought that. They both felt smug in their own way.

As the day got under way, one by one, The Choices girls were the first up again. They helped Sam and Miss. P. prepare breakfast. Then they cleared their own tent, and packed their belongings, before folding the tent. They had to pack, as best they could the fire damaged and kerosene soaked tents as well. They wrapped them in a large sheet of polythene for the journey home. By the time the rest of the girls were rising from their beds, The Choices girls were eating breakfast and ready for the bus to arrive.

Sam was sitting, sipping his coffee, when his phone trilled. “Unknown Caller”. “Hello”, spoke a woman’s voice, “is that you Sam? It’s Lesley Browning here, Lizzie’s mum.”

“Hello, Lesley,” answered Sam, “what can I do for you?”

“Sam, I am down at the Pen at the moment,” she said, “you remember, visiting my husband. Well I need to ask a favour.”

“Yes, Lesley,” he answered, “what is it?”

“Well,” she went on, “my husband has been granted his first parole review. He won’t be allowed out, but these hearings are a formality. Anyway, they said if I came in support, it might stand him in good stead. And, as I was down here anyway, I thought, why not. Well, it’s on Thursday, and I won’t get home until Friday. I was wondering, you know, would you or Miss. P. be able to put Lizzie up for a few days. I know it’s a lot to ask, but I’m in a fix, and you’re the only one who has helped me in years, so I thought I’d call you.”

Sam’s mind was racing. He intended to expel Lizzie from The Club that evening. He needed to buy a little time, to ensure that Lizzie’s silence after tonight was assured, and having her around for a few days might help.

“Yes, Lesley,” he said cheerfully, “that would be no problem at all. Don’t you worry about her, we’ll look after her. Do you want a word with her, she’s right here?” Sam handed the phone to the girl, and went to refill his coffee cup.

Mid morning, they heard the rumble of the school bus containing the senior girls trundling down the road. After a few minutes, they saw it and the trailer appear down the track. The bus pulled up, and the senior girls piled out and joined the youngsters in filling the trailer with the tents and other equipment. Joyce and Margaret came over to Miss. P. and Sam to chat. They had had a very successful time and really enjoyed it. The girls had done a lot and the highlight had been a two day thirty mile cross country hike, carrying everything they required.

As the hired bus wasn’t here yet, Sam told Joyce and Margaret to carry on back. He would ensure the site was clear and check out with the army people on their departure. Fifteen minutes later, the bus arrived and everyone filed in and settled for the journey home. On the way the youngsters all slept the sleep of the just.

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CHAPTER 32
Monday Afternoon – Lizzie’s Retribution

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Both buses arrived back at the school within minutes of each other. The girls all helped to unload the trailer for Sam, and stacked everything in the large lock-up store area. Sam would sort out the equipment later. There was no urgency now.

While this was going on, Steve Bandon called. “Hi-ho, Silver,” said Steve with his usul greeting, “how did the camp go?.... That good eh?.... Hey, Sam, I need to see you. I got several things to talk about….. Yeah, the other night for one, and some other important stuff too. Meet me at the usual bar at eight …Yes, I know, it’s my round.”

“Steve,” said Sam, “while you’re on, could you look something up for me? We’ve got a couple of girls destined for the State gymnastics team… yeah they are good….well, I heard a rumour that the selection people aren’t, how shall I say as straight as they should be. Could you see if you’ve got anything on them? It’s just I want to do the best for our girls. See you tonight, Steve.”

After the trailer was cleared, everyone headed for the changing rooms, for a hot fresh water shower with real soap, before dressing in their school uniforms, ready to head home. Sam and Sylvia spent an hour

watching them all from the corridor. Somehow, this voyeuristic pleasure had lost some of it's intensity, after the intimate experiences they had had with these same girls over the last three days.

Sam noticed the builders had made an excellent start on the new staircase. It should be complete tomorrow, and then the internal renovations could start.

Over a drink, they discussed The Club meeting and how to handle it. They both knew it would be difficult, but Lizzie had to be made an example of, if secrecy and their own liberty was to be retained.

As there were no school lessons for the rest of the day for the campers, most were collected by their mothers and went home, thanking Sam and Miss. P. for their great weekend. He did a double take, when Yang blushed when she came and thanked him with her mother. She had a glint in her eye. He wondered whether she knew anything at all about him raping her the previous night, or whether she was just shy. Either way, she had been a great fuck.

The club girls remained behind. Sam had called a meeting earlier than usual. Their mothers were all due to collect them at the usual time though, so the meeting could be much longer than usual.

They all trooped in. They expected to go upstairs as usual, and were surprised when they saw Miss. P. and Sam sitting in the workshop, looking glum.

When everyone had arrived, Sam stood, "Well girls, I have some good news and some bad news." They looked at each other anxiously. He continued. "Firstly the good. I am pleased to welcome into The Club Karen Duncan. You all know her, and that she joined while we were on camp and anyway she slept in our tent last night."

"Now I come to a very serious matter. I am sorry, but one of our members has broken The Club rules, or at least one Club rule." By now they were all looking at each other with worried expressions. "Rule number five says and I quote, 'Everyone has the choice of keeping everything that happens in The Club secret.' Well I am afraid someone here has broken that rule." Sam looked up and noticed Lizzie and Karen looking at each other. The others just sat with their mouths open.

"So," he went on, "the question is what do we do about this? It is your Club. We all have a say in how it's run, but if what we do here became public knowledge, Miss. P. and I would be in prison, you would all be in care homes, and all the benefits of Club membership, including the financial help we give your mothers, would vanish, which I am sure you wouldn't want. Before I continue, does anyone wish to say anything?" He looked around the room. They were all staring at the floor.

"Well, the culprit, if you didn't already know is Lizzie. Is there anything you wish to say, Lizzie? No? Well I have lots to say. When I set up The Club, I decided to invest a lot of money into ensuring you all have the best education and start in life that money could buy. I could have bought myself a yacht, and sailed away on my own, and not worried about how you were doing back here. If you think it was for the sex, it wasn't. I can tell you I could have bought all the girls I wanted in Bangkok or Vietnam." He looked around. They hadn't moved.

"Lizzie, I am afraid we are going to have to ask you to leave The Club, you know that don't you? We simply can't run the risk of you talking about what we do to anyone outside this room." Sam looked around the room again, "Does anyone feel I am being harsh or unfair to Lizzie? Does anyone have anything to say in her defence?" A shaky hand went up. Sam looked across at Lizzie, tears streaming down her face.

"Please don't ask me to leave The Club," she stuttered through sobs. "Please don't. I didn't have any friends before, just Hannah and Karen. We didn't have any money, and my uncle Aaron made me do things because of it, you know, stealing and stuff. My mum is trying to bring me up right, but he bullies us. Then The Club came along and suddenly everything was better. Please don't send me back." She sobbed again, tears wetting her uniform skirt.

Sam looked at her. He had seen many men die and the terrible effects of war on men, women and children. Lizzie's appeal although heart felt, didn't sway his determination. "Tell me Lizzie, give me one good reason why you shouldn't be out of The Club today?" There was silence. Then slowly, Lizzie put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a rather crumpled, but recognizable playing card, which she turned round. It was a

joker. Sam was many things, but he was a man of his word, and he had allowed Lizzie to save her wish by giving her this joker.

There was a collective gasp. Everyone in the room knew what this meant. Lizzie was using her wish now.

“Go on Lizzie,” said Sam in a steady voice, “say what you need to say, It’s your wish, your choice.”

“I wish”, she said in a wavering voice, “to stay in The Club. I am willing to accept any other punishment the members decide, but I wish to stay in The Club.” Everyone, as if a silent signal had been given, turned their heads towards Sam.

“Lizzie, I am not an unjust man, and I have come to like you over the last seven days we have known each other well. To me, a Club wish is unbreakable. You have used your wish and I respect that, so I suppose my only choice is that you can stay in The Club, but that you must be punished severely for what you have done. If you don’t accept that, say so now, and you will leave. You already know from last week how severe my punishments can be, and I must tell you now that your punishment of a week ago today will be as nothing to what you will have to accept today. It is your choice, Lizzie, what is it to be?” Everyone’s eyes turned to the girl.

Lizzie looked miserable, but a glint of determination came into her face. She sat up straight. Her blubbing had ended. She glanced around the room at her friends, before saying, “I know I broke the rule. I choose to stay in The Club, whatever my punishment is. I accept what you decide.” She stood up, her hands at her side.

Sam again looked around the room and said “Would anyone like to suggest how she should be punished, or are you willing to let me decide?”

Sally put her hand up, her natural leadership evident in her demeanour. “Sam, I think I speak for everyone when I say that what Lizzie did was serious. The Club would have closed if our secret had got out, and none of us would have wanted that. We all want to benefit from membership, especially Lizzie. I think you are right to allow her to stay in The Club. I think you should decide on how she should be punished, and then I think, because we all have an equal say, we must all agree to it, especially Lizzie.”

Sam nodded at her wise words. He asked Lizzie to go upstairs, while they decided what to do next. Lizzie walked across the room and up the stairs with surprisingly determined steps.

“I think it best,” Sam said, looking round the room, “as she is not being asked to leave The Club, that the punishment needs to be swift, severe and once it’s over, the matter will be forgotten, and never spoken of again. Therefore, it is my view, she should be spanked hard. Not only that, as we are all members, everyone here, except Karen, as she is new, should administer the punishment. Everyone will spank her six times each, except me. I will smack her twelve times. Does anyone think my suggestion is unfair, or wrong? Does anyone have a better idea? If so please say so now, not afterwards.” No one spoke. “I repeat, say so now, not afterwards.” He looked around the room. “I will go first, then Miss. P., to show you what to do. You will be next, Sally. After that the order will be the same as how you are sitting in, OK? So,” he pointed along the row, “Sally, Amber, Vera, Sandy, Vicky, Sophie, Mandy and lastly, Hannah. You will each smack her hard, do you understand that?” Nods came from them all. “There is no point in this punishment if she thinks she got off lightly. When she comes down, we will blindfold her, so she doesn’t know which of you smacked her or when.” Again there were nods. “OK, Sally, could you call her down?”

Lizzie walked down the stairs. She still had a dignity about her, which Sam noticed and admired.

“Lizzie, we have decided you will be spanked. Now you already know what that is like don’t you?” There was a sharp intake of breath from the girl, her hand at her mouth. “You have the choice right now to leave The Club, walk out that door and that is the end of it. You already know I can make life hard if you were to talk about us later.” He didn’t need to go into details about the filmed confession he held about the knife theft last week. “If you wish to stay, it’s entirely your choice, you must accept the punishment, which has been agreed by all the members. What is it to be?”

Lizzie indicated she would accept the punishment.

“OK, Lizzie, we will try and make this as quick as possible. What is going to happen now, is you will strip off and lie on the table. You can either lie facing up or down, whichever your prefer. You will not be tied down, and, this time, there will be no stopping. I will start the punishment with twelve smacks. Then every member will smack you six times. You will be blindfolded, so you won’t know who it is smacking at any time. After each member has smacked you, we will wait a minute to give you a rest. Before we do this, is there anything you wish to say?”

Lizzie looked around them. She had a serious, but kindly face. “I accept what is about to happen. I won’t be cross with anyone, and I also promise never, ever to break a Club rule again. But in return, I want this to be forgotten, and never held against me.” She looked around the room, seeing expressions of respect and agreement. She walked over to the table and leaning on the edge, started to strip off. Miss. P. walked over to the table with a bucket she had filled with warm water. Lizzie looked at it, shrugged and continued to strip off, tossing the clothing onto a nearby seat. Her shoes and socks were last to come off. She stood facing the table, her hands gripping the sides. The blue marks from her punishment of a week ago could still be seen across her globular bottom. Sam thought she was about to bend over, when she suddenly turned and sat on the edge. She took the scarf Sam offered her, and placing it over her eyes, tied it behind her head. Sam checked to make sure it was secure and in place. Finally, she leaned back and lay on the table, pulling her knees either side of her chest, holding them down with her elbows, her hands holding the edge of the table.

She turned her head towards where Sam had stood, and said, “I’m ready Sam.”

Sam had to admire her pluck. She was taking this far better than she did seven days ago. Perhaps she now knew she had more to lose, The Club had done something for her character. Lizzie was laying with her pudenda completely exposed to his gaze and subsequent punishment. Her cleft was wide apart, the shadow of her vagina, which he had enjoyed so very much, also slightly open. Her clit, for some reason was stiff, and poking out from it’s hood slightly.

He lifted and placed the bucket about six feet from the table. He dipped his hand into the water, shook off the excess, took two steps towards her, and brought his hand down across her thighs and pussy, as hard as he could. The crack of his wet hand smacking her seemed to echo around the room. There was a sharp intake of breath from the girl and her fellow members. Without pause, Sam went back, dipped his hand again and shook the water off, took the two steps and brought his hand down with all his strength, the crack as he hit her filling the room. Already, little red lines were spreading across her thighs and pussy. A third time he went to the bucket and again he took the two steps and again his hand came down hard on her with a loud ‘smack’. A forth and fifth time he smacked her. He looked down at her. She was livid red where the tender skin of her genitalia and thighs had been hit. On went the punishment, six, seven, eight. Sam put all his strength into each smack. His fingers tingling. Nine, ten, eleven. When he stepped forward for the last time, he put all his strength into hitting her as hard as he could. But, throughout all the punishment, so far, she hadn’t complained or cried out. She had gasped each time and he could see her fingers gripping the edge of the table in a claw like grasp, but call out she did not. He noticed she was panting. At first, he thought she was sobbing, but later realised she wasn’t. It was something else.

Sam nodded to Miss. P., who immediately stepped forward. She leaned forward and asked Lizzie if she was ready to continue. She just nodded.

A full minute had now passed, and Miss. P., who secretly looked forward to this, where Sam had not, dipped her hand into the warm water and like Sam took two steps forward and brought her hand down on the girl as hard as she could. Her strength was nothing like Sam’s, but looking at the redness on the girl’s skin, any further punishment was going to sting. Her hand connected. She rested it there for a second, feeling the heat on her skin, and perhaps a little more than that. She stepped back and for the next few times, repeated the process, each time trying to smack the girl in the same spot. Looking down, she could see Lizzie was showing signs of arousal. She couldn’t believe it. She had heard Sam’s account of how Lizzie had climaxed during her punishment last week and thought he was winding her up. She was anxious to see if it would happen again. Certainly she was puzzled at how the girl was panting. At last, her hand came down on Lizzie for the sixth and last time, and she nodded to Sally to come forward.

Miss. P. again leaned into Lizzie’s ear and whispered if she was OK, and again the girl licked her lips and nodded. By this time, Sally was standing by the bucket. As Miss. P. stepped away and nodded towards her, she dipped her hand into the water and copied what she had seen Sam and Miss. P. do. Her hand didn’t have the strength of the adults, but it still made a sharp crack as it landed. No one could have said she held

back. Because her hand was smaller, and Lizzie's thighs were spread widely, most of the impact landed directly on the unfortunate girl's vulva. Six times Sally smacked her friend and six times her poor tormented pussy received the full force of her punishment and six times Sam and Miss. P. heard a stifled moan.

One after the other, the girls took their turns in stepping forward and administering her punishment. None of them baulked at their duty. Even little Sophie came forward and whose smack was little more than a gentle tap, took her turn. Sam was surprised and at the same time proud of them all and proud of Lizzie too. He knew this was hurting her like nothing she had ever experienced before, and yet she took her punishment without complaint or comment. He saw, as the time went by the continuous and substantial flow of her arousal, as did they all. Sam was sure she climaxed. Her breathing was in short puffs. Perhaps when the moment was right, he would ask her about it.

At last, Hannah came forward, Lizzie's closest friend and cousin. She looked at Sam, who nodded at her. She grimaced, and like the others dipped her bony hand in the water and smacked Lizzie across her thighs. Hannah was surprisingly strong, and the crack as her hand landed was louder than the others. Again and again her hand came down, until at last it was over.

Sam reached over to the shelf, and brought his ærosol spray to cool her. As he pointed and pressed the button, he could see just how sore she really was. It was going to be some days before she could walk again without limping, and at least a week before anyone else could see her bottom. The cooling spray made her take a sharp breath, as it's freezing touch took the heat from her. Next, he got the cream salve down and opening it took a large daub on his fingers and as gently as he could, spread it over the red raw bruise marks, which were already turning black and blue in places. He knew his fingers were heavy, so he asked Hannah her friend to come and rub the cream in.

While she was doing this, Sam removed the blindfold from Lizzie's head. The tears were running down from her eyes. Sam pulled the other table up to the first, making it longer. He uncurled her hands from the table edge, and one at a time, unfolded her legs, laying them straight, side by side. Next, he indicated a cushion on a chair, and Sally brought it over. As gently as he could, he rolled her over onto her front, and lifting her waist, asked Sally to put the cushion under her.

Sam glanced around the room. They all looked gloomy. But at the same time, there was a determination, a defiance, as if somehow The Club had exorcised an element of impurity. They had all matured. He felt he had now secured the secrecy and so the future of The Club.

"Would anyone else like to break the rules?" he quipped with a half grin "It's OK if you do, as you have just seen, we can sort it out afterwards in just a few minutes." One or two of them shuddered and comments of "No fear", muttered.

"Now everyone, I have some good news for you. We have a new member joining us." They looked across at him with some surprise. "Yes, I am pleased to say that I am really happy to introduce to you our new member, Lizzie."

His little jest broke the ice, and they all smiled and clapped. Even Lizzie looked across at him and smiled a little.

Lizzie asked, "What will my mum say when she sees me? She will want to know what happened. I won't be able to hide it from her."

"Don't worry, Lizzie, you're staying here for a few days, don't you remember? Your mum has gone to see your dad, and asked us if you could stay here. We will tell the school you are away for a few days, so no one will know, and you can do what ever you want here until you are better.

No one wanted to do any of the usual salacious Club activities, so they sat around chatting, played music and then watched the Disney channel on TV. Sam told them that the following evening there would be another induction. Either Sandy or Mandy. They had something special planned. He wanted them to look forward to the next meeting, after the negativity of this one. He noticed several of them show some interest and animation. He reminded them to pick up their kit to take home for washing.

As they left, Ellie, who had been waiting, met her girls at the door. Amber, ran to Ellie, arms open wide and in a high excited tone told her mum what a fantastic time they'd had on camp, and could she go again next time? It was obvious she had enjoyed the time of her life. She was fingering her choker, a movement not missed by her mum. Ellie glanced across at Sam. Their eyes locked for a moment. Ellie smiled. It was a smile of grateful appreciation. Sam had clearly kept his side of the deal.

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CHAPTER 33
Monday Night – Meeting Steve again

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Sam asked Sylvia if she would put Lizzie to bed. "Give her a full dose of the sleeping potion to make sure she has a good night's rest. When she's out for the count, you can use her for a while if you like. I will probably be back late. I have to go and see Steve." Sylvia nodded, licking her lips. She would have an enjoyable night while Sam was out. She had an oversized dildo she'd recently bought. She couldn't wait to try it out and shove it into the unconscious child. Following the punishment, neither Lizzie nor Sam would be any the wiser in the morning.

When Sam arrived at the bar, Steve had already got there, and was half way through his first beer, another was on the table, ready for Sam. Steve was browsing through some papers. As Sam approached, he put them into their folder, dropped them into his brief case, and closed the lid.

"Hi Steve," said Sam, "how are you doing?" Steve looked more business like than he usually was on these occasions.

"Hi-ho, Silver I'm doing great, thanks," answered Steve, "how about yourself, Sam?" Sam smiled, nodded his reply and sat down, sipping the top off the beer. They exchanged the usual pleasantries for twenty minutes, asking after friends and family.

Sam, on Steve's prompting, gave him a run down of the events on Friday night. He filled in the gaps in Steve's knowledge. Steve nodded. "Always follow the money," he said, "what you found with those accounts of Morgan's has opened enough enquiry lines to keep the bureau going for months. Well done Sam. Which brings me onto the next point. I followed the money, and it would seem quite a lot has headed in your direction, Sam, or at least that foundation you started."

Sam wasn't quite sure how to play this, and nodded, but stayed silent.

"Well, I felt I needed to know more, Sam. Particularly when well over $100M vanishes. So, Sam, over the weekend, I felt justified in coming round to your place. If I hadn't, someone else in the department would have done sooner or later. So guess what I found? You have been a busy boy, I must say. It took me a few hours to crack your encryption codes and hidden web cloud storage sites, but I think I found most of what I was looking for." Steve looked at Sam, who by now was nervously looking into his beer glass.

"Let's not beat about the bush, Sam, you're a pedo. Well I got news for you. I knew a long time ago. You don't live in close proximity with a guy for years and not have an idea of what makes them tick. I saw how you looked at those kids in the villages we patrolled in Rag Head Land. No, Sam I knew a long time ago. The Professor knew too. So don't think I was surprised. Some of your videos caught my eye though. My daughter Jenny taking a crap for one, and that teacher friend of yours, what's her name, Yeah, Sylvia, molesting that retarded seven year old." Sam went to speak, but Steve waved him down. "Don't worry, Sam, I ain't about to arrest you. In fact I did you a favour. I covered your tracks for you and tightened up some loopholes you left. Sam, you saved my life twice in Afghanistan. The second time killed the Prof and nearly killed you. I would have been dead too if you hadn't done what you did that day. No, Sam, your secret's safe with me, and now I have covered your trail, you are safe, period. The money too. Nobody can now trace where it came from. If anyone asks, just say the bequest came from an anonymous overseas donor."

Sam went to speak again, but again was waved down by Steve.

“Sam, there is something you don’t know about me though. I think I told you the kids and I became very close after Molly died. Well, they were so traumatised, they slept in my bed from that day onwards, and still do. Well, about six months ago, Emily started growing, you know curves and bumps and that. She’s still only ten. and, well, I won’t go into details, but, well, we started having a relationship.” He looked at Sam, and grimaced. “Yeah, I started fucking her, regularly, once or twice a week. I’m not proud of it, but I love my girls and they love me. Anyway, little Jenny of course knew what was going on, and soon enough demanded a slice of the action, and a month or two ago, we, well, you know, it happened. I can’t believe I fucked my own seven year old daughter.”

Steve looked at Sam. “You might well ask why I’m confessing all this to you, and I don’t rightly know myself. Something inside me tells me I need to, but after what I found in your place two days ago, and what I am about to tell you, I thought you should know, OK?” It was some weeks later, before the significance of those words struck home with Sam.

Sam looked at his friend. “Want another beer, Steve? Looking at you I think you need it.” Sam called the server over and another two cold ones arrived.

“As I said earlier,” continued Steve, “always follow the money. Well it would seem Morgan put out two contracts. One on you, and the other on someone else. Now you dealt with the Thompson Twins on Friday, and we’re still tidying that little one up. Now the other one, though, was through someone called Watson. We’ve heard of him. Very professional. We don’t know for sure, but I have a bad feeling right now about this Sam, which brings me onto my next point.” Steve pulled out a large manila envelope, and tipped the contents onto the table. It was all legal paperwork.

“Sam, if anything happens to me, I want you to take my kids and raise them as your own, would you do that for me?”

“Steve, why should anything happen?” asked Sam.

“Look I don’t know, call it instinct, call it nerves, call it what you like, but I would be happier if you would say yes, sign and keep these papers, just in case. My dad is a great help, and he would be to you too, but he is ill now, with Emphysema. His lungs are shot from smoking, and couldn’t take the burden on himself.”

Sam raised his hands in mock defence. “OK, OK, I’ll do it if that’s what you want. You know I would anyway.”

Steve looked at Sam and raised an eyebrow and surprised Sam when he asked. “Sam, another thing, I want you to let my girls join your Choices Club. After I went through your stuff, although I already suspected what went on, I knew for sure. But, look, it doesn’t matter. I’ve been fucking them both, I know you’d never hurt them, so anything you do to them won’t make any difference. And besides, I can’t afford to do the things with them that your foundation can now afford to do. Paris? Is that right? Well I want them in as full participating members. When’s your next meeting, they can come then?”

“Tomorrow, Steve,” replied Sam, “are you sure about this?”

Yeah,” he replied, I am sure. “If you fuck my kids from time to time, then perhaps I won’t feel so bad about what I’ve been doing to them, and they’ll get to go on some great trips too. Win, win. Now I’ve two other things we need to discuss.”

“What are those, Steve?” asked Sam.

“Well, firstly, your state gymnastics people. Seems we have a file on them, and have had for a while. Never quite enough to pull them in for.” He tossed a file over to Sam. “Read that, you’ll see for yourself.”

Now, the other thing, your stunt the other night pulled up was our friend Mayor Webber. We’ve been keeping tabs on him for some time, but we never had quite enough to nail him. He was always distant. He never got his fingers dirty. We got some of his people, but never him. That evidence you got has opened some real leads. Like I said, follow the money. I was just looking through his file when you arrived. I think I can safely say we’ll pull him in, in the next week or so.”

While they were still talking, Steve's phone trilled. He pressed it to his ear. "Yeah, yeah, ……OK,… I'll be there."

"Got to go, Sam," he said, "things are moving."

They got up, and left the bar together. They were both parked in the large car park which served all the outlets nearby. As Sam was starting up his truck, he saw Steve just getting into his, when a man dressed in dark clothes walked up to his car, raised a silenced gun and shot three times through the side window at Steve from two feet away. Sam knew Steve was dead before Steve did. The man turned and walked slowly away. Sam slammed his car into gear and stamped on the accelerator. The man was by now directly in line with Sam's truck, and as it shot forward, the man dived out of the way, but not before the corner clipped him, sending him reeling, his gun spinning off under a nearby parked car. Sam leapt from his car and ran at the man, who turned and for a second, they were face to face, before he brought up his knee into Sam's crotch. Sam, being a trained fighter twisted to avoid the impact, but as a result, the man loosened his grip, and in a second or two ran to an open car door, engine running, and was away.

Sam walked over to Steve's car. As he opened the driver's door, Steve slumped out, eyes open, lifeless. There was little Sam could do for his friend. Sam went round to the other side of the car, opened the door and lifted out the briefcase containing the F.B.I. files which Steve had been working on and which would convict Webber. Sam felt stunned. Not since the Prof had died had he felt this way. He put the case in his car, and phoned the police. He told them it was an agent down and who he was. Before they arrived, he quickly went through the briefcase and pulled Steve's file on himself, tracing the funds, the envelope with the adoption papers and the file on the gymnastics team selectors. He then returned the case to Steve's car. The next hour or so was spent in helping describe what had occurred, to the cops. Steve was taken away in an ambulance, and the police eventually departed, saying they would need a full report.

Sam was in his car, about to leave, when he caught sight of the street light, reflecting off the gun. He had forgotten about it, and so not thought to tell the police. He went over reached under the car, pulled it out and decided he would let them have it when he made his report. He drove home. It had been a tough night, starting with Lizzie's beating and now his best friend getting killed.

He climbed the stairs of his apartment, and remembering Lizzie would be in his bed, undressed in the dark. He quickly washed, and climbed into bed. He hadn't expected to find Sylvia still there. She was sound asleep, back to the wall on the far side of the bed, cuddling the unconscious girl. Really Sam knew he should be out in the main school undertaking his duties, but after a long, long tough day, he decided tonight was his night off.

He slipped under the covers, and spooned into the ten year old. He needed something to take his mind off Steve and perhaps a cuddle with Lizzie would do the job. He could immediately feel the heat coming from her thighs, as he ran his fingers across them. Slipping his fingers further down through her cleft, he could tell she was swollen and heavily bruised. Her cunt certainly wouldn't be up for a fuck for some days yet. What puzzled him for a moment was when he dipped his finger into her vagina. He'd expected it to be tight shut with bruising. Instead she was very dilated, gaping almost. He, of course, knew nothing about Sylvia's giant dildo, which had been shoved in Lizzie's cunt, until a few minutes ago. He brought his hands back and ran them over the globes of her wonderful rounded bottom. She hadn't been hit there as much, and they were cool to his touch. His erection became harder, as he continued to feel her bum. His tip pressed into her valley, found the little dip that was her rosebud.

Pre-cum started to seep from his crown, and he continued to feel and caress her bottom. He applied a little pressure, and was surprised, when, without a lot of force or foreplay, his crown sank slightly into her rosebud. He pulled back and pressed again and with so much pre-cum now flowing from him, and the remains of her last dump, she was as slick as grease. He went in deeper, and suddenly, he felt his crown pop through the tight muscles of her sphincter, which then clamped tightly round him. He pulled back and pressed again and again, slipping deeper into her buttery tight depths each time. He felt a small turd press at his tip, but he pushed through it. Further and further into her he sank, until at last his pubis was pressed hard up against her bottom cheeks. He paused for a moment, just savouring this feeling he had never experienced before. He was six and a half inches up the rectum of a ten year old girl, and he had never felt anything quite as good in his life. Her sphincter was tight around the base of his cock, like an elastic band trying to cut off his circulation, but even as he lay relishing the feeling of his penetration into her bowels, he felt her relax, as she dilated around him.

He became aware of eyes. He glanced up, and saw the glint of Sylvia's eyes watching him. He smiled at her.

"Are you doing what I think you're doing?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes," he replied, "this is incredible, I've never felt anything so tight in all my life."

Sylvia switched on the light, and pushing the covers down, moved so she could see what Sam was up to.

"God, if only I had a cock," she muttered, not for the first time, "what I wouldn't give to be where you are now."

Sam started a fucking motion, long slow strokes into the girl's bum.

"I can smell it now," said Sylvia, "nice isn't it? Wanna know what I did when I got her to bed Sam? You won't believe it."

Sam was now building up his speed, and really not into a conversation but he played along.

"What was that Sylvia?" He said, struggling to get the words out.

"Well, after she passed out, I thought it only right and proper to check her over, you know, in case she was injured, or something." Sam just grunted, his strokes now making a full six inches each thrust. "Well," she went on, "her pussy is so swollen, at first I couldn't even push my little finger in, even with some 'KY'. She was sealed up tight. Anyway, after a few minutes, I had a brainwave. I got a drinking straw from your cupboard, and managed to slip it into her. I had to wriggle it a bit, but it eventually went in. Are you listening to me Sam?"

Sam was really not listening at all. All he could feel was the incredible clamping ring passing up and down his cock, with the preteen's tight, tight passage squeezing him deliciously every time he pressed into her. He grunted some kind of acknowledgement.

"Well as I was saying," went on Sylvia, "as soon as the straw was in, loads and loads of her gooey sticky cum liquid started to squirt out. I had to put the end in my mouth to stop it going all over the bedding. I tell you Sam, there was as much as when you cum. Well, I started to suck on the straw, and loads more came out. When it stopped, I moved the straw around a bit and sucked again, and loads more came out. I tell you something, Sam, you might think you punished this girl hard, but she had the time of her life, I can tell you. She came good."

Sam was getting to the short strokes now, and was oblivious to Sylvia's clucking. He never heard her account of how she'd worked her massive dildo into Lizzie. All of a sudden, he came. No warning, he came, in a big way. The pulses down his cock hurt, so tight was she clamped down on him. He looked down, and as he looked, he could see his cock, slickened with the translucent precum, turn creamy, and almost immediately, brown. He pressed in as far as he could get into the girl and held himself there, while his orgasm washed over him. Pulse after pulse. Pleasure beyond measure. Anal sex with a ten year old. This was going to be on his top ten list of things to do from now on. Finally, he slowed, calmed and just lay there for several minutes, as his pulse slowed, enjoying the mini pulses at the end of his climax

His tumescent erection gradually withered. Sam pulled out and rolled over. He swung his feet off the bed, and walked to the bathroom to clean up. He couldn't believe how much shit was still plastered to his cock. She must have needed to 'go'. He picked up and wetted a face cloth, to clean Lizzie up, but as he returned to the bedroom, he found Sylvia had already buried her face in the youngster's bottom. He was surprised, mainly because before he got out of bed, he'd seen how much shit had been smeared all around her bum. A meal of semen and shit didn't really strike any chords with Sam, but each to their own. Sylvia seemed happy enough, certainly from the grunts and moans she was making she was anyway. He noticed she seemed to be poking a drinking straw up the kid's ass for some reason. Sam climbed into bed, and was asleep in seconds.

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CHAPTER 34
Tuesday morning – Routine returns

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Sam woke up at 3am, as was his norm, and got up to make an early start on his work rounds. He had a lot to catch up on. By ten o'clock though he was having a coffee thinking through his next call.

"Hello, State gymnastics administration, Vanessa speaking, how may I direct your call?"

Sam introduced himself, and asked to speak to Martin Stone, who was, and had been, the head selector for both the senior and junior gymnastics teams for the last ten years.

Following an interesting and candid conversation, Sam ended the call with the succinct statement, "Well Martin, let's put it this way, as I have explained, the file I will e-mail to you in a few minutes outlines the misdemeanours of several of your coaches and staff, including yourself towards underage girls over quite a few years. I have two brilliant gymnasts, who you are going to call into the junior team today. They are not to be touched or molested in any way, and when they are old enough, will be promoted to the senior team. Do I make myself clear? Now I will send the file, and in return, I expect your reply confirming their inclusion in the team with immediate effect. Meantime I will hold onto this F.B.I. file and keep it safe. You play your part, they'll never get their file back." Without waiting for an answer, Sam put the phone down, typed in Martin Stone's e-mail address and sent selected scanned pages from the file Steve had given him. He was amazed, when, ten minutes later, he received an e-mail from Martin attaching a PDF file, formally inviting Sandy and Mandy to join the State junior team.

During school break, Sam needed to go over to the senior school to make some routine repairs, he also wanted to find out what the history teacher had been up to. He had his list of calls in his hand. As he passed one door, he saw the name: "William Mouseon – History" on the label. He looked up and down the corridor. No one was about. He quietly tried the door. It was locked. He put his ear to the door, and could hear noises. It sounded like a child crying. He carefully unlocked the door with his pass key and as quietly as possible opened the door an inch. He took in the scene before him in a moment. A girl of about thirteen was on her knees by the teacher's desk. She was stark naked. The teacher was standing in front of her, holding her by her hair in a tight grip, his erection held by the child in both hands. The girl's mouth was stretched round the head of his cock. He was jerking her head back and forth, thrusting hard into her, she was clearly distraught, tears running down her face. Sam pulled his camera from his pocket, set it to video record and walked into the room, slamming the door behind him.

"What the fuck is going on here?" he asked, A stupid question really, Sam thought to himself, the answer was obvious. In a matter of seconds, the girl was on her feet and ran to her clothing, which was in a pile nearby. While Sam was looking at the history teacher, she was followed by the lens of Sam's Camera, which later showed Sam she was a slightly chubby girl, with quite well developed breasts and a thick bush of pubic hair, hiding anything which might have interested him. He often wondered why every man didn't prefer bald preteens. The girl quickly threw on her uniform blouse and skirt, and carrying the rest of her clothing, ran from the room, fleeing her oppressor. Mouseon on the other hand was struggling to do up his zip, trapping his foreskin in the process. He eventually just sat down, silent, defeated. It was left to Sam to take the initiative.

"Right," said Sam, he'd thought about how to handle Mouseon over the weekend. Catching him red handed was a bonus. "I've seen enough", he continued. "We're not going to have the police in here. We're not going to drag you, and therefore the girl through the court either. You are going to resign immediately from this school for, how shall we word it, 'health reasons', but go today you will, understand? You will not seek employment again in this town, you will just vanish. Understood?" The man nodded dejectedly. Sam knew there would be no further problems with him. Satisfied, Sam left Mouseon to his misery and went back to his work.

On his way across the playground, Sam saw several of the girls who had been away on camp. They all waved and greeted him. Jasmine was among them. She came up to him and with a big smile thanked him for her weekend trip. "Thanks Mr. Sam," she said, then in a lower tone, "I had a rilly good time. Wanna know sumfink? If you like, you can fuck me again. For free." Sam quickly looked around to ensure they weren't

overheard. “Thanks, Jasmine,” he said, “I might just take you up on that.” She grinned again at him and as she skipped away, she looked over her shoulder laughing as she said “Any time you like.” Her red and black pleated uniform tartan skirt bouncing up and down, not quite flashing her panties.

Sam made himself a coffee and sat for a few minutes thinking through the events of the past week. It had had it’s ups, like forming The Choices Club, and the benefits to him that had come with it, and it’s downs, such as his friend Steve’s untimely death last night. He needed to go and see Paddy Bandon to pay his respects as soon as he could.

He looked at his watch. Sylvia had told him if he looked in the changing rooms at about 11 o’clock, she would try to give him a little show. She’d told him which window to peep through. He wasn’t sure what she had in mind. It was coming up for eleven now. He took his coffee and went through to the corridor, sat down on his stool and opened the cover.

Inside, were the kindergarten class. All aged five and six. Sam could see the little tots running around under the supervision of Sylvia and a junior teaching assistant. They were making a game of getting the kids undressed for a swimming lesson.

“I know,” said Miss. P., who would like to have a swing between my legs?” Every girl in the class put their hand in the air. “OK,” she continued, “everyone can have a turn after you get undressed. When you’re ready, come over here.” Sam switched on his mounted camera.

The first girl came over. She was a little podgy girl, with red curly hair. If she was six, she was a young looking six. Miss. P. was now facing towards where she knew Sam to be. She directed the kid to stand in front of her, facing the same way. Miss. P. bent down, and took hold of the girl behind the knees and lifted. The girl settled into a sitting posture in her teacher’s arms, her elbows naturally spread out across Miss. P.’s forearms for support. Miss. P. moved her feet wide apart, and still leaning forward, started to swing the child between her legs, forwards and back. The tot loved it, and was giggling constantly. As the swinging continued, and got higher and higher, so Miss. P. pulled the child’s knees wide apart on the upswing. As a result, her whole pudenda was spread out to Sam’s eyes, riveted to the spot between her thighs. Sam knew he could freeze frame the film later and really check out the detail. His pre-cum was already making his pants damp.

The next girl took her turn. She was a tall but thin girl for her age, and as she was swung up, seemed to push her legs out as far apart as she could. Her little cunt winking open to Sam’s lustful eyes every upswing.

And so the show continued, with over a dozen girls anxious to take their turn and in turn display their potential to Sam. He wondered how many of them he would be fucking in a few year’s time as Choice Club members. Soon they were in their bathing suits, all previously given the ‘Sam treatment’. Many a camel toe being on display through the thin, thin material.

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CHAPTER 35
Tuesday late morning – A showdown with The Mayor

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Late morning, Sam had a delivery from the jewellers. It was the additional twelve silver and two new special choker necklaces he’d ordered the previous week. They looked beautiful. He hoped to award the new ones to them tonight.

Just then, Marjorie called in. She looked flustered. “Hello Sam, I am sorry, but you’ve been summoned to the Principal’s office again. This time it’s Mayor Webber who wants to see you.”

“Oh, what’s that all about Marj.?” Asked Sam in a matter-of-fact tone.

“He’ll be here in about twenty minutes time,” she continued. “Something to do with the way his daughter Shirley was treated while away on camp. I did warn you Sam, she’s a poisonous little viper that one.”

So when Sam looked at her and asked if she would type a couple of letters, her face lit up. After he explained what was needed, she asked. “What is it about you, Sam, you always seem to be one step ahead of the opposition? What do you want in this time?” Sam explained. “Do you want the $5m clause left in, Sam?” she asked with a smile, cocking an eyebrow.

“No Marj.,” he laughed, following Steve’s comment he also didn’t want a traceable connection between him and Webber, “not this time.”

Sam finished what he was doing, then took the file Steve had given him and made a photocopy of everything. En-route to see Celine, and Webber he walked through the outer office. Marjorie handed him two manila envelopes, with a smile. He sat down across from the nervous looking principal. “Don’t worry, Celine,” he smiled at her, “We’ll soon sort out this piece of shit.” He’d hardly finished saying it, when The Mayor barged into the room, slamming the door behind him.

Without preamble, he launched into a diatribe of spittle fuelled invective shouted across the office aimed at both Mrs. Prentice and in particular Sam. He quoted that his daughter had been physically, verbally and mentally abused. She had been accused of arson and even of endangering three other pupils, when the fault should be clearly laid on the supervising staff. Added to all that, child nudism throughout the camp had been encouraged against all rules and laws.

“ So clearly Mr. Pottu…..Potttuensk…... er Sam, you are unfit to be a teacher, or even run camping trips and so I have to now tell you that…..”

“Sit down Mr. Webber,” Sam said in a quiet, but distinctly sinister voice, there was silence, “I said sit down.” Webber made to step forward, and in a move repeating the meeting with Morgan a week ago, Sam took his hand, pressed a pressure point just behind his thumb, and pushed the man into the chair behind him. He was paralysed with a sharp pain from his wrist.

“Now let’s not get excited,” Sam’s voice had a smile to it. He was enjoying this. Celine sat there open mouthed. She had witnessed Sam’s escapology before, but this time it sounded bad.

“Let’s look at the facts.” He went on. “Your daughter started the fire helped by Verity Morgan. They were the only two to leave the circle round the campfire for twenty minutes beforehand. Fifty other pupils witnessed it. Secondly, both Miss. P. and I saw her push the canoe over the falls. It was dangerous and only she was at fault. As far as any nudism is concerned, your daughter practiced it, as did every girl there. It was hot, and they went skinny dipping. Kids do it, I did it, I bet you did too. Don’t make an issue of it. As far as her being assaulted is concerned, kids will be kids. They played a practical joke on her, big deal, don’t make it more than it was.”

“But,” Sam leaned forward and looked Webber in the eye, “people who live in glass houses should be careful when chucking rocks about. if we are pointing fingers…” Sam reached over, and pulled out the file he had copied, and dumped it on Webber’s lap. ”Have a little look at that. Seems the D.E.A. are about to pull you in.” Webber went deathly pale, his hands trembling, as he thumbed through the pages of evidence in front of him. “They finally tied you in to Morgan’s overseas bank accounts. Now, I don’t know what the D.E.A. are going to do with you, but I know what is going to happen right now. Sign these two letters. The first is a commendation to Mrs. Prentice for her outstanding work as Principal here. The second is your resignation as Mayor of this town, and governor of this school.”

Webber sat defeated, hands shaking. He looked up at Sam with hatred burning in his eyes. Sam knew he hadn’t heard the end of this. Webber silently signed the two documents, and left the room, closing the door behind him.

“My god, Sam,” said Celine, smiling from ear to ear. “You did it again. My job and yours on the line and you saved us both, yet again. How do you do it? Let me kiss you again,” Sam realised this was becoming a habit with Celine. She sat down again and looked at him, with interest in her face. “Now what’s this about child nudism on the camp? Perhaps next time I should come along, to err supervise and make sure everything is above board.”

Sam was still smiling at her comment, as he walked out, getting another grin and thumbs up from Marjorie.

The rest of the day was spent catching up on his workload, sorting out the camping equipment and settling back into school routine.

Sam went upstairs to see if Lizzie was awake. As he entered, he could see she was lying on her front, with just a bed sheet over her, the weather still being hot. She had heard him climbing the stairs and smiled as he entered.

“Hi Lizzie, is there anything you need, something to eat or drink?” he asked. “How are you feeling today?”

“Oh Sam, I am so sore. Miss. P. came in an hour or so ago and gave me some painkillers, sprayed me with your cold stuff and made me drink a lot of water, as she said I would be dehydrated. All it’s done is made me want to pee. Can you help me up, I gotta go.” Sam pulled off the sheet covering her and saw the red, blue and black lines across her naked upper thighs. He helped her stand, but she couldn’t straighten her legs, so they crab walked to the toilet.

“Sam, I can’t sit, it hurts too much,” she said looking at him. “Can you hold me?”

She turned, and squatted over the pan, supported by Sam. Almost immediately, a golden stream of steaming pee flowed from her urethra, splashing into the bowl. “Ow, that stings,” she muttered. Sam heard her grunt, and saw a long turd drop into the water below. He wondered offhand if it still had a cock shaped dent in the end of it. Two more followed. She asked him if he would clean her up. She turned and leaned on the wall, exposing her whole pudenda to his gaze. The full extent of her bruising was evident to see. She would take a while to recover from this. He took some paper and carefully wiped her anus. She moaned at the sudden pain. He could see white, crusted, dried, semen plastered around her hole, a clear indication of the liberty he took the previous night.

He helped her back to bed and talked to her for a while, reassuring her that what was behind, was behind. “All I can feel is pain on my behind,” she joked.

“I have a job for you Lizzie, if you’re interested,” he sounded her out. He explained what he wanted. “Will you be OK to come to tonight’s meeting, do you think?”

“Wild horses wouldn’t keep me away, Sam and after what you just asked me, I will make sure I am there.”

“Sam,” she went on, “I was stupid in what I did, you know, talking to Karen like that. It’s only now I realise what trouble it could have caused everyone. I am really sorry.”

Sam put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “Lizzie, you were the first to be inducted into The Choices Club and I am really pleased you are still in it and that no harm was done as it turned out. We will never talk about it again, OK?”

“OK,” she replied. She held her arms out. As she leaned over to hug him, she winced with the pain.

“Would you tell me a secret?” asked Sam. She nodded, uncertain what was coming next. “Did you enjoy your punishment yesterday?”

Lizzie blushed to the roof. “Was it so obvious, Sam? Does anyone else know?”

He patted her shoulder again. “Probably only to Miss. P. and I.” He stood, walking to the door and looked over his shoulder. “Oh, and every girl in the meeting as well.” He left her with a big grin on his face, to suffer her embarrassment.

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CHAPTER 36
Tuesday Afternoon – Mandy’s tuition.

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During the afternoon, Sandy and Mandy had their usual free period, and so, as usual came over to Sam's for their 'extra tuition'. The girls were on a high state of excitement, as they knew one of them would be inducted that afternoon. Sam was half way through preparing the special equipment they needed.

"Have you two decided who is going first, or would you like me to spin a coin again, to decide?" he said, remembering the first time he'd fucked them. They shook their heads and asked him to toss the coin, as they removed their school uniforms.

Sandy won and opted to be inducted today. Mandy looked quite disappointed, so Sam told her she could go second in the tuition and get his orgasm as a bonus, and could choose how she would like to fuck today. The nine year old shook her long blond hair, hanging over the edge of the table, and swept it back with a hand and smiled. "Sam could you do it doggy style, like my first time, I think I'd like that."

They spent the next half hour setting up the equipment for Sandy's induction and fine tuning it so it was ready for the meeting later. Sandy and Sam had practiced and practiced, and he knew he wouldn't take long to cum if he wasn't careful. He suspected Sandy kept it all going longer than necessary to get a few extra cums for herself.

Finally, Sam gestured for Mandy. "Your turn, I think." The beautiful blond, emerald eyed preteen made to move to the stairs, but Sam, knowing Lizzie was upstairs, suggested they used the table here instead. He grabbed a pile of pillows and placing them on the end of the table edge, indicated for her to bend over them and make herself comfortable.

"Sam," she asked, looking over her shoulder at him, her beautiful nine year old body now bent over the table and just waiting for him, "do you mind if I ask you something?"

"No, Mandy, what's that".

"You've always been so gentle with us, like we were made of china or something", she stated. "Would you try doing it harder for me. I think I would like that."

Sam's heart skipped a beat. He had fancied a real good hard fuck for a long time, but didn't want to hurt his girls.

Both Sam and Mandy were very aroused. With Sandy, he and she had spent the last half hour setting up and testing the equipment for the induction later. Mandy, watching all of this, was dripping wet, and Sam's own pre-cum was pouring from his cock in long translucent strings. No foreplay was going to be needed here.

"Mandy, if it's a good hard fuck you want, a good hard fuck is what you'll get. You'll need to tell me though. I don't want to hurt you, OK? Bend back over the table and we'll see how it goes."

The girl was in position even before he'd finished speaking. Sam stepped in behind her, and twisting his hands so his thumbs pointed outwards, placed each of his palms against her inner thighs, his finger tips caressing her damp cleft. Increasing the pressure, he carefully spread her labia apart, and simultaneously pressed his cock into her vagina entry. She was tight, despite her 'training'; she was very tight. He had to keep reminding himself she was after all just nine years old.

Sam pressed in. Despite their combined slippery wetness, her cunt gripped him, and as he pressed in, dragged his foreskin back down his cock. He pulled back a little, allowing his precum to get milked into her, and pushed again. Mandy's legs were just too short to allow her toes to touch the floor, as she was bent over the cushions piled on the table. She was holding onto the far edge of the table to stop herself slipping back. She curled her feet around the table legs, spreading her thighs wide apart.

Sam adored fucking these two girls. Quite apart from the fact that they were stunningly beautiful, in their faces, bodies and most important to Sam, their pussies, they were athletic, and could bend their bodies in a way the others couldn't. They were just nine, loved cuming, and had pussies so tight, he always wondered if he would be able to get into them when he started. But, they were enthusiasts and just loved doing whatever they did and right now that was fucking.

He had started to gently pump into her, getting deeper all the time. As he did, she was curling her hips back and forth, meeting his thrusts, her long blond hair waving in the air, her emerald green eyes screwed up shut. “Can you do it harder now, Sam?” she asked, almost as a gasp.

Sam had just bottomed out against her rubbery cervix and as he looked down, he could see an inch and a half of his cock still wanting to push into her. He pulled back, and pushed in again, harder this time, out and back. He couldn’t hurt the girl, it wasn’t in his nature, but as she said “Sam, please do as I asked you. Please do it hard”, he upped his game. Sam pulled back and this time thrust hard into Mandy, and this time, his pubis smacked against her bum, his balls swinging up under her hitting her mound. “Again,” she said, “but harder, please, harder.”

He pulled back again, and now thrust with all his strength into her. His rigid cock, slamming into her depths, was now all the way in. He couldn’t believe a nine year old could take him all the way, all six and a half inches. He had been told what to do, and Sam now kept a rhythm of pulling almost all the way out and slamming hard back into her. The slapping of their bodies as they smacked into each other was as loud as someone clapping their hands. Sam started to thrust faster, about once a second, but keeping up the force. Mandy was grunting and snorting, her orgasm overwhelming her, appropriate, as Sam was rutting her like a pig. This wasn’t sordid, but it was certainly animalistic. This was sex for the pure pleasure, not for any sort of affection.

At last, Sam felt Mandy start to go a little limp, her climax edging back. It was then that his own climax slammed into him, almost without warning. As the surge hit him, he stopped thrusting and simply pressed in as far as he could go. He could feel her cervix tight around his crown, as he pulsed deep, deep into her. He didn’t pull back, just kept his cock locked into her and came and came, over and over. Mandy came again, as if his semen had started her going once more, or the pulsing of his cock had stimulated her deep inside. Finally, as Sam’s orgasm gradually slowed to a stop, he leaned forward, resting his weight on Mandy’s back, nuzzling his nose into her long blond hair, smelling her scent, relishing his ecstasy, as the after glow of his intense fuck slowly swept over him. He was getting rather fond of underage fucking. He giggled to himself, “that’s an understatement!”

As Sam’s senses slowly returned, he realised the table he and Mandy were bent over had moved across the room from one side of his workshop to the other, at least fifteen feet. He smiled again – this was the only way to travel. He looked down at the nine year old and saw her beautiful face glowing in the aftermath of her long, sensuous, but almost violent orgasm. Her post climax malaise had made her nearly insensible. Sam was still tumescent, although his cock had softened a little. The experience of the last fifteen minutes had left him mentally very aroused. He started to pull back from the little girl, but his crown seemed to be locked. He pulled harder, and felt his crown pop back through the tight restriction in her deepest part. Surely he hadn’t penetrated her cervix. It wasn’t possible, he had always thought. Whatever, she’d enjoyed it, he’d enjoyed it and anyway, it had been one of the best fucks of his life.

The girls had to get to another class, and were soon dressing, chatting in their high pitched sing song voices, as little girls do and making sure they hadn’t forgotten anything before they were gone.

Sam sat for a few minutes collecting his thoughts, before getting dressed himself and picking up the keys for his truck left the building. He drove round to see Paddy Bandon, who he knew was staying at Steve’s house, looking after Emily and Jenny while Steve’s affairs were put in order. Paddy greeted Sam like a son, knowing how close he and Steve had been. Sam didn’t know what to say to the old man, but it was one of those times when nothing needed to be said.

Paddy was wheezing. His emphysema was getting bad. Sam couldn’t believe Paddy was sitting in a wheelchair, with an oxygen mask in one hand and a cigarette in the other. A large glass of Black Bush, Bushmills Irish whiskey on the table nearby.

They chatted for a while, both avoiding the burning subject. Eventually Sam asked Paddy, “Did Steve talk to you about looking after the girls if anything happened to him? Are they here by-the-way?”

“Yes,” he replied, “they’re upstairs in one of the bedrooms. In fact it was me that talked him into asking you to be their adoptive father if the worse happened. He did talk to you about it didn’t he?”

“Don’t worry Paddy,” continued Sam, “we talked about it the night he was killed and he gave me the papers to sign. When you’re ready and when you think the girls are ready, we’ll talk about what we do next. Are you OK to look after them for a while?”

“Yes, Sam,” said Paddy picking up his glass with a shaking hand, taking a long sip, continued, “I can look after them for now, but the doctor said I shouldn’t expect to last another year, and I’ll be in a nursing home well before that. I think the girls should come to you as soon as possible, Sam, for their sake. Steve died in service. There will be enough from the insurance to pay for the girls’ education and keep. I will give you all the help I can, but as you can see time is limited. I’ve told the girls what’s going to happen, and they seem to understand. You can understand them thinking that everyone they love dies.”

Just then, Emily and Jenny came running down the stairs. They rushed over to Sam, and flung their arms around his neck, almost choking him. It was as if they wanted to make sure he wouldn’t abandon them too. He put an arm around each of their waists and hugged them to him. He looked at them, the tear stains on their cheeks spoke for themselves. They sat on his lap and leaned against his chest while Sam continued with small talk with Paddy. Paddy was really gratified to see how comfortable and relaxed the girls were with Sam.

Soon it was time to leave, Paddy was tired. Sam wondered whether Paddy was looking after the girls or was it the other way round. Right now they needed each other. He promised to come back tomorrow and headed back to school.

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CHAPTER 37
Tuesday Afternoon - Sandy’s Induction

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Following the previous meeting’s punishment of Lizzie, Sam was keen to lift the morale of everyone and make today’s go with a real buzz. So he fussed making final arrangements before everyone arrived. He helped Lizzie get up and shower. He noticed the back of her thighs were black and blue. She walked carefully with a slight limp. He couldn’t help noticing that today she was walking bow legged, presumably to avoid friction between her thighs. Whatever, it made the gap beneath her pudenda amazingly sexy, as she “walked around the pain” Her cleft opened and closed continually, her clitoris popping in and out each step she made. She came downstairs wrapped in Sam’s bathrobe and a pair of his slippers, and sat in an armchair with lots of cushions around her.

“Sam,” she asked casually, “why is tonight’s meeting down here? I thought we usually had them upstairs.”

Sam was still fussing about, making sure he’d got everything ready. “Oh,” he said, glancing across at her, seeing she was cuddling her knees to her chest in her usual armchair position, showing off her swollen pudenda to his view, “today’s induction needs a higher room. The ceiling upstairs is too low for what’s going to happen. You’ll see.” Lizzie sat quietly, letting Sam ogle her. She found it reassuring and parted her knees a little further for him. She’d thought a lot today, lying upstairs in the bed, listening to the school activities going on outside. She knew she had nearly lost something which had become very dear to her. She was going to make sure it never happened again. She was sore from her punishment, but she would have accepted worse to stay in the club, and she was grateful to be here.

A few minutes later, the first girls arrived and within a couple of minutes, they were all there. As usual Sylvia came in last, locking the door behind her. Sam immediately realised there was an excited air of expectancy in the room. Clearly the girls were looking forward to the induction with anticipation. He had noticed most of them smile at Lizzie curled in the armchair in the corner. Not only that, he noticed that the girls, while chatting about their day, and the girly politics of the school, were undressing as if it was the most natural thing in the world. He smiled quietly to himself. His earlier fears evaporating like dawn mist on a summer’s morning.

Sam called them to order. “Right, girls, I have a number of things for you today. First of all, the stairs leading to the new Clubhouse have been completed today. The builders are starting on the inside renovations tomorrow.” There was an excited stir. This was sooner than they had expected. “Next, I had an idea last

week about how The Club should be run. It's your Club, not mine. So I have decided there should be a leader. This will help as The Club grows. One of you should lead, be the point of contact, discuss issues, 'Head Girl' if you like. I have my own ideas, but I want you to vote on this in a secret ballot." They all looked around, chatting quietly, smiling and nodding.

Sam had prepared some slips of paper and handed them around together with some pencils. "Write the name of the person, who you think should be your leader, on the paper, then fold it and put it on the table." They all quickly scribbled onto and folded the papers. "If there isn't a two thirds majority, we will hold a second vote," he said, picking up the ballot papers. Opening them one at a time, smoothing them out on the table, he soon had a wry smile. Finally, when he had opened them all, he looked around the room and announced. "It is almost unanimous. Every vote bar one was for Sally." Sam didn't add the exception was in Sally's hand writing and said, "Lizzie". Sam knew for sure now The Club members, like himself had recognised Sally's new found leadership qualities.

He announced the result and there was a round of applause. Sam beckoned her to come forward. Standing in bare feet before him, naked, she looked inches taller than she had done as the bullied girl of a week ago. Sam reached up and unclipped her choker necklace, so precious to every member. He carefully placed it on the table, where lay a long sleek box. He lifted it's lid and emptied the contents into the palm of his hand. It was wrapped in tissue paper. As he removed the paper, they could see it was a similar choker to the one Sam had just removed, but this was solid gold. There was a collective gasp. All the girls stepped forward surrounding Sally, congratulating her, and fingering the new necklace. Everyone was grinning. After a few minutes, Sam asked for some quiet, and they resumed their seats.

"Next," continued Sam "after what happened with Lizzie," he glanced across at her, seeing her blush a little at the reference to her transgression, "I have decided we need someone in charge of discipline. This won't be me or Miss. P. It will be one of you. They will instruct the new members in the rules and make sure none of them are broken. They will be authorised by me to impose minor punishments if members don't do their homework, or neglect their duties. They will also put members right if someone needs correcting, and I don't need to be informed. I was wondering who the very best person would be to take on this task, and I decided that Lizzie would be perfect." Every eye in the room looked across at the abashed Lizzie, still curled in her chair, now hiding her face behind her hands.

"So," continued Sam, "I propose Lizzie, may I have a show of hands, unless anyone wants to propose someone else." There was a moment's hesitation, then, one by one, every hand in the room was raised.

"Excellent," smiled Sam, "Lizzie would you come over here please?" She uncurled herself and carefully stood, pressing her hands onto the chair arms, and limped over to where Sally had stood a moment before. She shrugged off the towelling robe and let it drop to the floor. She understood all The Club presentations were conducted naked, demonstrating their equality and that the recipient had nothing to hide. All the members could now see the damage to her thighs from last night's punishment, and felt some sympathy for the poor girl. Sam reached up and unclipping her choker, took up the other box lying on the table, and taking it's contents, reached around and clipped it together behind her neck. This time, the plates on the choker alternated between solid gold and silver. It looked wonderful. The most precious thing Lizzie had ever owned.

Again all the members gathered round admiring the choker and congratulated her on her new, important role in the running of The Club. Sam looked at his watch. Twenty minutes had passed and he was conscious that Sandy's induction would take at least another twenty minutes.

He asked Miss. P. to bring the scales. Quickly, Vera and Vicky were weighed, followed by Hannah. Miss. P. read the figures out. In the last week, Vicky and Vera had both lost seven pounds, and Hannah had gained eight. Sam had to concur and join in with the applause that followed. They had all worked hard and were now beginning to get the results they deserved.

"At this rate," smiled Sam, "Vicky and Vera will be inducted the week after next." Everyone applauded again. He was certainly beginning to see the new attractive figures of the, previously porky, girls emerging, and was looking forward to fucking them both when the time came.

Sam stood again and said. "Before we have the induction, I have another little announcement to make." There was a hush. The Club members had found that Sam's 'little announcements' tended to be really

interesting. “Today, I received this letter.” Sam held up the piece of paper he had just pulled from a folder on the table. ”What it says is Mandy and Sandy have had their wish granted.” There were a lot of puzzled faced around the room. Sam smiled. “No that’s not what it actually says. What it says is they have been invited to join the State Junior gymnastics team from the start of next term. What it doesn’t say, but I can promise, they won’t be asked to do anything they don’t want to, or for, the coaches, to stay in the team. I have also had assurances that when they reach the qualifying age, they will join the senior State team. They will be given the chance when the time comes to compete for a place in the national team, and if successful, through their own merit, the Olympics. You have had your wish come true.”

There was a pause in the room, as the full impact of what Sam had said sank home, and suddenly the room erupted with clapping and cheering. Everyone surrounded Sandy and Mandy patting them on the back and congratulating them. Sam reached over to the shelf, and pulled down the two Junior State Team leotards which he had shown to them the previous week, and presented them to the two girls. They hugged Sam, tears of joy falling down their cheeks. He just enjoyed cupping their naked little bottoms while they clung to him for several minutes, while the applause from their friends caressed the two of them.

Miss. P. tapped her watch, and gave Sam a meaningful look. Time was pressing. Sam stood and slipped off his sweats. He moved to one of the roof support pillars, and untied a cord fixed to a bracket. It had held two ropes and two straps. The ropes had gymnastic rings spliced to their ends, whilst the straps were the same ones Sam had used last Tuesday, to hold Hannah’s legs apart, when he had fucked her for the first time. These were all suspended from one of the main roof beams in a line. It had taken Sam some time to get them to the correct length and spaced exactly right. The two outer ones, the straps, their looped ends about a foot from the floor, the inner two, the rings, about four feet higher. Everyone watched, as Sandy stepped forward, carefully placed a floor mat down before putting her feet into the two web strap loops, and held the higher rings with her hands for support. As she took her whole weight on her hands, her feet swung forward together, above the floor. She repeatedly pulled and pushed the rings, building some momentum. She was swinging back and forth, almost touching the roof with her feet, as she swung higher and higher up. Her taught body muscles were rippling with the effort. Just as quickly, she slowed, and again taking her weight on her arms, brought her feet vertically beneath her, in a graceful pose.

Sam stepped forward, and sat on the mat just in front of Sandy, and laying on his back, slid along, so his hips were under her feet. In this well practiced manoeuvre, as soon as Sam was in position, Sandy lowered her body, this time letting her feet, supported by the strap loops, take her weight, splay out sideways. Her beautiful mounded pudendum flowered wide open, as it lowered, as it neared his waiting cock. Her hands were now about level with the top of her head, her arms easily holding her weight. Sam in the meantime held his cock, and pointing it directly upwards, adjusted his position, so as she continued to lower herself, his cock, now pouring pre-cum, pressed against her, wide open, pussy. They had adjusted the ropes so that at this point her legs were horizontal, the web looped straps holding her feet comfortably. Her lowering continued. She was very wet, from anticipation, a little KY jelly, and Sam’s pre-cum from the long rehearsal they had enjoyed earlier. Slowly, oh so slowly, she now lowered herself, Sam’s cock slipping into her tight vagina, down, down. Finally, Sandy’s vulva pushed against Sam’s pubis. His cock buried completely inside her tight pussy. The only point of contact between them was his cock and her cunt. By this time, her legs, perfectly straight, were bent upwards at her hips, so her feet were about a foot above the line of her pussy or their point of contact.

In this position, all the girls, now crowded round, had an uninterrupted view of Sam’s Cock and Sandy’s vagina, where they joined.

They paused for a moment, before Sandy pulled herself upwards with her hands, pulling on the rings above her, lifting up off his cock. Her pussy looked as though it was turning inside out as she raised herself. Six inches up, she nearly pulled off him, before dropping back down. As she did, her feet were pulled up again by the straps, her pink clitty now dipping into her pussy, dragged in by Sam’s cock.

Sandy pulled up, and dropped again, a little faster this time, and up and down. She had practised this several times and now intended to enjoy it to the full. She had the control of the pace, rhythm and intensity of this incredibly sexy act, which only someone with her amazing gymnastic capabilities could even consider attempting. She grunted with the effort each time she lifted herself. Soon, she knew, those grunts would become orgasmic. She already felt the tingle deep inside her nine year old body, as she allowed Sam’s cock to pound into her cervix each time she dropped. Sandy, though, wanted more. She wanted Sam to enjoy this

more than any other induction or Club fuck he had had. She wanted to thank him for what he had done for her and Mandy in getting them into the state team.

Sam was watching her closely. He knew she was enjoying this intensely. Small beads of perspiration formed on her forehead armpits and, surprisingly, under her areolæ, where her boobs would one day be, but he knew it wasn't from effort, but from her arousal. He noticed the tension in her thighs and biceps as she continued to lift and drop onto him. This had to be one for the most erotic fucks of his life. Her pussy was incredibly tight on his cock. It gripped, squeezed, massaged and pulsed on him. He had been able to slip into her easily, not because she was large down there, she was only nine, but because she was so well lubricated in preparation for this induction as well as the position she was in. As a result, her vagina pulled and pushed on him, extending and compressing him each cycle. He could feel her hard cervix bumping against his crown each time she dropped, just giving a little, caressing his sensitive spot. He knew he couldn't go deeper, as he had with her half sister, Mandy, although he would have loved that.

Sandy started to twitch, and twist slightly as she lifted and dropped. Sam knew she was approaching her climax, and it was going to coincide beautifully with his own. She suddenly snorted. Her muscles shaking with the effort. Her eyes screwed up tight. Sam's orgasm arrived the instant hers did. At that very moment, Sandy's fingers slipped on the rings, losing their grip, as she plunged on her downward motion and she let go, her full weight dropping directly onto Sam's cock head. Sam felt a sudden intense stab of pain, and then as his pulsing orgasm continued, he realised he was completely inside her. How was it possible. He neither knew nor cared just then. His ejaculation had been immense, and he knew all of it had gone deep into the child's womb. Deep, deep inside her pulsating body.

Sam had needed to steady the girl as she had dropped and instinctively clasped her hips. Her legs were still stuck out sideways, clasped as they were in the straps, her feet high in the air. Her full weight was resting on his pubis. Sam could feel the pulsing of the child's orgasm continue in diminishing spasms on his cock, and the shaking of her muscles against his palms. His own climax slowed and calmed at a similar pace, her final spasm squeezing the last of his semen from him.

Finally, Sandy's eyes popped open. She looked down at Sam, then around at her friends. Slowly the brightest smile lit up the room, as the full feeling of her post orgasmic pleasure swept over her. "Wow", she said, "fucking wow. I have got to do that again. Fucking wow."

Sam smiled as he lifted his hips, raising her, so she could reach up again for the rings above her head, allowing her to pull herself off him, with a loud sucking and popping sound. In a swift pre-arranged movement, Sam slid along the floor mat, out from under the child and made room for Miss. P. to slide her face under Sandy's pudenda. Sandy gently lowered herself onto the face of her favourite teacher. Sylvia's mouth opened and sucked in the whole of the little girl's distended vulva, as the child pressed her weight down. Her legs, still in the straps, again spread out in an obscenely erotic move, pulling her entire pussy wide open, allowing a vast amount of cum inside Sandy to start being pulled down by suction and gravity. Already, Sandy could feel Miss.P's tongue arousing her clitty, and a small echo of climax once again washed over her.

Sam was sitting on the mat beside them now, still recovering from one of the best climaxes of his entire life. He looked up at Mandy, who was looking across at him and nodded down towards Miss. P. Mandy didn't need telling twice, and scooted over between the teacher's spread legs, and gently started to lick Sylvia's cunt out. Soon Sylvia was cuming gently as her clit received the attention it so craved as her mouth slowly sucked out the spent cum from the child's tiny, pink, swollen cunt.

Sam stood, and picked up the long slender box on the table, and opening it, took out the silver choker. He turned back to Sandy, who was now panting, her head bowed forward, beads of sweat on her silky skin. She was motionless, other than an occasional tremor and her heavy breathing. She was still hanging from the rings, her legs splayed out each side. Miss. P. was finishing cleaning her pussy, the tongue making sure nothing was missed. As Sam moved to place it around her neck, she looked up at him in an adoring expression of love. He had transformed her young life in the few days she had known him and she loved him for it. If ever he asked her to do something for him, anything at all, she would do it.

Sam looked around the room. He hadn't noticed any movement, but all the girls were on hands and knees, having arranged themselves into a circle about them. Each girl had her face pressed into the bottom of the girl in front, licking and fingering them. Moans and grunts were coming from them all by now. Suddenly, an

alarm clock on the phone in Miss. P's bag went off. She had set it to warn them when it was five minutes to six. Time to get dressed, ready for the mother's to collect their innocent daughters from their after school club.

In a blur of activity, they were soon dressed, hair combed, belongings assembled and ready to go home. Lizzie held up her hand, and all the girls looked at her expectantly. "Twenty," she said, "that makes Hannah the winner." Sam looked puzzled, while Hannah walked over to Lizzie, who handed her a small pile of one Dollar bills.

Sandy raised her hand and coughed to announce she wanted to say something. Sam knew what was coming. "As it was my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules." She glanced at Lizzie with a cheeky grin, "Yes all five of the Club rules." The group giggled with her. "Also, Sam, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.

A knock on the door announced it was time to go, and soon the girls had all left except Miss. P. and Lizzie, who were tidying things up. Suddenly another tap on the door, and Ellie popped her head in. "Er, Sam, would you be around for a quick chat first thing in the morning, I wanted a quiet word?"

"Sure Ellie," he answered "anything special?"

"No," she said, "just a couple of things about the trip. Oh and by the way," she paused, smiling, as he gave her a quizzical look, "you need to open some windows in here, it smells like there's been an orgy. See you in the morning" She grinned, a bright twinkle in her eyes, and was gone.

Sam smiled. He really was growing to like Ellie. As he walked back in, he glanced at Lizzie's bruised thighs, and admired how she seemed to manage to bend while helping Sylvia, without complaint. She needed to have another good night's sleep. He would make sure Sylvia gave her a full dose of the sleeping potion. Besides, he might like to fuck her up the ass again later.

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CHAPTER 38
Tuesday Night – Celine's Indiscretion

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The evening passed quickly, and after they had eaten and watched a Disney show with Lizzie, started making preparations for bed. Sam realised that Sylvia had moved in. Nothing had been said, it had just happened. That would keep Marjorie going for a few days. Sam smiled. He didn't mind at all. In fact he wondered if she might like to get married. Their mutual support and cover seemed to be working very well for them both, a baby would be good cover too. "Paris was a nice wedding venue", he thought.

Sam changed into his work clothes, as Sylvia and Lizzie stripped for bed. He kissed them both on the lips, and left them to their girlie cuddles.

Before he started work, though, he had one little job to do. He drove his truck out to the trailer park, and leaving it a short distance away from the entrance, cut through the perimeter hedge and navigated the few trees surrounding the trailers. He quickly located Dolly's, and sat under cover, in deep shadow. Looking at his watch, he knew he had timed it well, confirmed when he saw the lights of a car sweep through the trees, coming to a halt outside Dolly's trailer. It was Celine's car, as he'd expected. She got out and knocked on the door. Dolly opened it, and let her in.

A minute or two later, Dolly stepped out, and speaking into the open door said, "I'll get off to work then. Could you let yourself out when you're finished with her, and lock the door as usual when you leave?" An "OK" came from inside, and the door was closed. In seconds, Dolly had started her car and driven off.

Sam waited several minutes, before stealthily approaching the trailer. A single window was lit from inside. The curtains had been pulled roughly closed, but a gap of a couple inches enabled Sam to see clearly inside. Jasmine was lying naked on a bed just beneath the window. Her shiny brown skin looked silky and

soft. Her feet were drawn up to her bottom, and her knees were splayed out sideways, lying flat on the bed in a position only young girls seemed to be able to achieve. Her pussy was spread open, and a little moisture could be seen running out from her vagina into the valley between the cheeks of her bottom She had a warm smile on her face. She obviously liked Celine, and what she wanted to do to her.

Getting his camera out, Sam started to capture what was going on and, more important to him, every detail of the little girl's body. Her pink cunt, so light in contrast to the dark brown of the rest of her body. Her, almost black, areolæ surrounding her tiny, but proud, little nipples. Celine had slowly undressed. Sam had to admit that despite her long jet black hair and in contrast, chalky white skin tone, reminding him again of Morticia, she had a remarkably good body for someone in her fifties. Sam photographed her anyway. A good one for the album.

In an obviously well rehearsed action, Celine stepped to the foot of the bed, and as she did so, Jasmine pulled her knees up either side of her ears, laid her palms on the backs of her thighs, and using her finger tips, pulled herself open as far as her pussy could stretch. Celine knelt on and slid up the bed, her tongue pressing straight into Jasmine's eight year old pussy. Celine spent several minutes licking, tasting, probing and caressing the girl's vagina with her tongue, Sam could see she had an arm under, and from her movements was, masturbating herself.

After about ten minutes, the two changed places in, again what appeared to be, a practiced move. It was then only a matter of a minute before Celine exploded in a massive orgasmic climax. She was thrusting her pussy hard into the eight year old child's mouth, her own face screwed up in what looked like agony, but clearly from the noises was ecstasy.

Sam had confirmed what he'd suspected, captured some great photos, and decided it was time to go, leaving quietly the way he'd come.

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CHAPTER 39
Wednesday, early hours – Watson comes to call

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He worked a long shift, catching up on some of the jobs accumulated over the last few days. Finally, he was done for the night and locked his stuff away in the Janitor's store in the main building, and had a quick wash. He was pensive as he walked across the yard towards his quarters. Certainly he looked forward to slipping into Lizzie's bottom in a few minutes time. He was almost at the corner of the main school building, when suddenly, his senses were on alert. It was about two in the morning. He never ignored this instinct. It had saved his life more than once. He froze, pressing against the brickwork, eyes scanning. He saw it, a shadow, darker than the night, movement, stealthy movement. Someone trying to be invisible. They were moving towards the door at the back of his workshop. Sam knew it was locked. He moved like a cat along the brick wall, moving to the other side. He wanted to enter by the main door, and be hidden ready for whoever it was by the time they managed to crack the door lock.

Inside, he quickly and silently moved behind the door, picking up a large piece of steel tube, about the size and weight of a pickaxe handle. The door moved slightly, edging open. A creak of a floor board warned Sam of the intruder's position. The barrel of a gun appeared in the gloom, a hand, gloved in black, an arm extended. Sam was tempted to smash the gun from the hand, but knew the intruder may bolt for it and return another day; he waited. Finally the intruder, facing into the room presented Sam with the chance to overcome him, which he did by way of a calculated blow to a target spot just above his ear. Enough to drop him, but not kill, the man went down. By the time he came to his senses, he was sitting on the floor, tied to a roof support post, hands and feet secured with twisted lengths of fence wire. His gun was on the table.

Sam had now switched the light on and moving to the man, pulled off the balaclava he was wearing on his head. He was the same man he'd seen in the car park the night Steve was killed. He was about thirty, fit looking, dark haired, alert, probably ex military. After about twenty minutes, he came round. Sam gave him time to regain his senses before saying, "You would be Watson, I presume?" Sam looked at the man, who showed considerable surprise at being identified. "I'll take that as a yes," said Sam, drawing a stool up and

perching himself on it, “now let’s have a little chat.” The man rolled his eyes, watching Sam tapping the steel tube into the palm of his left hand.

“I assume Webber sent you,” said Sam. “The Thompson Twins failed, so he sent you.” Again Watson, still silent, showed considerable surprise. “He didn’t,” continued Sam, “if not him, then whom?”

Watson, now spoke for the first time. “I came for my own reasons. You saw me when I took down your pal Bandon. I was just tidying up any loose ends.” He looked up at Sam and smiled. “The only people who know my working name are clients. How did you know who I was?” His eyes narrowed. He wanted to know.

“Let’s just say Morgan let the cat out of the bag,” said Sam, “or at least his last payment to you did. Five big ones.”

Watson nodded in understanding. “Ah, that was you was it? And the twins?” Sam nodded to both questions. “What’s a school janitor getting mixed up with drug cartels and fixers like me?” Watson asked in genuine puzzlement.

“Let’s say I wasn’t always a janitor,” said Sam. “I did my time like you overseas. Now we need to decide what to do about you. For a start you killed my best friend Steve.” A look of alarm swept over Watson’s face. “The way I see it,” continued Sam, “is we have a couple of choices, My life always seems to be about choices. I could call the cops, I could put a bullet through your head, or you and I could come to, how should I say, an arrangement.”

Watson nodded. “Go on,” he said, “I’m listening.”

“How about this for an idea. You only allow clients to know who you are right?” Watson nodded again. “OK,” continued Sam, “Let’s say I became a client. You wouldn’t need to silence me then, would you? And, I’d have to stay silent because I’d become a client and given you a contract!” More surprise showed on Watson’s face. Sam rustled in his pocket, and pulled out a single Dollar bill. “Here’s your contract fee,” he said, tucking it under Watson’s gun on the table. “Now I want you to pay a little visit on Mr. Webber, and do unto him, what he will want to do unto me if he were to live.” Sam’s eyes narrowed, and leaned towards Watson. “The alternatives wouldn’t be pleasant for you, and would only result in me having to deal with Webber myself anyway. What do you say?”

Watson’s brow furrowed. Tonight had been full of surprises. In his experience, clients had sometimes ended their lives as hits, but this was the first time one of his hits had become a client. He smiled. “I think we have a deal Mr. Janitor! But, what’s in it for me?”

“You owe me a life,” said Sam, “an eye for an eye. My friend Steve. What you get out of it is your freedom and a chance to spend that $5m rather than a bullet and a lonely grave. Oh, and the Dollar bill, of course.” Sam smiled. “Do this, and I’ll call it evens. You’ll need to know his address,” said Sam, loosening the wire ties holding Watson’s hands.

“No need,” replied Watson, “I have an appointment with him in the morning. I think he wants to become a client. I wonder who he wants hit?” He smiled meaningfully at Sam. “How do you know I won’t just accept his contract and come back and finish the job? Actually, I’m not that sort. I am a professional, I have accepted your contract. But how do you know I wouldn’t?”

“Well,” said Sam, nodding towards his camera, still positioned from The Club activities earlier, “that’s recorded everything we’ve said and uploaded it to a site on the web I have. It is programmed to download to media organisations if I don’t set a trigger code every few weeks.” It was bullshit, but Watson didn’t know that.

Watson nodded. “Well it doesn’t matter, because strange as it may sound, people like me have a code, a professional integrity. A sort of honour among thieves attitude to our work. The job will be done, and you will not hear from me again after I confirm the contract is complete. Let me have your mobile number, I will WhatsApp you when it’s done.”

By now, Watson had untwisted the wire around his ankles, and after rubbing the circulation back into his feet, stood. Sam, taking a risk, indicated the gun and Dollar laying on the table. Watson walked over, picked

them up. He see-sawed them in his hands, as if making a decision, then putting them in his jacket pocket, moved to the door, opened it and was gone.

Sam breathed out, the tension falling from him. He pulled out the gun he'd tucked into his belt at the small of his back and tossed it onto the table. The same gun Watson had shot Steve with and then lost in the car park the other night. The other precaution he'd taken before letting Watson pick the gun up that had been lying on the Dollar bill was to take the round out of the chamber, so had Watson tried anything, Sam had the upper hand.

Sam put the lights out, and climbed the stairs. He expected dawn to be shining through the window. Looking at his watch though, he realised Watson had only been here about forty five minutes, no more.

He stripped off, and got into bed. The weight of Lizzie and Sylvia dipping the bed pulled him towards the centre, where he came up against Lizzie's lovely back, bottom and thighs. Sam wasted no time. He reached for the KY jelly, and applied a generous amount to his foreskin and crown, before inserting his greasy finger into the little girl's anus and on into her, twisting it, making sure she was ready for him to fuck. Positioning himself, he carefully pulled her butt apart with his palms, and used his finger tips to open her anus as far as possible. Pressing his tip to her, he felt her dilate almost immediately. She was so unconscious with the drug, there was no reflex action clamping on him. He felt her dilate more, and suddenly his head popped through her sphincter and into her buttery passage. He paused a few seconds, then pressing gently, but firmly, he slid into her. All the way, six and a half inches. No shit in his way this time. She was so tight on him. He loved it. After the stress of Watson's unexpected visit, he needed this. Sam pulled half out, and pushed back in. Then again, a little further. After half a dozen strokes, he was fucking her the full length of his cock. His pace sped up and the bed rocked and creaked. All too soon, he felt his scrotum tighten, his lower stomach tense, and a surge up his cock, as his climax exploded deep inside the child. It was a tense releasing climax, one that washed away his cares. He felt he was falling, descending, as he fell into a deep well earned sleep. He never heard Sylvia asking him if it had been a good one.

Sam awoke. He was aware of several things. Firstly dawn was just breaking, secondly he had a hard erection, thirdly he was still balls deep in Lizzie's ass, and finally that she was moving against his body. He lay still for a few seconds taking it all in. Then he realised it wasn't Lizzie moving, but Sylvia taking her fun with the young child. She was pulling and pushing her fingers into Lizzie's cleft, which in turn Sam could feel against his cock. She was also rubbing her pussy up and down the girls thigh. This was just so erotic to Sam, slowly being brought off by one person, unaware he was awake, and balls deep in the child's ass. His orgasm approached sooner than he expected, and he blasted deep into the child's bowels, spurt after spurt, pulse after pulse, adding to the huge amount already deposited there a few hours earlier.

Sylvia finally climaxed, and after her breathing calmed, rolled over facing away from them. Soon, Sam heard her gentle snores. He carefully pulled his, now flaccid, cock from Lizzie's bottom, rolled out of bed and into the bathroom. After he had peed, shaved and showered, he came back to the room with a warm damp cloth, and cleaned the semen and small smear of shit that had leaked from Lizzie's anus. He dressed and went out to make his early rounds, unlocking the school gates and buildings.

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CHAPTER 40
Wednesday Morning – Ellie's idea and Celine's Counsel

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At about eight o'clock, he made a coffee and sat outside his workshop, where he could usually be found on a sunny morning when the kids started to arrive. His phone tinged. Pulling it out, he noticed a "number unknown" message in his WhatsApp inbox. Opening it, it read: "Webber seems to have had an untimely heart attack. My condolences to his daughter. He was in her bed at the time. Fortunately for her she doesn't know I visited. Slept right through it. RIP."

A few minutes later, Sam spotted Ellie walking across the yard towards him, holding each of her daughters' hands. She stopped and bent down and said something to her girls, kissed them both, and smiled as they skipped away towards reception. Happy girls. She watched them for a second or two before turning back and coming over to Sam. She smiled. Sam could see she was so much more relaxed and happy than the

woman of a week ago, who couldn't afford to get her hot water fixed and knew the man who had fixed it had molested her girls. "Hi Sam," she said, "how's it going?"

"Hi Ellie," he replied, "great as it happens. Just had some good news from a friend. What can I do for you? Let's go in, I'll fix you a coffee."

Ellie sat down in his armchair, while Sam made her coffee. Sam was observant. She had got some new clothes and shoes on, not expensive but nice, her dark dyed hair had been styled, the ginger roots gone, and her nails looked as if she had been to a manicurist.

"You look really pretty today, Ellie. Special occasion?" He said.

"Not really," she looked at him, "I have looked a drab for so long, I just wanted to spoil myself for once. It wasn't a lot. Harrison's have a sale on so I treated myself. Spend $100 and get a free hairdo and nail job!"

"Well you look great."

She smiled again, "Thanks, Sam," she looked pensively at him, "you know what I said to you the other day; you know, about not agreeing with what you are doing to my girls." He nodded. "Well I have to say, I've sort of changed my mind. After they came back from camp on Monday, they have been transformed. I can't believe the change that's come over them. Since they joined your Club, they have been different people, confident, happy, chatty, helpful at home, even do their homework without prompting. That's a first. Amber in particular. I saw the choker you gave her and I assume you fucked her." Sam winced at her words. He went to respond, but she shook her head and smiled at him. "No, I'm not here to shout at you or tell you to stop, Sam. Quite the reverse. My girls are so happy, I can't get over the change. You have helped us with money, you have given the girls a fatherly guide, a camping trip they loved, a trip to Europe they can't wait for and a group of friends they never stop talking about and now they never seem to stop smiling. I came over to thank you." She looked around the room, as if seeking the right words a slightly embarrassed look on her face. "I can tell you Sam that despite what I thought before, I now agree with how you have set up The Choices Club how it benefits the girls and their families and what you do for them. I had my doubts about fucking the kids, but you have converted me now. I am in your camp. So I want to ask you two things." He raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"Firstly Sam," she continued, "could you tell me in detail, how you fucked Amber? I want to know absolutely everything. If she enjoyed it as much as I think she did, I want you to tell me."

Sam was amazed at how this conversation was going. "And the other thing," he asked, "you said there were two things?"

"Yes," Ellie looked at him, "I think I can do something for you. Now that I know how The Club is benefiting mine and the other girls, and what happens, I am far happier than before. I know several of the mothers wonder what happens in The Club, like I did. There is a wall of secrecy from all the girls. Well the mothers are beginning to talk. Talk leads to speculation and rumour, and rumour can be damaging. I don't want The Club to close. No I want to make sure it succeeds and grows. It's too important for my girls, their education, their happiness, and frankly our finances. And anyway Sam, I've noticed and I suspect one or two other mothers have, semen stains on my girls panties. So I have an idea. When we go on our trip to Prague, let me make sure they all have a fantastic time. You might have to help me with an expenses account, though. Get them to see all the sights, have wonderful meals at the top restaurants, drink champagne, perhaps buy some special gifts for them. You, or Miss. P., can give me some ideas about that. Then when they are in the palm of my hand, I will sound them out, one at a time, about The Club, and you, and how their lives and their daughters' lives have improved and what it would mean to them if The Club closed one day. You see where I'm going with this Sam?" He nodded.

"Well, I know what words to use and what to say. I even know which of the mothers will need careful handling on this. But I will, in a round about way ask them how they feel, really feel about the idea of their daughters having sex with you. I think once I've got over that one, over a little time I will be able to bring them round to the same way I now think about you and The Club and how it benefits all of us. What do you think, Sam?"

“Bloody hell, Ellie,” said Sam, reeling at the dangers she could be exposing him to, “I’m not sure this is such a good idea. I mean, it only needs one of them to refuse to accept the idea, and the whole Club is blown.”

“Don’t worry Sam. I know how to put it to them, and I am sure when they’ve thought about it for a while, they will come to the same conclusion I did. That’s why it’s best to do this in Prague, so they can’t over react and then regret it later. Leave it with me would you? Now you were going to tell me about Amber. Every last detail please.”

Sam took the last swallow of his coffee, then gave Ellie a long detailed account of the camping trip, how the girls went swimming with him, how he had brought them both to a climax on numerous occasions, but especially their first time under the waterfall. The deep oral sex Amber had given and received and finally Amber’s first time. How she had laid on his tummy, fallen asleep, and awakened just as he entered her body, and her subsequent explosive climax and, finally, induction. Just for fun, he exaggerated and embellished his story to make Ellie really aroused. Sam glanced across at her. She was partly hidden by the arm rest, but he could see from her movements and facial expressions that she must be masturbating herself. Her eyes were screwed up, a half smile on her face. He could see she had pushed her slacks down and got flashes of her ginger stubble as her hands worked into her panties. Sam liked Ellie, and wanted her to enjoy herself, so continued expanding on how her elder daughter had felt to him inside and her tightness and damp arousal. All of a sudden, Ellie sounded as if she was choking, she trembled, face puce, her legs shot out straight, feet off the ground, as she grunted into her orgasm, hands moving rapidly in her crotch. Finally she calmed and after a minute or two, opened her eyes and looked across at Sam and smiled sheepishly, clearly embarrassed.

“Fuck Sam,” she stuttered, “but you know how to tell a story, and that was a good one. Can I ask you something?” Sam nodded. “When you go to Paris, would you fuck Sophie gently for me? And when you come home, could you tell me about it, you know, in detail, like just now?” Sam couldn’t believe his ears. This kind, loving, caring mother had just asked him to fuck her seven year old little girl and then come home and relate a full account to her, so she could have her jollies! Well he was no saint, and come to think of it, he thought, if you could get inside everyone’s heads, who was? Perhaps Ellie was just more honest than most in admitting what she wanted.

Later that morning, Sam called into the office to see Celine to give his weekly report on ongoing maintenance and pick up instructions on new work needing to be done. Celine was pleased as usual to see him, and they chatted for a few minutes. He moved to leave, and opening the door, noticed Marjorie wasn’t at her desk, so closed it again and turned back.

“I’ve got a couple of things to put to you.” She looked at him puzzled. “You’ve got a school board meeting coming soon. I know you’ll be electing two new governors to fill the vacancies from Morgan’s and Webber’s resignations. You won’t have heard yet, but Webber died this morning. Bad heart, or something. I hear old Mike Smith is retiring after forty years on the board, so that makes three. I have three names I would like to propose for election. They are Miss. P., Mrs. Ellie Chambers and me. Would you be willing to enter them for us.”

She smiled and nodded. “Sure Sam, of course, what was the other thing?”

“Celine, I think you and I have a pretty good relationship, wouldn’t you say? We get on together, fix things for each other and kind of watch each other’s backs. She looked at him wondering where this was going and nodded.

“I mean,” he continued, ”we both could have lost our jobs with Morgan and Webber on our cases. We found those knives and the drugs haul. In return, you also covered for me on a number of occasions when my P.T.S.D. was making me take time off once or twice, and the school board wanted me dismissed. So I think I can do something for you.” He paused, and took a USB memory stick out of his pocket and placed it on her desk. “I’m no saint, Celine, god knows, that’s true. But can I give you a little word of advice, friend to friend? Have a quick look at that.” She was really looking perplexed now. She picked up the memory stick and plugged it into her computer, and opened the one directory in it. She gave a sharp intake of breath and, if it was possible, turned even more pale when the first high resolution picture appeared on the screen.

“Celine, if you’re going to fuck underage girls, be discreet about it, don’t do it with someone and somewhere you’re likely to be found out. The school child prostitute in her own home, with the drapes open, wasn’t a

good idea. Now I give you a promise, I won't mention this again to you, or anyone else, ever. I won't hold this over you, judge you, blackmail you or even tell you to stop fucking little girls. I just ask one thing in return;" he paused and looked at her pointedly, she raised her eyebrows questioningly. "If you ever hear anything bad about me, you'll remember what I've done for you today, let me know, and cover for me too, deal?" She didn't trust herself to speak, just closed her eyes slowly and nodded silently. When she opened them again, he was gone.

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CHAPTER 41
Wednesday Afternoon – Karen's Induction.

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Karen's induction was nothing, if not spectacular! She had spoken to Mandy, and somehow bribed her to step aside to allow her to have her induction first. Sam only realised this when, having set up the gym equipment for Mandy's night, the two girls arrived early for the meeting together and explained to Sam that Mandy would have hers the following night. After all the rehearsals, Sam was a little disappointed, but when Karen explained what she wanted, he was placated, then rather excited and agreed. In fact, Mandy didn't care, she had been 'rehearsing' every day. Inspired by watching Sandy's induction the night before, Karen had come up with an ambitious plan. They spent the next twenty minutes, before the other members arrived, setting up ready.

When the time came, they had the usual talk, about Paris, as always. Sam had arranged for a photographer to come in the next Saturday morning to take the passport photos of the girls and their mothers. He gave each of them an envelope with a time written on the outside for the photo. He wanted to get the passports quickly, as he needed them to apply for the visas. Inside the envelopes was a passport application form for each of them. He had visited Paddy earlier and told him about the Club and the trip to Europe. Paddy was enthusiastic and said Jenny and Emily would be there to have their pictures taken. While he was on, he also gave Sam details of the funeral the following week. He asked Sam if he would present the eulogy. Paddy and Sam had completed the application for adoption. A retired judge friend of Paddy's, from his police days, had said it could be fast tracked, and to let him know when the time came, so he could have 'a word' for him.

Moving on with the meeting, Sam also wanted to know from each girl how they would like their rooms decorating in the new clubhouse. This discussion went on for a little while. Sam lost focus. This wasn't his thing at all, and left Miss. P. to deal with the details. He just wanted to get on and fuck the supercilious girl! She had prick teased him for long enough, both on camp and since returning.

When the time came for the induction, Sam released a cord around the pillar, holding ropes similar to last night's, except as the ropes hung from the beam, they could see it held a child's canvas playground swing seat as well as the two web straps with leg loops. A very large hole had been cut in the canvas seat. The ropes had been mounted to the roof beam three feet from the post, and the straps six feet apart, but almost above the post.

Karen, without asking, grabbed the KY jelly and squirted a dollop onto her fingers and pushed them up in between her legs. Sam by this time had moved to the post, with his back to it, as arranged. Karen stepped forward and wiped the remaining jelly around the head of Sam's now tumescent cock before settling herself into the seat, which looked a little low for Sam's cock. Next, she was helped by Miss. P. to slip her feet through the strap loops, which, as she put her weight on them, pulled her legs far apart. She then reached forward, where the ends of a rope tied around the post were hanging either side of Sam's waist. As Karen leaned back in the seat, she pulled on the two ropes, swinging herself upwards and forwards towards Sam. As their bodies met, she was now at exactly the right height.

Holding herself up against him, she waited while he rubbed his cock up and down her cleft, spreading his pre-cum along the inside of her labia, and especially into her vagina entry. With the jelly, her pussy was a slippery, slimy, glistening, dripping, beautiful target for Sam's cock. His foreskin was now pressed into her, and as she started to pull on the ropes, and swing forward, her legs were pulled further apart by the straps. He could feel the pressure of her pussy trying to swallow him into her. Suddenly, his crown popped through her tight ring, pulling back his foreskin as it did so, releasing a huge amount of pre-cum directly into her

passage. Karen paused, allowing her pussy to adjust to the intrusion of the largest cock she had fucked. Previously, it had only ever been her brother. He was only twelve, and his was nothing as nice as Sam's.

Sam was aware of the pressure on his cock, as she leaned further back, pulling on the ropes. He had agreed to stand absolutely still, with his back against the post, allowing her to have full control of this, one of the most exciting and unusual fucks of his life. Suddenly, she pulled harder and there was movement, as his cock started to slide into the ten year old. She felt fantastic to Sam, as her vagina slowly engulfed him. Tight, tight, oh so tight, just how he loved them. The pressure on his crown increasing, as it slid deeper and deeper into her. God there was nothing as good as young pussy. He didn't understand why every man wasn't a pædophile. Perhaps they were, and just didn't know it, or, more likely, admit it. One thing he knew for certain. If other men were only attracted to girls when they were upwards of one day over the legal age, they were deluding themselves.

Finally, Karen bumped her end against Sam's crown. She slackened the ropes a little, allowing her to fall back away from Sam a few inches, before pulling him in again, and out and in. She repeated this several times, when suddenly the itch, which had been building deep within her, turned to an intense desire that had to be sated, exploded into a cascade of lights behind her eyelids, as her orgasm swept through her in a climax of such magnitude she had never experienced before. Her muscles twitched and shook as the wonderful, wonderful sensations coursed through the whole of her body. She'd never felt such pleasure ever before.

She had always liked Sam, even as a young girl at the school. He had always been nice to her and her friends. When she heard about The Club from Lizzie, she just knew she had to join, whatever it took and whatever the cost. She hadn't wanted her friend, to be punished, but if she had been given the choice, she would have allowed it anyway, if it got her into The Club. Karen knew she had a selfish nature, but then that's the way she was.

Karen slowed down her movements, allowing her pulses to subside, as she fell into her post orgasmic malaise. Sam wasn't finished yet, and now took the initiative. This girl had continuously taunted and teased him on camp and now she was going to get some of her own medicine. Sam grabbed the ropes holding the swing seat, and pulled them hard towards him. His cock slammed hard into her again. Her eyes popped open in startled surprise. He immediately lowered her off him again, before pulling her onto him sharply again and again. Quickly he built up the pace. He was slamming into the ten year old at a metronomic rate. He was going to enjoy this and teach her a lesson at the same time. He knew Karen's nature, and that the world didn't entirely revolve around her, despite what she thought.

Sam pounded into the girl again and again. She was completely taken by surprise. She thought she'd been in control, taking her pleasure on Sam's body. She had got what she'd come for and now just wanted to sink into her blissful after fuck sleepy, tingly feeling of lovely, snugly, cozy, relaxing comfort. That was all swept away in an instant, as Sam slammed and pounded into her. He soon felt the stirrings deep down, as his scrotum tightened up, his lower tummy felt the movement, as he exploded into the girl. What surprised him though was that she suddenly put her arms around his neck, and pulled him to her, slipping out of the swing seat as she did, her weight hanging on her arms, her legs still pulled outwards by the straps. He also realised that she was cuming again. Her vagina was pulsing and massaging and squeezing and sucking his cock dry.

Finally, the pair of them were finished. Karen deep in her malaise at last, still clinging onto his neck, his cock still deep inside her, slowly loosing it's tumescence, slowly shrinking before finally slipping from her. Sam realised she was crying. At first he thought he must have hurt her.

He asked her what was wrong, and through sobs, she suddenly said, "Oh Sam, I am sorry, I have been so selfish. Just now I realised that The Club can give me everything I want. I don't need to take it, it's freely given. Please forgive me."

Sam chuckled, "I'm glad you said that Karen, it's worried me about you from the start. This Club is all about giving, not taking and that's the whole point of why we are friends here, and why The Club is so important to us all. Remember the rules of The Club, it's by giving everything we have that we in turn will receive more back in return." But it would be some weeks later, in London, when Karen would finally learn the painful lesson, which Sam had just tried to explain to her.

He gently lowered her back onto the swing seat, and disentangled her from the leg straps. She sat there for a few moments collecting her composure. She knew that the induction had changed her, and probably for the better. She was hardly aware of Miss. P. cleaning her up through the hole in the seat, nor the other girls caressing the teacher in very intimate ways.

Sam placed the choker around her neck and clicked it shut. It was the same one that her friend Lizzie had previously worn. Sam could see the irony in that.

Finally, Karen stood up on wobbly legs, cleared her throat. “As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.” There was a round of applause. Sam heard something which puzzled him. Lizzie asked Sally, “How many?” and the reply came “Fifteen.” A few moments later, Sally handed Hannah a small stack of one Dollar bills. A few minutes later it was time to leave. Sam wondered if he was up to sodomising Lizzie again tonight. “Oh well,” he thought, “I’ll worry about that later.”

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CHAPTER 42
Jenny and Emily’s Adoption

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Sam had kept in close contact with Paddy over the time since his friend’s untimely death. Paddy seemed to age visibly from one of Sam’s visits to the next, and it was obvious to them both that time was not on their side. So they wasted none of it in delaying submitting the adoption papers that Steve’s lawyer had drawn up. Sam was well known in the town anyway, and now as the main philanthropist supporting a childrens charity, The Choices Club, which every parent wished their daughters could join, approval was fast tracked through. As Sam was well known to the girls from his years of friendship to their father, and his frequent contact with them from working at their school, they had no problem in agreeing to spending time with him, getting to know him better. Besides, they knew he was fun. Their dad had once told them he wanted them to join The Club which he’d said Sam ran. A date was set for the adoption. It would be only a few days before they flew to Paris.

That following weekend, Sam suggested the girls spent the weekend with him. Sylvia had been invited by Ellie to join her for a girlie weekend. He noted Ellie’s girls were going too. They were going to a beauty spa resort, out of town, with Amber and Sophie. She’d said she wanted to talk to Ellie about how she was going to tackle the mothers in Prague, and try and ensure she had as much background as possible on each one of them, gleaned from their own knowledge as well as Marjorie’s school records.

Paddy was pleased. Pleased for the girls, but pleased he might get some well needed rest. The girls had exhausted him. They had slept with him from the start. He had been surprised at first, but he had enjoyed it. What surprised him most, though, was that they slept in just their panties. He paid it no heed. They were his grand-daughters after all. It was comforting to him. He hadn’t slept with anyone since their grandmother had died five years ago. Somehow he slept better than he had for years.

Sam had made up a bed on his settee, and didn’t mind the prospect of a couple of uncomfortable nights. He had enjoyed much rougher conditions in Afghanistan.

They had gone to the park for the afternoon, and played on the swings, slides and other playground equipment. He treated them to ice cream and soda. Later, they had gone to a movie, both taking turns in sitting in his lap, cuddling into ‘Uncle Sam’. He noticed they hadn’t let him out of their sight all afternoon. It was as if having lost their parents, and knowing Grandpa was really unwell, they didn’t want to lose him too. Later, when they got home, he had ordered in pizza, and they all sat on his made up settee bed, watching a DVD of a Shrek movie on TV.

After a while, Sam noticed they were beginning to look sleepy, eyes drooping, heads nodding, so he paused the DVD and suggested they had their shower, got ready for bed and then finished the movie. The girls looked anxiously at each other. Then Emily looked at Sam, worry in her face.

“Sam, will you come and stay with us while we shower, we’re frightened if you leave us alone”. Sam got up, and walked hand in hand with them to the bathroom. He sat on the lowered toilet lid, watching them absently while they undressed. There was nothing sexual in it, they were just two girls getting ready for bed. He had seen them both naked many times in the school showers downstairs, as well as fondling them both on camp. He thought back to last week when he had used the knockout drops to take advantage of the campers. He had licked them both thoroughly for several minutes between their legs, and run his tongue along each of their labia, tasting their sweat, little girl secretions and inhaling their natural odours. He had pushed his fingers far into their vaginas after seeing their hymens had long gone and even sunk his cock fully, all the way, into Emily. No, he knew these girls very well, in the biblical sense, and now, he just enjoyed this family moment, as he casually watched them undress in front of him.

They stepped together into the small shower cubicle. They squealed as they switched the water on and were hit by the first jet of cold water. After a moment, Jenny asked if Sam would wash her back for her. He walked across the room and knelt by the open glass door. He took the soap from her and lathering it up in his hands, ran his palms across her shoulders and down her spine, rubbing in little circles, as far as the top of her tiny bottom.

“Did your daddy do this for you Jenny?”

“Yes,” she said, “he did it for us every day. I loved him washing me. When we come to live with you, will you do it for us too? Grandpa won’t wash me the way Daddy did. I miss my daddy.”

Sam by now was washing her calves, working upwards with each sweep of his hands. He was about to ask her if she wanted to wash her own bottom, when she moved her feet well apart, and placing her hands on her knees, bent forwards, poking her bubble bottom towards him, in what was obviously a well practiced move. The crack of her bottom opened immediately, and Sam enjoyed studying her for a moment. Her anus was just open, and below it, her perineum, the peach shape of her plump little pudenda squeezed out towards him, framed by her thighs, her cleft running vertically down the centre.

Needing no prompting, Sam ran a hand down each of her globes, taking a lot longer than was necessary. He kneaded them apart, opening and closing her cleft between her plump labia lips. He ran his thumbs along the crease between her thighs and her vulva, gently massaging her. Finally, he ran his fingers through her cleft, pressing gently, feeling the dip of her vagina run across the pad of his finger tip, as he moved towards her clitty. As he rubbed through her cleft, he could feel her clit become firmer, it swelled, beading up, as it engorged. She was becoming aroused. She was only seven. He was amazed.

Sam removed his hands, not wanting to frighten the little girl. Jenny looked over her shoulder, still bent at the waist. A look of slight disappointment on her face. “Oh,” she muttered, “Daddy always took lots longer washing us. Would you wash me a bit more, please, Sam?”

Sam, knowing how Steve’s relationship with his daughters had grown since Molly’s death, decided that if he was going to live with these girls, They were all going to need a natural and relaxed relationship with him too. Besides, he was a pædophile, and knew he would take advantage of them sooner or later. It might as well be sooner.

Quickly, Sam resumed his masturbation of the little girl. There was less pretending now as to what he was doing to her, nor in her pretending he was just washing her. In a few moments, she was breathing in short pants. He knew she would climax before long. His middle finger was now flicking quickly back and forth across the girl’s clit, which had engorged and pushed proud of it’s cowl. Leaning forward now, still flicking her most sensitive part, he brought his face towards her tiny bottom and pushed his tongue into her clean, open rectum. He wriggled the tip up and down, and as if he had switched on a light, he felt her legs tremble, and her panting become gasps, and her gasps become moans, interspersed with little sharp intakes of breath and snorts through her nose. This little girl was cuming and cuming good. Her squeaks and grunts, her moans and hip movements all told Sam that she was firstly really, really enjoying her cum, and secondly, it was by no means her first. Sam squinted upwards, and saw Emily was holding her sister by the shoulders steadying her as she rocked from side to side.

Finally, Jenny reached back and pushed his face away from her bottom with one hand and with the other pulled his fingers out of her little pussy. She straightened up and turned towards him with a smile. “I can’t

wait for you to be our daddy, Sam?" She asked him. "I think I'd like that when you were, as long as you wash me every day."

Emily had washed herself, and had started to towel herself dry. She was smiling at Sam and her younger sister. She had an expression he couldn't quite read.

Soon, the three of them were sitting on the bed settee again, watching the second half of the Shrek movie. Sam had discovered the girls had not only not brought any night wear, but when he asked them found out they never wore it at home anyway. They told him they just wore panties. He supposed that with their relationship with Steve, they had never needed it. He had spread one of his blankets out, and as they sat either side of him, he wrapped them in it, cuddling them to him. As they watched the movie, he caressed them with his hands, exploring.

Jenny was asleep before the cartoon heroes had won the day. She slumped against his side. Meanwhile, Emily wrapped her arms around Sam's chest, and hugged him tightly.

"Sam," she whispered, "my daddy told me about your Club. He said it would be good for us. Would you let us join it? He said we could do all sorts of fun stuff if we did."

He looked at the ten year old, not sure quite how to respond. "What else did he say about it, Emily?" he gently asked. "did he tell you what happens at The Club and what we do?"

She looked at him, eyebrows furrowed, trying to remember. "Err, he said we might make friends, and go to nice places and stuff."

"What stuff, Emily?"

She concentrated, thinking, her face pulling different expressions when suddenly, as if a light switch had been turned she said, "Oh yes, he said you might like to fuck us a lot. I think that's what he said." She looked at him and smiled, "Would you like to, Sam, would you like to fuck us?"

Sam almost laughed, hearing this ten year old chattering this way. Steve had obviously been frank with them. "Would that bother you, Emily?" he asked carefully, "I mean if we did that, would you mind?"

"No not really," she responded. "I really enjoyed doing it with Daddy. No I wouldn't mind at all. I quite like you Sam. And anyway," she paused, "you're going to be our daddy, so that makes it OK, doesn't it?" She looked across at her sister. "Jenny's asleep Sam. Do you want to, you know, play now?"

Sam's cock twitched hard in his jeans. He smiled, nodded and reached across lifting the ten year old, a hand under each arm pit. When she was standing, a hand on his shoulder to steady herself, he slipped his fingers under the legs holes of her little white panties printed with small red hearts and pink lacy hem trim, and gently pulled them down. The pink waist band clung to the rise of her mound for a moment, before sliding down her cleft, finally showing the three inch gap between the top of her thighs.

Quickly unfastening his jeans, he pushed them and his boxers down in one swift movement, his cock springing clear. The girl didn't need to be guided, and stepped over him, a foot either side of his hips. Still holding his shoulders for support, she squatted down, while Sam guided his cock to point directly at it's favourite place, the vagina of a pre-pubescent girl. She pressed against his tip, almost before he was ready. She moved forward and backward, spreading his pre-cum deep into her cleft, building up those feelings she had learnt to love so much.

Emily, having been concentrating on their union, looked up at Sam's face and smiled. "You're a lot bigger than Daddy. I think it will go in me, but I don't know about Jenny. She sometimes hurt when she did it with Daddy." Sam remembered Steve had been called 'Tiny' by some members of the squad. He'd never given it much thought at the time, he'd just assumed it was a pun on his huge build. Emily had just corrected that.

The little girl now was moving quickly back and forth over his crown. After a minute, Sam could feel her add downward pressure, then lift, then down again, then a third time. His pre-cum by now was running freely, into her cleft, down his cock, onto his thighs. Suddenly he felt the now familiar popping sensation, of his cock entering the tight passage of the little girl's pussy. Except, this time she didn't stop there. She kept lowering

herself down and down over his six and a half inch tumescent throbbing shaft. He could feel the walls of her passage peeling open as he slowly penetrated deeper into her. Every ripple of her vagina caressing him, making him feel her exquisite, heavenly form, as they fucked for the first time. She reached bottom, and paused, before lifting an inch. She paused again, then lowered herself until her full weight was entirely on his pubis. Her pussy pressing against him.

Again she looked him in the eyes and said. “Yes, I’m full up. Never been full as this before.”

She then did something unexpected. She put her hands behind her, and rested them on his knees. She leaned forwards a little, and lifted her feet up, and placed one on each of his shoulders. Next, she leaned back towards him, and placed her arms around his neck and as she moved forward, her knees were forced further and further apart.

The sensations on Sam’s cock were unbelievable. He had a ten year old, forcing her entire weight on his cock, her thighs spread far apart, forcing one of the tightest pre-teen cunts he’d ever experienced, as deep into her as it was possible to go. On the end of his tip, he could feel the rubbery sensation of her cervix pressing against and around him.

Sam now placed his hands under the globes of her beautiful bottom, and lifted her slightly, before dropping her down again, lifted and dropped, making longer and deeper thrusts each cycle. Soon, he was almost lifting her off him before dropping her, lifting and dropping. Their pace and rhythm increased. This girl had appetites beyond her years, and he looked forward to exploring all of them.

It wasn’t long before Emily started snorting heavily through her nose, and grunted several times warning of her impending climax. Sam always enjoyed mutual orgasms, and reckoned he’d timed this well, as his balls tightened, his cock swelled painfully deep inside her and finally exploded far into her immature womb, coating her insides in a massive slimy layer of his sperm filled semen. Emily suddenly called out “Daddy, Daddy”, every time she bottomed out on his cock, sending another clench of ecstatic pleasure coursing through her body. For some reason this triggered a heightened arousal in Sam just as he came into her lifting him to another level of orgasmic bliss.

As Sam came back to earth, his cock still impaled deep inside the girl, the final twitches of his climax ebbing slowly away, he wondered with a smile how, with all the girls he had come to know, was one of the sisters he was about to adopt one of the best fucks he’d ever experienced, and one who he knew would sleep with him every night after the adoption was completed. That night the three of them slept together, naked, in Sam’s own bed, the fold up bed settee forgotten. It would be the first of many happy nights they all shared together. The girls almost unconsciously clung to his body, as if not to do so, they would wake and find him gone. Sam spent most of the night exploring their young bodies. They were after all almost daughters now, as Emily had said and wasn’t this what daddies are meant to do?

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CHAPTER 43
The New Clubhouse

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The next few weeks seemed to speed passed for Sam and The Choices Club girls. Mandy’s induction had been a repeat of Sandy’s. She decided as they were sisters, she didn’t want to compete and opted for the same apparatus set up just like it was for Sandy’s, and had the time of her life. Sam didn’t mind. He got another mind blowing fuck, that only a very fit and very young gymnast could have given him. Again, at the close of the meeting, Sam heard Lizzie ask Sally, “How many?” and the reply was “Nineteen.” This time the little stack of Greenbacks went to Amber.

Sam’s curiosity got the better him and he just had to ask what it was all about. At first they didn’t want to tell him, but at the same time they were all giggling, blushing, poking each other with their fingers and being as silly as little girls can be. Eventually, Sally, with a big grin on her face looked coyly at him and told him what was going on.

“Well, Sam,” she explained, “it was something that Sophie said after the camp. She noticed when you cum, you look all funny, your eyes cross and you say ‘oh god’ lots of times. She noticed when she played with you in the tent, you said it twenty two times. And for my induction, it was twenty five. That’s the highest number yet. I feel quite proud about that. So, anyway we decided to have a sweepstake and each put a dollar in and guess how many times you said ‘oh god’. The one who gets closest wins the pot. Today it was nineteen, and that’s what Amber guessed.” Sam was both embarrassed and pleased his girls were involved and pragmatic about The Club activities.

They had their daily meetings when one or more would be given a thoroughly proper session of fucking. Sometimes, they just played around, girl on girl, sometimes they all wanted two minutes of Sam’s cock each, one after the other and sometimes they just wanted to sit around and chat and play or watch the Disney channel on TV as any young girl might.

The new Club rooms were completed ahead of schedule and ready to move into. Each bedroom had a queen size double bed, a desk with a TV, desktop computer, some chairs, and en-suite bathroom, each with a tub and separate shower cubicle large enough for at least two to fit in. All the fixtures, fittings, soft furnishings and furniture were of the highest quality. In the common room there was a huge home cinema TV and sound system, lots of large comfortable chairs and a couple of settees which could be converted into large double beds if needed. The floor was covered with the thickest and softest carpet Sam could find. He knew young girls loved to lie on the floor when watching TV together, so he made sure there were lots of thick rugs too. Along one wall was a long work surface with a line of chairs, which could be used for study if the pupils didn’t want to work in their own room. There were several computer terminals there for their study and a couple of printers.

Along another wall was a series of floor to ceiling cupboards. Inside these was a wide range of items. In one was stored paper, pens, and general stationery. In another was a library of all the text books in use in the school. However, at the back of these, were a series of hidden cupboards. One was a massive wardrobe, which had been stocked with a huge range of clothes to suit girls of all ages, in a wide range of styles, sizes and colours. Some were regular clothes, but there were also ranges of very revealing garments more likely to be seen in very adult clubs. Then another was what seemed to the casual observer the entire stock of a Victoria’s Secret shop. A huge range of panties, including thongs, tiny bras and various clothing that was so revealing Sam almost wondered if it was worth putting on at all. There were also a large array of sex toys, fur covered handcuffs, bondage straps, whips, (legal) pornography, erotica and every other aid the budding sex student might wish to access. Lizzie had helped Sam in selecting the items from the online shop. He was surprised, but in a way not, when she selected some leather whips and nipple clamps. He was aware of her burgeoning interest in BDSM. He’d seen some of the porn sites she’d looked at. It wasn’t really his thing, but neither was he going to discourage her if it was hers. These hidden cupboards had spring loaded doors with self locking catches and were kept locked all the time in case of unexpected visitors calling.

Adjoining the Common Room was a very well equipped kitchen. Any meal could be prepared there for any number of members staying overnight.

The centrepiece of the room, however, was a Bechstein baby grand piano. When Sally saw it, she almost fainted with emotion. Sam had long since bought her a portable Yamaha electric piano, which she had practiced on at home in every moment she found spare. It had become her passion in life, other than her love for Sam and The Club and it’s members. With her previous encouragement from the music teacher and the new lessons The Club funded for her, she was becoming proficient enough to play quite advanced pieces, and as soon as she saw the piano in the club room, she immediately sat at the stool and started to play a haunting melody for a minute or two.

Sam arranged with the mothers that after school, the girls would come to the clubrooms to do their homework and other Club activities like socialising, or watching the latest movies on the huge screen. This seemed to work well for most of the mothers, who often had to work late and had busy schedules, so they appreciated the unpaid child minding. They let it be known that the girls were welcome to stay overnight anytime, if the mothers were working late. This suited all concerned and quite often, two or three would sleepover.

Sam was gratified that every day at close of school, the girls immediately trooped over and with no pressure from him or Miss. P., started on their homework. They helped and encouraged each other. He heard from the teachers that their grades quickly rose from bottom to top of their relevant classes. They were becoming

star pupils. Sam was also gratified that without any prompting on his part, it seemed that whenever they were in the clubrooms, they were completely relaxed about what they wore. Sometimes they were in school uniform, but often, they stripped off and walked around in panties or even naked, and happy to be so. There was nothing premeditated about it. They were relaxed like they would be at home. It was just the natural thing to do. This was brought home to Sam one day when little eight year old Amber told Sam she itched, and would he have a look to make sure there was nothing wrong. She lay on the settee, leaned back, pulled her knees behind her ears, prised her pussy apart with her fingers, and pointed out a little red soreness.

“Don’t worry Amber,” he reassured her, “when we fucked last night, you got a little dry. I should have used more KY jelly. It will be OK in a day or so.” She had run off to join her friends, her little bottom wiggling as she moved. She called out to her friends as she sat down, “It’s OK, Sam says it just got itchy from last night’s fuck, that’s all.”

After homework was done, every evening, they shared a meal together. Miss. P. and Sam were both excellent cooks and enjoyed giving the girls fine food to round the day off. They always enjoyed these culinary delights, and all of the girls learnt a lot about cookery from them. Sam insisted they ate at the large table in the kitchen area. The table was always set nicely by a different girl each day, and Sam and Miss. P. also taught them correct table manners. Sam, who had spent time in Germany during his army days, also showed them how Europeans held their cutlery and which to use for each course. They were introduced to wine and viticulture, although Sam ensured they never had more than half a glass, unless it was a Friday or Saturday, with no school the following day.

The meal would end at about 7:30, and they would have free time to do as they pleased. It was often at this time that Sam and Miss. P. would suggest to one or more of the girls to join them in one of the bedrooms, but increasingly, it was one or another of the girls who made the suggestion. More often than not, they would just use the Common Room. Often, Sam would sit on one of the armchairs, watching a cartoon or Disney movie, with one of the girls sitting on his lap, with his cock fully encased inside her, not moving until the movie ended. He especially liked doing this when they just slipped off their panties, but kept on their school uniform. The girls all hoped it would be their turn with Sam each evening. There was never any coercion about these sessions. It was done for the shear pleasure of it. Recreational sex at it’s best. The girls learned to adore sex in these unhurried loving casual times. They had also learned to love and adore him, for what he had done for them and their mums, and letting him use their little bodies was their way of showing it, quite apart from having learned to love sex themselves for it’s own delights.

At about 8:30, a minibus would call and collect the girls, taking them home. Sam would then commence his work. Sylvia had cleared and vacated her rented apartment and moved in with Sam permanently. Now they had lots of accommodation, she had her own room. But with so much kiddy sex going on, she was rarely out of the same bed that Sam was in.

She knew she was pregnant, but she didn’t know she was carrying twin girls. Not yet anyway. When they found out some weeks later, they were in Paris, and celebrated with a special meal at Maxim’s, the best and most famous bistro in the world. Sam’s card nearly maxed out that night! They both knew their daughters would be loved like no other. They also knew they would be taught how to love and be loved.

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CHAPTER 44
Vicky and Vera’s Induction

The formal meetings Sam had held before seemed to naturally phase out as they settled into the new clubrooms. The wishes were now available to any girl at any time. They all knew that as long as they didn’t push it, they could all ask for anything at anytime, from Sam, Miss. P., or each other. And the wishes they asked of each other seemed to Sam to become more frequent, and loving in nature. For example, one day, Sam heard Sophie ask Sally if she would mind if she could practice licking her pussy, so when Miss.P. asked her, she’d know what to do.

The other transition that seemed to occur gradually, now that Sandy and Mandy’s ‘extra tuition’ had ended, each day, one or two of the girls, when their free lessons allowed, would sneak in to see Sam during the day. The girls seemed to have worked out a rota between them as to who came on which day. During these

sessions, Sam had some of the most wonderful kiddy sex ever. When he had formed the Club, he thought he would have to coerce the girls into giving him their bodies, but the opposite proved to be the case. Now that the girls themselves were beginning to get more experienced and confident, they knew what they wanted and what Sam liked too. Although they were preteens, none of them saw any reason why they shouldn't enjoy sex to the full. Enjoy it they did. The fact that it was completely illegal never worried them for a moment.

Most of the inductions had now been conducted. Emily was inducted the night she joined The Club, before they had moved into the new rooms. It was memorable, because she was multi orgasmic and her climax went on for about twenty minutes and only ended when Sam could hold back no longer and gave her a thirty "oh god" ejaculation.

The exceptions were the seven year olds Sophie, and Jenny his adoptive daughter, both of whom somehow knew they would be ready soon, just not yet. Sam, though, had some misgivings and felt perhaps they were too young and too small.

Other than that, the next would be Vera and Vicky, who through an unspoken understanding were waiting until they hit their target weights. That hadn't stopped them sneaking in to see Sam about once a week, in their turn, and broadening their education on the end of his cock like all of the other girls. They were now looking very slim and very pretty. He was extremely proud of them for how they'd changed physically and in character, and told them so.

So it was no surprise, when one afternoon, towards the end of the term, when the homework had been completed, and they were waiting for the meal to be served, Vicky and Vera stood up and announced that they would like to be weighed. Sam had been waiting for this, and hadn't pushed them, he let them decide when to make the request. None of the girls had been to see him that day, leaving him really randy, which had puzzled him, but now made sense. They clearly knew what was to happen.

Miss. P. brought the scales over, and weighed them both, after they had stripped off. Vicky tipped the scales at 80 pounds and Vera, 81. They were now lighter than the average girl of eleven, and had both lost well over the twenty pounds Sam had given them as a target. Sam opened a drawer and pulled out two buff coloured envelopes. "Here you are girls. You have earned this. Buy something for yourselves." Each envelope contained $250. Hannah also came to be weighed, and to everyone's surprise, now weighed over 75 pounds. She had filled out and looked the dark Jewish beauty she was. Certainly he had adored it, when she came to him and asked him to fuck her. He handed her an envelope with the same contents.

"When you have a moment, go down to Harrisons in the Mall. I have arranged for them to kit you all out with new clothes as we agreed. Make sure you have everything you need, especially for the trip to Europe." Sam had spoken to the manager there and apart from tipping him well (AKA bribe) had instructed them to order whatever any of his Club girls might require, whatever it was and however unusual. There were to be no questions asked. The man had nodded, taken the 'tip' and ever since been very helpful to the girls and their mothers, charging everything to Sam's Club account.

"Sam," Vicky asked coyly, "would it be alright if me and Vera are both inducted together?" Sam swallowed. He knew he had good recovery, but one after the other…., he wasn't so sure.

"I don't know Vicky. I tell you what, how about one of you before we eat and the other after. Then you can both have your necklaces together. How does that sound?" She grinned, looked at Vera and they both nodded. Sam had noticed how their previously fat tummies, which had merged into their raised mound of pubic flesh, were now toned and flat, their mounds now pronounced as they should be; but each now covered in a scattering of, as yet, uncurled pubic hair. She held her closed fist out to Sam. As he put his palm under it, she dropped a coin into it. They had planned this.

"Heads or tails," he called. "Heads," answered Vicky, before Vera could respond. "Tails," said Sam, "you win Vera, how would you like it?"

By now, all the girls had moved into a big circle around Vera. Not only did they want to make it good for their friend, this was the first induction in the new clubhouse and so a special occasion.

Vera already knew what she wanted. She wanted to lay on her back on the table. She wanted Sam to stand at the end and fuck her properly, gently, passionately, lovingly, make her feel good, make her feel wanted, loved and cherished. She had starved herself for the last few weeks. She wanted this more than anything. To her she was not just being initiated as a Club member, but it was an endorsement she was now beautiful as a young woman, desirable to Sam and respected by her friends. Vera had few friends outside The Club. The girls here meant everything to her. Her whole life revolved around The Club. Being inducted was so very important to her. It was as though she was finally washing her old life away; a life of bullying and being Verity's lackey. Being born again with a new life of opportunity, friends and achievement.

She had enjoyed sex with Sam regularly now for some time, trying different positions and techniques. She didn't need a spectacular orgasmic induction now. She wanted this to be very symbolic, memorable, an important point in her life. She wanted to remember every detail for ever.

Quickly, all her friends anticipating the induction, stripped off their school uniforms, tossing them onto the seats in rumpled piles. Vera sat on the end of the large padded table in the room's centre. She nodded to Hannah and Vicky, who, by prior arrangement, came over and as she leaned back to lie on the table, each lifted one of her legs, holding her feet. They placed a hand under her knees, bending them, lifting and spreading them outwards. Vera, with Sandy and Mandy's help, had been practicing the splits and found it easy now to do just that. Her legs spread out at an angle only possible for little girls, which, even two weeks ago, she would have found impossible.

On queue, Miss. P. stepped forward and, kneeling before the alter of pedo perfection, worshipped the girl with her tongue. Starting at her anus, she flicked her tongue tip rapidly back and forth, working her way upwards, through her perineum, into her vaginal entry, along her cleft and started to kneed her clit, now poking proudly out of it's cowl. A few minutes later, Vera was moaning, and wriggling under the lash of her favourite teacher's tongue as it journeyed back and forth over her pudenda, her arousal now visible to everyone, as her eleven year old pussy ran with a mixture of little girl juices and saliva.

Vera was just beginning to rise to a new level, a climax threatening, as Miss. P. stepped away, and Sam took her place. He could see she was extremely aroused. More than the stimulus Sylvia had just given her. She was aroused with anticipation. Sam, wasting no time now, placed his palms over where her thighs met her tummy. His thumbs carefully pressed against her labia and pulled her pussy open, rolling the pads of his thumbs further into her as he did, spreading her pussy further and further apart. Simultaneously, he brought his hips forward, and squatting down slightly, touched his crown to the dip of her dark vagina entrance. Pressing slightly into her, he straightened up, his cock coming horizontal as he did so. Immediately, he pressed into her, exerting enough pressure to make the redness of her pussy whiten a little and bulge out at the sides. He eased off and pressed again. His crown started to slip into her, slowly at first, then suddenly it popped through her entry, easing the pressure they both felt.

Sam paused for a few seconds, then started a shallow fucking motion, moving only slightly, pressing and easing, pressing and easing. His pre-cum was pouring from him into her passage, making her slimy, slippery wonderful to feel rubbing along his cock. At each press, he slid further and deeper into the little girl. She was tight, as were all of his girls. Somehow, though, he had noticed that as she and her friend Vicky had lost weight, their cunts had got tighter and tighter each time he fucked them.
Funny thoughts went through his mind as he penetrated the pretty girl under him. He thought back over the past few weeks, and how his life had changed so much for the better. He just loved fucking little girls. They were tight, they felt fantastic sliding along his cock and when he came in them, it felt so good he thought he would pass out. All his girls loved having their tiny pussies fucked at least once a week, and usually more, if they could get it. On top of that, he had formed The Club in such a way that he was getting requests from mothers of the most beautiful little girls, begging him to let their girls join. Many of them had tried to coerce him in various ways, offering him money, sex, and other bribes. One thinking he was gay even offered to let him have her teenage son for a night if their daughter could join.

He came back to reality, as his cock smacked against her end as the rubbery feel of her cervix pressed against him. Vera by now was deep into her climax. Sam had been feeling her tight vagina pulsing along his shaft continuously. She felt sensational to him, massaging his cock rapidly towards his own orgasm. He had noticed that Vera, like Emily was multi orgasmic, but as she had lost her weight, her climaxes had increased in intensity, giving her a greater level of pleasure than she'd ever experienced before. Sam remembered that first hot, sweaty fuck with her, and how much nicer she felt on his cock now.

All of a sudden, Sam's climax slammed into him. He pulsed deep into her, again and again, he felt the warm semen spurting, pulsing. The sensations he was feeling were just wonderful. How anyone wanted anything other than little girl sex was just beyond his understanding. She was crying out with pleasure herself as his cum filled and washed her cervix and womb. He really hoped she had enjoyed her induction. Finally, he calmed, and after a minute or two, stepped back, feeling his cock being held by the suction of her tight passage, as he pulled out of her, making a squelching sound as he did so.

As usual, Miss.P. was ready, and knelt back down between the girl's thighs and lapped and sucked at the pre-teen. The Club girls had all long since come to accept Miss. P.'s desires as being perfectly normal. One or two had even asked her to teach them about it too. Vera was still on a high, and everyone was surprised as they heard the girl start to moan again and grind her thighs into the teacher's face. Lizzie, knowing what her Miss. P. liked, lay on her back, and wriggled between her legs, until she could kiss, lick and fondle her pussy, bringing the teacher to a climax in just a few seconds. Hannah in turn was on hands and knees, licking Lizzie out and Mandy on her back looking after Hannah. Everyone was being looked after in a blissful orgasmic daisy chain licking orgy. All good things cum to an end, and Miss. P. eventually stood up on wobbly legs, and looking a little embarrassed, thanked Lizzie for her thoughtfulness. Lizzie didn't really hear her, as her senses had closed down due to her own wonderful orgasm she was being overwhelmed with from her cousin's oral attention.

They eventually sat down, still naked, to eat their, rather over cooked meal, which today was fish. She heard Lizzie joking with Sally that this was the second time tonight she'd tasted fish! They all laughed and agreed double fish was the menu today.

Everyone rushed to help clear the table and fill the dishwasher. They knew they had another treat coming up, Vicky's induction. As usual, Sam turned to the girl and asked her how she would like her induction done. Knowing she was an outgoing kid, he was a little puzzled when she showed reluctance to say anything and embarrassment showed on her face. "You're with friends here, Vicky," he said, "you can ask for anything, if it's possible, and it will be granted."

Vicky plucked up the courage. "You've all been so kind to me and Vera, and now it's our induction." She said. "I can't do gymnastic stuff like Mandy and Sandy, but I wanted something different, something to remember. Is that bad?" She looked at Sam who nodded encouragement. "I've thought about this for weeks, and I decided I really love fucking Sam, he always makes me feel so nice, but as I say, I want something to remember for my induction. Would it be alright Sam if you fucked me up my bottom?" Sam's heart gave a lurch. The only person who knew he loved anal sex was Sylvia. He looked thoughtful for a moment, and waved a hand, silencing the whispers around the room.

"Vicky, if that's what you'd like, that's what you'll have. It might hurt a bit though. Not everyone likes doing it there."

"It's OK," her face brightened, realising Sam would do it, "I've been practicing with some of the toys in the cupboard and I've managed to go up to quite a large size. So I think it will be OK." In her enthusiasm, her embarrassment had vanished.

Without another word, the eleven year old moved to the table, and bent face down over the padded surface, making herself comfortable. Like with her friend, though, Miss. P., never missing an opportunity, quickly moved in behind her, and holding the globes of her bottom cheeks apart started licking the child from her clit to her anus and back. After several passes, she concentrated on pushing her tongue as far into the girl's rectum as she could, eliciting a low moan from her. Again, Sam stepped to her side and tapped her shoulder, signalling it was his turn. Having heard the child's request for him to sodomise her, he had quickly become tumescent and any earlier worries about being able to do her justice after fucking her friend, were quickly forgotten.

Sam had already coated his cock with lots of KY jelly, making sure there was plenty under his foreskin, so as it got pulled back inside her, it would coat her with a liberal layer of the slime. Stepping forward, he indicated for Miss. P. to hold the girl's anus as far open as she could, so he could push the nozzle far into Vicky's rectum, before squeezing loads of jelly into her. It made her squeak as she felt the cold slime squirt into her.

Throwing the tube of jelly onto the table, Sam stood behind Vicky, placing a hand on each of her cheeks, and aligning his cock, brought it to her rosebud and applied some pressure. Sam had only had anal sex with a few kids, Lizzie and some of the girls on camp, all when they were unconscious, had found when buggering children in the past that unlike vaginal sex, where a gentle fucking motion gradually opened up the passage for him, when penetrating a rectum, constant careful pressure was best. The girl would slowly dilate in her own time and in he went. Of course it would be really helpful if she pushed, like she was trying to poo. This was the case now.

He was patient and as he stood there, he could feel a tiny movement, then a little more, before suddenly he popped his crown through her sphincter. Pausing a moment, he pulled back a fraction, before pressing forward, and finding he could slide in all the way with one easy motion. He never felt any obstruction from shit in her poop chute. She must have timed her poo today with care. Sam paused again, feeling his cock squeezed deep inside the child's bowels, then pulled back until just his crown was inside her and pushed back faster, then back, building up his speed constantly. Sam adored the feel of his cock far inside this child's belly. Her buttery passage slid back and forth along his shaft, massaging every inch exquisitely. One thing he did notice, though was this, Sam had fucked her many times now, and knew her vagina was incredibly tight, as any eleven year old's would be. But now she had fully dilated around him, she wasn't as tight in her bum. He wondered if this was the same for every girl and whether, perhaps, he could induct Sophie, or any other very young girl, this way.

In a few cycles, Sam's thighs were starting to slap into Vicky's bottom cheeks, making a clapping sound. The slaps got faster, as Sam became more and more aroused. Vicky too was getting really into this. She had a hand under her tummy, diddling her clitty, bringing herself to a level of excitement she hadn't expected. Soon, Sam felt his scrotum tighten in the familiar pre orgasmic warning of his impending climax. He was taken by surprise when suddenly he felt Vicky's rectum pulsing along the whole length of his shaft, massaging him in an amazingly sensual way, as her climax overwhelmed her, pushing him over the edge too in a crashing orgasm. Spurting and spurting, unloading his sperm filled semen into the child's bowels. He felt almost dizzy as he came back to earth. Somewhere in the distance he heard a voice call out "Thirty" followed by a round of applause.

Miss. P. was again ready, as he slipped out of the girl and stepped aside. Lots of brown speckled cum started to seep from Vicky's anus. This did not deter the teacher one iota. She was there in a flash, licking and tasting the nectar she loved, making the other girls look dubiously from one to another. Miss. P. licking girls' pussies after sex was one thing they could sort of understand. But this was something entirely new to their experience. But anyway, they'd learned something new about sex tonight and perhaps how it could be explored. Perhaps there are no barriers, no rules. Several of them, thinking how much Vicky had enjoyed herself, thought perhaps they might try it soon, when their next turn came round, just to see what it was like. It looked, and sounded, like Sam had enjoyed it too, so perhaps they'd ask him.

Ten minutes later, Vicky had cleaned herself up in her own bathroom, and returned to the common room to join the others. She stood beside Vera, and holding hands looked proudly around the room as Sam clipped on the coveted choker necklaces around their, now thin, necks. As he stepped away, still holding hands, they recited together the, now traditional, induction oath. "As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace."

As they walked away to get dressed, Sam couldn't help but notice Vicky had a slight limp. "Hmm," he thought with a grin on his face, "but I know she loved it up the ass. She got her wish, she'll certainly remember her induction."

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CHAPTER 45
The Auditions – The new members

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Life moved on, and the Paris trip was only two weeks away. School term was ending in a couple of days. There was a great air of excitement in The Club and also the girls' mothers, who were similarly looking forward to their all expenses paid trip of a lifetime to Prague. Ellie had become the de facto leader, and

taken, at Sam's suggestion, all the mothers to Harrison's department store in the mall to get some extra clothes as a present from him. Later, she had come in and spoken with Sam and Sylvia and told them how excited they'd all been on the shopping trip. She went on to discuss with them about how she intended to introduce the idea of Sam having sex with their girls. She was going to do this in steps by explaining how her own and indeed all the girls had really become more rounded, responsible and achieving people, and how it was down to The Club and it's activities and how most of this was down to Sam, who had provided them with a new, previously undreamed of quality of life, that 'none of them would wish to lose, would they?' That they all owed Sam much, and should support him any way they could, even if some of his methods were questionable. They should defend him and trust his unconventional methods, which, they had to agree, were bringing the very best out in all The Club members. She would finally point out that if any one of them objected, and The Club was shut down by the police, all their lives would return to the way it was before Sam had formed The Club. Their miserable lives of before would resume and their daughters would cease to have the opportunities offered to them with a golden future by Sam. They agreed her plan sounded good.

Before she left, Ellie asked if Sam had thought when the right time to fuck her little Sophie would be. "Well, Ellie," he said thoughtfully, "I think it needs to be when we have plenty of time, no rush. All night if necessary. So I hope to be able to induct her either in Paris or London. But Ellie, remember she's only seven. I may induct her another way and wait until she's a bit older. We'll see."

"How do you mean another way?" she asked.

"Oh," he said distantly, "I might have to teach her to deep throat like Amber, or perhaps it would be better up her bum."

Ellie looked a little shy, when she then said, "Sam, whatever way you decide, would you mind filming it for me? It would be such a wonderful thing to see. Would you do it for me?" She blushed brightly, with a sheepish grin. Sam, remembering how Ellie had been so turned on when he'd described, to her what had occurred at camp with Amber and Sophie. He had no illusions as to why she wanted to see a movie like that.

"OK Ellie, I tell you what, I'll let you have the movie if you manage to tell all the mothers what we do here, and I am not in jail!" They all laughed at the thought.

"Ellie," he looked at her, changing the subject, "Sylvia and I've been thinking about how we recruit new members into The Club. We've been chewing this over for some weeks now. We don't want too many, perhaps a total of about four in each year group. The problem we have is, at present, there are just too many parents asking for their girls to join. I'm even getting requests from parents of boys. So what I'm thinking is to admit a controlled number of new members. Then afterwards, we can let it be known new membership has closed until a new intake next year. Anyway, if we are going to manage this well, and if, as you suggested, after they become members, you will advise them of what will be expected of their daughters, I think you should be involved in the recruitment. The thing is, you know most of the mothers, and so which of them would keep their mouths shut, and which might be a risk. What do you think?"

"Sure, Sam," she replied thoughtfully, "I think I know just about all the parents of the girls in the school. I tell you what I'll do, I will make up a list of potential candidates for you. I will leave off the ones that would worry me. How many did you say are you looking for?"

Sam thought for a moment, "Well, it would be a couple of seven year olds, in first grade, to join with Jenny and your Sophie, three more second graders. The only one we have is your Amber. Maybe two nine, two ten and perhaps we will leave the eleven year olds as they are, as it's the top end of our age range and we already have three, with Sally, Vicky and Vera, unless there's someone who you think is a must for The Club. I don't mind if we vary one or two either way from the target numbers, but not too many." He counted on his fingers. "So a total of nine, but let's say we won't sign up more than twelve, and as some won't fit in or fail the audition in some way, let's add about one to each age group, and thin them out when they're here. So we could audition about fifteen.

Incidentally, when we were on camp, I noticed five girls in particular who might suit The Club. One first grader, name is Naomi, long black hair, beautiful face. Two third and two fourth graders. Names were Nancy and Lucy, both with long blond hair, and the others were Alice and Suzy, Alice has dark, Suzy, light brown hair."

“I know them, Sam,” Ellie nodded knowingly, “All poor backgrounds, struggling single parents. Really nice people though. A lot like me really.” She smiled at his grin. “OK, I’ll make sure they’re on the list. I think four of them would have been on it anyway. Little Naomi is a friend of my Sophie. I know her mother well. I hadn’t thought of Suzy, she’s so shy, I can’t see how she’ll make it.” He smiled at her. “Want a little bet on that Ellie? I think you’ll be surprised what The Club will do for someone like Suzy.”

She smiled at him, a glint in her eye. “OK, I’ll bet you a beer. When do you want the list?”

Sam thought for a moment and made a decision. “Right, thank you, Ellie, tomorrow if possible. You let me have your list as soon as you can, I will write and print up some invitations for them to come here Friday and stay over the weekend for an extended assessment and Club audition. I want to know if they will fit in here, do they have the ambition, potential and charisma to benefit from their membership. I will ask the existing twelve members to come in from Saturday for the rest of the weekend, and we can organise some activities for them all. Perhaps we’ll go out to Ridge Falls Adventure Park It’s about two hours drive away. I need to know they’ll get along and fit in.”

“Great,” said Ellie, “I’ll give you the list tomorrow.” She smiled and looked at Sam slightly coyly. “When you keep saying they need to fit in, don’t you really want to know if you’ll fit in them?” Ellie and Sylvia burst out laughing at Sam’s discomfiture. She was still laughing as she walked down the stairs. Ellie’s life had transformed since she met Sam and her girls joined The Club. Besides, she’d had a really good weekend with Sylvia. She’d learnt a bit about herself. She’d also learnt a bit about her daughters too, particularly their young bodies. Sylvia had been an amazing teacher. She’d learnt a lot. She had every intention of making this thing work. She turned and looked back up the staircase as Sam called after her.

“I nearly forgot, Ellie,” he called, “a thank-you from me to you for your help.” He tossed a sealed envelope down to her. She caught it in the air, one handed. It contained $2000. Their relationship suited both of them just fine.

The following morning, Sam was sitting in the sun, as usual, having finished his work in the night, watching the pupils drift in through the gates. He had fended off the usual gaggle of mothers, trying to get their daughters into The Club. Ellie arrived, looking very smart and confident. She handed him an envelope containing the list, which he pocketed.

“The last of the visas arrived yesterday for the mothers going to Prague,” she said, “I’ve got everyone’s tickets. I’m hanging on to them, so no one forgets theirs and I’ve organised the foreign exchange. Korunas or Krons as they seem to call them there. I got some Euros as well, just in case. Your bank were really helpful, Sam. I got to go, see you later. I’ve got an interview for a new job. It’s only a junior admin role, but it’s better money and a rung up the ladder. Keep your fingers crossed for me.”

Sam watched as she walked away with an elegance he had overlooked before. She was a very attractive woman, “if you liked that sort of thing.” Sam smiled to himself. A glimmer of an idea came to him. He would sound out Sylvia about it later. He pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and read it through for a third time. Taking his pen from his top pocket, he made a couple of alterations, nodded to himself and stood to enter his workshop. Going to his computer, he quickly made the changes to the wording of the document, which he now scanned through. It was headed THE CHOICES CLUB in bold text. Sam made a mental note to order some printed headed note paper. The sub heading read: “Invitation to attend an introduction, evaluation and audition for joining The Choices Club.”

Beneath this was printed the candidates name in a bolder font. It went on to outline that there would be an assessment, of all candidates, selected by personal invitation only, from Friday until Monday morning, over the forthcoming weekend. All candidates attending were to arrive at the new Club Rooms on Friday afternoon at 3pm. No luggage was to be brought, as all daywear, swimwear, nightwear, toilet and washing materials, and equipment which may be required, would be provided in it’s entirety by The Club. They should arrive dressed in standard school uniform. Mothers of the attending candidates were invited to come along for an hour or two, to meet the domestic supervisor, Miss.P. and The Club director, Sam, who would be happy to answer any questions they might have regarding the assessments and how they were undertaken, The Club itself, and it’s objectives and the benefits it had to offer the pupils and future college support and sponsorship opportunities. The candidates’ mothers could call to The Club on Monday morning 10 a.m., for coffee, when the results of the auditions would be announced, before collecting their daughters.

He was pleased with it. It would whet the appetite of the proposed candidates' mothers enough, without going into too much detail which might be harmful beyond the Club membership if they weren't selected.

Sam printed off the invitations, mail merging the mothers' and candidates' names where needed, put them in envelopes and called the courier company to come and pick them up for delivery.

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Chapter 46 – The Auditions – Introducing The Club to the candidates' mothers.

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Friday came round soon enough. The last couple of days had been filled with end of term activities, reports, security considerations and so on. Now the buildings were empty and apart from closing down or maintaining certain machinery, such as the air conditioning system Sam's time was his own. By 2:45pm, a small queue had formed at the bottom of the new staircase leading up to the Club rooms. By 2:50, all the candidates had arrived, so Sam decided to call them up.

There was a total of fifteen newcomers, plus their mothers. Two of the girls were sisters. Jasmine was also there with Dolly. Sam already knew that although Jasmine was a fantastic fuck, (he had only had her once, he needed to remedy that oversight) and he loved her personality, he was saddened she would never be able to qualify for college. Academically, she just wasn't strong enough. He knew she was only here because Dolly was Ellie's friend and neighbour and Ellie had put her name down on the off chance she would get through. He had a soft spot for her and knew he would be able to help her in other ways, and perhaps himself at the same time.

While people were still arriving and settling in, Sam had a quiet word with Dolly and Ellie and asked if they would come and see him after the other mothers collected their girls on Monday. He had a proposal for them.

Ellie was there anyway, at Sam's request. As arranged, Miss. P. introduced herself, Sam and Ellie to them all, while Ellie passed round coffee, soft drinks and cookies to everyone. They then invited all the mothers to tour round the clubrooms, and see the standard of accommodation and educational facilities available. As they looked round, Sam heard many comments such as "feel how soft this bed is" or "these bathrooms are nicer than any hotel I've worked in" or "there are computer terminals everywhere. Look at the quality of all the IT stuff" and "everything is so new and well made." Another said, "there's even a separate sound proof games room so those playing a game don't disturb those studying. He's thought of everything."

They were shown examples of all the new Club uniform clothes laid out neatly on one of the beds, together with club wash bags, nightwear, and clothing their daughters would wear for the next couple of days including underwear. Very carefully chosen underwear.

They were enthused when they returned to the Common Room. As they sat down, Sally entered. She was wearing one of the two designs of full formal Club Uniform which Sam had ordered for the trip to Europe. He had wanted something special for them to wear when they attended concerts or top restaurants, as they would be doing. Sam had asked her if she could come in and answer any questions they might have. He explained she was the girls' leader and spokesperson.

Knowing the Sally of old, most of them were amazed at her self confidence, deportment and eloquence. They also admired her beautiful Club outfit and her elegance as she wore it. They asked her questions such as "Sally what has The Club done for you?", to which she replied "I was a bullied, frightened and damaged little girl. I had self harmed and was actually at the end of my tether. She held out her wrists, showing the old scars, telling their own tale. I've never admitted this before to anyone outside The Club, but I was thinking of suicide. when Sam asked me to join." There was a collective gasp around the room, "It's the best thing that's ever happened to me." She glanced across at them. "I literally owe Sam and Miss. P. my life and everything I've achieved."

"What have you achieved," came the next question.

“I came at or near the top of my class this term in every subject. Before, I never bothered about school work, it wasn’t important to me. The only subjects I wasn’t top were the ones Vicky and Vera beat me in. But I don’t mind it was them, because they are Club members too. They are like sisters to me now. They were the ones who were nearly expelled earlier in the term, and now are top of the class. The Club made that happen for them. Can I show you something else I have achieved because I became a member?”

Sally stepped over to the Bechstein piano, sat at the stool, opened the keyboard lid, and after a moment’s thought, played the haunting, short but famous Warsaw Concerto piece by Richard Addinsell. The audience was spell bound. As the music finally faded away, there was a collective sigh around the room, followed by a rousing round of applause. Not just from the emotional music she had just played, but all the mothers were thinking, ‘if only my girl could turn out like her’.

As if reading their minds, Sally swivelled on the stool, now facing them, her beautiful hair glowing silver again, from reflected sunlight, framed her radiant face and said, “every one of The Club members works to do their very best in everything and anything we do. We know that if we don’t try our best, then we are not just letting ourselves down, but letting down the other members, who help and support us. Especially none of us ever want to let down Sam and Miss. P. There is no point in being a member if you don’t want to make yourself a better person. Two of our members have recently been selected for the State Junior Gymnastics Squad. I know for a fact that wouldn’t have happened had they not been members. And another thing,” she paused, with a little grin on her face, “we really enjoy ourselves here. Do you have any other questions?”

“Sally,” came a question from the middle of the room, “is there anything about The Club you don’t like, or are uncomfortable about, anything at all?”

“Yes,” replied Sally, “there is one thing.” She looked pointedly at Sam, who held his breath without knowing it, wondering what was coming next. “The one thing I would like is for Sam and Miss. P. to get more credit and recognition for what they have done for us and our mothers. They are so kind to us, and no one seems to know it. Our lives are so much better now.” Her gold choker glittered as her face turned along the line of the audience.

Sally stood, and bowed as another round of applause rippled around the room. She had impressed them more than she realised. She had a quick word in Sam’s ear, and left the clubrooms.

Sam looked enquiringly at the audience and asked, “are there any questions you wanted to put to me or Miss. P.?”

Again, the same voice in the middle of the room spoke, “Sam, Sally just suggested that you had done something for the mothers of the members. What did she mean by that?”

“Well,” replied Sam, choosing his words carefully, “in The Club, we see ourselves as a family in more ways than one. All of our members are from single parent families, as all of you are here. None of the mothers are wealthy, they struggle to make ends meet, life has been tough for them. Perhaps this describes many of you too.” He cast his eyes across the group, seeing nods from many of them. “May I tell you something in confidence? It would make life more difficult if this became general knowledge in the school and town, and even if your daughter is not selected for membership, I would like to trust that what I am about to say will remain between us.” Again he looked at them, as they looked towards each other, and back to him, nodding their heads in silent agreement, leaning forward conspiratorially.

“Good,” he continued, “once a girl has joined The Club, she is inducted, or put it another way, accepted by all the other members as one of them. Membership is for life. You’ve probably noticed the chokers they wear around their necks. Once a member, everyone has to look out for every other member, just like family. But, you too are part of their family. If you have problems, it affects your daughters directly or indirectly. The most common problem in families around here is money, or lack of it, yes?” Again there were nods around the room. They were listening closely to him now.

“Well, as you probably know,” he continued, “all the members have uniforms, sports kit, computers, IPads, IPhones and other stuff provided by The Club, as well as the use of the facilities in here.” He wafted his hand in an arc around the room. “When they go to college, we will fund their tuition fees, living costs and provide an allowance, until they are earning for themselves. In addition though”, he paused and looked

along the line of seated women, a poignant expression on his face, “we will open a bank account for each of you and provide a modest monthly income supplement to you, their mother, to help with day to day expenditure.” This certainly piqued their interest. “And, finally, as you probably know, we intend to take all members on educational trips each school vacation. Next week, for example, we are going to Paris for a few days and then London. While we are there, the mothers of the girls will be going to Prague in the Czech Republic for a vacation of their own, funded by the Club. Unfortunately it’s too late now for your daughters to go, but next time, I’m thinking we might go to Rome, and they would be on that trip, while you would be going to Dubrovnik, in Croatia. Any other questions?”

Another voice called out, “Sam, what are you looking for in our girls? Is it academic, or sporting, or what?”

Sam shrugged slightly, he wasn’t about to tell them that what mattered most lay between their sweet daughters’ legs, and he intended to take his time auditioning that subject very thoroughly. “Broadly, we have no fixed rules. Whatever a girl can excel at, we want to develop that talent. Like the gymnasts you heard about, or Sally’s piano playing. But we also expect high standards in class. They must try and excel in everything they do. Their own talent, whatever it is will show itself. The girl must be from a disadvantaged background. Don’t take that the wrong way, I’m not suggesting you have to be trailer trash to join. No, everyone needs a chance in life, especially those who’ve been dealt a short hand in the past. If your daughter’s membership succeeds, we would hope in a few year’s time, she would be a very high earner, perhaps willing to sponsor future members into The Club.”

“Secondly, your daughter must be capable of achievement. There’s an old expression, ‘you can’t make a silk purse from a sow’s ear’.” There were chuckles around the room. “In other words, if your daughter can make it in life, we’ll ensure that happens but if she isn’t up to it, I’m sorry it won’t happen, she won’t be selected. And this includes social skills. It’s essential the members get along together. They must be able to integrate. This is probably the single most important aspect of the selections. That’s mostly what this weekend’s about. It will show us if they can get along together. We already know their academic and sporting potential from their record here at school. And finally, we see it as part of our duty of care to educate your daughters beyond academia and sport. Make them rounded individuals. Like Sally just now. Make them great people in their own right. One final point though. We have fifteen candidates here today. There are probably nine maybe ten vacancies. Please understand this isn’t a competition. It is even possible all fifteen could succeed, but unlikely. Neither is age an advantage. It’s about selecting girls who can excel at something, whether they already know it or not.”

Sam fielded a couple more questions, then suggested a general informal discussion with a drink. He soon noticed a lot of the women were surrounding Ellie, firing question after question at her. He knew inviting her along was a good idea. Finally, he asked each to sign one of his parental consent forms, granting him loco parentis authority, similar to the forms they used when going to camp.

Sam was surprised to see, when the last one left, that the clock showed it was already after 5pm. The atmosphere had been buzzing. He had heard several Mums entreat their girls to do everything they could to pass the audition. “Make sure you get in The Club, darling, whatever it takes, understand?”

A few minutes later, Ellie made her excuses to the group of mothers surrounding her, and came over to him. “How did the interview go?” he asked.

“I didn’t get the job,” she replied looking disappointed.

“I’ve got an idea for you, as I mentioned before” He said. “You might be interested. Could you and Dolly come and see me on Monday at about 2 o’clock, after the mothers come to collect their girls?”

She nodded. Ellie kissed Sam on the cheek and whispered in his ear, grinning, “Have fun, see you Monday.” and left a minute later.

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CHAPTER 47
The Auditions – Getting down to the real business

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Sam clapped his hands, smiling at the fifteen girls, inviting them to sit for a minute. “Right, girls, you all know me and Miss. P. I think most of you were on the camp a few weeks ago. You’re here for an audition. It’s a way for us to get to know each other better and find out if you will be suitable for The Club, and, of course, to see if The Club is right for you. We won’t have any written tests or trick questions. We want you to relax and enjoy yourselves for the next couple of days. But, what I want you to do is that whatever activity we do, I want you to try the hardest you can to do it well. What we will do though is speak to you individually through the weekend. Get to know you a little. So if you see any other girl leaving the group with me or Miss. P., then that’s probably why.”

“What we are going to do now is this: in a few minutes we will use the swimming pool and play games. We can have air floats, balls and other toys. I know you’re not allowed them in the pool in term time, but this isn’t a school activity OK?” They smiled and glanced at one another. This was going to be fun. “Later on,” he continued, “we are going to have a movie marathon in here, with pizza. You can decide between you what movies you want.”

“Tomorrow, the other Club girls will join us and we are going up to Ridge Falls Adventure park.” There was a collective squeal of excitement at that. Most had never been, because of the entry cost. All of them wanted to go though. “We will have all-day tickets. I want you to have a great time there. I will tell you about Sunday’s stuff tomorrow, but one thing we are going to give you on Sunday is a riddle. It’s like a puzzle. You will need to try to solve it. It will be fun and there are really big prizes to be won. Let’s go swim. Miss. P. wants a quick word with you first though.”

Miss. P. stood and instructed them that they were to collect the Club bags from their allocated rooms. Inside were the clothes they were to wear after swimming. Also inside was their Club patterned swimming costume and towel. When they were in their swimsuits, they were to put their school uniforms into the same bags. They wouldn’t need them again until they went home on Monday morning.

Everyone rushed off to their room, collected their bags and ran down to the girls’ changing rooms. Sam and Sylvia followed, and entered his workshop and on into the corridor to watch the girls undress and listen to what was said. Quietly lifting the viewing covers, they settled down on the seats. Sam had never seen girls strip off and pull on their swimming costumes in such a short time. He was almost disappointed. He was reminded though of the lovely naked bodies he had seen at camp, refreshed in his mind.

The girls were chatting. He heard several express how excited they were to go to Ridge Falls Adventure Park the next day and hopefully get into The Club. Sam, though, did hear the two sisters talking. They were called Julia and Heather Atkins. The one eight, almost nine and the other ten. The way they spoke it was obvious they had been told to be here, didn’t want to be in ‘this stupid club’ and ‘what’s the point anyway’ and ‘Mum only told us to come because she wants the money’. Sam needed to cut down the list, and other than Jasmine, now had these two to cross off. It wouldn’t stop him from giving them the full works later that night though.

Not wanting the girls to swim without supervision, Sylvia left a few minutes later and went into the pool building. Sam went on down to the pump room, to watch from his viewing window. On the signal from Miss. P’s. whistle, the girls all dived into the pool and quickly started playing their games. The squeal of high pitched voices and screams quickly filled the air.

When Sam had designed the colour scheme for the swimsuits, he had spent some time finding an Indonesian manufacturer who would discreetly make them as he wanted. Firstly there was no padded gusset. He didn’t want material hiding the girls’ delights. The strip of material under the crotch was the thinnest white material made from a special cotton/polymer mix. It had a property that when dry it looked perfectly normal, but when wet it shrank and pulled tight creating amazing camel toes. The man on the phone had also tried to explain about a specific refraction index, close to water when wet. Sam had glazed over. All he was interested in was it transparent when wet? Yes it was.

Sam could see, feel, touch, fuck as many naked pre-teen pussies as he wanted. That wasn’t the point. Sam loved being a voyeur and stolen flashes of pussy were really erotic to him.

As the girls jumped into the pool, they were soon playing around, throwing balls, and trying to climb onto the air beds and floats. Sam watched from his window at the end of the pool transfixed. The special swimsuits were giving him a show to die for. Soon, though, Miss. P. had called them to order. At the end of the pool, she pointed out there was a plate mounted to the pool wall, with hand rails similar to the steps, except instead of treads, it had two spring loaded foot plates near the surface of the water about three feet apart. The idea was they had to hold the rails, put their feet on the plates and launch themselves as far out into the pool as they could. Like a backward dive. Of course, Sam had mounted the whole thing immediately over his viewing window. So, as the girls each took turns to use the device, they curled into a foetal position, with their knees bent, feet spread far apart and poised for a second or two before launching out.

During that time, Sam could see the thin translucent material, hugging the contours of each child, the nearly transparent material, having shrunk, was pulled deeply into their clefts and bum cracks, just inches away from his window, eyes and camera. Every move they made, the material seemed to sink into them further, every time their clefts opened and closed, Sam missed nothing. He could clearly see all the way from the small of their backs down through the valley of their bottoms, through their clefts, their clitties, either showing or not, on passed their dimples up to their tummy buttons. Nothing was hidden from view, and yet the material left just enough mystery for him to crave for more.

This went on for a while until finally Sam was sure he'd got all the girls pussies well and truly recorded, and most several times. A little discreet number marked on each of the suits near the crotch would identify which pussy was which girl.

Sam rejoined Sylvia, just as she was going to call them all out of the pool for the day. They had really enjoyed playing in the pool, as all little girls do. And being allowed to play how they wanted made it more fun. He gave her a nod the filming had been a success. The girls went into the changing rooms to shower and put the clothes on Miss. P. had given them.

Returning to the Common Room, refreshed from their swim and shower, they were looking forward to the evening movie marathon. They were now wearing, all in Club colours, clothes similar at first glance to some cheerleader outfits. In fact Sam had ordered them from Jane, who used one of the leading cheerleader suppliers regularly. They had short length skirts, long socks, matching coloured trainers and crop tops which showed just an inch of belly.

However, underneath, they were wearing underwear which although it had cost Sam a fortune from a specialist online supplier in Malaysia, it was worth it's weight in gold. At first glance, they looked like regular panties, except in the powder blue Club colours. But the unlined gusset was very narrow, and slightly too long, so as the waist settled on the hips, the gusset drooped slightly. It was made from an expensive polymer, which relaxed and curled as it warmed with body heat. Another feature of the panties was that, in the gussets and waist bands, there were tiny quick release clips completely invisible unless you knew they were there, marked by some clever pink stitching. This enabled the removal and replacement of the panties without having to slide them all the way up and down the legs of the wearer. All the girls thought they were very smart in the new clothes

Pizza was ordered and arrived. The girls had been in the games room, when the food came, playing on the Xbox and Nintendo terminals, squealing, laughing and giggling continuously, their sing song voices filling the air like fairy music. Sam never managed to get any kick out the digital games, but understood others did. His pleasures were more to do with his digits and where he could put them.

There was a quick discussion about what movies to watch, and in the end they decided on the Harry Potter box set. The huge twelve foot wide screen could be raised or lowered on the wall, and Miss. P. suggested if they wanted to lie on the floor, with it's really soft thick carpet, she would bring the screen right down. Quickly, treating it a lot like a big sleepover, the girls settled down to eat and watch. The high quality surround sound system seemed to make the whole room shake, like in a real cinema.

Miss. P. kept the soda and fruit drinks as well as the pizza and snack foods coming. A very relaxed atmosphere soon enveloped them all. Sam and Sylvia sat on a sofa just behind the row of girls. They weren't looking at the movie though, they were riveted on the line of legs stretched towards them.

None of the girls seemed to be lying with their knees together; on the contrary, they were almost all spread. The skirts they were issued with, by design, had a natural tendency to ride up, which they had done. Sam

and Sylvia would now see a line of bums, wiggling, as the girls moved. Sam could see the panties were worth every dime he'd paid for them. The gussets, narrow as they were and limp, had curled up into thin tubes rather than being flat, were lying to one side across the girls' bottoms, leaving Sam and Sylvia an uninterrupted view of each of the Girls' pudenda. They were each showing their bottom cracks off, their rosebuds in full view, just below that, their perinea leading down to their vaginas.

Sam could hardly hold himself back from diving in and molesting the girls all lying in such a salacious position. He remembered from camp, just how different each girl's pussy had been, and here again he was reminded. Some vaginas seemed to gape open, some tightly closed. Their clefts likewise were just a crack, others a deep valley, between very plump, almost swollen vulvas, showing their inner and outer labia, and clitoral hoods, pressing into the carpet, the fur of the rug material seeming to fill the gap.

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CHAPTER 48
Sarah gets caught.

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Sam nudged Sylvia's arm. She looked questioningly at him. He nodded, pointing with his chin. There was a girl just to his right, lying like all the others. From her file, Sam knew she was nine years old, with long blond hair. She had startling blue eyes, which Sam remembered from earlier. At first it looked like she lay completely still. But then Sylvia noticed what Sam had spotted before, she could just catch a tiny movement, almost imperceptible. The girl had her hand under her tummy, and her middle finger tip, almost concealed by the thick carpet and the position she was lying in, just reached her clitoris. She was diddling herself.

Sam, having his camera at the ready, pressed 'video record' casually got out of his seat, and placed the camera between her knees, a few inches from her ongoing masturbation. No one noticed. Sam poured himself a drink, and waited a few moments. He could see the little girl's bottom was rising and falling slightly now, but barely perceptible, until he heard a sound like "Humpffff", as she settled into a gentle climax, her fingers in a blur of fast but microscopic movements. Sam moved back, picked up the camera and tapping the girl on her shoulder, holding the camera in his other hand, identifying who she was. As she turned her head, she looked surprised, as if she had forgotten anyone else was here.

Sam indicated for the girl to follow him out. Her name was Sarah, who was very pretty, and certainly on Sam's list of 'must haves'. He walked into the games room, and after she entered, he quietly closed the door behind her, pressing the auto lock button.

"I hope you don't mind me asking you to come in here while you were enjoying the movie, Sarah," he asked. "But I wanted to have a little chat with you, you know, one-to-one. What do you think about The Club? Was it something you wanted, or did your mum push you?"

"No Sam," she said without hesitation, "I really want to join. I've heard so much about what you do and places you're going to, and I know I'll never do stuff like that, and anyway my mum can't afford it."

"Well Sarah, I think I may have to ask your mum to come down and collect you, because I'm not sure we can let you join." Sam, while he was still talking, moved across to one of the computer terminals, which was switched on, and inserted the SD card from the camera.

"Oh, no Sam, What have I done, please let me stay, please, I'll do anything. What did I do?" Sam clicked the mouse, and in a moment the two minute short movie of Sarah's masturbation and obvious orgasm came onto the large screen in full HD, finishing with a close up of the little girl's face. "Ohmygod, ohmygod," she muttered, hiding her face in her hands. Sam paused for a few moments, placed a reassuring hand on the girls shoulder.

"I know, perhaps there is a way, perhaps I could give you one last chance," he said with a furrowed brow, as if thinking this for the first time. She looked hopefully up at him, as he went on to say, "Perhaps I could give you a test, a sort of trial. I could ask you some questions and if you answer the questions truthfully and quickly, and do whatever I ask, immediately, without hesitation or delay, I might reconsider." She saw a

glimmer of hope. She really wanted to join The Club. Her mum had said she hoped she would get in too. She'd said it would solve so many problems for them.

She looked Sam in the eye, licking her lips nervously, she said quietly, nodding, "yes Sam, whatever you ask."

"OK Sarah, remember no hesitation. My questions will come fast understand? I want an immediate, truthful answer." She nodded again. "Do you masturbate a lot Sarah," he asked unexpectedly, "do you do it a lot? Tell me, quickly now."

"Oh err, yesss," she stuttered, "I think I need to do it more than my friends say they do it."

"How often Sarah?" He shot back.

"Oh errr, about three times a day, sometimes more, is that bad?" She looked at him with uncertainty in her face.

"Let me ask the questions, Sarah. Where do you masturbate, is it in bed, or at school?" Sam hadn't seen her do it in the changing rooms, so wondered where she went.

The girl looked a little embarrassed, but seeing Sam was about to speak said, "I always do it at home in bed before I sleep, and again in the morning, sometimes in bed, sometimes in the shower. At school, though I am very careful, because I don't want anyone to know I need to do it. I have learned to do it quietly, I always do it in class, under my desk without the teachers or my friends knowing." She was relaxing just a little now. Sam hadn't shouted at her. Maybe if she was careful, and did exactly what he asked, he'd let her stay.

"Hmm, I see, Sarah, thank you for being honest with me, that's important. Now remember what I said earlier, if you don't want me to call your mum, do exactly as I say, without question." She nodded. "Move to the table behind you, that's right. In a moment, I want you to sit on the edge, but first I would like you to take all your clothes off." She blinked, wide eyed. But knew this was the test. "Now, please Sarah."

There was just a moment of hesitancy, before Sarah started to slide her crop top up and over her chest and head. Sam studied her flat chest for a moment. Her light skin highlighted by her slightly darker, flushed areolæ which were topped by tiny nipples that stuck out, hardened, aroused. She immediately kicked her trainers off and lifted one leg, pulled her knee sock off, followed by the other. Knowing she wasn't allowed to hesitate, she reached round, and unclipped the short cheerleader style skirt from her waist, and dropped it to one side. She was now standing in just the special panties which had and still were revealing so much to Sam. Again, without pause, she put her thumbs in the waist elastic, and swept them down her legs, stepping out of them. She straightened up, leaning against the table, and remembering what Sam had asked, put her palms on the table edge and lifted herself up so she was sitting on the edge.

"That's good, Sarah, well done," assured Sam, knowing this was going to take less time than he'd thought. "Now another part of the test: what I want you to do is without moving your bottom, I want you to bring your heals up and rest them on the edge of the table too. You can lean back if you need to, but do not move your bottom." Because her bum was almost hanging off the table edge, the only way this possible was for her to lean back on her elbows, lift her knees high up, spread her legs and place her heals outside of her bum. Spreading her pussy wide, wide open for Sam to see. The dampness of arousal from her earlier climax glistened in her open vagina. Her red face, flushed with embarrassment, was almost the same colour as her pinky coloured pussy interior sparkling in the reflected light as she moved.

"Well done again Sarah, now what you are going to do, is show me how you masturbate." Sam saw her mouth open a little. "No hesitation now, you're nearly through this test. I may tell you to stop though, and if I do you must stop immediately." The child moved the fingers of one hand down over her completely hairless, plump mons, which now, with her lying in this position, was standing very prominently over her flat belly. Her palm cupped her mound, as her fingers dipped and found her clitty in an obviously well practiced movement. They started a circular motion, rubbing the little bead. Her cleft was wide open, of course, due to her legs being in the position they were. There was nothing, now hidden from Sam's view. He was loving this sexy, salacious display.

She suddenly pushed her middle finger down through her cleft, and dipped into her little dark vagina. Sam saw she was now even more aroused, her moisture betraying her, was glistening all along her cleft, as her finger spread it back up to her clitoris while she continued to rub herself. Sarah began to stimulate her nub with passion. Her breathing had become short pants. Her arousal was almost certainly heightened now knowing he was watching her so closely. This was just so erotic to them both. Sam realised this girl was a sex addict, he'd read a little about it and, from what she'd confessed, probably needed orgasmic releases half a dozen times a day. He had seen enough pre-teen girls about to cum, to time this one to perfection, and as she slowly rose, climbing her mountain of pleasure, Sam suddenly said "Stop Sarah, now. Remove your fingers." Although the girl did stop and removed her hand, her short breathing and slight hip humping, continued for several seconds. She was right on the cusp, nearly cuming. Her hands were twitching now, being drawn back, in a battle of wills fought between her mind and body.

"That's very good Sarah. Keep your hands by your sides please. That's right. Now would you like me to help you feel good? Would you like me to rub you a little?" The girl was in such a state of high arousal, at that moment, she would have agreed to anything, as she nodded vigorously at him, her breathing quickening again. Sam could see her labia were flushed bright pink, and her whole pudenda was engorged and swollen with her high sexual state of arousal. The moisture from her vagina was flowing freely into the crack of her bum, and over her anus.

"Keep your head on the table, and put your hands on your calves. Pull back on them if you feel the need to do so." Sam stepped forward, up to the table, between the girl's wide spread knees. In the movement of a moment, he pushed his sweats and boxers down, which dropped to his ankles. Grabbing his cock, and knowing she couldn't see exactly what he was doing, he gently rubbed the tip up and down her cleft, spreading copious amounts of pre-cum which had accumulated in his foreskin. He expanded his movements, until he was rubbing all the way from her clit down to her anus and back. He wanted her on a high, very high, for as long as possible. But most importantly, he didn't want her to cum, yet.

Slowly, slowly he stimulated her poor tortured pussy. Her vulva seemed so engorged, it would burst. Her movements, tiny thrusts trying to increase the pressure of his cock against her sensitive genitalia. Sam suddenly squatted down. He wanted to know if she was a virgin. He placed a palm either side of her pussy, and continued gently massaging her, as he pulled her vulva slowly apart, parting her labia even wider, her vagina peeling open into a little dark tunnel of glistening moisture, a wave of little girl musky odour wafted over him. He saw instantly that she was intact, a virgin. He'd half expected her to have bust her cherry with a hairbrush handle. Standing again, he quickly continued his penile stimulation of the nine year old child's clitoris. The girl was now almost beside herself with need. Every time she got close, he would move away from 'that spot'.

She needed this to end soon, she couldn't stand it much longer. She'd never been on the brink as long as this before. So when Sam leaned forward and asked her quietly, "Sarah, would you like me to make you cum, I will if you let me fuck you right now," she agreed instantly. "Oh yes Sam, please yes, just make it happen, please."

It was a fraction of a second, a tiny movement of his crown, and it was pressed to her entry. Another moment, and he was pressing, slightly harder, getting firmer, pressing again, harder. Then he felt her suddenly dilate, and his crown popped into her. There as a gasp from the girl, who was thrusting at Sam almost as much as he was thrusting now at her. Despite her being so young, and despite this being her first time, Sam could feel his cock sliding into the child. There was a slight resistance, but at that moment, she bucked at him, and her hymen melted away, his cock continuing it's journey into her glorious dark unexplored interior.

Sam felt his tip nudge into her end, she grunted as he pulled back and pressed into her cervix once more. Then pulled half way out and thrust back again, then almost all the way out, just his crown remaining and slammed into her. This girl was in a world of intense pleasure. Sam had seen many pre-adolescents enjoy having sex on the end of his cock. But none of them had enjoyed themselves quite as much as this little girl was. right now. She lay on her back, head pressed to the table, her bright blue eyes screwed up behind her closed eyelids. Her long blond hair a carpet across the table top. The white skin of her naked nine year old body seeming to move at every thrust, as if she was inflating and deflating. Her little flat areolæ, just a shade darker than the surrounding skin of her completely flat chest, surrounded her tiny little beaded nipples sill, trying to thrust themselves upwards.

Suddenly, Sam realised she was about to cum, and as she rose to a new height, he felt something new. Her pussy started to spasm, and as it did, there was a glorious pulse of pressure running along his cock, similar to when a tight fist ran up and down his shaft. It was a wonderful sensation. He was on the short strokes himself now, and as the girl started to buck under him, her head sweeping from side to side, her fists clenched into tight balls, pressing into her belly, he exploded into her. His semen was blasting into the girl, pulse after pulse. It had been a couple of days since his last fuck, and his underused cock really needed relief, as he filled her little void with his liquid silver. He pulsed and pulsed. He could feel each spurt as it pumped into her. It felt like gallons to him. After what seemed an hour, but probably only a minute or two, Sam's climax slowed to the mini pulses he loved so much and finally stopped. He smiled to himself and vaguely wondered how many 'oh gods' he'd muttered.

He stayed still, looking down at the beautiful little girl, tension dropping from her face, a look of utter contentment, as she looked back at him and smiled. "Can I join the Club now, Sam?" she asked, a slight look of mischief in her expression.

"I think we can arrange that for you Sarah. I think you would be a really good Club member, and I think we are going to enjoy you and I becoming better acquainted, don't you?" She smiled again. She knew this was going to be the first of many fucks with Sam. She hadn't been entirely honest with him. She actually masturbated four or five times a day, usually more. Her mum had often complained to her about the state of her panties. She enjoyed masturbation, but it was nothing like what she'd just experienced on the end of Sam's wonderful cock. When she played with herself, she came and enjoyed it, but was also always left with an empty feeling, needing more, a feeling of frustration creeping in, a need for fulfilment. This led her to have to masturbate again and again in a cycle of short release followed by more frustration. Sarah knew she soon needed more, much more, and Sam had shown her the way. It could be win, win if she joined The Club and she would find satisfaction at last.

"Don't move Sarah," he continued, "I have a special treat for you. Keep your eyes closed for a couple of minutes would you?"

Sam, his cock now deflated and had almost slipped out of her, stepped back. As he bent to pull his boxers and sweats up, he noticed her pussy was flowing with his sperm filled semen, some of which had already dripped down through her bottom, and onto the floor. He also noticed that her hymeneal bleed had been far greater than most of the other girls he had broken in. She had bled a lot. Sylvia would love this one.

"Don't move," he said, "and keep your eyes shut for a minute. Promise?" She nodded, a half smile on her pretty face.

Sam quickly, silently, opened and stepped out of the door, and back to where the others were still watching the movie. He hadn't realised he had only been gone just over twenty minutes. He leaned down and whispered into Sylvia's ear. She immediately stood, and made for the door. Sam sat down on the settee, picked up and sipped his whisky. Sylvia would look after the girl, she knew what she wanted, and what the girl needed. The auditions had started very well indeed as far as he was concerned. Something worried the back of his mind though. A distant bell ringing. Sylvia returned about fifteen minutes later. She smiled at him. A silent communication passing between them. She had a little smear of blood on her chin, which Sam wiped off with the pad of his spit wetted thumb.

Sarah quietly returned, to join her friends a few minutes later. As she crossed the room, she gave a little shy smile to Sam and Miss. P.

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CHAPTER 49
Alice gets the heads up from Sarah

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The movie came to an end, and before they put the next one on to play, Miss. P. clapped her hands and said, "right girls, can you all get ready for bed? You can watch the next one when you have changed,

washed and brushed your teeth. I think most of you showered after your swim, but if you want one that's OK." There was a rush, as all the girls went to their rooms, not wanting to be the last getting back.

Sam wandered down to have a pee. He needed to clean up a bit anyway, after fucking Sarah. He was very aware of his sticky and bloody cock. As he walked down the corridor, he noticed one of the bedroom doors was open a little. This puzzled him, as all the doors had drop hinges so they would close on their own. Someone must have propped it open. He saw from the name in the holder fixed to the door the girl was called Alice. Her face like every other girl on the auditions was very pretty. She was a nine year old, dark haired, green eyed girl. Being quite short, it gave her a dumpy look, which when added to a little natural puppy fat, made her look chubbier than was really the case. She would grow taller, and as she did would drop the unfortunate appearance she'd acquired.

As he passed the door, his interest now piqued, he glanced in through the gap. Each room was laid out in the same way, and ahead, in the corner of the room, was a mirror, at an angle, so as he looked, the reflection showed the interior of the room, and a naked Alice, standing, staring into the mirror, her hands behind her head, elbows pulled back, her full belly pushed out towards the mirror. Her feet were well apart, and in this stance, her pussy beneath seeming to pout at him, it's mound full and round, a coquettish smile on her face, as she looked into Sam's eyes, through the mirror. Clearly she'd been waiting for him. He froze to the spot for a few seconds, taking in what he was seeing.

Alice raised an eyebrow in question, and tilted her head in invitation. Sam looked up and down the corridor, no one around, so he pushed the door open, knocking away the shoe she'd used as a door stop, allowing it to close behind him.

"What's all this Alice?" he asked quietly, unable to prevent himself from feasting his eyes on her, "aren't you getting ready for bed, so you can watch the movie?"

"I'm ready for bed Sam," she answered in a low tone, looking up at him from a lowered face, "if you want that is."

"What do you mean Alice," he was on the back foot here and they both knew it, "what are you saying?"

"Well Sam, Sarah, my friend told me, if I let you fuck me, you would let me join The Club. Is that right?" She stepped back, and sat on the edge of the huge bed. He realised now why he'd had a niggle in his mind earlier. He'd forgotten to tell Sarah to keep quiet about what they'd done. She leaned back with her elbows propping her body up, then lifted her feet up onto the edge of the bed.

"It doesn't work quite like that, Alice," he stammered, knowing in his mind that's exactly how it worked, watching the girl, as she slowly spread her knees apart, giving him the most salacious view imaginable. She had slightly dark skin. Her hair was black as night, eyes dark brown. He assumed she was Hispanic. She wasn't what you would call beautiful, slightly chubby maybe, but she more than made up for it because her pussy was stunning, already calling out it's siren song to Sam's cock. Even as he watched, he could see her cleft slowly peel open, her labia parting and a glint of moisture reflect from the dark passage of her dark coral coloured vagina. He already knew she'd won and what was about to happen.

"Don't you want to fuck me Sam?" she continued, knowing she now had him at a disadvantage, "I think I would like you to fuck me." She was teasing him, and they both knew it. "Sarah said it was really nice. She said you were kind to her being her first time. It's my first time too, Sam, have a nice close look." She placed her palms under her thighs, her finger tips curled around her chubby legs, caressing her vulva for a second and finding her labia, before pulling them gently apart. Sam despite himself, stepped forward, and stooped down. Immediately he could see her intact hymen, awash with the moisture of her arousal. Her little girl musky scent wafted up. He knew he was beyond the point of no return.

"OK, that's enough, you win," he sighed, "how do you want it Alice? When it's a girl's first time, I like to do it the way she wants. Do you have any preference?"

Alice immediately flipped over, and was now on her hands and knees, her bum pointing invitingly at Sam. She looked over her shoulder at him. "This is how my sister says she likes it best when she fucks her boyfriend. She's thirteen now, so she should know." He stepped forward, and pushing his sweats down followed by his boxers, he placed his palms on the ample globes of her bottom. His knees were inside her

spread feet, which he pushed a little further apart, making more room for himself. Looking down, his rampant cock was pointing almost straight at her pussy. He grimaced, thinking he really should have had that pee first. His cock was also still sticky from semen, with traces of blood and Sarah's little girl juices from his fuck an hour ago.

Using his fingers to pull her plump labia further apart, he pressed his crown to her now open vagina. He pressed and eased off, pressed and eased off, allowing his pre-cum to spread into her cavity, suddenly mixing with the girl's own fluids, making a slippery feel to her glorious passage. Pressing and easing, each time he could feel a tiny dilation. He knew not to rush this. He was after all one of the world's experts in breaking in pre-teen virgins. If anyone knew how to deflower children, he did. Suddenly after a minute or two of the most wonderful pressure against his tip, watching her labia bulge out each time he pushed, turning from pink to white and back again, he slipped into her, a popping sensation, the tight elastic of her vagina entry clamping around his shaft. He commenced a slow, very slow, rhythm pushing and reversing.

Almost immediately, he felt the rubbery barrier of her hymen pushing back at him. He'd no sooner nudged into it than he felt the girl push back at him, forcing his long thin cock through, a tearing sensation, a gasp from the girl, was followed by the most exquisite feeling, as he felt his cock slide and slide deeper into the nine year old. She was very tight, almost painfully so, clamping hard the whole length of his cock, but there was so much pre-cum and little girl arousal, she was very slippery, as he penetrated her without pause, the smooth velvet walls of her vagina offering no great resistance as they were peeled slowly apart by his invading cock. He bumped into her cervix, and without stopping, reversed, until he almost popped out of her and thrusting in again. The girl started a "hummmpfff" and "ugghhh" rhythmic sound, each time he was pulling or pushing.

He upped the pace. This little girl, like Karen Duncan before her on camp, had been trying to dictate who was boss, and he couldn't allow that, it would lead to too many chiefs and not enough Indians. Sam built up his pace. He wanted to make this short, but having fucked and cum into Sarah, not an hour before, and desperately needing a pee, was finding it harder than usual to cum. He had been irked by her earlier behaviour and would have loved to have just pissed his fill into her, but his tight prostate made that impossible.

But, being the man he was, he also wanted to satisfy his lovers, especially on their first time, and anyway loving the feel of yet another new pussy to ream, he knew he would rise to the occasion and this pussy did feel special. It would just take longer, that's all. His pace by now was fast and furious. She wanted, no needed, him to cum, her own orgasm had started almost as soon as he'd entered her and she had climaxed so hard it almost hurt. It was enough. He on the other hand didn't like being railroaded, and was now going to get his own back. He was fucking her hard with his full six and a half inches. As he pulled back, he allowed his cock to just pop out, but immediately reversing, he slammed into her, pushing her to a new height of orgasm, the clamping of her cunt on his cock increasing, his thighs slapping her buttocks again and again. The child was breathing deeply now, repeating a mumbled, "oh my gawd, oh my gawd," as she did. He was on the point of no return, when he felt his own old familiar feeling deep down as his orgasm was heralded by the tingling in his scrotum, followed by a tightening in his balls.

Alice suddenly cried out, as her first ongoing climax during intercourse suddenly intensified to a new height. Her arms gave out and she collapsed onto her chest and face. Her knees would have done the same but for the fact that Sam was holding her hips, taking her weight, as he slammed again and again into her, the slapping sounds echoing around the room. Suddenly, he blasted into her. His orgasm pulsed hard, so hard, as his tip was pressed into her cervix, the grip on him an exquisite pain. His second pulse was like an explosion, and seemed to pour into her. He wondered for a moment if he had in fact pissed into her a little, as his semen pumped and pumped and pumped into her.

His cock was still pulsing, as he came again and again into her, his hips thrusting, gradually slowing and finally, there was no more and his dry humps, came to an end. The girl had pleaded with him to stop, calling out several times, "too much, oh no, I can't take any more." To no avail, Sam was finished when he was finished and not before. The mini pulses he always enjoyed so much at the end of his orgasm, during which he always liked to gently thrust again for a while, finally eased away to nothing. He lowered her hips to the bed, slipping out of her as he did so.

Sam stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at the prostrate child, lying like a wet rag, legs far apart, red semen flowing from her tortured pussy, her deep breathing, through her mouth, indicating she was trying to recover.

“Well Alice,” he asked her not unkindly, “how did you enjoy your first fuck. Was it what you expected?”

Her head moved a little, turning towards him, her eyelids fluttering open to slits. “Oh fuck yeah, Oh fuck, I’ve just got to do that again. Am I in the Club Sam, am I?”

“Yes Alice, you are, you passed the audition test. But one more thing.” She lifted her head, something in his tone warned her, her eyes opening and focusing on him now. “If you breath a word, just one word, of what we just did to the other girls, you will be out of The Club before you’ve even joined it, do I make myself clear?” She nodded, looking a little contrite. “You can tell Sarah the same. If you or she mention the tests, you’re out, immediately.” She realised Sam wasn’t the fool she’d perhaps taken him for. In a softer tone, he continued, “In a minute, Miss. P. will come in and give you another test. Until then you are not to move an inch, understand? Stay exactly as you are.” she nodded again. “One more thing, Alice, be sensible, and I think you will really enjoy The Club. I think you will fit in just fine. You’ve got all the right qualifications!”

Sam pulled up his boxers and sweats. Then as an afterthought, he leaned over and kissed the girl on the head. He let his hand slip over her rump and down into the wide gap between her thighs. Curling his middle finger up through her cleft, he scooped up a large dollop of the pink sticky fluid, filling her groin. He left the room, his hands seemingly clasped behind his back.

Entering the common room, he leaned over the back of the settee, and kissed Sylvia on the cheek. She looked fondly at him, and gently kissed his lips. “I have a little surprise for you, my darling.”

“Oh I like your surprises, what is it?”

“Close your eyes and open your mouth.” She did as he indicated. He put his finger into her mouth. “Now suck.” Her eyes popped open in startled amazement.

“You’ve done another one already?” she asked. He nodded.

“Go down to room eight, Alice Gonzales is waiting for you to sort her out.”

Sylvia scuttled out. First things first though, he just had to go and take a piss. Sam afterwards settled down in his seat. He realised he had only missed a few minutes of the beginning of the second movie. It would be an hour later before Sylvia returned, hand in hand with the now, seemingly tamed, Alice. During that time, events moved on.

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CHAPTER 50
Becky’s Intuition.

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As Sam sat, finishing his neglected whisky, he looked along the line of little girls lying on the floor in front of him. They were wearing the Club issued night dresses he and Sylvia had spent so much time acquiring. When the wearer was standing, they were long enough to not cause concern to the casual observer, but short enough, never-the-less. Then, they were made of a brushed cotton fabric, which when pressed against the carpets or rugs in the common room, gripped them, so that as the girls moved around, the nighties rode up. None of them were modestly hiding the girls thighs and bums, every single girl was on display to him. Some of the hems were up by their hips. Occasionally, a hand would try and pull the hems down over their bottoms, but it was a waste of time, being an elastic material they just sprang up again.

Most had their legs parted. Some had lifted their knees over the hips of their neighbours cuddling unconsciously, as they enjoyed the movie. Although they were all still wearing the very special Club issued panties, they might just as well have been wearing nothing. The gussets had not only drooped, lying as they

were supposed to do, out of the way, but had rolled themselves into long tubes of material, little thicker than a piece of string, exactly as Sam had hoped.

Sam spent half an hour playing discreetly with his little HD camera, zooming in and photographing every pussy on display, and several ‘family shots’, including all of them

One little girl looked over her shoulder for some reason. Sam caught the movement and looked back at her. He knew her name was Becky. She was ten years old, popular with the other girls, very pretty with light brown, almost strawberry blond hair, and deep brown eyes.

She saw Sam had been looking between the legs of the girl next to her. Puzzled, she lifted herself up onto her outstretched arms, shuffled back a foot, and looked down to see where Sam had been looking. Her friend’s bottom was virtually naked. She blushed a little, clearly thinking this through, knowing she herself was wearing identical clothing. She now knew what had caught his eye, but she also knew she was here on an audition.

Becky had spent most of the summer trying to find out everything she could about The Club and what they did. Now was not the time to lose her opportunity. She’d listened at the workshop door several evenings, when Club meetings were going on, and had an idea. She had already decided she’d do whatever it took to get in. It was just a moment of pause. She knew what to do.

She didn’t need to make a fuss. There was a purpose to everything here, she’d already realised. Making a fast decision, she glanced back at Sam, who was still looking her in the eye. She gave him a little smile, knowingly, a silent communication passing between them, as she lowered herself back down onto her tummy. She shuffled a bit, making her nighty ride up again, turning a little, so she was more in his line of sight, and parted her knees until they both nudged her neighbours. She hoped now Sam would look at her again. She hoped he would like what he saw. If he liked looking at little girls, she didn’t mind him looking at her any way he wanted, if she could join The Club. A few minutes later, she glanced over at him again, and sure enough, his eyes were glued between her thighs. Instinct told her she was as good as in The Club.

The third Harry Potter movie was put on to play. There had been a five minute break, so everyone could stretch their legs, have a comfort break and get a snack or a drink, before sitting down to the next marathon. During the break, Sam was pouring the soda into a line of glasses, and Becky offered to pass them round. As everyone had now got their drinks and began to settle down again, Sam asked Becky, “How are you enjoying the auditions so far?” she was a bright kid, and suspected the question was a leading one. “Oh yes, very much thank you Sam, I enjoyed meeting everyone, several are already my friends, one or two are in my class, so I knew I would be happy here.”

“What was it about The Club that appealed to you most, Becky? What made you want to join?”

Becky knew she was being tested. “Sam, I wouldn’t be honest with you if I just said it was going to be fun and I wanted to go on trips with you and my mum would get some money to help her. Although those are all true, I listened to what people have said about The Club, and know that many of the things The Club does, I would never be able to do and the idea of being sponsored with going to college, is so exciting, I would do anything to do that. But I also realise there is more to The Club than that. Has to be.” She looked at him, with no malice, no threat, no implied bribery. “As I said, I would do anything, anything at all, in fact. I saw how you were looking at me just now. I know what you want. Shall we go to my room now, Sam, or later on?”

Sam was staggered that this ten year old had worked him out so definitively. On the strength of one unguarded glance, she had worked out his motivation, processed the logic and arrived at a conclusion, a correct conclusion. She was no dummy, and already, he could see her in a few years’ time wearing the golden choker, replacing Sally as head girl when she moved on.

“You know, I’d like that very much,” he said quietly, “I tell you what, Becky I will come and see you later on, much later, perhaps two or three o’clock. You try to get some sleep before then ok?” She nodded, knowing she never had trouble sleeping, and picking up her glass, skipped over to join her friends, like any other ten year old, as the movie opened. Sam finished tidying the food and drinks, and sat back on the settee. Sylvia had still not returned from ‘looking after’ Alice. When he again looked across at Becky. He could see she had found a cushion to place under her belly, lifting her bum in the air. She had spread her knees, again touching her neighbours. Becky looked over her shoulder again, that coquettish look back on her face,

making sure Sam was looking at her pussy, a pussy she knew was now going to be the passport to her great future.

Sylvia had come back into the common room, as had Alice a few minutes later, who looked a little bemused, but clearly in some adoration of her favourite teacher. After Sylvia had sat beside Sam, she leaned across, and whispered, “Fuck me Sam, but that was quick work. How did you manage to pull in two in an evening?” Her breath having that unmistakable mixed aroma of little girl musk and excitement and semen and blood and fresh toothpaste.

He smiled at her, “Make that three!” He turned, and pointed with his finger towards Becky, who even as he spoke, lifted her bum for the umpteenth time, wiggling it a bit and lowering again.

“You’re not serious Sam,” she gasped, “another?” He nodded “God, I don’t know if I can keep up. It’s only the first night, and I feel drained already.”

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CHAPTER 51
Rosie gets molested.

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They settled down, as the movie continued. It was reaching it’s crescendo, the girls were writhing on the floor. On screen, Lupin who had missed his Wolfsbane potion, turns into a werewolf and becomes violent. Squeaks and suppressed screams were coming aplenty from the audience. They were loving the tension, the controlled, safe fear the movie evoked.

As the credits scrolled up the huge screen, Miss. P. came into the common room. She pushed a small trolley with cookies and other snacks, as well as drinks both hot and cold. The girls crowded around her and were allowed to choose what they wanted.

Miss. P. then clapped her hands and said, “Now girls, I want you to all go to your rooms, take your drinks with you. If you want to watch a little TV, that’s OK, but it will be a long day tomorrow, and I want you to all get a good night’s sleep.”

Quickly, not wanting to be the rebel on this audition weekend, they did as Miss. P. had instructed and the common room was suddenly empty. “Did they all get the drops?” Sam asked her. She nodded. “Yes, all except Alice, Sarah, and Becky as you suggested.”

Sam and Sylvia finished cleaning up the room, switched off the lights, and headed for the bedroom which they were sharing. They both quickly had a shower, and put slippers and bath robes on. By the time they were washed and dried, Sylvia looked at her watch, and nodded at him. They had discussed how to do this, and adopted a sort of process.

The plan was, Sam would molest each girl for ten or twenty minutes, before moving on to the next. Sylvia, who was addicted to Sam’s bodily fluids in pre-teen girls’ orifices, would then follow on, licking the girl clean, enjoying herself as she pleased, before finally putting their panties and nightdress back together so they would be none the wiser in the morning. He opened a cupboard, and took out a tripod and clipped on his camera. This little piece of history needed recording.

So starting at room One, they went in, both naked. The girl in this room hadn’t been on the camp, so was new to them both. Sam turned on the light, seeing the girl lying in the middle of the huge bed. Quickly, he pulled the bedding off her. His preplanning now came into play. He leaned over, and flicked each of the buttons on her night dress. They were specially made, and immediately released. Between the buttons, was a very thin line of miniature, invisible Velcro, and a gentle tug of the cloth pulled the garment away in two halves, leaving her naked, except for her panties. Taking his finger and thumb, and squeezing the pink stitching, on the gusset, another clip was released, now leaving the girl lying on the remnants of her clothes. This had taken less than thirty seconds.

They spent the next five minutes closely feeling, prodding, and stretching her pussy, inspecting it, grading it assessing it, worshipping it. One would hold it open for the other to fondle inside as far as possible, before reversing roles. They pulled her legs up, out, back. Every position; positions only little girls' bodies could be stretched to. The vital part of the weekend auditions was to see if the girls' pussies were pretty or ugly. Were they, in other words, desirably fuckable.

She was called Rosie. She had recently turned eight years old and looked a poppet. She had light blond hair, a turned up button nose and blue eyes. She looked like a beanpole, with no curves on her at all. No curves except for her gloriously smooth, completely hairless mons which reached up in a large curve at the base of her tummy. Sam so loved little girls with big mounds, especially when they had a deeply defined cleft, almost hiding her little clit and a deep dimple, like she had. It seemed to him the younger a girl was, the bigger her mound appeared in proportion to her body. Whenever a young girl had a prominent mound, like this one, he made a point of photographing her from the side, to get her profile well recorded. This one was worth recording.

Sam had now placed the tripod at the foot of the bed, and switched to 'record'. Not wanting to hide what went on from the camera, he lay on the bed alongside her, quickly placing an arm under her, he swiftly lifted and rolled her up, face down, onto his chest. Her head just under his chin, her beautiful long blond hair and arms falling each side of him, under his own arms. Her knees naturally fell either side of his hips. His cock, rigid as a steel bar was pressed to his belly by her weight. He lifted her up, and pushed it down, allowing it to spring back and press into her cleft, it's tip deep in her bum crack, just above her rosebud. Already, his pre-cum was beginning to flow down his shaft, soaking her glorious valley. He started a motion, running his crown up and down the length of her wonderful pussy. He knew that had he not taken the virginity of two girls earlier, he would be struggling not to cum now. As he pushed her legs together, trapping his cock between her tight thighs, he felt her smooth skin pressing, squeezing, massaging him. Her big mound pressed into his pubis. She felt just fantastic.

She was now completely slick with his pre-cum, and unless he stopped soon, he knew he wouldn't last to do his duty for the other girls. So he stopped his humping motion, and started to explore her intimate parts carefully with his finger tips. Because of the position she was lying in, face down on his chest, legs either side, her bottom and vulva were wide open. He wouldn't need to pull her open. He started at the small of her back, and sliding down along her crack, he felt the dip where her anal cavity was, filed with a pool of his slimy lubricant. Without pausing, he slipped his finger into her. He was immediately in as far as his first knuckle. He pulled back, and pressed again. This time, he could feel the buttery passage of her rectum sliding along his finger over the second knuckle. Again he pulled back, and this time as he pressed in, his finger slid in as far as he could reach. She felt just stunning. He glanced over at Sylvia, standing by the tripod, who was looking enviously at the child's bum, as she masturbated herself rapidly.

Leaving his finger where it was, he now moved his other hand further down, and cupped her big mound. Then, sliding his fingers upwards over her clitty and into her cleft, he traced her slippery valley into her soaking wet vagina. Then pressing his finger into her gently, he felt her yield a little. He pulled back and pressed again and again. Each time, she allowed his digit to sink just a little further into her. She was so tight on him, he wondered if intercourse was possible. But he'd fucked other eight year olds, and anyway, he did like 'em tight, really tight. The only thing was, this little darling was only just eight. It might just take longer to get into her, that's all, but fuck her he was detwermined he one day would..

After a few more cycles of pressing and pulling back, Sam's finger reached as far into her as possible. He paused a moment, then tried rubbing his two fingers together through the membrane between her vagina and rectum, the Rectovaginal Septum. He found this amazingly erotic. One finger in her bum, the other in her cunt, rubbing each other far inside her. Just then, Sylvia gave a little cough, reminding him it was her turn, so reluctantly, he pulled both his fingers from her orifices, held her by the hips, and rolled over on his side, allowing her to again flop onto her back. He sat on the edge of the bed, and offered his fingers to Sylvia, who instantly grabbed his hands and sucked them deep into her mouth, running her tongue repeatedly around them.

"To my mind, Rosie's passed this part of the audition. Depending on your verdict, we'll let her join, unless she does something stupid tomorrow. We'll see how she gets on with the Riddle of Choice on Sunday. Room 2 next," he said, as he picked up the tripod, and walked to the door, "who's in there, Sylvia?"

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CHAPTER 52
Lucy wakes to a whole new world.

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“Lucy,” she replied, as she lifted her knee over the prostrate girl on the bed, immediately lowering her own pussy onto the child’s upturned, pretty face, “remember her from camp? She was the one with the well used pussy. Surprising for a nine, year old.”

Sam hummed to himself, as he pushed open the door to the next room, and flicked the light switch on. He put the tripod down, pointed the camera and pressed ‘record’. As before, he swept the bedding off the sleeping child and paused to look at the picture of innocence for a moment, before he defiled her. The quick release clips on her garments had her naked in a few moments. She was lying on her side in a foetal position, sucking her thumb.

Sam climbed on the bed, and cuddling up behind her, spooned her for a minute, enjoying running his hands over her flanks, which like Rosie were curve-less. He remembered her long blond hair from camp, as she and her two friends had all had similar hair, carpeting the tent that night. He let his cock slowly find it’s home along her bum crack and cleft. To help, he started a humping motion to spread some pre-cum along to help his fingers play. He had already, unbeknown to the child been completely impaled inside her once on camp, and he looked forward to repeating that joy right now. He remembered just how sensational she had felt on his cock that night. It was the reason she was here today.

Without wasting any more time, he lined up his cock to her vagina, and started his well practiced nudging motions, to dilate and lubricate her. It was only on the fourth or fifth thrust, that he felt his crown unexpectedly pop into her. He remembered from last time that she seemed to have a contradiction in that she was tight, very tight, as any nine year old should be, but at the same time, dilated readily as though she had sex with an adult regularly. He would need to know before she joined The Club. Male competition, Sam knew, was something that brought trouble in more ways than one.

He gently pressed and released, pressed and released, feeling his cock slide further into the girl, as her vagina’s walls parted on his intrusion. Deeper and deeper. He remembered her so well, like it was only yesterday he had raped her last. As he nudged her end, he pulled back and thrust in again, building up a gentle tempo. He didn’t want to cum yet. He still had Becky to look after.

Sam stopped for a moment, he placed his hands on her hips, one under and one over her. Then, with his cock firmly pressing into her cervix, he held her tight, and rolled himself onto his back, bringing her up with him, her back pressed to his belly, her bum against his pubic mound, her head on his chest. Her feet fell to the bed either side of him, and her knees bent outwards, at that impossible ‘little girl’ angle.

Sam started to thrust into her. He was in one of his favourite fucking positions, because his cock was completely inside the girl, leaving both hands to explore the whole of her body as he desired. He took his time. He wanted to experience the child, not cum in her, he wanted to record in his mind her delectable, totally delectable cunt and it’s feel, the pleasure it was giving his body. Fuck she felt good. Even better than he remembered. Last time, of course, he’d had to wear a condom. He was plunging in and out now every couple of seconds. His left hand rubbing one of her flat tits, feeling her nipple bud up into a tiny bead. His right hand was massaging her clitty. It had engorged now, and was pushing itself proud of it’s cowl like a little erection.

He was just thinking of bringing this to a close, knowing Sylvia would come in for her turn at any moment, when he felt a slight movement. Did she take a deep breath? Was there a muscular spasm. He definitely felt it. Then again, and again. The girl was cuming in her sleep. She was asleep wasn’t she? Oh fuck, he realised she was waking up. No she was already awake! How long had she been awake?

“Oh gawd, yes,” Lucy muttered, “oh gawd yessss, nghhhggggg, AAAAHHHHH, ooooffff fuck yes, yes. Oh fuck. Am ….oohhhh…. I….. in the …. Ugghhh …. Club Sam,” she managed to stutter out between her orgasmic gasps, “or do I have to shout rape? Fuck this feels good. Cum in me Sam, cum in me noowwww.”

Sam had been having a hard enough job holding back as it was. The sudden surge of adrenaline followed by the immense relief fired another huge orgasm. It hit before he could warn her or prepare himself. As his first pulse blasted into the nine year old, the door opened, and Miss. P. walked in. Her mouth dropped open in shock as she took in the scene and understanding hit home, that the child was wide awake.

Lying on the bed face up was Sam, with the little girl Lucy lying on top of him, also face up, her legs flopped to either side of Sam's hips. Standing where she was, she could clearly see where Sam's cock curled up through the girl's bum cheeks, and into her vagina, pushing her vulva wide apart, where it bulged out each time he thrust, her labia stretched open. As she watched, she saw semen start to leak from around his cock running down between his thighs. She didn't hesitate, she climbed onto the bed, pushed Sam's legs further apart, and started to lick along his cock and Lucy's clit, at the exact point where they met. She loved the taste of Sam's cum in little girls' cunts, but this was the first time she had been able to taste it 'live'.

After Sam had stopped his thrusting, and slowed to a stop, she finished cleaning them both, and waited for him to pull out. As he did, Sylvia pushed his cock down, out of the way, so she could get at the girl's vagina, before the precious ambrosia leaked away and was wasted. She spent a minute or two licking and sucking at the girl, until there was no more of the delicious taste. She was aware that the child was bucking her hips as she did this. Perhaps she was enjoying it too. Sylvia had cum throughout this wonderful experience. She just couldn't get enough little girl kiddy sex. Life with Sam was just getting better and better.

The three of them lay for a minute or two, each enjoying their own post climax feeling of peace and calm. Eventually, Sam rolled Lucy off from his chest, over to his side. He pulled her towards him, so she was now on her back. Leaning on one elbow, Sam needed to know where he stood. He had, at the end of the day, raped the nine year old.

"Lucy, are you OK?" He asked her. "I thought you were asleep when I came to check up on you."

"I'm OK Sam, " she replied in a calm tone, "I rather liked you doing it. You're much nicer than when the boys do it to me. Sam, can I join your Club? I mean, do you like me enough to join?"

"Yes, Lucy, you can join The Club," he chuckled, realising the girl wasn't phased at all at her non consensual treatment at his hands. "I don't want you to tell anyone what happened here tonight, Lucy, do you understand? It must remain between the three of us. Now tell me, what's this business about 'the boys', what's that all about?"

Lucy lived in a run down apartment, in a run down street, in a run down part of town. Her life, simply put, had been run down. In her building a gang of youngsters had formed years ago. As they grew, they moved from being pests, to petty crime, and latterly drugs and minor violence. Over the years, any child in the building was expected to join, and do as they were told. If it was stealing from shops or cars or neighbours, they did as they were told. In the case of the girls, they had to fuck the boys whenever they wanted, and often the older ones were sold by the hour to anyone willing to pay for them. Lucy was the youngest, and had been broken in about six months ago by the gang leader, his privilege. Thereafter, all the boys had had her. Some regularly, others preferring the older girls. When Sam later understood her full story, he realised that was why her vagina looked so experienced and well used when they were on camp and he'd been able to penetrate her so easily that night.

Her mother, Martha, had known exactly what was happening, and saw a life of crime and violence and prostitution and pregnancy and drugs stretching out before her daughter's life. She knew the nine year old was being used by the gang for casual sex. It happened often enough in the child's own bedroom and there was nothing she could do about it. She'd challenged them that first time, and had scars now to show for it. Unless somehow she could get them out of this situation, she knew Lucy's life would just end before it had really started. Then she heard about The Club. She didn't know how to approach Sam, so when Sam's invitation arrived, she couldn't believe her luck, and just hoped Lucy would get in.

With some careful questioning, and Lucy's remarkably honest replies, Sam and Miss. P. soon found out the girl's history, her need, her desperation. He, like the girl's mother realised that The Club would be her only salvation. Sam made a quick decision. Lucy and her mother needed to be out of their apartment block and away as soon as possible. They needed protection, and a secure environment. He had an idea, but would need Ellie to help him. He would call her in the morning.

“So Lucy,” he asked her, “how come you weren’t asleep when I came into your room?” He was worried the knock out drops hadn’t worked on her. “Couldn’t you sleep? Did you drink Miss. P.’s nightcap before bed?”

The child glanced at her beside table, where the drink was only partly consumed. She’d been so tired, she had fallen asleep without drinking much of it. They chatted for a while, reassuring the girl that she was in The Club, but that they would help her and her mother get to a safe place. “I know what they can do,” said Miss. P., “they can move into my apartment. It’s empty, and I won’t need it now.” So it was decided Miss. P. would phone Lucy’s mother in the morning, drive over and she and Ellie would help move their stuff.

“What about the adventure park, Miss. P.?” asked Lucy, “you will miss the fun.”

“Some things are more important, Lucy, and I think yours and your mum’s safety is more important now.”

The three of them cuddled in the bed and after a few minutes they had drifted off to sleep. A couple of hours later, Sam woke up. As he was prone to do. He had been spooning into the girl, and his erection grew, nestling into her bum crack and her still damp pussy. He ran his hands up and down her flank, surprised that she had no curves on her at all yet. He reached over and caressed her little nipple, which beaded up into a little nut hard nub. He felt her areola harden to his touch, pushing outwards.

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CHAPTER 53
Becky’s somnolent first time.

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Remembering he had an appointment with Becky, he looked at his watch. 3a.m. Time to go. He had intended to molest most of the audition girls, but Lucy waking up and his next appointment with Becky had curtailed his plans. He would have to make up for it tomorrow night. He craned his neck and looked over Lucy, and saw that Sylvia was sound asleep. She would be happy where she was for now. Careful not to disturb Lucy, he untangled himself from the covers and left the room quietly. He walked down the corridor, carrying his bathrobe over his arm, to room ten, where he carefully turned the handle, and opened the door and slipped inside.

The only light in the room came from a half moon, shining lazily through the thick drapes hanging at the windows. It was enough to see the bed, and the shape of the girl, curled on her side, facing away from him. Sam stepped towards the bed, and carefully slipped under the covers. Waiting a moment until his skin was warmed again, he edged over and gently put his hand on Becky’s hip. Rolling onto his side, he slowly made contact with her, spooning into her. He loved absolutely adored molesting girls when they were unaware, or better still, asleep. It was the same when he watched the girls in the changing rooms. Somehow it was more arousing if it was illicit and surreptitious.

Slowly, Sam reached over, and one by one flicked the buttons on her nightdress, releasing them. Then, only able to use one hand, he pried apart the Velcro, and pulled the garment up and back, exposing her chest to his exploration. He ran his hands gently up and down her body, feeling her ribs, the dip in her tummy. Her boobs were small cones, about an inch and a half diameter at the base pointing firmly outwards from her otherwise flat chest. They were tipped with small raisin sized nipples, which as he rolled them between his finger and thumb, hardened to his touch.

Not able to hold himself back any longer, he slid his hand down and cupped her pussy over her panties. Her mound pressed firmly back against his palm. Feeling her shape for a moment by sliding his hand up and down her lower belly and mound, his tumescent cock became hard as a pole again, pressed into the crack of her bum. Not sure if he could manage it, he fumbled along the waist band of her panties seeking the release clip, so cleverly disguised. He located the one on her hip, and squeezed it, letting the elastic tension go. Similarly, he knew another was over her cleft, where the narrow gusset started to widen at her pubis. This took a little longer to find, but eventually he got it and released the clip. The next few minutes was spent carefully wriggling the panties out from between her thighs. Success brought Sam a thrill, as he could now

feel her naked bum, running his fingers along her crack, down between her thighs and into her cleft. She was damp. Very damp. She had obviously been anticipating their consummation when she fell asleep.

Sam then did one of his favourite things. He reached down her leg as far as he could, then slowly, gently, ran his fingers up her thigh, around and over her mons, up caressing her belly and over the rise of her rib cage, flitting over her tits to her neck, before running downwards again over her silky smooth skin, repeating this a number of times.

Sam's foreplay was over after a few minutes of caressing, exploring and feeling her, he was ready to go, but had one final thing to do before waking her. He moved his crown down her bum, and into the gap between her thighs, pressing upwards with his finger tips. He started to hump her slowly, his crown moving forwards and backwards, spreading his, now free flowing, pre-cum the entire length of her cleft. He could feel her plump labia oozing and bulging outwards, as his cock pressed to them. Moving his upper hand along, and his lower hand under her, he cupped her globes, and pressed further until his finger tips were touching over the centre line of her cleft. He pressed in gently, and slowly peeled her apart. His cock could feel her opening widen, as it pushed into her under it's own compression. When he felt he was at her entry, he started a very slow humping motion, to insinuate his cock into her opening, spreading his pre-cum. He pulled back, and placed his middle finger to her opening, and carefully pressed in, feeling her open to his intrusion. His digit slipped in further and further, until he felt her hymen pressing back at him. He had spread as much pre-cum into her as he could. It was time.

Sam gently shook Becky's shoulder, and called her name. She grunted quietly, as she stirred. He shook her again, "let me sleep Mum," she moaned. Her steady breathing indicating her sleepiness. She was certainly a heavy sleeper. Sam thought for a moment. He had an idea. He needed to let her fall into a deep asleep again though. After a few minutes, her gentle snore recommenced, so he brought his crown back to her vagina, and slowly carefully, pulling her cleft apart again, pressed into her. He kept the pressure up, feeling her slowly dilate around him. He was in no rush, and just loved the feel of her cunt slowly swallow his cock. Her tight ring didn't pop over his crown, it oozed over gently. He paused, and allowed her to dilate further.

After about five minutes of the most wonderful anticipation, Sam pushed forward. Almost immediately, he felt her hymen against his end. Sam had lost count how many virgins he had deflowered, but the great thrill he got in being the first, and feeling it tear would never fade. Again he started to hump Becky. Each time, his cock pressed harder and harder into her membrane. He wondered if he should stop, but the feelings of her tight, tight cunt sliding up and down his shaft was just too good to stop. Still the girl slept. He couldn't believe it.

Then it happened, and he felt the familiar tearing as, her hymen dissolved around his penetrating cock. He froze. She snorted in her sleep, mumbled something he couldn't make out, before her quiet little snore recommenced. Sam waited a few more minutes, before he humped her in microscopic movements. He could just feel movement, as he slipped minutely into her each time he pressed forward. This went on for some time. Sam didn't care if it took all night, he was just loving this, fucking a girl who was willing, but at the same time, taking her virginity, while she slept. He increased the scope of his thrusts now. He started to move back almost coming out, before thrusting slowly in, in long careful delicious movements, getting deeper each time.

He hit her end, her cervix pressed against him. He was five inches into her. He decided it was time this little girl enjoyed her first time. Laying still for a moment, Sam took in her feel, how tight she was, her size, smell, her light brown, almost blond hair flowing down between their bodies and the swell of her bum, pressing into his pubic bone as he felt his cock deep inside her. He just wanted to appreciate her beauty in every sense before he fucked her properly.

Sam pulled back, almost coming out of her, and pressed in fully. He again pulled back and pressed in, speeding up his tempo each thrust. On the third thrust, he heard her moan and a little grunt. She snorted, then he felt her vagina clamp down on him. "Ohmmmyggoooddd, ohmmmyggoooddd," she started to mutter, as her sleep induced drunken state slowly took in what was happening. Sam now was slamming far into her. All six and a half inches of his rigid tumescent cock vanishing into her, as he mashed his pubic mound into her bottom. Her "Ohmmmyggoooddd's" continued non stop

He started to feel her passage clamping down on his cock, as he continued to fuck into her. Sam knew she was rising. He paused his thrusting, catching his breath for a second. “Becky, can you hear me, Becky?” He asked.

“What, why have you stopped?” she asked, “Don’t stop now.”

“Becky,” he went on, “I like to sometimes ask girls on their first time if they want it in a particular way. Is there any special way you want to do it?”

By now, she had come down slightly from her high, and was starting to think again. She was about to tell him “to carry on, this way was fine”, when she remembered she had always had a dream of being on top for her first time. “Would it be ok, Sam if you lay on your back, and let me go on top? Is that OK?”

He smiled, as he pulled out of her, hearing a sucking sound as he did so. He rolled over, feeling the girl almost immediately straddle him. Her knees were not quite able to reach down to take her weight, so she had to put her feet down and squat. She lifted a little, while Sam lined up his cock with her vagina. As he felt her entry, he lifted his hips, pushing back into her. Feeling him penetrate her again, she lowered herself onto him. Down she went, down, slowly, all the way. He couldn’t believe he was all the way into her, as she sat on his belly, his cock deep in her, a bulge just under her tummy button betraying how deep he was inside her.

Then it got better. She surprised him again. She leaned back a little, the bulge at her belly grew, and placed her palms on each of his knees. He thought she was going to fuck him like that, but then, she lifted each of her feet up, and laid her legs down along his chest, her feet either side of his head. Her full weight was now on his pubis, pressing him even deeper into her. The little bulge in her belly was now just beside her navel. He had repeatedly told himself that little girl kiddy sex couldn’t get any better, then he surprised himself when it did. He waited to see what she did next. It was her show it would seem.

Becky, using her legs and hands, levered herself up an inch or two, before dropping herself down again on his pubes. The depth of penetration was unbelievable. Sam didn’t know if cervical penetration was possible, he’d always understood it wasn’t, but, his cock told him different, it felt like it was, he just didn’t know. All he cared about at this moment was he that he was completely embedded inside this ten year old. A few minutes ago she’d been a sleeping virgin, now she was performing acrobatic sex.

She now started to lift and drop, lift and drop. Her feet pressing down on his shoulders, her hands now on his hips, either side of hers. Her movements got longer and faster, as her confidence in her capabilities increased. After a minute or so, she was bouncing up and down on his cock, the little bulge at her belly button moving around up and down several inches, as his cock nudged her from inside. From where Sam was lying, he could see every detail of his cock penetrating the young girl, as it slid in and out of her.

Becky had always dreamed of having her first time just like this. She had once found an old black and white child porn mag in a drawer in the garage her father used to keep tools in, before he left the family all those years back. She’d been only five at the time, and hadn’t really understood what she was looking at. That only changed as the years passed. It had shocked, surprised and excited her. She had studied the pictures until they were etched in her memory. It had taught her a lot. But towards the back, there had been eight pictures showing a little girl of about eleven doing this to a man. Her face suggested she was enjoying it. It had tweaked Becky’s imagination, and she decided she would try it one day, this day.

Becky’s climax caught them both by surprise. She screamed her ecstasy out loud, as the impact of her orgasm overwhelmed her to such an extent, she stopped bouncing. Sam immediately put his hands either side of her bottom, and started lifting and dropping her again. This seemed to just intensify her climax, as she howled out her overwhelming pleasure with feelings she’d never before experienced. Sam was not long behind her, and before the girl came down from her peak, he exploded into her, his fourth fuck of the night three of which had been virgins. His semen spurted and poured and spurted again into her. He’d cum four times in the last eight or nine hours, and yet he could still deliver a full load. He knew without a doubt it had been the best night of his life. The pleasure he got from each of these underage girls was just fantastic. They all felt different, they all reacted differently, but each child gave him more pleasure than he believed was possible. As often happened to Sam, as he came down from on high, his mini pulses slowly diminishing, back to the real world. A funny thought struck him, making him smile to himself. Instead of child sex being illegal, it should be compulsory.

Finally it ended. They were both panting for breath. The dim moonlight reflected off some micro beads of perspiration on Becky's forehead, her hair sticking to her temples. Becky had never felt such a wonderful feeling in her life. Sure she, like most girls her age, had discovered and developed her masturbation skills into a pleasurable bedtime experience a few times a week, but never, in all her short life, had she felt what had just overwhelmed her tiny body before. It was just wonderful. She'd worked out what Sam had been after in the common room. She'd decided if a fuck got her in The Club, then so be it. But now she realised she wanted Sam to fuck her again and again. Nothing to do with being in The Club, she wanted, no needed, that mind blowing climax again, and soon. It so surpassed playing with herself. She smiled, her own funny thought coming to mind. Perhaps she would work her way through the positions in that old dog eared child porn mag, which she'd got hidden away at home somewhere, each time she fucked Sam.

Sam cuddled into the little girl, as they both drifted off to sleep, Becky starting her rhythmic snore again, as Sam thought through his experiences of the day. "My god," he smiled, as he thought, "but I wouldn't trade being a pedo for anything."

About an hour later, Sam needed to have a pee, and afterwards, returning to the bed, found her still in her deep, deep sleep, on her side. He spooned in behind her again. His cock was stirring, feeling the silky soft skin of the ten year old girl's thighs pressing against him. He reached down with his palms, and pulled her bum and cleft open, using his fingers to prise her labia apart. He could feel a lot of semen seeping out, as her vagina walls parted. He pressed his cock to her entry, and applying steady pressure, felt his crown sink slowly but steadily back into her depths. He just nudged her end, and paused thinking life was pretty good just now. He was asleep in a few moments, his cock resting exactly where it wanted to be.

Sam awoke at dawn as was his habit. Neither of them had moved. He was pleased he was still erect, and was still pressing against her end. It was only the movement of his thigh, and he was humping into the child, building his motion and momentum. He reached over her hip, and after a moment of exploration, found her clit. Her cowl was proud of her cleft. He gently started to diddle her, as he thrust into her. He could feel her body responding, even though she was still in a deep sleep. Boy, could this girl sleep! She started to breath deeply. She was going to cum in her sleep. Sam wanting her to enjoy her orgasm, started to pound into her with some speed and force.

He shook her shoulder and spoke into her ear. Even so, it was some seconds before she stirred. "Ohhh, goooddd, yeeeesss, ohhh yeessss, nnnggghhhh, oh yessss," she muttered, as she came, while she came to her senses, "I'm cuming Sam Fuck me hard Sam, please, hard, quick." He upped his game, and for the next couple of minutes was slapping into her bum, as her vagina squeezed his cock again and again, as she spasmed on him. Her orgasm went on and on. Her muscular pulses ran the full length of his cock, as her vagina clenched him continuously. He felt the familiar tensioning in his scrotum, and soon the surge up his shaft, as he blasted into her for a second time.

After they both came back to reality, Sam gave her a cuddle and long kiss, their tongues intertwining. His cock slowly withered, shrank and slipped from her warm vagina, sucking a little semen out with it. He liked this intelligent kid. She would go far. He told her to stay where she was, it was early, and there was no reason for her to get up yet. He told her he had a surprise for her though. She wondered what it would be. As she waited, she thought about how Sam had just fucked her, from behind. It had been really nice. It was similar to another set in her old magazine, but that girl had been fucked up her bum. She wondered what it would be like. Perhaps, next time, she would ask Sam to try.

He put his towelling wrap on, and quietly left her room. He padded down the corridor, and went into Lucy's room. The light was still on, although Lucy and Sylvia were both fast asleep. They had no bedding over them and were in a tangle of limbs, each having a palm in the other's crotch. Sam carefully shook Sylvia's shoulder. She was a light sleeper, and her eyes opened instantly. Sam whispered in her ear. She nodded, and putting her own gown on, went out to look after Becky. Sam remained looking at Lucy's naked body for a few minutes, before he picked up his camera and tripod, switched out the light, and went to his own room for a shower and to dress. He had some jobs to get done before they left for the adventure park. First job was to call Ellie. She and Sylvia needed to get Lucy and her mum moved today. They could use his truck and also call in a favour or two to get some muscle to help them if they needed it. He then went out to his truck, and drove round to Paddy's to pick up Jenny and Emily. They were ready and very excited when he pulled up. They needed no encouragement to get in the truck. Waving to Paddy on the doorstep, Sam felt a little sad for his friend's dad, as he waved them off.

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CHAPTER 54
The Theme Park.

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The bus arrived on time at 9:00 am. The audition girls, those that had been drugged the night before, were really struggling to wake up. As arranged, the old Club members had all arrived at 8 o'clock, to have breakfast and meet the prospective members. Miss. P. had to ask them and Alice, Sarah, Lucy and Becky to help get them dressed in time. Finally, they were eating breakfast, which Sam had cooked, by the time the bus arrived.

Everyone was wearing similar clothes. Miss. P. had put out tracksuit style clothing for all the new girls. Trefoil leggings and hoodie tops, all in The Club colours. Club coloured socks, trainers and tees were also provided. Interestingly, though Alice, Sarah, Lucy and Becky's clothing now also sported The Club logos, of course, as did the existing Club members'. As far as Sam was concerned, they were now members, and were entitled to do so. When this was commented on, Sam passed it off as an oversight. But the four new girls, and the existing Club members of course, all knew better.

The day was a great success. The weather was perfect. It wasn't too crowded. Most schools hadn't finished for their vacations yet, so they didn't have to queue too long for the popular rides. Sam was observing everyone very carefully. It was noticeable who was trying to push to the front, and who was letting others go first. Julia and Heather Atkins, the two sisters he'd heard speaking in the showers the day before kept jumping queues, and pushing the younger ones out of the way. He already knew they wouldn't be joining. Another couple of girls were also doing similar things. He saw one, a girl called Gill Evans, spitefully pinch a small seven year old girl on her arm. Her name was Daisy. It was obviously painful and made her recoil, bringing tears to her eyes. Probably trying to provoke her into a reaction, which didn't come. Daisy was a pretty, chubby brown haired little girl. She was already a friend of Jenny, Sophie and Naomi, the dark haired beauty he'd met on camp. He noticed they had got together as a small group, chatting. He understood they were all in the same class at school. Daisy was always smiling when Sam looked at her. She was one of Ellie's choices, and he knew she would be perfect for The Club, and looked forward to exploring between her thighs later that night.

Daisy looked resentfully at the bully, but stayed in the queue, waiting her turn, rubbing her sore arm, as she spoke to Naomi. Sam frowned at Gill, who blushed as she realised she'd been caught. If they couldn't get along at a theme park, they wouldn't during every day life. He was disappointed, because she was an exceedingly pretty girl. But that's not how The Club worked. By lunch time, Sam had four names in his head of girls who wouldn't be joining The Club.

They went to the food mall, and had a quick show of hands. "Wendy's it is," said Sam, "let's go eat."

After they ordered the food, Sam, with Sally and Vicky and Vera, sat at a different table from any of the audition girls, and compared notes. It was a hard selection to make, when trying to decide which of these very pretty girls wouldn't be selected. When Sam mentioned the four in his mind, Sally nodded. "Yes," she said, "I had three of those in mind too. Why have you rejected Jasmine?" He explained that he hadn't rejected Jasmine as such, but he had ideas for her and her mother outside The Club. The problem being Jasmine would never be an achiever in academia, sport or art. "Another couple come to my mind as well. Molly, dark hair, aged nine and Julie, eight. That makes six rejects. Other than that, I think the other nine will fit in well."

The afternoon continued much as the morning had. They had saved the biggest, most exciting ride until the end. It was called 'The Big Drop'. It needed a head for heights and a strong stomach, proven when Vicky and Vera were both sick on the grass after they staggered away from the ride afterwards. Sam got vertigo, so had stayed off that ride.

Sam observed the group dynamics continuously, and was confident the selections had been right. To him the ability of the girls to get on as a group was almost as important as their physical and sexual beauty. He

would leave an open mind, but reckoned he'd got it right. Now all he had to do was persuade them all to drop their panties, spread their legs and let him fuck them. Hmmm interesting!

As they took the two hour bus ride drive back, Sam noticed the new girls were mingling with the existing members. He was pleased about that, he really needed to get as much feedback on them as possible. After about half an hour, almost everyone had fallen asleep. It had been a long day. "It was going to be a long night as well," thought Sam.

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CHAPTER 55
Saturday evening – The Riddle of Choice.

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When they got back, it was already seven o'clock. Miss. P. sent all the girls to their rooms to have a shower. She said that Sam was going to cook something special for them all and as soon as they had eaten, they would continue the movie marathon with number four in the wizardry series, Harry Potter and The Goblet of Fire. She told them they would find fresh underwear in the drawers in their rooms. While he was cooking, she came into the kitchen and, sitting at the table, poured herself a drink. She told him about the move.

"There might be a problem, Sam. We got Lucy's mum out and all their stuff over to my place. We were just finishing, and locking up her apartment, when a group of about six boys came round. They were a tough looking bunch, Sam, I can tell you. They threatened Lucy's mum, Martha and frightened me and Ellie. Martha told me some while back she'd challenged them when they'd come for Lucy. They'd beaten her up and cut her up pretty badly. She's really frightened of them. They wanted to know who we were and where we were going. Well I didn't tell them where, but they knew which school Lucy is in, and said they would call round one day. They said something about 'no one leaves their gang without permission'." She looked at him with a worried smile. "Anyway, the important thing is they're moved."

"Don't worry Sylvia," he smiled, stirring a sauce in the pan, "I'll call round on Monday evening and have a friendly chat, perhaps bang a few heads together. If there were only six of them, I'll try not to hurt them too much, you'll see." Sam always reassured Sylvia at times like this. She knew he had killed three men the weekend of the camp. He'd done it without a moment's hesitation and made each look accidental. She never thought of him as a murderer. On the contrary, they'd deserved it, he was more like a protector. He was now going to face up to the full gang and he clearly wasn't worried in the least about a few punks.

Tonight, there were, of course many more mouths to feed than usual, with the fifteen audition girls as well as the twelve members, Sylvia had asked Ellie to join them as a thank you for her help so they were thirty in all and had to squeeze round the big table when the food was served.

After they had eaten, Sam stood, and there was an immediate hush of anticipation. "Tomorrow, we are going to Waterworld for the morning." There was a buzz of excitement, as, like the adventure park, it was expensive, but very popular for all the slides and water splashes they had there. "Miss. P. has put a new swim suit in each of your rooms." He didn't add that these were not indecent and wouldn't get him arrested like the others might have done, even though the gussets were still made of thin, white, unlined material, which showed plenty when wet. "We will have lunch afterwards, then return here. The weather is expected to be bad all day, so I have some indoor activities planned for you." He looked up and glanced around the room.

"I am about to hand out some sheets of paper. On them is a riddle. Think of it as a treasure hunt. I would like you each to read this now. Don't try and solve it yet, we will do that tomorrow. I just want you to start thinking it over. Tomorrow, I will put you into teams. You can solve the riddle together. I hope you enjoy doing it, it is meant as a little fun, and there are prizes too. Please do not talk about the riddle to each other, or anyone outside this room." Sam passed the papers around the room. Each girl took one.

Sylvia took a sheet herself, and read through it with Ellie. Neither had seen it before. It was printed in copperplate. They were immediately intrigued.

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The Riddle of Choice

The rhyme of her prize, is sweet warm and sunny;
It's bitter sweet taste, is richer than honey.
Subtly think, and consider at leisure;
Willingly offered, in lies her real treasure.

The less she displays, the more she will show,
No sartorial frippery, I wish to know.
Endowment from life's vault, will provide,
Treasure and answer, that's sought deep inside.

And with this in mind, a clue I will offer,
Plutus, the god, or maybe his mother.
Another old god, she's second in line,
Her days are so long, much longer than thine.

Sun sets in east, and rises in west,
To act just like her, then you will be blest.
There's no moon at night, she shines more than all,
Be just like her, if you hear the call.

The answers are twofold, choose only one,
Take out the years, a millennium sum.
So think very carefully, your fortune depends,
On the way of your answer, and the message it sends.

When the solution's to hand, as a person or team,
Keep it a secret from others to glean.
Then you will know on how to proceed,
But will it be conferment, or will it be greed?

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Around the room, many puzzled faces studied the verses. They knew there was a solution, the trick was to tease it out.

"Now girls, as I said, I just want you to read this now, not try to solve it. You will be in teams tomorrow, you can solve it then. Over there," he indicated the bookshelves, "there are many reference books, thesauri, dictionaries, as well as the internet, if you prefer over there," his hand waved to the bank of computer terminals on the long desk at the back. "Please don't lose these sheets, I will want them back afterwards. In the meantime, tonight, we will be playing the next Harry Potter movie. I think first Miss. P. wants a word with you."

Their faces turned towards their favourite teacher, who stood and smiled at them. "Well girls, I hope you all had a lovely day. I am sorry I couldn't be with you, but something important came up." She unconsciously glanced at Lucy and smiled, before continuing. "I would like all of you to again get ready for bed. When you come back, you can have a drink and a cookie if you like and then we'll start the movie."

Ellie made her excuses, thanked them for the meal, kissed her daughters and left. Ten minutes later, all the girls had got back. There were too many for a single line of them on the floor. It was interesting how the four new members had already bonded with the original members, Alice, Sarah, Lucy and Becky had joined them. Perhaps female intuition.

As the movie started, They all settled down into a comfortable group, relaxing as they had last night. Quite soon nighties were riding up, exposing lots of flesh. Whereas the audition girls were all wearing the Club underwear, which covered almost nothing, Sally had seen to it that the second row didn't wear any at all.

The new girls found this really naughty, but exciting. Sam could see each of them had red looking pussies, probably from the thorough fucking they'd each enjoyed the night before.

After about half an hour, Sam passed his little camera down to Sally. She switched it on, reached forward, and took several shots of the girl in front of her from about two inches away. She then passed the camera to the next one along, and so every audition girl had her pussy picture taken in macro. If Alice, Sarah, Lucy or Becky had any lingering doubts about what The Club was really about, lying spread out and naked from the waist down in front of of Sam and Miss. P. and being handed a camera to photograph another girl's pussy up close, cleared up any such misunderstanding.

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CHAPTER 56
Making an art form of molestation.

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The evening passed much as the previous one, with the exception none of the girls were taken out for a one to one session, as had happened the previous night.

After one more Wizardry movie from Potter and friends, Miss.P. called everyone for their nightcap and bed. Several had fallen asleep anyway on the carpet, having had a long day and lots of nice food. This time, to make sure they took the sleep draught, she made a game of it to "see who could drink it down first".

Ten minutes later, Sam and Sylvia were in their room, naked and ready to go. "Who shall we go for first?" asked Sam. "We can either do it by age, or go for the ones not joining The Club, or even the ones who probably are. Any preference?" After a moment of discussion, they decided they should concentrate on the ones probably joining, who they hadn't attended to yet.

"Alright," said Sylvia, let's play with those four in order of age then. That would be, Naomi, Daisy, Nancy and Suzy. Then if there is still time, start on the others."

They entered the seven year old's room, and flicked on the light. They both stood and stared. Sam remembered her from camp. She was absolutely beautiful. To Sam she had the face of an angel. One day she would break hearts aplenty. She had long black hair, which shone like silk, spread like a huge fan shaped carpet beneath her. Sam and Sylvia had her naked in a few seconds of well practiced movements on her nightwear and panties. Her little body seemed to be dominated by her mound, which towered over her flat tummy. She had a deep cleft splitting her mound, somehow emphasising it's prominence, as it merged down between her plump labia, forming one of the most gorgeous vulvas he'd ever seen. She had a deep dimple heralding a short slip of skin protruding from her slit, followed by a shadow of a dip, concealing where her vagina was hiding. As they spread her legs slowly apart, a beautiful vision of little girl pussy opened up before them. She was simply gorgeous.

Like with Rosie the previous night, they helped each other hold her open, keeping her knees up either side of her head, and prising her little labia apart, while the other got into her with their tongue, before swapping over. Finally, playing their favourite game, Sam lay on the bed, and rolled the child on top of him, this time with her face up. His cock was almost entirely encased in her bum crack and pussy cleft. His crown standing just proud of her enormous mound.

Pre-cum was by now pouring down his shaft, and into her cleft, and as he placed his palms under her bottom and started to lift and drop her, she became completely coated in the slippery slime, making her feel exquisite to him as his cock ran up and down, pressed into her valley. Sam looked across to Sylvia, who was in a dream world of her own. She was, of course, rubbing herself rapidly, as she watched Sam's cock sliding along the seven year old child's cleft.

"Shall I go and make a start on Daisy, while you take over here?" He smiled at her. "This will take some cleaning up, she's covered in it."

“Don’t you worry about me, Sam. You go and enjoy yourself. I can look after myself, don’t you worry. I’ll come and join you in about twenty minutes and see how you’re getting on. See if you need any help. She’s in the next room, by-the-way.” She smiled at him, while he disentangled himself from the beautiful little Jewish girl.

Sam went next door, carrying the trusty tripod and camera. He switched on the light, and moved to the bed and pulled the covers off the child. As he removed her nightwear, he remembered her from this afternoon. She hadn’t been to camp and he had only occasionally seen her around the school. Daisy was a bright girl, and although only seven, going on eight, was in the 2nd grade. He had noticed, though that she was always smiling. She was pretty, a little chubby perhaps, round faced, with the most attractive grey eyes. He had watched her being pinched by Gill at the theme park. He could now see a small bruise on her arm. He was impressed that she hadn’t reacted to that, and thought she would probably be an excellent Club member. But she needed to pass one more test and he was just about to undertake that.

He spread eagled her on the bed, and using the camera hand held for a while recorded her from every angle, before mounting it on the tripod again. As usual, he spent several minutes pulling her labia apart, opening her vagina for him to press his tongue as far into her as he could. For some reason, her anus tasted almost sweet to him. More so than any other of the girls, and he had tasted quite a few, now. Her smell too wasn’t unpleasant. It too had a sweetness about it.

After a while, he knelt on the bed, and shuffled up between her thighs. He lifted her chubby legs up and over his thighs, pulling her pussy down against his rampant cock. Immediately her cleft was coated in pre-cum. He noticed her clit was quite large for a seven year old. He spent a minute or two rubbing his cock against it, watching it slowly engorge with the stimulus. He then pushed his crown down to her vaginal entry, and prising her labia apart again with his thumbs, pushed his cock against her. Her vulva bulged out as his cock pushed her cleft outwards. He spent several minutes pressing and easing, pressing and easing. This was just so erotic to him. He looked at her pretty face, and knew she was going to join The Club, and he was going to enjoy fucking her many, many times in the years to cum.

He was just thinking of bringing things to a close, when Sylvia came into the room.

“How are you getting on, Sam?” she asked, “Oh, nicely, I see.”

At that very moment, Sam’s cockhead popped through her tight little entry. It took both of them by surprise. Sam had never fucked a seven year old before, but now knowing he could get into her, made him realise anything was possible.

“Careful, Sam,” said Sylvia, “we don’t want to cause problems we can’t explain away tomorrow. Better pull out before you bust her cherry.”

Sam reluctantly did as she suggested. He would have loved to have just shoved deep into her, but time would one day allow that. And now wasn’t that time.

“Right, Sam, you pop across the corridor to room nine. Nancy will be waiting for you. Go and enjoy yourself, I’ll sort Daisy out.”

Sam entered the next room, and having switched the light on and placed the tripod, he pulled the covers off and undressed the eight year old in the well practiced manner.

He looked down on the lovely blond haired girl. He remembered her from camp. He remembered thinking at the time that she almost certainly not only had one of the most beautiful, but also the tightest cunts he ever hoped to one day squeeze his cock into. He recalled he couldn’t even get his little finger into her and Sylvia had found the same problem.

This was the case now. Try as he might, her vagina was not going to open at all. Never-the-less, Sam enjoyed molesting her, licking her orifices, rubbing his cock along her cleft, and even managed to pop his cockhead through her sphincter, which opened up to him remarkably easily. He didn’t want her sore in the morning, though, so pulled out quickly, leaving lots of pre-cum for Sylvia to lick out in a few minutes time.

It was just then that Sylvia came in. He reminded her that Nancy was the one who had a pussy which wouldn't open up despite his every effort.

Sylvia's caring side unexpectedly showed itself. "Yes I know, I've been thinking about her since camp. There is a medical condition I learnt about some years ago, a friend had it. It was called Vaginismus. It might not be that, there are other similar conditions girls and women can get. It may be any one of them. The symptoms are similar. Some they are born with, others are caused by trauma, some psychological. I think she needs to go and see a pædiatric gynæcologist. We need to talk to her about it and find a way to broach the subject with her mum." She gave him a broad smile, glancing down at the naked girl, "Meanwhile, it looks like I've got to clean up after you again. Make yourself useful, go and find Suzy. She's in room three."

"There we go again," he grinned, putting on a squeaky voice, "nag, nag, nag. I've got to clean up after you again, look what you've done to this little girly's pussy. Look at the state you left this eight year old in. What am I going to do with you. A woman's work is never done."

They both laughed at the worn humour which helped bond them.

Sam entered the next room, where Suzy slept. She was another very pretty girl. He knew her from school, because she occasionally came and talked to him briefly when he was on his break, sitting outside in the sun. Unbeknown to him, it had taken her years to pluck the courage up to do that. She liked Sam, he had always been nice to her. Their conversations had been simple and brief, but over time he felt he had got to know her a little. She had long light brown hair. In fact her hair was probably the longest in the school. It came almost down to her knees.

Although she was ten, going on eleven, she was a painfully shy girl. She simply couldn't do anything for herself without another girl or adult there to support her. Sam understood, from her file, that her condition was caused by an overwhelming lack of self esteem. He had looked it up, and understood her best course for a cure was to become closely acquainted with a group of friends, with whom she could form close trusting relationships and strong bonds. He couldn't think of a better place for her than The Club. He considered her situation a personal challenge. Besides, he'd bet Ellie a beer she'd fit in.

He remembered, as he removed her night clothes and panties, what he had found out on camp. Her slit was the shortest and shallowest he had ever seen, as was her bald mound small. In fact looking at her, she had almost no cleft at all. He climbed onto the bed, and as he spread her legs, her knees up by her shoulders, he saw she had the tiniest vulva as well, almost non existent. Perhaps she was so self conscious of her pussy, it had made her the shy person she'd become. Holding her knees back with his own, he recalled her vagina was as large as any other girl of her age. Certainly she was a virgin, as her hymen attested, but being so incredibly shy, he couldn't imagine she would have had any relationships of a sexual nature at all.

Shuffling down, now holding her legs back with his hands, he found her almost flat mound and vulva was so small, he could suck in the whole of her pudenda into his mouth, her mound, clit and vulva, the lot. He could run his tongue along her tiny sex without moving up or down at all. But when he pressed his tongue to her vagina, she unexpectedly dilated. He prised her labia, such as they were, further apart, and her passage opened further, enough for his tongue to sink in as far as her hymen. Then he gave her a long gentle suck. He didn't want to give her a hicky, although one day he would ask her if he could, but he did want to see what would happen. At first, nothing occurred other than the pressure of her little vulva against his lips and tongue increased. Then suddenly he could taste her. It was a musky taste, not unlike the little girl arousal flavour he was so familiar with, but with something else.

At first he didn't know what it was, then suddenly he realised, with his continued sucking, her bladder let go, and he suddenly had a mouth full of her tangy, salty urine. The flow halted as he stopped sucking. There was nothing for it but to swallow. He was surprised when he realised it wasn't unpleasant. In fact he found it highly erotic. Sam had never been into water sports before, but this experience suddenly awakened a new awareness deep inside him, which one day he would explore. His birthday was coming up when they were in Paris, maybe he would ask for something special for his birthday wish. He sucked on her again, and once more his mouth was full of her pungent fluid. Again he swallowed and again he sucked. He couldn't believe how much he was enjoying this. Suddenly he realised he'd emptied her. He'd sucked her dry.

After a few minutes, Sam rolled her over onto her tummy. He spread her legs almost into a splits position, and inspected her thoroughly again. She had a lovely small bottom. Her little buttocks were firm to his touch.

What he did notice though was that, like her non existent cleft, her bum crack was shallow and short too. As he gently opened up her valley he felt her with his fingers, her rosebud opened up easily enough though. He placed two fingers each side, and pulled her open and leaned forward to smell and taste her. She was exquisite.

Shuffling up the bed, he positioned himself on hands and knees over her, and lowered his cock into her bum crack, immediately finding her little anus with his crown. He knelt up and lifting her hips up to meet him, he pulled her towards his rampant cock. He pressed his end into her anal cavity and just held himself there, applying steady pressure. Slowly, slowly, he felt her dilate. He didn't force things. He just waited to see what happened. His pre-cum was pouring from his foreskin, so there was no lack of lubrication. Then he felt it, suddenly his crown popped through her sphincter. He paused for a minute or two, allowing her to dilate, as her body accepted his intrusion.

He knew she was soon going to be a Club member, and he also knew soon she would do anything he asked of her like all his girls. But Sam loved taking little girls when they were unaware. And what better way than a little anal rape in a girl who was so shy she blushed when you looked at her, let alone fucking her up the ass. He was being as gentle as he could, as he didn't want her to be sore tomorrow. He had applied a little pressure, and it was with exquisite pleasure that he felt his cock slowly ooze into her, sinking further and further into her bum, sliding into the depths of her bowels, until his pubes brushed the gorgeous globes of her little bottom. He held still again, just feeling the pressure of her rectum squeezing his shaft along it's whole length. He pulled back a little, feeling her buttery passage slide, pulling his foreskin over his tip, then pressed in again. Then he pulled back again, further this time, almost all the way out, before pausing and gently sliding in again. Taking his time, making sure he didn't bruise or hurt her. This was just exquisite. Every now and then, he paused just to feel the wonderful sensation of her clamped on him, before continuing. He could make this last all night, if he chose. So he wasn't surprised he was still in full flow, when Sylvia came in, wiping her mouth.

"Looks like you're having a nice time Sam. How are you doing? She looks nice and tight for you too." Sylvia unclipped the camera from the tripod, and started to follow Sam's movements as he carefully thrust into the ten year old bum. Sam continued, but gave Sylvia a commentary on what had happened, her small pudenda and bum crack and how he'd managed to get the whole of it in his mouth, and even sucked her dry. Sylvia for her part was struggling to hold the camera still with one hand, while she masturbated herself with the other.

Sam had thoroughly molested four girls tonight, and was getting blue balls. He needed to cum, and soon. So it was with pleasure, that he felt the warning signs, followed by the surge, as his semen suddenly shot up his shaft and deep into the child. He didn't thrust, he just held himself as deep into her as he could, his pubis pressed to her bottom. He spurted and spurted into her. A glorious sensation washing over him. It went on and on, pulse after pulse, until finally he dropped into his favourite mini pulses at the end of his climax, which he enjoyed so, so much. Finally he had finished, staying motionless for a full minute, savouring her body one last time, he carefully pulled out, and lowered her, face down, onto the bed. A little brown speckled semen leaked from her anus, but was quickly scooped up by Sylvia's tongue, after she had dumped the camera onto the bedding and climbed between the child's outstretched legs.

Sam used the kid's bathroom to wipe himself off with some toilet paper. As he came out again, Sylvia was in full swing, her face buried in the girl's bottom, a slurping sound joining her own moans as she came for the umpteenth time that night. She needed no interruption from him.

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CHAPTER 57
Looking in on Emily, Jenny and Sally

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He walked down the corridor, pulling his bathrobe on as he did. He went in to check on his two daughters Jenny and Emily. They were both sound asleep. They'd had a long happy day. He had had to go on many of the rides, holding their hands because they didn't want to let him out of their sight. Sally had offered to stay with them for him tonight. She knew that Sam and Sylvia had a lot of work to do with the auditions, but that

the two orphans needed to sleep with someone for their security and peace of mind. She'd offered to do it without a moment's hesitation, and was now asleep in between them. Sam carefully pulled the covers off them, trying not to disturb them as they slept. He stood looking down, just enjoying the picture of innocence. The three girls were all naked, of course, their limbs inter-tangled in an embrace of young girl mutual comfort.

As Sam glanced up, he could see Sally's intensely deep blue eyes looking at him. She smiled, and whispered "Did you want to come to bed Sam? I can make room if you do."

He shook his head. "No, Sally it's OK thanks, I just wanted to check they're alright. Thanks for looking after them for me."

"Sam," she replied, "after all the things you've done for me, it's the least I could do for you. While you're here, would you like me to fuck you. It's been a few days since you and I last did it, and I'm beginning to miss it rather a lot."

"Not just now, thanks Sally, I really love it when you and I get together. Unfortunately, I have a busy night, with lot's to do. I need you to stay with these two tonight. And I know Emily, if I start fucking you and she wakes, she'll want her turn too. Even Jenny is becoming demanding now." He waved his hand at the two sleeping children. He didn't add he'd only just blasted up Suzy's ass and didn't have it in him anyway. "But I have a special treat for you, as you are my special girl, my head girl, you wait and see."

She lifted herself up, propping herself on her elbows. Her knees came up and apart, showing him her pussy, as it bulged out from between her thighs, her sparse covering of pubic hair sparkling silver in the light. "What's that Sam, you got to tell me now."

"OK, I suppose it won't hurt for me to tell. Have you ever heard of the mile high club?" he asked smiling, but immediately saw the puzzled look and shake of her head. "Well, he continued, it's not really a club as such, but everyone who claims to be a member has to be able to say they fucked on a long distance flight, in other words a mile high. The trick is to do it when the flight crew aren't looking. They get very cross when they catch people doing it, especially if one was an eleven year old. Anyway, I thought as you are very special to me, you might like to try it with me over the Atlantic. What do you say."

She looked and smiled up at him. She had a tear in one eye, which she wiped away with her palm, trying not to cry. It wasn't that he'd said he'd fuck her, nor do it in this exciting way, but that he'd said she was very special to him. No one had ever said that to her before. "Sam, do you know something?" she asked.

"What's that Sally?" he said, wondering why she had more tears in her eyes. Female emotions always confused him.

"Sam I love you," she said, "I love you so much. I meant what I said yesterday, you saved my life. That day downstairs, when they'd stripped me and threw my clothes in the food bin, I was going to end it. You came out of that door just in time. You entered my life that day, and I never want you to leave it. You are the only person, other than my mum, who really tries her best, who has ever stood up for me, looked out for me, my whole life. I mean it Sam, I love you. And now, you have brought me here to this Club, to this family of friends and on top of that, made me head girl." She paused again and wiped away another tear, but looked back at him again, a look of determination back on her face he recognised when she really meant something, like the night she had been inducted. She reached out, her hand slipped inside his bathrobe and grasped his wet sticky cock. They looked into each other's eyes for several seconds. It was obvious where it had just been. She could even smell it. She gently squeezed him. "I promise you, for the rest of my life, wherever I am, whatever I am doing, if ever you need something, and I can give or do it, I will. That's a 'cross my heart and hope to die promise'. Are you sure you don't want me to give you a nice fuck?" She pushed her knees apart again and raised her eyebrows in invitation, and gave his flaccid, sticky cock another gentle squeeze. He smiled and shook his head. He saw her need though, and sat on the edge of the bed. He reached across and while they talked, he gently caressed her clit, gradually bringing her to full arousal.

They chatted for a few minutes about the audition girls and the selections they'd made. They agreed they were the right ones.

Sam wanted to speak to Sally about the Riddle, and now seemed like a good opportunity. He could feel her arousal juices beginning to flow over his fingers. “Sally, I need you to do something for me tomorrow. I’m going to be really busy, and need your help. I’m going to make up three teams for the riddle. In one will be the girls not joining The Club, except Jasmine. I need you to tell Vicky and Vera, who will be in that team what I need them to do. They’re eleven, and those girls should listen to them. We’ll also put some of our younger Club girls in it too. They need to make sure the thinking in that team is as I want it to be. If they solved it, it would be awkward. I don’t mind them winning the cash prize though.”

“Jasmine will be in the team who already know they are joining The Club. That will be Team Two. I will have a word with her and explain what’s happening. I am going to make her an associate member of The Club. She’ll never get into college, but I like her. I have an idea for her and her mum. I will look after them. It doesn’t matter if that team solves it or not, they’re in The Club anyway. They can also win the cash prize. I want you in the final team, Team Three, and I want your team to solve the main answer. Rosie, Naomi, Daisy, Nancy and Suzy are in it. It will look like a very young team, so I will put a few of our girls in it including you and Lizzie, perhaps Sandy and Mandy, in that team as well. Lizzie’s very good with verse. She’s named after Elizabeth Browning, the famous poet. She takes after her mum, who reads poetry all the time. Now if you really struggle to answer it, come and have a quiet word with me, but I hope you will manage it without any help. I expect everyone to get the first answer, as I said, it’s a cash prize. So those not joining will go home thinking they won the jackpot. The other prize is……well, you work it out.” Sam, who’d been gently caressing her the whole time they’d been talking, spent the next few minutes bringing Sally to a lovely climax. He kissed her tenderly on her lips, pulled the covers up, wished her a goodnight, switched off the light and left the room.

Sally lay for a few minutes thinking how lucky she’d been to meet Sam, and how lucky these two girls were, either side of her, to have him as their daddy. She wished and fantasised that he was her daddy all the time. She reached down between her thighs, feeling the warmth of his hands still there. She lifted her other hand to her face. His semen now dry, on her palm. She sniffed. For some reason, she could even tell it was Suzy’s bum he’d been in. How did she know that? She loved him so much. She cast her mind back over the weeks and all the many times he had fucked her and how wonderful it felt. She wondered if he would like to do it up her bum. She caressed herself, knowing she was going to cum and cum and cum in a few minutes. She reached over and pressed her fingers into Jenny’s crotch and the instant she did, her orgasm washed over her like a wave on the beach. Oh, how she loved him, her Daddy.

Sam spent the next couple of hours going through the other rooms, the ones with the girls in who wouldn’t be joining The Club. He knew he wasn’t up to another orgasm for a while, so he busied himself inspecting, photographing, feeling, manipulating, licking, smelling, rubbing his cock along their bum cracks and clefts, and generally molesting them in every way he could.

He was sorry some of them wouldn’t be joining, because some of their bodies, as he already knew were just stunning, but he’d got enough new recruits now. Molly Williams surprised him though. Although she was only ten, she had an almost full bush of pubic hair on her, and boobs the size of half lemons. She was obviously an early developer. For that reason alone, she wouldn’t be joining. He knew from what he’d observed at the theme park the day before that they wouldn’t fit in, but as Ellie had joked, he wanted to see how many he could fit into.

The last room he entered was Jasmine’s. Sam never hesitated. By now he was feeling arousal surging through him once more. It was at least a couple of hours since he’d buggered Suzy. He dropped the robe on the floor, pulled back the covers and climbed in. He smiled to himself when he realised she had stripped off. She clearly preferred to sleep naked. Without a moment’s pause, he rolled her onto her side, lifted her leg over his, and swung her up, face down on his chest, her little eight year old legs falling either side of him. Knowing her body from before, he knew she could take him without any foreplay, and that’s just what he needed now. Reaching down, Sam brought his cock up to her cleft, and found her entry and pressed his cockhead into it. Then moving his fingers to her labia, and prising them apart, he simply pushed into her, and kept going, all the way in, six and a half inches, nudging her end deep inside. Sam suddenly felt tiredness overwhelming him. He glanced at his watch, four in the morning. He smiled. He knew she was going nowhere. He could finish this later. He reached across and switched the light out and drifted off into his deep but short sleep.

He awoke at dawn, as was usual. Jasmine was still lying on his front, he was fully inside her. As he slowly came to, his erect cock became thicker and harder, stretching her vagina. He placed his hands on her hips, and lifted the little black girl up, pulling her off his cock a couple of inches, and dropped her down, his crown nudging her cervix again. Again he lifted and dropped her, a little more this time. After about half a dozen cycles, he was moving the full six and a half inches, his cock popping out, but pushing immediately back in, in, all the way, bumping her end again.

Sam was just thinking he was going to cum before long, as he heard a deep sigh from the child, as his stimulation on her body started to wake her up. Clearly the knock out drops were wearing off. She snorted, moved her head and through little slit eyes, looked up at him, recognising him and smiled.

“Hello Mr. Sam, you ‘a’ fuckin’ me? You’s feel rilly nice in me Sam. Do it harder? I wanna cum, ain’t done it for a while.”

Sam kept his motions going as before, and heard the girl start to breath a little heavier, and then a clamping sensation along the length of his cock, followed by a moan and a hissing sound, as she started to climax. Sam was right with her, and quickly exploded into her, his pulses giving him exquisite pleasure.

Afterwards, as they both settled, Jasmine still lying on him, his cock still deep inside her, he asked her a question. “Jasmine do you think you will ever go to college? Do you think it’s what you want to do?”

She lifted her head, looking at him, before lowering it again and said, “no Mr. Sam, I not clever ‘nough. I know I’m not good ‘nough to join your Club. My mama says I can work wiv her when I leave school, why d’ya ask?”

“Well, I agree I don’t think you can join The Club, Jasmine, you’ve got to be able to get to college for that,” he said, “but I think I can help your mama and you in another way.”

Her interest was roused. She pressed her palms to his chest and lifted herself a little, looking him in the eye. “What you mean, Mr. Sam?”

“Well,” he replied, “I’ll talk to your mama about it, but if you let me fuck you when I want, and do other stuff with you, I will give your mama a nice job and money, and let you join the girls in The Club when they do stuff here and go on trips. What do you think? One more thing, Jasmine, my name’s Sam, just Sam, OK?”

Jasmine smiled that magnetic smile of hers that Sam loved so much. She cuddled into his chest, and wriggled her bottom, so her vagina caressed his cock, sending wonderful sensations along it’s whole length.

“Thanks Sam, it’s a deal.” She sat upright, lifting her feet up, and placing them either side of his hips. “Shake.”

He smiled at her, bringing his hand up to grasp and shake her little fist. She then did something he’d never experienced before. Still sitting astride him, she closed her eyes, and started to clench and release her pussy muscles. But she did it in a way that felt like she was using a fist tighly wrapping his cock, and moving it up and down, quite slowly. It was unlike anything he’d ever felt before. It was just stunning. He’d only cum in her a short while ago, and suddenly he knew he was going to cum again any time, and did.

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CHAPTER 58
Waterworld

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Sunday morning, there were bleary eyes again, but the smell of bacon being cooked for breakfast, the promise of another fantastic day and some help got those drugged the night before dressed and ready well before the bus arrived. The only cloud hanging over them was literally that. The weather had turned and it

looked like they were in for a couple of days of wind and rain. It wasn't raining yet, as they drove along the highway, but it would arrive soon. Sam was glad they'd gone to Ridge Falls the previous day.

The water park was very popular with the girls. There were several flumes, large and small to suit all ages. There were many slides, wave machines and an area called 'The Turbopool', which was a circular area with big water jets angled under water pushing the water in a vortex, so as the swimmer passed them, they were blasted by jets like a giant Jacuzzi. When Sam got out, he felt he'd been through a car wash. He tingled all over.

There was even an underwater section, which had a 'Bubble Zone', like an underwater glass dome, filled with air, which they could swim down and into. Once in, there were seats and even a little table. The air pocket was continuously replenished by bubbles of air rising from tiny holes in the floor, so the surface of the water inside the dome fizzed like a sparkling drink. Once inside, they could look up through the acrylic dome they were in and observe the other swimmers above them. Sam was happy to sit for a few minutes watching them. He was getting ideas for the pool back at school!

One of the most popular rides was one which was entered through a lift, which took them up about a hundred feet. At the top, they were given a soft plastic ring, similar in design to a car inner tube, to sit in and then went down a slide, which went round and round some very tight turns, then over a series of bumps, drops, and rises, before finally sending them out into a pool at the bottom. The squeals of delight almost pierced Sam's eardrums. Sylvia seemed to be squealing just as much as the rest of them.

Looking around, Sam saw other visitors having just as good a time as his girls. He couldn't help laughing when one large, well developed girl of about fourteen, coming down the long chute of one ride, hit the pool below at a funny angle, and lost her bikini top. Her younger brother was pointing and laughing, her mother tried to cover her, and her father just stared wistfully. Sam knew how he felt.

Sam, swimming around the large pool found an exit, which was in fact a series of tunnels and grottos with water pouring along them, forming a river effect. Once in, the swimmer couldn't go against it, you had to go with the flow. He kept feeling little hands exploring his costume. Every time he turned to see who it was, all he got were several 'innocent-on-purpose' grins. What puzzled him though was two of the girls in the group he'd never seen before. He whispered to Lizzie, who was there, to ask her what was going on.

"Don't worry Sam," she smiled, "they're friends of mine from near where I live, we all know them. They go to another school. Do you want me to find out if they groped you just now?"

He nodded. A few moments later, he saw Lizzie whispering to the two girls, both of whom he guessed to be about twelve, or thirteen. They were giggling, and blushing, as they stole glances at him. They were forming lots of bumps and curves in all the right places. He could just make out a dark shadow in the crotch of the white swimsuit of one of them. Sam realised though they were right at the edge of the age group which interested him as they neared womanhood. Lizzie came back and told him it was them, and they were sorry if he minded. If he didn't, he could go round the Tunnel Course again with them. "We'll come too Sam, and cover for you if you like," she offered, grinning at him.

Sam looked around. No one seemed to be taking any notice of the group, so he pushed away from the side and entered the long tunnel again, immediately surrounded by a wall of girls. The two in question came either side of him, but shielded from view by Choices girls. Without hesitation, they each pushed a hand inside the top of Sam's spandex swimming costume. He took that as his lead, to place a hand on each of their bums. They smiled to each other, and he felt their hands slide down further inside, finding his rampant cock ready for their groping hands. Not being slow on the uptake, Sam slid his hands under the elastic of both their leg bands and over their full, smooth bum cheeks. Not getting a negative reaction, he pushed his fingers down into their cracks, across their rosebuds, getting a slight squeak and clench of their buttocks from each as he did, and on down under, between their thighs and cupped their vulvas from behind, feeling their newly curled, thick pubic hair against his hand. He felt their clefts open and close as they moved their legs around, and quickly pushed his fingers on to their clits, already poking out, hard, aroused. He diddled them both for a while, then he curled his fingers back and found their clefts easily parted as they moved their legs in the motions of the water current. His fingers slipped back further, finding the entry to their vaginas. One was slightly tighter than the other, as his fingers pressed home. Inside, they were both slick with their arousal. He quickly found that neither had hymens, as his fingers penetrated, slipping deeper into them, passed his first then second knuckles. Then for a short while, he pistoned his fingers in and out of them.

They were getting near their climaxes, as was he. They felt fabulous inside their passages, but they didn't come close to comparison with his age of choice, his Choice girls. No, preteens were definitely his thing.

While all this had been going on, they had both started a rubbing motion on his cock, squeezing, wanking and showing their obvious experience by the movement of their fingers over his crown, pulling and pushing his foreskin, and rubbing that sensitive part underneath.

Sam knew this couldn't continue for long. They were almost through the end of the tunnel anyway, and as they exited, they all swam in different directions as though nothing had happened. Sam was on a high about which he could do nothing. He was certain the two girls must have been too. He never saw them again. He never even knew their names.

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CHAPTER 59
Wet afternoon, playing games and solving a riddle.

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While they had been in the Waterworld indoor complex, the heavens had opened, and the rain poured down. It had been a relatively dry summer so far and this much needed rain soaked the fields in the farmland areas they drove through.

About half way back, they stopped for a meal. Because Sam wasn't sure how the evening would pan out, he decided they would make lunch the main meal of the day and have a snack later. Sam knew of a mom & pops place he'd used before. He called ahead and they kept a separate room for them as there were so many of them. The bus driver parked as close to the door as he could, so they could all sprint to the entrance without getting too wet. The food was great, and they all ate their fill.

By the time they got home, it had become a real frog-drowner. The school yard was flooded, so the girls all took off their shoes and socks and ran for the entry steps, still getting wet on the way. No one minded though, they'd had a great time with Sam this weekend, and the promise of more to come.

Once they were inside, and dried off and changed, they migrated to the games room. Miss.P. hadn't expected to kit the girls out with extra clothing, but as all of them were damp, she went to the Club store room and found a pile of the pale blue Terry shorts they'd used on camp and some T-shirts, also all in Club colours. The problem was the T-shirts were far too large. They had never been issued, because they were in adult sizes not childrens'. When they'd been ordered, the supplier got it wrong. They put them on anyway. Soon, all the girls congregated in the games room.

Every game ever invented seemed to be in there. Vera and Vicky, knowing Sam's tastes, pulled out a large box containing six smaller ones which were passed round. Vicky announced they would have a Twister championship. The boxes were all opened, and the game mats with their multi coloured spots printed on them, laid out on the carpet. A quick discussion of who played together took place, and the games started. Within minutes each mat had a tangle of arms and legs. All the girls seemed to be bent double, their bums in the air, covered partially by Sam's favourite thin, tight, Terry shorts. The T-shirts proved to be something of a problem, because as they played, every time they bent over, the large garments simply slipped down their chests and covered their heads, so they couldn't see what they were doing. By general agreement, they just took them off and played without them. Sam thoroughly enjoyed comparing all the girls' titties. The one which struck him most, of course, was Molly Williams, with her quite developed chest. But she was so involved in trying to win the game, she didn't seem to be aware of her own nakedness. She probably remembered he'd seen her naked on camp anyway.

After an hour or so of various games, both traditional, like Twister, and digital, on the bank of computers and Xbox and Nintendo terminals, Sam decided to call it a day. The girls pulled their T-shirts back on, and sat in a big circle, as he called them to order.

"Now girls," he said, "we come to a really interesting part of the auditions weekend. I am now going to put you into teams. There will be five audition girls in each team. I will try and even up the average age by

putting some Club members with you as well. There are some really nice prizes for you to win, so please try your best. When your team has got the answer, please don't talk to any other team. Let them solve it for themselves. Then, afterwards, I will want each of you to come and see me and Miss.P., either one at a time, or as a team, if you prefer, and give me your answer, and claim your prize, which is hidden in the clues. Now, in a minute, go off to your rooms, collect your riddle sheets, then go to one of the bedrooms with the rest of your team. You can use the reference books, as I told you yesterday, as well as the internet."

"Now the teams are: Team 1; Julia and Heather Atkins, Gill Evans, Julie smith and Molly Williams. As I mentioned I will include four Club girls to join each team as well. Let's see, Vicky and Vera, could you join this team as well?" Sam tried to make it sound casual, as he had already spoken at length to his two co-conspirators. "And Karen and Amber. That should make a good group."

"Team 2," Sam continued, "Jasmine Brown, Alice Gonzales, Sarah Simms, Lucy Becket and Becky Green. With you will be Sophie, Jenny, Emily and Hannah." Sam had briefed Hannah as he had Sally and Vicky and Vera.

"And finally, team 3; Naomi Goldstein, Daisy Shaw, Nancy Gregson, Rosie Romero and Suzy White. As that's such a young group, we'll add Elizabeth Browning and Sally together with Sandy and Mandy from The Club. Alright girls, off you go with your teams, and good luck to you all. I will come round to each team and see how you are getting on from time to time. Remember this is not a competition nor is it a race. No points will be awarded to the first to finish. Everyone can win. Take as long as you want. You can have a break for drinks and something to eat whenever you want. There will be lots of snacks in the kitchen. Just help yourselves.

The teams all disappeared to their rooms, collected the Riddle of Choice papers, and found a room each to congregate in.

Sam knew there would be a pause now, while each of the teams read and tried to digest and then crack the riddle. He made some coffee, while Sylvia sat and read the riddle through a few times herself. She was intrigued.

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The Riddle of Choice

The rhyme of her prize, is sweet warm and sunny;
It's bitter sweet taste, is richer than honey.
Subtly think, and consider at leisure;
Willingly offered, in lies her real treasure.

The less she displays, the more she will show,
No sartorial frippery, I wish to know.
Endowment from life's vault, will provide,
Treasure and answer, that's sought deep inside.

And with this in mind, a clue I will offer,
Plutus, the god, or maybe his mother.
Another old god, she's second in line,
Her days are so long, much longer than thine.

Sun sets in east, and rises in west,
To act just like her, then you will be blest.
There's no moon at night, she shines more than all,
Be just like her, if you hear the call.

The answers are twofold, choose only one,
Take out the years, a millennium sum.
So think very carefully, your fortune depends,
On the way of your answer, and the message it sends.

When the solution's to hand, as a person or team,
Keep it a secret from others to glean.
Then you will know on how to proceed,
But will it be conferment, or will it be greed?

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"This is really interesting Sam. How did you know how to put together a riddle like this? I wouldn't have known where to start."

"When I was in the army," he replied, "I had two close friends. Steve was one, as you know, and The Professor was the other. We called him that, because he was so well educated. He taught me loads of stuff like languages, maths, mechanics, self defence, you name it, he taught me. He said I had a photographic memory and should use it. It was him who taught me the value of education. He likened it to a bank account which however much you spent, could never be overdrawn. It's what inspired me to start The Club. Not the molesting girls bit, but to give them something far more valuable in return. An education. Sometimes we had weeks in Afghanistan at base, with nothing to do, so he used to set us riddles, and that's how it started, and in the end we set them for each other, The Prof., Steve and me."

"You never fail to surprise me Sam," she said, looking over the rim of her coffee cup. "So come on, let on, give me a clue on this riddle, it's bugging me already."

"You work it out for yourself," he grinned, "OK one clue then: She's a heavenly maid, She's made in heaven. That's it, that's your clue."

"Oh, Sam, you horrible man," she pulled a face at him and stuck her tongue out. You're tormenting me. That just makes it worse."

He grinned at her as he got up to leave the room to see how the teams were getting on. It had been a couple of hours since they'd started trying to solve the riddle.

The first room he went into was Team One. There was an argument going on about something. It confirmed his views about the group. In the corner were sitting Vicky, Vera, Karen and Amber, talking quietly together. Their views were obviously not being sought. In fact, they were playing some board game together. He turned his back on the others and gave them a big smile and wink. They all grinned at him. Karen, who was sitting leaning against the wall with her knees up, pulled the leg elastic of her Terry shorts to one side and flashed him a view of her pussy for a couple of seconds. He grinned back at her. Things were going exactly as he'd hoped with Team One, so he left them to it.

The next room he went into was Team Two. Here the atmosphere was completely different. Firstly all nine girls were sitting in a big circle on the floor, leaning inwards, conferring. The way they were all sitting, cross legged, had pulled the one inch wide gusset of the blue Terry shorts tightly into their pussies, making their vulvas bulge out at the sides. Sam had to leave, before his growing erection became too obvious.

"How are you getting on girls?" he asked, leaning over the circle, looking down at them and the piles of notes and several reference books, scattered on the floor. "Making progress?"

Alice looked up smiling at him, her dark hair swept behind her ears, her green eyes sparkling. "Well we think there's two answers. We got the answer to one, but we're working on the other." She handed him a piece of paper. On it was written:

The answers are twofold, choose only one,
Take out the years, a millennium sum.

Millennium means one thousand years, so take out the years leaves one thousand.

The rhyme of her prize, is sweet warm and sunny;
It's bitter sweet taste, is richer than honey.

Money rhymes with sunny and honey.

Plutus, the god, or maybe his mother.

He was the god of money, so the answer must be a thousand Dollars.

Sam handed the piece of paper back to her and smiled. “As you know, I can’t confirm or deny whether you have it right, it wouldn’t be fair on the other teams. But what I will say is, well done for your efforts so far.” Her smile was so bright, he had more or less told her she was right. He was really impressed how quickly this team had cracked the first part. With Becky in this team and Hannah as a guide, they might even crack the second answer. He was proud they were going to join The Club. Compared to the team in the other room, they were streaks ahead.

He left them to their riddle, and went on to see how Team Three were doing.

The atmosphere in this room, was again different from the first team. Like Team Two, they were getting stuck in with papers and books scattered about the floor. The average age of the audition girls here was very low, and apart from Suzy who was ten, the others were all seven and eight. So Sandy, Mandy, Lizzie and Sally were leading the way for them.

Sally got up and took Sam to one side. “We’ve cracked the cash prize,” she said quietly, “like you said. A thousand bucks, right?” He nodded at her.

“We’re working on the main answer though and think we’re on to something. Each verse is being worked on by a different girl, looking up words and phrases, trying to find links. They’re a nice group of girls these Sam, They’ll be good members. Suzy’s a bit shy though isn’t she?” He nodded.

“Anyway where we’ve got so far is this. Plutus’s mother, Demeter, right?” He nodded again. “She was one of the goddesses of fertility. I’m on the right track aren’t I?” Another nod. “Right, thought so. Now we’re looking at this Life’s vault thing. We’re supposed to think it’s money in a bank vault, but that’s not it, is it?” Another nod. “Thought so. Lizzie and I looked up vault. It’s got many meanings. Most we dismissed. But, back to the bank one for a moment, it’s where things are deposited and withdrawn. So then we wondered what is a ‘life’s vault’, and then Sandy of all people said a vault in gymnastics is a spring board and if Demeter is a goddess of fertility, it sounded like the vault where life sprung from; The womb.” She saw Sam’s expression of amazement. “She’s right!” Sally exclaimed. “Well that’s as far as we’ve got, Sam, but now I know we’re on the right track, we’ll crack the rest, I’m sure.”

“Sally,” Sam said, looking at her in confidence. “when you crack it, you are going to need to think how Suzy presents her answer to me and Miss.P. I will tell you now, when the time comes, and the answers are presented, they have to remove all their clothes. I’m wondering if she’ll do it. Could you give it some thought please? I do want her as a member, but her shyness is something we, as a club, must overcome for her.” She nodded thoughtfully, and went back to join the others.

Sam went back to see how Sylvia was getting on. “How are you doing, darling?”

“You bastard,” she quipped without malice, “you’ve tied me up in knots with this bloody riddle of yours. But I am getting somewhere. First prize is a thousand bucks right.” She saw his nod. “Good, now this ‘heavens’ thing. It’s stars isn’t it?” His expression gave nothing away. “Right, I’m assuming it is. I’ll work on that then. You bugger off, now like a good boy, and let me get on with this.”

Sam returned to the first room. The atmosphere was much as he’d left it, chilled. The audition girls still arguing over false leads and misconceptions, while the four Club girls, Vicky, Vera, Karen and Amber were playing a game of Monopoly. The two groups ignoring each other. Sam waved Vicky to come out. Outside the door she told him that the five girls just couldn’t agree on anything. They seemed to think there was a cash prize of a thousand Dollars as a prize, but beyond that they weren’t making any progress. In fact, three of them had said a thousand bucks was a great prize, so why look any further and the other two were the youngest and had lost interest hours ago. Her explanation pleased him, and he told her so.

Going back to Team Two, Sam was again surprised. It sounded like they were on the point of solving the main answer. Hannah and Alice were asking different girls to look up different things about Venus. ‘

“Sarah and Lucy,” said Alice, “you look up everything you can about the planet. Jasmine and Emily, see what you can find out about the goddess Venus.”

“Sophie and Jenny,” said Hannah, “could you help me go through a verse each we haven’t pulled apart yet. Find meanings we haven’t found.”

Sam didn’t need to hear any more, he knew they were almost there. He quietly left them to it and went on to see Team Three.

Again, he found they had made great progress. Far more so than he had expected. Here, Sally had split them into pairs, she asked Lizzie to work with Suzy, Sandy with Naomi, Mandy with Daisy, and Nancy with Rosie. Each were looking things up about Venus.

“It says here,” said Mandy that Venus is the brightest in the sky, the second planet from the sun, it rotates the other way, so the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, It’s day is 243 earth days and it is the only planet with no moons. All that’s in the riddle!

“Right,” added Sandy, “so it’s definitely Venus. Here’s something else. Venus was the goddess of love. It goes into lots of detail about stuff they did back then, but she liked doing it a lot according to this.” The whole group giggled. Sam noticed Suzy was joining the discussion. She was definitely part of this team. He was pleased. Sally had guided her so well.

“I got something else,” Lizzie chipped in, “There’s a thread running through the poem look. We know there’s two answers right? Well one of them is all about money and what you will receive, OK?” They all nodded, intrigued in what she was going to say. “Well the other is all about giving.” There were many puzzled looks. “Let me show you,” she continued, “First verse says ‘Willingly offered, in lies her real treasure’. She has to offer it. It’s her treasure to give, see? And the last line says, ‘conferment’, that’s giving too, but I think it has a double, even triple meaning there, who gives what to whom. Then you’ve got the bit, second verse we solved before, it’s in her womb, deep inside see?” Still they shook their heads, not understanding.

“OK, bear with me on this,” she said in a serious tone, “We’ve got Demeter and Venus, both goddesses. One of fertility, the other of love. They kind of link together right? Then in the second verse, we know it means a womb, and then in Verse one, it’s either money, we already know, and something else. Look at the grammar, it’s not sunny or honey or money at all, it’s prize. What rhymes with prize? Think on that, I will come back to it. Then verse two, no sartorial frippery, What did you say that meant, Suzy?”

Suzy looked up, totally absorbed in the riddle, her shyness forgotten in this moment of triumph. “Ah, it could mean several things according to the dictionary and Google, like don’t over dress, or this one says don’t put on flamboyant clothing. That kind of stuff.”

“It could mean something else,” cut in Sally, “It could mean get naked. Think about it, what did Venus do when she did her stuff, wear her best clothes? No, she got naked. All her statues are like that in those pictures you looked up. And the other bit says the same, ‘The less she displays, the more she will show. The less clothes she has on, in other words, the more naked she gets.”

“Yeah,” said Suzy, “that’s what it means.” She was getting quite excited now. Sally was watching her closely.

“OK,” cut in Lizzie again, “that fits perfectly. Keep all of that in mind, ‘coz were almost there. Back to verse one. Remember, she’s naked, and there’s the womb she has to ‘willingly offer’. Right what rhymes with prize? Anyone, …. I know.” She looked around, shaking of heads. “Thighs! In this context, it has to be thighs. Then the last bit is in the first two lines. Shall I spell it out?” They agreed. She was miles ahead of them now.

“Right here’s the solution. The girl in the riddle, gets naked, then she does two things. She goes to her lover, like Venus would have done in olden times. First, she lies down spreads her thighs, which rhymes with prize and then she willingly lets him lick her out. To him, her ‘bitter sweet taste, is richer than honey’. Get it?” They were nodding now.

“Yes,” said Suzy, very excited and quite carried away now. That’s right, and I think I’ve worked out the last bit, she willing gives him her womb as well. They make love, like Venus, they have sex. That’s it, that’s the solution.”

“Not quite,” cut in Lizzie again, “who is this girl? Who is she.”

“She’s Venus, of course,” replied Suzy, “who else?”

“Anyone know? Anyone got it?” Asked Lizzie, looking around. She avoided Sally’s gaze, she knew she did. She wanted the audition girls to solve this, and Suzy if possible. “Look at the last two verses, in particular. It says ‘so think very carefully, your fortune depends, On the way of your answer, and the message it sends.’ It doesn’t say Venus’s answer does it? Then in the last two lines it says. ‘Then you (not Venus) will know on how to proceed, but will it be conferment, or will it be greed?’ Greed we already know refers to taking money. Conferment is giving. The way it’s worded is for you to give. But it could mean being awarded something. Anyone there yet?”

Suzy clicked her fingers. “I got it.” She smiled triumphantly. “It’s us, isn’t it? That’s the solution.” Suzy might have been shy, but she wasn’t stupid. In fact she was very intelligent. She looked over to where Sam had been standing, but he’d left quite a while ago, when he realised they’d got it. “To have Club membership conferred,” continued Suzy, “we have to go to Sam. We have to strip naked for him, willingly. Then we have to lie down and let him lick our pussies out.”

“Well done,” said Sally with a big smile patting Suzy on the shoulder, “I think you solved it.” She glanced at Lizzie and winked at her, before continuing. “Is there anything else you may have to do?” She realised Suzy was so involved in the drama, the consequences had quite escaped her. “Oh yes,” replied Suzy, “We’d have to let Sam fuck us."

“And would you, Suzy,” returned Sally “would you let Sam fuck you if you could join The Club?”

Suzy was brought up short. Suddenly she was at a crossroads in her life, and she knew it. She stared blankly ahead, a challenge fighting itself inside her head.

“Would he want to Sally?” asked Suzy, “I’m nothing. None of the boys ever want me. I’m ugly, and my pussy is almost not there it’s so small, I’ve got a tiny clit and a hole and that’s it, nothing else. I haven’t got a slit like other girls. He wouldn’t want me. You’re so beautiful why would he want me when you’re here?”

The whole group was listening very carefully to what was being said.

“If Sam didn’t like you,” continued Sally, “you wouldn’t be here at all. Didn’t you run around naked at camp with everyone else there?” She nodded, blushing, as she remembered. Sam had been the only man to ever see her naked. “Well he’s already seen you. He must think you’re pretty. This is the whole point of The Club, Suzy,” continued Sally, “we all look after each other. You must remember how I was bullied by Verity. Sam saved me from that. He will help you too. It’s all for one and one for all. Would you be willing to try if I came with you when he did it to you?”

Suzy smiled. She felt like a weight had just lifted off her shoulder. She realised Sam must like her, she remembered he had looked at her at camp. He’d looked at her and smiled. But not just that, he hadn’t ogled her, his eyes had caressed her, she’d enjoyed it. She remembered now. “Would you do that for me Sally? Would you? I will try if you are there with me, yes. You promise me you’ll be there.” Sally smiled and nodded.

There was a sniff from the corner. Sally looked across and saw that Nancy was crying. “What’s the matter, Nancy? Are you alright?”

Nancy looked up at Sally’s kind face and shook her little head, her long blond hair swinging around her shoulders. “No, Sally, Sam won’t be able to fuck me. I’ve got something wrong with me, you know, down there.” She indicated between her thighs. She pulled the light blue Terry material of her shorts aside, and pointed to her eight year old vagina. She put fingers either side and tried to pry it open, but it wouldn’t. It

remained absolutely clamped shut. She pulled her hands away and the Terry cloth snapped back into place, covering her.

“Mum says I’ve got a problem. She says my pussy will never open.” Nancy continued, “Something to do with me having an accident when I was five. The doctor said I have to go and see a specialist. They said it would cost a lot. Mum doesn’t have any money and never had insurance. She said I would have to live with it. She said I would never be able to have babies.” Nancy put her face into her hands and cried. Her sobs wrenched the hearts of all the girls there.

“Nancy,” Sally said, in a tone that brought every girls attention to what she had to say, ”I’m head girl here, and I know that Sam won’t mind me telling you that if each of you do what the Riddle demands of you, you will be in The Club. Understand?” She looked around. They all nodded, listening carefully. “You don’t have to fuck Sam yet, not until you’re ready and really want to and that applies to all of you. You’ll know in your heart, when the time comes, and want to be inducted, that will come later. But I can tell you this,” she looked around them with a smile on her face, “After you’ve done it with him the first time, you’ll want to do it again and again. Isn’t that right Lizzie?” Lizzie smiled and nodded. “OK? But Nancy, what I can promise you is this, if you ever need anything, anything at all, and you are a member of The Club, Sam will pay for it. For you right now that means the specialist, if you need one, so you can get your pussy fixed. Would you like me to have a word with Miss.P.? She’ll speak to Sam, and it will be sorted out. That’s a promise.” The little girl looked so relieved as she nodded at Sally. As long as she could remember she’d worried about this.

“But to get all this, you have to join The Club. So a show of hands for three questions. First, who wants to join The Club?” Every hand went up.

“Good, now, who is willing to take all their clothes off in front of Sam, let him really look at you, touch you anywhere he wants and then let him lick their pussy?” Again all five hands were raised.

“When the time is right, who’ll let Sam fuck them?” Five little hands waved in the air, followed by loud cheering, indicating to Sam and Sylvia, in the Common Room down the hall, that one of the teams had at last completed the Riddle of Choice.

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CHAPTER 60
Sorting the wheat from the chaff.

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Sam looked at his watch. The three teams had all come out of their conclaves and had a bite to eat. It was early evening, they had been at it for four hours. Sally had taken the opportunity when Sam was in the kitchen to explain to him about how Suzy felt ashamed because her slit and mound were so tiny. All of her shyness had derived from that. It would seem she was willing to shrug off her shyness if Sally accompanied her, and how Nancy was so embarrassed about her pussy. Sally was surprised when she realised Sam knew all about both Suzy’s and Nancy’s conditions, but then nothing truly surprised Sally about Sam any more.

As instructed, none of the candidates talked about the riddle to anyone else. They all looked pleased with themselves though.

After they had eaten. Sam stood “Well I understand each team has got an answer. Is that right?” There were nods all around the room. “Well done, congratulations. What I am going to do now is go into the games room with Miss.P., then I want each of you to come in one at a time, or as a team, to claim their prize. As you all now know, there were two answers, and one answer will take longer to give than the other, so some of you will be in there longer than others. Oh, and when you come in, could you bring the riddle sheets with you, I need those back. We’ll start with Team One then, that’s Julia, Heather, Gill, Julie and Molly. You decide who comes in first.”

Sam, carrying a briefcase, followed by Sylvia went into the games room, and almost immediately on their heels was Heather Atkins, who slammed the door behind her. Without any preamble, she just said “I got the

answer, it's a thousand bucks, right. Can I have it now?" She held out her hand. Sam was a little taken aback by the effrontery of the girl, but handed her an envelope from the briefcase, containing the cash she'd won.

"Do you know what the prize was for the other answer to the riddle Heather?"

"I'm not really interested," she sniffed, as if unblocking her nose, "we worked hard at it all afternoon, got an answer, so that's it. What was it anyway?

"The other prize was membership to The Club." He watched as realisation spread across the ten year old's face. Her 'cat got the cream' expression being replaced by one he couldn't quite read.

"Now, before you go, could you let me have the printed sheet with the riddle on it, then I want you to go down to your room, perhaps watch TV, while I see the other members of your team. I would rather tell them the news myself, than it coming from you. Well done on winning all that money, what do you want to spend it on?"

The girl's face brightened at the thought that she did at least have some money to spend for the first time in her life. She handed Sam the sheet with the riddle on it. He certainly didn't want someone getting hold of it and working out what it meant. The rest of Team One came in, one at a time and the presentations went in a similar way. Some were pleased, others less so.

Team Two started to troop in next, starting with Alice. This conversation went completely differently than the others. First of all it was friendly, relaxed and Sam felt a warmth he hadn't found in any of the others. His confidence in the selections certainly increased.

"Well, Alice," he said, glancing across at Miss.P., "as you know, we already told you that you were in The Club. So for you and your team, the riddle was just a bit of fun. How did you get on?"

"Well," she replied, "we did really well, we got the answer to the first part fast enough, the thousand Dollars. Then we started really well afterwards. We knew it was about Venus, and who she was, and all that, but somehow, then, we couldn't pull it together. All we knew is it was about sex and fertility. Were we a mile off Sam?"

"You are right, Alice. You were very close, and yes that's what it was about, but it just needed that extra bit of working out. Well done anyway. As I said, you and all your team are joining The Club, but you also answered the first part correctly, so here's your prize." Sam took another envelope out of the briefcase and handed it to her. Her face lit up in gratitude.

"Now before you go, would you like to know the solution to the main part of the riddle?" He raised an eyebrow in query. She nodded. He drew out a sheet of paper from his case and passed it to her.

She scanned down it and patted her forehead with her palm. "Of course, now I see it. We were so close, how did we miss it?" Without a moment's pause, she moved over to the padded table, and in a few seconds was stark naked. She turned, leaning against the table, and lifted herself up sat on the edge, pulled her heals either side of her bum and leant back, holding her knees apart as she did. Immediately the spectacular pussy he first saw on camp, and had fucked from behind on Friday, opened up to his view. He pulled a seat up, moving between her thighs, and spent the next few minutes licking the girl out, getting his tongue right inside her. He could even see the rough edges of the membrane, where her hymen had been. After two or three minutes, he stood and let Sylvia sit in his place, whereupon she indulged herself as enthusiastically as he had done.

After the girl had climaxed, and she had certainly climaxed under the lash of Miss.P.'s tongue, she lay still for a moment, before looking at them both and saying "You know, I think I'm going to like it in this Club." Sam certainly knew he would like her in it too.

The rest of Team Two each came in to claim their prizes one at a time and get their pussies eaten. Everyone of them climaxed. One or two begged Sam to fuck them as well, especially Jasmine and nine year old Sarah, who although she hadn't felt the need to masturbate since Friday night, was really hoping Sam

would oblige. She couldn't get over how much she'd enjoyed it and the after tingles and the feelings of satisfaction, which she'd never had before.

Finally, Team Three were called. Sylvia locked the door behind them. They had solved the riddle and deserved their prizes. Sam, thinking of ten year old Suzy being so shy, rather than one at a time, asked them if they would prefer to come in all together which they decided to do. They were all bound to be shy, Naomi and Daisy were both just seven, Nancy and Rosie only eight. Sally had also come in, holding Suzy's hand, as she'd promised. The little girl gripped her hand tightly, so nervous, but she had a determined expression confirming she was going to see this through. Sam asked who would present the solution. After a brief debate, Suzy was nominated as the eldest auditioneer in the team. She said they would enact their presentation.

"Well done all of you," Sam said, a big smile on his face, "you did it. Before you give the solution to the main answer, I have your prizes for the first part." He passed round the envelopes to each of them. They were surprised they'd won both prizes. "Now how would you like to answer the last part? Altogether or one at a time?" They looked one to the other and in a silent communication made a decision in a way that only females seem to manage. As if rehearsed, they all stood up, but before they started Sally, went to the music stand at the back, and pushed a couple of buttons, producing some sound Sam had never heard before, which he assumed was music, but which had a deep beat and steady rhythm. The girls taking their cue from Sally, started a co-ordinated striptease. Considering it was entirely unrehearsed, and impromptu, it came off remarkably well. Certainly it got Sam's attention, and his cock's.

The five virgins, each watching Sally slowly, seductively, erotically stripped. Sally was watching Suzy out of the corner of her eye, and realised she was going with the flow. At last, the final garment, their panties all dropped to the floor. Sally still leading the way, turned her back on Sam, and slowly ran her hands down her chest, over her hips, down her thighs, and as they travelled down, she bent forward more and more, until at last, she was holding her ankles. Sam's mind cast back to that day she joined The Club, and how she had stripped for him in exactly this same way. She was re-enacting it for him.

As the six girls stood, bent double, they all started to move their feet further and further apart. Their pussies opened up to his view, the little row of peach shaped pudenda poking into a bulging line. Looking along them though, there was Sally, whose pussy he adored as he did all the girls. Then next to her, for comfort was Suzy. All he could see between her legs was her vagina, which was open, like the others except Nancy's, and a tiny bump of skin which was her clitty and tiny dimple that was her eurethra. Her bum crack just ended an inch above and below her anus. She had no mons or bulging vulva. Next along was Nancy, whose vagina was closed tightly, and even in this position gave away none of it's secrets to him, but her mons and vulva bulged out in a really sexy display. Naomi and Daisy the seven, and Rosie the eight year old had vaginas open fully. He was surprised to see moisture in each of them. They were aroused.

At last, Sally turned the line around, and they all hopped up onto the table, legs swinging, waiting for Sam. He decided to start at the end where the youngest three were sitting. He indicated for Naomi to lie back, as he sat on the chair positioned just in front of her, he leaned forward, and put a palm on each of her buttocks, and gently brought his face between her thighs, bringing his thumbs to her labia, he gently eased her apart, watching her beautiful damp lips, peel open, letting him see deeper into her. He studied her features for a few moments. She, of course, had one of the most gorgeous pussies he'd ever laid eyes on, but he wasn't about to say that in front of the others, especially with Suzy and Nancy here. He inhaled her musky scent and drank in her wonderful aroma. Finally, he slowly put his mouth to her pussy, and started the well practiced licking he had perfected with so many of his girls, bringing stimulation to her clitty, taste to his mouth and entertainment for the others watching enthralled, as the little girl's face screwed up with pleasure. But Sam had a secret. He was especially turned on by Jewish girls. There was something about his uncircumcised cock sinking into a Jewess that made him so aroused. Hannah had thrilled him from the day he had caught her stealing, spanked and fucked her. And now, he had seven year old Naomi Goldstein to look forward to.

Naomi was rising quickly. Sam was surprised a seven year old would respond so quickly, but she was. He looked across to Sylvia, and indicated for her to take his place, while he moved across to the next girl, seven year old Daisy. He repeated the exact motions as before, and was rewarded when he heard some little quiet squeals from the child, as his tongue pushed into her. Beside him, Naomi, with Sylvia's expert attention, was now cuming. Her climax was quiet and gentle, almost like a cat purring.

Next was Rosie, the lovely poppet of a girl of eight with her blond hair and blue eyes, and the shape of a beanpole, no curves at all, but so sexy. He treated her in the same way, and soon she was moving her hips as his tongue and fingers explored her orifices. What did surprise him though was she came before Naomi, Sylvia still bringing the other girl up to a peak.

Next in line was Nancy. Sam did exactly the same with her as he had the others. He wanted her to feel no disadvantage over her vagina not being able to dilate. What really pleased him though was when she responded to his ministrations, and started to buck under him. Apart from her closed vagina, she was perfectly normal. She responded well to clitoral stimulation and was certainly going to cum rapidly.

Sylvia nudged him along, and he moved to Suzy, who looked nervously down at him. He saw Sally was holding her hand and patting her arm. This was obviously a big thing for the child. So he didn't wait, he went straight in with his tongue, and pressed it to her vagina. She dilated slightly, and the tip popped in a fraction. He ran his tongue several times around it, before moving it along to caress her clitty. She responded with a little jerk. He then repeated what he'd done the night before, he placed his lips around her whole pussy, and while still flicking his tongue across her clit and vagina, sucked her gently. He suddenly got that same sweet taste from her as before. She was like nectar. He would tell her later. She was now grunting a little, her hips thrust at him. She was rising. He took a risk, he sucked harder, and suddenly, her bladder let go, as it had the night before. The girl called out something no one understood. Sam swallowed a whole mouthful, before sucking her again, repeating it, getting another call from her. This time he savoured it in his mouth for a few seconds before swallowing, then a third and fourth time. This girl must have needed to go bad. He looked along her naked body for a reaction, but all he could see and hear was her heavy breathing.

Nancy must have been multi orgasmic because Sylvia was still in full swing, bringing the girl off. So Sam continued stimulating Suzy, using all the skill he could muster. Soon, the kid's breathing turned into snorts, and the snorts to grunts, as she tumbled into the first orgasm of her life. She reached down and grabbed his hair, pulling him into her pussy hard. She tried to pull him up and down her pudenda, trying to squeeze every last bit of pleasure out of her climax. Even so, somehow, she rose to a new height and started muttering "Ohgawd, Ohgawd, Ohgawd." This went on for a few minutes, until she eventually collapsed back onto the table, all the stress suddenly released from her body. Sam noticed too she let go of Sally's hand. Something had happened.

As soon as things settled down, Suzy propped herself up and was looking a little dazed, taking in what had just happened to her. She blinked a couple of times, and went to sit up for a moment. She looked at Sam and smiled and got up and placed herself in his lap, cuddling him as close as she could. She looked up at him, and leaned in and kissed him.

She then leaned to his ear and whispered, "Sam, I'm sorry, I think I peed into your mouth." Sam wasn't about to say he'd made it happen, when he replied also in a quiet whisper, "Don't worry, Suzy, no one else noticed, I liked the taste, I swallowed it all. It's our secret." She looked at him in surprise, a slightly embarrassed smile on her lips. She knew how much she'd gone, it was a lot. She knew in that moment that she trusted Sam completely. He could have said what had happened and didn't. She also felt a wonderful feeling deep inside her tummy. Sam had done it to her. She really wanted to feel that again. He really didn't mind that her pussy wasn't like other girls. He'd still licked her down there. She cuddled back into him again. She'd only known Sam a short time, and yet she knew she already trusted, even loved him a bit, maybe. In that moment, Suzy realised she was completely safe with Sam. Her shyness had gone. At last she had found somewhere safe.

Sam eventually stood up and asked "Have any of you new girls ever seen someone have a fuck?" They all shook their heads. "Would you like to see it now?" They looked at him wide eyed, before nodding, smiles on their faces now.

Sam looked at Sally, "Fancy what I couldn't give you last night?" She grinned, nodded and leant back, propping her self on her elbows and spread her thighs. Sam stepped forward between them. He indicated for all the girls to gather round, so they could see everything. Both of them were highly aroused, so it was the movement of a second, and Sam was buried in his head girl six and a half inches deep. He paused for a moment to allow her body to dilate and adjust to his intrusion, before he slowly withdrew, and pressed home again, pulled back and pressed, building up speed and force quickly. Soon he was slamming into her fast and hard, and both knew that after all the stimulation and titillation of the afternoon, this wouldn't take long. And it didn't. Sam just felt his scrotum tighten, as Sally fell into her climax, shouting, "Daddy", then her call

became softer and all she called was, “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy”, This was the final straw for Sam, who loved this girl so much, and he blasted into her a thirty “Oh god” orgasm, at least. His mini pulses took minutes to subside, as he clung to Sally, kissing her, caressing her, loving her. Sylvia would have to wait a few minutes for her turn. Sam and Sally had both realised their relationship had just become deeper, closer, if that were possible. Neither of them realised at that time, how much deeper their relationship would develop, in the weeks to come.

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CHAPTER 61
Sunday night Suzy’s Induction

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That night, Sylvia ordered in some snack food, asking for a variety and let the girls all help themselves. The moods varied. The Team One girls were subdued, realising they had won the battle, but lost the war. Teams Two and Three though were celebrating as though they’d never partied before. They played games, danced, sang and played little girl tricks on one another. Sam noticed Suzy had been transformed. She was right at the centre of the partying fun, taking a full part in everything. He couldn’t believe it and commented on it to Sylvia.

“You know why, Sam surely?” she said, then realised from his expression he didn’t. “She had a major complex about her pussy. In one afternoon, you showed her you liked it, her new friends weren’t offended by it, and she experienced a new joy with her first ever orgasm. Suddenly, at least here, she’s realised she has nothing to be shy about. She’s with friends who won’t let her down. Well done Sam.” She looked at his expression, with a grin. “You really are a goof you know,” she went on, “sometimes you just don’t realise the effect you have on some people do you?”

As early as she dared, Miss.P. prepared the nightcap drinks for the Team One girls only, giving them each a reduced dose, just to put them to sleep, to avoid them being too sleepy in the morning when their mothers arrived. She brought out the trolley, and handed the drinks out, ensuring the right girls got the right glasses and instructed everyone to go straight to bed. Ten minutes later, all the old Club and new members were back in the Common Room, continuing their party. Sally played a couple of modern pieces on the piano, showing her versatile style. Her friends loved it and called for more, but she didn’t want to monopolise the evening.

The Club membership now came to twenty one, with the twelve originals and nine new girls, plus Jasmine as associate member. A nice number as far as Sam was concerned, plenty of pussy variety and ages to choose from. They played all sorts of games, having a great night. At one point, a mass striptease was proposed, and in minutes, the music was on. This time it was all meant for fun. They demanded Sam and Miss.P. stood in the middle and judged who was best, then afterwards demanded they stripped too. Already the new girls were settling into The Club.

Things quietened for a while, everyone now completely naked as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Small groups chatted. Mostly the original girls explaining the details of the five Club Rules, inductions, and how things worked in detail, like Lizzie was in charge of discipline, and why Sam had chosen her; and Sally was head girl, and how she’d been elected unanimously.

When Sam and Miss.P. went out of the room for some reason, they even talked, secretly, how one night on camp, Hannah had to go take a piss in the night and going to the latrine, heard Sam talking on his phone to someone, and afterwards, he’d said to Miss.P., his exact words were: “It seems Verity’s father has sent two men up here to kill me. They’re after Vera and Vicky as well. This is what we’re going to do.” Well Hannah couldn’t hear what he said after that, but, you know what happened, Verity’s father died that night, and a few days later, we heard two men had been killed in an auto accident that same night very near to where we camped. Well think what you might, but there’s more to Sam than meets the eye. We Club girls believe, and you’re never to tell Sam this, he saved Vicky and Vera’s lives that night. If ever you need a friend, he’s it. There was a pause. The new girls looked at Vicky then Vera, who looked back, and said, “It’s true, cross my heart. Verity really hated us after we left her gang.”

“That makes sense now,” chipped in Lucy, “as soon as Sam knew what was happening where I live, he got my mum out of our home.”

“What do you mean,” asked Lizzie, puzzled at the new girl’s comment, “got out? When did this happen?”

“Yesterday,” she said, ”That’s why Miss.P. wasn’t with us at Ridge Falls, Sam had sent her to shift all our stuff away. Sophie and Amber’s mum Mrs. Ellie Chambers helped too,” she continued, nodding towards the two redheads, who were listening closely like everyone else.

“Stop a minute Lucy,” said Lizzie, holding her hand up, “How did Sam know about this, when did you talk to him?”

“Oh, after he fucked me on Friday night.” She answered.

Lizzie blinked a couple of times, taking this in. “Who else was fucked over the weekend?” She asked looking round the circle. One by one, little hands were raised by Jasmine, Alice, Sarah, Becky and Lucy. “And”, she went on, “how many of you were virgins?” Alice, Becky and Sarah’s hands remained up.

“My god,” said Lizzie, “I knew Sam was a sly old fox, but I didn’t think he’d get in the hen coop quite so fast.” They all laughed.

“So back to what we were talking about,” Lucy said, bringing them back onto the subject, “There was a problem at the end, some of the gang came and threatened them, Miss. P., Ellie and my mum. They had a couple of guys helping, so I think the gang backed off. Well last night, I was about to go into the kitchen, to thank them for helping my mum. I heard Miss.P. tell Sam about it all, and you know what he said? He said: ‘Don’t worry Sylvia, I’ll call round on Monday evening and have a friendly chat, perhaps bang a few heads together. If there were only six of them, I’ll try not to hurt them too much, you’ll see.’ Well what do you make of that? They’re tough, they all carry knives. I hope Sam won’t get hurt, but if we hear some of the boys who live in the same place we lived in are in hospital, you’ll have your answer.”

The new girls had quickly come to realise they had joined a far stronger, closer band of friends than even they had anticipated. They were beginning to see that when Sam said they were a family, he really meant it. He would do anything for his girls, and expected them to do so too.

“Look how he fixed it for Sandy and me to get into the State gym team,” said Mandy, “He said it was easy, but we know it wasn’t. We still don’t know how he did it.”

“So you see,” said Lizzie, looking at all the new girls, “Sam will do anything for you, absolutely anything. Over the last few weeks, we’ve worked out some of the things he’s done and what Lucy just said about what she heard Sam say about the gang is another example. And yet to us he is so gentle. He would never hurt us unless we need spanking and that’s happened a couple of times, eh Hannah?” Hannah grimaced at the unpleasant memory. “But you know what, he’s never tried to fuck Sophie or Jenny, coz they’re seven and he thinks he might hurt them.”

The two little girls both nodded their heads confirming her comment. “I wish he would try,” lamented Sophie.

“In The Club, we girls have a pact. Call it a sixth Club rule, if you like. Sam doesn’t know about it; although Miss. P. does, she suggested it. It says if Sam wants us to do anything for him, we do it for him, understand?” The new girls nodded. “If he says do your homework, or it’s your turn to lay the table or wash dishes, you do it. If he goes to put his hand down inside your panties, you hold your panties open for him and spread your legs wide. If he asks you to give him a blow job, you do it for him and when he cums, you swallow, right?” The new girls nodded in understanding. “And,” she went on, “if ever I hear you haven’t, you will have me to deal with. I think I will enjoy having to spank someone soon. No, but seriously”, she said again with a warm smile, looking at the newcomers, “Sam will look after you, so we all look after him. There are lots of ways you can do this. For example, he likes to see us naked lots, so inside the Clubhouse, some or even all of us will strip off. It’s a bit like when you’re at home. You don’t mind your mum seeing you naked, do you? Well it’s the same with Sam and Miss. P. Then another thing. Sometimes you might be watching TV or reading something and you’ll feel his eyes on you, looking. Pretend not to notice him staring, but slowly open your legs for him to see you. Close them, open them. Really tease him. Then if you really want to

press his buttons, you could scratch yourself down there, as if you've got an itch. It drives him nuts. You'll soon get the idea. As I said, look after Sam, and he will look after you."

Sam and Miss.P. returned and the conversation drifted on to the Paris trip, the new girls saying they wished they could go with them.

A couple of hours later, Suzy, who'd been sitting chatting with Sally for a long time, stood up and stunned everyone, when she suddenly stepped into the middle of the room. Sally was holding her hand again, but Sam saw a new determination in the face of this once shy little ten year old.

"Sam, Miss.P., everyone," she started in a quiet voice, which became louder and clearer as she continued. "You've all been so kind to me and especially Sally, for once in my life, I feel at home at last, I wanted you all to know that. But what I want to say isn't easy for me, but I know I am with friends, at last. Sam, I feel I am in a dream, so before it drifts away, I want to grasp it, make it real. I understand that now I am a member of The Club, I can make a wish, any wish. Is that right?" She looked at him, questioningly.

He nodded, "yes".

"Well," she said in a firm, clear voice, "would it be alright if I was inducted tonight? Right now, in fact."

Sam couldn't believe his ears. Here was a girl, who yesterday wouldn't say boo to a goose, was painfully shy, embarrassingly so, now asking if he would fuck her in front of twenty other girls. Wow! He certainly kept having surprises in his life since this Club started.

Sam stood, and walked over to the ten year old, and took both her hands in his. She was obviously nervous, but so different to the terrified shyness she'd expressed ever since he had first seen her years ago, until now. Sam looked into her pretty face, lit up with the renewal she felt in herself. A new confidence, a credit, Sam knew in no small part to Sally's influence. Her long light brown hair seemed to shimmer over her naked shoulders, reaching down over her, almost flat bottom. He glanced down at her lower belly. No raised mons, no crack, just a little bump of skin over her pubic bone, where her clit poked out, now stiff with her arousal. Her bright blue eyes sparkled.

"How would you like your induction done, Suzy?" Sam asked "It is your choice. Has Sally explained what happens?"

The girl nodded and thought for a moment. "Sam, I know this might sound strange to you, but I want my induction to be a liberation for me. I want every member here to know that I love my body and I'm not ashamed of it anymore. I want them all to see it as you induct me, you know, fuck me. If it's OK, I want to do it in steps. First, I want you to gently take my virginity. Then I would like to go on top of you. I want to feel I'm in control for a while. Then at the end, I want to show my body off to everyone. Does that sound weird, Sam?"

"Not at all." He smiled at the girl, "It's your induction, you have it any way you want."

Sally came and stood beside Suzy and took her hand. She smiled at her, and led her over to the big padded table. She helped the little girl hop up onto the table surface, where she sat for a moment, her short legs dangling over the edge. Sally whispered into her ear for a moment, and Suzy nodded. She reclined back onto her elbows, and lifted her feet up onto the table's edge, and shuffled her bottom forward, so she was overhanging the table's edge. She then parted her knees as far back as they would go. Everyone had moved a little closer now, and could see how devoid her crotch was of contours or undulations. She had a rosebud, a little above it was her vagina, a round hole surrounded by no labia, immediately above that a tiny mole like bump which was her urethra and another slip of skin that was her clitty.

Sally waved all the members to come and stand even closer in a circle around the girl, shoulder to shoulder. Sam stepped forward, he now had a long white box in his hand, which he placed on the table beside the girl. Quickly kneeling, he placed his palms on her inner thighs, and pressed his mouth to her pussy. He flicked his tongue back and forth over her clit for a few moments. She stiffened slightly, as her stimulation started. He pressed his lips to her, engulfing her whole pudenda, and gently sucked. Her sweet taste, so unlike any other girl swept into his mouth once more. Ambrosia. He sucked a little harder, and sure enough, her bladder released about half a mouth full of urine, which he gulped down like a parched man in the desert

finding water. He glanced up at her face, along her flat body. A silent communication between them. Only they knew, the other score of people ignorant of what had just occurred. By now, Suzy's cunt was betraying her arousal, as her creamy, pearlescent fluid started to ooze out of her, running down to her bottom. So Sam lowered himself an inch, and lapped her rosebud, cleaning her tasty arousal trying to push his tongue as far into her as he could, suddenly remembering how he had fucked her up the ass only two days ago, while she slept.

Sam stood again. He looked kindly into her eyes, as he leaned forward, resting his hands either side of her shoulders and asked, "Ready Suzy, are you ready?"

Suzy nodded, and unexpectedly reached down, and guided Sam's cock, which had just pressed against her. She lifted it up and wriggled it into her entry, trying to spread his pre-cum. She felt Sam apply some pressure, and her guidance was now superfluous. She took her hands away. Her nipples were now tingling, and needing her attention.

Sam pressed and eased, pressed and eased in his long rehearsed practice, gauging her dilation, knowing now it wouldn't be long. And it wasn't. His crown, without warning, popped into her entry. She gasped, not in pain, but in reaction to the sensation it provoked. A wonderful feeling. A feeling she knew women the world over had felt for a million years, fulfilment. Sam had paused, waiting, as she adjusted, dilated, attuned. Gently, he started his little thrusts, bouncing his tip off her maidenhead, each time increasing the pressure imperceptibly. Almost without warning, he suddenly felt her hymen dissolve. Suzy squeaked, her face winced, but immediately smiled reassuringly at him again.

Sam paused again, waiting, hoping she wasn't hurt. He knew she was ready, when he felt her curl her hips up at him in invitation. Slowly, he pressed in, and pulled back the micro movements, spreading his pre-cum as deeply into her as he could, before pressing in again and out, edging deeper each time. Sam became aware of something he had never felt before. Something new. At first he wasn't sure, but as he penetrated her deeper and deeper, he realised he wasn't mistaken.

Suzy might have had a completely flat mons, no cleft or dimple, or bum crack, but what she had inside far and away made up for all that. Sam realised she had one of the nicest cunts he had ever fucked. The walls of her vagina, as they peeled apart to allow him entry, were slightly ribbed. Almost corduroy. Not only that, he felt a pulsing inside her, like the movement of a caterpillar's legs, running down in wave like movements along his cock. Inside, she simply had the nicest cunt he'd ever fucked.

Finally, Sam hit her end. He was about five inches into her. He paused yet again for a moment, savouring her exquisite feeling on his cock. He pulled back about half way, and pressed in, and back a little further out, and back. Each time he increased the scope and pace of his thrusts. After a few cycles, he was almost pulling out, before thrusting into her as far as his cock could reach, his pubis bumping her flat vagina entry. His hair rubbing her completely smooth hairless skin.

Sam was now in pedo heaven. Her vagina was nothing like anything he'd fucked before. Those ribbed lines inside her, squeezing, massaging and caressing him were sensational. Inside this girl was just incredible. What a great fuck! He couldn't believe this shy little girl of yesterday was letting him have one of the best times of his life. He would have loved to have just let this run it's course, but all too soon, she stopped him.

Suzy raised her hand. "That was really nice Sam, thank you for not hurting me. Would it be alright if we changed now, could I go on top?"

Sam was reluctant to pull out, but it was her induction. He slipped out of her, and hopped up onto the table, and shuffled towards the centre, so his legs were supported. Suzy didn't wait until he had settled, she lifted a leg over his thigh, and swung her leg over him, straddling his hips, resting her hands on his chest. She lifted herself up, and again finding his cock, pushed it back to her entry, and quickly lowered herself onto him, feeling his tip deep, deep inside her, pushing against 'that spot'. She lifted herself up again, and dropped down and up and down, repeating the movement, getting faster and deeper each time.

Suzy, who had known for the last hour or two that her life had irrevocably changed for the better, with joining The Club, looked around her. Squatting around the edge of the whole table were all of her new friends. Friends she trusted, friends she would never, ever be shy with, friends she could ask anything of. Friends, who she could see were themselves masturbating, without shyness, some with each other. They were all

watching her with faces showing that they truly wanted her to enjoy her first time, her induction, her becoming a member. She wanted them now to see her, really see her being fucked. It was the final action she needed to put away the shame of what she had previously thought her pussy was like forever. She knew from her feelings building up inside her, that all of that was about to be swept away.

Suzy by now was pounding up and down on Sam's cock. Deep inside her, she felt the primeval sensations warning her she was about to climax, but she wasn't ready for that yet. There was one more demon to banish, one last penance to pay. She stopped, and surprised Sam, when she sat up straight, and without pulling off him, lifted her legs up, and rotated herself, so she was now facing Sam's feet. She leaned back a little, and reached behind her, placed her palms on his shoulders. This must have been planned, because Sally and Lizzie were suddenly there either side of her. Each took one of her legs, and gently lifted them, and pulled them out sideways, spreading her wider and wider. Her little thin legs were now in a straight line splits, with Sam's cock curving up from beneath, and into her vagina, now stretched wide with his intrusion.

She then asked everyone to come round the table, so they could see her. Really see her. She invited them to touch her if they wished. She wanted no secrets, and for them to see her pussy, which until now she'd always been ashamed of, being fucked, up close, for her was the final exorcism. Suzy started thrusting her hips again. Sam could feel that wonderful feeling of her vagina caressing him once more, unlike any other before. He knew he wasn't far off now, but this was her induction. Wondering if he could hold out any longer, he suddenly felt his cock being squeezed along it's length, the pulses moving back and forth, on his shaft, back and forth. He realised she was cuming. Her climax erupting inside her. But no sound, stillness. Suddenly, he realised she had held her breath, and she went red in the face before she exploded into a gasping, groaning, shrieking, quivering mass, in a dream of coloured lights shooting back and forth behind her screwed up eyelids. Her gasping breath told everyone what had happened.

Sam, who'd felt her pussy suddenly clamp down on him as she climaxed, could hold back no longer, and exploded into her, his semen blasting deep into her belly. Her vagina, with it's corrugated walls, continued to milk him of every last drop of his sperm laden semen, sucking it from him, as her internal massaging went on and on. He pulsed and throbbed into her, until there was nothing more. His dry heaves continuing, as his pulses slowly died away in diminishing throbs of exquisite pleasure.

Sam had always been careful never ever to compare his girls. He didn't want jealousies and competition between them. But he knew Suzy was probably one of the best fucks he'd ever had or likely to have. She might be lacking outside, in how her little girl pussy looked, but made up for it tenfold inside.

Finally all movement stopped. Sam looked down, and over twenty young faces were looking intently at where their bodies were joined. Everyone in awe at Suzy's explosive orgasm, obviously overwhelming her, as she lay back on Sam's chest, seemingly unconscious. She had fainted. After a few moments, she came round, and smiled at her friends.

Suzy then did something none of the other members had done. Sam was still impaled deep inside her, when she again sat up as straight and tall as she could and said. "As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Sam, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life."

Sam reached over to the box he'd placed there earlier, flipped it open and took out the choker, and reaching up, put it around her neck and clipped it shut. Suzy's life, they both knew, was changed forever.

Neither were in a hurry to pull apart. She because she didn't want the most intensely erotic sensations of her life to finally end, and Sam, following this amazing experience was still semi tumescent, and happy to leave his cock where it was. Those pulses inside her extraordinary vagina, still running up and down his cock.

"How many was that?" he heard Lizzie ask Sally, still either side from holding the girls legs. "You won't believe, thirty five. That's the record." Sam saw a pile of Dollar bills being handed to Karen, who looked at him and winked with a cheeky grin. Certainly in Sam's mind, that fuck was worth a 'thirty five score'.

Sam nodded to Sylvia, who crawled onto the table between Sam's legs, and lowered her face to where his cock disappeared into the child. She licked his cock, cleaning away the blood stained semen from his shaft, pulling it gently, cleaning more as it emerged, until finally it popped out. She sucked the end for a moment, before sinking her tongue deep into Suzy's still dilated vagina, now oozing pink stained semen. This went on

for a moment. Hannah stepped behind Miss.P. and pressed her palm to the teacher's pussy and started to massage her swollen engorged clitty for her, producing an immediate climax, making her gasp, as she pressed her lips to the child's genitalia. The new girls watched Hannah, fascinated as she confidently masturbated their favourite teacher with well practiced movements.

Unbeknown to everyone present, except Miss.P. and the child, Suzy's bladder let go another squirt of urine, making the teacher moan again in ecstasy.

Following the induction, everyone settled down in little groups, cuddling together, chatting together, playing with their iPads and phones. Several times Sam watched as one or another of the members showed the newcomers how to masturbate in a particular way, or would lick them a little, or introduce them to the toys in the secret cupboard and explain their use, as if they were showing them how to use a kitchen appliance.

Eventually though, the girls were yawning, and despite them wanting this special night to last forever, it had been a long day, and sleep started to overwhelm them all. Sam had to carry one or two to their beds, still naked, where he laid them down lovingly, kissing them, as they curled up under the covers.

Sam had asked if any of the new girls would like him or Miss.P. to come and cuddle them during the night. Nine hands had shot up immediately. It looked to Sam as though it might be a long night too.

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CHAPTER 62
Monday morning, Rosie's Dawning.

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Sam woke at dawn as usual. He kept his eyes closed, trying to remember whose bed this was, and the amazing events of the night. He lay there for a full thirty seconds, feeling the clamping of the child on his cock, into whom he was spooning. As his cock grew inside her vagina, he remembered. He was deep inside the tightest pussy ever, and as he felt her grip on him, he grew more and the squeeze she had on him got tighter. It was Rosie. The eight year old second grader with blond hair and blue eyes. A body like a beanpole, with no curves on her. Exactly as he liked them. What a way to wake up.

Sam lay for a moment remembering how he had spent quite a long time with both Naomi his dark haired Jewish beauty and brave Daisy, who had been hurt by Gill at the theme park and never complained about it, the two seven year olds, letting them learn about his body, as well as him exploring theirs, introducing them to the joys of being given their first climax, their little orgasms quite overwhelming them. He knew they were friends with Emily and his daughter Jenny, and asked them to learn from, and support each other.

He'd then spent a long time with Nancy, who seemed so worried about her vagina not opening, and how it had happened when climbing in the woods when she was five, falling onto a tree branch stump, and how her mother couldn't afford the doctor. Sam told her he would arrange for her to go to a specialist and that The Club would pay for everything, and she wasn't to worry. "I will ask Miss. P. to speak to your mum."

Nancy seemed so grateful, and was very keen to thank Sam, and seemed to think it nothing out of the ordinary, when he suggested she might like to learn about oral sex, until her pussy got fixed. She was enthusiastic, and certainly didn't mind swallowing, in fact seemed to relish it, literally, when he blasted into her throat. Of course, he didn't know she, and all the newcomers had been given a briefing earlier by Lizzie, and detailed instructions on technique by Amber. She'd hoped she wouldn't mind swallowing. In fact when she tried, she loved it. He had nudged the back of her mouth several times when this happened, and she never gagged once. He would explore those possibilities further, he knew. She'd had a wonderful climax too, as his tongue explored her cleft, finding her clit engorged far larger than most eight year old clits normally inflame. Certainly when they had finished, he knew she would become an enthusiastic and active member of The Club and he looked forward to getting to know her far better.

He'd climbed into bed with Rosie at about three o'clock in the morning. At first she hadn't woken, but when she came to and realised who it was, she became alert and lively. She immediately started to run her little hands over his body, exploring him, cuddling him, arousing him. He did likewise. She was, after all, now one

of his Club members, one of his girls, and they both had a right to each other. It wasn't long before the tiny beanpole of a girl was lying on top of him, chest to chest, trying to push her tongue into his mouth. She'd learned from some friend that this is what lovers do. She had much to learn. Sam had cuddled her, talked to her, asked her about her life and likes and dislikes. He was particularly touched when he asked her what she wanted most in the world and without a moment's hesitation replied, "A better life for my mum." His cock was pressing into her crotch throughout the whole time they lay like this, pushing into the little dip, which was the entry to her vagina.

Sam wondered if she would be able to take him. He remembered back at camp how Amber, the same age, had struggled to get him into her, but in the end it had happened. He wasn't short of pre-cum. He never was. They had been lying like this for at least forty minutes, his cock pressed to her opening, neither of them trying to force things, both knowing what might or might not happen. The pressure of his cock against her opening though had slowly dilated her. Neither of them had noticed, it had been so gradual. So it was a surprise to them both, when his crown suddenly popped through the elastic ring of muscle at her entry gripping him between the top of his shaft and his crown. She was so tight on him, he wondered whether he should pull out, but seeming to sense his reticence, she clung to him and said, "Please, leave it in."

They lay like that for another ten or fifteen minutes. Slowly he leaked pre-cum into her, and slowly she dilated further until he no longer thought she was going to cut off his blood supply. In the end, it was Rosie who started to undulate on him, pivoting her hips, making his cock move slightly inside her, encouraging him in, deeper. She could feel his tip nudging her just inside. Something was stopping him going in where she wanted him, so, so wanted him.

Rosie had never really had anything to call her own. She had been an only child. Her mother, whose name was Mary, had got pregnant when she was a teen, her parents, devout church goers, feeling shamed, showed their Christian charity and threw her out. Rosie and her mum had just got each other. No money, no family and not much to hope for. They'd scraped by on help from friends and various jobs her mum could get and some private prostitution with the landlord when she couldn't pay the rent. Her mum couldn't afford for her to go to the camp, and was upset, because she thought Rosie was missing out on so many things in life.

Then out of the blue the invitation had come from Sam to come to the Club auditions. Her mum had cried that night. She so wanted a better life for her daughter. Rosie had climbed into her bed, as she often did when one or the other of them needed comfort, and they had cuddled each other to sleep. She loved her mum so much, and understood how important her getting into Sam's Club meant to her, so she knew she would do anything she could to join. As soon as she met the other girls, and got to know Sam and Miss. P. a little better, she knew she would love to be a member. They were all so kind. She didn't like one or two of the other audition girls very much, and was pleased when they were selected to be in a different team for the riddle. She found out later that they didn't get into The Club anyway.

Rosie had always been a quiet girl. Her teachers said she could do much better at school, but always seemed to be worried about her mum and instead of homework, had cleaned the home and did chores, to help her mum, who was always so tired from the long hours she worked. As a result, she was behind in class, suggesting she wasn't as capable as was actually the case. Ellie had known all this, of course, known the child's potential, and had made sure she was on the auditions list.

Now here she was, lying in bed, feeling Sam spooning into her back, caressing her, running his fingers through her long blond hair, not forcing her. She loved the feeling of security he evoked in her. The things she'd heard the other girls say about Sam over the last couple of days built up her awe of him. At school he'd always seemed so friendly, reliable, always around, he was just Sam. But now she knew Sam was so much more. He was everything she would want of a daddy. She had heard Sally call him that, when Sam had fucked her, and understood completely why. She was already thinking of Sam in those terms. "Daddy yes, that's right, he will be my Daddy". She hoped the other girls wouldn't mind if she called him that. She would ask when the time was right.

Rosie had been unconsciously rocking back and forth. What she had felt though was his cock slowly sinking deeper and deeper into her. At one point, she had felt a stab of pain inside her, but it had gone after a minute. And now, he was almost all inside her. Oh she wanted him there, so much. It was as if he was going to plant a lifetime of security inside her when he came in her, as she knew, she hoped, he would. He bumped into her end, she felt a jolt of pleasure, like a spark of nice tingly electricity flowing through her.

She felt him pull back a little. She thought for a moment he was going to take it out, but he pushed back in, nudging ‘that spot’ again, giving her another jolt of pleasure. “Oh yes, do it again”. He pulled out further this time, and back into her, a little faster and harder, bumping that spot so nicely. “Hmmmm yessss.” Out again and back in and out and in. She reached for his hand, resting on her hip, and pulled it round to her chest. He immediately caressed her pinhead nipple with his finger tips, making it harden and swell, sending more tingles of pleasure heading down her body. Rosie felt a feeling she’d only felt once before, and that was when Sam and Miss. P. had licked her earlier, after they’d solved the riddle. But this time, she knew by instinct this was going to be so much more, so much better. This would be special.

Rosie felt as if she were being lifted by winds under invisible wings, like she was an angel. She was flying in a place where only pleasure existed, where she could only feel nice things. “Was this what heaven is like?” she thought. That tingling inside her was growing, “Oh yes, oh yes, more Daddy, please more.” Suddenly, she felt her whole tummy explode as if she’d been suddenly filled with a beautiful feeling she couldn’t describe. Lights were flashing around inside her closed eyelids, like a dazzling kaleidoscope. All her muscles suddenly turned to jelly. She didn’t want this to end, it couldn’t get any better, the best feeling she’d ever had. And then it did.

Rosie could feel Sam deep inside her, she could feel every movement of his lovely cock, as he made her feel so nice. She just loved this. Then she felt him swell up inside her a little, then again, but much more, and again. He was pulsing inside her, throbbing, and then suddenly, she felt a wonderful feeling, as he came inside her. A wet warmth suddenly washed her inside. The other girls had told her what it would be like. What they hadn’t said was just how wonderful it would be. Her climax had peaked, and then it had peaked again and then nothing, blackness.

Sam knew the little girl had fainted. He held her tightly, as his climax ebbed away into the mini pulses at the end he loved so much. Finally, it ended, and he lay cuddling the child to him. She was the second one now to call him ‘Daddy’. He didn’t know if she knew she’d said it, but it was such a turn on to him. This little girl of eight had taken so long to get into, but it was worth the wait. Fuck was she tight. Even now, after he’d been in her for twenty minutes, cum in her and shrunk a little, she was still squeezing him so tightly. After a minute or two, she stirred. She was coming round, but then, he realised she fell immediately to sleep. That suited Sam very well. Leaving his cock still semi tumescent inside her, he too fell back into a deep but short sleep. He wondered as he drifted off if she would be up for another little dalliance when they woke later. Time would tell.

Sure enough, Sam woke at dawn, the birdcall outside acting as his alarm clock. He lay just feeling Rosie’s lovely but beanpole body. He was also aware his cock, still inside her, was stirring too, becoming harder, longer, thicker, more demanding. Reaching over, he felt her little areola under his fingers, and gently rubbed it, making her nipple bead up, hardening, becoming aroused. Rosie moved in her sleep, a little deep breath, a sigh of contentment. Sam curved his hips slightly, pushing into her, reversing back and pushing gently again. Microscopic movements which felt just wonderful.

But she wasn’t asleep at all. Rosie lay on her side, feeling so contented. She was aware Sam was still in her from before. He felt so nice there. She had been awake for hours now, just enjoying this wonderful man in her. Then she realised he had started to wake. It was dawn. She was almost disappointed, but then he’d moved in her, and again. She felt him swell slightly as he moved within her. He went deeper and faster. She just lay there. If this is what Sam wanted, then it was OK by her. And anyway it’s what she wanted too. Quickly, Rosie knew she was going to get that feeling again, but much sooner, and she did. Those lights behind her eyelids returned, and that wonderful, wonderful feeling inside her tummy returned. But this time she didn’t pass out. She had felt a little cheated when she realised she’d missed the end before.

Sam realised she was cuming as she clamped down on his cock hard, painfully hard. She started to moan. She called out ‘Daddy’ a couple of times and bucked her little bum back at him, meeting his thrusts. Her climax was so gentle, calm, like a quiet river flowing through the countryside. What he didn’t know was that inside that river was a roaring torrent of turbulence. Rosie felt like her life up until now had been like a raft in a white water rapid, thinking she couldn’t survive, out of her control. And suddenly, now, she felt calm, peace, tranquil, serene. She lifted her hand and placed it over his, where he caressed her nipple, and without realising it, fell into a deep contented sleep. When she woke, he’d gone, but her new feeling of contentment, her certainty and confidence about her future remained. She lay for a while, running her

fingers through her pussy, feeling the stickiness. She turned her head when the door opened. Miss. P. had come to look in on her. She liked Miss. P.

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CHAPTER 63
Monday – The results.

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By the time the girls had all woken, showered, at Miss. P.'s request to make sure no semen stains remained, dressed again in their school uniforms and breakfasted, it was 9:30 a.m. Sam had asked Ellie to come early, join them for breakfast, hear what was said later, and offer her thoughts. He hoped there wouldn't be any scenes, when the results were announced. Sam had been busy. He'd already been down to the bank, and arranged to open some new accounts, returning with the paperwork to complete it all.

At 10:00, he opened the doors, and the fourteen mothers trooped in. He noticed that almost without exception, they sat exactly where they'd sat on Friday afternoon. Ellie and Sylvia quickly passed out coffee to those wanting it.

"Good morning ladies," Sam said, brightly. "I am pleased to say that I believe all your daughters had a most enjoyable weekend. We went up to Ridge Falls Adventure Park on Saturday, and to Water World yesterday. They seemed to enjoy themselves very much indeed. Then yesterday, with the weather being so wet we stayed here in the afternoon. We had a little riddle for them to try and work out, which I think they all did very well at. I am very pleased to say that every one of them won a cash prize of $1000, so please let's give them a round of applause."

All the mothers were ecstatic, as their daughters showed them the envelopes of cash they'd won.

"Now we come to the results of the auditions for Club membership. I am going to read out the names of all the candidates and as I do, I would ask you to either stay here, or go through to the Games Room as I indicate. He read out the names of the Team One members, asking them to go to the Games Room, alternating them with other names, who he asked to stay where they were.

When all the rejects, and their mothers had left, he asked Ellie and Sylvia to act as hosts, while he went through to explain to the others the result.

He returned ten minutes later. They'd taken it remarkably well, he thought. One or two had implied they'd been brought here on false pretences, but when he pointed out that their daughters had been given the same opportunity to join The Club as all the others, and he was happy to retain the cash prize if they felt hard done to and see them in court, they left quietly and he heard nothing further from any of them.

Returning to the Common Room, he found a relaxed atmosphere of mothers and girls waiting for him. He immediately told them that all their daughters had been successful, passed the auditions and with immediate effect were members of The Choices Club. He went on to explain some of the practical day-to-day workings of The Club, how they would be expected to do their homework here, participate in evening and weekend activities, as well as going on trips abroad each school vacation.

He stunned them, though with what he had to say next. He pulled a thick envelope he'd picked up from the bank earlier. Opening it, he tipped out a number of smaller envelopes with names on. He handed them round, each taking their own. "The Choices Foundation has opened a bank account in the name of each of your daughters." There was a collective gasp round the room, as the significance of what he had said sank in. They'd heard rumours about this, but he'd just confirmed it. "You will find there is a balance in each of $5000. I hope this will be satisfactory. You are signatories of the accounts. I will retain control of them, and will withdraw the funds and close them if your daughter ever chooses to leave The Club. Would you please take identification to the bank, and sign their mandate form? I have arranged for $1000 to be paid into each account per month for educational expenses."

You could have heard a pin drop. Then suddenly they were all chattering and smiling. Several were in tears. Sam noticed Rosie's mum was sobbing into her hands. He was so pleased to have done something for one so deserving.

Sam held up his hand, and the hubbub quietened. "Now, I know you are aware we are off to Europe in a few days, but there is simply no time to arrange passports, visas and flights for you to join us. So instead, I called into Happy Traveller in town the other day and made a provisional booking for you all to fly down to Florida this week for a fortnight. I e-mailed your names to them earlier, so all you need to do is call in with identification and pick up your tickets. You'll stay in Orlando at one of the top Disney hotels and have open tickets for Disney World, Universal, Sea World, Discovery Cove, Kennedy Space and so on. I have arranged for The Club to be billed with everything. I hope you enjoy your vacation, I think you deserve it, and the girls have earned it." He didn't say how.

"I have arranged for lunch to be brought in today," he said, "and I do hope you will all be able to join us. If you have any questions or need clarification about anything, I would be only too happy to oblige then." They moved through to the dining area.

While they were waiting, the girls started to play games, as all little girls will. And it was immediately apparent that Suzy was one of the ringleaders, as they ran around, giggling, squealing and having fun. Two people stood silently, amazed. Suzy's mum, Lisa, who had never seen her daughter so energetic in front of so many people, ever, and Ellie, who had doubted whether the girl would stand a chance of getting into The Club, and there she was, wearing an induction choker. Sam had already fucked her. She couldn't believe it. And, she realised, with a smile to herself, she'd lost her bet with Sam.

"Hello, Sam," came a voice from behind him. "My name's Martha, I'm Lucy's mum. I wanted to thank you for what you did in getting us out of the apartment on Saturday. I really appreciate it. I can't tell you how frightened I've been for Lucy over the last few months. Things have happened I shudder to remember."

"Mrs. Becket," began Sam.

"Oh, no, Martha, please," she replied.

"Martha," he smiled, as he continued, "your daughter has only just joined The Club, so you aren't really up to speed with our ethos here yet. But we have some conventions, and what they come down to is whatever a Club member needs or wants, or sometimes even desires, it is provided by The Club, or their peers. And if ever Lucy is asked by another member to do something, it is expected she will do anything immediately without question. So for example, if Lucy is good at, say maths, or art, or whatever, and a younger girl needs help with her homework, then we expect her to do so."

"You and Lucy needed to get out of your apartment, quickly. To us that was a priority and needed doing without hesitation. Lucy passed the audition Friday night. She was one of the first to do so." Sam didn't explain how she'd passed the audition so soon. "You see to us, Lucy is now in The Club. She's family. We will do anything for her, and she must do anything in return. But you are her mum, and that makes you family too, now, and one day we may need to ask your help with something. I know you would do it. Now I also understand you had a bit of trouble before you left."

She nodded, "Yes Jake, the leader doesn't like to lose face. It got a bit ugly, but Ellie had a couple of guys helping us, and with them just being there, after a minute, Jake went away. He said he'd come round to the school someday and take his payment by force. I'm frightened what might happen down the road, Sam."

"Don't worry, Martha, I will go round later and have a chat with Jake and his friends. We'll straighten it all out, I'm sure." He made it sound so simple. He glanced around, and realised they were surrounded now by several mothers, listening to their interchange.

At that moment, Suzy came across, dragging her mum, Lisa, by the hand. Her new choker glittered around her throat, and he noticed how her other hand was fingering it. "Mum, come and meet Sam, he's the best man in the world. All the girls here say so. Everyone's so nice, and there's lots to do, and we had a riddle and there's the biggest TV ever. Did I say we went to Water World and Ridge Falls?" Suzy turned, saw a group of her new friends, and ran off to join them, leaving her mum quite breathless, in the middle of the group surrounding Sam. Lisa giggled in embarrassment, having been abandoned by her, now effervescent,

daughter. Sam shook hands with Lisa. Martha already knew the woman. The two seemed on good terms already.

“Sam,” Lisa said in a hesitant voice, “I don’t know how to ask you this, so I guess I just come out and ask.” She looked confused, as if she herself didn’t know what to say. “Sam, my Suzy, well she’s changed while she’s been here. She’s always been so shy, she wouldn’t make friends, or go to places unless I was there. And now look at her.” She pointed across the room where her daughter was in he midst of a group of girls giggling and joking together. ”She was worried about coming here. The doctor said it was psychological and she should see a shrink. Well I haven’t the money for that stuff, and we just hoped she would grow out of it, maybe. Well she’s been with you for a weekend, and she’s a different girl. I mean it Sam, she’s completely transformed. She’s like a different girl. What did you do to her?” Ellie, who, although not in the circle of women, had overheard the conversation, tried not to laugh out loud. She knew exactly what Sam had done to her. Sam had expected this conversation, but perhaps not quite so soon, nor so direct.

“Well, Lisa, as I was just telling Martha here, we run The Club in such a way that everyone helps each other. No one worries about shortcomings in others. We believe it can all be fixed in time. No one judges another member. I think your Suzy was worried about something physical, is that right?”

The woman nodded warily. “Well,” he continued, “it would seem whatever it was didn’t worry the other girls, they accepted her as one of them and she relaxed into their company.” His explanation didn’t even sound convincing to himself, let alone the mother of the child. Certainly he wasn’t going to say he’d fucked her up the ass one night and taken her virginity the next. What he was sure of though, was that she wasn’t shy here in The Club any more and possibly elsewhere too.

“Well, whatever it was,” she replied, “I want to thank you so much, Sam. I had hoped The Club would be good for her, but just not so soon. Thank you again.” She surprised him, when she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. He blushed.

A minute or two later, Rosie brought her mother to meet him. Her mother had heard some of the exchanges earlier and said “Before you call me Miss. Romero, Sam I’m Mary, and I want to say how grateful I am for asking Rosie to join. If there is anything I can do at anytime, and I mean anything, please call me. Sam, there’s one thing that puzzles me, though. She keeps referring to you as ‘Daddy’. What’s that all about?”

Sam smiled to himself. “Well, I don’t know what started it all, but one or two of the girls have started to say it, and Rosie is one of them, I guess. None of them have fathers around, and maybe they see me sort of in that role.” Several of the mothers surrounding him nodded. All their daughters needed such a figure.

“Well,” she said, putting a hand on his, “I like it. She needs a father figure. And Sam, I meant what I said, if there’s anything I can do please ask. You don’t know how Rosie being in The Club will help us.” Sam thought he had a pretty good idea.

The next person to buttonhole Sam was Nancy’s mother, who came over with a big smile, arm in arm with Sylvia. Sylvia introduced her as Violet, and explained that they had had a chat, and it would seem Nancy needed to see a specialist. Sylvia asked Sam if it was OK for her to make an appointment and for The Club to fund it. Violet was so grateful when Sam agreed and asked them to make the call that afternoon, so they lost no time while away in Florida.

Lunch over, the mothers and new members reluctantly left, one by one. They were all proudly clutching Club bags, containing their day and sports clothing, formal wear, IPads, IPhone Xs and all the other Club paraphernalia.

Sam, Ellie, Sylvia and Dolly started to clear up and tidy the common room. The original members helped, before going through to the Games Room to play. A few minutes later, Dolly wandered over to Sam and said “Ya wanted to see me Sam.”

“Yes Dolly,” he said wiping his hands on a cloth, “let’s sit down over here. I’ve a proposal for you and Ellie, which I hope you might be interested in.”

The four of them sat down. Ellie, Sylvia and Dolly had coffee cups steaming in their hands.

“Well what I’ve been thinking is I need a little extra help around here. As you know, Miss. P. here works full time for the school, apart from helping run The Club. In fact we’re getting married in Paris.” Sylvia looked sharply at him. “Oh didn’t I tell you, darling,” he said with a grin, “I’m getting so forgetful these days.” The four of them laughed, as Sylvia gave Sam a big hug and wet kiss.

“Anyway, what I was going to say is this. I need some extra help, and I think you two can give it. Dolly, what do you know about what we do in The Club?” he looked at the shrewd woman, who’d weighed him up so accurately before.

“Well Sugar, nothin’ would surprise me. Man like you, likin’ lil girls an all, I guess you is a sugar daddy to ‘em. I s’pose you’se been in all their lil panties by now. But you give ‘em money and presents, so that makes it OK in my book. It’s a bit like my business I guess. You bin in my Jasmine yet?” Seeing him blink, she said, “yes, I can see you have. I should charge you, Sugar,” she said with a smile.

Sylvia and Ellie sat open mouthed at this exchange. Even Ellie, who’d known Dolly for many years was learning something about her friend.

“ ’An anyways, from what my fren’s Clare and Gloria say, you know, Sandy and Mandy’s mums, you’se bin playin’ around with them for a whiles now.”

“What makes you say that?” he asked awkwardly.

“A mother gits to know the signs, you know. Lil things, like the ways they talk, and play, oh, and semen stains in their panties, you know lil things like that. Mothers tend to notice shit like that.”

Ellie and Sam glanced at one another.

“Do any of the other mothers know do you think?” he asked.

“Don’t know,” came her reply, “they must be blind if they don’t.”

Sam wasn’t surprised at the intelligent woman’s observant commentary “Well, Dolly you’re not far out, which is why I wanted to offer you a job.”

“A job,” she replied, “what sort of a job? Never had wages before, doing what exactly?”

“There are several things I want you to do, Dolly. Firstly, I work here as the janitor, cleaning, repairing, fixing things and security. I will carry on doing that, but about five hours a day is taken with cleaning the school. The rest is technical. What I want you to do is take on the cleaning. You would be paid for five hours work a day.”

Sam slid an envelope over the table to her. She opened it, and pulled a piece of paper from it. Her eyes popped open. She would get more in a month than she kept in a year at the moment. She also knew she wasn’t getting any younger, and some of her clients were already moving to younger flesh.

“Why would you offer me this much?” she asked reasonably, her astute mind smelling a rat, “you could advertise for anyone to do this, and pay half this or less. What’s the catch.”

“It’s a cover for your real job,” replied Sam, “the one I need you to do for The Club. I do want to reduce my hours, and do want your help cleaning. But what I really want you to do is use your knowledge and skills to teach our girls everything you know. You’re a professional. You know more stuff about sex than almost anyone, right?”

She nodded. “probably,” she muttered, “but why, what for?”

“These girls,” continued Sam, “are going to be world beaters, I intend them to have top jobs, after top universities and marrying top men in their fields. What better way to get a millionaire man to marry, than to be the very best in bed? That’s where you come in.”

She smiled. “I knew you were ambitious Sam, but I never realised you were sneaky too. You’se smarter too. OK, you gotta deal. Where does my Jasmine fit into this? She’ll never git to college.”

“Jasmine will be an associate member. She can join all the activities here, go on any future trips with the other girls.”

“What does she have to do in return?” asked Dolly.

“Teach me everything she knows,” said Sam, “and from what I’ve learnt already, she can teach me a lot more.” They all laughed. An agreement had been arrived at, which suited them well.

“So what do you want with me,” asked Ellie, who’d been silently thinking for the last few minutes. “I can’t teach the girls anything like that.”

“No Ellie, I’ve another task for you, if you’re interested in a new job.” Her eyes lit up. The disappointment of the failed interview the other day fresh in her mind. Despite Sam’s help in the last few weeks, she was finding there were no extras in her life. “I have watched the way you organise things, make arrangements, sort stuff. I need an administrator, who knows what we do here, is discreet, and can do all my paperwork, record Club expenditure, book the trips abroad and keep everything organised. Later, we need to keep files on our members who are at college or making careers. This place will need someone keeping an eye on everything, so I will make one of the larger rooms available to convert into an apartment for you to live in. How does that sound? You can start today if you want.” He pushed another envelope across the table to her. When she opened it and looked at the slip of paper inside, she nearly choked. The slip of paper simply read, “Salary $100K.”

Sam left the three women to chat and finish their coffee. He decided it was time to call round and introduce himself to Jake. He looked in on the girls in the Games Room. They seemed to be having a marathon on the Nintendo consoles

Sally looked up and smiled “Hi Daddy, what’s up?”

His heart fluttered whenever he heard her call him that. “I’m just going out for an hour darling, could you keep an eye on Emily and Jenny for me?”

“Sure thing,” she said, turning back to the games machine, “see you later Daddy.”

It took Sam ten minutes to get to the apartment block. No wonder Martha and Suzy needed to get out of here. It looked like a war zone. Sam parked a little distance away, and as was his normal procedure, did a little quiet surreptitious reconnaissance around the area. There were two ‘spotters’ posted at opposite ends of the complex, youngsters looking bored. Sam was able to slip passed them without effort. Once inside, he took the stairs, two at a time, going up to the top floor. Once there, he stood stock still, listening, waiting, observing. Soon, he heard voices, raised voices, two flights down. Being sure no one had seen him, and hearing nothing on the top floor, he was able to descend a floor without fear of being taken from behind.

He waited at the top of the next stairs, again listening for sounds behind. Again sure he wouldn’t be ambushed, he nonchalantly strolled down the stairs, hands in his pockets, humming a tuneless song. He came face to face with six teenage boys, all dressed in a similar way, jeans, hoodie top, sneakers.

“Who the fuck are you?” said the tallest one aggressively. “What you fucking doing here?”

“I’m a friend of Martha’s,” said Sam reasonably, “I thought I would drop by. I understand you have some unfinished business with her. I thought we could have a little talk about it.”

“The only unfinished business I got with them,” he sneered, “is to see them in fucking hospital. What’s it got to do with you anyway?”

“As I said,” Sam replied, easing himself sideways towards the wall, ensuring they couldn’t surround him, “I’m a friend.”

“Well in that case, friend,” Jake replied, “We’ll see you in fucking hospital instead.” He pulled a knife out and approached Sam. “Now, the way I fucking see it, Martha owes us, on account she’s taken one of my whores with her. Let’s see if you’ve any fucking money on you.”

“Do you mean Lucy?” Sam asked, now positioning himself. These punks spoke tough, but clearly had no combat training. Their positioning and posture was all wrong.

“Of course I fucking mean Lucy. You fuck. Now give me your cash.” He thrust his knife threateningly at Sam, who seemed suddenly to the six to turn into a blur. Jake’s knife went spinning across the floor, the hand holding it broken beyond use. The two either side of him taking hits to the side of the head in quick succession, sending them senseless to the floor. Sam rolled along the front of the remaining three, kicking one’s knee sideways, breaking and dislocating it in the most painful way, breaking the next one’s arm, and rendering the last one unconscious when he slammed his head into the wall, a line of blood seeping from his ear. It had taken less than five seconds. Sam brushed some imaginary dust off his sleeve as he turned back to Jake, the only one still standing, who was holding his broken wrist in his other hand, looking anxiously at Sam.

“Now, young man,” Sam muttered, “as I was saying I just wanted to have a little talk and come to an agreement with you about Martha and Lucy.” He glanced along the line of injured and unconscious punks lying on the floor. “Is there any unsettled business, or can we call it a day?”

“You can fuck off,” said Jake, spitting the words out in anger. He never saw the blow coming which broke his other arm, nor the foot which connected with his testicles rendering them useless for the next month. When he came to his senses, he and the other five gang members were bound to the iron railings of the stair balustrade with cable ties. With two broken arms, Jake was in excruciating pain. His mother would have to wipe his ass for a few weeks.

“Now you were saying,” said Sam in a reasonable tone. He had picked up Jakes knife now, and the point of it was an inch up his nostril. “The way I see it, you can either let bygones be bygones, or I can finish our talk permanently, here, now.” He tweaked the knife slightly, drawing a small runnel of blood, making Jake pull back in pain, tears pouring from his eyes.

“Who the fuck are you?” asked Jake, looking at Sam fearfully.

“I’m your guardian angel, Jake,” said Sam, smiling, “This is your lucky day. I’m the one who didn’t kill you this time. Next time, my twin will descend on you like the plagues of Egypt, and then you won’t be so lucky. Let’s just say that if ever Martha or Lucy hear from you, or even see you in the street, then my vengeance will be sudden and terrible. Understand?”

Jake nodded, as far as the knife up his nose allowed. “Yeah, I understand.” He looked up, but Sam had already vanished.

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CHAPTER 64
“Hi Jack” or Hijack

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The flight took off on time at 12:10 hrs., into a clear blue sky above L.A. The rainy weather of the last week had finally cleared and the Choices girls were off on their vacation of a lifetime. It was a long ten and a half hour night flight to Paris, Charles De Gaulle. There had been all the usual hassle with security, but that was all behind them. They had been taken to the airport by a luxury coach, where they got off at Terminal One, for Virgin Atlantic, and their mothers were then taken on to Terminal Two, as they were with Delta, for their flight to Prague, which was ninety minutes later. They were shown to the front of the upper class section, in the Virgin Boeing 787 Dreamliner, where Sam had booked all of the seating in the forward section, to provide comfort and privacy separate from the other passengers. The ladies in the cabin crew loved to have all the young girls with them, and doted on them right from the time they climbed aboard.

They were given drinks and snacks before they had even taken off and settled into their seats with excitement for the first flight of their lives. The ladies serving them explained that the seats converted into flat beds when they needed to sleep, but they would show them how to set them up when the time came.

Before they came away, the girls had met up a few times at the Clubhouse, and agreed on the clothes they needed and other things they were taking with them. They'd heard about Jake and his gang. All six had required hospital treatment. Lucy's prediction had been correct. They certainly looked at Sam in a new light with respect, pride and a deep love for him as their protector. Once again he'd looked after one of the members, one of their family.

It had been a rushed week, but they had got everything organised ready in the end. Dolly had come up trumps organising the new group into going to Florida for their vacation. Sam had been really impressed how she, with some help from Ellie, took to arranging everyone, confirming the flights, hotel and transfers from the airport. Sam had given her an expenses account, and knew his money would be safe with her, despite her shady background. He'd shown her trust and she valued that above all.

Celine had broken her long silence. She had let him know that he, Ellie and Sylvia had all been elected to the school board. He'd hardly seen her and certainly not spoken to her since their last meeting. She'd waited until he was on his own, and come to his workshop. They'd had a frank, but friendly chat over a mug of coffee. She'd left reassured he wasn't going to blackmail her in any way. The dynamics of their relationship had altered though, and they both knew it. The fact that this meeting had taken place here and not in her office demonstrated that. He had let her know that Ellie Chambers was going to work full time as The Club administrator and that he had employed Mrs. Dolly Brown, at his own expense, to help with his janitorial duties, to free up his time needed to run The Club. He told her Dolly had retired from her previous line of work. She said she had no objection to them working on the school premises. He had then taken her up to see the club rooms. She was impressed, remembering what this space had looked like so recently. They parted as friends.

The plane levelled out at it's cruising altitude of 38,000 feet, and the girls quickly settled into their in flight entertainment of movies and video games. Sam settled down into his seat. While they were at check-in, he had met someone he'd known from his army days. They hadn't been close. In fact Sam considered him a waste of space. Quite a lot of space, as he was now rather obese. His name was Jack Evans.

The man recognising Sam from the next check-in line, smiled and called "Hi Sam, you off to France?"

A stupid question really thought Sam, why else would I be in this queue. "Hi Jack, yeah. What you up to these days?" He wasn't really interested, but it seemed the polite thing to ask.

Jack stepped across the gap between the queues and conspiratorially said "I'm an air marshal these days. Pays well, and I don't have to do fuck all, except sit on my ass and get served food all day by those pretty chicks." He nodded to the end desk, where the scarlet uniforms of the Virgin aircrew were waiting their turn.

Four hours later, the aircrew brought a meal round, which was really welcome, as they hadn't eaten for about eight hours, other than snacks. By now, the plane was in international airspace, over the Atlantic.

Sam noticed something odd. The "Trolley Dolly" who had been serving them their meal was told by the senior flight attendant to move to another section of the aircraft. She was clearly resentful about this unscheduled change. Sam knew the cabin crew preferred working 'up front', it was a privilege. She was replaced by a man on his direction. A little later, the two men were speaking quietly together in the food preparation area, curtained off from his view. It wasn't what they said, although that was unusual, it was the fact that they spoke in Pashto. Sam knew the language and spoke it fluently. He'd learnt it in Afghanistan. The professor had taught him. He also spoke a little Dari, but where he'd been stationed it was Pashto that they spoke.

"Ahmed," the senior man had asked, in the guttural tongue, "is everything prepared?"

"Yes, Effendi," came the answer, "all is ready."

Sam assumed they were talking about something in the catering, and thought no more about it. It was just a jolt to him, as he hadn't heard the language spoken since leaving Rag Head Land. The senior man, though,

he seemed familiar to Sam. Had he seen him before? Sam, with his photographic memory, never forgot a face. Recalling them though may take some time. A few minutes later, he was on full alert, every synapse tingling.

“We take over the plane in five minutes, Ahmed,” the older man said. “Tell Mohammed, Abdul and Omar to be ready. Have they done what was asked of them?”

“Yes Effendi, they extracted all the weapons from the food trolleys as you instructed. They are now hidden in the rear galley.”

“Good,” he replied “they know what is expected of them. God is great.”

Sam suddenly remembered who the man was. One of the top men in the Afghanistan Taliban, Yasin Abdullah Al Hamazi. He also had close links with ISIS and, in the past, Al-Qaeda. Sam had seen his photo so many times when their unit had hunted for him time and again. It was he who’d initiated the I.E.D. which had killed the professor, and nearly killed Steve and Sam. Without his massive black beard, Sam hadn’t recognised him at first. As the two men made their way back down the aircraft, Sam leaned over to Sylvia.

“We‘ve got a problem,” he said.

She smiled at him, sipping her cocktail, wondering if one of the girl’s had been sick or something. “What’s that Sam?”

“I think the flight is about to be hijacked. Those two flight attendants were Afghans. They were speaking Pashto, and were discussing when they take over the flight. What the fuck do we do? We’ve got all these girls to look after.”

Sylvia knew Sam was a man of crisis. If he was worried, then she was too. “Oh god, why us?” she paused for a moment, collecting her thoughts. Gritting her teeth with a determined look, she whispered, “Sam you are probably the only person on this plane who might know what to do. Sit and think for a minute. Let your instincts kick in. Just do what you think is best, it will be, I know. I and the girls will do whatever you ask.”

Sam realised he had the advantage of surprise. The hijackers thought no one knew their plan. He guessed he had just under five minutes to prepare.

“Ok Sylvia, warn the girls,” he said. “Tell them I need them to remain calm. No screaming. If they panic, I may be distracted and that could be fatal. I know, tell them ‘Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus.’

He quietly left his seat, and moved back to the galley just behind them, where he’d heard the men speaking. He looked for a weapon of some kind, but other than plastic cutlery, there was precious little. Perhaps, he thought, if he remained hidden in the curtained off area, he might be able to take one or two by surprise. It was a bleak plan, but all he could think of. He decided he would have to await events.

He didn’t have to wait long. A heavily accented voice, speaking English came over the public address system, a voice he recognised from propaganda broadcasts in the past, as Hamazi. Sam assumed the man was talking from the crew station further aft. “We are the Brothers of Islam. We have taken over the plane. You will not be harmed if you do as we instruct you. We will tell the world soon what we need. For now remain in your seats.”

There was a pause, during which Sam heard some more talk in Pashto about getting connected. Then the man’s voice spoke again in English, evidently transmitting beyond the aircraft. “We are the Brothers of Islam. We are broadcasting to the world from the Virgin flight Number VS053. We have taken control and unless our demands are met, one passenger will die every five minutes. It is regrettable, in the meantime that we must demonstrate to you we are serious. God is great.”

Sam eased the edge of the curtain to one side, and could look down the starboard aisle. Two men came out of the crew area, both holding handguns, one also held a camera, both had removed their red Virgin Atlantic uniform jackets, and had put white keffiyehs on. They were the traditional headdress worn in many Arab countries. They were wrapped in such a way that their faces were covered, except for their eyes. A third

man could be seen further aft, watching the passengers there. Sam couldn't see the port aisle, where he assumed the other two hijackers were.

A few seconds later, peering through his gap in the curtain, Sam saw two men walking towards their section of the plane. Both dressed the same as the two men he'd seen earlier. Sam quickly inspected them. He could see they were armed with handguns. One had a suppressor fitted. They wore knives at their belts. Sam had seen their like many times. Enthusiastic amateurs. Some basic weapons training, then sent out to die in the name of Allah. The leader, Hamazi he'd heard earlier was different. He was another matter. He was a real killer, and clever with it. Sam would be very careful how he handled him.

He feared they were heading forward to kill two of the girls, but they stopped at the front row of the section to their rear. Without preamble, the man with the suppressed gun raised it and fired twice. He moved his aim and fired twice again. The other man captured everything on camera, sent live to an aghast world. Sam couldn't see where the shots landed, or who had been killed, but the screams coming from the horrified passengers told him all he needed to know. Two of their number had just been murdered.

Sam stood back for a moment, thinking. He peered forwards to see how his Club girls were handling this. Twelve anxious little girls were looking around the seats towards the rear. Sylvia looked pale, but with a determined, angry look in her face. She had her charges to look after, and Sam knew she would die doing so. Sam caught sight of Sally, who'd seen him looking out, a question mark in her face. He raised a finger to his lips, indicating silence, then tapped his throat and pointed at her own gold chocker, then mouthed 'Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus.' She briefly touched the necklace and nodded understanding. He waved his hand gently downwards, signalling for them to keep their heads low. She immediately understood, and the word was being passed around his girls.

Moving back behind the curtain, he peered aft again, through the gap in the curtain, watching the movements of the terrorists. The older man said something to two of the others, and waved them forwards. They started coming his way. One was in the near aisle, and the other on the far side. They moved slowly, carefully, observant. Sam timed his movement, and as the man passed the curtain, his hand came out, round the back of the man's head, over his mouth, and as he pulled, his other hand went to the man's temple, twisting up and back. He died without a sound, falling into Sam's arms and down to the floor, behind the curtain. Sam took the suppressed gun, quickly checked it, stepped from the booth and as he did so, pushed the aisle curtain closed. He raised the gun just as the man in the far aisle appeared. Two bullets hit him in the side of the head. Sam knew immediately they were sub sonic shots, hollow point. Lethal, but would not make too much sound and more importantly, wouldn't penetrate the aircraft fuselage.

He leapt across to the other aisle, and pulled the dead man out of sight, then pushed that curtain closed too. He knew he may only have seconds, so he dragged the shot man back to the crew work station and propped him alongside his comrade. Sam saw there were entry holes, no exit holes. They had at least brought the right ammunition. Looking out again, he was really proud to see a row of his girl's faces, fully aware that he had just killed two men, but not screaming or alerting the other terrorists in any way. He gave them a reassuring thumbs up.

He hoped at a distance he might fool the other terrorists. One of the men, who he'd killed first was roughly his build, perhaps he could pass as him. Leaning down, he removed the head scarf and wrapped it around his own head, in a well practiced way. Sam had done this a thousand times. Fortunately, he was wearing a white shirt, similar to the Virgin uniform shirt worn by the dead terrorist. Taking the two knives, he clipped them on his belt, checked the handgun for ammunition, and peered out again. He pulled open the curtain and looked down the aisle. One of the other gunmen was looking towards him. Sam waved nonchalantly at him. There was a shrug, and the man turned away.

Sam needed to know where all the other terrorists were. So, trying to look like he was checking passengers in the manner the men had done, he walked a little way back down the starboard aisle, to where the earlier shooting had taken place. Two bodies lay slumped, covered in blankets. The surrounding passengers looking ashen, frightened and fearfully at him.

At a glance, Sam could see the remaining three terrorists were staggered down the aircraft. Two in the far aisle, one, near the rear workstation on his side. Retreating back, he moved to the port side and called. The man looked at him, questioning. "What you want, Abdul," he called, in Pashto, "You know what to do you

have been instructed, stay with the girls, The Effendi wants them used for the demonstrations. One every five minutes. I know you, you'll enjoy killing them." A chill went through Sam's body on hearing these words.

"Come," he called, waving to the man, "I need your help for a minute."

"What is it," he asked "can't you just do as you are commanded? Oh, alright, I'm coming."

Sam stood to one side of the aisle, holding the edge of the curtain, which he slid across behind the man as soon as he walked by. Hearing the movement, he turned slightly, glancing at Sam, only to see the knife, too late, as it entered the side of his head. In less than a minute, the third body joined his friends. Two more to go. As he stepped out, he could see Hamazi looking enquiringly down the aisle. He gestured to the man at the rear of the plane to come forward. They exchanged words, and the man walked towards him, waving for him to join them.

Not needing a better opportunity, Sam walked towards him quickly. Hamazi was unsighted by the man as Sam, now only two paces away brought up the gun and shot him three times in the chest. As he dropped, Sam aimed and fired at Hamazi, who, seeing what had just happened, had stepped towards the rear galley, but too late. He too was hit in the chest before he disappeared from view. Sam stepped forward, and peering round the entry saw Hamazi was no threat now. Blood poured from his wound, a trickle running from the corner of his mouth. His gun lying on the floor out of reach. Sam picked it up and dropped it into the trash can.

Knowing that Hamazi held a goldmine of information, Sam hoped he could keep him alive for interrogation. He moved to the public address microphone and lifted it, unwrapping the keffiyeh from his head as he did so. "Ladies and gentlemen. My name is Sam, I am ex special forces, U.S. army, and I am very pleased to advise you that the terrorists have now been overcome, and the danger is over. I repeat, the danger is now over. Please remain in your seats, while the flight crew attend to your needs. If there is a doctor on board, could they make themselves known?"

Sam was aware that Jack had walked up the aisle as he spoke. He held a gun in his hand. "Where the fuck was he when he was needed," thought Sam.

"We cleaned this one up pretty good, Sam," said Jack, "nice job."

"I don't recall you being around, Jack," answered Sam, acidly, "so what's with the 'we'?"

"Oh, I'll play my part," he said, "I'll be the hero."

"How do you work that one out," asked Sam, genuinely puzzled. "You were in your seat the whole time."

Jack peered round Sam, brought up his gun, and shot Hamazi in the head. "I'm the one who killed one of the world's most wanted terrorists." He smiled, knowing that's how the media would see it, as well as his bosses.

"You fucking moronic, stupid, imbecile Jack," said Sam. "You just killed an unarmed, wounded and disabled man who would have been the source of one of the greatest terrorist intelligence goldmines this century. With him in custody, we might have been able to wrap up the Afghan war years sooner than will now be the case."

Jack, now looking uncertain, holstered his gun, muttered something under his breath, and with far less confidence, shuffled back to his seat at the rear of the plane.

Sam waved over one of the flight attendants. She was the one who had made so much fuss of his girls earlier.

"What's your name," he asked.

"Janine," she replied.

“Janine, could you do two things for me? Firstly would you call the captain and confirm the situation. When I spoke on the microphone just now, I could have been anyone. I would like to go up and see him please and report what’s happened here. The other thing, could you return to my group up front, and let them know what’s happening, and make sure they’re OK. Talk to Sylvia. She’s looking after the girls. Tell them I will be busy for a while, but I’ll see them as soon as I can.” She moved away, as he called after her, “Thanks, Janine.”

Sam gave the captain a concise and accurate report of the hijacking and his part in it. He realised the captain would need to report the resolution to Virgin and the authorities in Washington and Paris, who would need to give statements to the press. He asked if there was a computer terminal connected to the internet he could use to write up the report, which he knew they would demand of him. Working as he did for the D.E.A., he had contact with the organisation, and could file a report into the F.B.I., who would take it from there, passing it to the C.I.A.’s anti terrorist unit, at Langley. He clearly and succinctly put the facts into the report, including Jack’s unfortunate part in it and signed off. An e-mail acknowledgement came in a few seconds later.

By the time he had finished, an hour and a half had passed. The captain had been given permission by French air traffic control to continue and proceed to Charles De Gaulle aiport in Paris. For a while it looked like they would be re-routed to Andrews Airforce Base. But with no surviving hijackers on board, this idea was abandoned.

Sam returned to the forward part of the aircraft. Suddenly he felt really hungry. As he entered, he spoke to Janine, in the forward galley, and asked if she could fix him something. As he stepped through the aisle curtain he walked into a barrage of little girl cheering. But the word that he kept hearing again and again was “Daddy, Daddy.” His girls all wanted to cuddle him and hug him. They knew he had probably saved their lives that night, and yet he was just being himself, like it happened every day.

Janine had found some rib of beef somewhere and brought a trolley down. She told Sam that Sir Richard Branson had contacted the captain and instructed him that whatever Sam or his party wanted, it was on him. Sam, Sylvia and some of the girls tucked into the food. It was the best in-flight food he’d ever tasted. He was ravenous. Killing people was hungry work. Janine asked if they wanted a sweet. Little girls being little girls, of course all wanted the lemon meringue pie she offered them, and they cleared the lot.

As she was clearing up, Sam beckoned to Janine, and she came over to him.

”How long till we land?” he asked her.

“Just under three hours,” she replied.

“Can I ask a favour, Janine,” he said. “I haven’t slept yet, and I would appreciate getting some rest before we arrive. I suspect I may have a long day tomorrow with the press and police. Would you make sure no one comes down here and disturbs me? I realise some passengers may want to come down and show their appreciation, but I really need some sleep now.”

She nodded, “I fully understand Sam,” she said, “you leave it with me, I’ll make sure no one comes down here.” She put a reassuring hand on his arm. She gave him a little squeeze, her fingers caressing him. A secret message passed. A wasted message; at thirty years of age, she was twenty years too old for him.

In a few minutes, the lights were doused, after Janine had prepared the beds for the whole party. Sam moved to the screen curtain and checked to see no one was near. He then stepped over to the workstation, and pulling the curtain aside, stepped passed the three bodies and looked at the electrics panel. Finding what he was looking for, he flicked a switch off labelled ‘video recorder, forward passenger area’.

Sam had no intention of getting any sleep. That was the last thing on his mind right now. He had a promise to fulfil. But Sam also had his own dream he wanted to fulfil too. He and Sylvia quietly told the girls what was going to happen and what they needed to do. Quickly, they gathered up several blankets, and laid them on the floor in front of the front seats, where there was a cross aisle about four feet wide.

The girls all paired off by age, as he’d asked, and got down to some serious mutual stimulation. He wanted them all highly aroused, all on the point of cuming. While they did that, he asked Jenny and Sophie to come

and give him a special cuddle. For the next ten minutes, the two seven year olds sat astride Sam. Sophie with his cock in a classic hotdog in a bun grip between her labia, moving back and forth, working herself up, and Jenny sitting on his face, his nose stuck into her rosebud, her pussy being stimulated by his tongue. Both quietly climaxed on him, their natural juices running from them, as they came. After they had finished, he suggested they could either carry on together, or watch what happened next, as they climbed off him.

“Right girls, you know what to do. I have looked after Sophie and Jenny, so now I would like you to come over in order of age, is that fair?” They looked at each other and nodded, smiling. “So first will be Amber. Each of you will have five minutes. You can decide which way to do it OK? Sylvia will keep watch, but afterwards, I want each of you to look after her for five minutes too.”

Amber shuffled onto the thick pile of blankets on the floor in front of Sam, and remained kneeling. She indicated to Sam to sit in the middle seat. “It will take more than five minutes to get into me, Daddy so is it alright if I give you a blow job instead?” Well, Sam couldn’t believe his ears, an eight year old asking permission to suck him!

Everyone by now was naked, and surrounded the area, making sure they could see what happened. He sat down as she’d asked and immediately, she came between his knees and grasped his rampant cock and brought her mouth down to him. She licked around his tip. Teasing him for a moment, before suddenly engulfing him. He could feel her tongue searching under his tip for that sensitive spot she now knew all about. Knowing she had just five minutes, and knowing that Lizzie was timing everyone strictly, she leaned her head forward, took a deep swallow, and dropped her face into his lap, pushing his cock far down her throat. She paused just a moment, before lifting herself off him, sucking as hard as she could, before dropping down again.

Sam couldn’t believe what she was doing to him. He’d never last the five minutes, let alone twelve different girls. She must, he decided, have taken some lessons from Jasmine, because she was so much better at this than the last time she had sucked him off a week or two back. What a fucking brilliant blow job. She was stunning. She continued pressing hard down, his cock forcing itself far into her throat, before lifting, almost coming out of her lips, as she sucked as hard as she could, her tongue continuously rubbing that spot underneath.

Sam was just thinking he couldn’t last, he couldn’t hold back, when Lizzie called time up, as she looked at her watch. Amber pulled up off him, dragging his crown along her tight throat, giving him one last long hard suck, as his cock popped out of her mouth.

He sat there for a moment, coming down to earth a little, while Amber moved away, and Sandy manoeuvred herself onto the blanket. She lay on her back, and being the gymnast she was tucked her legs behind her shoulder blades, crossing her feet behind her head and held her arms out to him. Her pussy was spread out, her vagina, wet, open and welcoming him. He got down from the seat onto his knees, and immediately pressed his tip to her opening. He had fucked Sandy enough times like this to know she liked him to press, and press hard into her, in one long slow movement, but he was taken aback, when he realised she was so aroused, she was cuming already. He bottomed out in a few seconds and pulled back and thrust back in. Soon he was slapping into her, his balls smacking her bum, his thighs into hers. Before he’d seemingly been in her a minute, Lizzie “called time up”. But, it had been long enough. By that time, Sandy had cum and cum and cum.

The next of course was Mandy, and she had always liked it from behind, doggy style as she called it. He’d heard her joke once about trying it with her neighbour’s dog. He wondered if it had really been a joke, and if she had actually tried it.

Mandy was cuming before he was fully in her. He could feel her vagina pulsing, spasming on his crown, even as he pushed into her. The problem she had, and Sandy before and all the others was to keep the noise down while they were fucked. But somehow they did, and one by one they each got Sam for five full minutes of wonderful fucking. Each in their turn, having him in the position they wanted. Vicky even wanted it in her bottom again. She had so enjoyed her induction, she wanted a repeat. What Sam did notice, though, was that several of them called him ‘Daddy’ as they climaxed. It seemed he’d got a new name. He didn’t mind; in fact he liked it, he liked it very much.

Finally it was Sally. He had promised her he would give her a ‘Mile High Fuck’.

“How would you like it my darling Sally?” he asked her.

“Daddy,” she whispered just loud enough for the circle of girls to all hear, “I would like you to come on top of me, and make slow love to me. I want to feel you deep inside me and just be yours. I want you to cum in me, I want to feel your sperm inside me, making me warm.”

Sally lay on the blankets, still warm from the recent bodies of her friends. There were damp patches too, but she didn’t mind that. She pulled her heels up to her buttocks and parted her knees, holding out her hands to Sam, as he came down onto her. He could see her light sparse, pubic hair shining silver in the dimmed lighting. It reminded him of her induction, the way it seemed to sparkle. His weight on his knees and elbows. It didn’t take him more than a few seconds to penetrate her. She was so aroused with anticipation, Lizzie’s lesbian attention while the others were getting their turn and watching everyone climaxing together during the last hour, and Sam was so damp with pre-cum, he had slipped into her in one slow pass.

He pulled back, and pressed again, soon picking up a gentle rhythm. She wanted him to make love, not just have sex. They both understood this and both wanted the same.

“Let me take all of your weight Daddy,” she said. “I want to feel you pressing down on me.” He lowered himself a little. “No, not like that,” she complained, “I want your whole weight on me, I want to feel you. Please.”

He reluctantly pushed his legs out straight, and curled his hands under her back, cupping her shoulders. His whole weight was now pressed to her body. “You OK?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied, “It’s what I want. Please fuck me nicely Daddy.”

Sam couldn’t thrust as he had before, so he curled his hips, allowing his cock to slide in and out of her a couple of inches. He was bumping her cervix each time he thrust, sending the most wonderful feelings coursing through her. She met his thrusts in counterpoint, but still the movement was only about three inches. The wonderful feeling Sam got from his cock sliding in and out of this eleven year old paled into insignificance compared to the warmth he felt through his whole body from the love he felt for and received from this girl, as they looked deep into each other’s eyes.

This was so compelling. The whole group had fallen silent. They knew, like the night of Sally’s induction, something special was happening. They continued their small, but so sensuous movements. Sally curled her legs around Sam’s body, interlocking her feet behind him.

Finally, Sam felt the tell tale signs of his impending orgasm. His scrotum tightened, the underside of his cock felt tingly and sensitive, followed by his crown and then he burst into her, exploding in torrent after torrent of pent up emotion, love, adrenaline and pure passion. His love for this girl, the events of the hijack, fucking the other eleven before her and her passion for him all contributed to make this utterly sensational. Sam didn’t know how long it went on for. His semen seemed to have no end, as he blasted into her again and again. He was aware that Sally was calling out “Daddy, Daddy, oh yes my Daddy” in a loud whisper, causing Lizzie to put her hand over her friend’s mouth so she wouldn’t be heard. His pulses went on and on. Then his mini pulses, as he called them followed for several minutes. In the end, they were both sated, exhausted and in love. They were reluctant to separate, but knew they must.

Sam took his weight off the girl, and lifted himself from her. As he pulled away, Sylvia was ready for one of the biggest feasts he’d ever given her, as she lowered her lips to Sally’s vagina, and started to suck and lick. Both the girl and the teacher started making noises suggesting their climactic delight was going to continue for a minute or two yet. He heard a giggle from Lizzie. He looked at her. She grinned. “That was a forty fiver, Sam, Sally now holds the record, again, for the most ‘ohgods’. No one guessed near that, so it’s going to be a roll over.” They all giggled at her levity.

There was now only an hour and a half before landing, so they bedded down to sleep the best they could. Sam, from years of experience in the forces, was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. He was still in a deep sleep when the announcement over the address system said they were descending, and to please return to their seats and switch off electronic equipment. Janine had come round a little earlier and seeing Sam so obviously in an exhausted sleep decided she would let him be. He could remain like that until they

had landed. It breached regulations, but in his case, she knew she could make an exception. She couldn't help noticing though that his sheet had slipped from him, and she could see the huge bulge in his boxers. She could see a damp patch. Thinking inappropriate thoughts, she sighed wistfully, before she continued with her duties. She would have loved to thank him properly for what he had done for them all that night.

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CHAPTER 65
Bonjour Monsieur.

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The aircraft taxied to the main terminal. Priority had been given to them, and they came in to dock at gate 001. The Choices group was asked to exit the plane first, and were directed along a different lane from the rest of the passengers. It was clearly a VIP area. Virgin Atlantic had laid on many staff to see to the passengers, and assess if any needed counselling or other help. Some escorted the girls, helping carry hand baggage and other items. One other passenger was escorted with them. A well dressed lady of middle age, with a fine bearing and confidence in her manner. They were fast tracked through passport control and ushered into a very palatial lounge, where a number of dignitaries were waiting for them, including France's youngest ever president Emmanuel Macron. As they entered, waiters, carrying trays of champagne and Orangina, served drinks to them all including the girls in a typical French manner. The president stood, and came to greet them. He passionately kissed the lady who had come from the plane with them. He shook Sam's hand, and in typical Gallic style, kissed him on both cheeks. Sam, looked a little confused at this reception.

The president, realising his discomfort said, "Je suis désolé Monsieur, mais je dois vous remercier personnellement." Sam, with his gift for languages spoke fluent French. What was said was, "I am sorry, Monsieur, but I have to thank you personally." He took Sam by the elbow to a corner where they would not be overheard. "Monsieur Sam, you have done France a great service this night. My government have been working hard with your president to make a breakthrough in the Middle East peace talks. My wife, representing me, went to see your president, and they had great success. She is the lady who came from the plane with you just now. I will introduce you to her. We had formulated a plan, a great plan. It was on her return that the hijack took place. We thought with her, travelling incognito, she would not be recognised. The two passengers shot, were sitting either side of her, they were my security men. The hijack was, we believe an attempt to prevent the peace talks succeeding. Please keep this confidential, Monsieur." Sam nodded. "Interesting", he thought, "the president never asked about me and my background and he must have already known I spoke French. Someone had obviously briefed him."

The president and Sam returned to the assembled throng and they chatted with the girls and Sylvia.

The president, who had been talking animatedly to Sylvia for a few minutes, as Sam had chatted to Mme. Macron, came over. He put one arm around his wife's shoulder and the other around Sam's.

"Monsieur, Sam," he said in delight, "I understand there is a little service we can perform for you while you are here in Paris. Your lady, Sylvie, err Sylvia tells me you are to be married while you are here in Paris. Is this not so?" Sam nodded.

"Bon, Bon," he continued, "It would give me and my wife," he nodded to the lady, "great pleasure, Monsieur Sam, if you would permit me to make the Palais de l'Élysée available to you for the ceremony. It is only a small gesture, but one which would give me great pleasure. Please say you will accept. We will also, how you say, throw a little party, no?"

Sylvia was beaming from ear to ear. Her hero of a future husband was being courted by the head of state, and had been asked for her to be married in the presidential home. She was so thrilled, she almost felt like fucking him, almost. A date was set four days hence. Sam let slip it would also be his birthday. The president instructed one of his aides to coordinate the arrangements with their hotel manager. It was still early in the day, but Macron had a tight schedule, and he and his wife departed. As he left, he instructed the senior police Gendarme present to ensure that they delayed Sam to the absolute minimum in taking his statement about the hijacking. They had a copy of Sam's written statement already, so it only needed Sam to clarify, in French, any points they needed more information about. The gendarme agreed he would call at

the hotel later. All their luggage, in it's distinctive shades of blue Club colours, had been collected for them and sent on ahead to the hotel.

And so it was they travelled, with a police escort of two motorcycle outriders to the hotel. Sam had finally selected the Ritz Hotel, as they were able to provide a suite of rooms large enough for the whole party, rather than having several separate rooms. As they pulled up, the media scrum was waiting for them outside the same doors the paparazzi had waited on that fateful night in 1997 when Princess Diana was killed. Sam had thought this through and decided that he would grasp the nettle. As Sylvia escorted the children into the reception, he waited a moment, before announcing he would speak to the hotel management and ask if they could make a meeting room available for a press conference in, say, one hour's time. And if they would be so kind as to allow him to get washed and changed, he would be happy to answer all of their questions then. If they would care to have a drink in the meantime, he would join them shortly.

Going up to the rooms, Sam was amazed at the quality of the furnishings. So much gold leaf, ornate curtains, twelve feet high, carpet you could sink into. The bathrooms had swimming pools, not baths, at least that's what Vicky said.

There were six smaller bedrooms leading from the main suite, each containing two double beds, plus a master bedroom which contained two beds so big, Sylvia wondered where they started and where they finished. The girls had quickly found the beds to be fantastic trampolines, as they all bounced up and down on them. He wandered over to the open window, the sultry heat from the city drifting in on him, the net curtains wafting in the gentle breeze, and early morning sunlight. He looked down into the square. The Place Vendome, with tapered corners, looked more like an octagon. In the centre, the monument of the Vendôme Column, made at the command of Napoleon, it was said, from the melted cannons captured after the battle of Austerlitz. Whatever, like all great monuments, throughout the world, it was still covered in bird shit.

He took a shower, while Sylvia organised the girls with their unpacking. Pairs were each allocated a room. She made sure they knew that wherever they slept, they made enough mess to suggest to the hotel maids that they had actually slept in their own beds. They got the message.

The TV was on in a corner, no one avidly watching it, as none of the girls could speak French, until Karen retuned into Sky News, and there was Sam's face full screen, from a shot taken at the airport not an hour ago. They crowded round, as the full story unfolded about the night hijacking of the Virgin Atlantic flight VS053 from Los Angeles. A single passenger had taken a vigilante stance and killed all the hijackers except the leader, who had been wounded, but then himself murdered by another nameless passenger.

The report continued, "The hero, who according to other passengers, was an ex-special forces Afghanistan veteran Sam Pottuleniovskyinsky, always called, it is understood at his own insistence, just Sam. He is a holder of two Silver Stars, a Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor having twice saved comrades during active service overseas, and is already tipped to be awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, for his actions last night. As the destination was France, and the aircraft British owned, with many U.S., French and British passengers aboard, awards from those two countries also seem likely. Sam has offered kindly to hold a press conference in less than an hour's time, when we hope to go live to the Ritz Hotel in Paris to hear more of this extraordinary man's experiences last night in saving, what was almost cerainly, hundreds of lives."

As the weather report came on, the girls gaped at one another. Their Sam had done all those things. They knew he'd done something special last night, but exactly what, until now, they hadn't been told. Their Sam, their Daddy. At that moment, Sam came out of the bathroom, naked as the day he was born, rubbing his hair with a towel.

"What?" he asked, "Haven't you ever seen a man naked before?" Every girl was staring at him as if he had two heads and green skin.

It was Sally who broke their silence. "Daddy, when did you get your Medal of Honor?"

Sylvia had come back in at that moment, and heard her question.

"What was that," she asked, "Medal of Honor?"

“Oh, yeah,” he said, embarrassed, “I got to go to the White House some years back. I was still in the wheelchair then. Nice little sparkler that. I’ll show it to you some time.”

“Sam,” Sylvia gasped, “A Medal of Honor, and you never thought to mention it to anyone. And now last night, you saved over three hundred lives, and you talk as if you were going to change a light bulb for Mrs. Prentice. My god Sam, what planet do you live on?”

“My planet, as you call it,” he said, steadily, “only consists of the people I love, and most of them are in this room, right now. What do I need to prove to any of you to show I love you? A Medal doesn’t add to that. How could it?”

“God almighty, Sam,” she said, coming over to hug him, “What am I going to do with you, you great goof?”

“You see,” he grinned around the room, “there we go again, not even married yet and it’s nag, nag, nag.” He pretended he didn’t see the pillow coming which hit him on the head, starting a pillow fight among the girls, as Sam quietly left to dress and go to the news conference.

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CHAPTER 66
Gay Paree – The City of Light.

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The news conference was much as he had expected it would be. The first few minutes was taken with the local Prefect of Police acting on instructions from the president outlined the parameters of the conference, followed by a statement from Sam explaining what had occurred on the flight and his part in it. He also explained that he was here leading a party of schoolgirls with another teacher on an educational vacation trip to include a few days in London next week. He asked that as the oldest of them was only eleven, that they respect their privacy. This was followed by questions fired at Sam in both French and English. He surprised them when one Italian journalist struggling to get his question out in broken English was replied to in Italian.

“We understand,” came one question towards the end, “that it is your birthday on Thursday and you are to be married. Is this correct, Monsieur Sam?”

He confirmed this.

“What would you like for your birthday?” was the next question.

“There’s no need to buy me anything,” he quipped, “but I appreciate the thought.” They all laughed. “Well, we have planned a lovely trip here,” he continued, “getting married and seeing the sights. I guess that’s my present.”

“I understand your Club of girls has over twenty members,” the Paris Match journalist asked, “but only twelve are here, pourquoi ça?”

“It is a shame the rest of our group, another ten pupils couldn’t be here,” answered Sam, “but we were too late to organise passports and visas for them, so they will be taking a trip to Orlando in a couple of days with their mothers. The mothers of the group who are here have all flown to Prague today.”

“This is an expensive trip,” the Paris Match man asked, “n'est-ce pas?”

“It is indeed,” said Sam, looking at his watch and glancing at the Prefect of Police. “We will make this the last question. We are a charitable club, funded by donations from benefactors. It was established to advance the education and wellbeing of underprivileged girls from single parent families, who had potential, but were unlikely to achieve it. The Club funds these trips. If anyone wishes to make donations to the foundation, we would be only too happy to hear from you.” He glanced again at the Gendarme, who nodded. “If that is all

ladies and gentlemen, we hope to visit the Eiffel Tower today and have a trip on the Bateaux Mouches afterwards."

Returning to the suite, Sam found Sylvia just putting the phone down hastily. He didn't miss much and wondered for a moment who she had been speaking to. She had organised the girls into clothes suitable for a day of sightseeing. All of them were dressed in Club colours, sneakers, hoodie tops, sweat leggings. Each had a tiny backpack for their belongings.

On his way back from the conference he had called at reception and asked if they could arrange a mini-bus to take them to the Eiffel Tower in an hour. He suggested to Sylvia that she and the girls could walk around the Place Vendôme for a while. There were many amazing buildings, shops and things of interest to see, as well as the historic monument in the centre. He had a call to make, and would join them shortly. As soon as the girls had set off, he took the fifty yard walk to a shop around the corner. While he was in there, he thought he had been caught, when he saw Vicky and Vera pressing their noses against the shop window glass, trying to see inside. He was in the jewellers, Cartier.

Sam pulled out one of The Club choker necklaces from his pocket, and showed it to the assistant behind the counter, who looked as old as the company he worked for. He put his loupe to his eye, and inspected the markings on the reverse, nodding approvingly. "Fine work this, Monsieur," he said "fine work. Made by Hancocks in London. Monsieur, I hope you do not think me forward, but are you not the gentleman in the news this morning?"

Sam nodded. "Yes, I just came for a vacation and seem to have caused a stir."

"Well Monsieur, My name is Claude," the old man said, looking him in the eye, as he once more shook his hand, "and France is in your debt. If I can be of any assistance, you are to but name it."

The conversation drifted on to what Sam had come in for. He needed three rings, two wedding bands, and an engagement ring and a special watch. There was a fabulous range of diamond rings, which was displayed before him. He chose a beautiful three diamond ring, set in platinum. Next he looked at the wedding bands, and chose two which matched the engagement ring. One a wider, thicker ring for himself and the other, much finer for Sylvia. Claude advised him that the ring size for Sylvia could be adjusted if it didn't fit exactly.

Finally, he looked at the watch casements. Almost immediately, he saw what he was looking for. It was circular, in white gold, with a ring of small diamonds surrounding the face, white panel with Roman numerals. He asked Claude if it were possible to have a band made to fit it, in a similar style to the choker he had brought with him.

Claude clucked, and sucked his toothless gums, and his face still down, glanced up at Sam over his steel rimmed glasses and said, "Monsieur, normally I would have said 'no', but for you, I will see what we can do. It is possible, I think. You wish the band to be engraved with the Alexander Dumas motto in latin?"

Sam confirmed this. He paid for the rings, which Claude insisted were wrapped meticulously by a young lady employed for the purpose, and left to join the rest of his group.

Paris is a tiny city, as capitals go, so the trip to the Eiffel Tower took less than ten minutes. It was a gloriously clear day and from the top, they could see the whole of the city and how the historic River Seine snaked through it. The many famous landmarks were there spread before them. The distant Sacré-Cœur basilica, sitting on top of Montmartre, the highest point in the city. The Louvre, former palace of the Bourbon Kings, and now the largest museum in the world, home of the Mona Lisa, and many other famous exhibits. The Avenue des Champs-Élysées, leading from Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine had stood during the French revolution, to the Place d'Etoile, now renamed after De Gaulle, with the massive Arc De Triomphe at it's centre. Looking the other direction, they could see the famous Notre-Dame cathedral with it's twin towers the home of the famous fictional character with the hunchback in Victor Hugo's novel, written almost 200 years ago.

Sam had many strengths, but enjoyment of heights wasn't one of them. The girls all found it very funny when they descended to the 1st landing, to have a bite to eat in the restaurant, they came across the, now famous, glass floor, and he refused to walk across it. The girls all had no such problem, and took it in turns

to lie down, and take selfies with their phones 200 feet from the ground below. After lunch, they walked over the river, a few hundred yards away, and entered the Jardins du Trocadéro, a beautiful park with water gardens aligned with the Tower.

Sam was recognised by quite a lot of people as they toured around. They weren't mobbed. People just came up and shook his hand, and spoke a few words to him. Sylvia and the girls glowed and smiled at Sam's blushing modesty. The girls felt so proud of their "Daddy", as they all now seemed to call him. Secretly he loved it. Next, they walked along the Seine, towards the Louvre, passing through the Tuileries Gardens. Many famous sculptures were on display there. They came across the bronze cast of Rodin's 'The Kiss'.

Karen looked at it, and without any giggling, she looked at Sam and said, "You know, Daddy, it reminds me of you and me when we first kissed."

"I hope not," said Sam, grinning, "In the story, they were both killed by her husband, and ended up in Dante's Inferno. "If you're interested, the marble original is in the Tate Gallery in London. Perhaps we'll see it next week."

Sam knew the Louvre was so big, it would bore the girls if they spent too long there in one visit, so they bought passes for the whole week, with the intention of visiting several times for a short while. Passing through the entrance, they all looked in awe at the huge glass and steel pyramid, with the three smaller ones around it. Sam thought about the conspiracy, outlined in Dan Brown's book the Da Vinci Code and smiled to himself. The inverted pyramid beneath was impressive too. Was Mary Magdalene interred beneath it? Who could say?

They saw the Mona Lisa, Eugène Delacroix's Liberty Leading the People, Michelangelo's Dying Slave, Winged Victory of Samothrace, and many, many more. When they came to the painting Gabrielle d'Estrées and Her Sister, Vera pointed to it and said, "Look, she's pinching her sister's nipple." And in a quieter voice, "You like us to do that, Miss. P., don't you?" The girls around all giggled.

Sam knew the girls would be jet lagged. They'd had a sleepless, adrenaline filled night, so they came out of the Louvre after just an hour and walked down to one of the Bateaux Mouches pontoons on the river. They were in good time for the craft they had booked in the hotel, and cruised up and down the Seine, looking at all the famous places Sam had briefed them on, and were served a superb meal, as only the French can. It got dark, and the lights of the city shone around them, the search lights of the Eiffel Tower rotating, all glittering off the dark waters, as they moved gently on. They now understood why it had the nickname of the City of Light.

Returning to the hotel, Sam ordered a Magnum of Veuve Clicquot as they collected their keys. The receptionist never blinked when he requested fourteen glasses. Children drinking modest amounts of alcohol in Europe raises no eyebrows at all.

They all put away their little rucksacks and souvenirs they'd bought, before returning to the main salon, where Sam was now pouring the wine, just delivered by room service. When everyone had a glass, he raised his hand. They all knew Sam well enough to know this would be an announcement. All Sam's announcements were interesting.

"First of all," he said, a little pompously, "I would like to offer a toast to the Choices Club and all it's members, whether here or at home. May it blossom and grow. To The Club."

The toast was echoed, and the girls tasted their first champagne. Several said it tickled their noses, as it fizzed in their mouths. They all enjoyed the taste. They knew it was expensive, and a treat.

"The next toast," he continued, "is to our trip to Europe, may it be enjoyable, educational and fulfil all our hopes."

After the toast, Sam raised his glass again. "The last toast is for something I should have done before. I would like to propose a toast to Miss. Sylvia Charlotte Annabel Ponsonby-Smyth, whom I love. I want to ask her to be my wife, and to have my babies."

No one drank, but as they all turned to Sylvia, who had teared up, with a smile, her unsteady hand holding her glass. She finally said, “I’ll drink to that.”

They all raised their glasses and took another mouthful. Resting his glass on the table, Sam put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the little box, wrapped in the unmistakable Cartier paper. He pulled the ribbon, loosening the red bow, and finally clicked open the little box inside. Taking the diamond ring out, he surprised them all, by going down on one knee and said “Sylvia, my darling, would you consent to be my wife?”

By now, the tear had slipped down her cheek, as she, not trusting her voice, nodded. He reached over, and taking her left hand, slipped the ring onto her finger. It was a perfect fit. Sylvia was surrounded by the girls, all wanting to look at the ring and it’s three big diamonds.

She came across, and threw her arms around Sam’s chest, and kissed him long and passionately, their tongues intertwining. Their girls all surrounded them, clinging onto them in a group hug.

“Well that’s got that out the way,” he quipped, as they sat down around the room, sipping the wine, savouring the effects it had on them, and enjoying their first night in Paris together. They knew he had planned this evening, and his comment was seen in the light it was intended. They smiled happily at each other. It was an evening they would remember.

“Am I allowed to make a wish?” asked Sam.

They all stopped and looked at him. Sam so rarely made wishes. They nodded in unison.

“I would like to wish that while we are all together, alone, just us, here, in our suite, that we always close the curtains, lock the door and treat it like The Club rooms. You know, where dress is optional.” There was a cheer, as all the girls started pulling off their clothing at a great rate. In less than ten seconds, twelve little piles of clothes were dotted around on the floor. Sam and Sylvia followed suit.

After all the excitement of the previous night and their long jet-lagged day, they settled into the seats and turned on the TV, still tuned into Sky News. When Sam said he wanted to watch TV, the girls knew it was one of his codes, and what was really expected of them. Sally looked at Lizzie, who counted on her fingers and said “Vera with Sophie and Jenny”. Sam never questioned these signals. He knew there was an order to everything arranged by his two leaders. He never interfered.

He settled down on one of the long settees, and almost immediately, Vera came and sat astride him, her back leaning against his chest. Her long dark hair acting as a cushion between them. She lifted herself up a little and reached down, taking his now long tumescent cock in her hands, and rubbed it along her cleft.

Vera despised the person she had once been. The obese sweating bully. The things she had done to Sally, who was now her closest friend, appalled her now. Everything was better, because of Sam. She knew she was now beautiful and would one day make something of herself. Giving her body to him was a joy to her and she really hoped, to him.

She knew it was her turn next, and had anticipated this, so was very aroused already. His cock was already leaking pre-cum, so as she moved his tip back and forth, she could feel her cleft opening up, as she became more engorged, and he, harder. She leaned forward a little, and pressed herself down onto him. He slipped into her, as she lowered herself, settling back, leaning against him. This was how he liked to watch television, not moving, his cock impaled deeply into one of his girls, savouring the feel for perhaps an hour or two, before succumbing to the needs his cock demanded of him. As he sat there, his cock squeezed exquisitely inside her tight vagina, he remembered that first time, when he’d blackmailed her and Vicki into letting him fuck them, and how their fat, sweaty bodies, had been anything but sexy back then. So different to how they both were now.

Sophie and Jenny had waited their moment and now climbed up onto the seat, one either side of him. Sophie took his hand and put a large dollop of KY jelly onto his middle finger, as she squeezed the tube, before handing it over to Jenny for her to follow suit. The two girls nestled into the crooks of his arms, their little heads leaning against his chest, as his strong arms encircled them, arms they’d both seen kill those men only yesterday, to save their lives, his palms on their tummies. He was careful not to smear them with

the jelly on his fingers. At the same time, both the seven year olds lifted their feet towards their bottoms, and parted their knees. Sam cupped their firm, prominent mounds, and allowed his fingers to dip into their clefts, pushing downwards, towards their vaginas, the source of his greatest desire, little girl pussy. Finally, he very carefully and gently pushed his fingers into each of their entries. They dilated slightly, as he sank little by little into them. Jenny wasn't a virgin, so he knew she had no hymen, but Sophie was, and Sam didn't want to hurt her in a thoughtless way, even though, unbeknown to him, she desperately wanted him to.

Vera, without movement, was now leaning back on him, his cock pushing her cervix inwards, the palms of her hands pressing to her belly, feeling him in her; Jenny and Sophie cuddling into his sides, his middle fingers pushed far into their vaginas, the three settled for the evening. The other girls were sitting in pairs around the room, all caressing each other in a somnolent way. This was no lesbian orgy. They just found peace, comfort and tranquillity in each other's presence, and caressing each other added to this. They were finding it hard to stay awake now

They had switched to CNN. Almost the entire news was occupied with the foiled hijacking of the night before, by the Brothers of Islam group, their aims objectives, how the attack had failed and the part Sam had played. It was understood Mme. Macron, the French president's wife, travelling privately, had been aboard, and her bodyguards had been the only two passengers killed. Speculation was mounting as to how the terrorists had known she was aboard, and who her security men had been.

The report then focussed on who this Sam Pottuleniovskyinsky was. The reporter, who had spent an hour earlier in the day trying to memorise his horrendous name, jokingly said, "I am sure you will excuse me if I refer to him from now on as just Sam." The girls giggled. Even they couldn't pronounce his name.

They went on to explain that Sam, a retired sergeant from the army, had served two tours of duty in Afghanistan. He'd been awarded two Silver Stars, one on each tour of duty, for saving the lives of other men in his platoon. The reporter continued, "He was awarded the Medal of Honor for single handedly attacking an enemy machine gun post, killing or wounding at least ten Taliban fighters, who had killed three of his platoon. In his final action, one in which their unit was decimated by an I.E.D., he again distinguished himself in saving the life of his C.O. one Captain Steven Bandon, himself a highly decorated veteran, by putting himself between the captain and the bomb.

Due to his injuries, Sam spent many months in a wheel chair, being invalided out of the army as a result, and it was thought he would remain disabled for life. Because of his injuries he was awarded a Purple Heart, which he received on the same day as his Medal of Honor at the White House. It is noted by this reporter, that Sam was never recommended for an award for his gallantry in saving his C.O., as Captain Bandon was so badly injured himself, he was unable to do so. Sadly, Captain Bandon, working for the D.E.A., was recently killed on duty. Sam has since adopted Captain Bandon's two daughters, who were travelling with his party yesterday. It has been suggested that Sam should receive the highest recognition for his valour last night, but no longer being in the military is ineligible for the Medal of Honor, but this reporter humbly suggests a retrospective citation could be submitted for his actions on the day of the I.E.D. for such an award."

"Sam now works as a janitor and fitness instructor for the school he himself attended as a child. He has been active, for several years, in taking children on outdoor pursuit camping trips. Recently, he formed a charitable foundation, known as The Choices Club for single parent, disadvantaged girls attending his school, aimed at improving their chances of getting into a college, and financing them when they are there. It was while escorting some of these girls to France, with his fellow teacher, Miss. Sylvia Ponsonby-Smyth, on an educational trip that they found themselves in the aircraft hijacked last night."

"We understand from reports we have gathered, and what Sam described to us this morning at a press conference, that he managed, without weapons of any sort, to overcome and kill one of the hijackers. Thus arming himself with his gun. He was then able to overpower and kill the others, thus saving the lives of all the passenger hostages, who they had threatened to kill one at a time at five minute intervals until their demands were met. What these demands were hasn't become clear, but is understood to relate in some way to the middle east peace negotiations."

As the TV report continued, Vera, realised Sam was reacting to it, because she could feel his cock, swelling, getting bigger and bigger. She moved her hips slightly forward and back in tiny movements, clenching her pussy, again and again, at the same time. She could feel him responding. His breathing became shorter,

and his heart beat against her back increased a little. She looked each side, to see both Sophie and Jenny were asleep, but she could also see his hands moving ever so slightly, as he felt deep inside the two young children.

Sam suddenly exploded inside her. Vera was caught a little by surprise. Usually she would feel the signs, hear the grunts and moans, followed by the “ohgods” and know he was cuming. But this time, there was no movement, no sound from him. She thought that only she knew he had cum, as they had both remained absolutely still, feeling him pulse deep inside her. But she looked up, feeling eyes on her. Sally was looking across at her, she was smiling, a soft smile. Her look one of approval, hoping that Daddy was enjoying himself, hoping that Vera had made it good enough for him. Sally was curled up in her chair, spooning into Lizzie, who was sound asleep, like most of the others. Sally was so happy. She momentarily recalled how her life had once been, and the contrast to today was like black and white, and it was all down to one man. Her Daddy. How could she ever thank him. All she could do was love him.

Sam, although he needed little sleep, thought it was time they went to bed. The clock showed it was still early, but the girls’ body clocks were nine hours behind, and they’d had very little sleep since leaving home. He looked across to Sylvia, who was cuddling her two protégés, Sandy and Mandy. They were all asleep, but their hands were intimately positioned between each other’s thighs. They had half smiles on their contented faces.

Being careful not to disturb them, he gently pulled his fingers out of the seven year olds’ pussies, before helping Vera off him, by lifting her up under her armpits. Cupping her pussy with the fingers of one hand, holding back the flow of semen, she ran into the bathroom.

One by one, Sam lifted and carried the naked girls, still sleeping, through to the bedroom, and lay them onto the beds, side by side, six in one, five in the other. Sally was still awake, and helped by pulling the bed covers down as he laid each girl down, then lifting the covers over the sleeping children. He gently shook Sylvia awake, and guided her in her sleepy state to her bed, where she curled up amidst a tangle of little girl arms and legs, and fell into a deep restful sleep.

Sally and Sam looked into each others’ eyes. No words were needed. Each knew the other too well now. Her induction had transmogrified Sally, making a new person of her. Last night, in the plane, something new had happened. They both felt it, as if they were now one person in two bodies. They understood each other without words, they loved each other beyond measure, without condition. Whatever the one desired, the other would provide.

Switching the lights out, hand in hand, they entered the bedroom. They each knew this was something special. Not for the sex or lust or any other carnal desire, but for love, for each other, for a consummation of their total devotion to one another. Climbing from the foot of the bed, he lay in the centre, three girls on one side, two on the other. His adoptive daughters, Emily and jenny, immediately either side of him, unconsciously rolled in to cuddle into his sides. Sally looked at him for a moment, her contented smile now almost a permanent feature on her beautiful face. God she loved him.

Sally climbed up, like Sam, from the foot of the bed, and with her knees either side of his hips, cuddled into his chest. She needed him inside her. She didn’t think she needed to cum, she had done that many times at Lizzie’s fingertips already. It wasn’t for his release, for Vera had looked after him, as she knew she would. This was something far deeper, primeval in nature. She couldn’t define it; it just had to be. Like eating and drinking and breathing were essential to life, so was he now essential to her. She knew she couldn’t live without him in her life.

She wriggled slightly, getting comfortable, before reaching down to his tumescent cock, pressing into her belly. Lifting slightly, she pushed him down to her entry, her damp, willing, waiting entry. He was so slippery and so slick, he slipped into her in one long slow easy pass. Both felt as if they were coming home, as if without the other something was missing.

They commenced a slow, very slow, hip curling movement, as his cock gently bounced off her cervix deep within her. Oh, how she loved the feel of him there, the sensations it produced, rippling throughout her body. She lifted her face to his, and kissed him deeply, their tongues intertwining, gently, lovingly.

Suddenly, she heard the voices again. At first indistinct, but voices never-the-less. Instinctively, she knew they were only in her head, but real enough even so. She'd heard them last night in the plane and last week during the auditions, telling her who should be the new Club Members. She would know those voices better in the years to come. They told her what she must do now, and they would be with her and Sam, throughout this special night, guiding them, giving them strength. A revelation. In the pale light of the room, her silver hair sparkled.

"Daddy," she whispered, "tonight has become very special to me. One day I will be able to explain. But for now, can I make a wish?"

"Yes of course my darling," he said. "Anything you want, just name it."

"Would you make love to me, tonight?" she asked.

"But I am," he replied, puzzled.

"No, Daddy" she said, "You don't understand, I mean make love to me, all night. Until dawn."

"If that's what you would like," he whispered "that's what you will have." Sam knew he was a pædophile, but sex with this one girl, this wonderful person, transcended all of that. He knew their relationship was of a different nature entirely. He reluctantly had to acknowledge, to himself, for this girl, he would do anything.

Through the course of that long night of lovemaking, Sally came so many times, she lost count. She came with him, she came on her own, she came in her sleep, she came in her dreams. Dreams when her voices whispered to her, Dreams of making love to the one person she loved in the world more than life itself. Cuming, cuming, sleeping, dreaming and cuming again, feeling him cum, before she came yet again, all merged into one. Sally knew her Daddy had cum in her five or six or seven times, perhaps more. He may have cum when she slept. She didn't know for sure, it no longer mattered. They weren't having sex, they were making love. Never once did his cock leave her. He was stiff throughout the night. Sometimes she slept, sometimes she knew he'd slipped into a short deep sleep himself, but never did she feel he had stopped making love to her. Throughout the night, he noticed her silver hair glittered. It wasn't reflected light, there wasn't any. It must have been his eyes playing tricks.

It seemed so soon, when she heard the birds through the open window, heralding the dawn, that now she wished wouldn't come. She rested her face on his chest again, hearing his heart beat, hearing his gentle breathing, as he only now, having fulfilled her wish, fell into a deep, deep sleep he so deserved. She didn't want to disturb him, so she remained as still as she could, hoping not to wake him. She too fell asleep. He'd fulfilled her wish, but she had also been guided by her voices. They had told her they wanted them to be as one. They needed Sally and Sam to unite for a whole night.

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CHAPTER 67
Versailles

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It was some hours later, Sally slowly became aware of Sylvia gently shaking her awake. Sally clenched, and realised he was still deep inside her.

"I'm sorry Sally darling, but you've got to get dressed. It's half past ten. We've all had breakfast, and left you as long as we could." She gently squeezed Sam's shoulder, and shook him awake too. Sam had never had a problem in coming alive after sleep. His life had depended on it a couple of times.

"What's the rush?" he asked, slowly lifting Sally's hips, so he could slide from her. "Is the hotel on fire?"

"No, silly, but we have to hurry. Brigitte Macron is coming over. She wanted to thank us for saving her life, and suggested she take us as her guest to Versailles for the day. She will be here in twenty minutes. Oh Sally, I've never seen so much cum flowing from anyone. Come here, let me sort you out. Lay still for a moment. That's right, open your knees for me, like a good girl, let me get at you. Oh there's so much in

there, when I'm done, I'm going to have to give you a panty liner to keep you dry today." Sally knew she would be wet all day, not just from his semen leaking, but from thinking about last night. Certainly she would feel wobbly on her legs. She smiled to herself, a contented smile.

Brigitte Macron arrived in a small bus, in government livery, with two police motorcycle outriders. They settled in for the forty minute drive, looking at the Paris suburbs, as they merged into the countryside. She sat next to Sylvia, as probity would expect. The two chatted as though old friends. Brigitte explained she had three children and now seven grandchildren of various ages, who she liked to see as often as possible.

"Grand children?" asked Sylvia, "surely not, you are too young."

"Mais oui," she laughed, "I am older than you think. I am sixty five now. My husband is forty. I had children with my first marriage."

"I hope you don't think I'm forward," gasped Sylvia, "but you are so beautiful, so young looking."

Brigitte laughed, "At least you are more polite than your Mister Trump. He said I was in 'great shape'. I suppose he meant it as a compliment." They chuckled together.

Across the aisle, Sam sat next to Brigitte's security man, whose name, Sam learned was Pierre. They chatted in French on account the man spoke little or no English. Pierre was a friend of the two men killed in the hijack attempt.

"I, am sorry," said Sam truthfully. "If I had been quicker, perhaps they would have lived."

"No Monsieur," said Pierre, putting his hand on Sam's forearm, "we both understand security. So did they. You did the right thing. Any other way perhaps many more would have died. They would not blame you, so do not blame yourself." He was in deadly earnest. Sam liked Pierre. He spoke like many men who had seen action.

"Army?" asked Sam.

"Oui Monsieur," said Pierre, "Foreign Legion. Ten years. Libya, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq and Afghanistan."

The two exchanged war stories for the rest of the journey. It turned out they had one or two acquaintances in common. It was rare for Sam to be able to speak to anyone truly who understood what he had been through, and he enjoyed Pierre's company very much.

On their arrival, they were directed by a waiting guide in red livery to an area signed' "entrée interdite", and found themselves inside the palace without having to queue through the public entrance. Their guide took them all around the huge building, both in the public and closed areas. The highlight, of course, was the hall of mirrors, or Galerie des Glaces with it's seventeen mirror-clad arches that reflect the seventeen arcaded windows that overlook the gardens. They spent, as many tourists do, much time admiring this wonder of light and space, built back in 1678, when glass was as valuable as gold. Their guide explained that after the First World War, almost exactly one hundred years ago, in this very room, the formal Treaty of Versailles was signed.

Knowing that young children have a limited attention span, the guide took them outside to the magnificent gardens, and explained how the Sun King, Louis XIV had developed the terraces, lakes, fountains and wider landscape with a personal interest. The guide also took them to a childrens' play area, where they amused themselves for twenty minutes on the swings and roundabouts, before moving on again.

Before they were half way around, Sam noticed Sylvia was walking arm in arm with Brigitte. They were clearly hitting it off. Talking about weddings, no doubt. The president's wife was obviously well known and loved by the French, as she was greeted with great respect everywhere they went. Sam too kept being recognised, and found his new found fame difficult. The girls had no such problem, and exulted and revelled in the reflected glory and attention that he brought them as they walked round the wonderful palace and gardens.

The guide pointed into the distance. “Sixty Kilometres in that direction,“ he said, “is the Forest of Compiegne. It is where the railway carriage was located where the Armistice was signed, in November 1918, stopping the fighting in the First War. It is also where Hitler made us sign an armistice in 1940 at the same table.”

“Can we see the carriage?” asked Sam.

“No Monsieur,” he replied, bitterly, “Les Allemands, The Germans,” Sam thought he was going to spit on the floor, “they took it away in 1940. It was destroyed in an air raid later in the war.”

Returning to the main building, lunch was served to them in some private apartments, above the Hall of Mirrors, with wonderful views, overlooking the fabulous gardens. After the starter had been served and then consumed at break-neck speed by all the girls, Vicky said, “Please Madame Brigitte, that was delicious. I have never had that before, what was it please?”

Brigitte smiled, knowing what reaction she was going to get, when she explained it was frog’s legs. However, she was very surprised, when many of the girls nodded, and said how much they had enjoyed it and would like to try them again while they were in Paris. Sally, sitting next to Brigitte asked what the musical instrument and it’s intricate carvings, were near their table. “It looks a little like a piano, but it is more square,” she observed.

“Yes Sally,” answered Brigitte, who had heard from Sylvia about the child’s amazing musical ability, “that is an harpsichord. It is four hundred years old. Do you play the piano, Sally? Would you like to try playing an harpsichord?”

Sally was overwhelmed. The beautiful instrument was entirely covered in gold leaf, it glittered in the sunlight streaming through the tall, elegant, windows. She had never seen anything quite so beautiful. On her electric keyboard at home in the trailer, she could switch the sound to ‘harpsichord’, and had practiced one or two pieces with it, but she never dreamt she would ever play a real one, nor one so special.

As Sally walked over to the golden harpsichord, and she lifted the keyboard lid, she noticed the keys were all reverse coloured, the notes black and sharps and flats white. She settled onto the stool. Thinking for a moment about what to play, she remembered the theme for the game Warcraft, Gilneas 1 was played with an harpsichord, and for the next few minutes, entranced everyone with her rendition of this difficult piece. While she played, she was completely immersed in a world of her own. As she finished, she was enveloped in a wave of applause. Looking up, she noticed not only were all her friends clapping, but about twenty or thirty Versailles staff working nearby had quietly come in to hear the wonderful performance. She blushed, stood and bowed. She was saved from an encore when the main course arrived moments later.

During the afternoon, they rented some bikes and toured the grand park and afterwards went on the canal in a boat. Sam realised Brigitte was enjoying the day every bit as much as they were. Pierre explained that she was a very hard working woman, and took almost no time off for herself. This day was, for her, like a vacation.

While they were cycling along, some time later, Brigitte came adjacent to Sam, and said, “You are a naughty man. I must, how you say, tell you off.”

“What have I done?” asked Sam innocently.

“In two days,” she scolded, “you are to be married to a beautiful woman, but you didn’t warn her. She has nothing to wear. In Paris, this is impossible. Oh, Tu es un imbecile! I can see I have to take control. The world’s media will be there, millions of people will want to see, and your wife has nothing to wear. Idiot! Do you understand nothing?”

Sam knew he was out of his comfort zone now, and kept quiet.

“This is what we do,” she commanded, “tomorrow, I understand you go to Disney, yes? With the girls.” He nodded. “Bon, I will send a driver to your hotel, to collect my friend Sylvie. We go shopping. I know where to take her. She will just need your credit card. This is my punishment to you. She will, how you say, hurt you in the wallet.” Brigitte grinned at him. Sam knew he liked this woman of spirit. She was the woman behind the man, and Macron, he already knew, would be a great president.

“I love your lady, Monsieur Sam,” simmered Brigitte. “She is, how you say, spunky, n'est-ce pas? But, she must have the wedding dress she deserves and you and I, we will give it to her, oui?” Sam knew, at times like this it was safer to just agree.

The afternoon drew to a close, but not without incident. While they were cycling round the end of the long lake, Karen’s front wheel hit a sharp stone, which caused a puncture, sending her careering off the track. She fell from the bike, and rolled down the steep grassy bank into the muddy water. As soon as they realised she was unhurt, they saw the funny side and all started to laugh. Standing indignantly, hands on hips, waist deep in murky water, she stamped her foot, causing her to fall over once again.

Sam, leaning down to her pulled her back up the bank, with one hand. “Well, at least the last time I saw you in a lake,” he said referring to the camp sailing afternoon, “you weren’t covered in thick mud.” She stuck her tongue out at him, but immediately regretted it, getting a taste of green lake water algæ.

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CHAPTER 68
L'Espadon

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They decided to dine in the hotel, that evening. Wanting to thank Brigitte for her hospitality today, they had asked if she and her husband would join them for dinner, but she had to decline as they would be attending an official function. However, they were able to fix a date for the following week, the night before they departed for London. On their return, Sylvia went upstairs with the girls, while Sam went to book the table.

It had been a long day, and although they had all enjoyed it, were ready for a rest, something to eat, then bed. Sally counted everyone in through the door, before locking it. Lizzie had pulled the curtains closed, and while all the other girls stripped off, Vicky raided the large fridge, pulling out a range of drinks for them to help themselves to. In a cupboard Vera found packets of savoury biscuits, nuts and other snacks.

“Don’t eat too much, girls,” Sylvia asked, “We’ll be having dinner in about an hour.

As Sam knocked on the door, and was carefully let in by Sally, who checked through the peep hole first, he again noticed Sylvia putting the phone down hastily, obviously not wanting him to know who she was talking to. Like coming up to Christmas or birthdays, with weddings, there are some things left unasked, he decided. He’d find out soon enough.

The TV was on again, but this time on the Disney Channel. Most of the girls, now naked, had settled down to watch a cartoon, clutching their drinks and munching their nibbles.

Sam leaned on the back of one of the settees, a line of five little heads just below, watching the cartoon. Sally, came over to him. Their intercommunication now almost telepathic. She knew his needs.

“Is it Just a quickie, you need, Daddy,?” she asked.

He nodded, as he dropped his clothes on an empty seat.

“Vicky,” said Sally, consulting a scrap of paper in her pocket, “it’s your turn.” Hannah looked across enquiringly. “No, later Hannah. It’s your turn next time.”

Vicky got up from the settee, and came round the back, with a look of anticipation on her face. Without a word, she smiled up at him, turned, bent right over the seat back, parted her legs, then rested her elbows on the cushions, and went on watching the cartoon. Sam, meantime, positioned himself behind the eleven year old child, and gently started to rub his tip up and down her cleft. A cleft that had once just been fat and sweaty and unattractive, was now a beautiful entry to one of his favourite vaginas in The Club.

She was moist, slippery, engorged, ready. He turned his hands, so his palms rested on her buttocks, the tips of his fingers on her vulva. Pressing gently, he parted her cleft, pulling her labia apart, allowing his cock tip

to find it’s way in, searching for her entry. He pulled her lips apart a little more, he could feel them stretching, opening her, her vagina waiting for him. He pressed in a little more. He could feel her slickness, matching his, as he pressed a little harder, feeling her dilate. He sank slowly inexorably into her depths. He paused, looking down at her. She pretended to be concentrating on the TV screen.

He knew she was only pretending, because he could feel her clamping on his cock. He hadn’t yet nudged into her cervix, and already she was cuming. He pulled back, and then slid all the way into her, his full depth, before pulling back and pushed in once more, and back, building up speed and pace, increasing the rhythm and force as he did so. Vicky was now not pretending. She had her eyes screwed tightly shut, as he slammed into her bum, resulting in her climax building up to a crescendo.

“Oh, Daddy, fuck me Daddy,” she stuttered, “fuck me, nnnnggggghhhhh, ohhh yessssss ahahahhhhhhhhhhhh, Daaaaadddddddyyyyyyyyy.”

Sam blasted into the eleven year old, his thighs slapping into her bottom cheeks, her feet lifting off the floor, each time he thrust into her. This one was pure lust. He loved all his girls, and Vicky was no exception, but Sam really needed this one after the built up tension of the journey, and the sudden release, the relaxation of being here now on vacation. He stood panting, allowing his mini pulses to pass slowly away, before gently sucking out of the, now sated, girl. Sylvia ready to take his place. He plopped down into the settee in between Sandy and Mandy, his semi tumescent cock still standing proud, as they each leaned in to lick his stickiness away.

A special table had been set for their party in the famous L'Espadon restaurant, where in the 1950’s, Charles Ritz and his fishing friend Ernest Hemingway spent much time together. It has a magnificent green arched glass roof, looking out to the garden terraces. They were tucked in a corner, to allow a little privacy. Even so, they, or rather Sam, drew the eyes of many of the other diners. They, as everyone else in the restaurant, were formally dressed. Sam had put his suit on, and wore a silk tie, in Club colours, with the logo discreetly embroidered onto it, given to him as a gift by Jane, as a thank you for all the business he’d given her.

Sylvia wore a beautiful pale pink skirt and white filmy top with puffed sleeves. At her neck was a silk shawl, with a very French style about it. All the Choices girls wore their formal Club jackets in royal blue, with light and navy blue tracings. Underneath, they wore fine cream silk blouses, forming to the contours of the bodies of the budding girls. Sam never permitted bras to be worn by the girls. They didn’t need them yet, and it spoiled the fall of their clothing. The press of their little nipples against the silk cloth only visible when their jackets fell open with their movements. They had calf length royal blue skirts on, matching the jackets, with wide belts in powder blue. Beneath, no one, except Vicky, wore panties. She’d been told by Sylvia she needed a panty liner. Sam liked it that way, and none of them showed any leg above the knee anyway. Sam made some comment about making sure they didn’t spill any food, as they would need to wear these clothes on Thursday for the wedding. He was confused when the only response he got was lots of little girl giggling.

When Sam had booked the table, he had asked if it were possible to leave the selection of food entirely to the two Michelin Star chef, Nicholas Sale. He wanted to educate and inspire his girls in the exquisite culinary delights available here. He didn’t want to frighten them off, so he asked if it were possible for the main course to have as wide a range of French cuisine served as possible in a tapas style, so they could help themselves.

For starters, each had a very small bowl of Bouillabaisse, which is a fish soup. This was followed with, again a very small helping of, moules mariniere, mussels cooked in white wine.

One or two of them liked one and not the other, but most took to the beautifully presented food, although foreign to them, with utter relish. Food of this quality should always be savoured, but the waiters and other diners all smiled when they witnessed the speed with which the girls golloped their food down, as though they hadn’t eaten for a week. Next, was a pallet cleanser of lemon sorbet. Some of the girls thought for a moment that it was the sweet, and the meal was ending. Going hungry at home was not unknown to most of them.

The main course arrived with a series of serving vessels placed in the centre of the table, each containing a different dish, which they could help themselves to. Duck Confit, Boeuf Bourguignon, Tarte Flambée, Sole Meunière, Steak Frites - fillet chopped small with fries, Coquilles Saint-Jacques, Baked Camembert, Blanquette de Veau, which is veal ragout, Magret de Canard or duck breast, Cassoulet a very French dish of

duck and bean stew, Pan-seared Foie Gras, Gratin Dauphinois, Coq au Vin, and of course the famous Escargots – snails in garlic and parsley. They all danced around the snails, which grossed them out somewhat, but in the end, by daring each other, cajoling, having little bets, they all tried them, and were amazed at how wonderful they tasted, and in minutes every one had been eaten.

The waiters hovered around them. Quite apart from loving the young vibrant chatty girls in their restaurant, being used to the average diner's age being well over sixty, and realising how much the girls were enjoying their food, they also enjoyed serving a hero of France who was still the top story in the news, and yet seemed so ordinary, so like one of them. They also appreciated too the fact he took time to address them each by name and in fluent French. At the end of the meal, the chef, Monsieur Sale, came out to meet them. He glowed when the girls told him over and over how much they had enjoyed his wonderful food and they looked forward to eating here again before they left Paris. He was so used to the dismissive attitude of millionaire celebrities, that when he received genuine praise he appreciated it beyond words. Sam thought how much like François Berléand he looked, the French actor who played the policeman in the Transporter films, amongst many others.

Back in their suite, the girls carefully hung their smart clothes up and came back into the main salon, naked, of course, where they lounged around in the way little girls do. Sam fixed a drink of Scotch for himself and popped a champagne cork for those that fancied a tipple, which most of the girls did. He needed to open a second.

"I fancy watching a little TV," he said. "Who'd like to join me?"

All the girls knew that Sam's 'watching TV', was code for having relaxation in a very particular way. In five minutes, Hannah, as she had been promised was sitting, leaning against Sam's chest, his cock six and a half inches inside her. As she leaned back, there was the distinct bulge in her belly, where he pressed against her from the inside. As they both breathed, so it moved up and down slightly. It was nowhere near as prominent as it had been that first time they fucked, when she had been skeletally thin but it was there, never-the-less. Hannah knew she wasn't to move, but that didn't stop her from pressing her fingers against the bulge, caressing it, arousing it, encouraging it.

Either side of Sam, this time sat Sandy and Mandy. They were chatting to each other about the food they had just eaten and how they'd enjoyed it. Sam's middle fingers where pressed as far into their pussies as he could reach, and gently twiddled their 'G' spots, but despite this, they chatted away saying how it had been the best food they'd ever had.

The girls had tuned into another cartoon on the Sky network, and were enjoying their relaxing evening after a long, but enjoyable, day. Sylvia was lying along one of the other settees, and had Jenny and Sophie pressed against her. They were not just caressing each other, as Sam would expect, but were having a serious conversation, which went on for some considerable time.

Sam couldn't help himself, Hannah had been clenching, pressing and caressing his cock, through her tummy, right in that sensitive spot for over half an hour, and unexpectedly to himself, he suddenly came. No one knew, except Hannah, who could feel him throbbing deep inside her, as she too quietly gave way to a soothing climax. No one knew, except that is, Sally, of course, who's attachment to Sam was so close, so strong, so telepathic. She could almost feel his cock inside herself. Certainly she came too, as she was curled in a chair, watching her Daddy. God she loved this man.

An hour or so later, another cartoon was showing. Sylvia went over to Sally and squeezed into her chair beside the girl and cuddled her. They chatted for a while, whispering as females do, nodding animatedly towards the two seven year olds Sylvia had just been cuddling with. They glanced up at Sam, and Sylvia indicated with a movement of her head for him to follow her out to the bedroom.

Sam tapped Hannah on the shoulder and indicated that he needed to move. Lifting her under her armpits, his cock sucked out of her with a wet squelching noise. She ran to the bathroom, her hand cupping her pussy. Sam levered himself off the settee and went after Sylvia and Sally, closing the door behind him.

"We need to do something for Sophie and your Jenny," Sylvia said. "They both feel they have been overlooked. Neither have been inducted yet and they feel left out. I've talked to the two of them for some time tonight, and they both think you don't want them."

“But that’s not true, Sylvia,” protested Sam, “I’ve done everything for them. Only yesterday I fingered them both to a climax while I fucked Vicky.”

“That’s the point, Sam,” replied Sylvia, “while you fucked Vicky, or Sandy or Vera, or any of the others, but not them.”

“What am I supposed to do, Sylvia?” he demanded. “I will not hurt them, I can’t, I love them too much.”

Sally looked at the two adults. “Yes, they know all that,” she said. “They know you love them, they know you don’t want to hurt them, but you are missing one point, one very important point.” Sam and Sylvia studied her with questioning looks. “Have you asked them what they want? Have you asked them would they mind if it hurt a little, have you asked them if they would like to be inducted? They want it so much, Daddy,” she looked intensely at him, “but they know too you are frightened of hurting them and they don’t want to upset you in you thinking that. Just ask them Daddy, I think you will be surprised by what they say.”

Sam knew his headgirl was as wise as Solomon but in just a few words she had summarised the problem and it’s causes and proposed a possible way through.

“OK, Sally,” he said, “call them in, let’s see what they say.”

The two seven year olds skipped into the room, grinning. They knew why they’d been asked in. They stood cheekily still naked side by side, nudging each other, with their naked hips. Sam waved them to come and sit either side of him. He put his arms around them, enjoying the feel of their silky soft skin under his fingers. He smiled to himself, thinking, “How do you ask a seven year old to have a fuck?”

“Are you enjoying your trip to Paris?” he started. “Did you like everything we’ve done so far, and the food?”

“Oh yes it’s such a nice place, Daddy,” said Sophie, “and the people are so kind. Madame Brigitte was nice today. I really like it here.”

“You know you’re my favourite two seven year olds in this hotel?” he asked.

“We’re the only seven year olds in the hotel, silly,” answered Jenny, giggling.

“Oh yes, I suppose you are, silly me.” He feigned surprise. “Is there anything you would like to wish for?” he asked. “Neither of you has had a wish for a while now. If I gave you a wish, what would you ask for?”

Jenny looked up at him, her big eyes assessing him gauging, “Daddy,” she said, “I want to be inducted. My other Daddy used to fuck me lots, and you’ve never done it to me. Don’t you want to?”

“Yes,” said Sophie, “You’ve done it to all the other girls, but we are the only ones you haven’t inducted. We are the only ones without a Club choker necklace. We are the only ones you haven’t fucked yet.”

“But my darlings, I love you so much,” he said in honesty. “I don’t want to hurt you, and if we did that, I might.”

“Daddy,” replied Sophie, speaking for the two of them, “if we don’t try, we’ll never know, will we? I want to, and so does Jenny don’t you?” Jenny nodded vigorously, her gap toothed mouth grinning again.

“OK,” he said dubiously, “We’ll give it a try, on one condition.” They looked at him wondering what he was going to say. “We do it slowly, my way, carefully, and we’ll take all night if we have to, OK?”

They squealed in delight running out of the room, their little bubble bums wiggling as they went, shouting, “We’re going to be inducted, we’re going to be inducted.”

“Sally,” asked Sam, “could you toss a coin with the two of them to decide who is going first? I think I should try and do both in the same night, so one doesn’t feel left out, what do you think? And then in the morning, they can give their oaths together.”

“Good idea, Daddy,” she said, “I’ll go and sort that out now. Do you want everyone to get to bed now, Sylvia?”

“No, they’re on vacation,” she replied “let them finish their cartoon. Whichever one goes first, they can come in here now, and let Sam make a start.”

Sam quickly went through to the bathroom and had a wash and brushed his teeth, and was climbing into bed as Sophie came in, hand in hand with Sylvia, who lifted her onto the bed. As she crawled up towards Sam, Sylvia noticed how her little pudenda bulged out between her thighs, her arousal had engorged the little pussy already, damp moisture could also be seen glinting in the light from the chandelier.

After a minute, Sam took the little child into his arms, stroking her long silky ginger red hair and cuddled her to him for several minutes, his hands on her back. He could feel her little heart beating a hundred times a minute against his palm, caressing her back. When she had calmed a little, he gently bent and taking her areolæ one at a time in his mouth, he teased her tiny nipples with his tongue, as they hardened up into little beads. He reached down, and cupped her mound, remembering how big it was in proportion to her flat tummy, it’s cleft deep and full he pushed his hand further, and cupped her pussy, starting to diddle her clitty, which was already standing proud of it’s cowl, firm, erect. His mind flashed back to that first time he’d seen her naked in the shower, and how tiny she’d looked then.

Rolling onto their sides, face to face, Sam reached down and grasped his cock, now pouring with pre-cum. He pushed it down from her deep dimple at the top of her cleft, over her clit, and down where her slit darkened at the entrance to her tiny, tiny vagina. He spent the next ten minutes rubbing his tip up and down her cleft, spreading his slippery pre-cum along, and into, her. She was aroused, she was willing, she was as ready as she ever would be.

Sam now, placing a hand under her chest, and the other around her back, rolled over on to his back, bringing her with him, her knees falling naturally either side of his hips. His cock was pressed to his belly by her mound. Reaching down, he pushed it downwards and out between her thighs. As he let it go, it slapped into the valley between the cheeks of her tiny bottom, pre-cum now running down over the two of them. Just to enjoy himself for a minute, he reached down, and taking a buttock in each hand, pulled her cheeks apart, feeling his cock nestle into her channel, where he then pushed her bum together again, trapping him in her valley. He then lifted and dropped his hips slowly appreciating the feel of her crack gripping his cock, her silky soft skin rubbing up and down him.

Looking down the bed, Sam could see Sally and Sylvia sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed watching their progress, enjoying caressing each other, as they watched the little child about to lose her virginity. Sylvia had her little camera in her hand, recording everything, as Ellie had asked them to do.

The time had come. Lifting the little girl up slightly, he pushed his cock to her entry. He could feel where her cleft dipped in slightly. He lodged there, and then applied very gentle pressure. He didn’t expect her to dilate quickly, and indeed she didn’t. This would take time. He could feel her inner thighs pressing against the sides of his cock, and wondered how could it be possible to penetrate her?

After what seemed like an age, Sam felt a tiny release, a movement. It had been twenty five minutes since he had started trying to penetrate her, and suddenly there was movement. And again. He felt it, and Sylvia saw it, as did Sally. He was oozing into her.

Sally rushed into the salon, where the cartoon had long finished and the girls were playing music and games and texting each other. She told them it was time, and invited them in. As they settled down, they could all see Sam’s cock pushing into Sophie’s tight entry. Not quite in yet. But even as they looked, they saw his cock head pop in, the tight muscles of her entry snapping over him. Sophie yelped, and had to tell him it was OK, as he tried to pull out of her.

She was sore, but she wasn’t going to tell him that. She knew what he would do if she said anything. He would end it. She knew he was too timid to hurt her. This wonderful man who had saved her life. She had seen him kill people with his bare hands, and yet, he was frightened to cause her any pain. This is why she and her friends loved him so.

She had to do something about it herself, but what? She thought about it, as they lay still, adjusting to his intrusion into her tiny passage. She decided. She pushed herself up with her hands on his chest. Her knees couldn't reach the bed, as his hips were too wide, so she put her feet down, taking her weight, straddling him. Then she pushed herself upright a little more, now squatting, wiggling herself on his tip, enjoying the new sensations deep inside her. The next bit she knew would hurt, but it was her hurt, her body, her decision, as she suddenly pushed herself back and dropped her weight onto him, immediately feeling him penetrating her vagina, her hymen breaking, a stab of pain lancing through her. She froze, before dropping herself back onto his chest, hugging him. She gritted her teeth, a single tear running down her cheek, which she wiped away before he noticed. Her little pussy felt like it was being torn apart.

Sylvia could see Sam had gone in almost half way now. About three inches. She couldn't believe it would have been possible, but she had it on record. The camera capturing everything. Sylvia knew Ellie was going to love watching this. When they'd gone away for that weekend with the two girls, she'd learnt a lot about Ellie. They would be friends for life. Very close friends.

They remained still for a good five minutes. Sam feeling the clamping on his cock like never before. The blood being squeezed from him, she was so tight.

Sophie had hurt so much. She tried and succeeded to not cry out, Her pussy felt like it was on fire. God it hurt. Then something changed. The sting eased a little, then a little more. She pushed down on him slightly, feeling the pressure of him inside her. He reciprocated in counterpoint to her movement. She pushed again, and again. The pain had almost gone, but in it's place, she could feel a lovely sensation deep within her which she'd never had before. She knew what it was, her friends had told her what to expect, but the reality was so much better. It was Daddy's cock pushing against her end, her deepest part, where all the good feelings in a woman come from.

Sam knew the worst was over, and slowly, carefully, pulled back a couple of inches, and thrust just as slowly back into her, before repeating the motion again and again. In a few minutes, he was moving gently but deeply in and out of her. They were fucking. He was in her as far as her little vagina would allow. Just four inches in, but it felt like heaven to him. She might be painfully tight on him, but he was a pædophile, and he really, really liked 'em tight, and he knew not only was this one as tight as they got, but he had another one just as small waiting in line for him to fuck later. He knew his cock was in for the treat of a lifetime tonight.

He became aware that something had changed again, and Sophie's breathing had got deeper, quicker. She started to moan and her little hips bucked towards him as he thrust into her. She was going to cum. Sam needed no encouragement, he'd been holding back the best he could. Then everything happened at once. Sophie lifted off his chest and gave a long low howl. He could feel her cunt suddenly clamping repeatedly on his cock, as she pulsed her climax onto him. Her howl was long and steady and her spasms went on and on. Suddenly he felt his scrotum and cock tighten up, as a surge of pleasure shot through him, and again, then his semen spurted into her, as he blasted his ejaculation deep into the seven year old, bliss overwhelming him. Again and again he pulsed. She was so tight on him, it almost hurt each time he blasted into her. Even his mini pulses were a labour of love, as they eventually diminished and finally stopped.

Sophie had never felt anything like it. She hurt, and hurt badly. She would only tell her Miss. P., because she would understand. She wouldn't tell Daddy, otherwise he might not want to fuck her again. She wanted him to do that already, as soon as her turn came round.

"Twenty two," said Lizzie. "Well done Sophie, welcome to The Club."

After several minutes of trying to get him out of her without it hurting too much, his wide cock head seemed not to want to come out. The tight ring of muscle at her entry was tight around him, gripping just under his crown. Sophie pulled hard, and he snapped out suddenly, making a popping sound. Handing the camera to Karen to continue videoing, Sylvia got a hand towel ready, and laid it on the bed as she rolled the child over onto it. She was in immediately, soothing the girl with her tongue, enjoying every last drop of the nectar. In her mind, you can go to a top restaurant with five Michelin stars, but nothing, absolutely nothing tasted to her as good as Sam's semen mixed with virgin blood. And there was plenty of virgin blood in this one.

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CHAPTER 69

Jenny's Induction

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Everyone was feeling tired and climbed into the two enormous beds. There was an understanding that Jenny would sleep on top of Sam. She was so light, he barely noticed her anyway. On his one side, was Emily, Jenny's ten year old sister and on the other was Sally, who had now become almost inseparable from Sam.

Jenny wriggled a bit, nuzzling into his chest, feeling excited about what was to come, but she had been told it would be some while yet before her Daddy would be able to deliver a full load, and she was told to get some sleep. She was so tired, sleep wasn't a problem. She was still jet lagged, and it had been a long day. Soon her little snores indicated her somnolent state.

Sam lay thinking about all that had occurred in the last couple of weeks, the new members, the flight and the hijacking and their time in Paris so far. His arms were around Sally's and Emily's shoulders, cuddling them in to him. Emily was sound asleep now, too. Sam glanced to his other side, and sure enough, Sally was staring at him, her silvery hair glinting in the lights of the city, filtering through the thick curtains. They smiled at each other. He reached down her back, and held one of her lovely firm buttocks in his palm. She lifted her leg, and he lowered his fingers into her bum crack. He couldn't quite reach further, so he pushed his finger up and down her crack, over her rosebud, pressing in slightly.

"Are you ready to fuck Jenny now Daddy?" she asked.

"I'm ready," he replied, "but is she? She looks dead to the world."

Sally lifted herself up onto her elbow and put a hand on jenny's shoulder and shook her. She brought her mouth to her ear and said, "Jenny, Jenny, wake up, it's time." But the little girl never stirred, never flinched. She tried one more time, but the child was out for the count.

"We'll let her sleep," he said. "Can't you sleep my darling?" He pressed his finger slightly into her rectum. She moved a little to give him better access.

"I'm in bed with my Daddy," she replied, looking coquettishly at him, "why would I want to sleep? Can I make a wish, it's only a simple one?"

"Yes, of course," he said, "what would you like?"

"I've never tried oral sex," she simmered, "would you mind if I experimented to see how I get on? I might not be any good at it, Daddy."

Would he mind? Would he mind? Of course he wouldn't fucking mind!

"Yes, my darling, you do whatever you want," he answered, smiling at her. "Take your time and see how you get on."

Sally shuffled down the bed, and came up in between his legs, which he parted, so she could get at him. She couldn't see a thing, and asked him to pass down her IPhone, so she could use it for light. He reached to the shelf above the bed, and pulled the pink leather cased phone down. He glanced at the Club logo on the front as he flicked it open, pressed his finger to the screen for fingerprint recognition, and tapped the light symbol before passing it down the bed to her waiting hand.

She took a long look at his cock. She hadn't studied it much, and this was her opportunity. She thought how long and thin it looked. She knew he was thinner than most men, but then that had helped with fucking some of the younger girls. She looked at Jenny's vagina, and wondered even so if he could get into her. His cock still filled the gap between her thighs. It curved up through her cleft and into her bum crack. The tip was nestled into her rosebud, pre-cum running all the way down her valley towards her vagina.

Gently, she took hold of it and bent it towards her. She grasped it, and ran her fingers along it's length, gauging it's hardness, stiffness, the way it pulsed in her hands, like it had a life of it's own, independent of

him. Tentatively, she licked the underside of it, tasting his pre-cum, enjoying the slightly salty flavour. But, she was aware too of more. Something much more. It was the residue of Sophie's juices and blood, still coating him. The texture was viscous, thick, slippery. There was a little smell to it, not unpleasant, arousing to her.

As she started, she was aware of her nose rubbing along Jenny's cleft. Where Sam's cock had rested in her bum crack, there was lots of pre-cum, and even as she looked, his fingers reached down over the little girl's bum, and rubbed the slippery moisture into her rosebud. And as she watched, she stared as his finger pressed in, sinking into Jenny's rectum, first one, then the second knuckle. As she watched, his finger pulled back and pushed in again, a little deeper. This time a hint of a smell came up. Little girl poop. For some reason, she found it very arousing.

She kissed his end. He twitched. "He liked that", she thought. She kissed him again. Next, she placed her lips over his tip, and gently moved down, opening her mouth as she did so, letting him slip between her teeth, which she knew to keep out of the way. She again licked the underside of his crown. Amber had told her that's what he really liked. She pulled back and then pressed down. His cock slid over her tongue. She loved the feel of it. She sucked him gently, and she heard a moan. "He liked that too."

Moving slowly back and forth for a few minutes, she gained confidence that she was doing it right. She tried going a little deeper, and felt him nudge the back of her mouth. She gagged a little. She didn't know if she could take him, but Amber had been quite specific in what to do. She set up a rhythm, nudging her throat and back, nudge and back. After a while she got used to it, and the gagging sensation came under her control. It wasn't too bad. Then she imagined she had a mouth full of food, and as she nudged forward again, she swallowed and in he went. Straight in. She was surprised, because she didn't gag at all now. She then took a deep breath, and plunged all the way forward. She took him all the way in. She couldn't breath and had to pull back to get another breath. Then plunged forward again and back, learning to breath and suck and lick and swallow all in their turn.

She could taste him, he was in her throat, her nose and in her mouth, the aroma was strong. It pervaded her being. She gently started to cum. She had to reach down to cup her pussy, it was so demanding. Her climax was soft and soothing, loving. Suddenly, she became aware of a new tension in Daddy's body. Instinctively, she knew what to do. She timed it well, for as the first blast of his semen shot from him, she had pulled back, franticly rubbing under his crown with her tongue, sucking repeatedly as hard as she could, just like Amber had taught her. She swallowed, and sucked, swallowed and sucked in time with his pulses. Oh how she loved the taste of him. Different than his pre-cum. Somehow more special. But yummy, yes definitely yummy.

After they had both subsided into a post climactic malaise, Sally crawled back up the bed, and cuddled into his side. It was the last thing she remembered, as she savoured the lingering taste of him in her mouth. She understood now why Sylvia was so addicted to it. She was awakened when she felt movements much later. As she came to, she realised Sam was moving very slightly, but methodically. She lay trying to work out what was happening. Then it occurred to her he was trying to penetrate Jenny while she was asleep, so as to hurt her as little as possible. He was so kind.

Sally shuffled back down under the covers, wriggling up between Sam's knees, and switched her phone light back on, to get a good look at what was happening. Sam's cock was pressed to Jenny's entry. It was bowed slightly, under the pressure he exerted, as he pushed into her. Sally could see there was lots of pre-cum making them both very slick. Jenny's opening was stretched wide, her pink vulva had turned white from the tension, as it bulged outwards under the force of his cock. Looking at how much she had dilated, Sally realised this had been going on for quite a while. Certainly the dribbles of pre-cum down his balls and her thighs suggested that.

Sally reached up, and very carefully put her hands on the backs of Jenny's thighs, and using her thumbs either side of Sam's cock, prised her opening further apart. She saw a slight movement, as Sam's crown sank a tiny amount into the child. Now using a finger and thumb on each side, Sally prised her apart again, and again he sank a tiny bit further in. A third time she did it, and was rewarded by seeing his crown pop into her entry, her stretched elastic muscles seeming taught like violin strings.

Sam rested now, waiting while Jenny's vagina relaxed and dilated further before he woke her. He was aware now of Sally sliding up beside him again and cuddling into his side. He hoped, waiting for a while, that

Jenny's body would adjust, would minimise her discomfort. As they lay there, they talked of the trip, and the wedding, and The Club. She told him how frightened she had been during the hijacking.

"But you didn't let your fear stop you keeping the other girls quiet and calm," he said.

"Yes," she said, "but if I was frightened, does that make me a coward?"

"Not at all," he replied with conviction, "I was frightened the whole time, too." She looked at him in disbelief. "Everyone gets frightened. It's what you do with your fear that counts. You handled your fear on the plane and took the lead. If you hadn't, some of the girls might have started screaming. Then things might have turned out very differently. I was really proud of you. The other girls used your strength, your courage to help them through it. You're no coward, I've seen real cowards, Sally. A woman called Bethany Hamilton once said something which my friend The Prof told me about. It was 'courage doesn't mean you don't get afraid. Courage means you don't let fear stop you'. They lapsed into silence.

"I think it may be time, Sally," he said, "Jenny's not so tight now, and I think I can slip into her a bit more. Let's see, shall we? Yes, it's gone in an inch or so. I know, let's see if I can get right into her and then we'll wake her. Can I ask you something?" she nodded. "Would you mind if I finger you while I fuck her. If you lay face down, and I put my hand under you, I could feel you and maybe make you cum too." Sally was so pleased. He was about to induct Jenny, his seven year old adoptive daughter. But while he fucked her, he wanted to share the pleasure with Sally. God she loved him.

"The only thing is, Sally, it's her induction. I'm supposed to attend only to her needs and desires. But if I'm honest, Sally, you turn me on so much, I can't help myself. It's important that no one else knows what I'm doing to you. So you will have to keep your legs together and when you cum, you can't let anyone else know, deal?"

"Deal," she said, secretly glowing with the privilege he was giving her.

A few minutes later, Sam was as far into Jenny as her little cervix would allow.

"Right, Sally," he said brightly. "Wake up the team."

Within a couple of minutes, every one was awake. Jenny was excited. Sam was deep inside her; her new daddy was inside her and it didn't hurt. She loved him as much as her mum and dad who'd gone to heaven. Sally was lying alongside Sam, face down, her arm draped over Jenny's bottom, caressing her. No one noticed Sam's hand underneath her, his fingers now deep in her cleft slipping slowly into her moist, slippery, aroused, depths.

"Are you happy to do it like this Jenny? He asked. If you want to change, that's OK, it's your induction."

"No, this is great Daddy. Let's start like this. It's so long since I had a fuck, I'd forgotten how nice it is. But you're so much bigger than my other daddy, I feel like I'm full to bursting."

"Am I hurting you, my darling? Do you want me to pull out. I think I should."

"No Daddy, please don't spoil it. Please. It doesn't hurt. I've done it before remember. I know what to do."

Sam was relieved at her words and curled his hips, forcing his cock back into the child a fraction more, bumping her rubbery cervix deep inside her cunt. Simultaneously, he curled his middle finger into Sally's entry. He slipped beyond the second knuckle immediately. He reversed his hips, pulling half way out of Jenny, pulling his finger back from Sally too. Then pressed back in to the two together. Soon he had built up a rhythm. By now Sally was having a problem hiding her orgasms, which had started almost as soon as he had touched her clitty. She didn't understand why things had changed in her. Every time he just touched her, arousal washed over her. She was desperately pretending she was trying to help Jenny enjoy her induction, when, in fact, she was far into her own world of ecstasy. She was in a world where everything just got better and better every day. God she loved this man.

Sam could feel Sally pulsing on his finger. She'd started, he knew, as soon as he tickled her clit, but her clamping on his finger had been continuous, as soon as he pushed into her. He'd hardly touched her, and yet she was off like a race horse from the trap. He knew there was a special bond between them. Everyone here understood it. But, it seemed now he only had to tell her to cum, and she did. Amazing.

Returning to the job-in-hand, he cast his mind back to that first time he'd seen Jenny naked. The day she took a crap during a swimming class. He couldn't help himself. With his free hand, he reached down, and pushed his finger into her rosebud, and deep into her rectum, picturing that day so many weeks ago now. He pulled back and pressed in. Soon, his two fingers and cock were all in unison, entering and exiting their orifices together. He soon built up pace and rhythm.

He felt Jenny suddenly snort, and stiffen. She was on the brink, about to cum. There seemed to be calm for several seconds, before she exploded in every way. She was bucking up and down, her arms and legs were waving, and she was arching her back and then dropping down again. It was like she'd been plugged into an electrical socket. This went on for several seconds, and she was just starting to calm, when Sam's climax hit him. As he blasted into her, and his cock spasmed deep inside her, she started to buck again, as her climax hit new heights. He couldn't believe a seven year old could thrash about like this, but here she was doing just that.

All good things cum to an end and finally this did too. Sam was aware Sally was lying quietly. He would have thought her asleep, if it were not for the continuous pulsing of her vagina on his finger, as he gently massaged her G spot deep inside her. No she wasn't asleep, but she was making sure no one else knew what she was enjoying right here, right now.

Sam looked at the time. It was three in the morning, and they were off to Disney first thing. They needed sleep, and as soon as they realised Jenny had finished, they started to go back to bed and curl up together. All, that is except Sylvia, who had Jenny to look after, which took another ten minutes, before they too fell into a well earned deep sleep, in each other's arms. No one commented when Sally climbed on top of Sam and slept there for the remainder of the night. Her undisputed privilege.

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CHAPTER 70
The Bubble Bath Pledge

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The following morning was brim full of excitement, because they were going off to Disneyland Paris. So Sylvia decided they would need to be up nice and early. Sam woke at dawn as usual, to find Sally still on top of him, and had wriggled down so he was deep inside her. He had no recollection of her doing this. He opened his eyes, and sure enough there staring into his, were the pale, pale blue eyes of his most darling of girls. She curled her hips slightly, sending a shockwave of pleasure through him. He didn't know she had cum many times in the last hour or two, but he was aware that she was incredibly moist. As they moved, she was slippery, movement frictionless.

It only took a few thrusts, and he knew he was going to cum in her. She clamped her muscles on his shaft, grinning at his pretend scowl. She did it a second time, and without warning, he came. It wasn't cataclysmic, but it was sensuous and loving and very, very enjoyable. Afterwards, they chatted quietly for a few minutes, discussing the day ahead, Jenny and Sophie's inductions and what they were going to do over the next few days. Slowly he softened inside her and gently he slid out of her.

As it was still only five o'clock, they quietly got out of bed, and went into the bathroom and poured a deep bath in the huge Jacuzzi tub, set into the marble floor. Sam shaved, watched closely by Sally. She was intrigued that he used a cutthroat razor, which he stropped on a piece of leather to sharpen it up. He explained it dated back to his army days, when they sometimes might be out on exercises for days or weeks and needed to be self sufficient. "Anyway, he joked, I killed two Afgan terrorists with this some time ago." She wasn't sure if he was telling the truth or spinning a yarn.

They sank into the warm water, and relaxed, letting the suds from the bubble mixture rise over them, as the pump of the Jacuzzi, set on 'low', soothed them. He leaned against the end of the bath, she lay on top of him, leaning back against his chest. His fingers interlocked over her rising breasts. He realised they had grown a lot in the months since he first saw her naked. They stayed enjoying each other's company, silently for perhaps an hour, adding more hot water to warm them up from time to time.

Sam heard movement next door. Sandy and Mandy came into the bathroom. They were obviously sleepy and surprised when they saw Sam and Sally in the tub. "Oh," said Sandy, "you two are up early. I just wanted to take a piss. Do you mind?"

"Not if I can watch," he said, as the two naked girls came in, cupping their pussies, as little girls do when they really need to go. The bathroom had twin lavatory pans, side by side, and the two sat, then parted their knees, before looking across to see if he had a clear line of sight, then each let go a steaming stream of yellow urine. Both of them went on and on. Sam was impressed with their bladder capacities, but he was transfixed, because he could see that instead of a line of piss heading straight downwards, each of them seemed to have it spraying everywhere, down both thighs and into their bottom cracks.

They stood, and instead of wiping themselves, they simply flushed the toilets and stepped into the Jacuzzi, one either side of Sam, Sally still being in his lap, with a new erection poking up between her thighs. Sam put his arms around them, and dropped his fingers down over their mounds, cupping their pudenda. Soon, he was diddling their clits, almost unconsciously, His cock now being wriggled yet again into Sally, as she manoeuvred herself over him, working him where she liked it most, nudging her deepest part. In the last two or three days, she had stolen some 'extra' fucks from Sam, which the other girls knew nothing about. She hoped she was about to do it again.

The four of them lay like that for, perhaps, half an hour, when Vicky and Vera came in together. They too were holding themselves, needing to go.

"If you want to go in here," said Mandy, "you have to let Daddy watch. We had to." Both girls turned to her voice, startled, not having realised anyone else was in the bathroom. Sam even noticed Vicky, was now hopping from one foot to the other, her bladder not liking the delay, dripped a little through her fingers. Sally felt the surge of his cock inside her. She knew what had caused it. She stored up all these snippets of information.

Just seconds after Vicky and Vera too had got into the Jacuzzi, Karen, Hannah, Amber and Sophie all trooped in, and all had to wait their turn to let Sam watch them piss. Moments later, all the others came in too, taking their turn. Sylvia brought up the rear, and smiled when she saw twelve little girls all crammed into the Jacuzzi. The water was now up to Sam's neck, level with the top of the bath, slopping over the edge, bubbles floating across the bathroom floor. Squeals of delight echoing around the room. She had brought in two long white boxes, which she held up meaningfully to Sam. He nodded, and gestured to Jenny and Sophie to stand in the middle of the bath, the others having to make room with their legs for them.

Suddenly, there was silence, and the two held hands, as the water and bubbles ran down their naked bodies. Sam noticed, as with all seven year olds, they always stood with their bellies out, their backs slightly curved, their bubble bums pushed out the other way just as far.

"Would you like to say your oaths now girls?" he asked. They both smiled and nodded vigorously.

"OK lean forward, let me clip on your necklaces first. Would you be darlings and move your feet as far apart as you can?"

Sylvia opened the first box, tipped the choker into her palm and handed it to Sam. Reaching round Sally's shoulders, he stretched and clipped it around Sophie's neck. As he did so, he could feel his cock push deeply into Sally. He felt a resistance, and then a popping sensation. She gasped, trying to hide the fact that he was fucking her during the induction of the two seven year olds, but she knew he had gone deep into her. Much further than before.

Sylvia passed him the second, which he clipped around Jenny's neck. The two girls stood up straight, as Sam placed a hand between each of their thighs, and pressed upwards against their pussies. He gently ran his middle finger back and forth along their clefts. He could feel that both of them were slightly swollen, their

vulvas both hot to the touch. He knew they were sore and trying bravely not to show it. He noticed Sylvia was filming the two girls, and what he was doing to them, no doubt for Ellie to enjoy later.

Sally couldn't believe the sensations she was feeling right now. Every time Sam moved, his cock pushed against her deep inside. Suddenly, she was cuming. There was nothing she could do to prevent it, not that she wanted to. She was climaxing in an amazing series of waves of pleasure washing over her. It was as much as she could do to not react, or jerk, or cry out. Deep inside, she started to clamp on Sam's cock.

At that moment, the inductees started to recite "As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace." Sally's orgasm, and her clamping onto his cock was the final straw. He exploded into Sally, his orgasm erupting, almost violently. He too was having a problem keeping a straight face, not calling out any 'ohgods' or acting in anyway unusal. All he could do was smile at the two, and put his arms around them, and cuddle one into each side, as his ejaculations continued to pulse into Sally's womb. Each time he throbbed, he could feel a tightness around the base of his crown. He must have penetrated her cervix. Impossible! Perhaps having such a thin but long cock did have some advantages.

For the next few minutes, everyone just sat around in the Jacuzzi, splashing and playing, blowing bubbles at each other and having fun. Sam reached around Sally, and took one of her boobs into each hand, and started to gently stimulate her little nipples, which were already hardened. Her breasts were now each about the size of half a lemon, and firm to the touch. Her areolæ were maturing, pushing forward. He loved puffies like hers. No one could see what he was doing, because they were submerged beneath the bubble covered water. She pressed her hands over his, increasing the pressure of him against her. He pulled one hand away, and slid it down her chest, over her tummy and into her slit, immediately finding her erect clit standing proud. He gently massaged it, feeling her body stiffen up, as she slid into another climax, clenching his now, wilting, cock again and again.

Jenny and Sophie were so happy. Finally, they had received their chokers, and were showing them off to all the other girls. One by one, they got out of the water and dried themselves. They were really excited, as they were off to Disneyland today.

In the end, it was just Sally left in the bath, still on Sam's lap. He was still playing with her clit, keeping her climax ticking over in a quiet way she just so loved. Her hands were pressed over his, trying to increase the pressure he was applying to her. Sylvia came in. and stepped into the water. There hadn't been enough room for her before.

"Did you two have a nice time just now?" she asked. "I don't think anyone else knew, but both of you take on a certain look when you cum, so I couldn't help noticing. Do you mind if I have a feel Sally?"

Sam's cock had, by now, slipped from the girl, so she just moved across, and sat on Sylvia's lap. And parted her knees. Sylvia ran her hand down, over the child's cleft and pressed her finger into Sally's very dilated vagina. Her finger slid further and further until she could reach no further, whereupon Sylvia started to wiggle her finger in the semen filled passage, bringing Sally back onto the boil, her climax again peaking. Sam climbed out of the bath, dried himself and left the two of them to it.

After he got dressed, Sam asked Sophie if she would like her picture taken, wearing her choker, so he could WhatsApp it to her mum in Prague. She grinned a toothy smile at him, nodding. They sat in a window seat, her on his lap, Sam cuddling her. Sally used his phone to take the photo, with the Place Vendôme and the monument clearly showing in the background. Sophie and Sam both still naked. The bottom of the photo ending just below her tummy button. Sophie was fingering the choker in the picture.

The text he sent with the photograph attached read: "We are having a wonderful time here in Paris. We hope you are too. Sophie wanted me to let you see her new necklace she is now wearing. You will be pleased to know we have videoed all the highlights of our holiday. We think you will really enjoy it." He signed it "Sam xx". Within a minute or two, there was a reply: "I can't wait to see the video. Give my love to my girls, please."

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CHAPTER 71
Disneyland Paris

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The Euro Disney complex is a vast sprawl, with two parks, some thirty miles east of Paris. The most popular way to get there is by train, on the Regional Express Network. However, Sam had decided sometimes keeping his group of girls together was like trying to herd cats, so he had asked the reception to book a shuttle bus, which was included in the ticket price anyway. All wearing their Club coloured casual wear, and, of course, now wearing their chokers. As they left the hotel, Sam noticed Sylvia stepping into a car. He waved when he saw Brigitte in the back. They both looked excited to be off doing girlie type shopping. He was mightily relieved he didn't have to join them. Shopping was definitely not his thing at all.

The girls were very excited, and chattered all the way to Disney. On arrival, they quickly entered the park. There were so many attractions, they were never going to do this in a day, he already knew, so tried to alternate the younger girls' rides with the older ones. But even so choosing was impossible.

Sam trusted his girls completely, and in the end, split them into two groups, led by himself accompanying the five youngest girls while all the ten and eleven year olds went with Sally. They agreed to meet up for lunch and went off in their various directions.

Lunchtime soon came round, and they chatted non stop about the time they'd had, recommending to each other rides to try. Soon they had eaten and were ready to head off again. Because Sam was now just with the youngsters, he obviously concentrated on the young rides. He came to Mad Hatter's Tea Cups, and because they were busy, the operator said they would need to share. Next in the queue was a Belgian woman with her two daughters. The mother, seeing he was escorting young girls, asked if he would mind looking after them on the ride, as she got motion sickness. Their names were Claudette, aged seven and Marcie, eleven.

Sam sat on the oposite side from the gap through which they entered. In the middle was a wheel for turning the 'cup and saucer' around. Sophie, Amber and the younger belgian girl Claudette sat one side of him, while Jenny, Sandy, Mandy and the older girl, Marcie the other. As the ride moved off, Marcie, who was sitting opposite Sam, next to the entry gap, smiled at him. She had a pretty round face, brown eyes and short cropped brown hair. She, like her sister, was wearing a knee length summer dress with yellow and blue disney characters printed on it. She had long white socks and pink sandles. The young girls were all taking turns on the wheel, spinning the cup around.

After a moment, Sam realised Marcie was sitting with her sandles on the seat edge, her knees up by her chest, her arms cradling her legs. From where he was sitting, he could just see through the two inch gap between her calves, where her thighs, hinted at treasure below. He just got a tiny glimps of her yellow panties, with little red hearts printed on them. Sam could fuck as many of his girls as often as he wanted, but he just loved illicit voyeaurism like this.

Glancing up, he saw she was looking intently at him. He blushed slightly, she'd caught him and they both knew it. For a moment, they stared at each other. Then she did the unexpected. She parted her knees for a second, for him to see her. Her panties were tightly formed to her shape, and he could easily see her cleft outlined by a deep camel toe, the crevices where her vulva met her thighs deeply highlighted. He was confused, and looked up at her face again, she gave him a half smile.

Then, Marcie really surprised him. She held up a hand, and rubbed her thumb and first two fingers together, followed by all five fingers held up. He instantly knew what she had signalled, and put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a grey five Euro note. She nodded and immediately parted her knees again. Sam now had an uninterupted view between the child's thighs. Her camel toe very pronounced. Her vulva was pushing out against the thin yellow material in such a sexy way, he could see her shape clearly. A darker patch over her vagina even indicated she was damp. The gusset of her panties was narrow. The leg hole elastic dipping into the edge of her vulva, either side of her pussy. The creases where her pudenda met her thighs open to his view, as she held her knees apart for him. Sam knew, from the position she was sitting in, no one outside the cup could see what she was doing. She sat like that for at least a minute, letting him feast his eyes on her, before pushing her knees together again. Sam thought the show was over.

Marcie wasn't finished though. Using her finger signals again, Sam didn't understand what she was signing. She then held up the fingers of both hands. Sam still wasn't quite sure what she'd suggested, but he had the pink ten Euro note out in a moment. What happened next amazed Sam.

Marcie moved her knees apart again, but then, she slid her hands down the underside of both her thighs. She hooked one hand into an elasticated panty leg hole and pulled her gusset right across, completely exposing her pussy from dimple to her bum. Sam was overwhelmed. Her slightly podgy vulva bulged out towards him. It was swollen and darkened with arousal. A little moisture showed at her vagina entry, highlighted by an indented area. She held that position for perhaps ten seconds, and then it got even better.

She placed her finger tips either side of her cleft, and slowly prised herself open. Her vagina peeled apart, her sticky moisture spanning her entry like large spider webs. He could see deep into Marcie's inside passage. He saw she had no hymen. She then started to clench her muscles, and as she did, her vagina opened and closed like a goldfish's mouth. This was one of the most sexy spontaneous events Sam had ever seen in his life. A minute later, the ride started to slow down, and came to a halt. The girl leaned over, and took the money from the seat, hidden under Sam's hand. She was about to turn away, when she smiled and suddenly held her hand up and wafted her fingers under his nose. The smell of little girl musk was unmistakable.

As the girl walked away, Sam was surprised yet again, when he saw Marcie hand the cash to the woman. They both looked over their shoulders at him and smiled. Clearly this was a well practised game they enjoyed playing.

The Journey home was quiet, as all of them were tired and several of the girls had fallen asleep. But they'd had a great day, and were looking forward to a return in three days time.

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CHAPTER 72
The Élysée Palace

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There was a surprise waiting for Sam when they arrived back at the hotel. A presidential vehicle was parked outside the door, and just inside the hotel entry, was a liveried driver waiting for him. He handed Sam an envelope with the crest of France in the top left corner. Inside was a hand written note from Monsieur Macron. It amounted to a command to pack a bag, come on his own, with the driver, to the palace, where he was to stay for the night, before the wedding in the morning. It was considered unseemly for the groom to see the bride before the wedding. Brigitte would join Sylvia and the girls for the evening. Arrangements had been made to collect the bride and her bridesmaids in the morning.

He spoke a few words to the driver and went to the reception to collect his room keys. There, they passed him a small package, in Cartier's wrapping. It would be the watch. Claude had clearly done wonders in getting it here in time. It was explained that Claude had delivered it earlier, and the bill could be settled at any time convenient. He was a little surprised, Cartier had delivered it without payment, as it was over €15k.

When he reached the room Sylvia and the girls were all grinning. Clearly they all knew something he didn't. There was an atmosphere of great excitement and expectation in the room. He shrugged. He needed to have a shower, get dressed and packed. Quickly he pulled out his small old hand bag, which had accompanied him all over the world, and filled it with his clothing for twenty four hours, wash bag, smart shoes and one or two other items. Then he pulled open his wardrobe, and took out his suit, hung a shirt and tie on the hanger and zipped them into a hanging bag for transportation.

Stripping off, he walked into the large bathroom, and went to the wet room shower area. It had four shower heads above, and six smaller ones set into the wall facing horizontally. He felt it was more like a car wash. Just as he finished soaping his hair up, he felt a presence beside him. He couldn't open his eyes because of the soap, but knew immediately who it was, as he felt his cock being grabbed and engulfed in a small mouth and then sucked hard. Coming rigid in moments, he wiped the soap from his face and glanced down. Sure enough, he saw Amber's long bright ginger red hair glistening in the water. At that very moment, she curved

her head forwards and taking a gulp, swallowed him all the way down her throat. This girl, just never gagged. She was amazing.

She pulled back. And swept forward again. As she pulled back the next time, she applied the strongest suck she could muster, and pressed her tongue hard under his crown to the sensitive part, right on his frænulum. This time, as she moved into him, she squeezed her mouth as tightly on to his crown as she could, squeezing it, massaging it, stimulating it. It was on the fourth push, that Sam came. He'd been pent up all day, with so many thousands of little girls running around the Disney park, flashing their long legs and panties and more. Marcie's little show, in the Mad Hatter's tea cups, didn't help either. Then when they went in the boats through the darkened tunnel, and he was able to finger Sandy and Mandy for a minute or two, he realised it would be hours before he got back to the hotel, and would just have to wait.

So it was, that in less than a minute, Amber had sucked him off, swallowed his cum and then calmly proceeded to grab the soap and wash his cock clean, so he wasn't late for the president.

Before he left for the night, Sam kissed every one of his girls. Each of them hugged him around the neck and wished him well for the following day. Before he left, he handed Sylvia the little box.

"This is my wedding present to you, my darling," he said. "Please open it now. You might like to wear it tomorrow."

She tugged the ribbon from the box, and unwrapping it she opened it. She gasped. The watch looked exquisite. The diamonds around the face glittered, but as she took it out, she immediately recognised the links of the band. They were a scaled down version of the chokers each of the girls wore. Engraved as theirs were. Hancocks had obviously made the band, and Cartiers had fixed it to the casement. How they'd managed it in the time, Sam couldn't imagine. She put it on and showed it to him, before kissing him. It was the first time her tongue had been in his mouth, and he found it remarkably arousing. All the girls crowded round to see the watch.

Before he left, he handed her a little velvet pouch, closed with a draw string, containing the ring she would put on him. "You'd better have this now," he said.

Sam arrived at The Élysée Palace, and was greeted by members of the president's staff, who took his bag and ushered him in to a reception room. There he was handed a glass of champagne and then introduced to one or two dignitaries by M. Macron, including the U.S. ambassador, Clement Beagle, and one or two diplomats from other countries. They had been visiting in preparation to next week's meeting of the G7. One key item to be discussed was the Middle East peace proposals. So, the ambassador had stayed on to meet Sam, before he returned to his residence.

"I understand we are in debt to you, young man," said Beagle, who'd had this posting partly because his grandparents were French and he spoke the tongue. He reminded Sam vaguely of the actor Richard Gere, if a little older. "You don't know just how delicate things are in these negotiations just now." Sam knew the Middle East people pretty well, and thought he had a fair idea. "If it hadn't been for your timely intervention, and one or two other items, I can safely say, man to man, we'd be in the crap." He smiled, and clapped Sam on the shoulder. "I understand it's your wedding day and birthday tomorrow," continued Beagle, Sam nodded. "Well, there wasn't a lot I could do at short notice, but I left a little token of my appreciation in your room. I hope it fits. Good luck soldier. You're going into combat tomorrow. One word from a long time married man, know when to surrender." He shook hands with Sam, and was still laughing as he left. Sam had a lot of respect for the man. He was himself a highly decorated veteran of the First Gulf War, having risen to the rank of a full Colonel. Inevitably, with that rank, and reputation for courage, he'd acquired the nickname: Eagle Beagle.

Then in a staged entry, the double doors at the far end of the room were thrown open, and in walked four members of his Delta Force platoon. They were still serving, now stationed in Germany, a little older perhaps, but fit looking. After much back clapping and hand shaking, they settled in to the general conversation. There would be time for them to catch up a little later. Certainly Sam felt quite emotional.

M. Macron came over and chatted to Sam for a while, before saying "I have a meeting to attend soon, and must leave you. First I will show you your room. You and your friends here," he waved his hand across the

line of men, looking uncomfortable in their civilian clothes, “will be wanting to, how you say ‘hit the town’, so have a good night. I will leave the front door on the latch.” Sam smiled dutifully at his little joke.

They walked up a wide ornate staircase, to the next floor, and Sam was shown into a large bedroom, which overlooked the wonderful gardens at the rear of the building. It was almost as large as his suite in the Ritz. What immediately caught his eye, though, was the blue dress uniform hanging in the corner. It was immaculate. Made of a finer quality material than he had owned before. The ambassador had pulled the stops out to obtain this, he realised. He looked at M. Macron, who nodded and smiled. He realised Sam was feeling understandably emotional. Sam ran his fingers over the Delta Force insignia of the dagger highlighted by a triangular lightening bolt, bringing back so many memories, good and bad. He slipped the jacket on in a well practiced manner, and buttoned it up, running his hands down his flanks, feeling the perfect fit.

On his arms were the stripes of a master sergeant, and lower the three long service stripes. On his chest though were the decorations he had won, service awards and badges. He looked at the back of the medals. Most were blank, but on the two Silver Stars, the Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor, was engraved the name: C.Beagle, and were dated 1990 and 1991; around the time Sam was born, he thought.

“The Ambassador told me you can keep the uniform, but could you let me have the medals to return to him,” said Macron, “after you’ve finished with them tomorrow. He told me, ‘It’s a damn fine honour to see them worn again by one so deserving’, I think those were his words. Well, I’d better let you boys get off for your evening out. Don’t be too late. My driver will take you where you want to go. Ce soir, le monde est votre huître. The world is your oyster, no? Have a good time.”

The night passed in a blur. They were taken, at the drivers suggestion, to a little back street bar, off the tourist maps, where the drinks were cold, the company warm and the ambience welcoming. It turned out, knowing they were all military, the driver went there because it was where many French soldiers visit on leave. Sam was really surprised to see Pierre there. He had liked his company at Versailles. The driver and Pierre, working together on the president’s staff were friends. And Pierre had said he would join them there.

Next, they moved on to the Moulin Rouge. The driver had originally thought of going to the Folies Bergère, but knew they were closed for alterations this week. Built on the side of the hill leading to Montmartre, with the windmill sticking out of it’s roof, It looked at the same time both ridiculous and amazing. Home of the Can-Can and, over a century ago, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. Obviously now geared for tourists, they were provided a superb four course meal with excellent wine, interspersed by the famous caberet. Sam’s companions were extremely excited by the bare bums and boobs on display intermittently, but there was no doubting the professionalism of the costumes, singing, choreography and shear razzle-dazzle of the performance. They had a great night.

Afterwards, their driver took them around the corner to another bar he knew in Clichy. They struggled to get seats, but ended propping up the bar, relating stories from the past and reminiscing about absent friends. It was one o’clock in the morning, before Sam got to bed. He wasn’t worried, he needed little sleep anyway, and lay for a long time thinking back over his life. Like everyone, it had it’s ups and downs. His early years, his army life and then the injuries, the pain, the wheelchair and the long time in recovery, the job at the school and finally The Club and his wonderful girls. On balance, he felt he’d had a good life, but then life’s what you make it.

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CHAPTER 73
The Wedding.

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Dawn found Sam awake. He lay looking up at the ornate ceiling for some time wishing he’d got some of The Club girls with him right now. He grinned to himself. “Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me”. He was twenty nine years old today. He felt great. He got up, found some paper and a pen, and sat at an elegant table near the window. Thinking for a while, he started to write. Making a speech was one thing, but when being watched by many people, and perhaps the world’s media, it was perhaps prudent to jot down a few notes. Later he was glad of this foresight.

Breakfast was served in his room. His four army companions arrived and joined him. They were now all in their dress uniforms, ready. Sam hadn't got a best man. The only ones he would have naturally asked, were now dead. These four were probably the nearest he would consider to friends of long standing. Certainly he would trust them with his life, as he had already done. So he asked if they would all act as Best Man. They were honoured and immediately started discussing who would say what. Sam, on hearing some of the less seemly stories being suggested for public airing, decided to exit and have a look around the building.

Sam had fought many battles, he'd killed even more enemies. He was courageous and resourceful, but nothing had prepared him for the pre-wedding nerves he now suffered, Col. Beagle's words of going into combat, etching in his mind. His mouth was dry, he was listless. This was new territory for him. Lots of self doubt washed over him.

At the appointed time, he walked down the staircase and into the Hall of Honour (Vestibule d'Honneur), where so much history had been conducted over the centuries. Afterwards, the reception was to be held in the Hall of Festivities (Salle des Fêtes).

He fidgeted nervously in his seat, his companions joking about 'the enemy approaching' and 'time to do battle'. Looking around the room however, he was really surprised to see how many people were here. Ambassador Beagle was here, with his wife and other embassy staff. They acknowledged each other. Sam placed his gloved hand over the medals, and nodded slightly.

Further back, he recognised a couple of politicians from home. They were over for the G7 meeting, but had taken the trouble to be here. He really appreciated that. Also, he noticed all the scarlet uniforms of the Virgin Atlantic crew members from the flight. Janine gave him a little wave and a smile when their eyes met. Sitting with them was the bearded figure of Sir Richard Branson, who despite his habitual scruffy appearance, looked dignified. At the back, were a line of people, with cameras and tripods, the world's media. They still saw a story in the hijacking, and his part in it. He'd avoided the news channels over the past couple of days.

What flabbergasted Sam, however, was when he saw across the aisle, several rows from the front, Celine Prentice, Marjorie and half a dozen of the teachers from school. They were all grinning at him and waving to him. Sitting with them was the woman who he recognised, from photographs, to be Syvlia's mother. Next to her were a number of people he didn't recognise, who he presumed were her relatives.

Suddenly, a curtain was drawn open at the far side of the hall, revealing a full sized concert piano. At the same moment, Sally entered the hall through a doorway, and sat down at the piano stool. She was wearing an exquisite white dress in satin silk, which Sam had never seen before. It showed her beautiful hour glass figure to perfection. Beneath her dress, she was wearing white pantyhose and white slippers, similar in appearance to ballet shoes.

A sudden hush fell on the hall. Sally, taking her queue from an unseen hand at the back brought her hands to the keyboard and the most wonderful music emerged. It was The O'Neill Brothers arrangement of Richard Wagner's composition, commonly known as, 'Here comes the bride'. The introduction was so complex, Sam didn't recognise it for nearly ten seconds.

Sam and his 'best men', all in their dress uniforms, turned and stood, all to attention. He couldn't believe his eyes. The most lovely sight. Processing slowly down the centre of the long hall, Sylvia in a gorgeous full length white dress. It had a plunging neckline showing cleavage between her perfect breasts. Breasts he'd never fondled or caressed. In that cleavage, he noticed the largest blue sapphire he'd ever seen, tear shaped, shimmering. It was suspended from a silver necklace studded with diamonds and sapphires. He guessed it was a family heirloom. It was something old, something borrowed and something blue, everything else she wore was new. Her narrow waist was emphasised by a wide satin band, like a belt. Sam could make out lettering on it in a stitch only very slightly darker than the dress. It read 'Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus.' On her wrist was her new watch, which glittered in the light from the TV cameras at the back.

At Sylvia's side, arm in arm, was a gentleman Sam didn't recognise, but he assumed, as it turned out correctly, was her father.

Looking beyond them, though, Sam was amazed again. For there in two lines of ten, plus a single one, was every single member of The Choices Club. All wearing identical dresses to the one which Sally was wearing.

At the front was Jasmine, her little black face highlighted by her white dress, beaming at Sam. Behind her, starting with the youngest and shortest, were the four seven year olds, followed by the eight year olds and so on. Each was carrying a small bouquet of flowers. All of them were grinning from ear to ear, at Sam.

They all knew Sam was marrying Sylvia today, but at the same time, in a symbolic way, they understood, he was marrying himself to The Club, his induction. As they reached the front, the Mayor of Paris awaited them. The girls and Sylvia's father sat in the first two rows in the left hand seats, while Sylvia stood alongside Sam, and held his hand. The Mayor commenced the ceremony. French wedding ceremonies are simple secular affairs. Many people subsequently have a religious wedding or blessing, but most do not.

After the introduction, Sally struck up the opening movement of Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. She was accompanied by two violinists and a cello. In addition a small choir harmonised with them, not singing words, but humming, creating a heavenly sound.

The Mayor then went into the formal wedding itself, the vows were made, and rings exchanged. Afterwards, the music again struck up, to the tune of Arms by Christine Perri. This time the Club girls stood and joined the choir in singing the chorus. It was highly emotive. There wasn't a dry eye in the building.

Finally, after the Mayor had finished the ceremony and the register had been signed, Sally again commenced the opening lines to the Mendelssohn wedding march, accompanied by the violins, chello and choir. The TV producers loved it. A happy ever after ending to their hijack news story.

After the ceremony, during the reception, Sam and Sylvia circulated. He met Sylvia's parents and realised that although they were divorced now, they were very amicable towards each other. Sir Charles Ponsonby-Smyth had now returned to the family home in Buckinghamshire, England, set in well over 1,000 acres of rolling countryside which the family had owned for over four hundred years. He kept referring to his daughter as Hon-Syl.

"I'm sorry sir," asked Sam, but what is this Hon-Syl?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, old boy," replied Charles amicably, "family joke dating back to when she was a baby. You see, I'm the eleventh Baron, Charles Ponsonby-Smyth, so that makes her The Honourable Sylvia Ponsonby-Smyth. Didn't she tell you? Anyway when she was tiny, her brother coined the term Hon-Syl, and I suppose it's stuck ever since. Sorry we haven't met before, old chap, but my father didn't approve of my marriage, and after the divorce, I returned to the fold in England. My father died a year later, and I inherited the family pile, you might say. I understand you're coming to London next week. Do pop in will you? Get Hon-Syl to call me. We'll fix a date. It's only forty minutes by train from Marlylebone Station. Well I mustn't monopolise a chap on his wedding day. Good luck, with my track record of three marriages, you'll need it."

Sylvia caught Sam's eye, and wandered over. "I see you got caught by Dad. Bit of an old charmer isn't he?"

"The Hon-Syl?" he asked.

She coloured up, "Oh yes," said Sylvia, "that. Oh, I must go and have a word with Mrs. Prentice and thank her for coming." She was gone, he smiled at her back.

Sally came over, carrying her bouquet in one hand, and a sandwich in the other. "Hello, Daddy. Congratulations by-the-way."

"Sally, when on earth did you practice that wonderful music?" he asked.

"Ah," she said, "after you left to come here last night, the choir and the musicians were waiting for me in the Ritz's music room. They let us have the use of it for the evening. Did it go ok, do you think?" She took a bite of her sandwich.

"Sally," he said meaningfully, "I have never heard such beautiful music. It was exquisite, wonderful." He looked around the room, and seeing all the new Choice girls around, prompted him. "How did the new girls manage to be here? I mean, passports, visa, flight tickets, how?"

“I think Mme. Macron can help you there, Daddy,” she said, “or her husband. I think they made some calls. We knew about it yesterday morning, but weren’t allowed to say anything to you. They knew you were disappointed in not having them all with you for your birthday, and thought it was a way of giving you a present, which no one else could.”

“So where are their mothers?” he asked. “Did they still go to Florida?”

“No,” she replied, ”they fixed it for them to all go to Prague as well. I think Sir Richard was involved, he supplied a special plane. It flew here first, then on to Prague with the new girls’ mothers. Mrs. Prentice and her administrator, Marjorie organised it all. They’re over there. By the way, I organised a little birthday present for you myself, Daddy.”

“What’s that, darling?” he asked intrigued.

“Call it a treasure hunt,” she smiled, coquettishly. ”None of the Club girls are wearing anything underneath their dresses. It’s up to you to find the treasure, when you can.”

“But,” he said, frowning, puzzled, “they’re all wearing pantyhose.”

“No we’re not,” she grinned. “We’re all wearing stockings and suspenders, no panties.” She skipped away, leaving him with an uncomfortable bulge in his groin.

Sam walked across, where he found Sir Richard Branson talking with M. Macron, Clement Beagle, together with Celine and Marjorie and one or two others. They smiled as he approached.

“I understand thanks are in order to all of you for my wonderful birthday surprise. All my Club girls here together.” He shook hands with Macron, Beagle and Branson, and kissed Celine on her cheek, but she, as usual, turned so they kissed lips to lips. “I know a lot of work must have gone into it all, new passports, visas, flights,” he glanced and nodded to Branson, “organising their mothers etc. No, thank you very much. I can’t say how much it is appreciated.”

They talked for a few minutes, before they were called in to the meal. Several of the girls, like Sally, had already raided some of the food. No one minded. This was as informal a party as this room had seen in a hundred years. Everyone there was relaxed and having a simply wonderful time. Perhaps it was due in some part to the twenty two bridesmaids who were playing games with each other, and talking to the great and good as if members of their own family.

The time for speeches came around, and Sylvia’s father, Charles stood and made an eloquent but short speech ending with the toast to the bride and groom. Next came Sam, who was thankful for his notes prepared earlier, but adding appreciation to those who had gone to so much trouble in arranging the wedding, flying in the new Club girls, acquiring all their dresses, naming those who had made it happen. He ended with proposing a toast to the bridesmaids. A funny thought shot through his mind, as often happened with him at times like this. Of the twenty two bridesmaids, only four were actually maids. He’d fucked the rest!

The best man’s, or men’s speech turned into a riot of laughter, mostly at Sam’s expense. They related many tales of bawdy nights in barracks mostly involving alcohol, establishments of ill repute, or the Delta men obtaining equipment and supplies from the Navy Seals stores when they weren’t looking. They even got a demand for an encore, so much hilarity did they generate.

Their performance ended cleverly with: “Then there was the time we were on leave in Cairo”. Sam knew what was coming and was colouring up in abject embarrassment. They couldn’t tell that story, they just couldn’t, not here. They continued: “He had this great big fat Egyptian…… but perhaps this is a story for another day”. Each doing a little bow, they ended to deafening applause. Tears of laughter streaming down everyone’s faces.

Next, Emmanuel Macron stood, while the applause following the best men was still dying down. He looked like he was enjoying today immensely.

“Mesdames et messieurs, it gives me very great pleasure to be standing here with you today,” he revealed with a great smile on his face. “A few days ago, my darling wife was nearly killed, while on official business. As you all know, our groom saved her life, and the lives of all on the plane. I do not need to go over the details of that night, but I would say over one hundred passengers on board were citizens of my country. It gives me great pleasure therefore to ask Monsieur Sam to step forward, for I have been authorised by my government to award to him the Ordre National de la Légion d'honneur – The Legion of honour.”

Sam stepped forward, and stood to attention, before bending forward, to allow Macron to loop the red ribbon around his neck. The president dutifully kissed him on both cheeks in the Gallic style, and finally shook his hand.

“Never have I been more pleased to award this medal to any recipient, Monsieur,” he said. “Truly I am grateful to you.” The president had a tear in one eye, as he clapped Sam on the shoulder, before he walked back to his seat.

The last speech was unexpected, as the ambassador stood with a glass in his hand. “Ladies and gentlemen,” he said. “It too gives me great pleasure to be here today. In my life, I have made a thousand speeches, but I can truly say it is rare that I can say I looked forward to it as I do this one.” He paused, and glanced around the room. “You can imagine my feelings, when I was called in the middle of the night, to be informed of the hijacking of one of Sir Richards aircraft, carrying over 300 souls aboard, 125 of them American citizens, heading for Paris. You can also imagine my feelings when a short while later I was advised of Sam’s actions and how he saved those 300 souls.” He went on to expand his praise for Sam’s exploits, before Joking, looking pointedly at the four best men, sitting smartly in their uniforms, all grinning “I’m not sure I would be saying what I am about to announce had I known what Sam and his four companions got up to off duty.” Laughter echoed around the hall.

“Well, I have been instructed by the president to extend an invitation to Sam, his lovely wife, Sylvia, and all the members of his charitable foundation, The Choices Club, to come to the White House, at a date to be arranged, where he will be given two awards. Firstly as Sam was a civilian when this hijacking took place, he will be granted the highest civilian honour of The Presidential Medal of Freedom.” Huge applause shook the room, and little girlie squeals of delight. The ambassador held his hand up.

“That’s not all”, he continued. “It was felt by the President, and many senior people in the Congress, that the Medal of Honor would have been appropriate, which can only be granted to the serving military. But it has been pointed out, however, that Sam’s amazing bravery in saving several lives, in Afghanistan, when he himself was almost killed by an I.E.D., was never recognised at the time, because the senior officer present, Captain Steve Bandon, was himself almost killed and saved by Sam’s quick actions.” He looked up, “I am delighted that Captain Bandon’s two daughters, Emily and Jenny are here with us today. Anyway, as I was saying, he will therefore be retrospectively awarded the Medal of Honor.”

The ambassador was swamped in the loud applause and cheering. Finally, he raised his glass, and when the noise abated, he proposed the toast: “To our modest friend Sam, and to the success of The Choices Club.” The toast was echoed around the room, before the loud applause was taken up again, reinforced by loud, high pitched squeals of little girl delight.

The cake was cut using a long sword handed to him by President Macron. “This sword belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte. I thought using it today added a touch of flare, No?”

Afterwards, Sylvia moved around the table, and spent several minutes sitting beside as many of the guests as she could. Sam did the same, moving the opposite direction. After speaking to Sir Charles, and his ex wife for a few minutes, he moved on to speak to a quiet gentleman in a grey suit, who he did not know, but introduced himself as the director of the Paris Conservatoire. They had supplied the musicians and choir accompanying Sally.

“Monsieur Sam,” he said, “congratulations on your awards.” He bowed. “However, I wish to make a little award myself. Your young lady, her name is Sally.” Sam nodded confirmation. “I think her very talented, Monsieur. I have been in music many decades, and rarely have I seen such talent. I have spoken to Madame Brigitte, and we have agreed, when she leaves school, if you also permit, she will come to the Conservatoire as a student here. Mme. Brigitte has agreed to sponsor her. She will attend the Sorbonne

University, but spend much time with us also." Sam discussed it with him for a few minutes, before thanking him and moving on.

He found a spare seat, between Suzy and Becky. They both immediately gave him a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek. Speaking in a low tone, he said, "Hi girls, have you missed me since we had a nice fuck?" They both giggled at his naughty words and nodded. "It's really nice to see you, I've missed you all. I understand Sally has organised a treasure hunt, is that right?" Again they nodded and giggled. "Am I allowed to try and find it now?" They giggled and nodded again.

Sam pulled the table cloth over his knees. The two girls cottoned on, and did likewise. He placed his hands on each of their knees, and tried to find a way in under their dresses. The two ten year olds came to his rescue, though, when they guided his hands to what appeared a little like a pocket, at the side of their thighs but in fact was a clever opening, to allow the wearer to adjust their clothing without having to lift the hem all the way up.

Inside, he found his hands resting on their warm, silk covered thighs. He ran his hand up and down their legs a few inches, and soon found the stocking tops, where the clips of the suspenders were. Running his fingers further up their thighs, over their naked skin, he felt them moving their other legs across, opening up to his exploration. Just at the moment his fingers pushed against each of their podgy vulvas, and he felt the damp gap leading to his heavenly treasure, his name was called from behind.

It was Marjorie. "Hi Sam, I thought I would just pop over and congratulate you." She patted him on the shoulder. "Let me shake your hand Sam. Well done."

At that moment, both Sam's hands were otherwise occupied.

"Marje," he said with a glint in his eye, looking over his shoulder, "It's my day, give me a kiss." She was completely taken by surprise, leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. "Oh come on Marje, you can do better than that." At which point, she coloured up and looking furtively left and right, to make sure Sylvia didn't see her, she kissed him on the lips, and scuttled away as if she was a naughty girl caught stealing the cup cakes. But it did give Sam the chance to push his fingers deep into the two girls' pussies, which were wet to the touch, and received him willingly.

A minute or two later, he was walking across the room to get another drink, when he came across Sylvia. He pretended to hold her cheeks, to kiss her, while he actually wafted his fingers, still damp from little girl arousal, under her nose, as he said "Guess who?"

She sniffed and smiled and said "Vintage of a ten year old I'd say, how about Suzy and Becky?"

"How could you possibly know that?" he asked incredulously.

"Simple," she said, "Sally told me you'd beaten me to the first prize in the treasure hunt, and who's treasure you'd claimed!"

"Huh, cheat," he stomped off in imitation protest. She grinned at his back.

Soon, he was circulating around the room again, and had spoken to most of the people there. He came across Celine Prentice, who by now had drunk several glasses of champagne. They greeted each other in a friendly and cordial way.

"Well, Sam you've certainly put your mark on the world, I must say," she said. "You wouldn't believe how many people have called the office to ask if their daughters could join our school. That's a first. We had to switch on the answering machine. Anyway, well done. I really mean it."

"Thanks Celine, and thank you for taking the trouble and expense to come over."

"No trouble Sam, I was due a proper holiday anyway," she answered. "And no expense, well, major expense anyway. I had a call from the State Governor's office. They told me to get my butt over here, they'd pay the bill for three nights in the Ritz. The State Department are funding this. It makes good TV, with the elections

coming up next year. Sir Richard arranged the flights. We're here for the three nights, then we're going to Lake Garda for a few days and Venice, and flying home from there."

"Thanks for covering for me, Sam," she said in a low voice. "You know what I'm talking about. I know at the time I wasn't very gracious, but I mean it, I really owe you. If there's anything I can do, anytime Sam, just say the word."

Sam wasn't about to inform Celine that her pedo/lesi inclination was as nothing to his little setup with The Club. He was never going to report her, but keeping her on the long finger suited him.

"Forget it, Celine, you and I understand each other, and know when to turn a blind eye I think, Don't you?" he said meaningfully. She nodded. "Hey," he exclaimed, "did you say you're staying at the Ritz? The State Department are looking after you. What room number are you, in case I need to call you?"

"Oh number 192," she replied, "I got lucky, I've a room on my own, the other teachers have had to double up. I think it suited Sue Evans and Halley Watson, but less so, the others." Sam remembered how Sue had been taken to hospital, with the poison ivy allergic reaction, that first day on the camp, and how Halley had reacted. It was obvious they were an item. Sam made a mental note of Celine's room number. He had an idea in mind.

Moving on, Sam noticed the girls were running around the halls and corridors. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, playing a game of hide and seek, or some such. Whatever, they were having the time of their lives. Sam came across Brigitte and Emmanuel macron. They were speaking to the ambassador, and welcomed him into their conversation. He was able to thank them personally for everything they had done for him and Sylvia. He apologised for the girls letting off steam and running riot around the palace, their high pitched squeals echoing along the ancient corridors.

"Think nothing of it," said Macron. "It is delightful to hear the music of young childrens' voices in this living museum. Now while you're here, we wanted to ask you your opinion on something." Macron went into details of the Middle East agreement that was being drafted up for putting to the G7 the following week.

"Well," said Sam, "I'm no diplomat, and no politician either, but I see things plainly. In my opinion, everyone the world over wants just one thing; to live in peace and quiet and raise their kids. They want to live long and die happy. They might vary culturally, but essentially they all want the same, right?" They nodded.

"Then you've got the factions, vested interests, power grabbers. In short, the shit stirrers at the top, who use any means to get support behind their ambitions. These days, in particular, they use religion to warp weak minds to do their bidding. Like Islamist groups misappropriating Islam to drive organisations like the Taliban, or Hezbollah, or ISIS, or Al-Qæda, or Boko Haram, or even my friends The Brothers of Islam, and any of the other bunch of crazies. I had a friend, Steve Bandon, he was my C.O. in Afghanistan. You probably heard Colonel Beagle mention him earlier. After he joined the D.E.A., he said 'Always follow the money', and you know he was right. In my view, you have two ways of solving this Middle East crap. One, give ordinary people what they want, peace and quiet, but that's a pipe dream, because the shit stirrers are always there, waiting. Two, as Steve always said, you follow the money. Terrorism, these days is state sponsored, has to be. Follow the money, it will lead you straight to the likes of Iran, to a lesser extent Saudi, or in the past rogue states such as Libya and Iraq. Then you have the likes of Putin in Russia, and Kim in North Korea. Their client states and terrorist groups doing their bidding. Now how you change a regime, that's above my pay grade, but that's the key. Follow the money, then put the squeeze on them. Either that, or make life so intolerable for them through sanctions, that in the end they tow the line. The trouble is the poor people suffer more than the guilty. Sorry," he said feeling embarrassed now, "I'm lecturing you, and you guys are the experts."

"No, Sam," said Macron, "that's not so. You've seen all those groups you mentioned at work. You know how they think, how they operate. The other night is an example. It was a thousand to one chance you were there. You spoke the language, you had experience, you had the skill, and dealt with it. Your opinion is valuable. When I come over to the States, I would like us to meet. I think we have much to discuss. Sylvia is friends now with Brigitte. We must meet again. I want to hear what you have to say, but perhaps today is your day, and not for saving the world."

Sam liked Macron and his wife. They were focused on making the world better. He hoped his domestic politics wouldn't drag him down, as it did most politicians, in the end.

Sam needed to take a leak, and wandered down the corridor. Earlier, Pierre had shown him a private bathroom, which had been made available to him, as the public facilities were at the other end of the building. This room had a hidden door, opened by a clever little catch. As he walked down the corridor, racing the other way were the three nine year old, new Club members, Lucy, Alice and Sarah. They stopped when they saw him, all puffing and panting.

"Hi girls," he said, "having a good time? Looks like you're having fun. What are you playing?"

"Hi Daddy," said Alice, through heavy breaths, "nothing really, we just invented a game to see who could touch the most door handles in the palace. Mme. Brigitte said there were 365 rooms here. We're up to 320 now. There aren't any here, so we were running to find more."

"Oh, but there are," said Sam, mischievously, "well one anyway. You're standing right next to it, in fact." They looked blankly at the wall, puzzling.

"I was just going into that room," he continued, pointing at the wall." Want to come and have a look?" He clicked the secret catch, and smiled as they gasped when the panel swung open.

The girls followed him in, mesmerised by the interior. There was a carpeted anti-room, with a table about five foot long, two armchairs, and a couple of sinks, behind which was a mirror the full length of the wall. Sam walked over to the urinal, fished his cock out and pissed a long needed stream into it, being watched by the three interested girls, who'd never seen a man urinate before.

"Better than the can at school, hey girls?" They giggled at his understatement. "Anyone fancy making out for a while?"

"We thought you'd never ask, Daddy," said Sarah. "Mrs. P., said we mustn't pester you today. She said as it's your birthday you can do as you please." He smiled to himself at the term 'Mrs. P.'

"Oh, ok," he mused, pretending to think it over, "who'd like a fuck?"

They all looked very excited. It had been over a week since he'd fucked them last, and they were really missing him, especially Sarah, who despite trying everything she could to wait until she saw Sam again, had started to masturbate once more, although she'd now got Lucy to help her.

"Ok," said Sam, "you slip out of your dresses, while I bolt this door." There was an immediate flurry of action as the beautiful dresses were slipped off, and carefully laid out over the armchairs. The three were now standing naked from the waist up, and wearing only their white slippers, suspender belts and stockings below. They went to take them off when Sam stopped them. He wanted them just the way they were

They stood in a line, giggling and elbowing each other. "Who wants to go first?" he asked. They looked at each other, shrugging. "Ok here's the deal. The first," he continued, "can have me until they cum. Then the next can have me until they cum twice, and the third can have me until I cum. Deal?"

None of them knew what to do. They all wanted to be first, second and third. It was too hard to decide.

Sam put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out three coins, and handed them one each.

"Ok, spin the coin," he said, "catch it and place it on the table, with your hand over it." They did as he said. "Whoever has the odd coin goes first. Take your hands away." Lucy and Sarah had heads, Alice, tails. "Ok, Alice is first. Now, all of you do it again." They all flipped the coins, and Alice was again the odd one, so they flipped a third time. Lucy had the odd one now. "Good, Lucy goes second, so Sarah gets me to cum in her. Right, we can't be here too long, so when I fuck you, I want you to bend over the centre of the table, and I will take you from behind. The other two can lie on the table top, and spread their knees, and I will play with you and try and work you up for when it's your turn."

Quickly, Alice bent over the table, looking over her shoulder, as Sam struggled with getting his uniform trousers and jacket off. He dropped his boxers to the floor, now really needing relief, pre-cum pouring from his cock. He couldn't take too long. His absence would be noticed anyway, but a prolonged absence would be questioned.

He pushed his tip to Alice's chubby, but fabulously beautiful pussy. Why her pudendum had always looked so attractive to him, compared to all the others, he didn't know. Using his thumbs, he pried her vulva apart gently, her labia spreading little strings of translucent fluid stretched across her opening, betrayed the girl's arousal, as he pressed his cock to her entry.

He applied gentle pressure, and felt her vagina gripping his foreskin, pulling it back, as he penetrated her tight tunnel. He paused, allowing her to adjust, but feeling her push back at him was all the signal he needed to press forward. She was wet inside, he was also pouring pre-cum, it was so slick, so lubricated, he just slid into her in one, long, slow, sensuous journey into her glorious, nine year old, interior.

Now his hands were free, he placed them on the mounds of Sarah and Lucy, and ran his fingers down through their plump, but deep, clefts, over their clitties and into their vaginas. There he found the wonderful damp slick feel of their arousal, coating his fingers. He pulled back out, and ran his fingers over their clits again, encouraging them to swell to his touch. For the next several minutes, while he fucked Alice, he worked up the two, waiting their turn.

Alice started to wiggle her bum against him, indicating her impatience. He had had his mind on other things, and she wanted his full attention. He obliged, by pulling back half way and pushed into her, pressing against her end, feeling it's rubbery resistance against him. He pulled further back this time and slammed harder into her. The third time, he almost came out of her, before reversing, and slapped his thighs against her bum cheeks, as be pushed hard into her. A rhythm now emerged.

Alice started to cum. She was desperate he didn't stop now. She wanted her turn to last. So she pretended nothing was happening. But Sam knew different. Sarah and Lucy might have been fooled, now climaxing themselves on his finger tips, but he could feel her clenching on his crown. Such a wonderful, exquisite, sensuous, squeezing. He looked down, and saw how her plump vulva bulged out beneath her rosebud, each time he pressed into her beautiful pudenda, framed by the white suspender belt and silky white stockings.

Sam now wanted to bring this to a head, so upped his game, and started to slam into the nine year old hard. He hoped the slapping sounds couldn't be heard outside in the corridor.

Finally, Alice's orgasm reached such a peak, she couldn't disguise it any longer, and called out in her bliss. "nnnnnnnggggghhhhh, ooohhhh, ffffuuuuuccccccckkkkk mmmmeeeeee Daaadddddddyyyyyyy, ooohhhh yyeeeessss."

Sam slowed to a halt, feeling her pulses throbbing on his cock gradually slow, diminish and finally stop. He gave her a moment to collect herself, before pulling out of her gently. She lay in a post orgasmic malaise, mumbling something to herself which the others didn't make out, followed by "Oh fuck, that was good. Fuck, but did I need that……" She was sated.

Lucy was quick to move her friend sideways, taking her place at the centre of the table. She bent over the edge, just as Alice had done, with her feet far apart, swept her incredibly long blond hair out of the way, placed her hands around her thighs, her finger tips just touching her vulva, and pulled herself open. Sam could immediately see the difference in her vagina. The last time he'd seen her, it was obvious she had been used and abused, by Jake and his gang, and her pussy showed all the signs. Now, however, apart from the copious quanities of her little girl arousal flowing from her, she didn't look inflamed and bruised, nor did her vagina appear permanently dilated, as it had before.

Sam pressed his sticky cock to her entry, and pushed in gently. He immediately realised she was going to be tight. A lot tighter than last time. He was pleased for her, she had recovered. Besides, he preferred them tight. He was also pleased she was aroused. It indicated she was as keen on getting fucked as her friends and he was. Certainly her movements of pressing back against him indicated it. As he pressed, her engorged vulva bulged out, turning from dark pink to almost white, then he eased and pressed again.

Without warning, he popped into her entry, the tight ring of muscle clamping round his crown. He paused, and felt the pressure on him ease almost immediately, and pressed in, sliding into the child in one long slow, exquisite movement, ending as he bumped her cervix, causing her to grunt. Again he paused, and slowly pulled back, almost coming out of her and thrust back in. As he repeated his movement, he speeded up. Her pussy felt so much tighter on him, so much nicer, he hoped he wouldn't cum, because he was worried he might.

Again while he fucked Lucy, he fingered Sarah and Alice as he'd done before. Sarah, in particular was cuming constantly, and she was looking forward to her turn. Since last week, she'd tried to stop masturbating, but after she'd heard about the hijack, she couldn't hold back any longer and had gone to Lucy for help. Lucy had completely understood and gone to the secret cupboard in the Clubrooms, and found a battery vibrator, and they'd spent an hour experimenting together. Dolly had helped them select a suitable one and advised on technique. Sarah didn't need to masturbate again after that, but during the flight, on her way here, she started to feel the demands her body made on her, and it had nearly driven her crazy. And now, he was bringing her off with his fingers, and would soon be fucking her. Not a moment too soon.

In and out, in and out. After about a minute, he felt Lucy starting to clamp down on him, her climax pulsing on him, firmly, sensuously. He was amazed how quickly she'd cum, but then he didn't know how horny she and all the new girls had been feeling for the past few days. He had to think about his recent conversation with Macron about international terrorism, to stop himself cuming.

Lucy, like Alice, had tried to hide her orgasm from him, but when he said, "Is this a nice one Lucy?", she burst into grunts and deep gasps, and her clamping on him increased tenfold. She tried to make her orgasm last, though. She was allowed two, so she strung the first out as long as she could. She calmed down and settled after a short while. Sam continued pumping into her though, and enjoyed pushing his fingers into the other girls. To him it was the best way to pedo fuck. He had his cock six inches in one nine year old, and his middle fingers in two more. What more could a guy want?

Sam upped his pace again, and after a few seconds, Lucy started to buck her hips, and her breathing became ragged, and when she clamped on him again, he knew her second climax had arrived. She grunted and moaned, and clamped and bucked and finally lay still, her pulses on his cock diminishing slowly as she calmed, her breathing still an athlete's pant.

After she had settled down, Sam pulled gently out of Lucy and the girls shuffled round, to let Sarah get to the centre. She asked if he minded her lying on her back, while he fucked her. She preferred it that way. Sam was really aroused by now, and as long as he got his cock in one of her holes, she could lie any way she liked. He didn't give a shit..

The main difference Sam noticed, as he shoved his cock into Sarah's cunt, was that she was dilated, wet, aroused and had obviously been cuming for the last ten minutes or so, because she came again before he was even half way into her. He understood her masturbation had been addictive, and he knew she had tried to stop doing it, but he also knew she was a sex addict and was going to need gratification very regularly. He would need to talk to Sylvia and Sally about it. They were going to have to work out something with one or more of the other girls. He never saw Club girls' intimacy as lesbianism. He saw it more as therapy, like a family looking after each other, as they should. Certainly he never saw it as dirty, only as loving.

Sarah's orgasm continued and continued. She was bucking under him, thrusting at his groin, trying to get him in deeper. Her vagina was almost strangling his cock, so hard was it clamping. She wasn't going to stop, it was down to him. He was slamming into her, his thighs smacking hers, as his balls swung into her bum crack. He'd held back long enough, and when he let go, he felt the tingling in his balls, scrotum and underside of his shaft, before he exploded into her, again and again, pulse after pulse. spurt after spurt. The bliss that overcame him just heavenly. God he loved fucking his little girls.

His climax just washed so much pleasure through him. Like a cascade of delectation and indulgence. He didn't know how long it went on for, but in the end it was finished, even his mini pulses having carried on for minutes were just dry heaves now. He slowly pulled out, and as he did, there was a sucking noise, and even as he looked, a mass of semen started to run from Sarah's opening and down her bum crack. He realised there was going to be a huge pool of it on the dark blue carpet any moment. Just in time, though, Lucy was

there. She sucked the flow into her mouth, licking up through her friend's anus and bottom, up to her vagina. Lucy pushed her tongue into Sarah as far as she could, and then sucked her hard, pulling as much semen from her as she could manage. She loved the taste. She also knew her friend, not being allowed to wear panties today, was going to have Daddy's cum running down her thighs for the rest of the evening. Lucy was glad that Mrs. P. had shown her how to do this.

Sam found some hand towels, and wetting them, handed one to each girl and one for himself. They quickly cleaned up and got dressed again. They'd been missing for twenty minutes, and it would be noticed. Sam clicked open the door, and seeing no one was in the corridor, sent the girls in one direction, while he went the other. He'd fucked three bridesmaids and finger fucked two more, on his wedding day. So far.

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CHAPTER 74
The Green Shower

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Brigitte and Emmanuel had laid on a huge buffet meal earlier, and there had been a big variety of food choices. Because there were so many youngsters, they had decided to have a mid day ceremony, afternoon wedding breakfast and an early evening party, ending with a light meal to round it off. A live band played music the girls danced to, and even let Sally play their keyboard for a couple of numbers. This meal was a much more simple affair than the earlier food. There was asparagus to start, baked in butter and lemon. All the girls loved this, and kept going back for more.

Then they had mini burgers, each about two bites in size, with small pieces of baguette. With these, they had all the trimmings, but the chef had needed to send out for ketchup, which he knew the girls would want. Finally, the pièce de résistance, Crêpes Suzette. How they managed to prepare, cook and then serve over a hundred flaming pancakes all simultaneously, Sam would never figure, but not only did they do so, the Crêpes tasted absolutely wonderful.

After eating, the girls, under Sylvia's guidance, danced with many of the elderly diplomats and politicians, who loved the attention these young beautiful little girls were pouring on them. Their wives took a different view.

Behind the stage, there was a curtained off area, hiding large numbers of stacked chairs and tables, used for conferences. Sam took the opportunity during this time, when everyone was on the dance floor, to go behind this screen. With Sally's help, in pairs, each of the girls slipped behind the curtain, to let him claim their treasure. He finger fucked every one of them. He couldn't believe how wet they all were. Even the four seven year olds were slippery, letting his fingers slide into their tight little pussies for a nice feel.

It had been a long day. The girls had been up since dawn and been rushing around ever since. Sam had a wish to make for his birthday, and had a quiet word with Sally. "What I want you to do Sally," he asked, "is to get all the girls to drink at least two cans of soda just before we go back to the hotel. I fancy trying something new. Have you ever heard of water sports?" She shook her head, looking mystified. "Well tonight you'll learn. And I have a reason for making it tonight. Tell the girls they can't go to the bathroom until I say, OK?"

Twenty minutes later, they thanked the Macrons, all the many guests and in particular, the ambassador, to whom Sam quietly handed back the medals he'd worn that day, and shook his hand in thanks. M. Macron nodded, noting the exchange. All the guests lined up to bid farewell to the happy couple and their bridesmaids. Outside, a bus was waiting to take them and any other guests the short distance back to The Ritz.

On the bus, Sam waved Jasmine to come across. He had a mission for her and asked her if she would do a little job later. She grinned and nodded. After he'd told her, she giggled again and went back to her seat, obviously quite excited.

Sylvia came and sat beside him. She'd been chatting to some of her friends from the teaching staff at school. "What was that all about?" she asked. "You and Jasmine seemed to be in close confab about something."

“Oh,” he replied, “I was just being generous and mischievous at the same time.” He leaned in to make sure they weren’t overheard. “I found out earlier that Celine is in room 192. Of course,” he hesitated, “I never told you about her, did I?” he said, with an innocent tone.

“Told me what?” she demanded, completely confused.

“Celine is into little girls,” he stated. Sylvia gasped in surprise. “For some time she’d been paying Dolly to use little Jasmine. I caught them red handed. Got it on camera too. I’ll show you some day. I went to see her some weeks ago about it. By pure coincidence it was the same day I suggested to her that you, Ellie, and I should serve on the school board. Interestingly she completely agreed with me.”

Sylvia sat, open mouthed, amazed. “You gotta be kidding me,” she said, “You can’t be serious. My god. Her of all people. Who’d have thought it?” She thought for a moment, then smiled. “So, what little piece of mischief have you been up to?”

“Well, as I said, Celine’s in room 192. Now, as you know, Dolly works for us full time now. By definition so does Jasmine. What if every now and then, we let Celine have a little taste of little girl pussy, and let her have Jasmine for half an hour. You know from time to time, keep her desperately wanting it, once every month or six weeks. Well, we have her in the palm of our hand, eh?”

“You crafty bastard,” she said, wide eyed. “That’s what Dolly called you. Now I know what she meant.” She rolled her eyes. So you’re sending little Jasmine to do her a little favour tonight. Hmm, I’d love to be a fly on the wall to watch that.”

“But think how useful it will be when there are issues on the school board, to have our little group swinging the decisions. You know important ones,” he said, “like when we review the school uniform code, or who should be in charge of discipline. Stuff like that.”

She grinned at him. “You never fail to amaze me, Sam. But tell me, didn’t Jasmine mind you using her, by making her go and have sex with Mrs. Prentice?”

“Not at all,” he replied. Celine used to have her about once a week, and was very gentle with Jasmine. Jasmine told me she was one of her favourite customers. No, she’s looking forward to it. I wouldn’t have asked her otherwise.”

Still cuddling his arm, she said: ”I’ve never known anyone who thinks ahead like you do. There’s always a reason for everything you say. Which reminds me. Sally said you wanted to try out water sports. Why tonight? She said you had a reason.”

“Ah, that would be telling,” he grinned at her, “why spoil the surprise. Do you want to try it, by the way? We’ll have twenty-one girls pissing all over us, if you fancy it. But as it’s our wedding night, I wondered if we shouldn’t, you know have a fuck while they do it, if you fancy that.”

“Do you know Sam,” she smiled, “I just might.”

His phone chimed, announcing a WhatsApp had come in. Looking at the display, he saw it was from Ellie. He opened the message, which read: “Hi Sam and Sylvia, I hope your wedding went well. As you now know, all the other mothers arrived here yesterday. We’re having quite a party. It has been a fantastic success. You seem to have hit the headlines. Everyone here is very proud of you. Congratulations. I have chatted to all of the mothers now about what we discussed. You will be glad to know all of them have agreed. No one made a fuss. All of the original Club mum’s had worked it out for themselves. They told me they’ve known for weeks. Five of the new mums expected it, and the other four were happy with the idea anyway. All are glad it’s now in the open. Suzy’s mum Lisa wanted you to know that she now understands why you blushed when she asked you what you did to Suzy to stop her being shy. She’s really pleased you cured Suzy,” she continued. “One other thing, Sam, Wendy Williams, Sally’s mum, has got herself a boyfriend. I don’t know how serious it is, but we haven’t seen much of her for a day or two now. He works in the hotel as a waiter. It looks serious. I’ll keep you posted.”

He acknowledged the receipt, told Ellie to treat everyone to a meal in the best restaurant in the city, and signed off. Certainly the exchange of messages had taken a weight off his mind. It was turning into a great birthday and it wasn't over yet.

The journey from the palace back to the hotel was less than a mile, and, even in the heavy city traffic, they were soon back there. Sam and Sylvia said goodnight to their work colleagues and headed for their suite. Several of the girls were, by now, cupping their pussies with their hands, shuffling from foot to foot.

Sam, realising they wouldn't be able to hold on much longer ushered everyone in, and told them to strip off as quickly as they could. He and Sylvia led the way in to the huge bathroom. As there was a big wet room area at one end, they didn't have to crowd into a cubicle. Sam took Sylvia's hand, and lay on the marble floor. There was no need to use stimulation, as they were both highly aroused already. Pre-cum was pouring from his cock, and Sylvia too was oozing translucent glandular lubrication, making them both really slippery, for only the second time in her whole life. He got her to squat down over him, facing his feet. As she made contact with him, he just slid all the way in. He then pulled her down onto him, and asked her to lie down on him and stretch out, so her legs were on his, her head resting on his chest, just under his chin. He ran his hands over her belly, feeling the slight rise of her pregnancy. She'd had her scan and had been a little shocked when they'd confirmed it would be twins.

"Right girls," he said, "I know some of you really need to go urgently, so do this as quickly as you can, in your own time. I want you to squat over us, pull open your little pussies, and piss on our faces. See if you can get lots into our mouths." Even the girls, who had undergone a very wide sex education since joining The Club, found this request quite shocking, but at the same time very exciting. They were keen to have their turn, especially Suzy, who knew Sam had enjoyed secretly sucking her bladder dry during her induction.

Sally was the first to step forward, and putting her feet either side of Sam's shoulders, squatted down slightly, pulled open her labia, exposing her urethra, and after a pause of several seconds, while she willed herself to let go, she poured a huge torrent of urine down onto her two favourite people. Sam was looking around the side of Sylvia's head, and the first flow hit him right in the face, splashing over his nose, and closed eyes. He moved slightly, and managed to get a mouthful of the pungent, tangy fluid, which he quickly swallowed. It tasted wonderful. Sally moved her aim across to Sylvia.

"Poo, what's that stinky smell?" asked, Lizzie. "And look, Sally's piss is green too. Why is that?"

Sally's huge flow was running down Sylvia's chin, neck and tits by now, a yellow-green flow. "You all had several helpings of asparagus," Sam explained. "I don't suppose you've eaten it before. It has this effect, though. It makes your pee smell and turn green. Fun isn't it?" He noticed several of the girls were looking uncomfortable, needing to go, waiting their turn. "Now," he continued, "you don't have to do this one at a time. Why not stand one behind the other, and several of you can do it together."

Sam thrust into Sylvia, who'd already started to cum, from the excitement of having Sally piss all over her. Even her blond hair had turned a shade of light green now. As Sally moved away, Sandy, Mandy, Vicky and Vera moved over the newlyweds in their place, and baptised them in green, stinky piss. Everyone knew this was kinky and not to everyone's taste. But at the same time, they knew Sam and Sylvia were loving it, and for now, that's all that mattered. Certainly they seemed to be enjoying the taste. Sam and Sylvia had changed their lives so much for the better, they would do anything in return. And if pissing green stinky wee all over their faces was what they wanted, that's what they would have.

Sam had swallowed gallons of the pungent fluid, and still thirsted for more. His cock was so stiff, it hurt. His whole body was soaked. He was wet from head to foot with warm, steamy warm, smelly, green, wonderful piss. The asparagus made it taste delicious. He was just so turned on. And why not, it was his wedding night after all.

Sally had lined up Alice, Sarah, Lucy and Becky to take over as soon as the others finished, so the full flow of wonderful urine continued. A few moments later, the next four were ready too; and so it continued, until every girl had emptied their full bladders over their two favourite people. Knowing Sam's preference for the very youngest girls, Sally had kept the seven year olds to last. Just as Naomi, Daisy, Sophie and Jenny finished, Sam blasted into Sylvia a full load. It was so sudden and powerful, she lifted up a few inches, and

crashed into a new orgasm of her own. It was only the second fuck of her life, and she wondered if she might like to have her husband service her more often.

When they'd lain still for a minute or two, Sally signalled to the group, standing round watching. They all stepped closer into a group hug, with Sam and Sylvia still lying on the floor. Sally switched all the shower heads on, and they just let the cascade flow over them all, washing them clean. They cuddled and caressed each other.

Having drunk a fair amount of champagne, the girls didn't need rocking to sleep that night. As soon as they were dry, they crawled into bed and were asleep in seconds. Sam lay in the centre of the bed, his daughters cuddling into his sides, their gentle breathing rustling the hairs on his skin. With all The Club girls now here, the massive beds were full of little naked girls. He was pensive for a moment. He was now married, a holder of the Legion of Honour, and had a summons to go to the White House to be honoured again. All he desired in the world was in this room, his girls. He didn't need the trappings of fame or medals, of media adulation. It wouldn't make his life better, and arguably, worse.

As he lay there, he was aware of Sally climbing onto him, her knees either side of his thighs, in what was becoming her regular sleeping place. Nothing was said, as she wriggled herself into a comfortable position, allowing his, now, tumescent cock to settle into her entry and then gently ooze into and penetrate her vagina. Sally was instead more worried about how she was going to be able to manage to sleep after they returned home, without him close to her. God, she so loved this man. Neither Sally or Sam felt in any way he was being adulterous on his wedding night. Besides, they both knew Sylvia had a similar relationship with Sandy and Mandy and in a way, everyone in The Club was sort of married to everyone else. During that night, both woke to find the other asleep. Both took advantage of the situation, moving themselves gently, to maximise their pleasure, before drifting back into a gratifying sleep again. The total fulfilment they gained from each other being absolute.

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CHAPTER 75
Exploring Paris

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The following few days flew passed in a blur. Sam was having the time of his life. He had twenty two preteens willing to do anything he asked of them. He was surprised how many, particularly the younger ones, whose vaginas were so small, were keen for him to experiment and let him try to fuck them up their asses. He, or rather Sally, made sure they each got his attention. There wasn't any jealousy, because Sally ensured everyone had their fair share of his cock, but there was certainly friendly rivalry. They all tried to see how many "ohgods" they could get from him. He found that they wanted him to fuck each of them more often than he was able to manage. So he adopted the method he'd used in The Élysée Palace, and looked after them in three's, letting one cum once, the second twice and the third got his cum. He usually did this two or three times a day. Certainly, he was now regularly fucking little girls more times a day than he had previously thought possible. He was getting as much underage pussy as he could handle.

The other little change was the girls had always found calling Sylvia Miss. P. awkward. It was OK at school, but when you're licking between someone's thighs, or they are sucking cum out of your pussy, it seemed a little formal. Of late, some of them had started to call her Sylvia. Now she was married, they certainly weren't going to call her Mrs. Pottuleniovskyinsky. But some of them had heard Sam's conversation with her father, Sir Charles, and overnight, they were all calling her Hon-Syl.

She didn't mind at all, in fact she liked it. It reminded her when she was their age. The time when she used to be taught by her mother the joys of being a woman. She owed her mum a lot, and she didn't regret for a moment that she, like her mum, liked little girls the way she did. Her father had found out about it, and it was the main reason the marriage failed. That and the fact that he tended to be violent when he'd had too much to drink, which was a couple of times a week. Her mum should have found someone nice to marry, someone who liked little girls too, like Sam.

The day after the wedding, Sam and Sylvia had arranged to take the girls on a tour of the city. On the way out of the hotel, Sam saw Celine about to get into a taxi. He waved and she walked over to him.

“I think I need to thank you for what you let me have, you know, last night, Jasmine…..” she said, becoming lost for words. “Thanks Sam.”

“That’s OK Celine, don’t mention it. It was my way of thanking you, you know, for coming over, and that. She’s a nice kid, isn’t she? She’ll do anything I ask. But there’s one thing, Celine.” He gave her a steady look. “Please remember she doesn’t do what she used to do, not for money, understand? Her mum works for me now. She doesn’t take clients anymore. I’d be very unhappy if Jasmine told me people were asking her to work again. Know what I mean? But once in a while, perhaps if I need to say ‘thank you’ again, she might be willing to do something for you, if I ask her in the right way.” Celine looked at him. A new understanding now between them. She smiled and reaching up, kissed him on the lips in her manner.

“I hope I can do a lot of favours for you Sam,” she pouted, “so you can thank me more often”.

They went to Montmartre, the highest point for miles around, saw the Sacré-Cœur Basilica, from which the views across the city were stunning. Nearby, was the beautiful tree lined square where the artists paint in the open, selling their work and enjoyed their artisan lifestyle. The girls loved talking to them about their work.

Lucy in particular showed a lot of interest, and asked one of the painters to show him how he did a particular shading technique. She asked if she could try, and he agreed. The conversation had to be entirely translated by Sam. As it turned out, she was very adept at it, and the man told Sam she had a rare talent. During term time he taught in an art college in the south of France, and knew talent when he came across it. “Monsieur,” he said, “this girl needs to go to art school. She is good, very good. Please promise me you will try and give her the chance.” Sam was quite emotional. He agreed immediately, and promised he would do as had been suggested. Lucy came from one of the poorest homes he knew. The chance to develop a gift if she had one, was of utmost importance to him. He would ensure she had classes immediately they returned. The painter shook his hand smiling. “Monsieur,” the man said, “I just recognised you. Congratulations. Good luck to you both.”

None of the others had understood what had been said, so when he explained what was to happen, Lucy was overwhelmed. She clung to Sam like a limpet for five whole minutes, thanking him, her arms wrapped round his neck, her legs encircling his waist. Sam didn’t mind, his hand cupped her naked bum, beneath her skirt. She had always doodled at home and copied drawings in magazines. She’d borrowed books from the library and had self taught to a reasonable level. Now she knew that with The Club’s help, she would be able to follow her dream. Make something of herself. No longer would she be living the hell of Jake’s gang, but instead learning art properly as she’d always wanted and dreamed of doing, and being in The Club, where she was respected, loved and cherished.

Lucy, who had been thinking all these things through her mind, suddenly stopped, still in Sam’s arms, feeling his fingers exploring her, suddenly spoke up, as they walked across the crowded square. “Sam, Hon-Syl, everyone, I want to say something.” Sometimes in The Club they knew when it was important to listen to one of their friends. This was one of those times. They all stopped and crowded round in a circle around Lucy, as Sam put her back on her feet. “I wanted to say, ‘I love you all’. Daddy saved me from Jake’s gang and helped my mum and me live somewhere nice and has made me very happy today. I will always remember today, so if it is possible, I would like to be inducted today.”

There was a moment’s silence, before all the girls crowded into Lucy, hugging her and kissing her, congratulating her and just being glad for her. Sam was pensive for a moment. He realised that Lucy, and before her Sally and Sandy & Mandy, all had latent talent. Many of the other girls might have too. He needed to probe deeply, to find out what hidden talents the others might hold. It was something, he chastised himself about, he should have commenced this before. On their return home, he would correct that.

They had a light lunch of Moules et Frites in the open air, with half a dozen bottles of a most delightfully chilled Sancerre. Again the waiters loved the fact that these young girls ate and drank, with gusto and enthusiasm, the food and wine which they knew was foreign to them.

It wasn't long, though, before Sam was recognised, and soon had a flock of tourists surrounding him asking for autographs and selfie pics. There was a downside to celebrity status. They would have liked to relax for a while, but it was time to go. They paid the bill and left.

They took a bus, and dropped back down to the river, then along the Rue de Rivolli and the next couple of hours were spent back in the Louvre museum. Even then, they had hardly touched on a fraction of what there was to see. Lucy was very interested in the contemporary art gallery, and asked if she could remain there while the others went to study the old masters, and in particular the Mona Lisa. Sylvia stayed with her, asking her opinion of what they were looking at.

While they were sitting alone, Lucy on Sylvia's lap, looking at a large painting, which to Sylvia, looked as if paint had been chucked over the canvas from a bucket, Lucy tackled a subject she'd been pondering on for a while.

"Hon-Syl," she opened, "why do you and Daddy spend your whole lives looking after us. We are just a bunch of girls, all from poor homes. You and Daddy helped Mum and me get out of our flat, out of Jake's hands. The other girls all know what he did for Sandy and Mandy as well, getting them into the State gymnastics team. They know that wasn't as easy as he pretended. They even know Daddy saved Vicky and Vera's lives when we were at camp, and what he did that night, you know, Mr. Morgan and the other two men." Sylvia stiffened. "Please don't tell Daddy we know, we love him for it. But, the girls all know what happened that night and that he'd do the same for any of them. And then you spend all this money and time bringing us all to Europe. But why? Don't tell me it's because he's a pedo and just likes little girls. We all know he is, and it's OK. We like that stuff anyway. There's more to it than that, has to be. If it was just the sex stuff, you could have just taken us to Orlando or somewhere like that, given us a few bucks and done what you wanted before dumping us. And you, Hon-Syl, why do you do it?"

"Well, darling," answered Sylvia tentatively, "I'm a teacher, plain and simple. It's in my blood. I get a real buzz when I help a child, achieve something. Sam has helped me do it on a big scale, though. Yes, I'm a pedomom, as you know. I like to mess around with boys and girls, any kids really, taking what I could, in fact, if I got the chance. I used to be very selfish, then I met Sam. He changed my life. Made me see things differently. He has a vision, which I now share."

"He's changed all of our lives. What's his vision?" asked Lucy pensively. Sylvia nodded.

"He's very focussed," continued Sylvia, "he really wants you girls to succeed in life. He's already told me he wants you to go to an art college as soon as we get home. I think, in fact I know, it all started in Afghanistan first. He told me a little about it when we talked about setting up The Club. He saw kids, your age, getting killed. He saw kids horribly burned, wounded, orphaned and abused. He saw hatred in their eyes. Real hatred, you know, strong enough to want to kill, stoked up by the Taliban, who also wanted to shut down the little remaining education available to girls there, and knew without it they'd have nothing, just be slaves in their own families. That's how he saw it. Then he was wounded, and had to leave the army. While he recovered, he promised himself he was going to try and make a difference to some girls; help them make something of themselves; educate them; open doors for them. It was his way to help right the wrong he'd seen over there. He couldn't return to Afghanistan to help, but he knew there were many girls, like you, who could benefit from his vision. Call it his mission in life, his crusade. He came home from Afghanistan with mental as well as physical wounds. Doing this, forming The Club, was his way to heal himself, and I can tell you it's working. His P.T.S.D. has almost gone. I haven't seen him shaking for weeks."

"Thank you for telling me, Hon-Syl," said Lucy. "I love Daddy for what he has done for me and Mum and my friends. But now that I know why he helped us, I love him even more. He really is a lovely man. I will tell the other girls. They will want to know. But how do I repay him, Hon-Syl? I don't mean in bed, I would do that anyway, how do I thank him?"

"All he asks," replied Sylvia, "is for all you girls to try your best at whatever you do in life. He knows you will succeed if you try. That's how to thank him. I won't tell him what we've said. It's just between us OK?"

"OK. Can I ask one more thing," whispered Lucy, twisting slightly on Sylvia's lap.

"Yes darling, what is it?"

“No one’s around, I’m not wearing panties. Would you slip your hand underneath, and play with me for a while? I can’t stop thinking about my induction later, and, well, you know……”

After they left the Louvre, they walked along the river and crossed to the island where the magnificent Notre Dame cathedral was. They spent an hour viewing the enormous French gothic style building. Sam was surprised how much interest the girls were showing in the architecture of Paris. He’d half expected them to get bored. Even so, small doses were in order, and he called it a day. It was then Sally made the comment which Sam paid little heed to at the time, but would recall vividly a year later, when the terrible fire gutted the ancient building: “Seven centuries Our Lady has stood here, and in one more year, she will burn”.

Outside the cathedral, is a large open space, where there are many pencil portrait artists. They made their living sketching head and shoulders drawings for a few Euros. On a whim, he got each girl, Sylvia and himself, sitting in front of different artists, having their portrait drawn. He visualised them being framed and hung in the Clubroom, when they returned home. A nice memory of their stay. He asked those sketching the new members, to add a choker necklace, like the others had, round their necks. He felt a little artist’s licence in order. He hoped they would all be wearing them before long anyway.

They walked back towards the hotel, chatting animatedly about all they’d seen, each carefully carrying their rolled up portrait. They were going to Disneyland again the following day, and Sam didn’t want them to have a late night. It was still early, so he asked the girls what they’d like to do for the rest of the day. After some discussion, they asked if they could eat in their suite tonight. He didn’t mind that, but then they went a bit coy. Sam wasn’t used to this. He knew there was more to it. Even Sally was reluctant to be candid. It was Karen, who with her usual bluntness said: “We want something special Daddy.” She grinned at him.

His interest was aroused. “Go on, Karen,” he said quietly, “you might as well tell me.”

Sylvia had by now sidled up the other side of Karen as they walked along.

“Well,” said Karen, “Ever since we all joined The Club, we wanted to try something, but were embarrassed to ask. We know you won’t mind, but we’re still embarrassed.”

“What is it Karen?” he asked, intrigued.

“Well Lizzie told us about stuff she had read about,” Karen said, getting into her stride now, “you know in the past, in Roman times, and how they had like, orgies and stuff. Parties when people drank lots of wine and did things to each other, you know, really naughty things. Jasmine said she’d been taken to a couple of parties a bit like that too.”

“Don’t we do stuff like that now, Karen?” he asked.

“Well, yes and no,” she said, “we do lots of things you and Sylvia want to do, and we love doing them lots, but sometimes we want to do our stuff too, and, well we don’t get the chance. We’ve taken a liking to champagne, and we would like to have pizza with it and, well do what we want, how we want, with who we want.”

“OK,” he said, “We’re nearly back at the hotel, tell the others it’s free season tonight. Anything goes. I know a little shop near here, I need to get a few things. I will be back soon. You all go on up to the suite.” He walked off, but soon realised Sally was with him.

“You didn’t think I would let you wander off on your own without me, did you?” she asked, taking his hand in hers, a spark of energy passing between them.
“You might start talking to strange little girls,” she grinned. “I can’t have that. Where are we off to?”

“There’s a nice little sex shop around the corner here somewhere,” he answered, “but first I must call in to see Claude in Cartiers and settle up with him.” They walked in to the jewellers and Claude immediately fawned over Sally. He ran his fingers through her silvery hair, as the French so often do with young girls. Sam thanked him for the incredible job they had done on Sylvia’s watch. “Oh yes,” said Sally, “she never takes it off. It’s the nicest thing she owns. She loves the strap especially. It’s like my choker, look.” She held it away from her neck. Claude had long since noticed it. “It is gold, I see,” said Claude, “very fine work.” Sam, of course, had to translate what was said. While there, Sam took the opportunity to buy a present for

Lizzie, whose birthday was in a few days time. He felt he'd treated her harshly when he'd nearly kicked her out of The Club. He wanted to make it up. After twenty minutes, Sam managed to extricate himself from Claude, having paid the bill, and left with Sally hand in hand.

A narrow side street led to the plain fronted shop. No advertising was shown on the window, except a sign stating, "Private clients, over 18's only." Sam wasn't quite sure whether to take Sally in with him, or leave her outside. However, as they approached the door, a couple got there first, accompanied by two girls, obviously their daughters, aged perhaps seven and eight. They entered without hesitation. So Sam and Sally, following their lead, entered. Sally found the shop an emporium of wonder. Everywhere she looked things she would never have believed would be available in a shop. The two girls who'd just entered, clearly knew their way around, and were now thumbing through some porn magazines in a corner, while their parents were choosing from a selection of vibrators. Sam couldn't help noticing the older one rubbing the front of her dress as she looked at the pictures, caressing herself. The couple assumed the only two other customers in the shop, who were Americans, wouldn't speak French and were careless about what they said. Sam noticed the vibrators were very small sizes, and heard the man ask his wife, "do you think she'll enjoy this one? It should fit her about right, don't you think?" The woman nodded, before saying, "oh look, they've got an even smaller one. This might fit Mimi. Let's get it as well, and see." Sam's cock stirred as he glanced across at the two pretty French girls, who were in for a treat later.

His purchases were simple. He needed some KY jelly. It was on offer in a carton of six. Seeing the tiny vibrators the other couple had bought, he chose a selection, taking three boxes of ten different designs. "Anything else you think we might want, Sally?" She nodded, "I've been reading on the internet about Ben Wa Balls. They've got some over there. Let's get the girls a pair each. They can wear them tomorrow. Oh and one more thing." She coloured up, her face now quite red. "Lets get some of these." She pointed to some bundles of thick red fluffy rope, in cellophane packets. Next to them was a small leather whip. The handle was about six inches long, with a round distinctly shaped knob end. There were nine leather thongs at the other end, about a foot long, each with a knotted end. "What do we need these for, Sally?" asked Sam. Genuinely puzzled.

"Well," she answered, "it's Lizzie's birthday next week, Daddy, and you know what she's like, and well, umm……." Sam thought it a great idea.

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CHAPTER 76
Lucy's induction

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They arrived back at the hotel, and went straight up to their rooms. There was a buzz of excitement already. The girls had moved furniture around in what seemed to Sam a well pre-planned operation. Three square coffee tables had been pushed together and several blankets spread over the top of them with a couple of pillows.

Sam took out the half dozen tubes of KY jelly and thirty vibrators, and placed them around the room. He took Lizzie's birthday presents through to his bedroom, though, and hid them in his suitcase. When he returned, the pizza which Sylvia had ordered earlier had arrived, and they were soon tucking into it with relish. It was a bit incongruous to see it being washed down with large flutes of €50 a bottle champagne. Already, Sam saw several empty bottles lying on the carpet and one or two of the girls giggling. He'd made a decision not to interfere. They'd asked for this to be their night. He mustn't say anything. If there were hangovers in the morning, then so be it.

It was imperceptible, but over the next few minutes, as the food was eaten, the girls' clothes started to disappear a bare chest here, a pair of shoes there. He never noticed them coming off, but, almost magically, suddenly, there were twenty two naked pre-teens sitting, mostly on the floor, cross legged, finishing the last remnants of their food, before topping up their glasses again. Little Sophie, Jenny, Naomi and Daisy were walking round, each carrying a bottle. Every time they bent down to fill a glass, with their feet far apart, their pudenda flared open. Little rosebuds peeling open, beneath their peach shaped vulvas split, down the centre, undulating with their movements, their gorgeous cracks, opening just enough to show the darker indent heralding their vaginas.

What struck Sam the most, was how quiet they all were. No one was rushing about. They were relaxing, half watching another Disney re-run on the TV. After, perhaps half an hour, someone suggested they all sat round in a big circle, facing inwards. Hannah got up, and handed them each one of the new vibrators, which they spent a moment or two working out how to switch on. Sylvia and Sam were still sitting on one of the settees, watching the proceedings. Lucy was sitting between them. She knew her turn would cum very soon. Sylvia put her arm round the child, and her other hand between her thighs.

As if from an unseen signal, the circled girls lay back, propped up on one elbow, and started to stimulate the girl to their right, using the tip of the little plastic devices. The humming sound, now like the drone of a distant hive of bees. After several minutes, it was noticeable that legs, knees and toes were twitching, as the girls became aroused. Hips started to lift slightly in a gentle rhythm. Knees parting; heart beats increasing; breathing quicker and shallower, becoming ragged; labia swelling, as the blood of arousal flowed into them; clits becoming sensitive. Nothing cataclysmic, nothing dramatic; just a general increase in sexual tension slowly pervaded the room.

This went on for twenty minutes or more. The girls were so relaxed, in their loving. They took as much pleasure as they gave. They were getting higher, but it was as if they were holding back. Sally, sitting on the far side of the circle from Sam looked meaningfully at him, their silent communication saying nothing, and yet saying everything. It was the signal.

Sam stepped into the circle, and turning, lifted Lucy up and over her friends, and laid her down on the table. She was ready. She'd cum several times on Sylvia's finger tips.

"Choose your position, Lucy," he whispered to her. "It's your induction, any way you like." She smiled up at him, and lay on her back, her long, long, blond hair spreading like a carpet beneath her, and pulled her knees up, tucking them behind her shoulders, like a gymnast. She did it so quickly, and in such a practiced way, he wondered if she had been having lessons from Sandy and Mandy. After her conversation with Hon-Syl earlier, she really, really wanted Daddy to enjoy this as much as she did.

In this position, her pussy was sticking straight up in the air. Sam stepped up onto the table, his feet either side of Lucy's hips, and squatted down, until his balls just touched her bum. He then took hold of his cock, pre-cum now flowing from him in one long thick slimy string. He pushed it down, until it was pointing at her, and rubbed the tip along her cleft, spreading the clear slippery lubricant. As he did, she pushed her knees outwards, causing her cleft to part further, her reddy pink vagina to flare open even more, her passage opening, even as he looked down at her. He paused, holding his cock directly over her entry, and watched as the string of pre-cum dribbled down and disappeared into her.

Sam's cock, being bent down, started to ache a little, so he stepped forwards, and turned around, his bum now above her face, so as he bent over, his cock came into line with her entry. Taking hold of her hips with both hands now, he pressed his crown into her cleft, watching it as it oozed slowly into her. Her, now tight vagina, reluctantly parting, her labia bulging outwards, as he penetrated the nine year old. She felt so different to that first time in the tent, all those weeks ago, when he had raped her in her sleep and slipped in with no resistance at all.

Lucy started to undulate her hips very slightly in tiny movements. Sam let her motions apply the pressure needed to push his cock slowly into her. All he did was feed her his cock, her movement did the rest. Her vagina seemed to have a life of it's own. The ribbed walls pulsed on him, quivering and massaging him with every motion she made. He eventually felt his tip bump into her rubbery cervix, just half an inch short of full penetration. At this time, he took the lead, and pulled back an inch or two, before pressing in again, and back and in. Very soon, he was moving quickly in and out of her, extending his scope every cycle, until his crown was just popping out, before being pressed back all the way to her hot, wet, secret, sensuous depths. He realised, he was now pressing his pubic mound hard against her pudenda. He was fully inside her.

He was aware that although all the girls, still in their circle, continued to masturbate their neighbours with the little buzzing toys, their fingers, and in several cases, their tongues, every one of them was watching him and Lucy, as the inductee started to moan, and clench her fists, and screw up her toes and move her head quickly from side to side. Sam felt a tension inside her, along the whole length of his cock, and then again and again. She was about to cum, and everyone in the room sensed it. At that moment, Sally called out "now", and all the vibrators (except for the five virgins), were turned, and pressed deeply into the willing

pussies of every Club girl. As if choreographed, within five or ten seconds, the orgasms of every one of them echoed around the room. Some moaning, some snorting through their noses, some “ohgods”. Not a one was left out. Even the four seven year olds were each experiencing one of the best climaxes of their short lives.

Lucy had been holding back as long as she could. She knew that Daddy had felt her early clenches, and had eased off a little to make her last longer, make it better for her. She loved him so much. She loved him with more intensity than she hated Jake, and yet they’d both fucked her. The one kindly, the other with force. She now knew and understood Daddy much better. All his needs, desires and perhaps some of his faults. Casting her mind back, she had wondered if something had happened to her that night on camp. She’d woken in the morning, feeling the familiar stickiness, the sensitive parts tingling and her panties lying on the tent floor, she had no recollection of taking them off. At the time she was so used to being raped at home, though, it didn’t really worry her in the least. Now it would, today. She belonged to Daddy, she belonged to The Club and it mattered now very much, because everyone in The Club mattered and what happened to each of them and their bodies mattered very much indeed, because they belonged to each other, a sacred bond. One for all, all for one.

Sam realised Lucy was being pensive. He understood from the previous inductions how important this was to the girls. It wasn’t just about having a good fuck, although, partly, it was. It wasn’t about having a mind blowing orgasm, that too. Nor was it about the illicitness of what they were all doing together, with a bond of secrecy, although partly it was that also. It was about formally being accepted as a Club member, like a marriage. It was a milestone in life. Knowing everyone in the room would do anything for you, without question. Anything at all. Absolutely anything.

Lucy felt her climax approaching suddenly. It was like a rushing wind hitting her, blowing her away, or a breaking wave of surf on a beach, about to crash over a swimmer. Then she called out. She never recalled afterwards what she’d said, but Sam would remember for the rest of his life. She said, “thank you Daddy, from me; thank you from my Mummy and especially thank you from every girl in Afghanistan”.

Her mind went numb. A cascade of lights flashed around the back of her screwed up eyelids. The feelings of ecstasy swept through her like the waves crashing onto a beach after a storm. Unstoppable, relentless, on and on. It was the best orgasm of her life. Jake never made her cum, nor any of the gang. Sam always did, and several of the other Club girls had too. But this was way better. Just so special. She felt like she was being lifted into the air on a cloud of warm, soft, loving caresses. She opened her eyes, and found she was covered in the hands of her friends. Each hand caressing her in a loving way, passing onto her their unconditional love for her, on the day of her induction. This once worthless, gang raped little girl, felt valued, felt alive. She belonged. She was home.

Lucy never felt Daddy cum, so overwhelmed was she with her experience, but as she came to her senses, she realised he was flaccid now, and slowly slipping from her, his cum already being expelled from her as she pulsed the last gentle clenches in her cunt. What she didn’t know was her words of thanks had triggered one of the most intense orgasms of his life. She had unwittingly reached into the core of his being. Before she could uncoil and stretch her legs out on the table, Hon-Syl was there. Her favourite lady. The one person she could always go to for girlie advice. She felt her hands clasp her hips, as she brought her mouth down to her open pussy, licking her stickiness away, sucking on her pudenda, bringing her back to a smaller, gentler calmer climax. She was vaguely aware of Sandy and Mandy standing behind Hon-Syl, each holding a vibrator doing something to her, that she couldn’t see. Something she obviously liked.

When Lucy finally managed to sit up on the blanket covered table, she looked around the circle of her friends. All of them again leaning back on their elbows, watching her with glazed eyes. She couldn’t help but notice they all had little pink vibrators sticking out of them, still buzzing, still giving pleasure. Hon-Syl was going around now, gently pulling the toys out of them in turn, switching them off, sucking the shafts, before putting them into a box.

It took a few minutes for the group to regain their composure. Some had enjoyed the most amazing orgasm, some were drunk, and some both. Lucy stood on the table, her hands now at her side, her friends standing around her, as her Daddy approached, each of his hands holding the opposite end of a choker, which he gently clipped around her neck.

Lucy, knowing how important Daddy thought the pledge was, cleared her throat, and said, “As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my induction so very nice and special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.” This was followed by rapt applause from around the room.

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CHAPTER 77
DisneyLand Paris revisited – Rosie’s Induction.

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After the rigours of the orgy, and the considerable amount of alcohol consumed, it wasn’t long before Sam and Sylvia were carrying naked, unconscious girls into the bedroom, and laying them down one next to the other. Sam couldn’t resist molesting several of them for a minute or two. He’d always loved doing it to sleeping girls, when opportunity arose.

A few stalwarts kept going, one of them being Rosie. With her parallel shaped body, long blond hair and bright blue eyes, round, button nose face, she was a real poppet. As Sam sat on the settee, his cock inside Alice, who was leaning against his chest, fast asleep, his fingers pressed into the sleeping Becky on one side and the chatty Rosie on the other.

“Daddy,” Rosie asked, “when I make a wish, can I ask for anything I want, anything at all?”

“Well,” he said guardedly, knowing from her tone that something unusual was about to be asked, “If it’s possible, and reasonable, not dangerous and doesn’t hurt, I suppose, yes. What was it you wanted to ask for?”

She giggled, and hid her face into his side, before peeping out between the fingers now covering her face. She swallowed, coughed a fake cough.

“Daddy,” she started, “I am really looking forward to going to Disney tomorrow. I’ve never been back home, only to Ridge Falls, when you took us there. I am so excited.”

“So what is your wish, darling?” he asked.

“Weeeeelll,” she giggled again, getting silly and hid her face again, before whispering, “Would it be alright if you induct me at Disney? You know on one of the rides or somewhere when I can see thousands of people. Not here in the hotel, but out in the open. I want to do it when only The Club girls know what’s happening, but where lot’s of others can see me, but not know what we’re doing. Would you do that for me Daddy?”

Sam thought for a moment. “Well,” he said, “no promises, right?” she nodded. Let’s see what happens, and where we can go to do it. We’ll make the decision when the time comes, OK?” She grinned and hugged him, parted her knees, and let him diddle her to a nice cum, before she too drifted off to sleep.

It was only a minute or two after he’d got into bed, when Sam felt movement. He knew she would be there as soon as the others had fallen asleep. She had a secret besotted love for him and she just had to be with him. She moved over him, until he slipped into her, where she needed him. They moved gently, quietly, lovingly, making love in the true meaning of it. When they came together, it was as if he was giving her a life saving transfusion of love and she reciprocated in the wonderful passion he felt for her. God he loved Sally.

But he had a secret too. He only had to touch Sally and something electric went off inside him, which didn’t happen with any of the others. She turned him on in an inexplicable way. It wasn’t physical. She was beautiful, yes, but no more than the others. It wasn’t her pussy, or even the way she felt inside, lovely as it was. It was something deeper. Love, yes, but more than that. They had a closeness, a need for each other, like water in the desert to a thirsty animal. All the other Club girls were aware of it. He was becoming conscious of it now himself. Suddenly, the words from an old Hollies song, ‘The air that I breathe’ came to his mind. It exactly suited the moment:
“Making love with you has left me peaceful, warm, and tired. What more could I ask. There’s nothing left to be desired. Peace came upon me and it leaves me weak. So sleep, silent angel, go to sleep.”

In that moment, he understood. It was Sally, just her. ‘There’s nothing left to be desired’. That night of her induction, she’d been transmogrified. Everyone knew it, they’d all sensed it. Until now, though, he hadn’t realised, so had he and that realisation slammed into him. He had just wanted to be a pedo, not fall in love, and exactly that had happened. Why did life have to get complicated? Sleep came upon him……

The following morning was hustle and bustle. There were more than a few sore heads among the girls, who had imbibed a little too freely with the wine. But somehow they got into the courtesy bus in time and were able to relax during the journey. At first they were all walking a little awkwardly, as they got used to the Ben Wa Balls they’d been asked to push into themselves. As they walked, Sam imagined he could hear a faint clicking sound.

This time they headed for the other park, and split again into small groups. Sam, Sylvia, Vicky and Vera each led a group. Sally insisted on staying with Sam. They agreed on a time and place to meet for lunch and set off in different directions.

Again, Sam had the youngest girls with him, Naomi, Daisy, Jenny, Sophie, Nancy, and, of course Rosie. As they walked around the rides, choosing what to go on, Sally and Sam chatted about many things, their fingers intertwined.

“You know, Sally,” he said quietly, “Rosie has posed a real challenge to me with her induction. It seems to me, she wants me to fuck her in public. Not only that, she’s a virgin and that has it’s practical problems too. What am I going to do?”

“Don’t worry Daddy,” she replied, grinning at his uncertainty, “you’ll think of a way of doing it. We’ll all be there. Hon-Syl will make sure she’s OK. Just relax and enjoy yourself. I know you’ll like fucking another new eight year old virgin when the time comes. Just think how tight she’ll be and how nice it will be to slip into her for the first time, with the whole world watching,” she giggled at him. “Besides, the younger they are, the more you like them.”

“Huummph,” he grumped, uncomfortable at hearing the truth, but at the same time knowing she was teasing him. Sam had been thinking a lot about Sally recently. She didn’t seem to be jealous about him fucking the other girls, especially the younger ones that she knew he preferred. Making love with Sally, and he did think of it as making love, was far more fulfilling, far more satisfying, giving him contentment. Deep down inside him, he knew that fucking the others was just lust and carnal gratification, but for a pedo like him, that was fun too.

Sally had been thinking about him too. In fact constantly ever since the camp, Something had changed in her that night of her induction, and she was eternally grateful for it. She felt he was part of her. She made love to him secretly at least once a day now, and she was happy with that. In fact she’d never felt so happy. She didn’t mind at all that he fucked the other girls too. She thought of them as her girls. She was headgirl, she needed to make sure they were happy and looked after. He needed to keep them happy, he must fuck them, she wanted him to do that. And, if in return, they made him happy too, then that was OK by her. She always made sure her girls pleased Daddy. She’d warned them many times what would happen if they didn’t. She would let Lizzie punish them. She needed her Daddy to be happy it was important to her. However, it was to be only a few days later, when this would be tested.

Shortly after, they went into the boat tunnel ride. The boats held about six people in each, which moved with the flowing water through a channel, that meandered through different “halls” depicting scenes and places from various fairy tales. To ensure youngsters didn’t try to climb out, the sides were quite high, giving the feeling of being inside a capsule. Naomi and Daisy sat either side of Sam, and as soon as their boat set off, they both pulled the elasticated waist bands of their Terry shorts out and parted their knees in an invitation to him to fondle them, which he was happy to do for them. None of his girls ever seemed to wear underwear these days. It just got in the way.

Afterwards, they went on trains, cars, a cable car across the width of the park, a submarine, a Buzz Lightyear ride and an octopus which rotated and had arms which went up and down as it rotated, with pods on the end of each.

Sam was surprised, when he caught a sight of Marcie, Claudette and their mother. They had just come out of the Haunted Castle. Following them was an elderly flush faced man, with two young boys, obviously his grandsons. The boys were grinning. They waved to each other as they set off in different directions.

Marcie, Claudette and their mother, joined a queue for the “Jungle book Safari”, which was a simple series of hollow elephants with seats inside and high windows to view from, mounted on tracks, that passed through a series of jungle scenes, with model crocodiles and tigers and other animals. Again for safety, the pods were entirely enclosed, so from the outside all that could be seen were the faces of the passengers.

Sam stepped into the queue behind them, and at first pretended not to know them. Marcie turned, saw Sam, grinned and elbowed her sister, who shyly smiled too. Their mother turned and greeted them.

“I enjoyed meeting your daughters the other day,” Sam said. “They were very polite. Marcie had quite a lot to show me. Would you like me to accompany them again today?”

“Yes Monsieur,” she replied, slightly nervously. She knew he was aware of her game, and how she would be in deep trouble if he reported her. “That would be very kind of you.”

“These are my wards,” Sam said by introduction to his girls. “They are having a lovely time here. They don’t speak a word of French, though, so you can say what you want. Perhaps your daughters might both like to play a little game while we’re on the ride,” he stated, looking her in the eye, neither of them smiling.

She raised an eyebrow in question. “I think perhaps fifty would be enough for the duration of the ride,” he continued. “The game is: jusqu'où puis-je pousser un doigt en eux? (how far can i push a finger into them). Do you think they’d like to play?”

The woman turned to the girls and changed to Flemish, whispering to them, before facing him, looking either way as if making sure they weren’t overheard, and nodded. He took out a €50 note and palmed it to her. As they got in the ride, Sally wasted no time, and kneeling unclipped the belts around the two girls’ waists and unbuttoned their skirts, exposing their identical pink panties decorated with blue and red Disney characters. She then pulled the panties down, and off their feet. Quickly reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a tube of KY jelly, which she’d brought along in case it was needed for Rosie’s induction. She pushed the girls’ legs far apart, and one at a time, expertly peeled their labia apart, inserted the nozzle and gave the tube a firm squeeze. They each squeaked on feeling the cold slime as it squirted into their warm pussies.

Sally stood back, and Sam knelt where she’d just been. He looked up at the girls, who were looking back at him with anticipation, and turned his hands upwards and placed his palms on their pussies. Each had firm raised mounds; their silky hairless skin soft and warm to his touch. Gently, he rubbed back and forth, bringing his middle finger deeper into their clefts, increasing the pressure. He felt the indentation signalling the entry to their vaginas, and pressed his fingers gently in. He felt the slipperiness of the jelly, as he came into contact with it, easing his passage into them. He didn’t force them, neither did he pause. He just kept pressing in deeper and deeper, sinking into them. He reached as far as his finger would go into Marcie, and she gasped, as he scraped over her ‘G’ spot deep inside her. Claudette though was smaller. Not only was she much tighter on his finger than her sister, but he hit her cervix when just over two knuckles deep. The two girls had to hold onto Sam’s shoulders for support, as he started to fondle, masturbate and molest them. Sally was standing behind Sam, while the other Club girls surrounded the action, making sure that no one could see what was happening.

Sam knew exactly how to stimulate young girls, and he knew he was also on a time limit. He worked his thumbs against their clits, while he repeatedly pressed and rubbed his fingers against their sensitive spots deep inside. He watched entranced, as his fingers pistoned in and out of the two Flemish girls, looking at how their vulvas swelled upwards each time he forced his fingers into them, like tiny balloons inflating and deflating. In what he thought was record time, both started to shake, their legs going to jelly, little moans and gasps coming from them, as they slipped into orgasmic wonderland. Their little girlie pants and gasps, their ecstatic expressions all hidden by the hubbub and movements of The Club girls.

They had just calmed and regained their composure when they felt the ride start to slow. Sam pulled his fingers from the two children and reached for their panties. He wiped his hands on them, before handing one pair to Sally to put on Claudette. Thinking quickly, he unzipped his shorts, pulled his stiff cock out and wiped the mass of pre-cum oozing from him onto the gusset of Marcie’s panties, then slid them back onto the child,

who wriggled momentarily in discomfort. They had just got their skirts replaced, when the ride finally stopped. Sam and the Club girls hopped out and made for the exit. The two Belgian girls were slower in stepping out on wobbly legs to rejoin their mother, who, realising the state her daughters were in, looked wistfully at Sam's retreating back. She knew she'd seen him somewhere, she just couldn't place it.

As they were walking along the main concourse, Mickey and Mini Mouse, Pluto, Snow White and other Disney characters were entertaining the hundreds of children as they milled around, enjoying their day. Sam looked up into the clear blue sky. The turrets of the castles, spires of the palaces and towers of the buildings reached high into the air. He noticed the highest of all was a Ferris wheel. It had open metal gondolas, spaced at intervals around an enormous spoked wheel. For a place to observe the whole Disneyland site, it couldn't be bettered.

He walked over to have a closer look, an idea coming to his mind. He could see that as the children and parents stood inside the gondolas, they could peer over the sides, which were high enough to ensure they didn't fall accidentally, but affording a view to all but the very shortest children. The gondolas were each big enough for about twenty five passengers. He saw the man controlling the ride was located on a raised platform, twenty yards to the side, so he could see the whole of the wheel, monitor the loading and control the wheel's movements, looking after health and safety.

Sam sidled up, and asked the man if he could spare a moment.

"Oui, Monsieur," came the reply in very accented French. The man was from Lorraine. "How can I help?"

"Do you ever have to stop the wheel for maintenance during the day?" asked Sam.

"Not often," came the reply, "only if the motors overheat. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," said Sam, "we are over from The States with a bunch of school children, and I understand the view up there is fantastic."

"Mais oui, Monsieur," said the man, with some pride, "you can see the entire park and many kilometres beyond."

"I thought so," said Sam, taking a €100 note from his wallet, and fingering it meaningfully as they talked. "Do you think it may be possible that you have to stop the wheel this afternoon for 'maintenance', for say half an hour, when my party just happen to be at the very top? We would love to be able to take photos and really enjoy ourselves up there."

The man was eyeing the hundred Eruo note, his lips licking, "I'm not sure, Monsieur, I may have to ask the supervisor, I don't know. It is not regular, n'est-ce pas?"

An additional €50 changed the man's mind. He was suddenly all smiles. They agreed they would return at half past two, in about an hour and a half. Sam and his little party moved off, to join the rest of the group for lunch.

Lunch was burgers, fries, chicken nuggets, and any other junk food the girls desired. All the girls exchanged stories about the morning, and what they'd got up to. Sam was in an expansive mood. He was enjoying the sunshine, it was a glorious day. The food was OK, he had figured out how to give Rosie the induction she wanted, and in a short while he was going to fuck an eight year old virgin in full sight of twenty thousand people, without them knowing. Life could be worse!

At about 2:15, they arrived at the Ferris wheel. Sam felt it prudent that they didn't bunch into a large group, but stood in small numbers. They noticed people were coming off the ride, as their gondolas reached the loading dock, but no one was allowed on. A sign stated the ride was closed for maintenance at 2:30 for about half an hour.

Sam palmed the agreed sum to the operator, and waited. A few minutes later, he gave them the nod, and they quickly entered the lowest gondola. There were wooden bench seats fitted to the outside facing inwards, and in the centre, an oval bench seat, so passengers could sit facing outwards. They all sat down and waited. When they were all aboard, Sam gave a wave and the operator nodded to him and pressed a

button sending them round slowly, climbing, ever upwards, until they were at the zenith, where the wheel was halted.

No one wasted a moment. They had half an hour. This had been planned over lunch, everyone knew what to do. Half the girls leant over the rails, waving at the people down on the ground, smiling and laughing. The other half were stripping off. Every induction had always been carried out with everyone naked. Sam had told them, though, that with the exception of Rosie, rather than taking off their T-shirts off, they should roll them up to their armpits, so that as they leaned over the edge, they looked dressed. A few seconds later, the groups switched positions and in a moment, they were all naked from the chest down.

Sam decided to start on the central oval cushioned bench. She was only eight, so he didn't want to rush it. But he had time against him. Rosie lay back on the seat, her beautiful bright blue eyes flashing with the excitement of this very important day for her, one she would remember all her life. One they would all remember. Her long blond hair rippled in the faint breeze, the contented half smile as the sun lit her lovely face, her body, her pudenda darker, blood gorged, fuller, labia swollen, now sparkling from the reflected damp of her arousal in the sunshine.

As Sam came near, she propped herself on her elbows, and parted her knees. By pre-arrangement, Amber, Jasmine and Nancy, the other eight year olds, moved to her side, and started to stimulate her tender erogenous areas. Amber knelt and took one then the other nipple into her mouth, caressing them with her tongue in turn. Jasmine switched on one of the vibrators, and started to stimulate her clitty while Nancy took the KY jelly from Sally's outstretched hand, and applied a liberal amount into the eight year old's waiting vagina.

After a minute or two, when the three had finished, Sam, now on his knees, hotched up between her open thighs and pressed his cock down to her cleft, moving it up and down several times, increasing the pressure each movement, spreading pre-cum, increasing her arousal. Suddenly, he slipped into her entry, his crown embraced, cradled. They both knew the moment had come. They looked into each other's eyes, and Rosie gave a tiny nod, before looking down at herself. She wanted to see him penetrate her.

Sam pressed a little harder, and felt his crown slowly ooze into her. Nothing dramatic. One minute outside, the next in. As her tight ring of muscle clamped around his crown, he felt it pull him in. They could both feel it. They paused, waiting for her to dilate further, to adjust, to accept him. She gave another nod, at which point, he started a slight rhythm of pressing and easing, increasing imperceptibly each time. He was slipping deeper into her. He could feel the wall of her passage peeling apart, their silky tightness running along the length of his shaft, accepting him in. He was almost entirely in her, when he felt the bump of her cervix against his tip, making her jolt, when he hit her sensitive spot.

Sam paused a moment. He wanted her induction to be right, to be special. He reached down, and while still fully inside her, brought her up into a tight embrace. She clung to his chest, her legs now wrapping around his waist. Then he pushed her away and lay back, so she was now sitting upright on his cock, her legs either side of him. Finally, he slowly turned her around, until she was facing his feet, his hands on her hips. They were ready. Carefully, he swung his legs around, sitting up, his feet to the floor, and still holding her, he stood, supporting her weight and moved to the outside edge of the gondola, the Club girls making just enough room for them.

All the girls were wearing their blue Club T-shirts, rolled up to their armpits, so as they leaned on the safety rail, all that anyone looking up at them would see was their faces and T-shirt covered shoulders and arms. Because Sam was taller, his T-shirt covered him down to his waist. As Rosie moved forward, towards the rail, she grasped it, and folded her arms along it, her elbows on the outside, the rail, now taking her weight. The girls either side of her, copied her position.

Rosie's hips were still in Sam's strong hands, her feet swinging in the air, six inches off the floor. Just in case, two or three girls stood either side of them. Sylvia, Sally and Lizzie were behind Sam. Who knows, some nosey parker might be around in a helicopter. Having said that, thy were naked from the chest down themselves, so what difference it could make was anyone's guess.

As soon as Rosie was comfortably resting on the rail, Sam asked if she was ready. She looked over her shoulder, smiled and nodded. She wanted to enjoy this, her very special day. The day she knew she was

fully accepted into The Club which she loved so much already. But more importantly, she knew she was no longer a virgin. She was one of 'the girls' now.

Rosie could feel Daddy starting to thrust into her. It felt so good. Better than the vibrator already, and far better than the Ben Wa Balls, she'd had inside her all morning. At first the scope was shallow, but increased each time. She could feel him getting deeper, touching an itch deep inside her tummy somewhere. She cast her mind back to her early childhood, the poverty, the grind, the feeling of never having anything to call her own. She'd only had her mum, who she loved so much, who had broken down in tears that day she was invited to join The Club, who she knew had been so happy for her, for them both. It was all because of Sam, her Daddy. She clenched her pussy. She hoped Daddy would like that. She did it again, then suddenly, she couldn't stop it, she was cuming and her pussy was clenching and spasming and pulsing and throbbing. What a glorious feeling.

She looked down at the thousands of people walking up and down the concourse. Many looked up and waved. She and the other girls, waved back, grinning, pretending they were just having a little girlie day out at Disney. Little did they know. Rosie was so happy. It was the best day of her life. The bestest ever. She suddenly felt Daddy cum. He pulsed gently at first, then he ejaculated hard into her, again and again. She knew it would be a monster, and she felt herself falling, falling into a wondrous world of coloured lights. Her whole body was quivering, jerking, she lost all muscle control. She didn't know she wet herself a little. She had never ever felt so good in her whole life.

As she eventually came back to earth, she felt a hand over her mouth. It was Sandy's. She was grinning at her. "You made a bit of a noise," she informed her, "we thought people might misunderstand. They might think someone was up here fucking an eight year old!" They all laughed, her levity breaking the sexual tension.

Sylvia cleaned Rosie up in her usual efficient oral manner, before everyone gathered in a big circle around the central area. Sam pulled a long white box from his little backpack, and opening it took out the silver choker necklace, glittering brightly in the sunshine, and clipped it around her neck.

"Welcome to The Club," he said, bending and kissing her on her lips.

"Welcome to The Club," everyone echoed.

Rosie looked a little overwhelmed, she was aware some semen was running down her thigh, but in a determined tone said, "As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also Daddy, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace." She grinned and looked around at them all, before adding, "I hope the thousands of people watching from below enjoyed my induction too, I certainly did." They all laughed, as they got dressed. A minute or two later, the wheel started to turn, returning them to the ground again.

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CHAPTER 78
Nancy's Induction

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That afternoon, the girls enjoyed riding on the many attractions in the theme park, as any children their ages would. They had a lovely time. Afterwards, they went back to the food mall. One outlet specialised in BBQ food, and they enjoyed making a real mess with the sauce when the ribs arrived. They were laughing, giggling having a great time, just being little girls. As the sun set and the sky darkened into twilight, the lights in the park came on, shining onto the Disney castles. A fantastic laser show started with spectacular patterns projected onto the light clouds above.

As they walked around, one large happy group, Sam reflected just how successful the Choices Club had become. It had exceeded his wildest dreams. He was giving these twenty plus girls a real chance to get on in life. They were having the time of their lives, their home lives were transformed, and he could fuck any one of them whenever he wanted. What more could you ask for?

As they walked along, Sam became aware of little Nancy walking beside him. She was sizing him up. There must be something on her mind. He casually reached down, and took her hand in his, and they walking on like that for some minutes.

“Daddy,” she eventually asked, “can I ask you something? But it’s rude.” She giggled in embarrassment, looking around to make sure she wasn’t overheard.

“Yes, of course, sweetheart,” he replied, “what would you like to know?”

“Well,” she giggled, her hips swinging from side to side, trying to shrug off her shyness, “it’s about, you know, my problem, you know, down there.”

Sam knew this had taken a lot of courage for the eight year old to bring up.

“I understand you went to the consultant the day after you got into The Club,” he said, trying to break the ice, “how did you get on?”

“Oh,” said Nancy, her speech beginning to return to normal, “she was a very nice lady. My mummy took me and they talked lots, then the lady had a look at me between my legs, and then she talked more to Mummy, then we went home. Mummy says I have to do the exercises and put the thingy in lots.”

Sam knew all about the consultation. By arrangement, a copy of the report had been e-mailed to Sylvia, who showed it to him. In brief, Nancy had a rare form of Vaginismus, which, although treatable, because of her age, the treatment needed to be supervised, which Sylvia did with enthusiasm. The day before they flew out, she had gone back to the consultant, to be instructed on treatment. She had been given a local anæsthetic cream to use, and a small dilator had been inserted. She had already been given a series of exercises to do, and had to insert the tiny dilator twice a day, or more, as well as sleep with it in. She had been given a second, slightly larger, dilator to try and use when she’d mastered the first. After a month, she would return to the consultant, and a bigger dilator would be issued. Over several months, her vagina should return to normal. Sam understood, that in the case of adult women, regular intercourse was encouraged to ensure a return of the condition did not occur. He also realised intercourse with her was out of the question until she was discharged from treatment, as the consultant would recognise what had been happening, even assuming intercourse were possible.

“Daddy,” Nancy asked, “will I be able to be inducted? I so want to be, but I don’t know how. The doctor said I have to be very careful. What do I do?” She seemed to be almost on the point of tears.

“Don’t worry, Nancy,” he said soothingly, “do you want to be inducted before your treatment is over?”

“Oh, yes, Daddy,” she immediately responded, “I want to be inducted before we go home. I shouldn’t tell you this, because Sally might be cross, but all the girls want to be inducted before we go home.” Sam’s cock gave a lurch at the thought of all those virgins queuing up for him.

They were standing now in a large open space, looking up into the sky. A spectacular display of fireworks had just commenced. Everyone was watching avidly, not noticing Sam talking to Nancy intimately. He had stooped down and picked her up. Her arms were locked around his neck, her legs round his waist, her weight resting on his hands, cupping her bottom, his fingers pressing into her.

“You weren’t in The Club when Vicky was inducted, were you?” he asked. She shook her head. “Have you heard about it?” he continued. She shook her head again. “Go and have a chat with her,” he went on, “she can tell you about it. Perhaps you’d like to do the same thing. But Nancy,” he looked at her kindly, “if you want to be inducted, then it will happen don’t you worry. And one more thing, Nancy,” she looked up at him enquiringly, “promise me, if ever you are worried about anything again, you are to talk to me, or Sylvia or Sally, understand?” She grinned at him, as he put her down, nodded her head vigorously, and skipped off towards Vicky. Sam would have loved to hear that conversation.

About half an hour later, they were making their way back to the bus for the return to the city. Nancy came and walked beside him, more confidence in her step. She slipped her hand into his again, their fingers intertwining.

“Daddy,” she said, “can I make a wish please?”

“Of course darling,” said Sam, who knew exactly what was coming next and it might even be him, “what did you want to wish for?”

His heart was thumping with anticipation for her next words. She’d obviously rehearsed her lines with Vicky, because she came right out with it. “Daddy would you induct me tonight, please. Vicky says I should ask you to fuck me in the bum. She said it was really nice, especially at the end, when you squirted in her.” Sam’s heart gave another lurch.

As they sat in the bus, looking at the lights flash by, Sally leaned against Sam, cuddling him, contented. It had been another good day. She knew what was happening later, but wanted to clear something in her mind.

“I was listening to Nancy talking to Vicky. Do you like doing it in the bottom, is it one of your favourite ways to do it? Vicky told me you said that.” she asked him unexpectedly. He nodded. “Does it feel better?” she continued, “I mean does it feel the same, or nicer? If you like it, why don’t you do it every time, or at least, more often?”

He looked at her steadily. “As it happens, yes, I adore doing it up the bum. What is your favourite food, Sally?” he asked her unexpectedly.

“Easy, asparagus,” she said, surprising him.

“Why don’t you eat asparagus at every meal if it’s your favourite?” he asked.

“Well I like other food too and it makes variety, and now I will look forward to asparagus as a special treat. Especially if I am allowed to piss on you afterwards.” She grinned at him, he smiled.

“Well, making love is like that too. If you only did it one way, wouldn’t it get boring? But if one day you do it orally, the next on top, then up the bum, it makes it more exciting. Do you understand?” She nodded, thoughtfully.

“Daddy, when I go to sleep lying on you tonight, will you put it in my bottom? I’d like to try it.” Sam noticed there was no ‘if’, but only ‘when’.

“Sure my darling, but I would prefer it if we have lots of time to enjoy it.” He grinned, “will there be anything else, madam?” She grinned back. “Probably I’ll think about it”, she said.

As soon as they got back to the hotel, as they’d already eaten, they headed for their suite. Knowing there was to be another induction, there was an air of excitement in the room. It had been a long hot day, and they were soon all in the shower, soaping and washing each other down. Sam watched. They were just so relaxed with each other these days. The youngest running her fingers through the pussies and bum cracks of the oldest, and visa versa, washing, caressing, enjoying. Taking care of each other, like the closest of families.

Afterwards, they got dried and returned naked to the salon, sitting around on the sumptuous scarlet and gold furniture, sipping champagne, which someone had opened, as if it were the most natural thing in the world you did every day. Meanwhile, Sylvia and Nancy went back into the bathroom, Sylvia was holding a length of rubber tubing, a funnel attached to one end, a plastic tube at the other, and a jug. She had heard the French applied enimas to constipated children all the time and she had simply asked the hotel reception to borrow their set.

Sam asked Suzy and Becky to organise the table in the middle of the room again, spread with several blankets, a couple of cushions ready for support. On her return from the bathroom, Nancy, thinking it was time, went over to the table, and got on her knees bending over the thick red cushion, parting her thighs. Her tiny pale bottom stuck up in the air, her cheeks separating, her little rosebud, pink and brown opened up a little, still dilated from having the tube pushed in.

“No not yet Nancy,” said Sylvia, smiling at the child’s enthusiasm, “don’t rush things. You must enjoy your induction. Lay on the table, on your back. Relax, get comfortable, enjoy yourself. Put a cushion under your head, I’ll put one here under your bottom as well. You’ll know when it’s time.”

Sylvia indicated to the girls surrounding the table to step a little closer. “Make sure you can all see what’s happening. Who hasn’t seen anyone have it in the bum?” she asked. The answer was all the new Club members, of course. “OK, well, when the time comes, make sure you can all see. Sally, would you like to start?”

Sylvia and Sam always tried to make each induction special, different, if they could. So, by prior arrangement, Sally was the first in showing what all the girls needed to do now. She stepped to the table, knelt down, and pushed Nancy’s legs up and back. Nancy twigged, and held her knees with her hands, hugging them to her chest. Sally leant in, and pressed her thumbs to Nancy’s cleft, and gently opened her up, revealing her tiny, clamped up vagina. Slowly, reluctantly, her labia parted, peeling open very slightly, her pink interior, being seen for the first time ever, glinting in the dampness of her arousal, her juices oozing visibly along her whole cleft. She must have been wet for a long time, anticipating her induction, so much was already spread along her pussy.

Pausing, Sally inhaled the musky scent of the girl, mixed with the lemon scent of soap from the shower, knowing her Daddy would soon be fucking her. She so wanted Daddy to enjoy it. It was important to Sally. Her tongue reached out, and pressed to Nancy’s lower back, over her coccyx, just where her spine ended. She rested there a moment, then pressing quite hard, slowly, oh so slowly, she moved her tongue along into her crack, tasting the saltiness, the tartness, despite her having just showered, as she ran over the girl’s rosebud, flicking her tongue tip over it a couple of times, and across her perineum, before dipping into the small cavity at the entrance to her secret place. Here she met a flood of juices, now seeping from Nancy like a running tap. Sally thought she tasted sweet, nice. On she travelled, flicking her tongue several times over the eight year old clit, eliciting a moan from the inductee, and a second as her tongue moved on up, tickling her tear drop shaped dimple and finally over her smooth mound. She quickly stood, and made way for Lizzie, waiting her turn to repeat the stimulation.

“Eww,” said little seven year old Daisy, “that’s disgusting. I can’t do that, licking her bottom.” She wrinkled her nose in an expression of distaste.

“Don’t worry, Daisy, it’s easy,” said Sophie, sounding like a veteran, “she’s nice and clean now. When you’ve done it a few times, you’ll get to like it. I do.”

Over the next twenty minutes or so, every Club member took their turn. Even little Daisy found it more fun than she’d expected, feeling Nancy react to her touch, and quite enjoyed herself. Nancy was very aroused after the first ten or twelve had attended to her, by fifteen, she was pouring little girl juices from her vagina, dripping onto the cushion, and for the last few, she was moaning constantly, grinding her hips, trying to increase the contact between herself and her tormentors. Her tight clammed pussy even started opening and closing like a fish breathing. She was ready. She was more than ready. She would have been beside herself had she needed to wait much longer.

As the last stepped away, Sam came to her and leaned in to her ear and whispered, “Nancy, are you ready, my darling?” She was panting in need, speechless, she gasped her “yes” and nodded.

He had intended to take her doggy style, but in the position she was in now, her bum was at the right height, and he could look at her tight little cunt oozing her slime, as he buggered her, plus she would be able to see her friends during the induction. So he knelt, his knees either side of her waist, his thighs pressing her hips, took the KY jelly which Sally handed to him and inserted the nozzle gently into her anus and squirted some into her. Putting a little more jelly on his finger, he quickly rubbed a smear around and under his foreskin, and brought his tip to her entry.

Lightly gripping the child’s upturned thighs, he applied a gentle pressure, and eased. He pressed again, watching his mushroom shaped crown squeeze into her recess, easing back again. He pressed a third time, and held himself there, his cock pushing at her. He remained there for perhaps five or ten seconds, before he sensed movement. Looking down, he could just see his tip slipping a fraction into her rectum. Still he held his position, allowing her to slowly dilate, drawing him into her. Suddenly, he popped into her, her sphincter

muscle snapping over his head, as it disappeared into her rectum. She gasped. He gasped. Every Club girl gasped.

Sam paused for a moment. She was so tight. How he loved ‘em tight. This one was as tight as fuck. She was almost pinching his cock off at the head. Slowly, he could feel her muscles start to relax, as she accepted his intrusion. Then he pressed very slightly in, and eased back. He paused a second or two and repeated it. And again. After half a dozen cycles, he felt a little movement, almost nothing. Then suddenly, as if she was welcoming him in, he felt her passage part, peeling open, as he slid in one movement, slowly but surely, deeper and deeper into her bowels. His pubic hair scraped into her pussy. He held himself there for a second, before pulling back, almost coming out, then thrusting back in, his pubis bumping into her clit, making her take a sharp breath.

Again he pulled out and thrust back in, increasing the tempo a little each time. He nodded to Sally, not needing to say anything. She knelt down, and picking up one of the little pink vibrators, switched it on and placed it against Nancy’s sensitive but erect clitty. She gasped again, her hips bucking upwards slightly. Sam thrust into the child again and again, now slapping his lower belly up against the back of Nancy’s thighs, as he penetrated deep into her. This went on for a minute or two, slap, slap, slap, interspersed with the buzz of the toy and their grunting, when suddenly everything happened at once.

Nancy climaxed magnificently. Her whole body convulsed for a moment, then she ejaculated. A long stream of little girlie cum juice shot from her vagina, a foot into the air, splashing Sam and Sally’s faces as they looked down. Nancy was taken by surprise. Her whole body pulsed, shook, jerked, cramped and clamped all at the same time. Her squeezing on his cock had an immediate effect, and he came too. He could feel his cum shoot deep into her bowels, being pushed deeper each thrust by his pumping motions and more semen squirting from him. He pumped and squirted, pumped and squirted. Her tight little rectum milking him dry, as it clamped on him in time with her climactic contractions. The girl calmed slowly, as did Sam as he subsided into his wonderful mini pulses which he so enjoyed at the end, until there was nothing. He waited a minute, silence in the room, before, first one, then all The Club girls cheered together.

“Well done,” said Lizzie.

Nancy looked up at her, hopefully, “How many, Liz?”

“Twenty five,” was the reply, “that’s a really good score.” Everyone clapped again, as Sylvia moved in to do her thing, sucking the juices from the child like an industrial vacuum. She’d enjoyed giving Nancy an enema earlier almost as much.

Sylvia looked up and said, “You’re going to have to wash your hair, Nancy.”

“Why’s that, what’s wrong with it?” she asked, running her fingers through her beautiful long blond hair.

“It’s so long, you’re lying on it. It’s under your bottom, and, well, stuff has run into it. It’s all gooey and sort of stinky too.” Everyone, including Nancy, laughed. They all loved it when something funny happened in an induction. The girls helped Nancy up onto her feet. It took her a moment to gain her balance. She felt light headed, she felt wonderful. She was with her very best friends in the world, and had just felt the nicest feeling of her life. She felt elated. Her bottom was a little sore, but she was so happy, she hardly noticed it.

Nancy stood in the centre of the group, her arms at her sides. Sam took a long white box, opened it and shook out the contents, a silver choker necklace, the pinnacle of desire to every member present. After he’d clipped it round her neck, she cleared her throat with a quiet cough and said, “As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.” Sam picked her up. She instinctively clamped her legs around his waist. He cupped her bottom, feeling her shape, her muscle tone. She was still damp and slick there, and he couldn’t resist letting his middle finger slide into her. It was only a minute later, though, that he realised he had pressed into her vagina, instead of her bum. The psychological damage of the past seemed to be fading into history, and she was recovering. He hoped to play an ongoing part in that.

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CHAPTER 79
The Brothers Grimm – or The Grim Brothers.

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Their time in Paris was flashing by. It would soon be time to leave. They had been made so welcome by the wonderful people they'd met. Sam and Sylvia, husband and wife, who'd have thought. Sam a hero here and at home. The, now world famous, Choices Club, the happiest group of pre-adolescent girls in the world. All anxious to please each other, to please Sylvia and Sam, who had given them so much joy in the things they had done, places they'd visited, and the way they'd looked after their mothers. Life was perfect. But, the god of fate had other ideas.

They went out to the Louvre again. It held a fascination for them all. Sam had feared they would be bored with the huge museum, but as he limited the time of each visit, it hadn't been a problem. Afterwards, they always did something interesting and exciting to little girls, like visiting the catacombs, where miles and miles of tunnels are lined with bones and skulls of people who died hundreds of years ago. They took the open top bus tour of the city and also went to Giverny, Monet's home and garden.

The last night approached, and as arranged, Brigitte and Emmanuel Macron came for dinner in the hotel. Sam had invited them as a small 'thank you' for laying on the wonderful wedding for them. Nicholas Sale, the chef was so proud to have his president in for dinner. As before, the food was a variety of French dishes, so the children could choose for themselves what they wanted to eat.

There was a large grand piano in the restaurant, and a resident pianist played music to entertain the guests. Brigitte asked the head waiter if they would object to Sally playing a piece. She was ushered to the piano, sat at the stool, and looked into the mid distance for a moment, before selecting Clair de Lune by Debussy. She played with passion and deep feeling. It mesmerised them and the other guests in the restaurant. At the end, they were so impressed, they all demanded an encore. She smiled and played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

The atmosphere was very relaxed, like meeting old friends. M. Macron was able to speak without guarding his every word. There were no reporters. He wanted to talk to Sam about his views on the Middle East. The only person with them was Pierre, for security, who sat beside Sam. They were like old friends. Clearly Pierre and the president were friends too.

At the end of the evening, Brigitte and Emmanuel Macron thanked Sam for his hospitality and spoke to each of the girls in turn before taking their leave. Sylvia signalled to the girls to follow her up to their rooms, and the party broke up. Sally, wanting to wave off her friend Brigitte, who had been so kind to her, joined Sam in going outside, where the presidential car pulled up; a driver and one security man getting out. At that moment, there was a shout from the colonnaded darkness of the ancient shop fronts nearby, and a man came running at the group shouting "Allah akbar".

A shot rang out. The newly arrived security man fell, clasping his arm. Pierre, drawing his own gun, leapt to protect the Macrons, but was unsighted by Sam and Sally, while Sam turned to face the oncoming terrorist, who, confused at the unexpected confrontation, stopped, pointing the gun with a wavering hand. It was obvious to Sam he wasn't practiced at using a handgun.

"We are the Brothers of Islam" the man shouted. "You infidels must die, like my brother died in the air. You killed my brother." The highly emotional man raised his gun, now pointing it at Sam, who was still directly in line between the president and the terrorist. Sam wasn't close enough to attempt disarming him. He had to freeze. Stare him down.

In that instant, Sally appearing from nowhere, stepped in front of Sam and held out her arms, looking the man in the eye and shouted, "No, you will not kill my Daddy." The man blinked. He had expected to be able to shoot the president, shoot the American, then make his escape. He would be a hero of the cause. He did not expect this. A little girl, about the same age as his own daughter, Aishah. He hesitated. In that instant, Pierre brought up his own gun and the would-be terrorist fell lifeless to the ground, his sightless eyes looking upwards towards the small red hole in his temple.

Sam leapt forward and took Sally up in his arms, hugging her, one arm around her waist, the other supporting her weight under her bottom. She was limp in his arms, sobbing, shaking. He noticed as he held her, she was wet. She had pissed herself; and yet still found the courage to stand up to the gunman. She had tried to protect him with her body, her life for his. He would never forget it. A debt not to be disregarded.

Pierre moved to the fallen man and kicked away his weapon and checked for life. None. He stood looking around, alert, before speaking into a hidden microphone at his wrist. Brigitte and Emmanuel Macron walked back from the car, holding each other closely.

“Sam,” said Macron, clapping him on the shoulder, smiling grimly, “I think we need a drink. Let’s go back inside.” The three adults and Sally went into the cocktail lounge, just inside the entrance to the hotel. Sam asked Sally if she wanted to go upstairs to bed. She refused to let Sam go, she clung to him, burying her face into his shoulder, her body shaking with the after effects of adrenaline. She was a frightened eleven year old.

Pierre stayed outside, waiting for his police colleagues and the anti terrorist team to arrive, protecting the crime scene. He gave first aid to his friend who had fortunately only received a flesh wound in the upper arm.

Emanuel and Brigitte were understandably shaken, but glad things had turned out as they did. They ordered Cognac all round. The waiter queried Sally, obviously underage, having alcohol in a public place. “This young lady just saved my life, young man,” said Macron in a voice that would have frozen hot coffee, “I think we can bend the rules a little, just this once. Don’t you?” The man, contrite, nodded, bowed and moved away.

After about half an hour, the chief of the Gendarmerie entered, and gave the president a quick briefing. It would seem the man who had attempted the clumsy assassination, was on a watch list. He was Hamazi’s half brother, lived most of the time in Paris, and often visited London, where his wife and daughter stayed. He acted as a point of contact for one or two Islamist groups. He had a part time cover job, working as a clerk in an accountancy company. He had no military training, but was useful for gathering information. It would seem that his brother’s death during the failed hijacking had sparked his anger, and subsequent amateurish attack.

The anti-terrorist forces throughout the world have a soubriquet for the Brothers of Islam. They call them the Brothers Grimm.

“But Monsieur,” said the surprised police chief, looking at Sam “I have some news for you also. We were puzzled as to how the hijackers knew that Madame Macron was on the plane; who was in her security detail; where they were sitting. We, with help from your CIA have found the answer. There was a sky marshal on the flight. His name is…”

“Jack Evans,” completed Sam.

“You know him, Monsieur?” asked the police chief, surprised.

“Our paths crossed a time or two when I served. But tell me something, if he was mixed up in helping the terrorists, why did he shoot Hamazi? It doesn’t make sense.”

“Hamazi was seriously injured,” came the reply, “he was probably going to die anyway, but you wanted to get him back for interrogation. Evans knew his cover would probably be blown if that happened, so he shot him. Evans was arrested earlier today in Los Angeles.”

“That answers it,” said Sam, “I couldn’t understand why he did it. Now it makes sense.”

Before taking his leave, the chief of police showed Sam a folded piece of paper, which he tucked into Sam’s breast pocket, giving a meaningful look.

Sam and the Macrons had another drink, before Sam stood, still holding the now, sleeping, Sally. Even so, she still clung to him like a limpet.

“She is a special girl, Sam,” said Brigitte, “you must look after her, as I know you will.”

“Indeed,” added Macron, “I think she is a very brave person. I am going to ask for her to receive an honour. Will you bring her when the time comes?” The question required no reply.

They parted a few minutes later. Sam promised to return to visit his friends and perhaps bring all The Club girls too. Brigitte and Emanuel both embraced him as they left for their car.

Sam quietly entered the suite. It was in semi darkness, just a small light had been left on. He laid Sally on one of the gold and crimson settees, and had to lever her hands away from him, releasing her iron grip. He unclipped her navy blue skirt at the waist, and hung the wet garment over the back of a chair. She wasn’t wearing underwear, as usual, and he spent a moment admiring her lovely shape, the way her mons lifted clear of her belly, it’s thin covering of very fine silver hair glinting in the pale light. He ran his fingers along her cleft for a moment, just enjoying her soft firmness. A little smile came to her, in her dream.

He slipped her jacket off her shoulders and unbuttoned her blouse, letting it fall open to the sides, as she lay there. Her little boobs were maturing now, lifting and falling as she breathed, and were now almost as large as espresso cups, her areolæ, a darker pink than the skin surrounding them, had a ring of Goosebumps stippling them. Her nipples were hard and proud. Perhaps an after effect of the excitement of the evening. After he had slipped her blouse off her arms, he picked her up and carried her, now naked, into the bedroom.

Of the other twenty one Club girls about a dozen were in the huge bed with Sylvia, sleeping in pairs, arms around one another in tangles of intimacy. The others, mostly the youngest girls, were in his bed. Knowing he would be sleeping in the centre, they had left just enough space there for him and Sally. He laid her carefully down and went into the bathroom to undress and have a quick wash. Returning, he wriggled up from the bottom of the bed, cuddled into Sally, and rolled her on top of him, her knees naturally falling either side of his thighs. She was in a deep, deep sleep, induced by the terror she had endured earlier, several cognacs, followed by immense relief of now being safe, enveloped in his protection.

He lay for a few minutes, thinking through the events of the evening, the stupid amateurish murder attempt and the revelation about Jack. He thought about the piece of paper the chief of police had given him. All that was written on it was a web address and what was obviously a password. He would look at it another time.

He was amazed at Sally’s courage. He ran his hands down her back, and over her bum and into the valley between her cheeks. He felt stickiness, where her urine had dried on her skin, and at that moment the smell of it wafted up from under the covers. His erection hardened, nestling between her thighs. His pre-cum not long in flowing, allowing him to slip back and forth along her cleft. What was it about this girl?

As he quietly humped the eleven year old, he felt her arousal adding to the slickness between them. He reached down with his fingers, and guided his crown into the little dip, heralding her entry. He arched his hips, and felt his tip slip into her warm, moist depths. She was tight, but somehow, she opened up to his penetration of her body, as if he gave her more security. He humped her slowly and gently, feeling his tip nudging into her cervix. It wasn’t long before he felt the tell tale signs of his orgasm deep down in his loins. Suddenly, he blasted his ejaculation into her, deep into her. Pulse after pulse. She grunted in her sleep each time he squirted into her womb. He felt her clamping on him, as she climaxed in her dreams, cuming in her sleep. He never remembered falling asleep himself, as exhaustion overtook him, even as his mini pulses ebbed away.

Sam awakened suddenly. He didn’t know what had caused it. He lay still, alert, assessing, listening. Then he felt it. Sally moved, then again. He was still deep inside her, his cock semi tumescent still, then she humped him, curling her hips slightly, pressing her mons to his groin. He hardened, growing in her. She moaned, a moan of contentment. She humped him again, eliciting thrilling feelings inside her. She was wet, she could feel it. She knew it was his semen. He had fucked her when she slept. She found it exciting. It meant he wanted her. She loved him, and if he wanted her anytime, anyway, it was OK. She liked him using her. Besides, she did it too, and now it was her turn.

As she slowly, gently moved on him, trying to let him sleep, unaware he was awake anyway, she thought about the shooting outside, and how she’d reacted. On the one hand, she was proud of herself. She’d instinctively stepped in front of the gun to save Daddy, on the other, she felt shame. She’d peed herself. She

blushed. But Daddy had held her all that time when they were in the bar downstairs. And he'd put her to bed. He must know, but he'd covered for her, not letting Madame Brigitte know she'd wet herself. He never judged her, he wouldn't embarrass her by saying anything. No one but the two of them would ever know. God she loved this man. If only he was her real Daddy. She'd be able to sleep with him all the time back home then like lots of other girls she knew of did.

It wasn't long, before Sally felt those tingles deep inside her. The ones which told her she was going to cum. She could feel his cock pushing at that spot in her tummy. Bump, bump, bump, clench. She came, her orgasm washed over in a cascade of blinding lights and friendly cramps deep inside. She so needed this. It was so intense, so overwhelming, she didn't feel him cuming in her, filling her with more semen, more sperm, more love.

During the night, Sam was aware of Sally moving over him twice more. She climaxed each time, and each time she fell asleep immediately it ended. He let her enjoy herself, not letting on that he was awake. She'd earned it.

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CHAPTER 80
London's Calling.

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The following morning was chaos. They might be the most helpful, well behaved group of girls imaginable, but they were, at the end of the day pre-teens, with all the faults that go with it. Shouts of "have you seen my vibrator? Did you give it back, after you borrowed it Vicky?" or "I left the top off the KY jelly, the stuff has all leaked into my suitcase", made Sam and Sylvia smile. Somehow it all came together, and they had removed all their luggage to the reception in time for the bus to take them to the Gard du Nord railway station. Before they left, while Sam settled the bill, Sylvia had a final check of the rooms, and was glad she did, because she found three sets of unopened Ben Wa Balls in a drawer and the missing vibrator Vicky had left in the bathroom. It still looked sticky and had a distinctive odour.

Outside the main entrance, the manager was there to wave them off, as was the head waiter, chef Nicholas Sale and several other members of staff too. Claude from Cartier and Pierre from the palace had taken the trouble to come too. Promises of returning soon, and waves from all the girls, and they were off. Sam felt a little guilty, because today was Lizzie's birthday. He had given her a quick fuck first thing, and had spanked her quite hard while they did it, which she asked for and liked very much. But, he felt her special day would be a bit flat, because they were travelling.

At dawn that morning, Sam had been up early, packed his belongings, and then pulled out his laptop. He opened up the URL, and typed in the strange web address the policeman had given him. It was a secure web site. The password given was in fact a decrypt code. The page contained a brief, concise CIA report on the Brothers of Islam. It would seem most of their people were in some way related to each other, like the guy killed yesterday. In fact, they were not a large group, just very active. Their main base was a family home in Finchley, north London, where three generations lived together, including Hamazi up until the hijacking.

Sam puzzled for a moment as to why he'd been given this information, until he saw the final paragraph which in summary said that no prosecutions could be brought against the group, because of insufficient evidence at this time, but informants had advised they were planning another "spectacular". That word reminded Sam of only one thing, 9-11. As he thought about it, Sam knew the authors of this report were aware that groups like The Brothers of Islam, had long memories. Sooner or later, they would seek him out. They were obviously hoping for him to do something about it and solve their own problem at the same time.

The high speed Eurostar train did the 306 mile journey, including passing through the 31 mile tunnel under the English Channel, in just over 2 hours, arriving in London St. Pancras on time at 12 noon.

At passport control, a man in a grey suit approached Sam, asking if he could have a quiet word. He introduced himself as 'Pemberton'. It transpired he was inviting Sam to attend a ceremony at Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales was going to invest a number of dignitaries on Friday and wanted to recognise

Sam for his bravery in saving ninety British lives in the hijacking. He was to be awarded the George Cross. Pemberton handed Sam an envelope, with the Royal crest on the front, containing the gold embossed card, headed with the royal warrant, confirming the details. Sam was overwhelmed. He knew this medal was the civilian equivalent of the Victoria Cross, which was only awarded to serving soldiers. Very few had received the G.C. He agreed to attend, of course, and as Pemberton walked away, Sam thumbed the invitation and reflected on the old expression. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them. He wondered which category he was in, as he walked back to join his girls.

They spent a short time admiring the amazing Victorian building of St. Pancras Staion, and the vast, modern, sculptures, decorating the main hall, before travelling on to the Savoy Hotel, to check in. Sam had considered the Dorchester, Ritz and Browns, but was swayed by the fact the Savoy had Suites large enough for them all, and now the new girls had also come over to join the group, space was even more important.

They piled out of the black taxi cabs outside the hotel. Joe, the doorman helped with their hand bags and they were quickly checked into the hotel and went up to their suite. In many ways it compared with the Ritz suite in Paris, in that there was a big central salon, with several bedrooms leading off it, each with two very large double beds inside. The hotel was used to catering to the needs of wealthy Arab guests who needed such accommodation for their numerous wives and offspring. The master bedroom was enormous, a suite in it's own right. There were two vast beds, each much wider than they were long. Certainly big enough for everyone to get into. Again Sylvia stressed to the girls the importance that they needed to make their "own rooms" look as if they'd been slept in and used each day.

In the main salon, along one whole wall, were bi-fold doors, which let out onto an enormous terrace balcony with tables, chairs, and a small garden laid out with plants and a small fishpond with a fountain. The view from the terrace was stunning. They had a vista across the whole city. In the afternoon sun, they could see the light reflecting off the River Thames in a million twinkling flashing sparkles. The sights of London spread on either side before them. The London Eye wheel, and across the river from it, the Houses of Parliament, in the Palace of Westminster, known as the mother of parliaments, because the laws of most democracies, and even undemocratic countries were originally formed or based on the laws made there. Next door was Westminster Abbey, where monarchs have been crowned for over a thousand years. Beyond, in the distance, they could see the Tower of London, the ancient fortress, built by William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. The site actually dated back to the Romans.

Sun shone like a mirror off the building known as the Shard, the tallest building in the city, and indeed western Europe, standing over 1,000 feet in height. It's angular shape drawing the eye in. Sam explained that of all the top ten tallest buildings in the whole of Europe, five are in Moscow and four in Istanbul, the Shard coming in at number four.

Becky was standing beside him, shielding her eyes against the glare of the sun as she looked and pointed at the distant building with a wavering finger. "Daddy, can we go up to the top of that while we're here?"

"I suppose so," said Sam, conscious of his vertigo, "why do you want to go up there, darling?"

"I've been waiting for somewhere special," she inclined her head and looked up at him with a beautiful smile, "I want to be inducted at the top. Can I, please?"

Sam knew he was trapped and had to concede. He looked along the balcony guard rail, where every Club girl and Sylvia were leaning, all looking at him. He rolled his eyes, "OK, I suppose so," he sighed, "just so long as I don't have to look down while we're doing it, deal?"

"Deal," she said, offering her tiny hand for him to shake.

Having done a little research, Sam amused the girls as he pointed out the many famous buildings and telling them the nicknames they'd acquired. "The Shard is also called the Salt Cellar. It's original boring name was the London Tower. That rounded building over there," he said pointing, "is The Gherkin, and that one beyond is the Walkie Talkie, because of it's shape." His finger was now moving in an arc across the city. "And there, The Can of Ham and that one The Cheesegrater, The Helter Skelter, and that odd shaped one is The Stealth Bomber. Beyond it, you can see St. Pauls Cathedral with the dome. It was built after most of the city was burnt in 1666."

“Now, girls,” said Sam, “I have a little surprise. As you know, it’s Lizzie’s birthday today, so I have booked a meal in the best restaurant outside of the hotel. The hotel have made a cake and it will be here in a minute and I have a couple of presents for her. I know all you girls have got something, so let’s go inside and open them.”

They might be highly sexually charged girls, but at the end of the day, they were all pre-teens, and that age love birthday parties. The cake arrived with some nibbles and drinks. The hotel management had even added some balloons, party poppers, paper horns and hats. Lizzie blew out the candles and cut the cake before they sang ‘Happy Birthday’. In minutes they were in full party mode. After half an hour, Sylvia clapped her hands and signalled them to all sit in a big circle.

Sylvia took a nicely wrapped parcel, and handed it to the birthday girl. Lizzie thought back, as she took the gift, she’d never had a proper party just for her, before. A little tear came to her eye, which she cuffed away. She carefully unwrapped the present, rolling the soft red silk ribbon up and putting it in her pocket, before removing the pink paper, which she folded and placed carefully on the table in front of her. Inside tissue paper covered the contents. As she lifted it, the present slid out onto her lap. There was a collective gasp, for there on Lizzie’s lap was the most beautiful dress they’d ever seen. It sparkled continuously as if alive, and seemed to be made up of a million tiny gold sequins. Lizzie had never owned anything so lovely in her life. She leapt out of her chair and hugged Sylvia. “Thank you Hon-Syl, thank you so so much, it’s gorgeous.”

“Well I can’t take all the credit,” said Sylvia, now hugging Lizzie back, “Brigitte knew the best shops in Paris where we should go for this, and helped choose it the day we bought the wedding clothes.”

Next, Sally, as head girl, brought over a little rectangular parcel and handed it carefully to Lizzie, saying, “this is from all the girls. We wanted you to have something to remember Paris.” As she unwrapped it, she saw it was a beautifully made model of the Eiffel Tower. Although only six inches tall, it was in intricate detail, accurate in every way. She knew the girls must have put in a lot of their allowance to buy something so nice. Lizzie went around the room, kissing each of them in turn.

An air of expectancy suddenly filled the room. The girls all looked towards Sam, who suddenly had two parcels on his lap, both wrapped in the same paper as Sylvia’s present had been. One was small and box shaped, which he handed to her. Lizzie took it, and almost reverently unwrapped it. As she opened the box, she could immediately see it had the distinctive Cartier crest on it. Another gasp erupted, as inside glistened a diamond eternity ring. Set in platinum, the ring of twenty small diamonds glittered in the light of the sun streaming through the open balcony doors. Sam didn’t know what hit him, as the human cannon ball ran across the room and launched into the air, landing on top of him, as he sat in the armchair. She hugged and kissed him for two or three minutes. She knew a ring like this was worth thousands. As she finally got up, to show the ring around to all her friends, Sam glanced down, and could see his light coloured trousers were damp where her pantiless pussy had just been pressing to him.

“That was a present from The Club,” explained Sam, as he got out of his seat, holding the second parcel. “You had a rough time after we got back from camp. We nearly lost you, and that would have been a tragedy for The Club. So I thought we owed you something a little special. This other present though,” he reached out, handing her the parcel, “is from me. I thought you might like to use it from time to time. I’ll help you if you like.” He was grinning, as she started to unwrap it. All the girls were mystified, except Sally, who’d been with him when he’d bought this.

Knowing this was a fun present, Lizzie ripped it open like any girl would on her eleventh birthday, paper and ribbon flying to the floor around where she stood. As she looked at the contents, first puzzlement, then understanding, then excitement spread across her face. Inside was a fine brown linen bag, containing the whip with the six or eight inch long penis knob ended shaft from the other end of which flowed the nine long thick, heavy leather strands with knotted ends. It was a small version of a ‘cat-o-nine-tails’

In four cellophane packets, were long lengths of thick red fluffy rope. Sam might have thought the ring got lots of thanks from the girl, but she was ecstatic about this present. He had a hunch it wouldn’t be long before she wanted to try it out.

That afternoon, not wanting to be away too long after their long journey, they took a tour on one of the red London double decker open topped buses. The girls were more interested than Sam had expected. They

took it all in. But then he shouldn't have been surprised, these girls were special. They knew Sam wanted them to have a great education, and it would lead them to success in their own right. And besides, they didn't want to disappoint him.

While they toured the sights, Sam's phone tinged. A WhatsApp from Ellie:
"Hi Sam, just giving you a heads-up. Wendy seems to be rather keen on this waiter, I told you about the other day, she met here. In fact, she says she's not going home, she's staying. I don't know how serious she is, perhaps it'll blow over, but I think you might have to warn Sally. It will come as a shock to her. I'll let you know if, and when, things develop." He acknowledged receipt. Sam decided he wouldn't mention anything to Sally just yet.

They were booked into one of the finest Restaurants in London for their meal that evening, Simpsons in the Strand, which is in easy walking distance of the Savoy. Although the Savoy Grill has been world famous for it's food for well over a century, Sam wanted the girls to experience variety, and planned to visit The Grill on their last night. Simpsons had food which was simply exquisite. It wasn't fussy like French food, but simple English gourmet fare. There was a picture on the wall by their table, displaying the cover of an old Simpson's menu. In it was a cartoon of a hapless diner at his table, wearing suit and bowler hat, beside him a waiter. In the distance a very large, red faced chef bearing down on the customer with fury on his face, clutching a meat cleaver. The caption simply read: "The customer who enquired if the beef was English". Certainly, Sylvia and Sam later agreed it was the best beef they'd ever tasted. At the head of the table sat Lizzie, the birthday girl, with a very contented expression. She was the only girl not wearing Club apparel. Instead, she had her glittering golden dress on.

While they sat waiting for their food, they admired the large ornate room with it's big mirrors, pictures of rural English scenes and diners all in smart clothes, the men in suits and ties, the ladies in long dresses. The Club had provided the girls each with a long dress for formal occasions such as this. These were calf length, sleeveless, low cut. At the shoulders, they were navy blue, with the colour becoming paler the further down the dress you looked, sky blue at the waist and powder blue at the hem. At the hips, there were large pockets, except the pockets had no linings.

The tables all had lovely crisply ironed and starched linen tablecloths. They draped over the sides, onto the diners' laps. Sam had Nancy and Suzy either side of him, while Sylvia had Naomi and Daisy. Both of them had taken advantage of the fact that their hands were hidden under the table, and could roam freely.

Realizing what he intended, both the girls slid closer to him, moved their bottoms towards the front of their chairs, and leaned back, parting their knees as they did, each pulling the table cloth up to their waist. He quickly found the pocket openings in the side of their dresses, and ran his fingers across and between their warm naked thighs. Neither were wearing panties these days, of course. He was surprised when he found both of them had hardened clits, as he moved his fingers down over their warm soft hairless skin.

Suzy, of course, had no cleft to speak of, just a clit, poking out, and below that her hole, but what a hole. Sam remembered just how wonderful she had felt inside when she was inducted. Nancy on his other side, had been following her doctor's instructions, using the dilator, with Lucy's help, and as a result surprised Sam, when he found his middle finger could just slip inside her a fraction. This was progress. She smiled up at him proudly, knowing what was going through his mind. While they waited for the food, Sam twiddled both girls, bringing them to a high. He could feel the tension in their thighs, the slight damp of perspiration under his palms, the slickness of little girl arousal permitting his fingers to slide deeper into them.

He really liked feeling the differences between them. Ten year old Suzy, who had been so shy, with no pudenda, no cleft, just a clit and her vagina. But what a vagina. Definitely one of his favourites. He was reminded every time he fucked her. Suzy's long light coloured brown hair so long she was sitting on it. He remembered with a smile, how her mum Lisa couldn't believe the change in her after the selection weekend. He wondered how her mum now felt, knowing he was fucking her child.

Nancy, now wriggling on his other finger was going to cum, and cum good any moment. She was so wet. Her vagina never penetrated before, other than with a doctor's dilator. She had grabbed his wrist, now, and was pushing his hand against her, trying to elicit greater pleasure from his masturbation. She had so loved her induction the other night, but now realized the pleasure she might get if he could fuck her eight year old vagina properly. She shuddered, as more pleasure swept through her, her long blond hair shimmering.

Both girls were struggling to remain composed and were moving forward and back rhythmically. Sally, watching from the other side of the table realised what was about to happen, and passed a quiet word down the line of girls, and on her signal they all erupted in gales of laughter, the noise and movement of which covered for the two now enjoying a deep climax in full public view.

Sylvia had been having a similar time with Naomi and Daisy, except they hadn't climaxed, but had really enjoyed receiving her intimate attention. The two seven year old girls leaned into Sylvia's side, whispering to her, as little girls do with people they are completely comfortable with.

Naomi, shook her long black hair, and looked up at Sylvia. She thrust her enormous mound forward again into Sylvia's palm giving her such pleasure. She and Daisy had been talking a lot over the last few days, and wanted to ask something, but had lacked the courage to do so.

"Please, Hon-Syl," stammered Naomi after a few moments hesitation, "can I ask something? Can Daisy and me make a wish?"

At the word 'wish' the table went silent. Very few wishes were made these days, as the girls had everything they wanted and needed. Sally and Lizzie had made it clear they didn't want the girls pestering Sam unnecessarily. So when a wish was requested, it had to be important and so they all paid attention.

Realising everyone was looking at them, the seven year old went shy, her face blushing, but determination there too. If The Club had taught them nothing else, it had taught them that they were important to the other members, they mattered, and were loved, whatever their age, they had an equal say, what they had to say could be spoken. They could speak their minds. So it was with plucked up courage, that Naomi looked across the table and said, "Daddy, Hon-Syl, everyone, Daisy and me have been talking, and err, well, we've decided we would like to be inducted tonight."

"Are you sure this is what you both want," asked Sam, still nervous about having intercourse with girls so young. Messing about with them was one thing, he enjoyed that like any pedo would, but full penetration, that was something else, that was serious.

"Yes," nodded Daisy, similar determination in her chubby, but pretty little face, her brown hair glinting in the lights of the chandelier above their table, "we've talked to Sophie and Jenny ever since we got here. They told us about theirs. They said it wasn't easy, but they had a lovely time. If we do it the same, we can be inducted together like they were. Would that be alright?" She looked hopefully at Sam, as did Naomi, as did everyone around the table.

"OK," he responded after a few moments, "but the same rules apply to you as to Jenny and Sophie. Did they explain those to you?" he asked, not wanting to say it out loud in the restaurant.

"Uh, huh," said Daisy grinning, knowing they would be inducted tonight, "they even said you tossed a coin to decide who was first. We already did that, and I won, I'm first." Sam burst out laughing. They'd got it all worked out. He suddenly realised he'd still got his fingers in Nancy and Suzy, and was just starting to twiddle them a little again, as their food arrived.

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CHAPTER 81
Karen's Retribution

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Sam knew it was going to be a long night, he pondered as they walked back to the hotel. Sleep deprivation never concerned him, but he hoped he would be able to play his part so the two seven year olds would remember their induction in seventy years time. He didn't want to cum too quick for Daisy, but he also wanted to make sure Naomi had a proper induction. He knew what to do, and whispered to Sally, who nodded. He had all night to make this work. No need to rush.

They entered their suite, and immediately, as soon as Lizzie locked the door behind the last one, clothes were dropping to the floor like leaves from trees before a hard winter. Sylvia had to bustle them to hang the lovely dresses up properly, not wanting to sound too much like a nag.

Quickly, they were seated around the room. Sam, in the centre of the long settee, had put the BBC on to watch the ten o'clock news. A story of the recent arrest of five members of a cell of the Brothers of Islam was the top story. Sally pulled a crumpled piece of paper out, and consulted it. Several of the girls looked hopefully at her. They knew what that piece of paper was.

"Alice," Sally said, looking across at the plump nine year old with green flashing eyes, "it's your turn. Emily and karen, you can cuddle either side." Alice and Emily grinned, as they pushed the other girls gently out of the way to get into the privileged position.

Karen, on the other hand looked back at Sally and said "I don't feel like it tonight Sal, let someone else have a turn." This had never happened before, and Sally blinked in surprise, before looking across at Lizzie, who returned her look with a raised eyebrow. "Oh, err, OK," said Sally, "err, the next on the list is Hannah." Hannah, not believing her luck was soon, like Emily, seated beside her Daddy. Sam didn't notice the silent communication which took place between Sally, Lizzie and Sylvia. Sylvia had a very angry expression on her face, but she had turned her back on the room, so only Sally saw it. She gave Sally a meaningful look, and got a tiny nod of the head in return.

As Alice settled on Sam's lap, he felt her ample weight press his cock down. She wasn't obese, not like Vicky and Vera had once been, but he made a mental note to ask the two to give her a tip or two to lose a few pounds. She'd obviously enjoyed the French food too much. She lifted herself off him, now in a squatting position, and fished underneath, to find his hard cock, and guide it to her entry. There was no need for foreplay, nor lubrication, they were both wet, slick, ready. She, never-the-less, used his cock to spread his pre-cum along her cleft, and rubbed it for a few seconds against her clit, now projecting firmly from it's cowl.

Alice lowered herself, feeling his tip sink into her entry. She pressed harder, and his crown popped into her quite suddenly. She paused for a moment, before pressing down, down. She remembered the night of The Club selection, when she thought she could railroad Sam into selecting her into The Club, by making herself into a slut. She realised now how foolish she had been, and how considerate and patient with her, Sam had been. Thinking back, she could have blown it. She hoped he liked the feel of her pussy. She clenched a couple of times to see what he would do, and was pleased when she heard a little grunt from him each time.

On downward she pressed. She felt him bump into her end. It was her turn to grunt. He felt nice there. She lifted a fraction and pressed down again. She looked down between her thighs, and could see he still had well over an inch to go. She wanted him in her. All of him. He'd fucked her, as he had all the girls, several times since they'd got to Europe. Each time he'd not got his cock all the way into her. She had a shallow cervix. She was bracing herself for what she was about to do. Perhaps she would wait a few moments yet.

She hadn't been inducted yet. That joy was to come. She was still trying to think of some special way to do it. She'd envied Rosie, doing it in Disney, high up, where people could see her, but without knowing what she was doing. That was cool. So too did she think Becky had come up with a great idea, doing it at the top of the Shard. She would think about it. Just then, She pushed her feet out in front of her. Her whole, not inconsiderable, weight dropped onto Sam's cock. There was a moment's pause, then she felt herself sink down, as he slipped all the way into her. It had hurt a bit, like when she bust her cherry. But it was worth it, he was all the way in. She leaned back and watched the TV, without seeing a thing. She was in another world. His cock tickling her all the way from her clitty into her womb.

Sam had been shocked by what Alice had just done. He would have stopped her if he'd anticipated it. He'd had a sudden sharp stab of pain around his crown, and as his cock pushed deeper into her, it felt as if he'd got a tight elastic band around his shaft, just below the crown. After a few moments though, he adjusted to it, but, fuck, was it just tight. He loved 'em tight.

Sam had been disappointed that Karen had refused to join him. It was the first time one of his girls had declined. He decided he would think nothing further about it, he was having plenty of fun. He put his arms around Emily and Hannah, just below their armpits, down across their tummies his palms cupping their smooth hairless mounds, his middle fingers dipping into their clefts, caressing their clits gently, as he

watched the news. He pushed his fingers deep into them, letting their arousal lubricate his penetration, before returning to stimulate their clits again. This was his favourite way to relax and watch TV. Nothing could beat this. Every now and then, Alice would clench her pussy on his cock. It was quite distracting, but fuck it was nice. Sam really couldn't understand why everyone wasn't a pedo.

Sam was unaware that Sally and Lizzie had gone out of the room to talk. After a few minutes, Lizzie returned and tapped Karen on the shoulder and gestured for her to follow her back out. Sally and Lizzie sat down on one of the beds, looking at Karen who sat facing them, on it's twin. Lizzie and Sally were looking cross at the bemused Karen.

"As you know," started Sally, "Lizzie here is in charge of discipline." Karen nodded frowning in puzzlement. "Do you remember the pact? You know we told you about it the day you were accepted into The Club, and I repeated it when the new girls came and joined us." Karen looked confused.

"Let me remind you," said Lizzie, "If Sam wants us to do anything for him, we do it for him, understand?" Karen nodded. "What I told you that night was 'If he says it's your turn to lay the table or wash dishes, you do it. If he puts his hand down inside your panties, you hold your panties open for him and spread your legs wide. If he asks you to give him a blow job, you do it for him and when he cums, you swallow, right?' Do you remember now?"

Karen gulped and nodded shyly. She remembered all right, but in a moment of selfishness, had decided she didn't need Sam bringing her off. She'd been wearing the Ben Wa Balls ever since Paris. She loved wearing the balls as they clicked away inside her, making her cum constantly. She'd cum so much, she was exhausted. Like the others, she hadn't worn panties, and she'd felt the dampness running down her thighs constantly. She had nothing against Sam, it was just she knew she was knackered. Karen was essentially a selfish person. She knew it, and had constantly fought against it since joining The Club, but first class travel, top hotels, the best food in the world, alcohol, lovely clothes, she'd become complacent, and hadn't realised. Sally had though.

"Can't I just move a few places down the list?" she asked hopefully.

"I don't think you realise how grave this is, Karen," said Sally, a stern expression on her face. "Lizzie is in charge of discipline in The Club, but she was your close friend before you joined, so I felt I should be involved in this."

"What, err, how do you mean," stuttered Karen, only now realising this was more serious than she had thought, "what have I done?"

"You broke the sixth rule of The Club," said Lizzie, "the Pact rule. The rule every girl agreed to the day they joined, even you. The rule we do anything Daddy asks, immediately, without question. I was your friend, Karen, that day you joined The Club, and it nearly got me kicked out because I had broken a rule, when I told you how you might be able to join. I only knew Daddy had finally forgiven me today, when he gave me my ring. I will never make that mistake again. If the rules are broken, then the Club is in danger. I realize that now. But it seems you don't."

Karen was frightened now. She realised she was in more trouble than she'd thought. "Wha, what happens now?" she asked, looking anxiously from one to the other.

"Well," replied Sally, "The Club is called 'The Choices Club' for good reason. We all choose to live by a code and choose to be in The Club. We get to enjoy many privileges, but have responsibilities too. No one is forced to be a member. Do you want to leave The Club?"

Karen looked alarmed suddenly, and gasped, "No way."

"So you accept whatever punishment is awarded then?" interjected Lizzie. It was a statement as much as a question.

"Yes, I guess so," said an uncertain Karen. She really knew now she'd screwed up. It wouldn't happen again. But she was still confused. "I thought Daddy and Hon-Syl would punish anyone breaking the rules."

“They would if it’s any of the first five rules,” replied Lizzie, now fingering her unique choker necklace. “And the punishment for breaking those is leaving The Club. But I was given authority, by Daddy, to punish any less serious offences. He doesn’t know about rule number six, but Hon-Syl does. She was the one who suggested it to us, in fact. She told us to punish any offenders ourselves, quietly. If you want Hon-Syl to punish you instead, she will, but she will do it in front of the whole Club, when Daddy is out of the way. The punishment will be the same as we would give you, just she will do it instead. She is stronger, so it will hurt more, and everyone will watch.”

“Wha, wha, what is the punishment?” said a frightened, pale faced Karen, “I thought I would just be told off, perhaps lose a privilege or have to sleep alone or something.” She looked anxiously from one to the other. Just at that moment, the door opened, and in came Sylvia, looking at the three naked girls, sitting on the beds. There was no customary smile on her face. It was replaced with a fierce angry look.

“Have you explained?” Sylvia asked brusquely. “Does she know her choices?” Sally nodded. “Good. What’s it to be Karen. Do I leave the three of you alone for the next half an hour, or would you prefer I call a meeting of the Club tomorrow afternoon. Sam has to go out for a couple of hours, he said, so that’s timely. Well, what’s it to be?”

Karen had tears running down her face now. She’d been so stupid. Her selfishness had let her down again. She’d already learnt that lesson. “What will my punishment be?” she asked between sobs.

“That’s up to Lizzie and Sally,” replied Sylvia. “No one else needs to know, not even me, but if you refuse, then tomorrow you will get the same punishment, but with everyone there watching it, understand? The choice is yours. Oh, you do have one other choice.” Karen looked hopefully and questioningly at her. “You have the same choice Lizzie had when she was punished. You know what it is, you were there, you can leave The Club.”

Karen gasped again. Her hand covering her mouth. She recalled her life before she joined The Club. She quivered slightly as she replied, “I want to stay in The Club, Hon-Syl, I really do. I will be good from now on, I promise. I will let Lizzie and Sally punish me.”

“That’s excellent, Karen,” said Sylvia smiling for the first time since she entered the room, “take your punishment like a good girl, and tomorrow, I promise you, I will treat you to the nicest day I possibly can.” She rested her palm affectionately on Karen’s cheek, before she turned to leave. As she got to the door, she quietly placed a small camera on the chest of drawers, it’s little red recording light blinking.

“Right,” said Sally, “Lizzie and I have talked about this, and because she is your special friend, I will administer the punishment, OK?” Karen nodded.

“Yes,” continued Lizzie, “and so you don’t feel it is unfair, Sally will give me the same punishment you are having. I will go first.”

“You still haven’t told me what the punishment is,” stated Karen, now shaking.

“As I’ve already said, I am going first, I will show you. Lie face down on the bed,” instructed Lizzie, “put two pillows under your belly and spread your arms and legs out as far as you can.” Lizzie took the four cellophane bags and emptied the soft red cord ropes onto the bed, and handed two to Sally.

Karen tentatively did as she was told. Her bum, with pillows under her, was now high in the air. Sally on one side, and Lizzie on the other, they looped the rope ends around her wrists, and pulled them taught, before tying them to the bed posts. Next, working in tandem, they looped the other ropes around her ankles and pulled her legs apart. Sally looked at the position she was in, and simply said, “further.” They pulled Karen’s legs out more and more, until she cried out. She was in a full splits, her legs in a straight line one to the other.

Looking again, Sally nodded. She was about to leave it at that, when she noticed a tiny metallic glint in Karen’s vagina. “What do we have here?” she asked, leaning closer in. “I do believe you’ve got your Ben Wa Balls still in there. Well, well. This explains why you didn’t want Daddy to touch you, I think. Tell me Karen, do you prefer Ben Wa Balls to Daddy, do you?”

The miserable Karen shook her head. Her humiliation was now complete. “No, Sally. I put them in the day Daddy gave them to us, and, well, I kinda haven’t taken them out since.”

“Wow,” said Sally, “that’s nearly a week ago. I’d better help you get them out then.” Sally, none too gently, shoved her index finger into Karen’s opening, and curling it back, hooked the Ben Wa Balls out of her, making a popping sound as each of them sucked out, bringing a lot of creamy fluid with them, which ran down her thighs onto the pillow beneath.

“My, my,” said Sally, “that’s why you didn’t want Daddy to play with you, you’d already made your own arrangements. I was going to make it six, but I thnk it had better be twelve. What do you think Lizzie?”

“Yes, please,” came the reply from Lizzie, “twelve is much better.”

Lizzie went to the other bed, and taking several pillows, she made a pile, which she lay down on in a similar way to Karen. The difference being, she didn’t need to be tied down. She couldn’t believe how much she was looking forward to this. Not just this, but watching Karen afterwards. Sally leaned into Lizzie’s cheek, and whispered, “how hard?”

Lizzie, without hesitation whispered back, “as hard as you can, I need this. Promise you’ll finish me off afterwards, if I need it, promise?”

Sally nodded to her friend, stood up and reached over Lizzie, where the whip had been out of sight until now. She reached into the linen opening and grasping the knob ended handle, pulled the cat out of the bag.

Karen gasped as she saw what Sally was holding, watching in fascinated horror, as she shook the nine tails out, untangling them. Karen, like all the other girls, had picked up and looked at the whip, when Lizzie had opened her present. She knew it could inflict real pain. Sally didn’t waste a moment, and asking if Lizzie was ready, and getting a smile in reply, she swung the cat down hard across Lizzie’s bare bottom. There was a rippling thwack which the contact made like several people clapping their hands almost at the same time. Sally could see nine small red lines along the cheeks of Lizzie’s bottom, each ending in an angry red dot, where the knots had bitten in.

Sally looked at her friend, who was clearly enjoying her special birthday present. Already, creamy dampness was flowing from her pussy, wetting the pillow beneath her. Sally swung the cat again, as hard as she could, knowing her friend was really enjoying the sharp, needle like pain as the thongs bit into her flesh. Again and again the whip cracked across her bottom. Each time the angry red lines multiplied, many landing on top of previous lines. Sally could see Lizzie was writhing now. She could hear her quiet moaning, as she climaxed out her orgasm. When Sally got to nine, she moved her position, so as the whip cracked on her flesh, instead of going across her bottom, it would go down it, the knots ending somewhere on her vulva, even in her cleft.

As the last crack of the whip fell silent, there remained two noises in the room. Lizzie’s distinctive moaning, as her orgasm continued. Her hand now under her mound, fingers strumming her red raw clit, as fast as they could move. The other sound was the sobbing from Karen, whose face was turned towards the bed which Lizzie lay on. Her eyes, streaming with tears, were staring in fascinated horror. The contrast between the two of them absolute.

Sally turned now to Karen, and asked not unkindly, “well Karen, this is the Choices Club, it’s your choice. You broke the rule. You know what the punishment is. As you heard Hon-Syl tell you. I can punish you now, she can do it tomorrow, in front of everyone, or you’re out of The Club. What’s it to be?”

Karen felt like a cornered rat. None of the choices attractive at all, but she knew what she had to do. “Just do it, get it fucking over with.”

Sally, remembering what she’d heard from Daddy about Lizzie’s and Hannah’s first punishments all those months ago said “No Karen, we are a Club of friends. I’m not doing this because I enjoy it, I don’t.” She lied and didn’t add ‘unlike Lizzie here.’ “No in fact I find this most upsetting. You let me down. You let The Club down. You let all of us down, but most of all, you let yourself down. If you want to stay in The Club, you pay the price, but you have to agree to submit willingly then you must ask me nicely.“

Karen took a moment to digest this, before she appreciated what was expected of her. “Sally, I am sorry for what I have done. It won’t happen again, I promise. I deserve to be punished. Would you please punish me now, so we make an end of it and put it behind us?” Sally almost smiled as she thought the punishment would certainly be behind Karen.

Sally took up her position, shook the nine tails free, and swung the cat down into Karen’s bottom as hard as she could there was a loud ‘craaacckk’ as the thongs bit into her. Karen screamed as the red hot sting of the nine-tails delivered their agony. She’d never felt pain like it. Within seconds, the door opened, and Sylvia entered, took in the scene, her eyes rested on Lizzie, still moaning and writhing in ecstasy, her red lined bottom bouncing up and down. Glancing at the other bed, she saw Karen’s face, and knew immediately who’d screamed.

“Keep the noise down will you,” she said matter-of-factly, but still with anger on her face. “We’re trying to watch TV in there. The noise of the whip is loud enough, without you adding screams to it. Sam nearly had to pull out of Alice, to come and find out what was going on, and she was asleep before you woke her. Have more consideration, Karen, would you? Just take your punishment, and that will be the end of it.” She left the room as quickly as she’d entered it.

“Now look what you did,” said Sally crossly, “do I have to gag you or will you keep quiet?”

“I’m sorry Sal, I didn’t mean to, it just happened. Can you give me something to bite on please?” Sally took one of the small face towels on the rail, rolled it up and brought it to Karen’s waiting mouth.

Sally resumed her position, and without pause, swung the cat again and again. Each time the nine angry red lines magically appeared across the poor girl’s buttocks. Karen was moaning and gasping each time the thongs bit into her. Tears were pouring down onto the bed under her face. Spread as she was, with the ties holding her thighs so far apart, Sally could see a glimmer of arousal flowing from her. Sally knew karen had been aroused before the punishment from the Ben Wa Balls, but this looked like something new. Was she getting turned on, like Lizzie did?

When she got to nine, like she’d done with Lizzie, Sally moved her position, so the last three would land directly along her vulva. She landed the first, and glanced down. The red lines all parallel to her cleft, a couple in it. The large red dots the knots made formed a pattern around her clit, some on her mound, some on her inner thighs. She swung again, and this time when she looked, she had to look again, for she disbelieved what she saw. Karen’s vagina was winking open and closed like a goldfish’s mouth. She was climaxing, unbelievable. When the final blow came down. Karen was in full orgasm, her pelvis moving rhythmically up and down, cum juices pouring from her, a couple of squirts even shot from her down the bed. The rolled up towel had long been spat out of her mouth. Amazing.

Looking across at Lizzie, Sally could see she was now curled up into a foetal position, Red livid lines showing where her buttocks met her thighs, her hands between her thighs, lying on her side, watching what had been happening through glazed eyes. Sally already realised that these two had something in common. Something they would, no doubt, explore together in the future.

“Do you want me to stay Lizzie?” asked Sally as she sat down on her bed, resting her hand gently on the hot thigh of her friend.

“No, it’s OK, Sal,” said Lizzie, “I think I’ll be alright. I might sleep in here tonight, if that’s OK with you. Keep Karen company, if you know what I mean. Thanks for making my birthday so special. Not many friends would have understood what I wanted, what I needed, like you. Could you ask Hon-Syl to let me have some of the salve to take some of the heat out? She might like to help me apply it to Karen, before we untie her.”

Sally left the room a minute or two later. She told Sylvia what Lizzie had asked for, and saw her go into the room shortly after, clutching an ærosol can and a tube of athlete’s salve. It was half an hour before she reappeared. Sally noticed she was holding a little camera in one hand, a vibrator in the other, as she disappeared into one of the other bedrooms. Sally smiled to herself. She loved every one of The Club members even with their quirks, perhaps because of them. She loved Lizzie with her sado-masochism. She loved Sylvia with her adult-child lesbian ways. But she especially loved her pedo Daddy, who fucked as many little girls as he could lay his hands on, who had killed so many bad people she knew of, and many

she didn't. She loved him so much. She already knew she would die for him, she nearly had; and would come close to death again the very next day.

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CHAPTER 82
Daisy's Induction

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Sally returned to the main salon and sat down in a chair, taking in the scene. Most of the girls were asleep, naked in each other's arms. The news had finished, and Sam was watching something called Newsnight, but not really concentrating. Alice was fast asleep, but she could see Daddy was fully inside her still. He hadn't cum in her yet.

She got out of her chair and whispered to him, "Can I take over?" He looked around the room. No one was watching. He nodded. Sam carefully removed his fingers from Hannah and Emily's pussies, trying not to wake them. He put his hands under Alice's not inconsiderable bottom, and lifted her. His cock was stuck deep inside her. He could feel the tightness around his shaft under his crown. He lifted again, and felt himself withdraw through the tight ring of her cervix, after which he slid from her easily. Sally was ready, and being stronger than she looked, took the nine year old from Sam, and carried her into the main bedroom, and put her into one of the beds. She immediately rolled onto her side, and a gentle regular snore came from the child in moments.

Sally returned to the salon, and without a word, squatted over Sam, holding herself open as she lowered onto him, his strong hands on her hips, guiding and supporting her as she impaled herself onto him. Like Alice, when she bottomed out, she stretched her feet forward putting her full weight onto where they joined, feeling him sink that extra couple of inches into her, where she needed him. Her Daddy. Oh, how she wished he really was her Daddy.

Sally had expected him to cuddle Hannah and Emily back into his sides, but he didn't. Instead, his right hand came all the way around her front, and caressed her left nipple, puckering it up, sending wonderful tingles through her. His left hand, meanwhile, slipped down between her thighs, and found her engorged clitty hard, poking from it's cowl, needing stimulation, needing attention, needing him.

She leaned back against his chest and clenched her pussy. He moaned. She knew he loved it when she did that. She did it again. Sally had evolved a new way of cuming. At least, new to her. When she made love with Daddy like this, or when they were joined for long periods in the early hours, she started to cum gently. Nothing dramatic, no earthquakes. But her orgasms would go on for as long as he was inside her, and that could be hours. As a result, her little clenches went on and on too; and they, in turn, felt wonderful to him.

Sally knew that if the two youngsters were to be inducted before dawn, she needed to bring this to a head. It was nearly midnight now. Sally clenched her self again, and again. He moaned, rubbing her tender nipple and clit harder, more urgently. They understood each other almost better than any two people could. By the slightest movement, they could exact immense pleasure on the other. Anyone watching them would hardly have seen any movement, but inside them, cascades of intense pleasure were enveloping them. Suddenly, they both climaxed together. This wasn't Sally's ongoing gentle cum, but an explosion of bliss coursing through her. Sam too erupted into her, his pulses almost painful they were so strong, pulse after pulse, until they were dry heaves, slipping into his mini pulses he enjoyed so much at the end, which could and did go on for minutes.

At last, sated, he lifted Sally up from his wilting cock. He was quite limp now. His semen dripping from her onto his lap as he sucked out of her, warm, wet, their love juices, nothing to be ashamed of, just them. Sam flicked the remote, killing the TV and finally got to his feet.

Within five minutes, Sam had lifted all the sleeping girls from their armchairs and settees and laid them side by side in the two huge beds in the principle bedroom, making sure Daisy and Naomi were in the centre of his bed, leaving space for himself. Both of them were fast asleep, exhausted. He noticed Sylvia wasn't anywhere to be seen, but Sally told him she was looking after Lizzie and Karen for the night. He nodded

acceptance. Her tone warned him to ask nothing further. He knew she would tell him what he needed to know.

He washed and brushed his teeth, switched the last lights out, except a small lamp in the salon in case of emergencies, and climbed into bed. He spent five minutes cuddling and caressing Sally. She shuddered slightly after a minute or two. He realised she was gently cuming again. It aroused him. He had only cum half an hour ago, and already his cock was getting fired up.

Sally, despite the fact that she was still cuming, pulled his hand from her pussy. “You need to induct two of my girls,” she said. Those last two words weren’t missed on Sam, who knew only too well how personally she viewed The Club and it’s members. Sam rolled onto his side, and now face to face with Daisy, he cuddled her to his chest and rolled onto his back, bringing her with him, her tiny legs falling to his sides. Sally lifted Daisy’s knees up by his hips, opening her little pussy as far as it would go. The child hadn’t stirred, not a moan. She was in a deep, deep sleep, face down on his chest.

Sally reached to the shelf above them, and found the KY jelly and her phone to use as a light. Quickly scooting down under the covers, she unscrewed the top, pushed the nozzle into the seven year old’s vagina entry, and squeezed. Lots of the clear slippery jelly went in. As she pulled the tube away, she could see the lubricant oozing from the child. She pushed some of it back in with her middle finger. Next she put a generous amount onto her Daddy’s lovely tip, before rubbing it around his crown making him slick and slippery. Finally, she gave his cock a little squeeze, and kissed the end.

Sally guided Sam’s semi limp cock to Daisy’s tiny indented entry. The child was still in a dead sleep. Remembering his experiences with Jenny and Sophie, he thought it best to try and penetrate her before she woke, if he could.

“Can you help, Sal?” he asked, knowing he wasn’t up to full tumescence, but at the same time neither was he floppy. Sally, still under the covers, held his cock in one hand, and with the other, she used her finger and thumb to prise open the little girl’s vagina. She could see the tiny membrane of her hymen stretched inside. Sally felt quite excited. Her Daddy was going to enjoy this one. She looked so small and tight. She would enjoy watching him force his cock into the child. She wanted to see the skin stretch as he went in. She wanted to watch every detail. Looking at the tiny hole, she wondered if it were possible, but then she’d seen him fuck Jenny and Sophie, and they were both seven. Sally had already admitted to herself that she was always aroused now when she watched her Daddy fuck the little ones, although she wouldn’t admit to it. She had also been very surprised at herself at how aroused she’d become, when she had whipped Lizzie and then Karen. Especially Karen being tied up and so vulnerable. Perhaps she would talk with Hon-Syl, when the moment was right. She would understand.

Sam’s cock, which had been nudging at the girl’s entry for several minutes, was now still, a constant pressure being applied. Sally could see it was slightly bent, where he pushed against Daisy. Why the girl didn’t wake, she couldn’t imagine. It was like watching a bowling ball being forced into a rabit hole. It looked impossible. Sally reached again, and pulled the sides of the child’s vulva apart, watching her labia peel out, bulging under the pressure. She could feel the slickness of the KY jelly, mixed with his pre-cum, and even the girl’s own slippery moisture from her earlier arousal, anticipating her induction.

Even as Sally watched, she saw a tiny movement. Daisy’s vagina must have dilated, because, she saw Daddy’s crown sink ever so slightly into her. Then again, and again. Suddenly, Sally watched as his crown popped into Daisy, the girl’s tight entry snapping around his shaft, his crown now inside. The child stirred, her legs moved in her sleep, falling back again, as she fell into her deep sleep once more. Only Sam and Sylvia knew that although he hadn’t popped her cherry, he had got his cock just inside her, that night during The Club auditions. The night he’d decided she should be a member.

Sally watched, entranced, waiting. Nothing moved. Then she saw it, he was applying pressure again, slipping slightly further in. Stopping again. He must be nudging that hymen Sally had looked at just minutes ago. Although there was now no movement, she sensed a tension, anticipation. Then she saw him pull back a fraction, and push in again and back, like micro fucks, getting her used to his intrusion.

Suddenly, completely without warning, he pushed hard into Daisy, his cock sliding at least an inch into her. He froze again. Sally had expected Daisy to scream, or at least wake up. She remembered how she herself had stung that first time on the stone in the forest. Daisy did stir in her sleep, her legs trying to move up into

a foetal position, before slowing and relaxing again, then sliding back to where they had been before. Daddy waited what seemed to Sally ages, before she watched as he pulled out slightly. She could now see the blood around his cock. Virgin blood. A thrill flowed through her tummy. Her pussy clenched, as she watched, enthralled. He again pulled slightly out and then back in, again applying pressure, pushing his cock deeper.

As Sally watched, the length and speed of Daddy's movements increased each time he thrust. Then suddenly he stopped and called her out from under the covers.

"Time to wake the crew up, darling," he said to Sally. "I'll wake Daisy and the others in here, if you could call in Sylvia, Lizzie and Karen from the other room."

As Sally went out to call the others, she could hear him trying to gently wake the child impaled on his cock. Sam switched on the small bedside light on. A couple of groans came from across the room.

"Wake up sleepy head," he said to Daisy, as she started to move, her face screwed up against the light. She lifted her face, and through squinting eyes, recognition of him came to her. She pushed her hands to his chest, and started to lift herself up, when suddenly she froze.

"Daddy," she squealed, suddenly grinning, "you're in me." She clenched, and for a moment, Sam thought every drop of blood was being pressed from his cock. "Look, everyone, Daddy's in me."

By now, several of the girls had sat up, and saw Daisy sitting astride Sam, her pussy pressed to his pubis, her hands touching her tummy, feeling where he had penetrated to. A ring of blood at the base of his shaft glinted in the light. Daisy fell forward onto Sam's chest, her arms clinging to him.

Daisy had been frightened of the possible pain and discomfort of her first time. Some of the others had said it might hurt a lot, and she had worried about it. But she didn't want to be the only one not inducted, the only one not wearing a choker. She'd talked to Naomi about it a lot, and she felt the same way too. They'd had a pact, an agreement that when they were inducted, they would be inducted together. Support each other.

Now, she felt nothing but joy, relief and excitement. Sam had waited until she was fast asleep, and got inside her without hurting her. She had looked down and had seen the blood, and clenched for a second. But, she hadn't felt pain, only a lovely feeling deep inside her. She hugged him again. He'd been so kind. She loved him, just like all the other girls.

At that moment, Sylvia came in, followed by Lizzie and Karen. Because they had their backs to the door, nothing was noticed. Sally, seeing everyone was now here, stood and spoke clearly, but quietly in a very authoritarian tone. "In the morning, there will be a Club members' meeting. I would like you to all attend please. Now, in the meantime, we have an induction, and we always enjoy inductions."

There was an immediate change of focus, as everyone turned back to Sam and Daisy, who hadn't moved for several minutes. Sam lifted her up, his hands on her shoulders, and looked into her pretty face, her brown hair flowing over her bare chest, down to her chubby belly.

"Are you ready darling," he asked, "is there a particular way you'd like to have your first time, or would you like to stay as we are?" Her reply really surprised Sam.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said in her little girl voice, but with determination, as she looked around the room, her bright grey eyes glinting. "Yes, I have thought about this a lot and I would like everyone to stand at the foot of the bed, standing or sitting, or kneeling, where they can see. Then I would like you help me to turn round, Daddy, so I am facing them? Then as you induct me, I would like each member to come up and, with their fingers, feel where we are joined, just for a few seconds."

Their smiles along the line of girls, now forming along the wall of the room, as they understood what Daisy had planned. In moments, everyone was in position. Daisy leaned back, supporting herself with her hands reaching back onto his shoulders. She parted her knees, and lifted them outwards as far as she could stretch, her thighs opening wide, her pudendum spread for everyone to see. Sam's cock, now in full view, seemed to appear from under her bum, curl upwards, before bending and disappearing into her vagina. His pubes slightly discoloured in blood.

Sam placed his palms under Daisy's little bottom, and lifted her small body upwards a few inches, and lowered her down again. As she lifted, his cock slid from her a little, before her weight forced it back in as she came down again. He repeated this, increasing the scope each cycle, until he was almost popping out of her as he lifted her up, and her pussy ground against his pubic bone, her full weight pressing down.

The Club girls stood in awe, watching as Daddy's cock, seemed to turn the seven year old's vagina inside out as he pulled from her, her pink insides glistening around his shaft, appearing in wet, blood stained folds. Then as he pressed in, she seemed to invert, her very large clit and labia being dragged into her tunnel as they dipped against his cock while he sank deeper into her, before repeating the cycle. They were all mesmerised.

Daisy had never felt anything like it. Daddy's wonderful cock. Not hurting her as she had feared, making her feel better and better each time he thrust into her. She looked up at her friends watching closely. She pulled her knees further apart so they could see better.

"Would you all put your hands down there and touch me one at a time?" she asked her friends.

One by one, they each came over, and placed their fingers either side of Sam's cock, and felt the two of them as he fucked her. Daisy was in heaven. She had never felt so good ever before in her life. A wonderful feeling started to course through her tummy. It started at her clitty, and moved deeper and deeper each time he pushed into her.

Daisy had always enjoyed it when Daddy had played with her. She liked it when he diddled her little bump. Naomi had done it for her sometimes too. But, she had never had an orgasm. She had never climaxed before. Her friends had tried to describe it to her. She now understood what the indescribable felt like. She felt a warmth fill her being. She tingled all over with an intensity sweeping all other thoughts and feelings aside. She wanted it to go on and on and on, but she could feel Daddy's lovely cock somehow getting harder. She knew from what she'd been told it meant he was going to cum in her any moment. And then, she felt him swelling in her, deep inside, his cock spurting in her, and again. Just before her mind closed down, she heard him start to call out his "ohgodds".

She felt his wet cum push deeper into her, making her suddenly feel even better. She saw lights flashing, like an electric kaleidoscope, all moving around behind her closed eyes in different directions. Couldn't it go on for ever? Then she felt herself coming back down, like a bird landing after a long flight. The lights stopped, even though she still felt wonderful pulses between her legs. She opened her eyes and saw her friends all smiling at her. Their smiles all asked the same silent question. "Did you enjoy that Daisy? Was it nice?" She smiled back at them, no words needed, they could see she had, and it was.

Daisy lay back against his chest. He wrapped his arms around her in a protective cuddle. He waited for Daisy's little heart to slow down, for her panting breaths to calm, for her tense muscles to relax, and soon they did. But what surprised him, though was when he suddenly realised she had fallen asleep. All the girls saw it too, and smiled at her. She was pooped. She'd worked hard in the last twenty minutes, and now sleep overwhelmed her.

Sam lifted her off his, now limp cock, and slid her down his body, towards Sylvia, who was waiting to minister to the child. He'd expected her to lift Daisy off him, but instead she knelt between his knees, grasped Daisy's ankles, and lifted her legs high and wide, before diving into her pudendum, to suck every drop of cum, and blood, and little girl juices out of the child, before they ran out of her and were wasted on the bedclothes. Sandy and Mandy, using two of the little vibrators, made sure Hon-Syl came, by pushing one into her cunt and the other up her rectum, before teasing her clit with their little fingers. Sylvia was in ecstasy.

One by one the girls made their way back to bed, and soon everyone was fast asleep except Sam and Sally, who climbed on top of him. She was in a strange mood, and he detected it, but she still wriggled down, pressing her mound against him. She knew he would be inside her again, where he belonged, before too long.

"What's on your mind, darling?" he asked her in a low voice.

"Is it that obvious?" she replied. He nodded in the dark.

“You’re going somewhere tomorrow afternoon aren’t you,” she said, more a statement than a question, “Hon-Syl told us. Where are you going?”

“I need to go check up on something. It’s nothing you need worry about.” He knew as soon as he’d said it, he’d said the wrong thing.

“I’m coming with you, then.” She emphatically stated.

Sam couldn’t see any way out of this, so he simply said “OK, if you want, you might be bored though, wouldn’t you rather stay with the other girls? They’re all going to the Making of Harry Potter Warner Bros studio tour” He took her grunt as an eloquent refusal to his suggestion. The last thing he was aware of, as he slipped into a short but deep sleep, was her manoeuvring over him, encouraging his semi tumescent cock to slip into her. Sally meanwhile wriggled herself further onto him. She now always came immediately he hit bottom, and tonight was no exception. She just lay still, his tip pushing against her deepest part, while her spasms rolled over her in continuous waves of blissful pleasure.

Some time later, Sam became aware of his cock being sucked from Sally’s pussy, as she lifted herself off him. She had enjoyed a two hour continuous climax on him, while he slept. She had then slept herself, and woke again some hours later and repeated her enjoyment, in her mind, her headgirl’s privilege. She had been so aroused ever since she had whipped Lizzie and Karen. Whipping them had made her cum. It had shocked her. She had learned a hard truth about herself. She had needed him tonight more than other times. She had never thought of getting enjoyment from hurting someone else, but was now fully aware she did. She would need to talk to Lizzie about it. Perhaps they could come to an understanding.

Sam was aware of the tension in Sally. He had been awake half the night; thinking, planning, deciding. While she thought she was having her fun while he slept, he was actually concentrating on tomorrow. He enjoyed what she was doing, but also knew he had another induction to perform in the night.

He had a photographic memory. It had enabled him to learn many languages, names and faces. He now recalled every detail of the report he had been fed by the French police chief. He realised it had been no accident. The report although a CIA document was sourced from information provided by the British Security Service MI5. They must know he had been fed a copy. But why?

The report made clear that there was a house in Finchley where the group were based. An anonymous house, like ten thousand others just like it. The security service knew who was there, that they were planning something, but had raided the place twice without anything being found. Hamazi had lived there when in London. After the second raid, the left wing Guardian newspaper got hold of the story and printed “police harassment against Muslim families” articles putting political pressure resulting in MI5 being told to back off. They’d had a tip off though, and knew something big was going to happen soon.

The group had been clever, the people living in the house were on the face of it civilians. Hamazi’s wife, and parents. In addition, Hamazi’s brother’s family lived there. The brother killed in Paris. His wife and their eleven year old daughter, Aishah, were still there.

The report made clear the security forces were at an impasse. Sam wasn’t stupid, they were hoping he would act in some way to break the logjam. He was not a UK subject, nor currently employed in the forces, and yet had specialist training, spoke Pashto, and had proved himself during the hijack. If he got killed, captured or fouled up in any way, they could honestly deny any connection. He was perfect if he took the bait. And the bait was in the report too. It was known that in the basement office, was a safe containing $100M in bearer bonds. Even the manufacturer’s override combination to the safe was in the report. They obviously wanted him to break into the house, find the evidence and hand it to them on a plate. Sam knew he would do it. He had three reasons for doing so. One - Hamazi’s brother had nearly killed Sally that night in Paris. Two – The Brothers of Islam had long memories. They would come after him sooner or later, in retribution. He needed to nip it in the bud. Three – well, three was $100M!

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CHAPTER 83
Naomi’s Induction

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Sam rolled over, and lay Sally on her side, still cuddling into him, and released her. He then turned over and embracing Naomi firmly, rolled back again, bringing her with him, lying face down on his chest. She never stirred. Her little seven year old knees fell either side of his hips. He spent a few minutes feeling between her legs. Running his fingers along the valley between her ass cheeks, feeling her little rosebud, which clenched slightly as he pressed into it a fraction. Feeling sleeping girls was something he would never tire of, especially the really little ones like Naomi, their perfect silky soft skin, their soft bottoms, so nice to caress. The gap between their legs waiting to be explored.

He recalled how he had felt about Hannah when he'd fucked her on numerous occasions. There was something about Jewish girls that really pressed his buttons. Really, there was no logic to it. They were no different to any of the others, but he did get excited about them for some reason. Something about shoving his uncircumcised cock into them. He wondered what it would be like to fuck a Muslim girl. He'd probably never know. The dark hand of fate was again about to intervene.

Nudging Sally awake, he said, "time for the induction, darling. Could you do the honours with the jelly?"

Sally grabbed the tube and her phone for light, and scooted under the covers again. She unscrewed the cap, and pushed the nozzle into the child's vagina and squeezed. She was about to replace the cap, when a thought came to her. She used her finger and thumb, and prised the girl's rectum open, and pushing the nozzle in, squeezed some jelly in there too. She grabbed Sam's cock, and smearing some jelly around his crown, she guided him into Naomi's entry, pulling her labia apart with the fingers of her other hand. Usually, she pulled his foreskin back at this moment. It always released loads of pre-cum directly where it was needed, and reduced it's thickness slightly, easing it's penetration, but was surprised when he asked her not to, and to push it forward as far as she could. As an after thought, she smeared more of the jelly over his foreskin, making it really slippery too.

Sam spent the next few minutes, doing, as he had with Daisy, applying pressure of his cock against her entry, waiting for her to dilate. He'd long since learnt this was something not to be rushed. Let nature take it's course. Sally meantime, had dabbed more jelly on her finger tip, and pushed it tentatively into Naomi's bottom. She was surprised, when she was able to slide in quite easily. The sleeping child didn't clamp up. She'd expected to have to force it in some way. Her finger, really slippery now, just slid all the way in. She could feel Naomi's buttery passage undulating ever so slightly, as the pressure from Sam's efforts transmitted to her rectum.

She wondered if….. Pulling out, she added more jelly, and put two fingers against the tiny rosebud. Pushing in again, her two fingers just slid right in. As far as she could reach. She had to try, and a minute later, three fingers were in the seven year old. She started to wriggle her fingers around, feeling as much of the girls passage as her short fingers would allow. She was amazed how arousing this was. Her other hand was now working overtime between her own legs.

Meanwhile, Sam was concentrating on getting his cock into the tiny entry to the seven year old vagina. Like with Daisy, he was applying constant pressure, then easing and pressing again. Like before, he knew this would be a long process; patience. He could feel Sally wriggling around between the girl's thighs, and wondered what she was up to. Whatever it was, the vibrations on his cock felt great.

Like with Daisy earlier, he felt a tiny dilation after about twenty minutes. He was in no rush, he wasn't going anywhere. He just kept up the inward pressure and sure enough a minute or so later, he felt movement again, and again and suddenly he was in her entry, as her tight muscles snapped around his shaft beneath his crown. She stirred for a moment, but remained in her deep sleep. He waited, and felt the tightness on him ease slowly. He started a gentle rocking motion, allowing his crown to undulate in her. Little by little, he slipped in a fraction, and was up against her hymen, pushing back against him.

He continued his rocking motion, bouncing off the membrane as he pushed in, increasing the pressure each time, harder. Suddenly, he felt the tearing sensation he had felt so many times before, as her virginity tore away under his intrusion. He would never tire of the sensation of taking a girl's virginity. Again she stirred, her vagina suddenly clamping down on him, and again she relaxed back again into her sleep. As Sam lay

there, a funny thought came to him. If he could keep The Club going for, say, forty years, and if he recruited four or five new girls each year, he would have taken nearly two hundred girls' virginities before he was through. It was a tough job, he smiled to himself, but someone had to do it.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he allowed his cock to sink into Naomi, until he was about half way in, and stopped again. It was at that moment he felt something unfamiliar, something very new. Then he felt it again. He was puzzled, something was caressing his cock, rubbing him on that sensitive spot over his frænulum. Then he realised, Sally had her fingers up Naomi's bum, and was rubbing him through her Rectovaginal Septum, the thin wall between her vagina and rectum. It was incredible.

"Stop, for fuck's sake, Sally," he pleaded, "you'll make me cum in seconds if you carry on doing that."

She giggled, as she pulled her fingers out. She studied the stains on her fingers for a few seconds, then sniffed them, before scooting out of the bed to wash her hands in the bathroom. Sally was becoming adventurous, but she wasn't turned on by shit in the least. Meanwhile, Sam had now sunk into Naomi as far as her cervix. Again he rested there for a few minutes. He wanted to try something, but wasn't sure if it would work. Whenever he fucked one of his girls, they were always so tight, his foreskin got pulled back down his cock. He wanted to see if he could penetrate her without this happening.

He pulled all the way out of her, pushed his foreskin forward and tried to re-enter her, but just as his crown popped in, it was ripped back again. He tried again, and again without success. Sally came back from the bathroom and asked what he was up to. He explained.

"Let me see," she said, getting back under the covers, using her phone for light. "Try again," she muttered, "Ah, I can see. Pass me the KY again, Daddy. As you push in, you're pulling in her surrounding skin. There's no jelly on that, so it's gripping you and pulling the skin back."

Sally applied another smear to Naomi's entry, and the area around her opening. Next she made sure his foreskin was coated with lots of the jelly. This time, as he moved to her entry, Sally pulled Naomi's opening as far apart as she could, her labia stretched right out. As Sam pushed into her, he could feel the difference. Now she was really slick, and he slid into her all the way, his foreskin in place.

This really turned Sam on. He couldn't get the idea of his foreskin pushing into the cervix of a Jewish girl out of his head. So sexy. Apart from being a pedo, he didn't think he had many quirks, but this was definitely one of them.

"Right, Sally," he said, "I think it's time to rouse the troops, Don't you?"

Within a couple of minutes, the whole Club was surrounding the foot of the bed, watching as Sam started fucking in and out of Naomi. The little girl, with her long black shiny hair was pressing her magnificent hairless mons into Sam's pubic mound each time he pressed home. She was loving it. She had been very frightened of her first time hurting, and was so pleased to wake up and find he was already inside her. Balls deep.

"Naomi," Sam asked quietly "is there any particular way you want us to induct you? As you know, it's your choice."

She thought for a moment. She had wondered about this ever since she saw her first induction, when Suzy had not just been fucked, but had turned around and spread herself, so everyone could see her deformed pussy being fucked, and how it no longer mattered to her. She remembered how Rosie asked to be inducted secretly in Disney, in front of thousands of people and how Becky had asked to go to the top of the Shard. Daisy had wanted everyone to feel Daddy's cock and her pussy' where they joined.

She wanted something to remember, and had struggled to think what. Then, yesterday, it had come to her in a flash. She had spoken to Sally about it, and she had said it was fine.

"I want to sit up on you, Daddy, facing the girls," she said, "and I want you to lift me up and down with your hands under my bottom. Then I want every girl to pair up and use their vibrators on each other. I remembered the orgy we had last week when Lucy was inducted, and it was so exciting, I thought I would ask for it for my induction."

Sally had organised the box of vibrators earlier, and quickly passed them around, while Sam supported Naomi as she rotated round on his tight cock. All the while he could feel her warm interior rubbing on his foreskin, her cervix nudging it down a fraction as she moved on him. He was in heaven.

“I want everyone to cum with me,” she said. “I want us all to cum together.”

So without further delay, the girls paired up and were lying in every available bed space around the inductee. Some were in a sixty nine, some were lying chest to chest and some were sitting up facing each other, but all were concentrating very hard on getting their partners’ aroused. They had so enjoyed their orgy the other night, when they’d heard Naomi wanted another for her induction, they were very excited and looked forward to it immensely.

The buzzing of the little pink vibrators sounded like a swarm of bees, as they started working their magic. It wasn’t long before Sylvia could see most were nearly reaching their climaxes, and signalled to Sam to continue. He quickly placed his palms under Naomi’s bottom, and lifted her a few inches, and lowered her again. He lifted and lowered, speeding the timing and increasing the scope each time. Up and down, up and down. The buzzing intensified, the breathing around the room got more ragged, more urgent. A sheen of perspiration appearing on the skin of everyone. On Sam went, quicker, his arms now aching, an ache which he didn’t care about, his cock felt fantastic as his gentile foreskin kept nudging that Jewish cervix. It was all too much, and the very moment he heard a gasp from the child, and a little clamp on his tip, he exploded into her. He pulsed and pulsed, squirted and squirted, blasting gallons of his sperm laden semen into her. More than he thought he could, or had, ever delivered. It was mind blowing.

Sam came back to earth, realising he hadn’t registered anything in his mind for the past several minutes. There was quiet cheering. It was four in the morning, after all. Every girl was in a post climactic malaise. Many were still breathing heavily. Some were still cuming, the vibrators buzzing even now. Naomi was hunched forward, her hands on her knees, her full weight still on his pubic mound, his cock still nudging her cervix, the final pulses of her orgasm only now easing slowly away. Sam too, still feeling his mini pulses every few seconds, was in no hurry to move.

“You’re not going to believe it, Naomi,” said Lizzie, “but you got a score of thirty. Well done.”

It still took a few minutes, before he pulled out of the child, his head falling back to the pillow. He was vaguely aware of his wife moving his cock out of the way, so she could get at Naomi’s vagina and it’s treasure of semen and virgin blood.

A few minutes later, Sam sat on the end of the bed, Daisy and Naomi standing either side of him, their little hairless mounds pressing against the sides of his bare knees. Their little slits, both slightly inflamed and darker than the surrounding skin. He rested his hands on their bottoms for a moment, just feeling their curves and soft skin under his palms. Like with all seven year olds, as they stand, their bellies stick out forwards as far as their bottoms did backwards. Sylvia passed him two of the long white boxes, and shaking each of them open in turn, clipped the chokers around the girls’ necks.

Naomi and Daisy held both of each other’s hands, stretching across Sam’s lap as they said together. “As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my first time so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.”

There was a ripple of applause, the tired girls quickly climbed back into bed. Sam was just drifting off to sleep, when be became aware of a tongue cleaning up his limp cock, still sticky from the two inductions. Sally wasn’t long, before she assumed her, now rightful, sleeping position, face to face on his chest. She would wait for him to fall asleep, though, before she took her pleasure on his body. She too was planning about tomorrow. She knew he was up to something. She needed to be there, had to be there. Every instinct, and her voices, told her so.

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CHAPTER 84
Sam and Sally spend the day together.

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The following morning started with the usual complete chaos of little girls seemingly running around aimlessly, calling out: ‘anyone seen my shoes’ or ‘do you think we should wear Ben Wa Balls today?’ and ‘I left my vibrator on all night, remind me to get some batteries’. Somehow they were ready, and went down for breakfast. They all decided to try the ‘Full English Breakfast’, and were amazed at what arrived. Firstly was porridge, followed by Bacon, two eggs, fried bread, fried tomatoes and potatoes, Cumberland sausages, black pudding, mushrooms, all followed with toast and marmalade. By the time they had finished, they declared they couldn’t eat again for a week. But they had loved every mouthful.

Returning to the room to collect their little backpacks and other belongings, they were ushered into one of the rooms by Sally and Lizzie. Sam and Sylvia had been asked to stay downstairs for ten minutes.

“I’ve called you together girls, because one of our rules has been broken,” Sally said in an authoritarian voice, Lizzie standing beside her with her arms folded, looking stern. “I would have told you about this last night, but we had the inductions and I didn’t want to spoil it for Daisy and Naomi. Now, Lizzie and I have already punished the culprit, who as you may know, is Karen. Karen, could you come over here please?” Karen came and stood beside her. “Karen, would you tell the girls what you did please?”

Karen, clasping her hands in front of her, said: “I was stupid, and didn’t think. Last night, as you know, I was asked to cuddle up to Daddy, and I refused. You see, I’d had my Ben Wa Balls in for a whole week, and couldn’t take any more. I am really sorry. I broke the sixth rule and I deserved my punishment. Hon-Syl was really angry with me, but since I accepted my punishment, she’s been ever so nice to me again.”

“What was your punishment, Karen?” asked Sophie.

Karen turned her back to them, and bending down, grasped the hem of her calf length Club skirt. She stood up straight and lifted it, exposing her pantiless bare buttocks, which were covered in black and blue lines, tinged with red. Many bright red spots down one side showed where the little knots had bitten into her flesh, almost making her bleed. There was a collective gasp.

“That’s not fair, Lizzie,” said Sarah, “who are you to whip one of us?”

“Be careful, Sarah, you’re treading on dangerous ground. Is anyone unhappy with being in the Club?” every head shook. “Right, do you all understand how important it is to keep discipline? You new girls weren’t with us when Lizzie nearly got thrown out of The Club. But the importance for secrecy and abiding to the rules became really clear to us that day. So what’s your point Sarah?”

“I don’t want to get into trouble, or anything,” said Sarah, “but I would like to know if it’s ever fair to whip a member if she can’t hit you back?”

“Well, Sarah,” Sally continued, “Lizzie and I have discussed this, and we agree it needs to be fair, and so will be allowing something to happen like that.” There were many puzzled looks around the room.

“If anyone has to be punished by Lizzie,” continued Sally, “whatever punishment they get will be given to Lizzie by me first. She has agreed to this, so that, you can’t say, ‘that’s not fair, Lizzie’. Does that sound fair to you now Sarah?”

Sarah thought for a few moments before nodding, “I suppose so, I guess. So does that mean Lizzie will be whipped?”

By way of reply, Lizzie turned and, like Karen, who was still showing her bum off, lifted her skirt revealing the same marks across her buttocks. Another gasp echoed around the room.

“So, you see,” continued Sally, “If it is necessary to punish anyone in future, this is what will happen. Is that fair to everyone?” they all looked thoughtfully at each other and nodded.

“Before we go,” said Karen, dropping her skirt and turning to face them, “I would like to say I did deserve my punishment. I really was stupid, and if I did it again would expect the same. It’s not like school, The Club is

special, so it has special rules and it's important we all stick to them. I think The Club is worth it, don't you?" She smiled at them, they all nodded in agreement, the tension in the room dissipating. "Omnes pro uno, Unus pro omnibus," said Karen, as they moved to go downstairs, looking forward now to their Harry Potter trip.

When the bus arrived, Sylvia herded the group aboard, leaving Sam and Sally waving to them, as they moved off. Sam had tried and tried to persuade her to go with the others. "Why don't you want me to I stay with you?" she'd asked.

"You'll be bored," was the reply.

"Not with you I won't. What's the real reason", she retorted.

"I have to see some people, it's important, it's business," he said.
"Good," she replied, "I want to learn about business. What time are we going?"

He looked wearily at her. There was no point. He was on a loser, and they both knew it. He so loved her. "Well I want to buy a few things first, but won't need to go out until this afternoon. We have some time to kill this morning. Is there anything you'd like to do, go somewhere?"

She leaned into him and whispered. "You promised me you were going to teach me how to do it up the bum. Let's go." She took his hand and pulled him back in through the door of the hotel. Joe, the hotel doorman smiling at them. He had a daughter like her too. He also had exceptionally good hearing.

They wasted no time once upstairs again. Sally quickly threw her clothes off, got hold of the KY jelly and pumped a good dollop into her bottom, pushing it in with her finger, before applying a bit more. Sam had closed the curtains and put out the 'do not disturb' sign on the door handle.

He came back into the main salon, to find she had thrown a bed sheet over the back of one of the sumptuous chairs, and turned to him as he walked over. They hadn't been alone together, not like this, for months. There had always been others, distractions. They stood a foot apart, looking at each other, just looking.

Sally, still looking into his eyes, pulled a footstool towards her with her toe. She stepped up onto it, now on a level with him. A silent communication holding them, and suddenly they clasped each other, arms around the other, clinging tight, as though they hadn't seen each other for months. They kissed. A sensuous kiss. Their mouths gently pressing together, tongues intertwined, his cock becoming erect between her soft thighs. They each ran their hands up and down the other's back and shoulders and neck and bottom. They were lovers and they knew it, besotted with each other. Sam knew, had known for a while their relationship was changing, had changed. If he could never make love to her again, he would still love her to the grave. She was his all, his life, his being. Sally too had known how she felt about him since that night at camp. The night of her induction. But she knew it would take him time to realise it too, and had waited for him.

The other girls, they both knew he loved to fuck. Especially the little ones. He was, after all, a pedo, it's what he did. It was in his DNA. But that would never take away from them what they had together. They had each other. This was love, intense love, not lust.

She finally broke away from him, and grabbing his cock, led him over to the sheet covered chair. She bent over the back of the chair, and then, putting her palms on her buttocks, pulled herself apart, opening her anus for him to fuck. Sam didn't want it this way. He just wanted to make love to her, and said so.

"I want to see what it's like Daddy," she said. "Would you let me try for a while?"

Sam sighed and guided his cock to her entry, and rubbed his pre-cum along her cleft for a moment and made sure he was slick enough. He could see the KY jelly oozing from her bum, and knew she had put plenty in there. He pressed his tip to her little rosebud, and applied a little pressure and immediately, she clenched up, her sphincter closing tight.

"Try pushing, as though you are pooping" he suggested. "It will help, I think."

Suddenly, he felt her tension go and his crown pop through her sphincter, but she clamped on him again, a stab of pain shooting up his cock.

“Steady,” he said, “relax, take your time, and just push again.”

He felt a gradual relaxation, as her rectum adjusted to his intrusion. He waited for several minutes, and suddenly felt a movement, as his crown started to slide into her, deeper and deeper. They both felt it, as inch by inch, into her he went, until, at last, his pubic hair was pressed to the globes of her bottom. He was in.

“How does it feel, darling?” he asked.

“Kinda funny, I guess,” she answered honestly, “I don’t know if I would cum like this. What about you?”

“Oh, I’d cum alright,” he said lightly, “but it’s not the way I’d want to, not with you. You’re so special to me Sally, I don’t want to fuck you anymore.”

She turned as far as her position would allow, and looked at him alarmed. A tear was already forming in the corner of her eye. “What do you mean, Daddy? Don’t you want me anymore? Do you just want the others and not me?”

Sam realised his stupidity in his choice of words. “No, no, it’s not that,” he said urgently, “you don’t understand. Yes, I want to fuck the others, of course, but with you, I want to make love. I love you so much. Do you not understand?”

Sally stood up suddenly. Her movement pulled his cock painfully from her bum, as she turned round and leapt at him, her legs clamped around his waist, her arms gripping tight around the neck, holding him in a vice like grip, her wet pudenda pressed to his belly. He felt her tears running down his chest, and her shuddering, as she sobbed. This was the final chapter in the changes which had come over the two of them. They realised in that instant just how much they both meant to each other, how close their bond, how driven by the other they each were. The other Choices girls had sensed it for several days now. They were just coming to terms with it themselves.

“Well what do we do now?” he quipped. “Fancy a fuck?”

She laughed, blushed, almost feeling embarrassed, as they were about to explore this new relationship.

Sam took her hand, and with the other grabbed the sheet still draped over the chair, and walked over to the settee. He spread the sheet over it, and then sat down along it, so he was leaning back against one of the armrests. Then he brought his knees up and indicated for her to squat over him, which she quickly did. Holding his cock, he guided her down lower, until his tip just pushed against her anus again. She wriggled into position, feeling him sink into her entry, much easier this time. She paused momentarily, and then leaning back a little sank down onto him, feeling his long thin cock slip six and a half inches through her rectum deep into her bowels.

Again they paused, just looking into each other’s eyes. How long they stayed like that they wouldn’t recall. Time no longer mattered. Still squatting, Sally felt a little cramped and lifted her legs, pushing her feet under his armpits. Sam kept his knees up. So she could lean against them.

Over the next hour or so, they chatted about many things. Each time she moved slightly, he could feel her rectum pressing, squeezing against his shaft. So, so nice. Almost without realising he was doing it, his fingers gently teased her nipples. He traced circles around her darkened areolæ, her tiny goosebumps rising in response.

Eventually, he raised a topic he’d been avoiding. “You know I want what’s best for you, darling, don’t you?” she nodded, half expecting what was coming. “You know I want you to come to France, to the Conservatoire to perfect your music and study in the Sorbonne. Madame Brigitte made me promise.” She nodded, looking soulful. She knew he was right. “It will break my heart, Sally, but I want you to do it. I believe you are destined for greatness and I want you to achieve it. Will you do it for me.”

Sally suddenly looked a little coy. Of course she knew she would do it, because Daddy had asked her to. But maybe….”On one condition,” she unexpectedly said. He looked enquiringly at her. “You come to see me at least once a month.”

Sam wasn’t going to admit that he would have done so anyway. “OK it’s a deal.” He laughed, when she pulled his hand off her budding breast to shake it.

“The only thing is, though Sally, as you know I am a pædophile. I’ve always been like it. I know when you go away, I will want to come and see you all the time, because I love you. But I need my little girls, you understand that, don’t you? Will you mind, knowing I’m back home fucking Club girls every day when you’re not there?”

“Daddy, I have already told my girls they must always look after you, all the time. I want you to be happy. It’s very important to me. I know you like variety. I know you especially like them tight, tighter than me even and I know you prefer the very youngest ones.” He looked at her aghast. He’d never admitted that particular desire, even to himself, and here she was stating the truth of who and what he was. “If you didn’t fuck them, you would be unhappy and,” she continued, “I would get to know, and I would have to come home to sort it out. But you and I have a deeper relationship as you said before. So I need you to fuck my girls all the time, as long as you still love me most. If you don’t, there’ll be trouble.” They lapsed into silence.

“Sally,” he eventually asked.

“Hmmmm?” came her dreamy reply.

“If you could have a special wish, you know, something impossible, anything in the world, what would you wish for?”

“Easy,” came her immediate reply, “you’d be my real Daddy, why?”

“Oh, I just wondered, you know. I think I would wish for the same.”

Sam became aware of something hard under him, and reaching down, beneath the sheet, found one of the little pink vibrators. He pointed with it at Sally’s clitty and said: “shall I?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” she laughed in reply, “let’s cum.”

Sam found the little button in the end of the plastic toy, and switched it on, enjoying the tingle of the vibrations and the sound of the buzzing. He carefully placed it against her nub, poking from it’s cowl like a tiny erection. Little tufts of her thin straight silvery hair rose either side of it, as if supporting it, pushing it higher. The moment the toy touched her, she clamped down hard on him in involuntary reaction. She relaxed again, as she attuned to it. He rolled the rounded end back and forth over her clit, watching as blood flowed into it hardening it further. Her vulva swelled, her labia also darkened. She shivered gently, as she screwed up her eyes, her climax rapidly approaching. Sam slipped his middle finger into her vagina, finding her so slippery inside it just went all the way in.

It was the final straw, Sally came, she exploded on his cock, clamping and clamping, squeezing, massaging him. In moments, he too went over the top, and blasted into her bum, feeling his semen squirt deep into her. No thrusting was necessary, her clamping kept him going, and his pulsing kept her going. They sat like this, staring into each others’ eyes, feeling each other’s pulses, loving it, relishing it. Finally it stopped. Sam switched the toy off, and sat for many minutes, just looking into her eyes, caressing her tiny boobs, massaging her areolæ again, feeling her hard nipples against his palms.

“Do you know what?” she asked, almost dreamily.

“What’s that darling?” he asked, not really listening.

“I like doing it up the bum,” she smiled. “You just scored thirty nine, that’s gotta be a record!” They both chuckled.

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CHAPTER 85
Harry Potter and the Incendio Charm

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Catching a quick lunch at Mcdonalds, Sally and Sam headed for the 'tube', the largest underground railway network in the world, first opened in 1863. It's still the fastest way to travel around the huge city. They came up to ground level at Tottenham Court Road. This area has been famous for selling electrical gizmos for decades. Sam had a number of purchases to make. He headed along the street, turned into a side alley, and stopped at a door with no sign or indication as to who or what was inside. Pressing an intercom button, and looking up at a camera mounted above the door, there was a buzz releasing the door lock and they were inside. Climbing the stairs immediately inside, they came to a landing with just one door, which opened as they got to it.

"Hello Sully," said Sam, "how's tricks these days?"

"Hi Sam, you old bastard," was the reply, "how the devil are you old chap?"

The two greeted each other, with a string of mild insults, clearly old friends.

"Sully, meet Sally," said Sam by way of introduction, "and Sally meet Sully. Sally's my daughter, well almost." Sally blushed at the little white lie which she so wished were true.

"What can I do for you, Sam," asked Sully, getting down to business, "I see your name's been in the papers recently. Playing with fire again. You never learn, same old Sam." He looked across at Sally, with a big warm, cheeky grin, "you know what your dad did a few years back. We were in Cairo on leave, he got hold of this great big, fat Egyptian ….." Sam hastily cut him off with a "She doesn't need to hear all that, Sully, she's far too young. Now what I came for is this ……."

Half an hour later Sam and Sally left Sully's emporium. She had realised after a few minutes it was no ordinary shop. The electronic devices he bought were beyond her understanding. The cameras she sort of understood, as she did a combat knife. The binoculars were unlike any she'd seen before with night vision and compass built in. He'd bought some dark overall clothing, face mask and black rubber shoes, gloves, backpack and things she didn't recognise at all.

Back in the tube, they headed north, to the suburbs, and found themselves in a residential area. Schools, supermarkets, houses, pubs and restaurants. Sam, taking Sally's hand headed for a nearby park, where they found a secluded corner and sat on the grass. Sam went through the items he'd purchased and carefully unpacked, checked and tested each item, fitting batteries where necessary, before stowing them in the backpack. She'd raised her eyebrows when she saw him take out a handgun, check the movement, and calmly screw on a sound suppressor to the end of the barrel, unscrew it again and put it into the pack then load several magazines with hollow nosed rounds, before slipping them also back into the pack.

"Are you going to tell me what we're doing, Daddy?" she asked, reasonably.

"Are you sure you want to know?" he replied, already knowing the answer, confirmed by her nod. "I'm trying to establish who the Brothers of Islam are, where they're based and what they plan to do. If I have to I will put an end to their activities, but I'd rather hand any evidence I get to the authorities. This will take time and I may be out all night. First I want to know where their place is, before finding somewhere I can watch them from. I have a lead I'm checking out. When I've done that, I will take you back to the hotel." He already knew that wasn't going to happen, just looking at her face.

"No way," she spat out, "wherever you go, I go too. I'd die sitting waiting to hear whether you're alive or dead, I'm coming."

They settled on a compromise. He would observe from his chosen position, while she waited in a safe place nearby.

“So where to now?” she asked.

“Place called Finchley. It’s just houses, like this. It’s about a mile, that way,” he indicated, pointing up the road. “We’ll catch a bus,” he said, looking at the timetable displayed on his IPhone, “they pass here every ten minutes or so”.

They got off the red double decker bus about twenty minutes later, and saw a café nearby, which they went into and sat down. London is littered with owner run cafés exactly like this one, where a cheap, substantial meal can be had quickly. They have an endearing nickname of ‘greasy spoons’, because much of the food they offer is fried. They both ordered the ‘special’. Steak & kidney pudding, beans and chips (fries), with a huge mug of tea. £4 each. Sitting down at a square laminate table, they sipped their tea, while they waited for the food to arrive. A wall mounted TV was silently showing the news, subtitles spelling out the stories.

“So what happens now, Daddy?” Sally asked.

“I’m going to walk passed the house, front and back, Sal, and again later on. Then, I will wait for it to get dark, then I’m going to observe the place, see what I can find out. After that, I don’t know. I suppose it depends on what I learn.”

Two plates of food arrived and were slapped down on the table without ceremony. They started to eat the unappetising looking fare. But both were very surprised just how tasty the food was. It was good.

Just then, Sam looked up at the TV screen and muttered: “oh fuck, that’s all we need.”

Looking over her shoulder, Sally could see the tail end of the piece, explaining that the five Brothers of Islam men arrested the previous day had been released on police bail, ‘pending further enquiries’. “Sounds like that left wing newspaper has been stirring things again,” he said. “ah well, we’ll have all the bad eggs in one basket,” he continued, in a matter of fact tone, “won’t change our plans.”

They finished their food, and left the café. The address Sam had been given was just a few hundred yards down the road. The plans of the building in the file he’d read, and memorised to the finest detail. It showed it to be a typical London suburban house. The only unusual feature was that it was detached, and separated from it’s neighbours, a little, whereas most, in this area, were semi detached and bunched close together. It was a modest four bedroom brick built place, put up a few years after the war. The street in question, like so many others around here, had been flattened during an air raid.

There was a cellar (or basement), a small garden, single car garage and a derelict greenhouse at the back. Very ordinary, very suburban, very average, very unremarkable.

They walked along, and Sam got Sally into a bit of role play. She was his daughter, and was having a strop over something. To an observer, their animated conversation was nothing unusual, but it did give Sam the opportunity to stop and turn towards her as they were across the street from the property. His brand new high definition camera tucked in his top pocket recording every detail of the building.

“Well, done,” he praised her, when they were further down the road, “you’ll win an Oscar yet.” They both smiled. “Let’s see what’s round the back.” They circled the area, until they were in front of the house backing onto the target. Looking down the path to the side, it was clear there was a high spike topped wall between the properties. Security, to the rear of the building, was probably better than it looked to the casual observer.

Not wanting to draw attention to his presence, He took Sally’s hand and carried on walking away, like any father and daughter out for a stroll. Unbeknown to them, though, they had already been recognised, when they’d walked passed the front of the building a few minutes earlier. Outside the property were, expensive wall mounted cameras, focused on the street, wired directly to facial recognition software in a mainframe in Tehran. The monitor operator was not asleep.

The acting leader was one Mahmud Hamazi. He was half brother to the two men Sam and Pierre had recently sent to their 72 virgins in paradise. “Allah be praised,” said Mahmud, “look who’s walked right into the lion’s den, Daniel himself! Abdul,” he shouted at a man only ten feet away, “Summon all the brothers, we may need them here, now.”

Sam and Sally walked back to the greasy spoon, where they had another mug of tea. “What now?” asked Sally. “Do we go back to the hotel, or what?”

“You should go back,” replied Sam, as he scrolled through the pictures he’d taken of the house, “I will hail a taxi. I could be observing them all night. Surveillance is long, boring and tedious, I’m trained for it. You’ll get bored and cramped and….”

“I’m staying here, with you,“ she stated bluntly. He was about to argue, when she interjected, holding up her palm, “don’t waste your breath.” Her expression said everything.

It was getting dark, as Sam explained what he was going to do and where he was going to position himself. “I am far more likely to be seen if there are two of us,” he pointed out. “I will be in more danger”. He stressed the last word. “

In the end, they compromised, against Sam’s better judgement. They found a place a hundred yards or so up the road, from the house, where there was an unoccupied property, with an overgrown front garden, with large clumps of bushes, where Sally was to hide during the whole of the surveillance. They both sat for a couple of hours, before Sam indicated he was gong to move forward now and she was to stay in place, whatever happened. She reluctantly nodded acceptance. She was already feeling the cramps in her muscles he had warned her of as the damp, cold air penetrated. She regretted that last mug of tea too. She needed to pee badly.

Sam moved forward. She watched him for a few seconds, before he seemed to vanish, like a ghost. Sally waited. After ten minutes it felt like an hour. After an hour it was like a week. She wriggled and stretched as quietly as she could trying to get comfortable. Her bladder now painful. She’d have to go soon. Then she felt it, the cold, hard press of a gun against her cheek.

“Don’t make a sound,” a quiet, harsh, guttural voice said, in heavily accented English, “if you do it will be the last you make. Slowly get up. We’re going for a short walk. Follow the man over there.” He waved the gun in the direction of a shadowy figure across the road. “He will lead. I will follow. Don’t do anything stupid.”

She got up and moved out of the bushes and, as instructed followed the man, who led the way towards the house, as she knew he would. Their pace was slow, so as not to attract attention. She was angry with herself. She had let Daddy down. She knew he would know where she was, and it would add to his worries. But, she also knew instinctively he would come for her; her Daddy.

Sam had seen the men approach Sally. He knew it was intended as a trap, to force him into taking precipitate action. There were two men taking her, at gunpoint. There were another two in the shadows further down and he wasn’t sure whether he’d seen a third, the other way too. He was close to the house, in the neighbour’s garden, so, anticipating their moves, he positioned himself so he could observe their entry to the building. Using his night vision binoculars, he watched carefully where they stepped, how they entered the door, the code they used in the keypad, and who was left outside, who went in. He switched to heat seeking, and checked to make sure no one was hidden out of his sight.

He smiled when Sally kicked the man in front of her in the shin, when he turned to body search her, just before the door was slammed shut. Even from here, he heard the scream as she was punched in the face for her trouble. That wiped his smile away. The rules of war had just been set. During the middle ages, the French had the largest armoured and trained army in Europe. Sometimes, depending on who they were fighting, the king would command the red fork tongued pennant of St. Denis be unfurled, the Oriflamme. This signalled to the troops no prisoners were to be taken. All were to be slaughtered. To Sam, he had just unfurled his own Oriflamme.

Moving through the neighbour’s garden to the back, he found a place where the fencing had a large knot hole, and could see through to the rear of the target house. He was desperate to get over and enter, but years of training had taught him patience. Right now he needed all the patience he could muster. The third man appeared at the far side. He had been hiding in the shadows. Sam watched, observed, waited. There was a small routine emerging to the man’s patrolling, so Sam, timed his movement when the guard went behind the far side of the house, Sam was up and over the fence in moments, and hidden in the bushes long before he returned.

Waiting for the guy to come round the lawn, Sam could see he wasn't a professional, just 'doing his bit for the cause'. And that would be his last memory, Sam carefully laid the body behind the rhododendron bushes, blood seeping into the earth fertilising the ground.

Earlier in the day, Sam had seen the double cameras, high on the front of the house. He had expected it and intended he'd be seen and now knew this heightened level of security must be for him. His plan had worked. All the Brothers of Islam would be here. He was sure. He felt guilty at the same time though. He had allowed Sally to remain with him. He'd used her as bait unintentionally, but it had worked better than he'd expected. He was not wrong footed at all. Quite the contrary. He was here to clear up the hornets' nest. The plane and the incident in Paris had poked that nest. He knew they had him marked now. One day they would come for him. Leave one hornet on the loose and you're fucked.

He moved to the door at the back of the house, and tried the same code on the lock he'd seen used at the front. The door clicked open. Sam couldn't believe his luck. He thought for a moment, an idea forming. He had originally intended to just leave the door ajar as a diversion. Quickly, he returned to the body behind the bushes, and picking it up, brought it to the door and laid the man on the floor just inside. He then went back out and round the side. The garage had a flat roof. Using the drain pipe, he was quickly on the roof. He slithered forward, and looked over the edge into the front garden. The other two guards were talking quietly together, in Pashto, smoking. They were discussing having their turn later with the young blond American girl, and what they would do with her before she was killed and dropped in the Thames. Sam had to control his seething anger.

He crept back, and found the drain pipe leading up to the roof guttering. It took thirty seconds to ascend. The fact they had also allowed the house to be covered in climbing ivy helped him tremendously. There was an old gable ended window set into the roof slope. The frame and sash were old wood, rotten in places. Glancing inside, he could immediately see it was an unused loft space. His clasp knife quickly slid the lock across. All the sophisticated break-in tools he'd bought from Sully were superfluous.

Being careful not to move too much, to avoid stepping on creaky floor boards, he surveyed the room, nothing but boxes and dust. There was a narrow spiral staircase in the corner, which he very slowly descended to a door at the foot. Listening for several minutes, he turned the handle and to his relief found it unlocked and it opened quietly onto an empty, half lit, landing. He'd been expecting what happened next to have happened sooner. Pandemonium broke loose downstairs. The body had, at last, been discovered. The uproar continued for a while, before a commanding voice shouted the others down.

In Pashto, he said: "Uncle, you have been sitting here at the bottom of the stairs, did you see anyone?"

"No, I have not moved, as you instructed," came the reply, "no one has passed me. The only ones upstairs are Fatma and Yusra with Faysal. Whoever it is, must be in one of the rooms on the ground floor, somewhere, or has run away. No one is upstairs." A search of the ground floor started immediately, some inside, some in the garage a new search around the garden too. Meanwhile, Sam checked the rooms along the landing. Four bedrooms, two bathrooms and a store room. He listened at each door first, hearing noises only in the second bedroom.

"He must have gone," the voice of authority said downstairs. "Search the garden again, Ahmed. Masoud and Salman, you search upstairs."

"What about the girl?" a voice asked. "You promised us, Mahmud. You know, before you kill her."

"I know what I said," came the curt reply. "You will each have her in turn, but not before Aishah has questioned her and found out what we need to know. She needs the practice and is preparing now. You will not need to wait too long. Maybe one hour. I will go down now and instruct Aishah. Meantime, you must stay alert. Find the Yankee."

Sam's blood ran cold. These bastards were going to torture Sally and then gang rape her for fun, before murdering her. "Not before Hell freezes over," thought Sam. He knew the two men would be up here in moments. He decided which room to use. It had a door which opened so he could conceal himself behind it. He was ready as they came upstairs. The two men knew to avoid the occupied room. Their whole demeanour suggested to Sam that they considered this a waste of time. They wanted Sally. Stupidly, they split up and searched different rooms, so as one of them came into Sam's room, he was dead in moments,

his head tilted at an impossible angle. Sam laid him on one of the beds, and threw a blanket roughly over him and awaited the other man.

Salman was angry. He had been the one to grab the girl from her hiding place. He was the one to see where she had been hiding. He had at least enjoyed holding her while she was dragged to the house, although he had been bitten on the finger by her when he had gagged her with his hand. She had a supple body. He liked them young. He had lusted after Aishah, his brother's daughter. This girl and Aishah were about the same age and build. Aishah had rejected his advances, although Mahmoud had commanded her she had to submit to him in his turn. She thought she was more important than he. She had just laid there, looking at him with contempt, when he'd fucked her, letting him do it. She'd had no passion, such a disappointment. She should show more respect. Now he had the blond American girl to look forward to. She would be better, he hoped, as long as Aishah didn't damage her first. He was deep in thought as he walked back along the landing. He paused for a minute, listening at the door where his other uncle, Faysal, was fucking Fatma and Yusra. The two women had been widowed only a few days ago by the American and yet they were in another's bed together, already. They too should show more respect. As he moved to the next room, he didn't see the hand coming which pushed his chin one way, nor the other which grabbed the back of his head and twisted. Everything went black.

Sam laid the second man alongside the other. He came out and looked over the balustrade. Sitting at the bottom of the stairs, was an older man, who he assumed was 'Uncle'. He was hunched, reading the evening newspaper. The other voices had moved away, so he assumed the old man was alone. He waited a couple of minutes. The two men who'd been sent outside to search in the garden came back in and walked passed the old man. "There's no one there," said one, glancing at the old man, "he's gone. Omar and Adam have seen no one outside. We're going downstairs to watch the fun." The old man grunted. The two men opened a door somewhere downstairs, and Sam could hear steps as they descended to the cellar below.

Retreating a moment, Sam opened his backpack, and pulled out a high powered air pistol. Perfectly legal, except for the poisoned dart which he pushed into the breach before closing it quietly. He leaned over the baluster, holding the pistol in both hands, and from a distance of only seven feet, put a dart into the back of the man's neck. The old man went rigid for a second as the pain of the dart hit him, before he slumped sideways.

Next, he pulled the SIG Sauer P226 from his pocket and screwed on the sound suppressor. Moving to the door of the occupied room, he listened. Inside, he heard a woman moaning as she came and the other making noises of encouragement. Perfect timing. He switched off the only light outside the room, plunging the landing into darkness and silently opened the door and passed like a wraith into the room. The two women were dead before they knew anything about it and the man, Faysal, joined them before he even understood what had happened. At least he died with a smile on his face.

Sam quietly descended the stairs, looking for other possible terrorists, finding none. Apart from the remaining two men on patrol outside, the house seemed empty; everyone else was downstairs in the cellar. He had the rest of the house to himself.

He considered his options. He didn't need the two outside walking in unexpectedly. They needed dealing with. He peered through a gap in the blinds. One at the front. Moving to the other window, he saw the other at the back. He timed in his mind their movements and waited until one was adjacent to the door, and another cyanide dart took care of him. He stepped out and pulled him inside, laying him beside the first guard he'd killed earlier. He moved silently around the house, and it was a simple wait, pause and fire to dispatch the last one.

Moving quickly back inside, dragging the last body with him, he laid it by the others. He then went through each room rapidly but thoroughly, ensuring no one was hidden and surprise him later. Just in case, he then locked and bolted the two doors into the house. Moving to the cellar door along the hall, he saw it was a metal clad security door. Electric combination pad. Just on the off chance, before he set up the expensive, but effective door code breaker which Sully had sold him he tried the same combination he'd used to enter the house earlier, and was astonished when again, it too, clicked open.

He peered around the corner. Bright lights lit a concrete stairway, leading down. He grasped the 9mm SIG Sauer P226, Safety now off.

The room below was strangely silent, and as Sam descended carefully, he found it deserted. There had to be another room. The walls were brick, load bearing and supported the house above. He could see at a glance that there were no doors. There was a cupboard under the stairs, though. He carefully opened it a crack, and saw nothing other than a bucket and a broom. He looked around, saw a light switch. It was a timer type; it would cut out after a set time. He pressed it lighting the area.

He was carefully inspecting the innocent looking cupboard, when he saw very faint curved scrape marks on the floor. The far wall had to be a door. He ran his fingers around the edge, finding no catch. He pushed gently, and felt something give. He took his weight off the door, it clicked towards him, swinging open.

As the door opened, he immediately heard noises from below. The door was evidently well sound proofed. Another concrete staircase led down. He moved slowly, silently, alert. Reaching the bottom, he waited trying to ascertain who was there. A conversation was taking place between the two men who had searched the garden and come down a few minutes ago. Sam thought for a moment. He didn't know how many people in total were down here. He assumed just the two. The others would, he supposed, be with Sally.

Inside his pack, Sam had a small periscope. It was only a few inches long but ideal for looking around corners. Careful to ensure he didn't attract attention with movement, he slowly moved the device sideways, until suddenly he had a clear view of the room. The two men had their backs to him. They were silhouetted in an open doorway, looking into a well lit room beyond. At that moment, a scream filled the air. From the tone, Sam knew it was Sally. Laughter filled the air. The two men in the doorway were clearly enjoying whatever was happening to Sally and getting excited, as they called encouragement. Even from here, Sam could see the bulges in their jeans.

"Well done Aishah," said a voice inside the room, a man whom Sam couldn't see, "that's how it's done. If you push it in deeper and twist it at the same time, it inflicts more pain. Try it again."

Sam had trouble controlling himself. He knew Sally was being tortured, but a wrong move now, and he knew they'd both be dead. He eased the air pistol from his pocket, putting the SIG Sauer into the other hand. Despite their name, a sound suppressor on a handgun still makes enough noise to attract attention. As Sally screamed again, the sound covered the phutt of the air pistol firing. "Another one bites the dust," thought Sam, grimly. The man in the doorway, sensing movement, turned and saw his brother now lying prone on the floor. He stepped towards him, and bent down to see what the matter was, just as a 9mm bullet from the SIG Saur hit him in the side of his temple.

No further need for caution, Sam advanced into the room. At that moment, Mahmud, the man he'd heard speaking earlier, instructing Aishah, came to the door, looking out, confused. His confusion was very short lived, as he was thrown backwards from the impact of a bullet between his eyes. Moving quickly now, Sam shielded himself outside the door, before taking a moment and swung around the gap into the room, gripping the SIG with both hands. What greeted him caught him completely unawares.

Sam stopped himself firing at the very last instant, his two arms up straight, clasping the automatic, which was pointing at a black robed, four foot tall, female. Her round chubby face was of a young girl, perhaps eleven, the same as Sally. She had black hair flowing to just below her shoulders. Her eyes were frightening, though. They were black as Hades. As obsidian as Lizzie's eyes. But unlike Lizzie, they had no warmth. These were the eyes of evil, of hate, of malevolence. The devil himself must have eyes like this. The girl held in her hand a short round black object, about the size and shape of a pair of woman's hair curling tongs. Except, Sam had seen one before. It was a tool for torture, designed using the technology of a cattle prod. No wonder Sally had screamed.

Beside the girl, was a gynæcologist's chair. Apart from a small table, it was the only item of furniture in the room. Sitting, strapped down in it was a naked, terrified, Sally. Her legs were up, strapped in the stirrups, spread far apart. Sam could see her wide open vagina was red raw. How long had they been torturing her? He'd only heard her scream twice, but she'd been down here for about twenty minutes now. Beneath the chair was a large pool of Sally's urine and the almost black stains of dried blood splattered across the floor; evidently from some unfortunate victim in the past.

Turning back to the black robed girl, he noticed she had a half smile on her face. Perhaps she realised the anguish her treatment on Sally had caused him. "Put that down," Sam said, pointing at the item in her hand. The girl frowned, pretending not to understand. Sam repeated himself in Pashto. The child showed surprise

at the familiar tongue. “Undo the straps, now,” he shouted at her, his anger growing by the moment. Uncertainty now showing in her face. She placed the tool on the little table. Sam noticed a number of instruments were there already. Scalpels, forceps, a corkscrew shaped object, various surgical clamps. Certainly not for opening bottles or performing life saving medical surgery.

Sally by now showed relief in her face, verging on delight, as her Daddy had come. She knew he would. As the straps were loosened, she wriggled out of the chair and stood on wobbly legs. She was sore between her thighs, fuck was she sore, but she was alive and in one piece. She hobbled to the black clad girl, who recoiled, thinking Sally was going to strike her. She looked at her in contempt and just turned away.

“I will need her clothes,” Sally said, pointing to her own rags on the floor, which had been cut from her with scissors. “She’s about my size, and she won’t be needing them.”

Sam turned to the girl and translated: “She needs to dress. Give her your clothes, or I shoot you.” Aishah looked round the room, in disbelief, as if expecting clothes to materialise from thin air. She shook her head. No, she wasn’t going to show an infidel her body; and anyway, no westerner would hurt or kill a child. She had nothing to worry about. Sally reached over and picked up the cattle prod. She took a step towards the girl, her expression said everything.

The girl, after hesitating for several seconds, realising she had no option, lifted the long black dress up over her head. She dropped it to the floor. She now stood in her panties and socks. She was like a beanpole, no curves, no feminine features at all. Her flat areolæ were dark against her olive coloured skin, her nipples, hardened pin heads. Sam indicated her panties, but Sally said she wouldn’t need them, she wasn’t going to soil her body with them. Sam went to translate, but a flush of anger crossed the girl’s face, realising that Sally looked upon her as an inferior person. She had understood English well enough.

Pointing at the chair she had just got out of herself, Sally said: “Tell her to sit down,” she commanded Sam. The girl did so without procrastination, Sally’s pointing finger said it all. “Put your wrists in the restraints.” Again the girl complied. Sally snapped the leather cuffs closed holding her arms and wrists firmly. “And the legs,” said Sally, realising the girl understood more English than she’d pretended before. The girl lifted her legs into the stirrups, still warm from Sally. Again Sally snapped the bindings tightly around her ankles and thighs.

Sally picked the black dress up from the floor where Aishah had dropped it. She shook it, as if removing dust, and pulled it over her own head. It was baggy, smelled of stale sweat, but would suffice. It reached to her ankles. Looking around, she knew her socks had been cut off, so she pulled Aishah’s off her feet, she smelled them and pulled a face in distaste, “They stink,” she said through gritted teeth, “I’m not wearing those,” dropping them into the pool of urine on the floor. In the corner, were her own shoes, in Club colours, which she slipped on and pulled the Velcro strap across.

Having spent so many years the victim of bullies and violence, Sally had sworn to herself it would never happen again, ever. Sam understood this, and was allowing Sally to exorcise her anger, her memories, even. Take revenge if necessary, although he had found revenge to be a dangerous game. Sam had decided Sally could decide what to do with the girl.

Aishah started to shout now. She suspected what was coming. Spittle flew from her mouth, propelled by the flow of foreign abusive invective language which even Sally didn’t need to understand. The meaning was clear. Sally kept clear of the spit flying now continuously from Aishah’s mouth. She looked around. She saw on a shelf a roll of duct tape. Grabbing it, she tore off a six inch strip, and stuck it over the girl’s mouth, despite her shaking her head back and forth violently. Finally, Sally picked up a black niqaab headdress from the corner of the room, where it had been discarded, and pulled it over Aishah’s head, so they could now only see her burning black obsidian eyes, through the slot of her eye visor.

Sally moved back to the front of the chair. “Wanna have a look, Daddy?” asked Sally, smiling grimly. It wasn’t a suggestion, it was a command. Sally wanted, needed even, to humiliate this dark girl, this other Verity. Dark in looks, dark in character. She picked up the scissors from the table which had been used to cut her own clothes off. She moved between Aishah’s knees, and quickly snipped the waist band of her panties, either side of her gusset. Grabbing the, now, loose material with her hand, she yanked it out from under her bottom. The Afghan girl snorted in outrage through her nose, snot now running down her duct tape covered lips and chin.

Bending down between her legs, Sally brought the black cattle prod up and touched her pudenda with the cold end. Aishah, her eyes now filled with fear, went rigid, expecting a shock, which never came; her own urine joining Sally's on the floor. Sally dropped the torture tool into the pool of urine and moved to one side. She leaned down, placed her fingers either side of the girl's vulva, and pulled her open, none too gently. Two things were immediately apparent to Sam and Sally. Aishah had been highly aroused when she had been torturing Sally. She was wet, and as Sally pulled her open, a flow of viscous slippery slime ran from her cunt, down towards her bottom. The other thing that was apparent was the fact that this girl, as pious in Islam as she might like to make herself out to be, was no virgin.

In fact, Aishah had been giving her body for the cause for two years now. She had been told she could join the group in London, if she looked after the men in any way they needed. She was told it was important the men didn't go out with local women, even ones they met at the mosque. They must remain separate for security. So Aishah had been instructed by her aunt, now dead upstairs, in what was required. The men had needs, she'd been told, and it was Aishah's duty to fill those needs. She had looked after her father, five uncles and six cousins. All of these were now dead. Some killed by Sam during the hijacking, the rest in this house, although she didn't know it yet; and indeed would never know.

Sam waited for Sally to tell him what she wanted him to do now. She was only now calming from her anger and her adrenaline fuelled fear and humiliation. All the men had come in to look at her. They had touched her and fingered her. She felt dirty, soiled. She knew she would recover, gain strength from her experience even. But, her recovery depended on Daddy playing his part.

"I want you to rape her, Daddy," she said in a matter of fact voice. "Do it hard, make it hurt. She hurt me bad, really bad. Then she was going to let all the men fuck me before she killed me. Rape her Daddy, now."

Sam was hesitant. Not because he wouldn't fuck the child, he had a pretty good track record of doing exactly that. Nor because he had some moral resistance to doing so. He had no such qualms. Nor was it that he wouldn't rape a child. He'd done it often enough with the help of the knock out drops. His victims had never known anything about it. None the wiser. His concern was that he had never physically forced a concious girl against her will before. He sighed, shrugged his shoulders and stepped forward. A first time for everything.

Aishah was now wriggling in the chair as far as the restraints would allow. Her bottom lifted up and down several inches. Sally stepped behind her chair, and buckled up a strap around Aishah's waist to stop her moving. Sam leaned in, and using his fingers, inspected the girl's cunt carefully.

"Looks like she's been fucked a lot, Sally. She's got all the signs. Still some stuff in there too. You'd think she would have washed herself." He intentionally ignored Aishah's wild eyes of outrage spitting fire at him. "I think I'm going to have to use a condom, I don't want to catch anything from her," he said, pulling out his wallet, where he always kept one, just in case. "Actually, some of these Afghan tribes have Syphilis and Ghonorrhea endemic in their societies." He didn't know if that were true or not, he wanted to needle the girl for Sally. Anyway, she might have caught a disease, it wasn't impossible. He dropped his backpack in the corner, slipped out of his jacket and pushed his black combat trousers down, taking his boxers with them. He stood in front of the girl making sure she watched him, while he slowly rolled the condom over his now, erect, long cock.

"There you are, Aishah, have a good look at this," he said, goading her again, waving his long cock backwards and forwards in front of her eyes, looking fearfully from their viewing slot in the Niqaab. "I think you're going to enjoy this, I know I am." The girl couldn't move against the restraints, the only sign of her anger and fear were the snorts through her nose and the vigorous shaking of her head side to side. The chair had a hydraulic lift, much like a dentist chair. Sam pressed his foot to the pedal and raised it a few inches, to suit his height.

He moved between her legs now, and holding his cock, pressed it to her entry. Her vulva bulged out, as his crown pushed between her labia. He was going to work it in slowly, much like he did every day to The Club girls. At that moment, though, Sally, now standing behind him pushed his bottom hard with all her strength, forcing him into the girl in one instant, deep, penetration. Aishah gasped, as a spike of pain shot through her cunt.

Sam paused for only a moment, before pulling back, and feeling the pressure of Sally's hands on his bottom again, shoved back in. Within just three cycles, he was slamming into the girl. She wasn't as tight as he liked his girls to be. She'd obviously had a lot of sex. She felt like Lucy had the first time, before he got her away from Jake and his thugs. He looked down. She was chubby, but not too fat. She had a small mons, which lifted slightly as his cock slid into her beneath it. She was hairless. Not a whisper of hair anywhere. He kept a steady, hard pace, his pubis smacking into her groin, making a loud slapping noise, which went on for many minutes. One thing he did notice though was the smell. She stank badly. Stale sweat, body odour, unwashed skin. He remembered the smell from the markets of many Arab towns he'd been to.

Sam was suddenly aware Aishah was rising. She was going to cum. He couldn't believe it. Her breathing had changed, her muscle tension under him had altered subtly.

Aishah had always been completely dedicated to the cause. Her father and uncles, although not kind to her, she was a female after all, gave her privileges and freedom. She was respected as one older than her years. They knew she had something extra; she was marked down as a future leader. For now she did as commanded. She had never enjoyed having to fuck the men, even with her father, it was her duty, which she willingly did. As simple as that. Now, this man, this hated American, rapes her, and she feels immediately different. She cursed herself, because she was enjoying this. It was wrong, it was not what Allah had commanded. She was angry now with herself, she was going to cum soon, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Sally whispered in Sam's ear: "Stop when I say, Daddy. Ready? Right, pull out now."

Sam pulled his cock from Aishah, as Sally told him, just as he felt the telltale signs of her clamping on his cock. He was moments from cuming himself, but this was Sally's show. She was in charge. At that moment, he felt Sally's arms come around his waste and hold his cock. She pulled the condom off him and dropped it to the wet floor. She then used both hands to wank him. She had done this so many times, it didn't take her long to get him to the cusp. This wasn't for anyone's pleasure, Sally was doing this as a punishment to the girl.

Aishah had felt herself about to cum. She hated herself for wanting it so much. What was it about this American, with his long thin cock, which made her enjoy it so much? Then, suddenly nothing, he'd pulled out of her. NO! She needed to finish, what frustration, what torture. She couldn't even reach down to help herself. Then she felt it. Wet strings of the American's semen pumping over her, trailing over her pussy, her stomach. Some even hit her Niqaab. This was the final humiliation. She knew now that wherever he went, however long it took, she would find this man and she would take her revenge. Then it got worse, she felt the American girl rub the big pool of semen on her mound and smear it down her cleft and into her vagina. She could feel it's warmth, it's slickness, it's sensuousness. Then she came. She couldn't help it, but she came even as the girl took her fingers away, she still climaxed. She cursed herself again for her weakness. The Americans knew what had happened. She could see and hear them laughing at her humiliation. She so hated them.

Sam quickly dressed. It was time to clear up and find out what he could before they left. What to do with the girl. He didn't know. Sally was washing her down with disinfectant and a scrubbing brush, removing any sign of his D.N.A. It was probably best to just leave her where she was. He would file his report through his usual channels, the Brits would sort the mess out in their own way.

Now much more business like, Sam surveyed the floor they were on. Outside the torture chamber, was a larger room, with a couple of desks with two desktop computers, filing cabinets, maps pinned to the wall, paperwork everywhere. He knew nothing would be held on the two laptops. If they were stolen, any amount of intel could be lost.

There was a large safe in the corner, which Sam looked at, wondering if the combination he'd been provided would work. He wondered how MI5 had come by it. Not his concern, as the door swung open. Inside, there were two shelves. On one were two computer external drives. Sam would bet they contained data MI5 would give their eye teeth for. On the other shelf was one large envelope, and a small briefcase. He pulled them out and laid them on a desk nearby. The case was unlocked, and inside he found cash in used notes, bound into bundles with clear plastic wrappers. His mind wandered back to that night all those months ago when Steve had made the drugs bust at the barn, and he'd acquired a case similar to this one. It had contained over $3M in assorted denominations. This one held at least the same. He picked up the envelope

and tipped the contents onto the table. Inside, as he had hoped, was a stack of one hundred bearer bonds. They were issued by the Swiss government, through a Zurich bank. Each had a face value of $1M.

Sam put the envelope into the briefcase and closed it. He squeezed the case into his backpack before pulling out his high definition camera. He took photographs of the whole room, all the maps and charts. They certainly suggested a major operation was planned. Sites marked included: Buckingham Palace, Wembley Stadium, three mainline railway stations, The Houses of Parliament at Westminster and Terminal Four at Heathrow Airport and many others. Thirty in all. If their plan had been to explode large bombs at these places, the effects could have been devastating.

He was about to move upstairs to photograph the cellar and the access to the room below, when he realised there was an identical doorway here, to the one in the room above, leading to another basement below. Going down the concrete steps, Sam, now carrying his gun as a precaution, and Sally wondered what they would find. They weren't disappointed. It was an armoury. There was a single, concrete walled room filled with weaponry. On one side, there were assault riffles, grenade launchers, numerous handguns and many boxes of assorted ammunition. There were even some old Soviet made SAM missiles. What really caught his eye, though, was what was on the other side of the room. It was a bomb maker's factory. On the wall behind a long work bench, was a big rack with shelves and plastic storage containers filled with timers, detonators, mercury tilt switches, detonation switches and circuitry to manufacture hundreds of devices. There were a few vests ready for explosives to be fitted, batteries, reels of wire, everything. To the side, were dozens of large 100 litre barrels. The labels were clear. They held Ammonium Dinitride and Potasium Nitrate mainly, as well as other propellants like Magnesium and Aluminium powder. These were common materials in the manufacture of rockets, but they could also be used for making very high grade explosives. All that was required was the addition of suitable oxidising agents and plasticizers. Sam saw several barrels marked 'Iron Oxide' and 'Ammonium Perchlorate'. He quickly photographed it all. There was literally tons of material here. Enough to make many powerful devices, each capable of killing hundreds.

At the end of the room, Sam saw a lot of large wooden cases, with stencilled markings: 'Helicopter, Sikorsky Drone – Mk4' He had come across these in Afghanistan. He had even remotely piloted them himself. They were almost silent, flew up to 50 M.P.H. had a range of about thirty miles and a load capacity of over fifty pounds. Sam realised these would not be used for reconnaissance, their original design concept, but for delivery of bombs. With a fully loaded fleet of drones, pre-programmed to deliver their payload at the same instant, London could be paralysed. Keep the drones coming at random intervals, and an evacuation of the capital might be necessary. It was simple and ingenious.

"Are we in danger here, Daddy?" asked Sally, looking at all the barrels. "I mean could these explode if there was a spark or something?"

"No my darling," he replied, "The ingredients have to be mixed in the correct proportions first. That stuff," he said, pointing at the propellants, "burns and burns really fast. You can make rocket fuel with it. You don't want to be near it if it catches fire. But it takes more than a spark to set it off. If it did, this whole building would be ablaze in seconds. Then that," he said pointing to the oxidisers, "makes oxygen. Without it a fire won't burn. With lots of it, you've made a bomb. It will then burn so fast it goes bang, and you have an explosion. Boom," he said gleefully.

"So," she asked, "if this room caught fire, there wouldn't be an explosion, but the house would be destroyed completely?"

"You can believe it," he said, "it would make independence day look like a damp squib. This amount of high grade propellant, would melt steel. All that would be left of this place would be a hole in the ground. You wouldn't know a house had stood here."

"What about the surrounding houses?" she asked. "Would they burn too?"

"Probably not. You see we are now about forty feet below the ground, here. The walls are all reinforced concrete. The fire would all be directed upwards like a giant blow torch." Sam wasn't sure, but had his suspicions as to why she was showing so much interest.

"What are those vest things on the table, there?" She pointed to the suicide devices.

“In the past, groups like this have duped some idiot into killing themselves by wearing one and walking into a crowded place and pressing the trigger. In a lot of countries they still do. In Afghanistan, I once had to shoot a fourteen year old boy, who was wearing one. We’d warned him, but he was walking towards a girls’ madrasa, you know, a school. So I had to shoot him. The bomb went off. All we found were his Nike sneakers. His feet were still in them. The Taliban constantly tried to close down girls’ education over there.”

“This group here, though, was a family, and I suspect didn’t waste lives of the family if they could help it.” He picked up one of the vests. “See the wire with a handle and a red button? This one’s a dead man’s switch. You press it to activate it. It goes off when you release it. Same as that fourteen year old boy used. These are not primed though and there’s no explosives in them.”

“Over there,” he pointed to a shelf “are some very clever devices. Made in Russia”. He put the vest down and picked up the item he’d indicated. “They are small, fit into your hand, as you can see. We came across these more and more in Afghanistan. They have a timer you can set, just by turning this knob here. They have a magnetic back, so can be fixed to anything ferrous. They also have a sticky backing. Peel the plastic off and they stick to anything. They even have anti tamper devices which can be programmed. They are really smart. They are packed with an explosive charge. It will kill you if you’re in the same room. It will set off any other explosives within ten feet. So all the terrorist has to do is set the time, place it over whatever explosives he’s using, put his finger through this ring and pull this pin out, then just walk away. The timer can be set for anything from ten seconds to three hours. Clever isn’t it?”

Sam moved to collect all his belongings. He made sure the briefcase was secure in his backpack and that it was strapped shut. Everything he’d brought with him was leaving the building except his semen smeared on the girl upstairs, and Sally had taken care of that too. Time to leave.

They went up the first flight of stairs. Sam looked at the open door of the room where Aishah was. “I’d better make sure she’s secure before we go,” he said. “And if it’s OK with you, I might just have a little fiddle with her and take some photos for the album.” Sally nodded to him and waved him into the room. As soon as he was out of sight, she ran downstairs again, grabbed two of the timing devices, off the shelf, Sam had just shown her, set the dial for ten minutes, and pulled the rings. Each clicked, and a digital display started to count down. She placed one on a thick plastic sack of potassium nitrate and the other she fixed to the metal canister containing aluminium powder. She picked up another and as she walked upstairs, set it to nine minutes. She looked through the door where she saw Sam holding his camera with one hand and prising Aishah’s pussy lips apart with the other. The girl was writhing in angry outrage again. She noticed he had now pulled off her niqab, so he could capture his favourite cunt and face shots.

Sam stood up and showed Aishah the little screen, on the back of his camera, and scrolled through the pictures. He smiled at her as though sharing some holiday snaps together, her eyes were wide, she still struggled ineffectively against her bonds. He looked at Sally and said: “You know a little secret about me?” She shook her head, playing along with his play acting. “I’ve always had a thing for Jewish girls. Hannah and Naomi really turn me on. I so love fucking them.” He pointed at Aishah. “This one on the other hand does nothing for me. It was like fucking a dead fish. No, Muslim girls are not my thing at all. Still, these photos will look good on a porn web site I know of. I’ll upload them tomorrow so anyone can look at them.” They both laughed. Sam left the room and picked up his backpack and slung it over his shoulder. He knew what was to follow.

Sally walked back to Aishah. She bent down, their eyes now just inches apart. “I have a little present for you. My Sam is too kind to kill you, as you would have done to him or me. I’m not so squeamish.” She held up the detonation device in front of Aishah’s face. “Know what this is, fuck head?” The terror in the girl’s eyes was evident now. Sally pulled the cover off the sticky back, and slapped the pad onto Aishah’s naked belly, and pulled the ring. She then simply turned on her heel and walked out. She even switched the light out and closed the door, leaving Aishah to watch the digital display count down to her death.

As they were walking down the street, Sam took Sally’s hand. No words were necessary. She’d had a terrifying ordeal, Sam had saved her and now they were both safe. Sally had a slight limp from where the electric shocks had caused so much agony, her vagina would burn for days, but she knew she would want Sam inside her later, where his cock would soothe her.

“Daddy,” she asked, looking up at him, and stated, “I never want any secrets between us.”

“No darling,” he answered, “I think I could tell you anything now. Even more, perhaps than I might say to Sylvia. Like my secret about Jewish versus Muslim girls; or that fourteen year old suicide bomber, his whole life before him, making me want to do something for young people ever since.”

“No,” she responded, “that’s not really what I meant. It’s just that, well, I’ve done something, and I don’t know if you will like it.”

“What’s that, darling,” he squeezed her hand, knowing full well what was coming, “tell me, It won’t change anything, ever.”

Still walking along, she handed him the ring and pin from the detonator. It took him a couple of seconds to recognise the object. He stopped, pulling her up short and turned, looking at the house, now several hundred yards away. He shrugged and said “Probably best your way. Tidier anyway. She really was a crap fuck.” In fact Sam had known exactly what Sally had intended to do. They thought the same way. He had left her alone intentionally, knowing what she would do. She’d finally banished Verity’s ghost for ever.

They hailed a passing London black cab taxi. As the vehicle moved off, there was a quiet wwhooomppfff from the, now, distant house, and a flicker of intense blue flame, which lit the underside of some low cloud cover. A low crackling sound could be heard like snapping twigs, as the grenades and munitions were consumed by the conflagration. The vertical jet of flame had the ferocity of a small volcano. As they turned the corner passing into the main road to central London, Blue tinged flames were already reaching hundreds of feet into the air with massive force, now highlighted by an intensely bright white glare from the aluminium and magnesium powder. Five minutes later, they saw two fire engines racing the other way, blue lights flashing, sirens wailing.

They entered the suite in the hotel, and Sally was glad to rid herself of Aishah’s black Hijab, had a quick shower and walked naked into the salon and was greeted with enthusiasm by the assembled girls of The Club. The warmth and friendship enveloped her like a favourite blanket.

“Oh. Sally,” said Lizzie, “it’s such a shame you weren’t with us at Harry Potter, it was fantastic. All the characters and spells and things to see. You know the best bit, it was their display of the Incendio Charm, you know that’s the one which makes fire. It was great.”

“I think,” replied Sally, “I’ve seen enough fire for one night.” The other girls were puzzled at why Sam and Sally were laughing so much.

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CHAPTER 86
A Day in the Country

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Sam had asked the taxi driver to drop them off at Waterloo Bridge. They, “would walk from there,” he’d said. He’d pulled the case from the bag, together with his camera and the disk drives and dropped the rest into the river, which was fast flowing towards the sea at that time, on the new ebb tide. Nothing in it to identify him anyway. They’d strolled northwards over the bridge, hand in hand, knowing they’d done something good for the world, which the world would never know about.

In the morning, up at dawn, as usual, he typed up and encrypted his report and uploaded the photographs he had taken, detailing the potential targets, bomb and explosive type, delivery method, photos of all the dead terrorists and any other relevant information, including his possession of the disk drives. A few seconds later he received an acknowledgement of receipt, which included the codeword ‘Broadsword’ for when the disk drives were collected. He felt a weight lift off his shoulders.

Sylvia had an instinct, a sixth sense. She knew something had happened to Sam and Sally the previous day. She knew Sam would tell her if and when the time was right. Until then she kept silent. Sam’s explanation of “I went to see my old friend Sully in Tottenham Court Road”, fooled no one. She busied herself before the girls got up. Today they were all going to her father’s house.

Sam, sat back thinking after he'd filed the report. It was still only six o'clock. As had happened before, he, like after Morgan and the Thompson Twins had needed dealing with and after the hijacking attempt, felt really horny. He asked Sally, who had laid on him tightly all night, and was still so sore, if she could ask half a dozen of the girls to join him in one of the other bedrooms. He needed a seriously good, long, hard, fuck. Sally knew what was required, and shook awake some of the original Club girls. Vicky and Vera, Sandy and Mandy and Hannah and Lizzie. She quickly explained to them that Sam needed their help, and he wouldn't enjoy his day, unless they could play their part and look after him. She explained she wasn't feeling too good, and wouldn't be joining them.

The six climbed onto the bed, lay side by side and watched Sam walk towards them. He had lust in his eyes, anticipation in his face, quickness of movement and pre-cum dripping from his rock hard erection. He grabbed the legs of the first in line, who happened to be Sandy. He pushed her feet up and outwards, either side of her shoulders, and pressed his cock to her pudenda. She reached down, guided his tip to her entry, and sighed, as he just pushed himself in.

Sandy felt his foreskin being ripped back as he penetrated her. He felt hot, throbbing, slick and urgent. She had never fucked him when he'd been so pent up. It gave her a new thrill, as he bumped into her cervix. Sandy, being the gymnast she was, soon had her thighs tucked up behind her shoulders, her ankles crossed behind her head, as Sam rammed into her frantically. She was cuming by his tenth thrust and sated by the thirtieth. She was disappointed as he pulled out of her, rolling over onto Vera, penetrating her in the same way. Vera so loved being fucked these days. She just lived for it and needed Sam in her as much as he did her. So, she was as happy he was being so hard, so forceful with her, as she needed it herself.

He worked his way along the line of girls, spending several minutes in each, feeling their tight vaginas clamping on his cock as they each came, while he forced himself into them one by one. When he'd fucked the last, who was Hannah, he got out of the bed, walked round, and started at the beginning again, letting Sandy have seconds. He worked his way along the line three times, knowing he was going to have to cum soon, before he lost control completely. As if by telepathy, Sally entered the room, smiling, knowing what he wanted. He stood at the side of the bed, looking across the six girls. As she had done last night, with Aishah before him, Sally cuddled up behind him, wrapped her arms around him, and started to wank him off. He came on the third stroke, the first spurt only shooting out a couple of feet. The second shot out in a long, high arc, landing on Hannah at the far side. He spurted and spurted, ejaculating over them all, watching them rub his hot semen into their skin as soon as it splattered over them. It went on and on. They'd never seen him deliver so much. They had no idea what had caused this, neither did they care much.

"Well done," said Lizzie as he finally stopped, although his dry mini pulses continued, "that was a score of thirty five!" Sam finally felt sated, and a little embarrassed. He'd nearly got to the point of hurting them. He shuddered at the thought. Realising his self consciousness, Sally grabbed his cock, and led him from the room and into the bathroom for a long soothing soak in the Jacuzzi, which, after about half an hour, ended up with about fifteen girls sharing it with them.

After he was dressed, he checked his phone, finding another WhatsApp from Ellie.

"Hi Sam," she started in her usual way, "Wendy came to see me this morning. We hadn't seen her for two days. She say's she's definitely staying. This time I think I believe her. She says she's going to marry the guy. His name is Georgeo Novak. She insists she's not coming back. He seems nice enough, so I suppose she'll be happy. No worse than life in that trailer back home. They want to start a restaurant together. She'll cook, he'll work out front. She asked if you would take Sally in. Georgeo doesn't like kids and she knows Sally will be OK with you. She asks if you could help them out with the cost of setting up the restaurant. She'll try and pay you back if it works out. She says if you are willing to adopt Sally, she will sign papers."

Sam went to his laptop, and signed into his bank account. He made an immediate transfer into Wendy's account. Next he messaged Ellie back.

"Thanks for the information, Ellie. Understood. Well handled on your part. Please tell Wendy I have transferred $100k to her account today. When the adoption papers come back signed, I'll transfer the same again. Tell her it's a wedding gift from The Club."

While they were eating their breakfast, the grey suited man, Sam recognised as Pemberton, came to the hotel reception and asked to speak to Sam. He was called from the dining room. Pemberton explained he

was to collect two items for Broadsword. Sam asked him to wait while he went upstairs to collect them. He was glad to get them off his hands.

After breakfast, Sam and Sally set off earlier than the others in the bright, sunny, autumn morning air, golden leaves now flickering along the pavement in the gentle breeze. They took a taxi, which the friendly doorman, Joe, had called for them. Sam needed to deposit the bearer bonds in his bank's London correspondent bank. Because of the amount, it was necessary to go to their head office in Threadneedle Street, at the centre of the City's one square mile, where over 10% of the entire country's G.D.P. was generated. There were some flickering of eyebrows at the value of the deposit, but with typical British reserve, no other sign of surprise was expressed.

As they left, waiting to hail a taxi to take them to the station, where they would meet the others, Sally took his hand without knowing it. They were as one person, so close was their bond now.

"Daddy," she asked, looking up at him, as the taxi pulled away from the curb, "why didn't you bring all that cash and deposit it too?"

"That's because it's not mine," he replied.

"But I thought….." she started, as he interrupted her.

"It's yours. After what happened to you last night, I want you to have it. To look after you. Call it a pension fund, call it what you like, but it's yours. There's something else I have to tell you Sally, but I wanted to tell you when we were alone". His tone made her freeze.

"What?" She asked, fearing something dreadful. Sam explained her mother intended to stay in Prague and wasn't coming home. She was getting married. Sally wiped a tear from her eye and was quiet for a while, before she asked the inevitable question: "What happens to me, Daddy?"

"Well," he said, "you have two choices, as I see it. Would you like to go and live in the Czech Republic with your mum?" He could see from her expression it was the last thing she wanted.

"What's my other choice, Daddy?"

"Would you like that to be true?" he asked

"Like what to be true? She replied, confused.

"That I'd be your real Daddy, all the time, forever."

She blinked, as the impact of what he was saying sank in. "You mean……" She couldn't bring herself to say the words.

"Yes my darling, I'm going to adopt you, if you want. You will be my daughter. You'll live with me and Sylvia and Emily and Jenny and one day the twins too. One family. But only if you want to," he teased her. "Do you want to think about it for a while?"

He was worried the taxi driver might think he was some sort of pædophile, so enthusiastic was Sally with her show of affection. She was still cuddling him as they pulled up in the station forecourt.

The trip through the northern Home Counties was interesting to The Club girls, as the suburbs of London gave way to green trees and fields. The Chilterns with their chalk rolling landscape, merged into the Vale of Aylesbury. They alighted at the wealthy village of Prince's Risborough, named after The Black Prince back in the 13th century, who had owned the place.

Sir Charles had sent down his gamekeeper, Jimmy Coulsdon to collect them. Jimmy had worked for the estate for over forty years and, when he was a boy, had known Charles grandfather. He had a huge white beard and round body. He was wearing a tweed plus four suit and tie, despite it being a hot day. Sylvia had never seen him wearing anything else. In the front of the station forecourt was a large green and yellow John Deere tractor with a hooded trailer hooked up to the back. Being a sunny day, the sides of the hood

had been rolled up to improve the view. The trailer was accessed from the rear, where there was a small set of steps leading up to the inside, where there were long cushioned bench seats running the full length of the trailer either side. Jimmy led the way and showed them where to sit.

“It’s the beaters’ trailer during the shooting season, for moving them from one drive in the shoot to the next,” he explained. “As there were so many of you, and the young things wanting adventure all the time, I thought…..”

“It’s wonderful Jimmy, what a lovely idea,” said Sylvia, placing her hand reassuringly on his forearm. “How’s Janet,” she asked after Jimmy’s wife. “Oh, she’s fine, still cooking for Sir Charles. She can’t wait to see you, now you’re married and all. She’s cooked your favourite, bread and butter pudding. She’s very proud of you, young man, you know, what you did in the aircraft,” he said, looking at Sam, “she already thinks of you as family, looking after her Sylvia, as you did. Begging your pardon Miss., err Missus.” Sylvia smiled at him again. She knew full well that Jimmy was speaking of himself, not his wife. When it came to running the shoot, Jimmy did so like a fearsome sergeant major. But in Sylvia’s presence, he was a little puppy. Always had been.

The farmhand, waiting for Jimmy’s signal, started the tractor up and they set off on the five mile journey to Ponsonby Hall, travelling no more than twenty five miles per hour. The girls all waved at the passing traffic, as they overtook the slow vehicle. They entered the estate. Jimmy had arranged for them to travel across the fields, rather than the roads, so they could see something of the land. By the time they arrived, all the girls had fallen in love with Jimmy. He was the epitome of Santa Claus, or a favourite grandfather.

Sir Charles was waiting for them at the top of the stone staircase in front of the hall, his arms spread out wide. “Welcome home Sylvia,” he said with great enthusiasm, “welcome Sam, Hello girls, what a joy to see you all here. Come in, come in. I’m delighted you all arrived safely, despite Jimmy’s best efforts.” He winked at his gamekeeper. Sylvia had a wry smile to herself, Father was certainly on top form today.

They all trooped into the marble floored hall, designed by Vanbrugh in 1719. The high ceiling had a Rococo fresco depicting clouds, birds, sunlight shining down on the onlooker, and many naked cherubs and seraphs, (which reminded Sam of some of his little girls. Being a painter back then, with naked little girls as models, couldn’t have been all bad). The whole place was vast, built in an era long gone, by men who owned people as much as property, and viewed both in the same light.

They were shown the Music Room, the State Dining Room, the library which was filled with thousands of ancient leather bound books and finally the withdrawing room, furnished with gold and crimson chairs. The walls were lined with dozens of paintings by the likes of Rembrandt, Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth, Thomas Gainsborough, John Constable and Stubbs. The full height windows looked out over sweeping lawns leading down to a square shaped five acre lake, adorned with fountains at each corner. The panorama was framed on all sides by distant trees, forming one of the most spectacular and varied arboreta in the country.

“Come, let us have luncheon,” suggested Charles, taking his daughter’s arm in his. “Cook has prepared something special for you all, I understand.”

They trooped after him back down a long corridor to a huge room with high ceiling and almost as many paintings as the Drawing Room. In the centre was a long, early Robert Thompson oak and mahogany table with thirty matching chairs around it, each adorned with his trade mark carved mouse on the legs.

At this point, a handsome young man entered. “Ah,” said Sir Charles, “let me introduce you to George, Sylvia’s brother. George, may I present Sam.” The two shook hands. Sam warmed to him immediately. “George is currently commissioned in the Blues and Royals,” continued Sir Charles, ”he was away for the wedding, as you know, but got back just yesterday.”

When they were seated, Sam couldn’t help noticing George was already having a very animated conversation with Jasmine. “Now that would be an interesting match,” thought Sam, smiling to himself. Jasmine waited her moment, and looked at Sam with an enquiring raised eyebrow. He gave an imperceptible nod, which she acknowledged in the same way. He learned later that Jasmine broadened George’s private education in a way he’d never forget. It wasn’t just Sylvia and her mother who liked little girls in this family.

The ‘luncheon’, was a three course affair, little short of a banquet. Why good cooks insisted on filling their diners’ bellies to capacity always puzzled Sam, who struggled to finish his wonderful pheasant, grouse and partridge casserole, that had followed a starter of duck liver pâté, before attempting the next course, the promised bread and butter pudding and custard, which would have filled him on it’s own.

Certainly Sam needed the suggested walk in the grounds afterwards with Sir Charles, while Sylvia took all the girls, except Jasmine, upstairs to show them her bedroom and the nursery she had occupied, on the rare occasions she was allowed over with her mother, as a child. Meanwhile, Jasmine was being shown George’s bedroom.

“You know,” started Sir Charles, “when I heard you and Sylvia were getting married, I objected to myself. Then, I remembered the trials I had with my father over my choice of wife, all those years ago, and put all such thoughts aside. Since then, of course, you’ve shown your mettle, young man. I want you to know it’s an honour to welcome you into the family. What are your prospects, by the way? I heard you work as a school janitor. I know it’s an imposition these days to ask such things, but a chap needs to know his daughter is going to be looked after and not thrown on the streets.”

By way of answer, Sam took out his IPhone, pressed the banking app and showed Sir Charles The foundation’s current account balance of well over $120M. Sir Charles’s jaw dropped open. “Actually,” said Sam, enjoying himself, “we’ve just deposited another legacy this morning, which will nearly double that figure.”

Sir Charles blinked a couple of times, before walking on, now arm in arm with Sam. “Don’t want to buy an English estate do you?” They both laughed.

“My friend Charlie called me up a day or so ago,” continued Sir Charles, changing the subject. “Comes shooting here a couple of times a season. Says he’s seeing you on Friday. Got some gong or other to give you.” Sam realised Sir Charles, like so many of the English, always spoke in an understatement. The Charlie he was talking about must be the Prince of Wales. His form of humour, or just the flipancy of the English gentry. “Mind if I pop along, time I caught up with him? I’ll try not to get in the way. Bring young George along too. He was in the same troop as young Harry. They’re decorating a couple of his chaps on Friday too.”

“It would be a pleasure,” replied Sam. Both men understood Sir Charles’s silent delight at having a son-in-law, who was going to receive the highest award for civilian valour, the country could bestow.

The return journey was quiet. The girls were all nodding to sleep, as the train made it’s way through the dark Buckinghamshire countryside. “How did you get on with Dad?” asked Sylvia. “The two of you were in close confab for a long time,” she stated.

“Wanted to know if I’d like to buy the family pile, and tried to tap me up for a loan!” They grinned at each other. “No, we got on really well. He’s coming down on Friday for the award. I like him, took to him immediately. I think it was mutual.”

“Well I can tell you something,” replied Sylvia, “you’re the first man he’s ever approved of, where I’m concerned. The way he used to talk in the old days, when sons of the local gentry came sniffing round me, he would have run them off with a shotgun. No, you’re OK in his book, I can tell you. Perhaps we could bring The Club here from time to time in years to come. I think George would especially appreciate it.” They lapsed into silence, as the train trundled through the dark, into the suburbs of London, towards Marylebone Station.

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CHAPTER 87
Becky’s Induction

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“Mummy,” asked Jenny, “did you really live in that big house when you were little like me?”

Sylvia was a little taken aback at Jenny using the familiar term, ‘Mummy’. But then, of course, she was the girl’s adoptive mother, now she’d married Sam, so it was only natural she would. “Yes, darling, but only occasionally. My grandfather didn’t like my mummy, you met her at the wedding, so we didn’t come over much.”

“She was nice,” said Jenny, “I liked her. She asked if I would let her see my panties. As she was your mummy, I thought it would be OK, so we went to the ladies restroom together. Of course when we got there I remembered I wasn’t wearing panties, but she was kind and didn’t seem to mind and asked if I would show her under my dress anyway. She looked at me and touched me just like you do, Mummy. It was alright, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, darling, of course,” replied Sylvia, “as long as you liked it and always tell me afterwards if she does it again, OK?”

“Mummy,” continued Jenny, “Sally told me she’s going to be my big sister. She says she’s going to live with us, is that right?”

“Yes, darling, would you like that?” Sam had filled Sylvia in with the details of Ellie’s messages on the train home the night before.

“Oh yes Mummy,” she said, without hesitation, “I love Sally so much. She’s always kind to me. I would like her to be my sister.”

They set off into a morning bright and clear and sunny, although the autumn nip in the air hadn’t quite burned off yet. Sam thought a walk would be good. He went outside into the sunshine before the others came downstairs. He asked Joe where he would recommend them to walk to take in the sights. Joe pointed out the way, confirming Sam’s own thoughts.

“Do you mind me asking you something, Sir?” asked Joe.

“Not at all Joe,” Sam answered, “what is it?”

“Well Sir,” continued Joe, “I live in the east end of London, see, and I help run a little club up there. It’s nothing much, a bit like a youth club, but only for girls, as all the boys are out with their friends playing football, or down the boxing club, see? I heard all about you and the hijack and your George Cross. All the hotel staff are so proud to have you staying here. Anyway, Sir, I was wondering if your Club might have time to come up to our club and perhaps give a talk to my girls, you know maybe inspire them to do well at school and make something of themselves.”

They chatted for a while. “I will come to your club, Joe, on one condition,” said Sam looking at him seriously.

“Of course, Sir,” responded Joe, “what’s that Sir?”

“You stop calling me fucking Sir!” They both smiled, a bond forming. “What would you like me to say, Joe? I mean, I’m just an ordinary guy, working in a poor town out west, what can I say that might inspire your girls?”

“Well,” Joe went on, “I was thinking perhaps you could just say a few words, about what happened that night, coming over, then your girls could talk to our girls, you know, share experiences chat, make friends, become penpals or whatever kids do these days, Facepage friends or something. We don’t have any money, Sir, I mean Sam, but our little club really works, and the kids love coming to it. I just thought if you had the time, it would mean so much to them.”

“Sure Joe. So I know how to pitch it, what age group are your kids?”

“Well the youngest is seven,” went on Joe, “and the oldest twelve. My daughter is eleven and she’s been in it since I started the club when she was six. We have ten girls in all. They’re a really lovely group, Sam and you talking to them will mean so much to them, I know.”

They made a date for the following Monday evening, which was the regular night their club met each week. At that point, Sylvia and the girls finally came out of the hotel. Why it always took females so long to get ready, Sam could simply not fathom.

There were so many places they could visit, it was impossible to attempt to see them all. The afternoon was planned, but the morning was flexible. The first thing which struck them all was just how beautiful the architecture on all the individual buildings was. They passed the famous St. Martins-in-the-Fields church on their right, as they entered Trafalgar Square. In the centre, the column with Nelson's statue, Britain's greatest admiral. The column is surrounded by four great stone lions, fountains and other statues. They were almost tripping over the pigeons that were running around under their feet, so tame had they become. Thousands of tourists, like the pigeons, milling around everywhere.

On the north side of the Square, is the National Gallery and contains over 2,300 works of art. Sam thought a short visit would be nice, so they entered. However, as the newest painting is over a hundred years old, and some of the girls were clearly uninterested, they decided to move on. Sam had seen what he'd always hoped to see. They were his three favourite pictures. The Hay Wain by Constable, Sunflowers by Van gogh and the Fighting Temeraire by Turner.

Outside again they walked across the Square passed Admiralty Arch to the top of the Mall and saw, in the distance, down the avenue of trees on either side, Buckingham Palace, where they would come the following day for the award ceremony. Looking at his watch, Sam decided it was time to get down to the river. They walked to a nearby taxi rank and piled into a small fleet of taxi's which took them all down to the Embankment. There, they walked down to the landing stage and caught a river bus down to Bankside Pier, on the South Bank, directly in front of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre.

Sam had struggled to get the extra tickets after the new Club girls had arrived the previous week, but he'd managed it. They were going to see 'The Taming of the Shrew'. Sam thought it very appropriate and he kept joking to the girls that they might learn a lesson or two. It was two hours before the performance, so they walked up through the Borough Market, next to London Bridge, where several people were murdered a couple of years before, by some associates of the Brothers of Islam, and then up Clink Street, passed the oldest prison, where the term 'clink' comes from. They had a quick tour of Southwark Cathedral, before making their way back again along the short quarter mile distance to the Globe. Along the way, they saw the replica of the Golden Hind, the ship Sir Frances Drake had circumnavigated the world in, stopping at Nova Albion, now called Point Reyes, California, not so very far from the Girls' school.

Next to the Globe is a large Pizza Express, where they had lunch upstairs, overlooking the nearby river, before going into the beautiful and accurate, full sized, replica of the Globe, built on the original site. They had to sit on hard wooden benches, and looking up at the open roof, hoped it wouldn't rain. The performance was a great success, and even though much of the language was now archaic, the girls loved the atmosphere and the interaction between the performers and audience, which was hilarious at times. In one part, they conned Sarah into coming up on stage for a bit of foolery. She rose to the occasion and in a minute or two the whole house was in an uproar of laughter. Sam wondered if her future might lie on the stage.

It was late afternoon when they left and walked on east along the South Bank. They only had a short distance to walk, before they arrived at the foot of The Shard building. As soon as she realized where they were, Becky became very excited.

"Are we, are we going up, Daddy?" she stuttered. "Is it my induction?" When he nodded, she giggled and hugged the closest girls to her. She was just so thrilled it was her turn, at last.

"We won't use the Shangri-La hotel, Becky," he chuckled, "one of their rooms costs over £14,000 per night. No I think we'll get to the top, shall we?" He had a very high regard for Becky. She was highly intelligent, and he suspected would take over as Head Girl when Sally moved on. She was very popular with the other girls, which would be important to them, very pretty, which was important to him, with light brown, almost blond hair, and deep brown eyes.

They went up to the viewing platform towards the top of the 95 storey tower, just as the sun was setting. They spent a long time, with the other tourists, watching, as the city turned gold, then red then twinkled, lights replacing sunlight. Below them, like a model, they could see all the famous sights of the city they had

heard of and seen on TV. Tower Bridge, behind which was the Tower itself, St. Paul's cathedral, several miles of the river as it meandered like a serpent through the ancient city.

There was a security man near the entrance to the elevator they had come up in. Sam walked over and got chatting with him. He was ex-army and they talked briefly about his service in Iraq. The man suddenly recognised Sam. "You're the bloke wot was in that plane, arntcha?"

"Guilty as charged," chuckled Sam, "can't go anywhere now without being asked for an autograph! What's your name?"

"Me monica's Barney, but me mates call me Barn. Arntcha goin' to Buck House tomorra, ya know, to see the Queen?" he asked.

"Yes and no, Barn," answered Sam, smiling at the ex soldier's awful mangling of his own language. "I'm going to the palace, but it's Prince Charles doing the honours this time."

"Well, I'm roight pleased to 'av metcha. Give me best to 'is Nibbs," said Barney.

"Barn," asked Sam in a conspiratorial manner, "do you mind if I ask you something you know a favour. One veteran to another?"

"No mate," came his reply, puffed up with being associated with a decorated hero, "go on, name it."

"My girls," he waved his hand along the line of innocent looking pre-teens, all playing along now, smiling up at the Londoner. Butter wouldn't melt in the mouth, "have all come from broken homes, no money, crime, drugs. Usual story. We scraped enough together to get them here and people have been so kind." Sam was laying it on thick now, enjoying himself. "Where ever we go, we try to give them something extra. I heard there is a top deck viewing platform," he looked meaningfully upwards. "Do you think there's any way we could take them up there?"

"Oi don' see why not. Oim orf dooty soon, mate," Barney said, looking from side to side, as if his boss might be there, listening, "tell you wot, when I goes orf, I'll take you up. Ya needs tha' code to use the lift to go up there. It's VIP residents only, but they're all away now. Goin' darn's orlright, no code for that. Oill take you up, and leave you to it."

Sam slipped Barney a twenty Pound note into his top pocket. "Have a drink on me, Barn. Us old soldiers have to look out for one another."

A few minutes later, Barney nodded to Sam. The coast was clear. They all entered an elevator separate from the others. It was small, and they only just all got in. Sylvia decided to have a little fun, and whispered to Sally, who nodded and passed the word. Sylvia faced Barney, and as the last of the girls pressed into the tight space, they all pushed towards that corner, pushing them together. Sylvia's large, braless, breasts were pressed hard against Barney's chest, his back against the wall. He didn't know what to do, or where to look. He blushed, but it was obvious he enjoyed the ride, another twenty floors up to the very top of the tower, where they all tumbled out. Barney was quite flustered as he pressed the button to descend and muttered something they didn't quite catch as the doors closed, taking him home to his lonely bed and dreams of Sylvia's breasts.

There was a small set of stairs, going up one flight. There, they found themselves in the centre of a box of a room. It was perhaps only twenty foot square. There were glass walls and ceiling. The glass was all made with a light reflective silver coating modern city buildings all have today. The view below had been stunning, but up here it was spectacular. Nothing impeded the panorama in any direction. Sam took care not to look down, and remained close to the stairs. The lights of the city were now glowing in reds, yellow and white. Unreadable advertising displays flashed in the distance, selling unknown products, without which their shallow lives would be incomplete. The moon had now risen, a full moon, which cast a silvery glow to the rippling river below and the high office blocks beyond.

Sam saw that the indicator above the elevator door had remained unchanged for several minutes. He walked over and pressed the button, to summon it back up. The chime tinged, the door opened, no one inside. He pulled off his shoes and used them to stop the doors closing. They wouldn't be disturbed. He

pressed the light switch, plunging the room into a darkness, now only lit by the reflected lights across the ceiling by the twinkling of the city below and the floor by the moon above. No one outside would be able to see into their sanctum now.

“OK girls, you know what to do,” he instructed. Earlier, Sam had asked Becky and then briefed them on what to do. She had said: “I want to feel I am flying in the air when I’m inducted Daddy. I want to be held off the floor, in the highest place in the whole city. My arms outstretched, my friends all holding me. Like I am a bird in flight, free to roam where ever I please,” she said.

Quickly, they all dropped their clothes onto the floor in the centre. The naked girls, standing in a circle had an eerie glow of the moon washing their bodies, highlighted by the glass ceiling reflecting reds and greens and yellows from the streets below. Sally in particular glistened silver, her silver hair and pubes sparkling again, like she had the night of her induction. She seemed more alive tonight than the other girls could remember her ever being before. As if her soul had been released, unbound by some unknown force. Her silent authority as their head girl somehow stronger now. They had all sensed it throughout the day.

Becky stepped forward into the centre, and lay face down on the pile of clothing, her slim, naked body spread eagled, arms out straight, legs parted in a straight line splits only little girls can manage. The other girls moved into her, and placing their hands under legs, arms and torso, gently lifted her up. Sylvia knelt between her legs, and started to caress and kiss Becky’s pudenda, trying to stimulate the child, arouse her. It was a waste of time, Becky was already so aroused, she was beside herself with need. She wanted her Daddy and she wanted him in her now. Sylvia could see and taste the fluid now pouring from the ten year old in a thick creamy viscous flow. Her labia were swollen, flushed red with her need. Sylvia stood and nodded to Sam, no words necessary.

Sam moved between her thighs. He placed his palms down on her small buttocks, and curled his fingers towards her bum crack, and pulling upwards and outwards, watched as her rosebud and beneath it her vagina peeled open, their little tunnels a dark passage of lust disappearing into her. He nudged his cock into her anus several times, watching his pre-cum dripping into her, making her slick, the strands of his pre-cum looking like shiny spiders’ webs.

He then pushed his cock down over her perineum and into her entry. Every eye in the room watching as it inched down, pressing against her soft hairless skin, loads of pre-cum oozing each side of his crown as it ploughed into her cleft. She had been so tight that first time when he bust her cherry in her sleep, but she had slept right through it. Amazing. Ever since, though, she had enjoyed fucking Sam, in her turn, every couple of days. And now it was her induction. Such wonderful feelings were coursing through her now. This was the best one of all. This was her rebirth, her zenith, her induction.

She had cum when Hon-Syl had licked her clit so nicely. She had not needed any stimulation, so when she had touched her with the tip of her tongue, she went off like a rocket. Daddy had pressed his cock to her bum. Oh! Did it feel good. She looked ahead across the light speckled city. She felt that this was the best moment of her life. Then it suddenly got better. Daddy slipped his lovely, long, warm cock further down to her pussy, and in moments was sinking into her. She could feel her passage peeling open as his cock penetrated her, deeper, deeper, oh yes, please deeper. Then he bumped into that special spot, that itch, which wanted scratching deep inside and he bumped it again, sending wonderful sparks of nice tingles shooting through her tummy. Oh again please. Bump, oh yes, and again and again.

Becky had not had an easy life. Her father had spent many short stays in prison. When he wasn’t there, he was either in a bar, or beating her mum up. Becky had been hit many times by the drunk, until eventually her mum had left him, taking Becky and her little brother with her. They’d moved across the State, and she’d been enrolled into the only school that would have her. She’d worked hard in class, and slowly got reasonable grades, but well short of her potential. They’d got no money, so she was never able to go to places or have nice things. It was all her mum could do to put food on the table. Then she’d heard about The Club, run by the school janitor. She’d made quiet enquiries and understood what they did and how they helped girls get on. But Becky was bright, and in her mind, she’d worked out that it didn’t all add up. Why would someone like Sam spend all that time and money on a bunch of young girls, when he himself was in a low paid job, scraping by.

She’d kept her ear to the ground, she was observant, observed who went in and out of Sam’s workshop. She’d watched and had seen Sandy and Mandy, the two gymnasts, go in every day, in their free afternoon

period, through the summer. She didn't know they were there for "their extra tuition", but Becky wasn't stupid. She started to put two and two together and worked it out. She'd seen how they were giggling together as they left each afternoon. She knew The Club would give her some really nice benefits, opportunities and financial security. A couple of nights, after school, she hung around and watched The Club girls all go into the workshop. She'd listened at the door and heard some stuff. She decided that if Sam wanted to have her body in return for joining, then that was a fair price to pay for what she got in return. She'd spoken to Ellie and asked about The Club, and how she could join, so by the time the auditions came along, Ellie already had her name in mind. She was watching closely what happened that first audition night. She'd seen Sarah leave the room with Sam, and how she'd giggled with Alice when she came back later, how Alice had thought she wasn't noticed, as she put her hand between Sarah's legs, and looked at her fingers afterwards.

She'd even been listening at Alice's bedroom door after Sam went into her room. She'd seen Alice staring into her mirror, naked, waiting for Sam to pass by. Her purpose so obvious. So later, when they were back watching the movie, particularly with what Sylvia had got them all to wear, it was easy to put on a show for him, hook him and reel him in. No, she liked The Club and it's members. She had worked hard to join and had no regrets. She especially loved being fucked by Sam, her new Daddy, and now the crowning moment had arrived, her induction.

The Club girls had seen many inductions now and always enjoyed them. They were a special time for them all. It increased their love for one another, their sisterhood grew in strength and depth. They all wanted the inductee to have the best time of her life and Becky certainly was. Most of them became very aroused at the same time. They could feel Becky's soft, ten year old, warm body, as they all held her up on their upturned palms. She was quivering, shaking, cuming. Her light brown almost blond hair shivering in the silvery moonlight. Her brown eyes screwed up as her orgasm swept over her, again and again. The feelings of ecstasy almost overwhelming her, as her climax increased every thrust Daddy made against her deepest part.

Then it got even better. Becky could feel Daddy slide his hand over her bum, exploring, his fingers running down the valley leading to her bum. She felt him press his finger gently against her, "Oh yes," she thought, "please yes." Her rosebud was so coated in pre-cum, his finger slipped into her with no resistance at all. In moments, he was two knuckles deep, feeling the buttery passage of her rectum open up to his intrusion, welcoming him in. She could now feel his cock and finger pressing against each other, with only her membrane between the two separating them. If she died right now she knew this would be the highlight of her life. Her induction, her cuming of age.

Sam knew that Becky was highly intelligent. He knew she had worked her way into The Club through a little intrigue, spying and intuition. His hidden camera watching her outside the workshop had recorded her movements. Ellie had also told him as much and about her enquiries. But he liked her, and liked her inquisitive mind and her determination to join. She was popular with the other girls and he did so love cuming in her. She felt wonderful on his cock, he'd never tire of her. And cum he did. Blast after blast, deep into the ten year old. She was calling out "Daddy, oh Daddy," over and over. He was calling his "Ohgods," but didn't know it. Her clamping deep inside on his crown massaged out every drop of cum in him and more. His eyes looked up. In the distance was a plane coming in to land at Heathrow. He was coming in to land too.

In the well practiced way, Sam pulled out of the child as Sylvia slid underneath her. The girls lowered Becky down, so Hon-Syl could get her mouth up to Becky's pussy, to suck her dry. Becky started to cum again. It was just so erotic, so nice, so special.

A few minutes later, the girls were all standing in a circle around Sam and Becky, as he clipped on the coveted choker about her neck. He kissed her. It was a long lingering kiss, their tongues intertwined, his hands caressing her bottom sensuously. The girls couldn't help but notice Daddy's flaccid cock was half erect by the time the kiss ended. She cleared her throat and recited the familiar promise.

"As it is my induction," said Becky in a clear, firm toned voice, "I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace."

A few minutes later, they walked out of the Shard onto the street, and walked the few yards to the South Bank, where they found a taxi rank for the trip back to the hotel. In the taxi with Sam, Sally and Sylvia were Sarah and Alice. They were now the only two Club girls he'd not inducted. He'd fucked them both many times now, but they didn't wear the choker, so coveted by all the girls.

"Well, how did you enjoy your day in London?" asked Sam. "What was your favourite bit girls?"

Oh," said Sarah, "I liked Shakespeare's Globe. The Taming of the Shrew was so funny, especially when they got me up onto the stage. You know, Daddy, it felt like I belonged there. I liked Katherina and how she resisted Petruchio but then she became the wife he desired so much. Daddy, can I make a wish?"

There was silence in the taxi, as Sam nodded, before Sarah said: "Daddy, could you help me become an actress? I think I would like to be on stage. Would you?"

"Sarah," replied Sam, "when we get home, we'll send you for an audition in an acting school. There are many of them like the Tisch School and Yale School of Drama or even the New York Conservatory for Dramatic Arts. But yes, if that's what you want to do, then that's fine by me. We'll look into it when we get home, OK? What about you, Alice, you're very quiet, how was your day?"

"Oh, Daddy, I've had such a wonderful time today, seen so many things and done such a lot. Becky's induction got me thinking though."

"How do you mean, Alice?" he asked.

"Well, all the girls have done something special for their induction, and I really want to be inducted, but couldn't think what to do. Becky's was so special, I couldn't beat that! Then I had an idea."

"What's that Alice?"

"Well," she said, looking a little coy, "you know you're getting your medal tomorrow, in Buckingham Palace, could I be inducted there?"

Sam rolled his eyes. He'd been handed some challenges in his time, but this one really took some thought.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I don't know the building, the layout, where we could go. I don't want to disappoint you, Alice. How about this. When we're there, we'll look around, see what could be done. But if it isn't possible, then we won't be able manage it. Let's see when we get there. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," she echoed. She smiled to herself. She knew Daddy had never failed in a challenge yet. She was certain he would give her the induction she desired. Sam was not so sure.

He glanced to his other side. "How about you, Sarah," he asked, "have you thought about your induction yet?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy, I know what I want," she looked dreamily at him. "I would like to be inducted on the flight home, if that's possible."

"Yes," said Sam, relieved it was something far simpler than Alice's request, "I think we can manage that."

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CHAPTER 88
They're Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace

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That evening, back at the hotel was relatively peaceful. They had a light meal in the bistro restaurant next to the bar, before retiring up to their suite. That morning, Sam had sent his uniform to the hotel laundry to be dry cleaned and pressed. His shoes were shining, ready. Ambassador Beagle had called to say he was coming over for the ceremony and would lend him his medals again for the event. Brigitte Macron was

accompanying him. They were due to meet the British Foreign Secretary, Emmerson, about the Middle East peace plan. The London Ambassador would also be joining them, and wished to meet Sam. They arranged to have a working breakfast at the hotel.

The news came on at ten o'clock and after a couple of headline items, there was a piece about a mystery fire in Finchley, north London, in which a house had been totally consumed. It was not known whether or not there was anyone in the building at the time. Police and fire investigators had sifted the debris and had only discovered fine ash containing microscopic metal particles. No bodies, or any human remains, had been found. Arson hadn't been ruled out, nor had a gas leak, but the fire had been so intense, the presence of combustible materials inside was being considered. It was understood, that the house had previously been occupied by persons known to the police.

As he watched the item, his cock swelled, making Nancy clamp down on him. She was so enjoying her turn on Daddy's lap, his crown pushing against her itchy cervix, making her feel so good. Either side of them was Karen, now forgiven her previous misdemeanour, who seemed so keen to please him, and Amber. Both had his fingers pushed far up inside them, gently massaging their sensitive spots, making them aroused, knowing it wouldn't be long before they too were cuming like Nancy had been for a while.

Someone started humming a familiar tune. It was little Alice, then she started to sing: "They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace," sung Alice, giggling, reciting the childrens' rhyme. "Christopher Robin went down with Alice. They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace, Daddy Sam will go down on Alice." The whole room giggled along with her, now, realising the innuendo. They were all smiling; such a contented group. So many worries now lifted and several more days to enjoy before they returned home to California.

Sam leaned forward and whispered in Nancy's ear. "I'm nearly there, Poppet. Want to try something new?" She turned her head a few inches and nodded, a half smile forming.

"Let's see if I can cum in you without anyone else knowing, shall we?"

Sam leaned back again, and felt Nancy's pussy clamping harder on him. She was aroused even more at the idea. Karen and Amber too somehow felt nicer, wetter, tighter more sexy, more desirable. Sam knew it was coming, his scrotum tightened, his cock swelled, and suddenly he was cuming. Spurt after spurt, pulse after pulse he squirted into her. She took a deep breath, but apart from that, she made no sound or movement to give the game away.

He glanced around the room. No one had noticed. No one that is until his eyes met Sally's in her usual chair opposite from him. She had her heels tucked up to her bottom, her hands holding her knees back against her shoulders. She was staring starry eyed at him. She knew she would have all night with him, all to herself. As he looked down her body, he could see her vagina, wet and reddened, partly from last night's torture and partly because she was now so aroused. What really caught his eye, though, was her passage was opening and closing again winking, as she climaxed with him. They smiled warmly at each other, both knowing exactly what the other was thinking and feeling.

Sam was up at dawn as usual. He'd checked his e-mail. An encrypted message had come in from Langley. A few questions about the Finchley house, and confirmation of a few minor details, such as weapons found, volume and type of explosives, numbers and ages of terrorists, and structure of the building below ground. There was an unusual foot note to him from the Director of National Intelligence. He was cleared to discuss the 'Finchley affair', as it had been termed, with the two ambassadors, the Foreign Secretary and Mme. Macron during their meeting. He replied and signed off.

It was some hours before they needed to set off for the palace, so he browsed through the photos of Aishah in his camera for a while and uploaded them to his secure web site, before deleting them from the camera. He thought about how Sally had taken her torture and how she had dealt with the after affects in such a mature way. He knew she had murdered Aishah, but at the same time had purged the whole affair from her mind, as if it had never happened. It no longer worried her, was consigned to history. She was extraordinary.

He was still paging through the last of Asisha's pictures, when little Nancy came out of the bedroom, her fist screwing into a sleepy eye.

"Hello darling," he welcomed her, "how are you today?"

She smiled at him, unaware before that he had been there. “I need to go to the bathroom,” she stated.

“Why didn’t you use the en-suite,” he asked reasonably, “it’s much closer.”

“I need to poop,” she answered, “mine are smelly and the other girls might not like it. Gotta go.” She skipped to the door at the far end. Sam closed down his laptop, and put it away. He heard the cistern flush and the water running in the sink as she washed her hands.

“Watcha doing, Daddy?” she asked, on her return, moving to sit on his lap, finding his cock harder than she’d expected.

“I was just checking my e-mails, darling,” he replied, as he cuddled her naked body into his chest. “How’s your dilation treatment going?” he asked, moving his finger down to her pussy.

“Really good,” she said enthusiastically, moving her knees further apart so he could feel her, “Rosie has helped me every day and I’m getting bigger. I can almost put the smallest vibrator in now. Wanna see?” Before he could answer, she’d wriggled off his lap and in a few seconds returned with one of the smallest pink toys, and a tube of KY.

She climbed onto his lap again, but this time facing him. She leaned back, and lifting her legs, rested her calves on his shoulders. In a well practiced way, she squirted a little jelly on the toy, and inserted the end carefully into her vagina entry. Sam could already see it wasn’t as tight, as clamped up as last time he inspected her closely. She was recovering quickly. When she was signed off by the doctor, he looked forward to fucking her properly. He loved eight year olds.

Nancy rolled the tip back and forth and up and down. She pressed in gently and eased back, pressed and eased. He watched as her clitty engorged, her labia darkened with her arousal.

“Would you like me to do it, Nancy?” Sam asked, getting aroused now himself.

“Yes please Daddy, would you?” She handed him the little pink toy, still vibrating quietly.

He placed the tip to her entry again, and applied a gentle pressure. But instead of easing off, he held it there, then slowly rotated it back and forth. As he did, he could see it slowly sink into her, just a tiny fraction, and then again. Then suddenly, it slid into the child little by little, all the way in. She’d done it! She beamed a bright smile up at him.

“Thank you Daddy,” she gasped, “you don’t know how much that means to me.”

Sam went to pull it back out, but she clamped her hand over his. “No, please leave it, Daddy. The doctor told me when the dilators are in, I have to leave them still for fifteen minutes, while I adjust. Did you want to play with my bottom again?” she asked. “I like it when you do it there. I did a big pooh. There’s no more in there.”

Sam nodded, smiling. He enjoyed her pragmatic approach. He got out of the chair, and carried Nancy, still clinging to his chest, over to the settee and sat down, leaning against an arm rest, his legs along the seat. Lifting his knees, as he slid his feet towards him, he raised Nancy up off him, so she could sit on his knees. As he looked, the little red cap of the toy, pouted from her pussy, as it vibrated inside her. He reached for the KY, and put a dollop on his finger and reached between his knees, which he pushed apart, opening her up as far as possible. He touched her rosebud and pressed into her carefully, feeling her sphincter clamp and release several times. He could feel the slickness of her buttery passage as he pressed deeper, spreading the jelly well into her. He pulled his finger from her, and put another smear of jelly on his crown, and spread it around the end, before tossing the tube to the side.

Grabbing his cock, he now slowly let her slide down his thighs, while he lined it up on her bottom. He nudged into her, she took a sharp breath, before allowing herself to slide a little further, adding pressure. She was still very tight in her bum. Sam had only buggered her half a dozen times, so far, and although she was easier to penetrate now than during her induction, it was still a slow process, not to be rushed. One of Sam’s little quirks was sodomy, which only a few of his girls knew about, or so he thought. In fact, of course, they all knew. All his girls wanted to please him, and talked to each other constantly about how to do so.

He then felt her sphincter relax, and he popped through it, slipping an inch or so into her bum. She immediately lowered herself, sinking down his cock, until she was fully impaled on his six and a half inch 'one eyed warrior'. Her weight now resting on his pubis. Neither of them moved for a while, letting the vibrations from the toy sweep through them both.

Sam could feel the tell tale signs. A combination of his cock up her ass and the vibrator, was having it's effect on the eight year old, and he knew she was rising quickly. Still she never moved, letting the vibrations do the work. Then suddenly she came. She screwed her eyes up, clenched her fists into tight balls and held her breath, before suddenly gasping out her lungs and taking another deep breath and another. She was snorting through her nose, a runnel of snot dribbled down one side unnoticed by either of them. Sam felt himself rising, but wanted to hold off just a few more moments, building the anticipation. Then he too came, blasting into her bowels, making her eyes open wide in surprise for a second, before screwing up closed again. He spurted a massive load into her, his pleasure almost overwhelming, so good, so nice. Again and again he pulsed into the child, until at last it ended, his mini pulses finally faded away.

He heard a loud cheer of many voices from the master bedroom. "Well done, Nancy," came Lizzie's voice, "that was a score of thirty." Again they cheered. They'd obviously all been listening. A man just couldn't get any privacy round here when all he wanted to do was fuck an eight year old up the ass!

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CHAPTER 89
The George Cross

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Sam was in his dress uniform by 7:30am. He had intended to change into his uniform just before leaving for the palace, but Nancy had used up that spare time in a very pleasant way. He left his suite and went down to the restaurant. Sylvia and Sally were organising the girls, before taking them down for their own breakfast later. He had only been seated for five minutes, reading the Daily Telegraph newspaper and drinking a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice, when he heard the familiar gravely voice of Ambassador Beagle talking to another man, who, it turned out was Richard Simmerson, the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Simmerson, like Beagle, was ex-military, and had made the rank of four star general, latterly in the Pentagon, before being offered the plum position he now held, the most cherished diplomatic posting in the world, U.S. Ambassador to London. With them was a tall thin man in an expensive light grey Saville Row suit, who Sam had seen on T.V. a few times. He was Richard Williams, Conservative MP for Ryedale and the current Foreign Secretary.

Few men could crush Sam's hand in a handshake, but the general had a pretty good try, smiling when Sam reciprocated. The two hadn't spoken a word yet, but hit it off immediately. A few minutes later, after saying hello to Sylvia and the girls, Brigitte Macron joined them, and the meeting began in earnest. Sam noticed Pierre had escorted the President's wife, and was now sitting with Sylvia. She spoke very little French, and he almost no English, and yet they seemed to be talking animatedly.

"Well, young man, big day for you, again," began Beagle, as he slid a small package across the table to Sam, who realised it contained the Ambassador's medals he was to wear again today. "Big day for us too," he added, indicating himself and Simmerson. "Can't go into a lot of detail, but your little show in Finchley didn't do us any harm at all in the Brits' security people's eyes," he said, glancing at Williams, who nodded discreetly. "Done them a big favour. Those two disk drives contained a goldmine of info the spy guys are going to be working on what they've got for months. They're cuming in their pants over what they've found already. Keep 'em happy and out of our hair. They asked me to pass on their thanks to you. Taken a load off their minds. As far as they're concerned," he continued, "if you didn't deserve the medal you're getting today before, you do now. And I agree with them. Well done my boy."

"Yeah," interjected Simmerson, "As the Brits would say, we've been on a sticky wicket for a while in the talks. You've busted the log jam, Sam. There had been some who felt appeasement was the way through to Tehran, lift sanctions, that kind of crap, worrying that if we stuck our necks out, antagonised the bastards, we'd just get another Charlie Hebdo," he said, referring to the three days of terror in Paris, in January 2015. Brigitte nodded vigorously in agreement. A friend of hers had worked nearby. "The Brits had that

Westminster bridge attack and after that, the one in Borough Market and London Bridge in 2017, and another on the same bridge, recently. They keep happening. Anyway, you've shown what could be done. Get in there and sort the fuckers out. Pardon me Ma'am," he said glancing at Brigitte. She waved a hand in dismissal. "Did you know the Brits had cameras on you going into that house the other night? The place has been under their surveillance for a couple of years." No answer was required from the rhetorical question. "Cool as a cucumber, in fifteen minutes, you entered the building and left before torching it. Not a trace left behind, no bodies, nothing. Even made sure none of the bodies were left lying around in the garden leaving the press to ask stupid questions. Tidy work boy, tidy. You ever want a job back in the military, you let me know."

Williams leaned across the table, and put his hand on Sam's forearm. "If ever I can be of help, young man, just let me know. VIP tickets for your Club girls into places hard to get into, I don't know, err like Wimbledon, or the Henley Regatta. You just let me know." Sam smiled to himself, he could have done with some help a couple of days ago, getting those extra tickets for the Globe. "In the meantime, to show my appreciation, I've taken the liberty of arranging a little something for you. After the ceremony this morning, one of our chaps, a Mr. Pemberton, will make himself known to you."

"We already met him," interrupted Sam, "he collected the two disk drives here yesterday and was at St. Pancras when we arrived from Paris and handed me the invitation."

"Of course you did. Just so," continued Williams. "He works in the diplomatic corps, based full time in the Palace, mostly meeting and entertaining foreign dignitaries. Well, he will give you the full tour of the Palace. Rooms the public never see. The Queen's in Sandringham at the moment, so other than staff, no one is in residence. Your girls might find it interesting, I do hope so. We've laid on lunch for you too. I understand your wife's brother and their father Sir Charles are both joining you. Went to school with Sir Charles. Good cricketer. Well bring them all along, please do."

Beagle changed the tone of the conversation. "As you know, we've been having talks with the G7 over the last month, behind the scenes, and we hope to be able to conclude something soon. You mentioned in Paris some good points. As I recall it was a combination of 'put the squeeze on the bastards,' sanctions, that sort of thing, and 'Follow the money', right?" Sam nodded. "Well we agree with you, and are going to strengthen the C.I.A. department that follows the money. It will take some doing, because if we can follow the money flow from Tehran, or Riyadh into the pockets of any radical group, then we can also follow money flowing from, say Moscow, to some political group in the West trying to fix an election. No names mentioned, of course." Sam nodded knowing who he was probably referring to. "So we have a political battle to fight over that one. We are also advocating forcing the mega rich to explain where wealth originated, if held in a G7 country. The Ruskies might not like that." He chortled. "In the meantime, those two disk drives have already revealed a financial digital paper trail leading directly to some very wealthy people and governments around the Middle East. There are lots of red faces there right now, caught red handed, you might say. Already we're getting signals they want to talk."

The conversation moved on. Sam offered some thoughts, and noticed Beagle made some notes from time to time. Having spent so long in theatres of war, and knowing in the end, all wars have to end with negotiation, he dearly hoped some good would come from the efforts of these people, who he truly felt and hoped had the benefit of humanity in mind, not national or personal gain.

In closing, Sam said: "You have a choice between appeasement and taking decisive action against people you know fight dirty and without rules or compassion. I found in combat, if you do nothing, you lose. If you dither, you lose. If you take the offensive, you might lose, but it's the only way you'll ever have a chance of winning. I think it was Churchill who once said: 'An appeaser is one who feeds a crocodile, hoping it will eat him last.' Well, he summed it up. In my book, don't feed the crocodile."

"You sure you don't want that job, boy?" asked Simmerson, smiling. "I'm sure glad to have met you, son. You've reinforced my resolve more than you can know, against some of them lily livered liberal politicians and journalists, begging your pardon minister," he said, nodding to Williams, who also waived away any implied affront, which he knew was unintended anyway.

The meeting soon closed. The three men rose, leaving Brigitte with her croissant and coffee, and Sam spreading a slice of toast. "Monsieur Sam," said Brigitte, "please do not be offended if I speak my mind." He nodded, taking a bite, enjoying the taste of the thick cut English marmalade. "You do not understand the

effect you have on people," she continued. "You have a way of saying what you think, based on experience. You make it sound simple, as if people should have thought of it before. You are very persuasive. Be careful, Sam, the Ambassadors and Monsieur Williams and I, like you, and agree with you. But, have caution, when you speak in such an unguarded way. Not everyone will agree, and some may become enemies. Enemies may start to dig into your personal life. Believe me, in politics we are used to such things. Everyone has secrets we don't want revealing. You too I think, n'est-ce pas?" Sam blinked in surprise. He wondered what was behind the comment. "Don't worry, Sam," she said, placing her hand reassuringly on his arm, "your secret is safe with me, I like your girls too, especially Sally. You have done so much good for them. Just be careful." She left leaving Sam to mull over her words, as she briefly spoke again to Sylvia, before departing with Pierre.

They arrived at the Palace, at nine thirty, in a convoy of black Daimler limousines. The gates were open, and a cordon of police held back the large crowd of tourists always waiting each morning to watch the changing of the guard at eleven o'clock. Passing through the archway in the front façade, beneath the world famous balcony, they entered the large quadrangle beyond, where the vehicles pulled up, under a broad portico in front of the main entrance. They were all shown into the long red carpeted hallway, leading through the building to the Ballroom, in the west block, overlooking the gardens, where they found all the other dignitaries and their families, being honoured today.

Occupying the large central window opening, was a group of about ten or twelve men, several of whom Sam recognised. Simmerson, Beagle and Williams amongst them. They were talking to Sir Charles Ponsonby-Smyth and George. On the other side of the room, Brigitte broke away from a small group of ladies and came over to greet Sylvia with a Gallic kiss on each cheek, immediately embracing Sally in a similar manner. All the girls, dressed in their long Club formal skirts and jackets, looked beautiful. Sylvia had arranged for a team of hairdressers and beauticians to come to their suite earlier, to make the beautiful girls even more so.

Sam shook hands with his father-in-law and George, today in his own uniform, who introduced him to a couple of men from his own troop, who were also receiving military honours. The group were talking shop for a few minutes, before a master of ceremonies called everyone to order, asking one and all to take their seats. The Club girls with Sam, Sylvia, her family, Brigitte and the Ambassadors, took up the whole of the front row. The Prince entered, and said a few words, attempting to dispel any nerves, and to put everyone at their ease. The awards were made quickly and efficiently, each being called in order. Sam noticed the first recipients were seated at the back, mainly O.B.E.'s and C.B.E.'s to civil servants and voluntary and charity workers being honoured for their services.

Next came a couple of knighthoods and a peerage, then the military awards a D.F.C., a Military Cross and finally Sam's name was called. He was surprised, when the Master of Ceremonies correctly pronounced his surname. Sam walked to the front, and standing a step lower than the Prince, enjoyed the brief conversation they had, as the George Cross was pinned alongside the Medal of Honor and two Silver Stars, above The Legion of honour. Sam glanced down at the silver cross, hanging from it's dark blue ribbon. The words "For Gallantry" moulded across it.

"I do enjoy awarding medals for valour," said the Prince. "Chance for a chat. I understand my friend, Sir Charles is your new father-in-law. Congratulations on your marriage, by the way. Perhaps we'll see you at one of his shoot days." He looked conspiratorially around, as if worried about being overheard, which Sam found amusing considering there were over two hundred people in the room trying to listen to the almost whispered conversation. "Do you like the Kinks, by the way? Late sixties rock band." Sam nodded. Wondering at the strange out-of-context question. They were a band he did enjoy. "A line in their song 'The Village Green Preservation Society'," continued the Prince, "goes 'God save the George Cross and all those who were awarded them'. I agree. Well done, my boy. I understand you've done more for us than this award signifies. I've been well briefed, you've done a great service for us while here in London. Welcome to the Preservation Society," he concluded with a wink, a smile and a handshake.

Loud applause accompanied by little girl screams of delight flowed over Sam, as he walked back down to his seat next to the aisle. The Prince, smiling broadly, clearly delighted with the way the ceremony had gone, said a few more words, before indicating the back of the room, where drinks and canapés were being served.

Brigitte made her way to join Sylvia, who was talking to her father and brother. George, on the edge of the group was chatting with Jasmine. Sam, meantime was in a small circle with the Ambassadors and Foreign Secretary Williams, when the Prince came over to join them.

“Congratulations on the award,” he said in his clipped nasal tone, “I understand you earned the gratitude of our country again more recently.” He inclined his head to Williams, who bowed his head in affirmation. The prince took Sam’s hand and shook it again. “Some services are never known about, not rewarded or recognised. Please understand that makes them no less appreciated by those who benefit from those services. Well done Sam.” Not wishing to embarrass Sam, he moved away to greet other award winners.

“What did I tell you, son,” said Simmerson, clapping Sam on the shoulder in a way which might have knocked a smaller man off his feet. “You’ve done no harm at all to the ‘Special relationship’. Ain’t that so Mr. Williams?”

The Foreign Secretary nodded. “Indeed General, indeed. May I add, I’ve already spoken to the P.M. about what we discussed earlier, and I can safely say the Cabinet will endorse the idea. Consider us on board with the plan. May we call on you Sam if the need arises. You have a persuasive manner and I hope everyone will agree, but if we need someone independent to speak on our behalf…..?” Sam nodded in reply, but also conscious of Brigitte’s words earlier.

“Ah,” said Williams, looking across the room, “there’s Pemberton, who’s going to show you around the Palace.” Sam shook hands in a crushing grip with Simmerson. The General repeated his invitation, should he ever wish to work in uniform again. Handing Beagle the little cloth bag now again containing the medals he had been loaned, he shook his hand and thanked him for his kindness and support. Williams handed him over to Pemberton, shook his hand and rejoined the Ambassadors.

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CHAPTER 90
The Buckingham Palace Induction

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After the Prince had departed, the party broke up quickly. The Club girls were marshalled together and introduced to Mr. Pemberton. In the Palace, no one knew him by any other name. He’d always been Pemberton. He was a gracious, kind, if unsmiling man of an age which may have been anything between 50 and 80, to look at him. In his dark morning suit, he looked more like he was going to a wedding than giving a guided tour to twenty two girls and their teachers. Officially, he worked in and for the Palace. However, most of his time was spent in a dusty office upstairs collating intelligence for MI5. He had been detailed to act as point of contact between the service and Sam during his stay.

He showed them all the state rooms, which were adjacent to the ballroom, and the most interesting rooms of all. Then he briefly took them outside and pointed out the sweeping lawns and flower beds of the beautiful gardens, a forty acre oasis in the centre of the busy, crowded city. Next, he showed them some of the areas which were used for administration and staff accommodation. Along the way he explained there were 775 rooms in the Palace, with 760 windows and 1514 doors. There was even 19 acres of floor space.

“How many clocks are there?” asked an inquisitive Lucy. “They seem to be everywhere.”

“It’s one of the biggest collections in the world. There are 350 working clocks,” answered Pemberton, smiling at the child, There’s even two full time horological censervators and winders. They’re the men who go round winding them and making sure they’re looked after.”

Ignoring all the clocks, Pemberton looked at his own watch. “It is 10:50,” he stated. The group all looked blankly at him. “Changing of the guard,” he prompted them.

Understanding came to Sam’s and Sylvia’s faces. The girls were still unenlightened, then Alice clicked her fingers. “They’re changing the guard at Buckingham Palace,” she chimed in the old tune.

“Well done, Miss.,” said Pemberton.

“Yes,” she said, resuming the tune, “Christopher Robin went down with Alice.”

“I have to shuffle along, duty calls for three quarters of an hour,” said Pemberton, “but I have something for you. No one is allowed on the balcony for the ceremony. It would look most infra dig, but,” he continued, “there is a place you can watch where no one will see you. Follow me.” He led the way along a gloomy stone floored corridor. At the end, there was a staircase, of the type used in the past for servants to access parts of buildings unseen by the high and mighty.

They emerged several floors up, into another corridor running the length of the front of the entire building. At intervals, there were doors either side. “This area used to be used to accommodate the servants of important visitors like foreign royalty and heads of state. Now it isn’t used much at all. But the staff do still use it to look out of the front when special events are happening, like the recent Royal Wedding. Anyway, you get a really good view of the guard being changed from here. We’re two stories above the balcony.”

Pemberton opened one of the doors half way along and ushered them in. Inside, was a spacious well equipped bedroom, containing half a dozen beds, each covered in a dust sheet. There were two windows, about eight feet wide, but only a couple of feet high. Sam could see, from the sloping ceiling, that they were immediately beneath the roof of the main building. He remembered looking at the front of the building, there were two floors of very high windows above the balcony and above those, a single line of low windows just beneath the roof.

“Have a look out of the windows, young ladies,” suggested Pemberton. They moved forward and peered down. Below, the red uniforms of the guards were forming up for the daily ceremony. The other side of the forecourt was the fifteen foot high, ornamental iron fence, holding back the thousands of tourists, now waiting expectantly for the pageantry that was to follow. “As I said,” interjected Pemberton, “Duty calls. I will come back for you in about forty five minutes, after the ceremony. In the meantime, I hope you all enjoy the show.” He backed out of the door and was gone.

The girls all had their noses pressed to the glass, as a band striking up, barked orders and stamping feet indicated the commencement of the parade below. They were mesmerised, watching the most ceremonial soldiers in the world, doing what they did to perfection.

“Now girls,” said Sam, calling them to order, a long line of faces now peering round at him, “we can either watch the guard being changed, from the best observatory possible, or we can induct Alice. What is it to be?” The girls quickly looked at each other, a silent communication between them, which The choices Club girls seemed to have perfected, before Sally said: “They want Alice inducted, Daddy.”

Almost before she had finished saying it, Vera had run to the door, and turned the key in the lock. Everyone found inductions so exciting. She was casting her clothes onto one of the beds and was naked by the time she was back with the others, who were stripping almost as quickly. They all smiled, naked now, as they heard Alice humming her tune and reciting the words: “They’re changing the guard at Buckingham Palace,” as Sam asked her the golden question: “How would you like to be inducted?” For a moment he thought she hadn’t heard him, as she continued her song: “Everyone, then, went down on Alice.” She smiled and looked up at him, now speaking normally, “Daddy, I would like everyone of the girls to go down on me, eat me out for a little bit, before Hon-Syl, does the same. Then I’d like to watch the soldiers as you finish my induction. Is that OK? It’s not too naughty is it?” He gave her a reassuring smile and a shake of his head.

The girls all lined up. They understood there was a time limit. Alice lay back on one of the beds and pulled her knees back. Sam had always found Alice’s pussy to be one of the most beautiful ones he’d ever set eyes on. He couldn’t say why. Beauty was in the eye of the beholder, and he was getting an eyeful now. Mandy happened to be first. She crawled up the bed and without a moment’s hesitation, she placed her thumbs either side of Alice’s labia, pulled them gently apart and lapped into her damp vagina entry, sucking her juices out, savouring her taste. She then licked from her anus up to her clitty and back.

The youngest girls, knowing what was being expected of them, when their turn came, were watching carefully what to do. After a full minute, Lizzie called time and immediately Lucy took her place. One by one, each of the girls took their turn, trying to be the first to make Alice cum in her induction. It was Sally who,

tenth in the queue, taking her turn, felt a little squirt of love juices shoot from Alice, before she tensed up and bucked up and down on the bed, her moans needing to be quietened by Lizzie placing her hand over her mouth. This induction needed to be silent.

Alice was cuming almost continuously now, since Sally had set her going, and by the time all the girls had taken their turn, she was perspiring gently, her dark hair plastered to her forehead, her green eyes flashing from side to side. Sylvia finally had her turn. Like the girls, she had been standing watching what had been happening, masturbating herself gently. She wasted no time. She had more experience of sucking out Club girls, and her tongue was far stronger than the others, and was now used to good effect, pushing into Alice as far as she could, finding more juice, more taste, more satisfaction for them both.

At last, Lizzie, looking again at her watch, tapped Hon-Syl on her bottom, indicating it was time. Time for the induction itself, the child in a state of deep climax, almost out of her mind with lust. Sylvia, reluctantly, lifted herself from Alice's soft, hairless thighs, licked her lips, and stood in the midst of the throng of girls, all so enthralled in the poignancy of the moment. Sam stepped forward, all the girls eyeing his long cock, standing out like an iron bar, and looked round. In the corner was a small, oak, table, about one foot square, really only a bedside table. He looked at the windowsill and back at the table. They were about the same height. He picked the table up and placed it in front of the window, then grabbing one of the bed covers and throwing it over the table, beckoned to Alice to lean over it's edge and rest her weight on it, face down. Alice held the far edge of the table with both hands, as she brought herself down on it. Her head and shoulders were well beyond the far edge of the table, over the windowsill, her face almost touching the glass. In front of her, were thousands of tourists watching the spectacle going on almost beneath her.

She watched the troops marching up and down in perfect time, their scarlet jacketed bodies swaying, as one, too and fro. The band set their rhythm, their tune, "Hearts of Oak" drifting up to her. Alice so wanted to be inducted. She'd always wanted to have it somewhere special and in a special way. Both her wishes had been granted. Although she was only nine, she loved being fucked by Daddy, and she knew he loved fucking her. She'd seen his face every time he'd looked at her pussy. So intense, so lustful. He didn't look at the other girls that way. He must particularly like her pussy for some reason.

Alice knew she wasn't a pretty girl, a little chubby maybe. So her pussy must have got her into The Club. But how? It must have been on camp when they all ran around naked. He must have checked her out then. But, of course, she knew nothing about how he had come to her tent and stripped her panties off, and pushed his cock slightly into her after drugging her, although, at the time, when she'd woken in the morning, she had wondered why her panties were hanging round one of her ankles, and her pussy felt sticky. She had wondered about it, and if Sam had come and done stuff to her. She didn't care now, she hoped if he had, that he'd enjoyed it. It had got her in The Club, and now, that's all that mattered.

Alice, her green eyes watching the soldiers, felt Sam's hands gently fondle the globes of her bottom, his fingers reaching down, curling inwards. He pulled her slowly open, she loved feeling, her cleft spreading. Already, she could feel her own arousal dripping down towards her clitty, despite Hon-Syl having licked her dry only minutes ago. Then the moment she'd been waiting for, ever since she had joined this group of lovely people, his cock nudged into her cleft. A jolt of electricity shot up from her epicentre. She felt his pre-cum, joining her own dampness, as he pushed his crown down to her clitty, before dragging it back up again. She felt his warm tip, slippery, so arousing, so sexy. He pressed to her entry. She tried to press back, but in this position, she couldn't.

The crowd were clapping and cheering, now, as the brigade of guards turned yet again, the tune now playing 'Tipperary', regimental colours fluttering in the gentle breeze. Sam's cock slipped into Alice's vagina in one long slow, exquisite movement, six and a half inches, deep, deep into her, until he bumped her itch, deep inside, which she needed scratching so very much now. He pulled back and bumped into her again and this time, she came. She clamped down hard onto his cock, squeezing him again and again, as her climax washed over her. But Sam was a long way off yet, he'd only just started. Alice felt Daddy build up a steady pace. Each time she thought he was going to come out of her, before he reversed thrusting back deep into her again. Her orgasm seemed to get more intense, stronger, better. She realised he was keeping time with the beat of the band. Somehow it made it more intense.

When he thrust into her, she was pushed forward little by little, until her face was shoved against the glass of the window, her cheek pressed flat against the hard surface. If it weren't for the wide stone window ledge

outside, anyone looking up from below might have just made out a little girl's face, grimacing against the glass in what might have looked like pain, but was in fact pleasure, intense pleasure.

Alice knew her induction was coming to it's crescendo, it's climax, as her orgasm reached new heights. She'd never felt anything so good in her young life. She prayed for this to last forever. Then all of a sudden, she heard it: "Ohgod, ohgod," and she felt the warm squirt into her depths, and the rhythmic throbbing of his lovely cock, deep inside, which felt so nice, as Daddy started to cum in her, "ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, ohgod, ohgod," he continued. "How many?" she wondered as he continued, "ohgod, ohgod, ohgod"

Finally, she felt his throbbing, giving her so much pleasure ease away. She just felt the occasional flutter of his tip. She supposed it was what she had heard him call his mini pulses. He stayed still for several minutes, his semen still dripping from his cock into her. She just loved it there. Then he put his hands on her bottom again, and she felt him start to pull out of her. She felt a sense of loss. She really wanted him back there. It seemed so quick, before she heard Hon-Syl say: "I'd better be quick, Sam, you were over twenty minutes, we haven't got a lot of time."

She felt Hon-Syl, her favourite lady teacher, push her face back again against her spread thighs. She could feel her tongue squeezing into her slick interior. Then she felt the suction, as Hon-Syl tried to suck out all of Daddy's semen. Her tongue was trying to spoon it out of her, seeking more. Then she came again. Not as intense as before, but nice, very nice. Hon-Syl started moaning. Alice glanced over her shoulder, and saw Sandy and Mandy were doing something to her from behind, as she pushed her tongue again into her pussy, making a squelching sound. Her moans into her pussy set up vibrations, which felt really good, and even made her cum yet again. It had just been the best one ever. She so hoped she would feel this good again soon.

"Well done," said Lizzie, as Alice finally straightened up on wobbly legs, everyone smiling at her. "That was a really good score. You got thirty one." There was a ripple of applause and cheers, slightly overcome by the roar of the crowd outside, as the ceremony came to a close.

Sam stepped towards Alice, holding out the coveted choker in his two hands. He quickly clipped it around her neck. She was already fingering it. She was so pleased to have finally been inducted. She'd had the induction of her dreams and it had just been wonderful. She stood erect, her hands by her sides and turned to her friends "As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace." There was another round of applause.

Sylvia clapped her hands, "Quickly everyone," she said, "we haven't got much time. Get dressed now, like good girls." They scurried around, looking for their own clothes, pulling them quickly on. Sam carried the little table back to the corner, while Sylvia spread the bedcover back in it's place. She nodded to Vera who was waiting to unlock the door on her command. They quickly went to the windows and peered out at the final movements of the parade below. The Old Guard marched off to barracks, the New now in their place.

Pemberton entered a few minutes later, slightly out of breath, having climbed the sixty feet of stairs at a brisk pace, not wanting to keep his VIP customers waiting any longer. "Well, young ladies," he said, catching his breath, "I hope you all enjoyed that. These windows are our little secret, you get a lovely view from here, don't you think?"

Alice, still fingering her choker, with a slightly cheeky grin looked up at him "Mr. Pemberton," she said, "I watched the whole thing and I can safely say it was the nicest time I've had since I left home." Pemberton was slightly puzzled why so many of the American girls were laughing. He'd never thought of the parade as humorous. Sometimes he could never quite work out the colonials.

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CHAPTER 91
The Glums

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Sam had promised the girls visits to the theatre, in London's famous West End, but, up until now the opportunity hadn't arisen. But time was now in their hands, they could do what they liked, go wherever, see whatever. He was sitting in the salon, relaxing with his laptop perched to his side. He had booked some matinees and some evening performances. He also wanted to visit places like the Tower of London.

The girls were dotted around the room, relaxing, some chatting, some texting each other. Hannah was showing Daisy how to make her masturbation more sensual, more enjoyable. She was trying to explain how it wasn't all about cuming, but the build up to it should be as nice. Likewise, Suzy and Becky had been in a tight clinch for the last hour or so. They were learning how to kiss better, while at the same time experiment with the little plastic vibrators on each other. Sam loved it when his Club girls showed absolutely no inhibitions with each other in front of everyone else..

As he clicked his mouse on the screen, looking at yet another theatre's programme, he glanced down. Amber was trying to teach Rosie how to deep throat him.

"That's right, bend your head back as far as you can, just like that. Now as you push, don't rush it, take a deep swallow, like you're eating steak and it'll go in. Try not to feel it until it goes down, otherwise you'll gag." There was a gurgling sound, and Rosie pulled back and coughed. "No, you pushed in nicely, but didn't swallow in time, try again." And so the lesson continued.

On the other end of the settee that Sam was sitting on, lay little seven year old Naomi. Her head resting on the arm of the seat, her heals drawn up to her bottom, knees splayed far apart. She was playing a game on her iPad, which she'd rested on her belly, propped against her thighs, her fingers dancing across the screen. The tip of her tongue just showed at the corner of her mouth, as she concentrated on getting to the next level of the game. Sam looked at her, he could see every detail of her cleft, as it flowed down towards her bottom in a continual valley. Her creases where her little vulva met her thighs exaggerating her mound, which lifted proud of her tummy. Her vagina and rosebud both completely open for him to study. The one, even as she lay there, pink, slightly damp from his semen after he'd fucked her earlier, dilated enough for him to push his little finger into. The other tightly closed, with small crease lines emanating from the centre like a star burst. Above her vagina, nudging against the underside of the iPad, her long clitty poked out of it's cowl, as if knowing he was watching her. Showing off.

He looked down again at his groin. Rosie had succeeded. Amber had taught her at last how to take him in without gagging. As her nose dipped into his pubic hair, both girls' eyes looked up at him in triumph. They had been practicing this when opportunity arose, since the European trip had started. He knew they deserved, expected, praise.

"Well done Rosie, you did it. You feel fantastic on my cock," he said, telling her the truth. "Do you need to practice swallowing? Did you want me to cum?" Rosie, unable to speak, moved her eyes to Amber, who nodded. "Yes please Daddy. That's the next stage." Rosie, at that moment had to pull back to take a breath, but immediately dropped down again.

"OK, Naomi, could you move your knees further apart," asked Sam, as he pressed his middle finger towards her vagina. "You too Amber, shuffle up on my other side, so I can get at you as well." Amber hopped up beside him, adopting a mirror image position to Naomi, one at each end of the settee, both soon impaled on his fingers.

Amber, now settled, continued her instruction, "OK Rosie, have you got your breathing right?" There was a gurgling, "uhhh, uhhh," accompanied by a slight nod from the seven year old, who again lifted her face up, took another deep breath and dropped down again. Sam felt the length of her tight throat rasping along his crown and shaft. He put the laptop down, theatre bookings forgotten, his mind now on other things.

"Now there's lots to remember all at once. You have to lift up, suck, lick underneath, take another breath, then swallow him back down again," continued Amber's instruction. Rosie followed her teacher. She made a couple of mistakes, nearly gagging once, but quickly got the hang of it. "Now, as you get used to it, try speeding up," said Amber, breathlessly, herself rising, as Sam's finger pressed into her cervix, massaging her tender spot. She knew it wasn't going to be long. Looking at Naomi, the other side of Daddy, she could see her friend was just about to cum now too.

Amber was struggling now, trying not to cum yet, as she had one more instruction for her pupil. “Ros….Rosie,….Y …you have ttto decide whether to l..l..l..let it cum in your throat or m..mouth. Your choice. I prefer t..t..to suck it hard in m..m..m..my mouth, so I c..c..can taste it better.” At that moment, Amber lost control, and fell back against the settee arm, her climax overwhelming her. Naomi likewise was far into her orgasm, her knees opening and closing, as her pulses swept through her little seven year old body.

Rosie understood what she’d been told, and lifted up just enough so that Daddy’s crown was now in her mouth, pressing against her throat. No more gagging at all now. She remembered what Amber had said before, and now looked up into Daddy’s eyes. She knew he liked that, as she moved gently back and forth, licking under his crown on that sensitive spot where his frænulum was. She sucked and rubbed, sucked and rubbed.

She knew he was about to cum. He stiffened slightly and moved his hips a fraction, his shaft hardening even more, his crown got hotter. He froze a fraction, then suddenly she felt a ripple up his shaft and Rosie’s mouth was instantly full of semen. It was warm, slick like honey, salty-sweet to taste, lovely. She swallowed, just as the next blast of cum shot into her mouth. More than the first. She loved it. She started to cum herself, even though no one was touching her there. She swallowed again, but was late, as he blasted once more, straight into her throat. She coughed and snorted, desperately trying not to clamp her teeth onto Daddy’s lovely cock.

Lizzie had told them all if ever that happened, she would be punished. She’d seen Karen’s bottom, and didn’t want that to happen to her. She regained her control, and timed her swallows with Daddy’s pulses, which now slowed. The semen spurts lessened, and finally stopped. His little dry throbs continued for another minute or so, before she felt all the tension go out of him. She sucked hard, trying to get every last drop from him, before licking around his end into the creases around the sides, cleaning him and tasting him and swallowing one last time, all the while looking at his eyes, loving him.

“Well done Rosie,” said Amber smiling, “you’ve managed it at last. Go and look in a mirror.” As she rose to her feet, the other girls in the room glanced up and giggled, pointing at her. Rosie looked at her reflection in the mirror, and grinned to herself as she saw two runnels of semen had shot from her nose as she had snorted. She picked her nose carefully, scooping up the valuable slime from each nostril on her finger tip and sucked it dry. She went back to join her friends, sitting between Daisy and Nancy, and after a minute or two, played a cartoon game on her iPad.

“How are you getting on, Daddy?” asked Sarah, looking over his shoulder at the screen.

“There’s so many to choose from,” he replied. “I’ve booked two matinees, both musicals. One is ‘Matilda’ and the other ‘Wicked’ for this afternoon and Tuesday. I am sure the younger girls will enjoy both. I am looking into ‘Disney on Ice’, now, but think I might prefer to get tickets for Mama Mia instead. For the older girls, there’s Phantom of the Opera and Les Misérables, but I think the youngsters might enjoy them too. Both are very serious, set in the past, but the music is brilliant. Les Mis has a soubriquet, you know a nickname with the actors. They call it ‘The Glums’.” She giggled. She so hoped to be an actor herself one day.

That afternoon, after leaving The Cambridge Theatre, the girls were all humming the songs they’d heard in the musical. “Good choice,” said Sylvia, smiling up at him. “I think all the girls enjoyed it. In fact I know so. The story reminds me of our Club. Matilda made a stand to change her destiny. These girls are doing the same but with our help. Matilda and our girls are going to go far. We should keep a copy in the Clubroom back home to show new members.”

For the evening, they had booked a table at Langan's Brasserie in Mayfair, where they were treated to some trully excellent food. Sam smiled when the waiter pointed out the children’s favourites which were: Bangers (sausages) & Mash, or Two Poached Eggs on Toast, or Traditional English Fish & Chips. Certainly the restaurant wasn’t stuffy. They wanted the girls to enjoy their visit and eat what they enjoyed.

Sam was sitting with his back to the wall, so could see most of the other diners. At the next table, was an elderly couple. The silver haired lady had her back to Sam, while the gentleman faced them. He had a ruddy complexion and was a bit overweight. About half way through the meal, the man had a convulsion, nearly choked and an ambulance had to be called. For a while, Sylvia who was fully first aid trained, thought he

wouldn't make it. After the paramedics arrived and taken him to the hospital, Sylvia leaned across and admonished Karen and Becky.

"You wicked girls" said Sylvia in a hoarse whisper. "How dare you do something like that. It could have been really serious. The poor man might have died. When we get back, it's six for each of you. You can't behave like that." The two girls tried to hide their grins, even though they knew a punishment was owed to them.

Sam, completely bemused by the events, sat open mouthed. "What,… who,.. umm what's going on?"

"You must have seen what just happened, Sam, you're an observant man, surely." His expression told her he knew nothing of what had taken place. She rolled her eyes in disbelief.

"These two," said Sylvia, angrily, pointing her fork at them, "gave the old man an eyeful. You saw the state he was in, it nearly killed him."

Sam tried not to laugh. Sylvia was in charge of the girls' conduct when they were out and he tried not to undermine her, however hard it was at times.

"What happened, girls," he managed to say with an almost serious tone, "tell me what caused it all?"

"Well," said Becky, in an innocent tone, "ever since we sat down, that man has been leching on us. He kept trying to look up our skirts. Every time Karen or I moved, his eyes were following us. I could almost feel the creep wishing us to show more. His eyes trying to part our legs. He kept dropping his napkin or fork on the floor, so he could bend down to get a better view under the table to ogle us. So I whispered to Karen, and she nodded, and we both pulled our knees up and outwards at the same time. As you know, we aren't wearing panties. He went red in the face. Then when we pulled our pussies open with our fingers, he fell on the floor. That's the truth Daddy, isn't it Karen? We didn't mean to put him in hospital, but he did sort of deserve it."

Karen, looking contrite, but still trying not to grin, nodded. Both girls looked down at the table, hands clasped on their laps, pretending contriteness.

"Well now you know the consequences of what to you might be a little prank," said Sylvia, in a slightly mollified tone, realising she was the only one seeing the seriousness of what may have happened. "It doesn't alter the fact of what could have happened, so six it is."

Unlike Karen, who was already becoming aroused, Becky wasn't so sure how she would like being punished later on when they got back to the hotel. Either way, she thought it was worth it, the slime ball deserved what he got. He reminded them of Mr. Mouseon, the former history teacher. He had even looked a bit like him.

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CHAPTER 92
Punishment or Reward

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On the way back to the hotel, Sam realised there was an air of anticipation. The threat of punishment hadn't dampened anyone's spirits at all. If anything they had lifted. Everyone knew it wasn't going to be a hard punishment, but never-the-less it needed administering. As soon as they were in the suite, the door locked and curtains drawn, clothes were scattered everywhere, as they got ready for the big event. It was almost as exciting as an induction.

Lizzie went to the drawer where she kept her things, and pulled out the little brown linen bag containing the whip. When she returned, she heard Karen and Becky disputing who could go first. Lizzie picking up on the argument pointed out she got first turn as they all knew full well. Handing the bag with the cat-o-nine-tails to Sally, she pushed passed them and lay on her back on the coffee tables, which had been pushed together, which Vicky had spread a blanket over. Without a word, she pulled her knees up and pushed them back,

holding them down either side of her, with her elbows, exposing her bum and pussy in an incredibly sexy pose, her cleft spread wide, her rosebud and vagina both gaping open.

Lizzie looked at her friend, peering between her knees “Six along it Sally, not across. You know how hard.” She smiled as she lay her head back down. Everyone could see how aroused she was. They could also see the lines of bruises from her last punishment. Her vulva was swollen, her labia pushed outwards. Her tumescent clitty poked out from it’s hood, still, firm, flushed, pink. Sally put her hand in the bag, found the knob ended handle and pulled it out, shaking the leather tails free from their tangle. Knowing her friend so well, that she wanted this. Knowing she herself wanted to do this. Sally positioned herself at the table’s end, Lizzie’s open pudenda pointing directly at her, so she could whip along Lizzie’s cleft as she’d asked. She was aware an atmosphere of anticipation hung over the room, as if everyone was holding their breaths.

Sally gave the nine leather thongs a final shake, and swung the whip around, over her shoulder and directly onto Lizzie’s pussy. Not too hard. The marks were only faint. Again she swung a similar stroke and again. On the fourth, a sharp intake of breath from Lizzie. The fifth fell, but on the sixth, Lizzie burst into a climax.

“Aggggain, Sssal,” she stuttered. “Please again, don’t stop now.” Sally swung the whip, quite gently now, almost just a tap, but each time, there was another sharp intake of breath from Lizzie, who was now enjoying one of the best orgasms she had ever experienced. ”More, please, more.” Tap, tap, tap went the whip until at last Lizzie’s climax passed, although her moans and heavy breathing continued for a couple of minutes.

The other girls, who had never seen a punishment before were standing with their mouths open. They’d expected something unpleasant, and found, instead a girl being whipped, who enjoyed it in a way they couldn’t comprehend. They’d learned another lesson in their sex education. Another thing that puzzled them, Sally was now bent over double. She was puce in the face and was breathing as Lizzie had just been.

Naomi and Daisy asked her if is she was Ok. She nodded silently, as her own small spontaneous orgasm passed. Sam and Sylvia, standing quietly in the corner of the room, watching the proceedings, smiled knowingly. Sam knew he would have to really look after Sally later. She would need the full treatment.

Lizzie finally got to her feet, and as she found her balance, took the whip from Sally’s shaky hand, waved to the two villains to come and lie on the coffee tables side by side. It was just wide enough for them to do so without pushing each other off on to the floor. Lizzie waited until they adopted the same position she herself had done, hugging their legs to their chests.

Karen was licking her lips. She couldn’t wait for this. Becky on the other hand was looking more nervous now. Lizzie shook the thongs free, and without delay, swung the whip down onto Karen’s pudenda, the little knots landing on her mons, the leather strands in and around her cleft. It wasn’t hard, but neither could it be seen as gentle. Karen flinched, but also felt an electric surge through her tummy, as the little knots knocked into and around her clitty. Lizzie stepped half a step sideways, and swung again, but this time onto Becky, who’d thought she would have to wait until after Karen’s punishment, so was taken completely by surprise, making her squeak involuntarily.

Lizzie stepped back and forth between the two, tapping them quite mildly. Both girls were writhing now, as their arousal at this treatment grew. They’d lost count, was it six or ten or more strikes with the whip. Who knew, who cared? Certainly the two kept asking Lizzie for more.

At the back of the room, Sally desperate to get some relief, she couldn’t wait now for them to get to bed, grabbed Sam’s cock and pulled him to a chair and bent over the back, where she could watch the ongoing flagellation of the two youngsters, while Daddy took her from behind. She needed this, as he thrust hard into her. Far harder than he usually did. Forceful in fact. He pulled out, his tip just leaving her, before he reversed and slammed back in six and a half inches. “He must need this too”, she thought, “goody.”

Around the room now, spontaneously girls paired off, some in threes, needing to find a way to ‘scratch that itch’. Even the youngest were caught up in the sudden mass need to gratify their sex drive, their arousal, had caught them all unaware. Sandy had run from the room, returning moments later, and tipped the box of little pink plastic vibrators onto the floor in the midst of the writing bodies. Hands reached for them, frantically grabbing them, fumbling to switch them on before plunging them where they were needed. Everywhere,

arms and legs were tangled, bodies over one another, who was stimulating whom, unclear. Orgasmic moans were already being called out, rippling around the room.

Sam, still hammering hard into Sally, couldn't believe his eyes. They had only returned to the hotel a matter of ten minutes ago, and suddenly, before him was an orgy of twenty two little girls trying to pleasure each other and a couple of adults taking full advantage. He'd never seen anything like it, but hoped he would do so again very soon indeed. What struck him was, if you treated children as equals, they soon rose to the challenge and asserted their passions and desires without vacillation.

Sam felt himself rising. Sally had been clamping on him from the start. He knew she had cum continuously from the moment he entered her and would go on until the end. She had a driving force within her which had strengthened during the trip. Was it the hijack, was it their increasing intimacy during their love making, was it when she'd murdered Aishah? He knew she was single minded, determined, decisive. More so than she'd ever been before. Everyone who knew her recognised she was destined to be a great person, a leader and would one day make her mark on the world. Such a contrast to the weak bullied child Sam had first met those few short months ago. Little did he know, the very next day would witness the biggest transformation in Sally's character yet.

Sally was in an orgasmic wonderland. Lights were flashing round behind her screwed up eyelids. Every nerve ending in her body tingled. Her tummy was churning, as her pussy emitted pulse after pulse of pleasure. She just hoped it would go on for ever, but knowing it wouldn't, and already she recognised the signs. He was going to cum in her soon. At moments like this, her mind would float in an ethereal way, she thought back over the last few months. She owed everything to this man. He'd saved her life, helped her find herself, loved her unconditionally, made her respect herself, developed her confidence, so others too respected her, saved her life a second and third time and even allowed her the free will to do what she'd done to Aishah. She now knew Sam had known what she was going to do that night and permitted it. She knew she was a strong person now in her head, but she knew too she owed it all to one person. God she loved this man.

Sally opened her eyes wide as Sam exploded deep into her. She had her hands in front of her, clasping her tummy where his end was nudging her. She could feel the ripples of his ejaculation fluttering against her palms, as he started saying "ohgodd, ohgodd, ohgodd", as he always did. Several girls glanced up at Sally, grinning, understanding what she was feeling at this very moment. She herself subsided into another climax. A quiet satisfying feeling of contentment. Her girls were all having a wonderful time. They were completely uninhibited in their desire to seek pleasure for themselves and each other. Even Sally had been surprised how even the youngest girls had taken to the sexual nature of their activities, and had done so with increasing enthusiasm. They'd experimented and explored, with themselves and each other, their own feelings, desires, likes and dislikes. Jasmine had shown all of them things which had amazed and excited them all. Things which most of them were yet to try out.

Slowly, the writhing mass of bodies stilled. Sam was partly slumped over Sally's back, his shrinking cock slowly pulling itself from her. Kneeling beside them was Mandy, who had surprised Sally when she'd asked if she minded her doing what Hon-Syl usually did. Sally glanced across the room, where Sylvia, still in a clinch with Sandy in one of the large armchairs, met her eyes, and nodded approval. Sam, hearing the exchange, stepped to the side, and immediately, Mandy leaned in to her open pussy, already leaking his semen, to suck it away, as she'd been taught.

Glancing at his watch, Sam saw, to his amazement, that two hours had passed. It had felt like five minutes. He couldn't even remember if the punishment had been completed or not. What he did see, though, looking down at Karen, still lying on the coffee tables beside Becky was that the knob end of the whip handle had been pushed deep into her vagina, where it remained, the tassels of leather, flowing through her bum crack onto he floor.

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CHAPTER 93
Getting Stoned

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Their time in Europe was rushing by. They would be flying home in five days time. They had bonded really closely during their time here. Closer than Sam could have dreamt was possible. He found that he never instigated any advance on any of the girls, now. Sally knew his desires seemingly before he did. She made sure the girls were all given their share of his time and body. She balanced her girls' increasing desire for him against his capacity to satisfy them all.

They adapted his method of having three or four girls at a time, one after the other. He found it best for him, for some reason, if they were always girls of the same age together rather than mixed ages, Sally adjusted the rota for him accordingly. He particularly looked forward to the nine year olds, because there were five of them. God how he loved fucking them in one long session; Lucy, Sarah, Alice, and the stunningly beautiful Sandy and Mandy

So although he would have Sally with him all night, they all understood that before they got out of bed, he would have one of them until she came, then the next till they came twice and the last one until he came. He would repeat this after they came back to the hotel from wherever they had visited in the afternoon. If they were able, time permitting, he would allow a lunchtime session as well. In addition to this, sometimes one or another of the girls would have a question such as: "Daddy, I don't know if I would like it in my bottom. Would you try it for me so I can see what it's like?" Or "Daddy would you mind if I see if I can get you all the way into my throat?"

They were a happy, very contented group. No one coerced anyone else. They were completely comfortable in being naked all the time in their rooms together and, increasingly, talking about any subject without embarrassment. For example, on one occasion, he was watching TV. Sarah was leaning against his chest, his cock nudging her cervix, trying to find a way deeper into her. Lucy was impaled on one of his middle fingers and Alice on the other. "Lucy," said Sarah, "do you find Daddy's cock wants to get that bit further into you, I do? You know those last two inches. I suppose it's because he's nice and long and we're still little."

"Yes replied Lucy," as if Sam wasn't in the room, "I find that too. I like it when he gets all the way inside me. Try this. Jasmine suggested it. If you lean forward when he's pressing against that spot, he might go in that bit further. I've managed it several times."

Sarah followed Lucy's advice, and leaning forward, pushed her weight down on him, feeling a popping sensation, as his thin cock found the tiny entry through her cervix into her womb. She leaned back again, pressing her finger tips over her belly near her tummy button, feeling his tip pressing against her.

"Yes, thanks Sarah, "Lucy said, "that did the trick."

The following day was Sunday, and Sam had hoped for them to head either for St. Paul's Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey, followed by the Tower of London. But both were only open for worship on Sundays, so instead, they had booked a bus tour to the West Country, stopping at Avebury and Stonehenge on the return. The full day trip included a visit to the Roman city of Aquæ Sulis, known today as Bath, on account of it's two thousand year old Roman bathing pools which remain in amazingly good condition.

Their tour guide and driver, Paul, was really good, and knew exactly how to make a trip like this interesting for the girls. The route took them through some of the most beautiful countryside in England. The baths and other Roman ruins were fascinating, mainly because Paul was able to point out things of interest to them all. He was funny but informative. The girls all liked him. They viewed the Royal Crescent, which is a grade 1 listed building, completed in 1714 and is probably the best example of Georgian architecture anywhere.

Next they headed for the village of Avebury, which is the largest megalithic stone circle in the world, in fact consisting of three concentric stone circles, one inside the other. The earth banks and standing stones make it a fascinating place to visit. Built about 3000 BC, it's exact function and purpose remain a mystery. But Paul had saved the best to last.

They drove the short distance then, for their last call of the day, to Stonehenge, and saw the circle of giant ancient standing stones. Paul explained to the girls that the stones had been placed about 5000 years ago and that the biggest stones, had been dragged by hand, over many miles from Wales, and weighed over twenty tons each. They had been moved into position after being carved into shape, by human beings just using ropes and levers and log rollers. He explained how the stones were aligned with the sun at the winter and summer solstices and other astronomical events. Paul said that if they wanted, he could arrange for

them to enter the circle itself, as the public viewing would finish soon, but limited entry of small groups into and around the stones was possible for a charge. He wouldn't join them, as he'd been in many times. He'd go and have a coffee, and answer any of their questions afterwards.

Sam noticed a change come over Sally. She had become tense, alert, almost apprehensive. As they entered the stone circle, they all looked around, imagining the times when this was used by the Druids or whatever people lived here all those years ago. Was it used for human sacrifice? Who might have died here? Were they still buried here? Sally had become ethereal. She was in a place of her own. The last time Sam had seen her like this was in the forest, when she lay on the giant flat topped rock during her induction. The moon lighting her face and body as he had taken her virginity.

She moved about as if floating. Her silver hair started to shine, sparkling in the light of the nearly setting sun. A slight golden tinge to it. She stood, facing the light, her arms raised, stretched outwards. The girls, one by one, noticed her, nudging each other. Sylvia went to speak to her to see if she was OK, but Sam restrained her with his hand. "Leave her be, Sylvia," he said. "This is her time, her place. She needs her moment, they are calling to her."

"Who's calling to her?" asked Sylvia, confused, as were all the girls, hearing Sam's strange words. They watched Sally move backwards towards a large flat stone. She sat and immediately lay back onto the rock, now spread eagled. Her hair was sparkling as if a million tiny lights were hidden there. Her eyes tight shut, an expression of beauty came across her face, the sun lighting her up. The Club girls now stood surrounding the stone she lay on, leaving a gap allowing the sun to fall onto the stone and Sally. The sun dipped beneath the horizon, and as it did, just for a moment, a shaft of light flashed between two of the Sarcen stones and lit Sally up in a momentary dazzlingly bright light. She arched her back, as if an electric shock had passed through her.

"Who's calling to her, Sam?" demanded Sylvia for a second time, looking at him, her hand gripping his arm.

Sam shook himself from his reverie he blinked. He had no recollection of speaking at all. All he remembered of the last few minutes was hearing Sally's voice speaking him, asking him to leave her alone, while 'they' called to her. "I don't know Sylvia. Sally told me they're calling her."

"But she hasn't spoken Sam," said Sylvia, alternately looking at him and Sally, "not a word since we got here. In fact I thought it strange how quiet she's been."

At that moment, the last of the sunlight vanished, and immediately Sally sat up. Using both hands, she pushed herself upright and stood, turning to face her friends, smiling, as if she hadn't seen them for a while and was pleased to do so now. A radiance shone about her. They all saw it, felt it almost. Once again she had been transmogrified. She greeted them all, hugging everyone. Her happiness becoming infectious. As they walked down the slope back to the waiting bus, their spirits were high.

Sam was confused though. He had definitely heard Sally talking to him, but she had been nowhere near him. He was concerned for her. She sidled up beside him. "Don't worry Daddy I am happy and well. But I know what must be done, what I must do. Please don't say anything, I will explain later."

Sylvia kept her council. She knew he would tell her when the time was right. They had no secrets.

The two and a half hour trip back to London brought them to a rainy city on a dark autumnal night. On the way, Lizzie asked Paul what the large rectangular stone in the centre of the circle was. What had it been used for?

"Oh, that's the Slaughter Stone," he said. "No one really knows what it was for, but if they ever did sacrifice people all those years ago, because of it's position, it would have been on that stone, hence the name. When it rains and water settles in the dips in the surface, it turns red. People say it's blood coming out of the stone, but I'm told it's just the iron in the rock rusting. It makes a nice story though. Whatever the truth, there's something special about that stone. I've felt it myself. Perhaps you did too." They lapsed into silence. The girls all knew something special had happened again to their friend and leader, Sally.

Sam asked Paul to drop them off at a small Indian Restaurant not too far from the hotel. He invited him to join them, but he was anxious to get home to his family. He'd had a long day. He appreciated the generous

tip Sam palmed him. They enjoyed an excellent oriental meal of curries, Tandoori and Biryani, with all the sauces Indians are so good at producing. It was very late when they got back, and everyone just wanted to get to bed.

Sam lay thinking about the day and what had happened. He knew she would tell him when she was ready. At that moment, he felt her moving up the bed, crawling up onto his chest. Somehow she seemed bigger. Not physically but her presence was tangible.

“Daddy,” she whispered, as she wriggled into position, so his cock nestled into her cleft, where it belonged, “do you believe in destiny? Please tell me. They told me to ask you, be guided by you. It’s important.”

He thought for a moment. He needed to answer her carefully. He didn’t in any way want to demean or undermine her. Certainly it was an interesting question coming from an eleven year old girl. But he didn’t know what she’d experienced, so he was partly in the dark. “Yes I suppose I do,” he answered, “it’s a very deep subject. People have been trying to work it out for a million years. I’m not sure I know the answer any more than the next person. But what I will tell you is that after the things I have seen, the pain, the hunger, the poverty, starvation, cruelty, brutal suffering, in some parts of the world, sometimes even close to home, I think everything must have a purpose, a reason. Otherwise, what’s it all for, what’s the point? If there is a god, or superior being, call it what you want, he or she would be far more sophisticated than us, beyond our comprehension, beyond our understanding. If so, perhaps they have a plan for each of us, perhaps not. Why do you ask, darling?”

“When I was in the circle,” she said, “you know, Stonehenge, I saw people, many people. They were in the sunlight. It was so bright, I couldn’t see them clearly. It was too dazzling. They were calling to me. They told me what I must do, Daddy. Am I going mad, or did I really see them, hear them?”

Whether she really saw what she described, or whether she imagined it, Sam knew she was certain herself it had been real. Although a sceptic, he was inclined to believe her. Not only was she not prone to fancies of the mind, but also he, himself had heard her voice telling him ‘leave her alone, they were calling her’, despite knowing she hadn’t spoken. Even Sylvia had said Sally hadn’t spoken at the time.

“Over the centuries, darling,” he said, “many people have had visions. Like Isaiah in the Old Testament or Saul on the road to Damascus or St. Bernadette at Lourdes. Siddhartha Gautama, you know the first Buddha had his enlightenment. Some thought it was god, or an angel or something else. But they always seemed to describe it like you just did. Bright light, and a voice or voices directing them in what they needed to do. Don’t be frightened. They did you no harm. What did they tell you to do, darling?”

“Oh. Daddy, they weren’t frightening. In fact I was welcomed by them, like they were all my family, my friends. They took me away. They showed me many things, places, people. How long was I gone for?”

“Sally,” he answered, “you were only on the stone, in the sunlight for about a minute, before you sat up and spoke to us. You never went anywhere. We were with you the whole time.”

“But, they showed me so much,” she said, confusion clouding her face, “the things they told me, places and people. I was away for hours surely.”

She shuffled down, pressing his cock deep against her cervix, giving her reassurance. Her Daddy.

“Darling,” he whispered, “they must have been able to somehow freeze time for you. It only took moments. What did they ask of you?”

“They taught me many things. They called them gifts. They said I would discover them, develop them, learn how to use them, how to benefit from them. They told me I had a mission in life. I was to follow ‘The path’. ‘The path’ they have laid out for me. The one, they said, they first put me on, in the forest, the night of my induction. That night they gave me the gift of music. Each step would be revealed in time, but I was to follow it faithfully. ‘The path’, they said, led to peace. Peace for the world. Not in my lifetime, but in the lifetime of those who are to follow me. Maybe generations from now, I don’t know. First, they said I was to complete my education. They said I must always do what you ask, without question. They will guide you, they said. They sent me to you all those months ago for this reason. You are my protector, my Daddy. I am to go to the Sorbonne and the Paris Conservatoire. Before that you are to teach me all the languages you know. Later,

when I graduate, I am to go to Oxford University, here in England for my PHD, then I am to enter politics. They say I will have you beside me, my guide, my mentor. I am to rise to the highest position, where they need me to fight for the peace they desire. Oh, one of them wanted me to tell you something. He said you would understand."

"What was that, darling?"

"He said to say 'Hi-ho Silver, thanks for looking after them.' He said you would know what he meant. Who was it Daddy, what did he mean?"

A cold shiver ran down his spine. Only one person had ever called him that, Steve Bandon. "An old friend, Sally, an old friend."

She lapsed into silence, she already knew. She would let Jenny and Emily know when the time was right, that their dad was happy. He'd asked her to look after Sam. "All his friends have gone, Sally" he'd said, "look out for him will you? He loves you and my girls, but he needs to care for himself more. Will you do that for him please?" Meanwhile, her cheek now pressed to his chest, listening to his heartbeat, reassuring her with it's solid regularity. She could feel the beat echoed in his crown, as it's flared ridge pressed against that special place deep inside her.

"What do I do now, Sal" asked Sam, still shaken at knowing Steve had spoken to him, "do they want me to come to France with you, leave the school, my life, my Club?" He was absorbed now completely in what she was saying. He was convinced, utterly.

"No Daddy. They had a message for you," she replied. "They said you are to continue with The Choices Club. It was they who gave you the idea; they saved your life in Afghanistan; they healed you when you should have stayed in a wheelchair; they provided the money to establish The Club; made the way clear. They chose who would be members. Every girl has a purpose in their plan. Each will play their part in the years to come. They are bonded together to each other; and to you; and to me. One day, they or their husbands will be called upon. Every one of them. It will be like a human jigsaw. The parts will fit together, in the end."

"I asked them did they mind what we did in the club." She giggled for a moment. "They said laws made by people about behaviour, like age of consent, were made by men, not them. It didn't concern them. They said you had never hurt a girl, and never would, only to chastise them and that was permitted and encouraged. You had only helped them. They said you must continue. They have plans for the many, many more girls who will join The Club in the years to come, most not born yet. But their future is mapped out. Their destiny decided. That's why I asked you if you believed in destiny. Oh," she said, now grinning at him, "they said they have given you gifts as well."

"Gifts? What gifts?" he asked.

"They said, you will discover them as time passes," she giggled again, back to being the eleven year old child, "but with one of the gifts, you will find it easier to look after all the girls from now on." His cock pulsed at her words. Suddenly he was cuming in her, his semen blasting deep into her. She too enjoying the climax that washed away her tensions of the day, the most important day of her life.

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CHAPTER 94
The Ghosts of times gone by

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Dawn broke on Monday morning. Sam lay still for a moment, collecting his thoughts. Sally's revelation had shaken him, but at the same time allowed him to see the future with clarity and in a new light. Suddenly he knew he had a purpose, direction. Previously he had been motivated by, admittedly love for his girls and improving their lot, but also lust too and his pedo desires. He knew he believed in everything Sally had said. A new calm came over him, as he lay there. He raised his hand in front of his face. The tremor had gone. His P.T.S.D. gone.

He rolled Sally off his chest, over onto her side. She never stirred, she needed a long deep sleep. She was exhausted after yesterday. On his other side, was his daughter Emily. She was laying with her back to him, curled in a foetal position. He cuddled up to her, and spent several minutes exploring her cavities, mounds and creases. His cock was rampant and oozing pre-cum. He slipped closer to her, and arched his hips towards her, bringing his crown up into the little recess at the entry to her vagina. He used his finger tips to prise her labia apart, and could feel her passage as it peeled open in readiness for him. He pressed into her, and as his crown popped through her entry, she stirred. He held himself there, waiting as she came to.

“Good morning, Daddy,” she said in a sleepy voice, “are you fucking me?”

“Would you like that, darling?” he answered.

“Oh, yes please,” she said. “Push it in deeper would you……. Yes, like that, oh, yes… and again. Harder, Daddy, yes much harder. please. Yes like that. I’m going to… I’m going to …cummmmm, nnnggghhhh, ahhhhhhhhh, yyeeesssss.” Sam had cum at the same moment, his semen spurting and spurting into her in torrents. After a minute, he calmed, his mini pulses easing off. Emily was still breathing hard as though she’d just run in a race. “That was nice, Daddy, you spurted lots into me. Much more than last time,” she said as she drifted off to sleep again, her gentle snore telling him she was gone.

He was still balls deep in the child. Thinking for a moment, he gripped her hips, and rolled her up onto his chest, and down the other side, so she was now spooning Sally. She never stirred. The two cuddling in their deep sleep. Sam rolled back again, and found the next girl along, was seven year old Naomi. Her long black hair shining in the dull light of dawn. She had been cuddling Emily before, so was now facing him, lying on her side.

He slid towards her, and lifted her upper leg up over his thigh, pushed his hand beneath her, his other gripping her bottom, and pulling her towards him, swung her up onto his chest in one careful smooth movement. Her knees slipped down, falling either side of his thighs. He wasted no time, but immediately started to fondle her, feeling her, exploring her intimately, pressing into her cavities. He was so turned on by this Jewish beauty, it defied explanation. Reaching down, he pulled up his tumescent cock to her entry. He had only fucked her four times, including her induction, so she was still very tight. As tight as any seven year old would be. He pressed his end to her, applying constant pressure and waited, as she slowly dilated. Sam suddenly realised something. He had just fucked Emily and ejaculated a massive cum into her, and yet he now found he was as horny as a sex starved buck ram on steroids.

His crown started to slip in, slowly, slowly oozing into her. He felt the glorious sensation of her passage peeling open as he penetrated her. He hit bottom, his crown pressing into her rubbery cervix. Pausing for a moment, he waited a moment, while her body adjusted to his intrusion. He then pulled back slowly, almost coming out of her, before shoving back in, then back and in, increasing the speed and pace of his cycles each time. After about a minute, she snorted in her sleep and he felt her clamp down on him hard, as her vagina contracted, released him and contracted again. She was cuming, and her climax had awakened her from her deep sleep. Her eyes popped open in surprise, but a smile came to her face the instant she focussed on him. Sam upped his pace now and Naomi responded with a second orgasm, more intense than the first. Sam couldn’t hold back any longer and blasted into the child, his semen seemingly spurting as though he’d never cum in his life.

Naomi lifted her face from his chest, and glanced at him. “That’s lots, Daddy, I feel full up,” she giggled, before resting her face back on his rising and falling chest again. He noticed she too was drifting back to sleep again. Sam realised she was right. It was lots. Impossible! He’d only just fucked Emily a few minutes ago.

But not only that, pressing to his side was Nancy’s bottom. She was lying on her side. And already, he felt an urge. Rolling Naomi over to his side, letting her cuddle into Emily’s back, he turned back to Nancy, spooning into her back, his knees pressed to the back of hers, his erection finding the gap at the top of her thighs.

Reaching down, he found her dilator. She now used one of the small vibrators, seated almost entirely inside the eight year old. Finding the little switch on the end, he switched it on. She jerked immediately to the sensation shooting through her vagina. She stirred, but settled as she felt Sam’s reassuring arms cuddling

her into his chest. She felt him pull back slightly, his cock drawing up through her cleft, and beyond, finding her rosebud. She had really enjoyed her anal sex with Daddy. He had been so kind and considerate. He always made sure she came at least once, and never forced her during the early stage, when getting his cock into her bum was sometimes uncomfortable. She knew that when her pussy was fixed, she would have fantastic sex with him, and she couldn't wait. But she also knew, in years to come, she was going to ask him to fuck her bum again and again.

Sam slipped into the child, feeling her push as if pooing, dilating her passage for him. She was getting good at this, and it took less time each time he buggered her. He felt the flared ridge of his crown pop through her sphincter, and slide slowly into her buttery depths, her passage peeling open to his intrusion. About half way in, he felt a soft obstruction, and knew she needed to poo. He didn't want to make a mess of the bedding, so pulled back a little, and started some shallow thrusts into her rectum, feeling her tight sphincter massaging his crown in an exquisite way. He reached down with his hand, passing over her mound, and found her stiff clitoris poking out from it's hood. He started to strum her gently, feeling a tension in her growing every second, before suddenly she took a deep breath. Several seconds passed, then she gasped out the air from her lungs, in an explosion of breath, as her climactic orgasm totally overtook her little body. She was just calming from this, as Sam too, blasted out his orgasm, spurting pulse after pulse after pulse of semen into the girl's ass. The blissful pleasure he felt almost beyond description. Even as he looked down as his cock slipped from her bum hole, he could see more semen pouring from her than he thought possible. He'd fucked three girls in half an hour and already, he knew he was ready for the next. Sally had said 'they', whoever they were, had given him a gift. Only now did he realise just what a wonderful gift it was. He felt eyes on him. The next girl in the bed to him was nine year old Sarah. He raised his eyebrows to her in question. She nodded silently and smiled. He felt himself hardening again. But first he needed to go and wash himself. Soddomy was a messy and smelly business.

Sam was first down to breakfast that morning. He couldn't believe just how hungry he was. He immediately ordered the Full English Breakfast. Since dawn, he'd fucked eleven of his girls. Every one of them had received what they all craved for his full ejaculation, deep into their bodies, with the exception of Amber, who asked him to pull out at the last minute, so she could swallow, taste and savour him to the full. He knew already that the others would all be treated to their turn before the day was out. Everyone was very happy, especially Sam. But first he was ravenous. He needed food. For some reason he felt he was starving.

On the way out of the hotel, Joe handed Sam a slip of paper with the details of where his little club met and time. He briefly explained that the girls were rehearsing for a song and dance routine they were putting on as part of a community event the following week, and that they were hoping to put on a dress rehearsal for them. He wished them a great day and waved them off in the mini bus which whisked them away.

The first stop of the day was Westminster Abbey. They toured the thousand year old building, hearing how all the monarchs were crowned here, most buried here, as well as many famous people, like Winston Churchill, who had pride of place just inside the entrance, near the tomb of the unknown warrior. The guide showed them the tomb of Margaret Beaufort. She was only 12, he explained when she was married for the second time. Her new husband was Edmund Tudor. She had been only one year old the first time she married. She gave birth to Henry Tudor, later Henry VII, when she was just thirteen. "Only a year or so older than you young ladies," said the guide with a smile.

Next, they moved on to the Tower of London, a couple of miles away. This was much more interesting for the girls, as they could run round the grounds, see the ravens, the battlements overlooking the river, Traitors Gate, where prisoners had been brought by boat into the Tower on their final journey, the cannons, the Crown Jewels and armouries, all beautifully displayed in the buildings which had stood for over nine hundred years. They all giggled when they were shown Henry VIII's battle armour, and Suzy asked, pointing at the large domed steel covering at the groin, projecting out several inches, "What's that?" The guide, unfazed, getting the same question ten times a day replied: "That's his Codpiece, dear. It guards what's inside."

They were shown where Anne Boleyn was buried in the Chapel Royal, after her head was chopped off in the courtyard outside. She had only been married to Henry VIII for three years. The girls all relished the ghoulish tales they were told by the Yeoman Warder showing them around. He showed them the room where the Princes in the Tower had been held prisoner and later murdered. The brothers were just nine and twelve years old. Their gruesome remains being bricked up and hidden, only being discovered by workmen a few years ago.

After lunch, they went to Madame Tussauds, in Baker Street, the waxwork display museum. Many famous people past and present, including the U.S. President were displayed. Sandy and Mandy both wanted to be photographed standing beside the figures of Harry and Megan. They had both seen Megan back home, once, some years back, before she was famous, when she came to a charity event in the City Hall. Sylvia was relieved the famous chamber of horrors, had been permanently closed. She and Sam thought it just as well. They didn't want them having nightmares. The day quickly passed, and Sam was conscious they needed to get back, have a rest, eat, and head out to Whitechapel, where Joe's club met. So they called the minibus driver, who quickly picked them up and got them back to the hotel.

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CHAPTER 95
The Apples Club

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Sally got the worn piece of paper out of her pocket as soon as they got into their suite. "Jenny and Sophie, your turns next, Jenny first", she read out. The two seven year olds scampered over to the long settee, and although their little legs were too short so they could bend over the back of the seat, they each jumped up, their feet several inches off the floor.

"It's our favourite position, Daddy," giggled Jenny, in her squeaky little girl voice. "Do you mind fucking us both this way?" Sam had no problems at all with their wish, and was already prising Jenny's labia apart to press his wet, slick crown to her cleft, even as she spoke. He always took more time with the youngest, and Jenny was small for her age anyway. Several girls stood round to watch how he worked his cock into the child, interested in how her tiny vagina could take him at all. He asked Karen if she would make herself useful and find one of the vibrators and work it into Sophie with some KY, so it wouldn't take so long to penetrate her later.

After a few minutes, he felt the unmistakable sensation of his crown starting to slide into Jenny. It still took a few minutes, though before his crown popped through her tight entry. After that, he simply applied a gentle but steady pressure, enjoying the feeling of his cock slowly parting her passage, as he sank deeper into the child, hitting her end about four inches in. He paused, allowing her to adjust, before he pulled gently out and pushed in, slightly faster.

"Daddy," asked Jenny, "can I make a wish?"

"Of course, my darling," he replied, "what would you like?"

"You've always been so gentle to me and all the little girls, and we love you because you're so kind to us," she said. "But all the big girls say how nice it is when you do it hard. Would you do it hard for me too?"

"But I might hurt you darling," he said in a worried tone, "how would I know it's nice for you but not hurt?"

"I'll tell you, Daddy" she said in a determined way, belying her age.

Sam pushed gently back into the girl, conscious now that she had asked him to fuck her hard, but it was against his instincts to hurt her in any way. He pulled back again and pressed in just a little faster.

"No Daddy, not like that," she moaned, "I want you to slap into my bottom, just like you do to Lizzie and the other girls."

He pulled back, and pushed faster, and a little deeper. She was so tight, as he withdrew, her little pink interior was being pulled out by his cock, almost turning her inside out. As he pushed back in, her clit and labia seemed to disappear into her as well.

"Harder, Daddy, please. I did make a wish, didn't I?"

He couldn't deny that. A wish was a wish.

He pressed much harder now. He could feel his cock tearing into her. She was so tight, he was certain she would be very sore. She had asked for what she wanted, though, even as she said, “harder,” again. Sam quickly built up a rhythm and soon heard a gentle tap, tap, as his pubic hair smacked into her tiny bottom.

“Harder, Daddy, please.”

Sam gave up holding back now. The grip of her passage on his cock was so tight, so wonderful, so erotic, he almost lost control anyway. He started to slam into the girl now, a slap slapping sound getting louder each thrust, He looked down, and couldn’t believe his eyes. As he pulled from her each time, her pink interior clung to his cock, but as he thrust back into her, he was a full six and a half inches in. How was it possible? He didn’t know, and at this moment, neither did he care. It was one of the best pedo fucks of his life. Suddenly, he heard Sally’s voice. He glanced up, but she was sitting across the room, gently masturbating. The voice was in his head. “She was a nice tight one for you Daddy, wasn’t she? And Sophie will be just as tight as well.” And of course, there, right beside Jenny was her friend, seven year old Sophie, waiting for him to do exactly the same to her in a few minutes time.

Slap, slap, slap, went his thighs against her bum. This was just fantastic. Then everything went mad. Jenny came and suddenly the room was filled with sound. Sam glanced over his shoulder, and saw that every Club girl was standing watching him fuck their friend. They were either playing with themselves or each other. The sound was sparked by Jenny’s climax, sending them all over the top into a group orgasm. It was too much for Sam, and he too blasted into his daughter, over and over and over. A couple of minutes later, Sylvia was there, sucking the child dry of one of the biggest ejaculations of his she’d experienced, in her usual efficient oral manner. Sam, however, was now half way into Sophie, already fired up and ready to deliver his next treat to one of his girls. Whatever happened down at Stonehenge, he thanked the gods for their gift. He intended to make full use of it. He glanced up. Sally was sitting across from him on her own, quietly masturbating. She knew exactly what he’d just thought, and nodded knowingly to him.

It was six thirty before the mini bus set off for Whitechapel. Sam had fucked six more of his girls, and the other five who hadn’t had the benefit were promised it would be their turn as soon as they returned. They had eaten in a little snack bar at the rear of the hotel. The chef had produced some burgers, not on the usual menu, as a special treat for them. Everyone was amazed that Sam ate so many of them. They all realised his appetite had increased ten fold in the last twenty four hours.

The bus pulled up outside a shabby looking old brick and timber built hall, with a grubby sign on the front saying: “1st Whitechapel Scout Group.” The district was very run down. It reminded Lucy of the gangland area she had once lived in. They were unaware this was the very road where Jack the Ripper had sought his victims well over a hundred years previously. They went inside, and after climbing some steep wooden stairs to an upper room, were greeted by an enthusiastic group of young girls, with a spread of ages similar to the Choices girls.

Joe came over and shook hands with Sam and Sylvia. “Come and have some rosie,” he said.

Sam and Sylvia looked a little blankly at him.

“Rosie,” he repeated, “you know, rosie lea, tea. Sorry, it’s such a habit, we don’t get many outside visitors here. Everyone round here uses the slang, you know, Cockney rhyming slang. That’s why this is the Apples Club. You will have noticed the steep stairs you had to climb to get up here. They’re apples and pears, stairs, see?” They nodded a little bemused.

“Anyway, I am so glad you could come,” he enthused, “the girls are so excited. If it’s alright with you, we’ll let the kids get to know each other for a while. Give you a chance to have your rosie and have a butchers round, sorry, there I go again, butchers hook, look. Not much to see, I’m afraid. The Scouts are very kind to let us use this room for free. We help them out with fund raising and that sort of thing.”

It didn’t take long to take the grand tour, as Joe had said, there wasn’t much to see. What was clear, though, the girls all got along together and welcomed their American friends as though they’d known them for years, pairing off into small groups of roughly similar ages.

Sam noticed Sally was chatting to a very pretty girl with startling bright blue eyes and long blond hair, tied back in a pony tail. He guessed she was about eleven, like Sally. She was tall and willowy. “That’s my

daughter, Eloise," said Joe, pointing his thumb in the girl's direction. Apple of my eye, she is, love her to bits."

"We got a little problem, Sam," said Joe. "I'd planned on us doing a little show for you, but our pianist, who is my wife, can't make it tonight. Her mother's ill and had to go round to look after her, so we've no music."

Sam looked at Sally. She smiled and nodded. Words no longer needed between them for many things.

"Our Sally can play a few notes," said Sam in his usual understatement, "she'll perhaps be able to help. Have you got the music score?"

Joe nodded towards an old battered upright piano near a raised platform, which served as a stage. "Joy, my wife," said Joe, "plays. Her sister is a piano tuner, so the piano should sound OK. The music is on top of the piano."

Sally walked over and sat down, looking at the keyboard with it's chipped and yellowed ivories it wasn't as beautiful as the Bechstein in the Club room back home, or the beautiful one she'd played at the Élysée Palace. But, it had been looked after, polished and tuned. Loved. She played a few chords, The sound and tone surprisingly good. Next, she reached up and flicked through two scores lying there. The first, it's title was "Shut up and dance with me." She smiled, because it was written by a band from L.A., Walk the Moon. It had a good beat, ideal for a dance tune. She read through it a couple of times, rehearsing the notes in her head.

The other score was 'Can you feel the love tonight' written by Elton John. She had played it back home a couple of times in the trailer on her electric keyboard. It was a slow piece, but a popular tune by the piano master. Again, she read through it, looked up at Sam and nodded.

The Apple Club girls climbed onto the stage, grinning now with self consciousness, as children always do when first on stage. Eloise took centre stage, clearly the leader, setting the time. She nodded silently to Sally. By now, all The Choices girls had sat down on the front row with the adults to watch the performance. Sally struck up the opening notes, and quickly flowed into the piece, as if she'd played it every day of her life. Joe looked across at her, then at Sam with some surprise. It was a difficult piece, beautifully played.

Meanwhile, on stage, the girls, in a row, started to move in coordinated pre-arranged steps left and right, then back and forward. Then they split into pairs, linking their arms and spinning round, before forming a line again. The routine repeated several times before the music ended. It flowed smoothly and impressed the small audience. They were wearing simple green T-shirts, with a picture of an apple cut in half printed on the front, and scarlet, knee length pleated skirts. The clothing was cheap, but effective. They were all bare footed, having removed their socks for the dance. The grand finale came when the girls all dropped to the stage in the splits, legs forwards and backwards, their little chests heaving with the exertion they had made.

The applause was warm and well meant. Everyone had enjoyed the well practiced piece, including the dancers, who were all grinning, stage nerves now gone.

After a few moments, Eloise nodded to Sally, who placed the next music sheet on the stand. The dancers straightened their legs, but remained sitting upright on the stage, Their backs straight, their feet towards the audience. The slow piece started, and the girls swayed from side to side, faces turning left and right in perfect choreography. They started to weave their fingers, hands and forearms around each other. Next, their feet joined in the dance too, moving left and right. The dance was simple and yet at the same time it was brilliant for it's originality. Joe's wife, Joy obviously had a gift in choreography.

They swayed left, right, forward back, hands and arms complimenting their movements. Then, they all placed their palms on the floor flipped their feet over their heads, ending up on hands and knees. However, as they had made this movement, their skirts were left behind, exposing their panty clad bottoms to view for about a second. Sam had a picture frozen in his mind. His photographic memory serving him well. A whole row of young girls' legs pointing in the air, their little bottoms clad in identical light pink panties, all tightly hugging the wearer's form. The material, with their dance movements, tightly formed into their curves, the elastic at their leg holes not quite hiding their vulvas pushing out at the sides. Camel toes on every one. The thin material, so skin coloured, just tormented him, teased him, his erection storming in.

The dance troupe now on hands and knees, facing the audience, swayed their bottoms in a well rehearsed and choreographed movement left and right, up and down, before they all rose up, still on their knees, repeating the hand, arm and head movements of before. As the music drew towards it's last seconds, the girls brought their hands up over their shoulders, leaned back and pushing their hands down over their shoulders, brought their bodies up into the gymnastic bridge position, as their skirts slid up to their chests. Tummies arched high in the air.

Sam did a double take, because there before him were eleven young girls exposing their panties directly to his view, their knees about a foot apart, their mounds pushing into the air, their cotton covered crotches exposed to his view. Every one of them. Joe leaned into Sam's side and whispered, "nice ending isn't it," as the dancers first sat, then stood to bow for the loud applause due to them.

Sam turned to Joe, not sure how to say it. "That was a fantastic routine, Joe," he muttered, "but I don't know if you can use that ending. It might, you know, cause some raised eyebrows."

Joe chuckled. "Don't worry, Sam," he said smiling. "We changed the end bit just for you. I thought you'd like it, you being like me."

"How do you mean, Joe, like you?" asked Sam carefully.

"You know, a pedo, like me," continued Joe. "I thought we'd spice it up for you. Did you like it?"

Sylvia leaned in, to listen realising there was a tension in Sam's posture.

"I… I'm not sure what you're saying Joe," said Sam, "….. Do you mean you're…."

"Sure, Sam. Have been for years," said Joe, smiling. "That's why I set up my club. Same for you I expect."

"But how….?" Muttered Sam.

"How did I know? Simple really. Observation, body language and very good hearing. I see and hear many things working as a doorman, Sam. Watch everything, see nothing, listen carefully, hear nothing," he said. "Never, ever react to what I see never take advantage. Never repeat what I hear, like the other day, when a certain young lady," Joe glanced at Sally," said: 'You promised me you were going to teach me how to do it up the bum. Let's go.' Well you don't need to be a university professor to work that one out. Was it nice by the way? I love it when Eloise let's me do that. Great isn't it."

Sam and Sylvia were sitting open mouthed. Joe had worked out exactly what they did and demonstrated how vulnerable they could have been, had the wrong person discovered it.

"Don't you worry, Sam," smiled Joe, "your secret's safe with me, and, I hope, mine is safe with you, yeah?" Sam nodded. Joe put his hand out. Sam took it and a bond was formed between them. "You're going to give my girls a little talk now, I hope. Then We'll have a break and then the girls will do another dance. If your Club girls want to do anything, then that would be great too."

Sam stood, and stepped up onto the low platform stage and faced the audience, made up of his twenty two and the Apple Club's eleven girls, plus Sylvia and Joe. He had thought about this talk, knowing that when he got home, he was likely to be asked to deliver similar talks to groups, like the town's Rotary or Ladies lunch clubs, so this was like a practice for him. He spoke clearly, giving a little background to his life and how he had come to form The Choices Club, how benefactors had donated enough money to fund trips abroad, hence them being on the Virgin flight just a couple of weeks ago. He gave an abridged version of how he overcame the hijackers, how The Club girls had remained so calm, despite the terror they had felt and then after, the resulting publicity. He passed the two awards round for the girls to look at, the Legion of Honour and the George Cross. He was surprised when he looked at the wall clock and noticed he'd spoken for over three quarters of an hour.

Afterwards, while sipping a coffee, Joe thanked Sam for making the effort to come over. "Not many people bother with kids Clubs, Sam," he said, "It's really hard to make the evenings interesting for the girls. Your talk was spot on, they loved it, especially when you told them you stabbed that guy in the side of his head."

“Did I say that?” smiled Sam, “I must have got carried away. Now tell me Joe. What’s your set up here? How does it fit together? What does your wife have to say about it all?”

Joe bit his lower lip. “Long story, Sam,” he grimaced, “but the short version is like this. I’m forty nine now, and me missus is twenty five.” He paused seeing Sam’s surprise. “Yes, she was thirteen when I got her pregnant with our Eloise. We’d been together for four years then. It started when she was nine. Well, her father gave me a choice. I could either marry her when she was sixteen, or he’d report me as a child molester. I married her. Well, as she got older, I sort of lost interest. We were friends, but never lovers again. She followed her mum, and went on the game….” He looked at Sam’s blank expression. “She became a prostitute. I didn’t care, and it brought in some money. Well the years passed. I got to mess about with girls here and there, but then Eloise started to grow bumps and curves. You know how it is.” Sam nodded.

“Well,” continued Joe, “ I started messing about with Eloise, and about a year after I broke her in, she’d have been about eight or nine, I suppose, my wife caught us at it one night. I was in balls deep. She’d felt unwell and came off the street early. She shouldn’t have been surprised, really, she had been the same age when we’d first started together, and she knew I was only interested in little girls. The row went on for days. She hit me, threw stuff, threatened to chuck me out, before she finally calmed down, and we talked. We struck a deal, an understanding.”

“In the end, we agreed she could have her freedom, she could go with who she liked, when she liked. She’s with her bloke tonight, in fact, not at her mother’s. We agreed we would stay in the house and live together and carry on with the club, which had been going then for a couple of years. We’d got about seven members by then, and I was grooming them nicely. In return, I could carry on with Eloise, who’d told her mum if she left home, she wanted to stay with me. I would be allowed to look at the girls in the club, but I was never to touch them. That was the deal.”

“In the meantime,” went on Joe, “One of Joy’s regular punters, you know, a client, been with her for years, got voted a member of parliament. Then he got a promotion and now he’s a minister in the government. So no one wants to rock the boat. He likes his nooky with Joy once or twice a week. He likes to be tied up and humiliated. Bit kinky. Newspapers would love a story like that. Joy likes him and seems to enjoy doing what he wants. She no longer has other punters, just him. He pays her plenty. I have Eloise, and Eloise has me. One happy family. Strangely, Joy likes helping down here with the club. She feels she’s doing her bit for people less fortunate than her. That’s my story Sam. How about you?”

Sam explained the set up with The Club, how it had formed and grown. He realised how fortunate he was compared to Joe.

“Do you mind if I ask you something, Sam?” asked Joe. “You know, a favour, a big favour?” He looked steadily at Sam. “I really love my girls, truly. I have never touched them as I promised, just Eloise. But I want to help them, like you help your girls. I will never be able to pay for the things like college or university, but I do what I can for them. What if we did a deal, you and me? What if you invited my girls to come over to the U.S.? You pay for them, treat them, take them places, show them around, perhaps take them on one of your camping trips. In return, you can, how shall we call it, give them some education. No holds barred. I will talk to them first, before they go. I will make it clear what’s expected of them, what the deal is, if they want to come on the trip. I get nothing out of it, but my girls get a trip of a lifetime, and you get, well, you know what you’ll get. Ten virgins and my Eloise. What do you say, Sam?”

Sam was reeling at the thought. Eleven more notches on his bedpost. He had to think about it for a while, for at least …. two seconds. He held out his hand. “Yeah, Joe, you got yourself a deal.” Sylvia smiled, nodding her agreement.

Sally wandered over and tapped Sam on the arm. “Daddy, the girls and I have been talking,” she said, “and we thought it would be nice if we did a song for the Apple Club.”

“That’s a great idea,” replied Sam. “What do you want to sing?”

“Well,” she said pensively, “we only know one song. We did it at your wedding, you know, it was, ‘Arms’ by Christine Perri. What do you think?”

“I think it would be perfect, Sally,” he smiled, “perfect.”

The Choice Club girls stepped onto the low platform in two lines, with the shorter girls at the front. Sally played the intro and on cue, the girls started to sing the haunting song. They sang in two part harmony. It was exquisite.

The first verse went: “I never thought that
You would be the one to hold my heart
But you came around
And you knocked me off the ground from the start
You put your arms around me.”

By the time they reached the final lines, there wasn’t a dry eye in the room. Especially Sylvia, who was so suddenly reminded of her wonderful wedding day.

Afterwards, the girls all milled around for a while and played various games with each other, while Sam, Sylvia and Joe sat and chatted. Sally and Eloise had hit it off really well. They were playing table tennis together followed by a game of pool. Afterwards, they sat side by side texting each other, grinning and chatting. Sylvia noticed they were moving their hands around, as if describing something. After a while, they called the other girls over to them, and a thirty three girl conference took place, with lots more hand waving. The adults wondered what they were cooking up, because clearly they had something in mind.

Without any preamble, or prompting, the girls all moved back to the stage and stepped up, forming three lines across the platform, again the tallest at the back, the shortest and youngest at the front. Sally had sat back down at the piano, and struck up a long intro, during which the performers moved around, stepping left and right in simple movements. Then Sally struck up the unmistakable tune, “The Stripper”. In an amazingly well co-ordinated routine for one unrehearsed, they all started seductive and suggestive arm and leg movements. The Choice girls had blouses on but no knickers, while the Apples girls had knickers, but were wearing T-shirts. So while the Choice girls undid buttons, the Apples girls slipped their panties off, then while the blouses were discarded, so too were the T’s, leaving the whole line up topless, their white skin emphasising their little brown areolæ like a line of dots across the room. Jasmine and one of the Apples girls were the only dark skinned dancers, and as if framing the performance, one was at each end of the line out.

Next to be discarded were the white socks, which they all wore. They all sat down on the floor, while they lifted first the left, then the right knee, to enable them to remove the garment, giving the audience of three a tantalising flash of naked upper thigh, as they did so. Standing again, now wearing just their knee length skirts, they all slowly loosened the clasps at the waists, and moved the garments slowly, ever so slowly down, until the waist band of the skirts was just level with the very top of their clefts, their mounds pressing against the cloth.

At that moment, the front row turned their backs to the audience, and dropped their skirts to the floor, kicking them out of the way. Their lovely small tight bottoms wiggling as they moved. They then closed up together, their hips touching, as they remained, showing off their globular bubble bums to three very appreciative viewers. The second and third row closed up too, hiding behind the front row. They now also dropped their skirts. Standing naked, hidden behind the front row, they moved their arms above their heads in a tantalising motion, swaying, like grass in the wind. The music came to a close. The three clapped enthusiastically, while the performers grinned at each other.

No one moved for what seemed like an age, before Sally opened with an old 1967 piece of music, sounding perfect for the piano ‘Je t’aime’ by Serge Gainsbourg. Banned at the time by many radio stations, it had caused a sensation for it’s blatant sexual innuendo, loved by the young, condemned by the establishment, listened to by all. The performers immediately transformed into a slow movement, swaying their hips back and forth. The audience could still only see the bottoms of the youngest girls in the front. But even they were incredibly sexy, as they bent their knees, parting them slightly, leaning over, making their rosebuds pop into sight for a moment before disappearing again.

Then, everything changed. The second and third rows turned, everyone facing away now, and then they separated, so now they were all visible to Sam, Joe and Sylvia. They remained like that, as they sank to their knees, going onto all fours. They dipped their backs, then arched them, undulating their bottoms as they did so. They parted their knees, just enough to show a small gap, giving the audience a perfect glimpse

of thirty plus peach shaped pudenda peeping out from between their thighs, their labia all slightly different, some long, some podgy, some filling the gap between their thighs, like Naomi, some looking surprisingly small, like Jenny's or non existent like Suzy's. The three were transfixed. This was just so sexy, so arousing, so unexpected.

But then it got even better. On queue from a change of key from Sally, as she started the tune again, the girls all rolled over on to their backs. At first, feet out straight, legs together. Then, they drew their knees up, and parted them alternately. So as one girl's opened, the girls either side closed theirs. This went on for about twenty seconds, every other little vagina popping into view, then hiding away again, as the next opened. This was just so arousing, so erotic. It must have been too for the girls, as it was obvious from the glint of light shining off moisture, they were damp. Many wet. So were the audience. Then it got even better. Suddenly, all the girls pushed their legs into the air, straight up, then parted them, then locked their legs around the legs of their neighbours. The effect was stunning. Every girl's pussy was now spread before them, their vaginas and rosebuds seemingly winking out at them.

The tune was nearing the end, and the grand finale was when every girl reached under their hips, curling their fingers round their inner thighs, and slowly, painfully slowly, peeled their pussies apart, showing off their little pink love tunnels. Even from where he was sitting, Sam could see Joe had been right, every Apples Club girl seemed to have a hymen. Difficult to be sure from this distance. He looked forward to checking them out more closely later.

The performance ended, and the girls all sat up facing the audience, as the enthusiastic applause resounded around the hall. They didn't appear embarrassed and although they picked up their scattered clothes, they didn't seem in a hurry to get dressed yet, and most went back to playing their games on their phones.

"Joe, thanks for a fantastic evening," said Sam. "Your girls are just so full of fun. I can't wait for them to come over to the States. Do you find it difficult not doing anything to them? You know, your deal with Joy."

"Tell me about it," replied Joe. "Every time they strip off here. I have a problem. But I know if I touched one of them, Joy would find out sooner or later. No I'm a lucky guy, I ain't going to risk it."

"This deal with Joy. She told you that you couldn't touch any of the Apples girls. Did she say anything about other girls?"

Joe smiled. "No, she didn't. Although it's tempting. The opportunity never seems to arise."

"Fancy a really nice fuck with my Jasmine?" asked Sam, pointing out which one she was. "The other girls would probably be reluctant as they haven't got to know you yet, and I wouldn't force them. But I know I could ask her and she'd be up for it, if you're interested."

Joe nodded, not trusting his voice now to reply. Sam caught Jasmine's eye and waved her over. She was one of the best fucks in the whole Club, and he loved her deeply. She had taught him much. She had such a wonderful personality and had such a wonderful ability in bed. Sam quickly explained what he wanted. She beamed a bright smile, looking at Joe with a sideways glance, as she nodded. Since joining The Club, she hadn't had as much cock as she had been used to, and this was a welcome request. She moved towards the seated Joe, one of her legs either side of his bent knee. She gently took his hand, and placing it palm upwards on his thigh, she straddled him for a moment, lowering her pussy onto him, feeling his fingers slip a little into her, as she looked directly into his eyes. She moved back again, and tugged his arm. Joe stood, and took the naked Jasmine by the hand and moved towards a door at the side of the hall.

"Oh, Joe," called Sam after him, "do you mind if I take a few pictures of your girls?" Joe, without turning, waved his hand in the air by way of acknowledgement.

Sam turned to see the girls were running around, some doing hand stands and cartwheels, giving him an instant erection, some playing table tennis, others just sitting chatting. A contented group. "Now, Apple girls," said Sam, in a voice catching their attention, "who fancies a trip over to the USA?" He knew that would grab their attention. Lots of hands went up. All of them, in fact. He had their rapt attention. These girls had hardly been out of the East End of London, let alone abroad.

“Well, I’ve been speaking to Joe,” he continued, ”and he says if you’d like to come over and see us that would be OK. We’ll organise your visas and air tickets and stuff nearer the time. I thought you might like to come camping or perhaps go to one of the Disney places either in Florida or California. We might even get to the Grand Canyon, or go up to Yellowstone Park. Perhaps if it works out, you’ll come back a few times and get to see lot’s of places.”

The girls, oblivious of their nakedness, were crowding round him now, and Sam had no problem in cuddling some of them into his side, copping a feel. This was going to be a relationship suiting them and him.

“Now, if you want to come,” he said, getting his little HD camera out of his pocket, “I’d better get a few pictures of you to remind me who’s who. Right, who’s first?” The girls were almost pushing each other trying to be first.

“OK,” he said, as Eloise took leader’s privilege, “first of all, stand, feet together, hands to your side, smile,” click, “that’s great, now feet apart, excellent. Good, next, sit on the edge of the Stage, Eloise, legs over the edge. Yes, that’s right. Now lift your feet up onto the edge either side of your bum, and lean back on your elbows. Well done. Now push your knees apart as far as you can and then bring your hands under your thighs and pull yourself open with your fingers. Down a little, get them inside a bit more then pull outwards. That’s right, so I can see right inside you. No not like that, let me show you, I’ll pull you open, you don’t mind do you? You try it. That’s a good girl. Now look between your knees at the camera and give me a big smile. That’s great. Now let me just get a couple of nice close up shots. Oh, you’re quite wet, aren’t you. Yep, great, all done. Who’s next?” It only took about twenty minutes or so. Sam had photographed and touched every one of them. Sylvia, cottoning on had ‘come to help’ and they both had a very arousing time.

They were just finishing the last one, a seven year old cockney girl with a grubby face, long matted ginger red hair, green eyes and lots of freckles, body odour and a bottom that hadn’t been washed recently. Sam felt sorry for the tyke. Being poor was no one’s fault, but being neglected was; or it was in Sam’s mind. “What’s your name, darling,” he asked her.

“Amber,” she said, “because of the colour of me Yogi.”

“Your what?” asked Sam bemused.

“Me Yogi,” she repeated, “you know, Yogi bear – hair. Don’t you know nuffink, mister? Joe said you was clever.” She beamed a beautiful smile at him. He melted. He knew he would love her personality, and probably more besides in time. “Well, Amber, see that girl over there with similar coloured hair to yours,” he said pointing, “her name is Amber too, just like you.” He watched, as she scampered over to chat to her namesake.

when Joe came back in, doing up his zipper. Jasmine skipped over to her friends, giggling. She put her hand between her thighs brought it our, and showed what was there on her fingers around the group. Several leaned down to smell it, glancing across at him with interest. She was explaining to them that Joe had one of the thickest cocks she’d ever seen. “I thought I wasn’t going to manage it.”

“Well, thanks again Joe,” beamed Sam, I hope the evening went as well as you’d hoped. I’m looking forward to the Apple girls coming over. We’ll plan a trip really soon. Did you enjoy Jasmine? She has an imagination doesn’t she? Thinks of positions you’ve never dreamed of.”

“I’ll say,” said Joe, wistfully, “I’ve never had a girl drop herself onto my cock freefall before. I’ll be thinking of that for days.”

“Yes, good trick that,” smiled Sam. “It’s one of her party pieces.”

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CHAPTER 96
The Double-Decker Pecker

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As soon as they were back at the hotel, Sam needed to get relief and quickly. It was all very well having a new gift of fast recovery, but he'd endured a whole evening of teasing and tantalising titillation, leaving him on an all time high. Sally was giggling at him all the way back from the Apples Club. "You goof, Daddy. We'll look after you. You'll just have to be patient, that's all." She laughed when he growled in reply.

They hadn't been in the suite for more than a couple of minutes, before Sally called Alice, Lucy and Hannah over. They were next on the list. He wasted no time at all, and in a matter of seconds, Alice was crying out her climax, as he slammed into her deepest part, her legs wrapped around his middle, her bum resting on a seat back. She too had got herself very worked up during the evening. She was wondering if finding other naked girls attractive was OK. She would talk to Hon-Syl about it later.

Meantime she concentrated on feeling Daddy's cock pounding into her deepest part, giving her that wonderful feeling each thrust. She knew he was building up to a big one, and suddenly, she felt him pouring into her, spurting hard again, and again. She knew it was loads. She could feel it running down her bum crack already, as he still pounded into her. He'd changed in the last couple of days, she thought, but only for he better. Even as he throbbed inside her, his pulses felt better, stronger somehow.

As he calmed, Alice felt a wonderful peaceful feeling sweep through her. She was completely sated, but it was more than that. She felt warm, cosy, loved, as though she needed nothing further, every desire fulfilled. She'd never felt that before, as if he had given her some balm as he ejaculated into her. She'd heard the other girls talking about it earlier. They'd all said the same. Daddy had changed, somehow nicer.

It was only moments after he pulled out of Alice, Sam was completely encased in Lucy. The girl he'd rescused from her daily gang rapes, who'd been so damaged when he met her. Now crying out to him to push harder, Thrust deeper, give her more. He didn't know what it was, but ever since they'd got back from Stonehenge, the girls seemed to want him more, to feel better as he fucked them, if that were possible. He found it was as if cuming was always better now than it had ever been. Every spurt better, every throb satisfying.

As he pulled out of Hannah, her pussy swollen, flushed with desire, fulfilled desire, semen dripping from her in spoonfuls, her expression one of complete satisfaction, a feeling of rest deep down inside her.

Sam saw that Sally had already lined up the last two girls. The only two he hadn't cum in today, Sandy and Mandy. They were sitting in the same chair, waiting their turn, knowing the others had all had the best fuck of their lives today, and now it was their turn. They were excited, and the dampness glistening between their legs demonstrated it. He bent down and leaned into them. He whispered, so only they could hear.

At first anyone observing wouldn't have been able to read their faces, as they processed his idea. Then they looked at each other, blushed as they exchanged glances a second time, smiled a little sly 'this is really naughty' grin, turned to him and nodded. Sam knew this would be good. He knew he was about to experience something exceptional. Sally sat across from them. She knew what was about to happen. She knew what Daddy was thinking, what he wanted now. She knew what every Club member was thinking. She somehow just knew. She got up from the chair, went to a bedroom, and came back with Lizzie's red fluffy ropes and a large duvet, which she spread across the big table in the middle of the room.

Sandy and Mandy walked over to the table. Both trembling slightly with anticipation. Both knowing this was going to be special, like a second induction. They placed a stool in front of the table. After a silent debate, Sandy, who was fractionally taller, lay down on the duvet, face up. Her bottom just hanging over the edge, her feet resting, for the moment, on the stool. When she was in place, Mandy then stepped up onto the stool, and carefully crawled up on top of Sandy, lying on her half sister, face to face. Initially, she took her weight on her elbows. Sally indicated a little adjustment, until Mandy's pussy was immediately above Sandy's, their mounds pressing together firmly, their clefts merging one into the other. Next, she waved over Lizzie and Vicky, who each lifted a pair of legs, one on the left, the other on the right. Becky came over, and pulled the stool out of the way, it was no longer needed. Their legs exactly aligned one above the other, their bodies pressed together.

When she was happy, Sally passed one of the red ropes around both girl's left legs near the ankle, a couple of times, and tied it off. She repeated this for the right legs. To make sure their legs remained together, she also tied their thighs in a similar way. The two were now bound together as one.

Neither Sandy nor Mandy minded this at all. They had always been very close. They had known each other since they were babies, being virtually brought up together. They had become lovers, though since joining The Club, Daddy had shown them the way, teaching them the joys of sex, but they'd discovered there was more to love than sex, and together they had explored their new found freedoms, under the tutorledge of Hon-Syl.

Mandy lowered her chest to her sister's, their nascent nubs pressing together, flat but very sensitive, very tender. She pressed her lips gently to her sister's mouth, heralding a kiss that would last for the next twenty minutes without pause, their tongues intertwining in a tussle of love. Their hands ran up and down each other's flanks, exploring, caressing, adoring.

Sally, knowing they were ready, nodded to Lizzie and Vicky, who then slowly parted the two girls' legs. Their pussies spread open, their vaginas peeling apart almost simultaneously, glistening, almost inflamed. Further and further apart they went, the thighs of the two flexible gymnasts exactly suited to this, until their feet were well back over the edge of the table, where Lizzie and Vicky gently held them in place. Already, Mandy's pearlescent arousal had started to flow from her, rolling down, down passed her clit and dimple, before merging into Sandy's cleft, where the volume doubled up before flowing onwards, getting soaked into the duvet beneath her.

Sam, now breathing hard with anticipation, having watched the two nine year olds' enthusiasm, stepped towards the table, his tumescent cock as rigid as a steel pole, despite having cum three times in the last forty minutes. He was dripping on the carpet, his pulse pounding, his crown bouncing in time with it. Every eye in the room was watching his shaft, anticipating what would happen next. He moved to the table and stood between their thighs, his cock nestled up against their clefts. He leaned down whispered in their ears and explained what he was going to do. They both nodded, not trusting their own voices to speak.

He pressed his crown to Sandy's cleft, and spread his pre-cum along her valley. It was more out of habit than necessity, because she certainly didn't need lubrication, she was so aroused already. The flared rigid head of his cock was so rampant, it had pushed itself through his foreskin. Pressing down to her vagina, and applying pressure, he popped through her tight entry in moments. He waited a second, before pushing deeper, feeling her passage peel open. Pressing deeper and deeper, he bottomed out, feeling the nine year old's cervix pushing back against him. He withdrew and pressed in again, acclimatising Sandy's vagina to his thicker-than-usual cock.

After about a minute of gently fucking her, he pulled out of her completely. She sighed as if feeling the loss. He lifted his cock barely an inch, and pressed his crown now into Mandy's cleft. He repeated exactly the same process, quickly getting his cock deep into the child. As before, he gently fucked her for a full minute, before pulling out, and dropping his crown back to Sandy, fucking her as if he'd never left her. After a few seconds, Sandy started to gasp and snort, she bucked her hips, even under the weight of her friend and sister, lifting them both. She was climaxing. Climaxing hard. It was too soon, she wanted more, much, much more.

All too soon for Sandy, she felt him pull out again, as he re-entered Mandy, carrying on where he'd left off. She too started to climax, the two girls now gasping for breath together. What was happening was that as Daddy's cock, fucked into Mandy, the swell and movement against her clitty was so intense, it kept her cuming, until he again pushed back into her moments later, when the same thing happened to Sandy.

Soon, both girls were incoherent with their moans and gasps, as their multiple orgasms continued non stop, while Daddy pushed into one, fucking her for a while, before pulling out and back into the other in a smooth swap. Sam, though, felt the signs. He was going to cum and he knew it was going to be a monster. Who should he give it to? Too late to worry, because he'd just bottomed out in Sandy again, as he felt himself blast into her an enormous pulse. It was so violent, it was painful. He'd never felt anything like it. He came and came and came. His ears were ringing, the veins at his forehead pulsed. Finally, after several minutes, he stopped, waiting for his mini pulses to kick in, but, no, they didn't. He was still rampant, and already, wanting more. He pulled out of Sandy, and pressed again into Mandy, feeling her orgasmic clenches on his cock immediately he pushed in. She was still cuming, as if he'd never pulled out.

He quickly built up his pace. He felt the pressure in his loins as though he hadn't cum for a week. Faster he went. The two girls calling out together, their gasps and sharp intakes of breath merging into one. He pulled

out and thrust again into Sandy, sending her climax up to the heavens. She'd never ever felt anything this good. She was full of his cum. Every time he thrust into her, she felt a wave of intense pleasure wash through her. Suddenly he was out of her, but her climax never abated. He thrust again into Mandy, whose orgasm hadn't diminished for a moment. It seemed his pace increased. She knew what was going to happen. Suddenly, she felt a moment of pain, as he swelled deep inside her, and the familiar pulse of wetness forcing itself further into her deepest parts. Her orgasm went up another level. She was trying not to pass out. This was the best moment of her life, and she wanted to live it to the full.

Sam slowed, in time with the pulses of his orgasm. It had been so intense, so vivid, so mind numbing. He glanced at Sally. He knew the only thing which could possibly surpass this, was what would happen later, when everyone else was asleep. She smiled at him and nodded slightly.

Sam thought about starting again on Sandy, but saw that she was almost out of it, barely conscious, and Mandy was the same. He rested there for several minutes, letting his pulse slow, his tumescent cock return to normal and the girls to recover. Sylvia was almost nudging him out of the way by the time he pulled himself free, and spent the next ten minutes attending to her protégés, cleaning them, sucking them, caressing them.

"Well, Daddy," quipped Lizzie, "I don't know how we score a double-decker, but it was fifty two for Sandy and fifty one for Mandy. Do we count it as a hundred and three? It's definitely a record. Fucking hell, what a score!" The tinkle of laughter mixed with cheers and applause echoed around the room signalled the mood had returned to normal.

Sam wasn't surprised that the girls wanted to get to bed. It had been a long day, and very active. Every one of them had experienced Daddy cuming in them and that was always tiring for the little girls, albeit very pleasurable. He knew she would be there, and he knew tonight would be different. Sally crawled up on top of him, in her place of privilege, which no other girl had ever challenged. He waited until he knew everyone was asleep before he moved. The time hadn't been wasted, though, because they had a silent conversation, staring into one another's eyes. It was almost dark in the bedroom, but they could see the others expressions as though it was daylight.

Love seemed to flow from the one to the other and back, as though somehow, they were one being, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, man and woman in one. They both knew their relationship, if that's what it now was, had transcended their limited understanding. It had always been close, but now, it was as if their minds had merged. Two minds thinking as one.

He hadn't realised she had impaled herself on him, he was so deep in thought. He only became aware as he felt her hips moving in a frantic curling motion back and forth. She came, her eyes looking deep into his. She slowed, then she did something unusual. She pushed up from him and lifted herself up, looking between her thighs. He was mostly in her, but she wanted it all. She lowered herself. He could feel her cervix pushing back at his end, adding pressure. She pressed more, then he felt a popping sensation. She winced slightly and suddenly she sank down the extra inch or two, her groin pressed hard to his pubis. She brought herself down again, her little lemon sized breasts pressing to his chest and cuddled him close, as if he might try to escape.

They both knew this was going to be a long night and neither resented or regretted it. On the contrary, both knew something special was about to happen, like a rebirth or confirmation of their bond.

During that memorable night, they never separated once. His cock clamped by her cervix held fast. They fucked, kissed, caressed, slept briefly and fucked again. She on top, lying on their side, face to face, he on top, both lying on their backs, bum to bum, heads at opposite ends of the bed. They had explored each other with their finger tips, every nook and cranny intimately familiar to the other. But never once did their union break. He had cum in her womb seven times. She counted them. Every single time she felt the enormous pressure as he throbbed more and more semen into her. It was endless and the fluid was pressed deeper into her. She was full of it and she loved it. But not a drop of semen had leaked. Not one drop. She knew, in the morning, she would not let Hon-Syl come to her. This was special. This one time, she wanted it all for herself, and there was a lot of it. She held him close to her, as once again he came. His semen pumping into her, the effect in her womb like an hydraulic pump pushing at her insides. Every time he thrust into her, she heard and felt a squelching sound, a bit like when her tummy rumbled, but louder.

She had cum continuously for what seemed like hours. She had completely lost track of time. Glancing at the bedside clock, she read 4:30. Finally, she fell into a deep, deep sleep.

Sally woke. It was dawn. It took her a moment to collect her thoughts. She felt movement, as she felt his pulses diminishing deep inside her. She felt the swelling as his cock throbbed in her sending her over the edge, her own clenches reigniting his passion, sending him into yet another climax. A cycle of mutual arousal continued for several more minutes, until eventually, they calmed, looking into each other's eyes. Absolute trust, unconditional love and mutual respect had supplanted everything that had once been there. He lay back, feeling his cock twitch deep inside his lover, as it finally shrivelled, remaining just within her vagina. He had lost count of how many times he had cum, but they had made love all night. Most of it she had slept through. But he did a rough count up. He'd been in her for over six hours. They hadn't stopped and he reckoned he'd cum in her fifteen or sixteen times. This was now the first time he'd felt sated in over twenty four hours. He felt wonderful. Somehow, he knew she did too. Words no longer necessary.

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CHAPTER 97
The Healing Touch

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Sam was the first person in the hotel to get down for breakfast. He was still eating two hours later. All the time in the army, in Afghanistan, he'd never felt so hungry. He wasn't sure what had caused his hunger, but he had a fairly shrewd guess. Several early risers had joined him, and tucked into their food, knowing they would be out on the town later. The breakfast room was about to close, when Sally came into the room, looking as though she'd had no sleep at all. With her were Sandy and Mandy and several of the others, like Sarah, who seemed to need twelve hours a night.

Knowing they wouldn't be ready to go out on the town anytime soon, he asked whether anyone was ready to go back to the room with him. They didn't need telling why, and from their sheepish grins, they all knew. First back upstairs with him were Naomi, Daisy, Jenny and Sophie, all the seven year olds, along with Nancy and Suzy. The six, had been told by Sally what was expected, and had started to strip off as soon as they got into the suite.

Sally had arranged for him to have a very special treat four seven year olds, one after the other. There was a reason why the other two were there though. He was in for a shock. A very pleasant shock. Nancy and Suzy went off to play a game for a while. Sally had told them to wait until after the youngsters had each been properly fucked.

Sam wasted no time, and was anxious to get his hands and eyes on the little seven year old girls' bodies. The anticipation of doing a mass fuck was really erotic and arousing to him. He spent a few minutes running his hands over them. He'd lain them in a row on the long settee, one beside the other, their little bums hanging over the edge, while they cuddled their knees to their chests. He moved along them, orally explored each of them, surprised how they responded, murmuring with pleasure, becoming wet, wriggling into him, enjoying it.

Soon, it was time, and he pressed his tip into Sophie's cleft, watching as her pink labia turned white under the pressure, but then pink again, as he popped through her incredibly tight entry. He paused for a moment, before pushing on, feeling her passage reluctantly peel open to his intrusion. Sam had realised that in the last couple of days, either his girls had got tighter, or he'd got thicker. He suspected the later. "It may cause difficulties," he thought, "if and when he broke in very young virgins in the future." He'd have to worry about that when the time came.

He felt his crown swell as he hit her end, four inches in. She grunted, suddenly smiling up at him. A radiant smile which said how much she was enjoying this. He'd only fucked her the previous day, and yet she wasn't sore, wanting more. That alone should have forewarned him that something had changed. He pulled back and pushed in again, back and in faster, building pace. Soon he was pistoning into her, watching her clitty getting dragged into her depths as he pushed deep into her, five inches now, then as he pulled out, so too she seemed to turn inside out, her pink interior curling into a tight ring around his shaft, before he pressed in once more. The child was soon grunting, her breaths now little gasps, panting, her climax on the

verge of blossoming. Suddenly, Sophie gasped again, and held her breath. He timed it perfectly, because suddenly, they both erupted together, he gasping, she letting her breath go in a huge 'whooosh'. He blasted into her, his semen pumping deep into her immature womb, pulse after pulse of utter carnal pleasure for them both. He spurted and spurted. They finally paused, as she slowly settled down, catching her breath, looking lovingly up at her Daddy. He rested a moment, before pulling out from her, and cuddled her to his chest, his wet, slippery cock pressed to her lovely, hairless, mound, nestling into her cleft, her tiny dimple full of damp.

He lowered her back into the seat and let her relax. He shuffled sideways along to the next in line, who happened to be his daughter Jenny. Within moments, he was repeating what Sophie had just enjoyed. He thought for a moment about Steve, and the message he'd sent him via Sally. He wondered if Jenny was really happy. He hadn't had a lot of time to spend with her one to one, since Steve had died, because there were always others around. She amazed him when, just as she started to call out her climax in her little girl squeaky voice, he distinctly heard her say, "I love you Daddy, both my Daddies."

Sam had just pulled out of Daisy, the forth and last of the seven year olds, when Sylvia, Sally and all the other girls returned from their breakfast They glanced at him, smiled knowingly, and went about getting their things together ready for the day. Shortly, Sally came over to join the six girls and Sam, sitting down in the middle of the settee.

"Did it go well?" she asked, looking at the little ones, who nodded at her and were all smiling, contented, glad their Daddy wanted them as much as the 'big girls'. Pleased he seemed to like them too. Little did they know they were his absolute favourites. They were so tight. The four youngsters scampered off to join their friends and tell them how good it had been.

"Did you tell him?" Sally asked, looking at Nancy and Suzy.

Ten year old Suzy shook her head. "No, we haven't had a chance till just now. He's been really busy, making the little ones squeal and squawk, then you all came back," she said, looking at Sally. Suzy and Nancy now had the settee to themselves. They were sitting side by side, completely naked, as everyone was in the suite. They were hugging their knees to their chests, as many girls do when relaxing.

"Do you want to tell him, or shall I?" continued Sally. It was obvious the two wanted her to explain.

"Tell me what?" asked a bemused Sam.

Realising something special was about to happen, all the other Club girls, together with Sylvia, suddenly appeared as if from nowhere, crowded around, and waited.

"Daddy," started Sally, carefully picking her words, "you know you seem to be able, you know, do it, you know, more than before, one girl after another?" She grinned at him, and cast her glance around the room, several girls also grinning and nodding in agreement. Cocking one eyebrow, she continued: "and, you know how I said you'd been given other gifts?" He nodded, now totally confused.

"Well," she said quietly, "one of the gifts is the gift of healing." Sally looked at him steadily, the grin gone. She was in earnest.

"What do you mean healing," he asked, "no one's sick are they? "What do you mean healing?" he repeated.

Sally looked at Suzy and Nancy meaningfully, waving her hand towards them. "You've healed them," she said in such a soft voice he almost missed it

Sam blinked. There were times, like for most men, when female communication simply got the better of him, and this was one of those times. The two girls were perfectly well, and in high spirits, as they had been continuously ever since they had joined The Club. They looked perfectly normal. Then it dawned on him. That was the whole point, they looked perfectly normal.

The two still sitting on the settee, clutching their knees to their chests, hadn't moved. They had wondered how long it would take Daddy to notice. Sam moved over to them, and dropped down onto his knees, leaning towards them, his elbows now resting on the seat edge. He couldn't believe his eyes. He kept

looking at their pussies, one then the other, back and forth. They looked ‘normal’ He carefully moved his fingers to Suzy’s labia. He was so gentle, it looked like he thought she was made of glass. But what he was feeling was her labia. Fully formed, full, rounded and pouting. He placed his hands on her feet, and clasped them, one in each hand and looked up at her face, seeking unspoken permission. He pulled her slowly towards him, and as he did, lifted her feet upwards and outwards. She now had a deep cleft. At the top was a deep dimple. Her cleft was as deep as Naomi’s, and as beautiful as Alice’s. It was gorgeous. Her clitoris cowl extended half way down her cleft, merging into her vulva. He lowered her legs, and rolled her over. Her bottom, which had previously been flat, without any curve, virtually no crack at all, was now full, firm to his touch, voluptuous. He pressed with his thumbs and peeled her cheeks apart. Her deep crack tantalizingly displayed her rosebud, and below, she now had a beautiful peach shaped pussy pushing out between her thighs, where once there had just been a gap. All The Club girls were looking over his shoulders, whispering excitedly to each other, pointing, amazed. Some even reaching down, carefully touching their friend, feeling her new firm perfect shape.

Sam, almost unable to tear his eyes away from Suzy’s beautiful pussy, finally moved to the side, where Nancy still sat, holding her knees. It only took one glance at her, and what he saw took his breath away. Her clamped up tight entry was now full. She saw him looking now, and slowly pulled her knees apart. Her labia spread open, and with them, her vagina popped open. He could see mucous stretch across her opening, like shiny moist spiders’ webs. Even as he looked, he could see further and further into her, as her passage opened to his inspection. Although she had no hymen, it having been sacrificed during her dilation treatment, she was still a virgin. The only one in the room. He wondered if she would like to enjoy her first time now, with all her friends present. Sally knew what he was thinking, and walking behind the settee, she leaned over and whispered in her ear. Nancy’s face lit up. She nodded. She felt this was going to be like a new induction, a new beginning.

She slid down in the seat, sliding her bottom towards Daddy, lifting her feet up and resting them on his shoulders as she did so. Sam needed no further invitation. Already, his cock was bar hard, following his gynæcological inspection of Suzy and the revelation of Nancy’s healed condition. All he had to do was shuffle forward a few inches, and his cock came into contact with her cleft. Already, pre-cum was weeping from his tip, and as they came into contact, a little glistening moist runnel ran down her valley, over the recess of her vagina, ending at her rosebud. He grabbed his cock, and ran the tip up and down her cleft several times.

Sam using his thumbs, pulled her labia apart gently, and seeing her depths open again, carefully pressed his tip into her pink entry. Already, her own arousal was flowing from the eight year old child, joining his slippery pre-cum, making the movement between them frictionless. She had so enjoyed the anal sex with her Daddy, but already, she knew a new chapter in her relationship was about to open, a new exciting experience dawning. She involuntarily jerked her hips forward, and felt his flared rigid crown of his cock, push into her. She felt an electric jolt of pleasure. She’d half expected it to hurt, but the opposite was the case. He was just inside her. He paused, letting her adjust to his intrusion into her immature passage. Their lubrication was now running down her bum onto the seat cushion underneath her. Sally quickly found a hand towel and handed to her. She shoved it under her bum, not wanting to interrupt the ecstatic feelings now running through her little body.

Sam pressed forward, and immediately, his cock started the journey into her previously unexplored interior. Further and further he sank into her. Every eye in the room, watching her virginity taken, her first time with Daddy. The walls of her vagina peeled open as he pushed further in, gripping his shaft in a vice like clasp of exquisite pleasure. His crown just bottomed out against her end, as his pubis pressed against her vulva. She clamped on his crown, sending shock waves of pleasure shooting up his shaft. She did it again, and again, as she crashed into her first orgasm during intercourse. Her eyes were screwed up, her face a picture reflecting the wonderful feelings overwhelming her at this moment. Sam knew he wouldn’t be long behind her, and indeed almost immediately felt the surge from his balls, up through his shaft and out of his crown, deep into the little girl impaled on him. Pulse after pulse, he surged, lights flashing around his closed eyes. She had been healed, but her pussy just felt incredible. Clamping his cock, she felt perfect.

Sam and Nancy finally calmed down. Her pussy was tingling with what felt like pins and needles. She had never felt so good in all her life. She certainly wanted that feeling again, and as soon as possible. Doing it up the bum had been OK, but she never dreamed this would be so much better.

“Was that nice,” asked Lizzie smiling at the child, who was still unable to stand, her legs were so wobbly, “you just got a score of thirty two?” The girls all laughed, breaking the tension of the last fifteen minutes. They watched for a moment, as Hon-Syl moved across to suck out Nancy, always making sure her girls were clean and ready to go out for the day, as any responsible adult should.

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CHAPTER 98
The West End

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By the time they got out of the hotel, it was late morning. Joe saluted to Sam in a manner suggesting they had never met before. Very professional, very English. Some early rain had cleared, so Sylvia suggested they walk to give the girls some exercise. After about twenty minutes, they found themselves in Piccadilly. In the distance, they saw the Ritz hotel on the left hand side, and the Burlington Arcade on the right.

Sam recognised the name, so crossed the road and went into one of the earliest pedestrian malls in the world. The Arcade consists of many small retail outlets, selling high quality, high priced items from clothing to antiques. About half way up on the right, Sam saw what he was looking for, Hancocks the Jewellers. In the window was a copy of the Victoria Cross medal, which the company had been making for the government for many decades. Higher up on a display shelf, was a silver choker necklace, identical to those worn by the girls. Going inside, he introduced himself to the elderly man behind the counter, who reminded him of Claude in Cartiers in many ways. He thanked him for the speed in which the watch strap had been made. Sylvia showed him the finished item, on her wrist. The man commented on the chokers the girls were all now wearing, except Sarah. He glowed with the praise they all showered on him. He explained his brother, who had made the chokers, was the gold and silver smith, for the company, and had been for six decades.

Moving on, they spent a while browsing the other shops in the arcade, buying little presents for their mothers and friends back home. They were ready for lunch by the time they came out, and found a small corner restaurant, specialising in producing food quickly for the many office workers nearby. They were out in forty minutes, and walked on down Piccadilly to Shaftesbury Avenue. Arriving at the Queens Theatre, they were in good time for the matinee of Les Misérables. Their seats were in the back row of the stalls. Soon, they were enjoying some popcorn and soda, as they listened to the orchestra tuning up. The girls were giggling before the performance started, sharing some secret or other, passing a message down the row of seats, one to the other. Sally whispered something into Sylvia’s ear. She smiled and nodded. A message went back again.

The curtain went up, and the scene opens in the grim prison, followed by Valjean’s parole and theft of the Bishop’s silver. The girls, especially Sarah, were enthralled with the way the actors drew the audience in to the play. They were absorbed. Sitting next to Sam, was eight year old Rosie. In front of her was a large man. She couldn’t see. Sam offered to swap seats with her. She shook her head, and stood instead. She rested her elbow and forearm on Sam’s thigh and knee. After a while, she shuffled up to sit on his lap in a natural movement any child would make. He clasped his arms around the beanpole figure of the child, nuzzling his nose through her silky soft, blond hair, as she leaned her head back against his shoulder.

A few minutes later, Sam was aware Rosie leaned to one side, lifting one buttock off his leg. She reached beneath her, and lifted her skirt up and out. Leaning the other way, she did the same, leaving her naked pussy pressing against the rising bulge of his erection, beneath her. She very subtly clenched her bottom muscles in a way no observer could have seen. Waiting until she knew he was fully erect, and now responding, she slid forward a little and reached behind her, and finding his zip, pulling it downwards, she reached inside and in a moment, had grabbed his cock and fished it out. He was now pressed up against her naked bottom, hidden by the material of her skirt. She leaned back, squeezing him between her bum and his pubis.

Rosie let her Daddy suffer for a few minutes, squeezing him every so often. She knew he was now highly aroused. She’d seen the signs often enough. Besides, she could feel dampness running down her bum. She was also aware of the smirks along the row, of girls, all knowing what was happening. She lifted herself, as if

just adjusting her position, but in so doing, his cock flipped under her bottom, now resting between her thighs, pressed to her pussy. She had him where she wanted him. She waited until there was a lot of action on the stage and quickly reached under her skirt, pushed his crown back through her cleft, down to her entry, where it lodged itself, hugged by her labia.

Sam was in some discomfort right now, as his cock was nearly bent double. He pulled back the best he could, without wanting to look obvious, and suddenly felt the flared ridge of his crown slip through her tight entry. Almost immediately, he sank deeper and deeper into the child, as his shaft straightened itself, finding it's way into her silky soft, damp, interior. He hit her end, making her clench on him. They both stopped all movement for a minute or two, letting their bodies adjust. Then a game of 'clench' started. First she clenched her pussy muscles, feeling his chest expand, as he took a breath, gasping silently. He would then clench, making his crown flex inside her, eliciting a similar reaction in her.

So it went on. No one watching them would have any idea what was happening. They were both so good at keeping their composure. After, perhaps twenty minutes, Sam felt the unmistakable feeling of Rosie's vagina clamping down on him in the throes of her climax. Other than a slight increase in her breathing, no outward sign could be seen. She was leaning back against his chest, her hands clasped together in her lap, her unmoving fingers pressed to her mound over her skirt. Sam's own arms were round her chest, his fingers interlinked over her heart, which he could feel beating hard. She was just coming down from her high, as he too silently blasted into her, his crown pressed hard against her cervix, his sperm filled semen spurting deep into her womb, from which it would slowly leak for the rest of the night. Feeling her Daddy cuming inside her, Rosie came again. She had a damp forehead, where tiny beads of perspiration glittered as they formed. Other than that, no physical signs of what had occurred could be seen. They remained unmoving for about ten minutes, just letting their bodies relax and recover. Shrinking, he slowly withdrew from her, and was relieved when Sally handed Rosie a handful of Kleenex, which she covertly slipped under her skirt and pressed to her pussy, as he popped out of her. As soon as the interval arrived, Rosie was off to the Ladies' toilets almost before the curtain had closed, followed by Sylvia, who always had spare panties and liners in her bag. He wasn't surprised when they only just got back in time for the second half.

During the interval, the girls all chatted about the plot and how hard life had been back in the early nineteenth century, and what a bad man the ruthless policeman Javert was. They all agreed they would boo him each time he came on stage. Sam noticed when they returned to their seats that he had Jasmine sitting beside him, where Rosie had been before. He glanced at sally, who turned her eyes towards him and gave an imperceptible nod.

He was very fond of Jasmine. He really wished she had a higher intellectual capacity to have got into college and The Club, but some things were not to be. However, he had ideas of how to help her get on in life, but time would tell.

She leaned in to his side. "Hi, Daddy," she whispered with a grin, "you wanna fuck me too, now? I's really horny." Sam nodded to her.

"Wait until the second half starts," he whispered back, "and people are watching the stage. Then come and sit on my lap like Rosie did."

Jasmine remained in her seat until the performance had been resumed for five or ten minutes. Her mind was chewing a lot over. She wasn't really concentrating on the musical. She knew people thought she was dumb and even stupid. People had used her, some had abused her. She loved her mum, but she knew life was never going to be better. Then Sam came into their lives. He was the first person, other than her mum, to show he cared for her. Really cared. Not just so he could fuck her, although he did that often enough; no, more than that. He had looked after her mum, given her a nice job, paid for her to go to Prague with the other mums, and brought herself here to Europe with The Club. She loved the other girls too. They were her friends. Life was so much better now, and she knew her mum was happy now. She owed Daddy a lot, and she would do anything for him. Even fuck other men for him if he asked her to, like Joe, yesterday. And besides, he'd had the thickest cock ever to fuck her. It had been great.

The intense feelings Sam was getting were mind numbing. He had completely lost track of the plot on stage for the last twenty minutes at least. The only thing resonating in his head were the lines to the song being sung: "When the beating of your heart, echoes the beating of the drums," the story onstage reaching a noisy

crescendo. Jasmine was now sitting on his lap, leaning against his chest, her arms over his. He was cuddling her to him, as any adult would a child of eight. Her skirt covered her legs to just below her knees.

What no one else could see was his cock was six and a half inches into her vagina. What they also couldn't see was the way she was able to manipulate her muscles, without appearing to move in any way. Her passage was stroking his cock up and down, like she was fisting him with two hands. Neither seemed to be moving at all, and yet inside her, a battle of pleasure was taking place, with just one result guaranteed. When she suddenly clenched hard on his crown for the umpteenth time, he came hard. Sam was so glad of the months of jerking off in the corridor, back at school as he watched the naked girls get changed, learning how to cum silently. He pumped his semen deep into her, blasting his wet seed again and again. She too was cuming hard. He could feel her rhythmic clenches announcing her blissful pleasure. The only physical sign he noticed of her climax, was when her hands tightened their grip on his. On stage, the finale of the song arrived with the lines: "Do you hear the people sing? Singing the song of angry men? It is the music of the people? Who will not be slaves again!

After they both settled, and their pulses and breath returned to normal, calm seemed to pervade the whole audience while, on stage, the death bed scene heralded the sad end of the story. As far as Sam was concerned, it was one hell of a play, He'd enjoyed it and the two girls enormously. He vaguely wondered if Victor Hugo's character, Jean Valjean had had any lascivious thoughts about the eight year old Cossette, when she came into his care. Surely the man deserved some return for looking after the child. The girl playing the part had looked like Rosie's double. He would have sympathised had he done so.

Over the next two days, Sam and Sylvia took the girls to the theatre to see Matilda and Mama Mia. Each time, one or the other of the girls would be permanently cuddled into their laps. Enjoying hidden activity under their skirts in the dark auditorium. On one occasion, Sam was nearly caught out, when he was balls deep into Lucy, while watching the entire cast singing Super Trouper at Villa Donna, when a young woman in the audience needing to go to the bathroom, urgently, came along their row, needing to get passed. Sam had to stand to let her by, still hold Lucy tightly to his chest. The woman squeezed past, rubbing her ass against the back of Sam's hand, which was still clutching Lucy's crotch over her skirt. She gave him a very odd stare. She may have wondered why she had distinctly felt his hand rub across her bum, and why he was holding the little girl like that, or even where the smell of sex came from, but certainly she never guessed what he was really up to.

Each night though, Sam enjoyed his girls to the full. Every one of them. Regularly. And, they enjoyed him too. They had all noticed an odd thing, though. If they were feeling tired from walking a lot that day, or had cut or bruised themselves somehow, after he'd fucked them, they always felt refreshed, better, healed. They all noticed this. After a really good fuck, they felt like they'd just had a great night's sleep. Sam wondered if his 'gift' could be used somehow to benefit mankind. Heal people. Sally told him, though, that her 'voices' had said it would only work if he truly loved the person. The only ones he loved, were his Club girls.

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CHAPTER 99
Home Beckons

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The day before they were due to head home, early in the morning, Sam had a call on the room phone. It was Joe. He was on his break, and wanted a quick word. They arranged to meet in a staff room in the basement, where they wouldn't be noticed or overheard. Sam had expected the call, and opened his briefcase and took out an envelope. Tucking it in his pocket, he headed for the door. Sally looked up enquiringly. Their silent communication telling her he wouldn't be long.

Sam and Joe shook hands warmly. It was as if they'd known each other for years. They had a common bond, one of mutual trust.

"Thanks for coming down, Sam," said Joe. "I spoke to all my girls after you left on Monday. They're really looking forward to going to the States. I spoke to them all together, then one at a time and asked them if they were happy about what was expected of them if they came over. They all understand, and are happy

about it. They really liked your Club girls, you know, Sam. It was meeting them that made them realise it was the chance of a lifetime for them."

Joe pulled out a thin folder. He handed it over to Sam. "That's a copy of the file I have, listing every one of my girls, what their likes and dislikes are, favourite foods, allergies, home addresses, ages, photographs." He indicated the file in Sam's hand. "You know the sort of thing. I thought you might want to check that out before they arrive."

Sam flicked through the file. It looked comprehensive enough. "I will need parental consent forms signing for each of them," said Sam, "I will e-mail you a blank form. Perhaps you could get them filled in and signed for me." He pulled out the envelope in his pocket and handed it to Joe. "Here you are Joe, that's a little contribution from me to you. It should cover the expenses. You know, passports, visas, new clothes, flight costs. I added a bit to help your club a little as well." Joe opened the envelope and gasped at the banker's draft in his hand £30k. "That should about cover it," said Sam, smiling at the amazed Joe, who was still staring at the draft in his hand. "Buy yourself a nice camera with the change. We can keep in touch, and perhaps, err, you could start a photo studio. Send me some examples of your, err, work." They both chuckled. Each knew exactly the sort of photos Joe might be able to take.

"Where are you going today, Sam," asked Joe, "anywhere interesting?

"Someplace called Windsor," he replied, "Sylvia wanted to see where Meghan got married. She has a romantic side."

"Yeah," said Joe, in a resigned voice, "my missus is like that too. Watched the Royal Wedding on the telly all day, she did. You'll enjoy the castle, though, full of history."

Sam returned to the suite and found the girls nearly ready for their day trip. The journey was only about an hour, and they found the 11th century castle fascinating. The little ones, like every other tourist their age, tried to make the guards, in their red uniform jackets and black busbies, smile or blink, without success. The nearest they came to it was when Nancy leaned towards one the soldiers and whispered: "would you like to feel my pussy?" The poor chap blushed as scarlet as his jacket coat. The girls skipped away, giggling as they always did. They toured the gothic St. George's Chapel, where Prince Harry so recently married 'their' Meghan Markle, who had been born and raised so close to their home. There was an exhibition about the wedding still open, which they found really interesting, although it was scheduled to finally close the following week. They saw the ancient battlements, towers and cannons, the State Apartments, and the Great Park.

Afterwards, they walked the short distance down the street and over the bridge crossing the River Thames, into the little town of Eton, famous for it's school, founded nearly six hundred years ago by Henry VI. There they saw a number of the boy pupils walking along the pavement in their dress coats, waistcoats and top hats. One or two of the girls commented on how smart they looked, although it sounded as though they were talking with a plum in their mouths. Certainly it was nothing like their school, although none of them would have swapped being in their Club for a place in the the "best school in the world".

The following couple of days flew passed. They spent some time in shopping for souvenirs and presents for friends and family, as well as taking in one or two tourist sites around the city. In truth, though, although they had all had a wonderful time, seen places they had only dreamed of and had been thoroughly and regularly looked after by their Daddy and Sylvia, they were looking forward to going home.

They bade farewell to all the hotel staff in the reception area, as they assembled their belongings, and waited for the coach to take them to the airport. Joe opened the front door to announce when the transport arrived, and soon they were waved off, and heading for Heathrow. There was a surprise waiting for them. As they approached Terminal 4, their bus was directed inside the secure zone, and they stopped, at the end of the building, directly outside some unmarked doors with smoked glass panels, which were opened as they stepped off the coach. Inside, it was clear to them that this was a V.I.P. area, with red carpets and soft lighting.

Waiting for them was Sir Richard Branson, who shook Sam and Sylvia's hands. He smiled broadly at the girls, his arms spread in welcome. Behind him, Sam saw the scarlet uniforms of several of the cabin crew,

who had been at the wedding and looked after them on their ill fated flight to Paris. Sam spotted Janine, who grinned at him and waved.

“I have a little surprise for you,” said Sir Richard, waving them towards the far side of the room. “You saved many people that night, Sam, and I will always be in your debt. This is my way of thanking you.”

All their luggage was stacked into a large four wheeled trailer, pulled by a small electric powered tractor, which soon disappeared through some doors into the interior of the building. Check-in was rudimentary. Sam handed a stack of passports to an immigration officer, who glanced at the pile, tapped the top one, smiled and waved them through. They walked along a short corridor, passed the security area, where again they were waved through into a Virgin Atlantic executive lounge. There, they were handed drinks and canapés. Sir Richard glanced at his watch, and nodded at Janine, who moved to the far side of the room and poised ready to open the door.

Sir Richard turned to Sylvia and Sam and said, as he shook their hands: “Well, I’ll bid you farewell. Please let me know when you’re coming over again, I would like to see you all again; in the meantime, I will leave you in Janine’s very capable hands.” He turned on his heel, headed back the way they’d come and was gone.

They were ushered out through the exterior door, expecting to see the concourse, leading to one of the Dreamliners parked nearby, but instead, they were outside and the only large aircraft which could be seen was miles away down the length of the terminal. Instead, Janine directed them towards a much smaller aircraft, standing a hundred yards away out on the tarmac.

Although it was in Virgin livery, it was obviously an executive jet rather than the Dreamliner they expected. Inside, the plane was fitted out for comfort. All the seats were enormous, soft, leather and comfy, with personal TV screens, computer plug-ins and every luxury that could be imagined. The girls very quickly made themselves at home in the sumptuous surroundings. They loved the seats, with push-button controls, reclining them, raising them and exploring and fiddling with the games choices and other in-flight entertainment. It was clear no one else was travelling with them. As soon as they were seated, the doors were closed, the engines started and they were off. A full two hours earlier than the scheduled departure of the Dreamliner.

Their seating was to the rear of the aircraft. Further forwards was an open area with a bar and lounge seating in a circle around a low table. The seats could be turned towards a large screen TV. Beyond that, to the side of the bar, was a door leading to the crews’ rest area, and fully equipped galley.

Janine busied herself, settling in her special guests. She was so proud Sir Richard had personally not only selected her to look after the man who had saved her life, but had also promoted her for her actions on that fateful night. Starting on her return to London in two days’ time, she would be Virgin Atlantic’s senior cabin crew manager, her salary doubled. With her were five other crew, all of whom had flown on the previous trip with her.

She had been pondering for the last two weeks about something. She was besotted with Sam. He had saved her life and over three hundred others besides. He was a hunk, and she felt the unmistakable feeling emitting from her pussy every time he looked at her with those deep blue eyes, under his golden shaggy hair. She would do anything for him, as he had done for her, that night. But she’d heard the unmistakable noises coming from the front of the aircraft that night, after he’d told her he needed sleep before they landed. What confirmed her suspicions, though was her discovery after that flight, of a tiny pair of discarded pink little girl’s panties, under one of the seats. On picking them up, she immediately felt stickiness under her finger tips; and on inspection, the unmistakable feel and smell of pre-cum.

She could tell Sam and Sylvia weren’t in love with the intensity newly-weds usually are. No, as the group boarded the plane earlier, she saw the body language of the girls and adults. She cast her mind back and remembered her first time, all those years ago. She had been about ten then. Her elder cousin, Jim, had come to stay. He’d been around thirty. About Sam’s age now, she guessed. She’d loved Jim so much, until they were discovered one day by her mother. She didn’t want Sam’s life ruined, nor any of The Club girls, as her life, and that of her cousin Jim, had been fifteen years back. He was due out of prison soon, she hoped. She wanted to see more of him when he came out. No, she decided, she wouldn’t make trouble for Sam. She owed him.

It was a morning flight, and as they were ‘following the sun’, they would land in L.A. at about mid-day. So the girls played various games until lunch was served. Prime rib of beef. It was exquisite. After they’d eaten the magnificent strawberry Pavlova which was served out, several declared with smiles that they couldn’t eat another thing for a week.

Afterwards, before the cabin crew had their break, Sam invited the cabin crew to join them for a celebratory drink. It was against company policy, but they reluctantly did so. They all renewed their acquaintanceships as they had been to the wedding in Paris. Soon after Janine and her girls left them in peace. What no one had noticed, though, was Janine, when their backs were turned, tipped her champagne down the sink behind the bar. She wanted a clear head.

About fifteen minutes later, Sylvia said she would be ‘just be a minute, and went into the crews quarters, returning a minute or two later. “They’re all fast asleep,” she commented, “good stuff, those drops of yours, Sam. Time for Sarah’s induction, I think.”

Sam’s jaw dropped open. “You’ve drugged the cabin crew?” he gasped.

“Well,” replied Sylvia, “I only gave them enough, I think to knock them out for an hour or so, certainly not much more than two hours. So shall we begin?” Unbeknown to her, Janine, seeing her friends passing out around her, had realised what had occurred, and on hearing the door opening, had feigned sleep, to see what transpired.

Sarah had been excited all morning. She was the last to be inducted, and knew it would be special, not just for her, but for every member of The Club. Like the other girls, she now didn’t bother to wear panties most of the time. She knew Daddy liked it that way, when he sneaked a little feel of one of the girls from time to time. The problem was now, without panties on, she kept feeling damp running down her thighs. She just couldn’t stop thinking about what was to cum. She wondered if Janine or the other crew had noticed the smell. Sarah had been thinking all week how she wanted this.

Suddenly, there was quiet in the cabin, as Sam and Sylvia stood. Sarah stood up, and walked and stood between them, turned and faced her friends. She felt the reassuring hands of the two adults on her shoulders.

“How would you like this, Sarah,” asked Sylvia. “You’re the last to be inducted, so we felt this should be extra special.” It was a bit of a leading question, as Sarah had been talking secretly to Sylvia for a day or two and had asked her for ideas and advice.

“I would like to have one for Daddy and one for me,” the little blue eyed nine year old said boldly, her long blond hair sweeping across her face, as she looked around at all her friends. There were many puzzled looks before she continued. “We all know Daddy seems to have changed in the last week. He seems to be able to do it more than before. So I want him to enjoy the last induction first. He can do it how he wants, but I think cuming in my bottom would be his choice.” Sam smiled and nodded. “Afterwards, while Daddy is charging his batteries, Hon-Syl can do her thing for a few minutes. Then,” she continued, “I want to lie on that table and Daddy to do it in my pussy. But afterwards, I want everyone to come and kiss me, you know, down there.” She blushed as she said the last words. She was embarrassed asking for it, but it was her desire.

“Right girls,” said Sam, now pulling his sweatshirt off, “everyone get ready. Let’s go.”

All the girls were giggling, as they stripped off their smart blue travelling Club skirts and tops, throwing them into a heap in the corner of the cabin, by the bar. They had realised Sam liked them to sometimes keep on their long light blue knee length socks when they were naked, and did so this time. They were feeling extremely horny by now. They always enjoyed inductions. They were extra special. But they knew this one in particular would be something else again.

The big leather seats could be adjusted in any direction, so Sylvia spun one around, so there was lots of space behind it. She reclined the back down until it was waist height for Sarah, who leaned over the seat to test the position. She stood again as Sylvia adjusted it up a couple of inches, before bending over it again, her bottom now high in the air. She adjusted herself a little, lifted her feet and found she couldn’t rest them

anywhere. Seeing her difficulty, Sandy and Mandy each stepped forward, and held a foot each, lifting them upwards and outwards, spreading her bottom cheeks wide open. Her little puckered rosebud slowly, reluctantly, peeled open, it's dark brown interior revealing itself. Sally handed Sam a tube of KY she'd got ready to hand. He expertly removed the cap, placed the nozzle carefully into her little hole, and squeezed the slimy fluid into the child. She squeaked as the cold greasy liquid was forced into her rectum.

Sam squeezed a little more KY onto his finger tip, before replacing the cap and handing the tube back to Sally. He smeared it around his crown, right on the very tip. He stepped forwards, finding Sarah's bottom was at a perfect height for him. He rested his palms on her globular buttocks and looked down, as his cock pointed straight at it's target. He gently nudged her, feeling the warmth of her silky soft skin on his crown, as it nestled into her tiny soft recess. He had done this enough times to know exactly how to penetrate a little nine year old, without hurting her too much. He applied constant pressure and waited for her dilation to start. The pink rounded skin of her buttocks immediately around her rosebud turned a pale colour with the pressure of his cock. He felt himself sinking into her long before the watching crowd could see any progress.

Sarah was pushing, as if trying to poo, opening up her passage for him, the best she could. Suddenly she felt his crown pop through her entry, her sphincter muscle pinching immediately around him, his wide bit now inside her. She forced herself to relax. She felt him pause, no longer pushing into her. After ten or fifteen seconds, she felt him pull back a fraction, before pressing in again, for a moment, sinking a tiny amount more into her. He pulled back again and pressed in again, repeating the movement over and over, getting deeper every time, feeling him sink further and further into her bowels. Her clitty was bursting with need. She felt it had swollen and pushed itself out of it's home at the top of her pussy. She could feel it rubbing against the leather seat every time he pushed her forwards. She knew she would cum in a moment. She couldn't believe it would happen so soon, and not only that, when he was up her bum! Her orgasm was mind numbing for her. She saw lights spinning behind her closed eyelids, as the momentous pleasure of her climax washed over and over her. She was unaware of her cries of sheer pleasure she muttered out loud.

Sarah had loved her few weeks in The Club. Ever since he had caught her masturbating that night during the auditions, and he had taken her virginity, she had loved it every time he'd fucked her. It seemed to get better and better each time. There'd now been so many good times, like the day of his wedding in the toilet and that time she just watched TV, sitting on his lap, his cock deep, deep inside her for over an hour, making her cum over and over. She, like the other girls had been fucked almost every day in the last week. She hadn't needed to masturbate once since coming to Europe, although she nearly had this morning, just thinking about her induction.

She knew when Sam was going to cum. She always felt the subtle change in his movements, as well as the swelling in his shaft and crown, deep inside her. He'd only buggered her a couple of times before today, but she recognised the warnings even now. She also knew now that anal sex would be one of her favourites for ever. She might be only nine, but this was just heaven.

Sam had held back as long as he could. Almost from the start, he'd felt the little blond clamping on his cock, and he didn't want to cum too soon. It had been with almost superhuman willpower he'd held back as long as he had, but he realised he was beyond the point of no return. He roared as he came, blasting deep into her bowels. Pulse after pulse, erupting like several small explosions into her. As he looked down, every time he pulsed, he watched his shaft swell, expanding her rosebud, making her grunt. He never thought his pedo sex could ever get better, and he was constantly surprised, time and again. Fuck, but did she feel good, squeezing pleasure again and again into his cock. Finally it ended. He remained still, just letting things calm. It was only now, he glanced up to see Janine standing by the crew door.

Janine had waited until Sylvia had left the crews' quarters. She quietly got up, and using the fisheye spy hole in the interconnecting door, watched what was going on. As events unfolded, she couldn't help but lower her hand down over her uniform skirt, pressing against her pussy, clutching her fingers in underneath. She watched closely as the girls all stripped off. She was very surprised how sexy she found this, but nothing as good as when she saw her hero naked for the first time, his erection sticking out upwards from his lean muscled body. She watched as he went behind the little girl with the long blond silky hair, as she bent over the seat. Her eyes went wide, as she realised he was going to sodomise the child, then gasped as he actually penetrated her and then unbelievably, the girl started to cum, clearly enjoying this immensely. All the other girls, were naked too, and had their backs to Janine, as they watched closely what happened. Most seemed to be playing with themselves. Some did so in pairs for each other. There was no coercion

here, they had clearly done this before, and were all obviously enjoying themselves immeasurably. Janine was incredibly aroused. She hadn't felt like this since Jim had fucked her all those years ago.

Without realising it, Janine's fingers were now well inside her panties and down into her pussy. She was unaware how wet her cleft had become in the last few moments. As she watched, she realised she wanted more, needed more. She carefully moved her hand to the door handle and opened it a few inches. No one saw her slip through the small gap, closing the door silently behind her. She stood stock still in the corner, watching, listening, her hand slipping back again into her wet panties. Her unexpected orgasm suddenly overwhelmed her, the sounds of her hand squelching in her pussy and her soft moans, lost in the noise of the aircraft roar and over twenty little girls climaxing and chatting and laughing.

Sam's expression was a picture. His jaw had dropped, his body frozen in as guilty a pose as any pedo has ever tried to explain away; his shrivelling cock still embedded in the bum of a naked nine year old child. Neither he nor Janine knew what to say. Suddenly, all together, every eye turned to see what he'd been looking at. There was a collective sharp intake of breath and one or two little nervous giggles. The spell was broken, as Sylvia calmly walked over to Janine, smiled and simply gripped Janine's wrist pulled her hand from her panties and lifted it to her nose smelling her fingers.

"Was it a nice one Janine?" she asked, with a smile, bringing Janine's hand up to her own face. "Did you enjoy it?" She licked each of the woman's fingers in turn. Janine was rooted to the spot. A mixture of shock, extreme arousal and confusion befuddling her senses.

Sylvia knew the only way to save this difficult situation was to involve Janine, and the best way to do that was to keep her on the back foot. Don't give her time to think. She'd seen the way Janine had looked at her husband, even as early as the last flight, and at the wedding. Sylvia was extremely perceptive. She knew what was going on in Janine's mind.

"Would you like to see what happens next, Janine?" asked Sylvia. "Would you like to see Sam fuck her properly, right now? Would you like to touch him while he does it? Would you?"

"But he's just err cum, I saw him," she stuttered, "he can't.. he won't be able.. surely he…," she saw Sylvia's expression, "yes, yes, OK."

Sam just stood open mouthed listening to the conversation. His hands still clamped to Sarah's globular bum, his cum seeping from her, running down her pussy, almost to her clitty. Sandy and Mandy likewise, still holding her legs, their mouths open, frozen like statues.

Finally, he came to his senses, as Sylvia pushed him out of the way, and while still holding Janine's hand, knelt down and pressed her face into the childs pudenda. She saw the runnel of cum, and scooped it up with her tongue, pressing hard into the girl's soft hairless cleft as she did, up across her vagina and into the valley of her bum, sucking the semen as it seeped out.

"Would you like to taste him, Janine?" Sylvia asked, only her eyes moving away from Sarah to Janine, "Would you like to do what I'm doing and taste Sam's hot cum? You can if you like."

Sylvia moved to the side, and pulled Janine's hand, which she still held firmly, bringing her down behind Sarah, where she'd just been kneeling. Janine, almost in a dream, placed her two hands either side of Sarah's bottom and leaning forward watched, as slowly another surge of cum seeped from the child's rosebud, running down the valley between her cheeks, pearlescent with little brown specks. She couldn't believe the overwhelming feelings of lust she had sweeping through her, as if an unknown dam of desire had suddenly burst within her. Her tongue reached out, and lapped carefully into Sarah's anus, tasting Sam's semen for the first time. She almost came right then and seemed oblivious of the little fingers reaching beneath her, caressing her from behind, stroking her, reaching into her damp panties. She also seemed oblivious to the twenty plus girls, all studying her with amazement and interest. Certainly she never knew about or saw the little camera filming her, ensuring her future silence.

Janine could have been eating Ambrosia, the food of the gods, so wonderful did it taste to her. She licked and sucked, trying to get every last drop. Her own climax caught her by surprise, as Vera's fingers probed her, rubbing her clitty and pressing into her pussy. Finally, she collapsed onto the floor, the little girl's hand

still inside her panties, still evoking the most wonderful feelings she'd had since Jim had taught her all those years ago.

Finally, she calmed, still lying on her front. She propped herself up on her elbows and looked up. Twenty two little naked girls all smiled down at her. They all knew just how she felt.

"Would you mind just moving across a little?" said Sylvia to her quietly, "it's just that we're in the middle of a Club induction. You're welcome to watch if you like. But we have a house rule, no clothes allowed."

Janine managed to get onto her hands and knees and moved to one of the seats, and used it to support herself as she got to her unsteady feet. Turning, she saw that Sarah was now being held by four of her friends, two either side. She was now facing upwards, her weight still on the seat back, but she was being held horizontal by the guiding hands of the four girls. Sylvia looked at Janine, and nodded again at her scarlet uniform, raising her eyebrows in a silent message. Janine unconsciously started to undress. As her clothes fell to the floor one by one, she was already mesmerised by what was happening.

Sam stepped forward. His long, thin, rigid cock pointing skywards, wobbling slightly, as he moved. Janine couldn't believe her eyes. She'd just seen him cum in a most spectacular way when he buggered the child. She'd seen and tasted huge amounts of his semen. He shouldn't be ready again for,…. what,…. hours? And yet she could see he was. Even pre-cum was dribbling from his tip in a long string. She watched as he eased between the nine year old girl's thighs. She couldn't take her eyes away, as he pressed his crown to her tiny, open vagina. She could see the child's vulva bulge out with the pressure as he pressed in. He brought his thumbs to the sides of her pussy, and eased her lips apart, and suddenly, his crown disappeared into her. He paused for a moment, looking at the girl. She smiled at him and gave him a little nod, before looking down again between her thighs, watching her induction.

Janine's mouth was open as she watched, while he pressed gently. She saw his cock disappear into the little girl slowly, but surely, all the way in, until his hairy pubis was pressing into her hairless mound. He paused for just a moment, before pulling back again. It looked as if he was going to pop out of her, before he reversed and sank into her again, a little harder this time. He started to fuck her in earnest now, pulling back and pressing in, a light slapping sound could be heard, as his balls swung up and tapped her little bottom.

Janine felt she was in a dream, everything surreal, she would believe nothing she'd seen, the following day. Maybe she'd wake up in a minute. And yet she knew it was real. The sights, sounds, smells, feelings all crashing in on her, as she watched this little underage girl being fucked by the one man in the world she would, herself, give herself to without hesitation. She gasped as she heard the child say: "Harder Daddy, harder, please," and the slapping sound got suddenly louder. And again, a few moments later, "harder, Daddy".

The sexual tension in the air was palpable. Janine glanced round the cabin, many of the naked girls were not just hungrily watching the action, but were themselves performing little acts on one another, helping each other to enjoy the induction even more. Janine was shoked, when she realised that she envied these girls, obviously enjoying everything intensely, with no coercion, no embarrassment, no reticence whatsoever. She just wished her time with Jim, when she herself was nine, could have been longer and, like this, more open and honest, not the sordid affair it had been portrayed as at the time. She sighed. Can't live your life twice.

When Sam came, Janine knew instantly. She felt the new tension in the air, immediately before, everyone holding their breath, as though waiting on the turn of a card at a high stakes poker game. She saw his rhythm alter slightly, the bulge at her belly, where his cock was pushing up at her from inside seeming to lift a fraction. The look of love and anticipation on Sarah's face, on the brink of climaxing, as she poised, waiting for him. Then suddenly everything happened at once. He came forcefully into the child, the little bulge at her belly fluttering visibly; she came, her arms and legs flailing, her rolling from side to side; every girl in the room cuming in unison as if conducted like an orchestra. It was only then that Janine realised she herself was cuming, her fingers working hard inside her own pussy, the squishing noises covered by all the other noises of orgasmic relief going on around her.

Calm fell on the cabin, only broken by the panting of many of them catching their breath, as if they'd run a marathon. Sylvia smiled at Janine, and beckoned her back between the girl's thighs. She unconsciously moved, her instincts now driving her, as she knelt down and pushed her face into Sarah's pudenda, her

tongue searching into her recesses, finding her vagina, it sinking into the slick passage, filled with his semen. She sucked hard, and had to swallow quickly, before it dripped from her mouth, as more and more semen flowed. She kept swallowing. There was so much of it. She felt the child shudder, as her tongue touched her clitty, creating another small climax for a few seconds. She was so sensitive. It was several minutes before she could bring herself to pull her face away from the nectar she still craved.

Sylvia tapped her on the shoulder and indicated she should stand. Sam took a long white box from the hand of one of the girls and opened it. He tipped out a silver choker necklace into his hand and turned to Sarah, clipping it around her throat. Janine noticed all the other girls wore similar chokers already.

Sarah turned to her friends and recited, “As it is my induction, I would like to pledge to you all, I will always follow all five of The Club rules. Also, Daddy, thank you for making my induction so very special. I will treasure the memory all my life. And thank you for my lovely necklace.” There was a round of applause.

All the other pre-teen girls surrounded Sarah, congratulating her and patting her shoulders in affection. The tension had gone, and the girls moved away relaxing, sitting on the seats, chatting or playing the video games on the seat consoles, as any group of little girls their age might, still oblivious of their nakedness, and what had just happened moments before. Janine herself had to sit to regain her composure. She smiled as Sylvia sat beside her in the twin seat.

“Well,” said Sylvia, sipping from her unfinished glass of champagne, “I hope you enjoyed Sarah’s induction. They’re very important to the girls, as you saw. It binds us together. You’re the only non member to see an induction.” She looked meaningfully at the woman. “When you get home, you won’t be indiscreet and mention this to anyone will you?” It was a statement, not a question. “You might be interested in this,” said Sylvia in a lighter tone. She held up a small camera, and selected a file to play, and angled it so Janine could see the little screen. In the foreground was Sarah’s face obviously that of a very young child. In the background, between the girl’s thighs, holding her bottom open, was Janine, looking down, just before her face slipped down to suck at the child. There was no misunderstanding as to what was happening in the clip. Suddenly, the scene changed, and the child was now face up, looking at the camera and again Janine was buried between her thighs, her tongue moving in and out of her hairless cleft. The camera angle moved, and the creamy white semen she was sucking and lapping at could be made out on her tongue, as she worked trying to get every last drop

Janine and Sylvia looked at each other for a moment, a silent understanding between them. “I don’t think anyone will ever need to see that. And in return, we have a little tradition here,” said Sylvia, “if it’s possible, and doesn’t involve cash, we like to award wishes when we have inductions. Would you like to make a wish? I think Sam wouldn’t mind me offering you one.”

Janine looked at her. “What can I wish for? I mean a wish? It sounds so fairy tale like.”

“Yes, I suppose it does, but there again, The Choices Club is a fairy tale for these girls. Use your imagination,” replied Sylvia. “Perhaps you’d like a nice piece of jewellery, or maybe a little weekend away, paid for by Sam, or something nice to wear.”

“Can I ask for anything?” she looked at Sylvia coyly, who knew exactly what was coming next, and nodded with a half smile.

“Can I wish for Sam to fuck me. Oh yes, I’d love that.” She looked across the cabin, and realised that every face was looking at her with curiosity. They had all heard the word ‘wish’, and stopped to listen.

“How would you like it Janine?” a voice behind her asked. “No time like the present,” Sam chuckled. He’d heard the whole conversation. It would be a long flight made much quicker by the in-flight entertainment.

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EPILOGUE

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Their arrival at Los Angeles International was chaos. They got through immigration fast enough, but the media scrum that met them took them by surprise. After the initial story of Sam's liberation of the outgoing flight hijacking had eased, the media had agreed to a moratorium and await their return to the States, letting the children have their holiday. But now they wanted interviews, exclusives, backgrounds on all of the girls, The Club, everything. Finally, after agreeing to a press conference the following day at the Club, they got away and headed home, waving to Janine and her crew as their bus moved off.

The reunion with the girls' mothers was very emotional. They were waiting in the Clubrooms, which Ellie had opened up ready. She and Dolly had prepared some food and drink for everyone and it was a race for the girls and mothers to tell each other all their adventures. Eventually, they relaxed and enjoyed the company of being together.

Lesley Browning, Lizzie's mum stood up, and tapped a spoon against her wine glass. "May I have your attention," she started, "We ladies decided it appropriate someone said a few words, and while we were in Prague, I drew the short straw!" There was quiet laughter and nods of encouragement around the room. "As you all know," she continued, "not only have Sam and Sylvia given our girls a wonderful opportunity in life to be educated, experience things, go places like their trip to Europe, that we never could as kids, and provide a future for them, but also, we have to thank Sam for saving their lives. Without your swift action and expertise, Sam, they would have all died that night. Now all us mums have been talking about what you've been doing to our girls." Sam shuffled in his seat. "No, don't be embarrassed, we did a straw pole while we were away. Every one of us had our first time with some asshole who cared diddly squat for us, fucked and dumped us. Ain't that right ladies?" There were vigorous nods around the room.

"Most of us mums, had worked out what your game was long ago. But as long as you never hurt them, we were willing to go along with it. After all, what was the harm for what they got out of it. Then Ellie put us all in the picture while we were away. It was better to get this in the open. Thank you Sam, for saving my Lizzie's life, and thank you from all the others here for saving their girls too. thank you for being kind to them and educating them and looking after them. We've all agreed that how you run The Choices Club can only benefit our girls, and if ever there is anything we can do to help you and Sylvia, you only have to ask." She raised her glass and proposed a toast to "The Choices Club, long may it prosper and grow."

The following day, the press all came to the Clubrooms and the conference was held there. Several of the girls were interviewed as well as some mothers and Sylvia. They loved the fact that she was a titled woman, now married to Sam. What he hadn't anticipated, were the many donations to The Club, which were made. Many modest, some very generous. A $1M ex-gratia payment from Virgin Atlantic's insurance company was much appreciated.

Some months later, Sam organised a trip to Washington DC, after he received an invitation from The White House, and chartered a flight for the occasion. All the girls and their mothers went and they made a long weekend of it. He received his Medal of Honor, the Presidential Medal of Freedom and more coverage in the national press and TV. He was touched to see General Simmerson and Ambassador Beagle, had taken the trouble to come to the presentation, as had many others he recognised.

While he was in Washington, he was contacted by U.S. Secretary of education, Betsy De Vil. She wanted to approach Sam, to see if he would serve, on a part time basis, on the new committee she had formed to promote her programme of Expanded Education Freedom, which he agreed to. Whenever he saw her, he always had to try not to smile, as her dark hair, sunken cheeks and pale complexion gave his imagination the thought she was Cruella De Vil's sister.

Life settled down afterwards to a familiar routine. The Club met every evening, and the girls' studies continued to excel. Every one of them entered universities at home and overseas. They became doctors, dentists, lawyers, accountants and company executives. Every one of them flourished. Not one flunked in their chosen field. Sally returned to Paris and studied her music at the Conservatoire and politics at the Sorbonne. She later took her PHD at Oxford.

Sally, following her time at the Paris Conservatoire, at first became a concert pianist of world renown, meeting many famous and powerful people, before changing direction and, at the recommendation of Mme Macron, being appointed special envoy for the U.N. to Syria. At the age of thirty, she became the U.N.'s youngest ever Secretary General. She very quickly pulled her network of international contacts together, forming UNIFUC – The United Nations Institute for underprivileged Children. Using her abilities, she had

acquired dirt on all the world's leaders. She knew who had murdered, cheated their wives, fixed elections, defrauded their treasuries and other misdeeds. She was able to manoeuvre everyone to support her campaign, to educate children (especially girls in some countries) well, stamp out child poverty and tackle the issues, such as civil war and corruption that was causing so much unnecessary famine and poverty.

Over the years, Sally, as Secretary General, managed to strengthen the U.N., ensuring individual petty interests didn't overrule justice for the many. Before she died, many years later, she was to see a treaty signed by every nation in the world, agreeing minimum levels of food and education for all children.

Sally never got married. She worked tirelessly to achieve her objectives for world peace and reconciliation. If she could get away, every spare moment she had was spent in The Club, helping Sam and Sylvia nurture the new members, as they passed through, over the years. Sally had only loved one man and never fucked any other. She had three daughters, each born five years apart, who became Head Girl, one after the other in later years. The youngest, Samantha, was also to receive "The Gift" on the stone in the forest, at midnight under a full moon, watched by her mother, when her father inducted her. She later followed her mother in heading up the U.N.

Sarah did become an actress, studying at RADA in London. She joined the Royal Shakespeare Company and later, after heading that organisation formed, under Sally's guidance, an international drama school, recruiting and developing young people into an acting career. Sam and Sylvia helped in the auditioning of many young girls over the years.

Lucy, in a similar way, became a world renowned artist, her works selling for millions each. She later formed a school to help talented young girls develop their skills. After many years, she had opened affiliates in over one hundred countries around the world. She never married, but had five children of her own, all girls. Like Sally's children, they all looked remarkably like Sam, with their unruly sandy coloured hair. All became Club members in their turn.

Vicky having graduated, became a teacher and replaced Celine, when she retired as head. The school, that had improved so much under Celine, continued to go from strength to strength, achieving top results, and had a waiting list. Ten years later, after moving to Washington and becoming Betsy De Vil's successor for five years, she was invited by Sally to head up UNIFUC.

Vera, who had pursued accountancy, and became president of one of the largest companies in the world, retired early, and agreed to head up the U.N. financial operation, ensuring UNIFUC had all the resources it needed.

Sandy and Mandy indeed made the state and later national gymnastics teams. Both won gold for their performances, and after a few years went to Geneva as members of the I.O.C., where they became initially unpopular, as they helped stamp out the corruption that had become endemic, but highly respected, as their work eventually succeeded. Neither married. They loved each other deeply and lived together. Sandy had two and Mandy three little girls, all with the telltale unruly light coloured hair.

Jasmine moved, at Sally's request to Washington. She, with some help from her mother, and finance from Sam, set up the Best Little Whorehouse in DC. Her speciality, of course was little girls. She always asked Sam to vet the new recruits, before they were allowed near her clients. Jasmine also invited Celine a few times a year, to give her opinion on the new girls. From time to time, Joe would make a trip over and spend a week with Jasmine and her girls too. The girls, all orphaned, were extremely well looked after by Jasmine, and in no time at all, she had enough blackmail material on most of the Washington politicians and public servants to ensure they toed the line for Sally. She opened another branch in New York, and specifically targeted U.N. ambassadors and their staff. Jasmine and Sally were the very best of friends. At one of her parties, Sally introduced Jasmine to a U.N. senior administrator. They really hit it off, dated and got married a year later. Sam, as was the case with every Club girl was asked to give her away. At the wedding, Sam gave a speech, and at the end, asked Jasmine to step forward. He clipped a Choices Club choker around her neck. It was the most cherished thing she had ever been given, and she never took it off, for the rest of her life. All the other past and present Club members had tears running down their cheeks, knowing that if anyone deserved a choker, it was Jasmine. They also wondered how Sam was going to get Jasmine on her own for a few minutes, as they knew he would.

Jasmine had three daughters, who later all came to the school and became Club members. Dolly kept working for Sam and Sylvia for many years. She and Ellie loved their work and although they became quite wealthy in their own right, stayed loyal to Sam, making sure The Club ran smoothly.

Nearly every Choices girl had children of their own, and in every case, they were girls. Sally had said that they were all girls, because 'The Voices' needed them in years to come. They all came back to the school for their daughters' education and asked Sam and Sylvia if they would house them and parent them during school term time. In each case, the mums would always attend the inductions.

Sam and Sylvia had twin girls. The one was called Linda, after the girl in the tent, beneath them, when they had their first fuck, and the other they named Venus. They were the most loved children ever born. Never spoilt and never given preference, but always loved. Love was sometimes platonic, sometimes just family love, and sometimes very physical. Certainly they always slept together as a family, with Sally, Jenny and Emily their elder sisters keeping the younger ones in order, and making sure they always knew how to please their parents.

Sam and Sylvia stayed working at the school. They were both on the board of governors with Vicky and Ellie. Later, Naomi and Becky both joined the teaching staff, and eventually became board members as vacancies arose. In the end, Sam had effective control of the board, although he never abused his position, although he did abuse some of the girls as opportunity arose. After Webber had died, he had been elected Mayor of the town, with an eighty percent majority, and spent several years rooting out the corruption endemic in the administration. As a result, the town started to prosper and ultimately, everyone benefited. New industries came to the town, and incomes rose.

Joe kept in contact with Sam, and each year a party of a dozen or so London girls travelled over and stayed at The Club. They always took trips to exciting places for the girls to visit, like Orlando. And usually went camping and enjoyed the canoeing and sailing there. Joe always made sure there were several seven or eight year-old virgins for Sam, as he knew Sam particularly enjoyed those. In return, Sam helped Joe build up his club in Whitechapel, London by making donations and giving guidance on fundraising. He also gave Joe some access codes to some extremely graphic web sites he had created.

As Sam got older, he looked back over the years and pondered on his life and everything that had taken place. He knew he had helped hundreds of girls get on. They had, without exception, become successful, knowing without him they wouldn't have been. They had all found happiness, wealth and families of their own, many of which he was the father. He had no regrets, none. Oh, just one. He had never got round to asking Amy, the little girl in the thin green leotard, with ADHD, for another afternoon of "cuddles". Given his time again, he would do it exactly the same way. He smiled to himself. He had once estimated that if he was fortunate, he would take the virginities of about 200 little girls. At the last count, it was approaching 500 and not one of them had been over twelve years old at the time.

THE END

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I hope you have enjoyed reading this tale of fantasy, truth, and plain off the wall fiction. I hope you have had as many hours of pleasure reading it as I did writing it over a two year period. Please spend two minutes with some feedback and tell me what you thought. Broadsword.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Eloise 11 Joe’s daughter long blond hair. Mother Joy.
Naomi Goldstein 7
Daisy Shaw 7
Nancy Gregson 8 Mother Violet
Rosie Romero 8 Mother Mary
Lucy Becket 9 Mum – Martha
Sarah Simms 9
Alice Gonzales 9
Suzy White 10 Mum – Lisa
Becky Green 10
Jenny 7 parents dead
Sophie Chambers7 Mother Ellie
Amber Chambers 8 Mother Ellie
Mandy 9 mother Gloria
Sandy 9 mother Clare
Hannah 10
Lizzie Browning10 Mother Lesley
Emily 10 parents dead
Karen Duncan 10
Vicky 11
Vera 11
Sally Williams 11
Amy 7 years, with mental age of 4