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## **The Girl with the Flaxen Hair**

**Author: Broadsword**

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Warning!

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

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**Summary:** Rock band, Pink Passions was led by Jim Lazenby. Following a huge fund raising concert, he decided to take a few weeks holiday on his luxurious canal boat. His mother, a trustee for a local childrens' home, foisted a couple of wayward girls on him, just as he was heading off. What happened during the following week changed his and the girls' lives forever.

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

## **The Girl with the Flaxen Hair**

### **Chapter 1**

The 'Jab-the-World' Concert

The concert had to be drawing to a close. Jim had never seen such a huge crowd packing into any venue, let alone the open air, natural auditorium that was this corner of the Peak District National Park. The back of the crowd must be at least a mile away and as he looked out, left to right, half a mile. It seemed everyone was waving their phones in the air, the lights dancing in the night.

He had been in the crowd at Knebworth House way back in 2003, when he was a small boy, when Robbie Williams had headlined at the main stage over a three-day period, drawing crowds of over 375,000, and a further 3.5 million, who watched live on TV and online. But this was on a different level again. Even the 600,000 who'd attended the Isle of Wight concert, including his parents, in 1970, when The Who, Jethro Tull, The Doors, Joan Bæz and Leonard Cohen had pulled in the numbers, were dwarfed by this vast post Covid-19 'Jab-the-World' charity concert.

The estimates suggested as many as one and a half million were here tonight and up to a billion watching live around the globe. The phrase "Jab-the-World" was the clarion call, to vaccinate every person in every country, to once-and-for-all rid everyone of this pernicious virus that had taken such a hold on everyone's lives for the last three and a half years. The wealthy nations had long since thought they had completed their vaccination programmes, but the poorer nations, whether through corruption or incompetence, hadn't scratched the surface; and the virus knew it and spread far and wide and mutated, again and again, eventually returning to those same rich complacent nations, to infect and kill once more, with variants immune to their selfishly distributed vaccines. But, one difference now, it was killing young people in very large numbers. A World Health Organisation summit had been called and their solution proposed had finally been agreed upon. Everyone in the world must get a shot of the new variant vaccine. The biggest peacetime programme of fundraising and vaccine distribution was now being rolled out, including the 'Jab-the-World' concert, to help contribute to the cost.

The concert was supposed to have ended after a few encores at midnight, after three days of incredible music from some of the world's very best bands. There were more music lovers here than seen assembled in one place, since that iconic Isle of Wight Festival, half a century ago. It was three in the morning, and the crowds had refused to let the music end. Every member of every band was waiting backstage and as one band ended their performance, another band, unscripted took their place.

A huge screen above the stage displayed the pledged donations, which had exceeded a billion pounds. But still the music played on and still the money rolled in. Never had such a fundraising festival been so necessary and so successful.

Jim strummed his guitar. His mind didn't have to tell his fingers the chords to play. He could have played it in his sleep. It was their greatest hit single, which Jim had written in a single night, just a year ago. It's title was 'Love, Love, True Love'. Although he'd played it twice already in the last six hours, the crowd had called for it yet again. At last, it ended, and the band, sweat pouring down their faces looked at one another, knowing this would be the height of their fame. The moment they would always look back on and say, "remember that night?".

While the crowd shouted and cheered, a stagehand in black T-shirt and trousers, earpiece and microphone set clipped over his head approached Jim

and asked the most unexpected question. He handed round scores to each band member and exited just as fast. Jim looked at the score then at his fellow players, eyebrows raised. Each nodded. He didn't know how they would pull this off, but on this magical night, he knew anything was possible

Jim moved to the front of the stage and waited until the deafening roar of the crowd finally died down. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, almost in awe, "I have just been told our fund raising efforts have reached over £2billion, worldwide." He was not able to say anything further for the noise as it erupted again.

At last, he held his hands up, and two minutes later he was able to say: "This incredible sum is the springboard the W.H.O. need to bring this pandemic once and for all under control. It is like a bridge over troubled water." Another huge cheer erupted.

His hands were raised again. "I am delighted to tell you, that here tonight we have with us two great men, now in their eighties, who didn't want to perform, but have been persuaded to do so." He waved his hand around, "The band will play with them, and I am also told we will be joined by one of the greatest piano players of all time, Elton John. Please welcome: Simon and Garfunkel." Again the roar of the crowd deafened them all, as the two octogenarians walked onto the stage, waving at the crowd, looking as though it were only yesterday they had performed together, which hadn't been the case for many decades.

The crowd hushed, as Elton played the unmistakable opening chords to "Bridge over Troubled Water". The crowd remained silent throughout, as though a spell had been cast over them. Then as the final line: "I will ease your mind", was played, the crowd seemed to wake up and again the cheering and applause was overwhelming.

At last, silence reigned. Paul Simon needed to sit down, but Art Garfunkel walked over to Jim and asked if they might play one more song. Jim nodded, as Art waved to a hidden stagehand, who ran on, clutching a fistful of scores. Art turned to the crowd and holding a microphone to his mouth said: "This has been an incredible event, I am sure you will agree. Please show your appreciation to Jim Lazenby and his band Pink Passions, who made tonight possible." Another huge cheer erupted finally ending as Art held his hands up. "I would like to sing one more song for you. Many of you won't have heard it before, it was written in 1973, before most of you were born, but when I think of all those poor people around the world, dying from Covid, leaving behind children, orphaned, alone, I think of this song. It is called: "Mary was an only Child."

Jim looked at the score he'd been handed. The lyrics were interspersed with the chords. But he already knew the song. He'd played it many times to himself as a teenager and loved it. So as an intro, he picked out the complex notes, while the rest of the band played the chords as backup. Art started to sing, joined by Jim harmonising:

"Mary was an only child  
Nobody held her, nobody smiled  
She was born in a trailer, wretched and poor  
And she shone like a gem in a five and dime store

Mary had no friends at all  
Just famous faces pinned to the wall  
All of them watched her, none of them saw  
That she shone like a gem in a five and dime store

And if you watch the stars at night  
And find them shining equally bright  
You might have seen Jesus and not have known what you saw  
Who would notice a gem in a five and dime store?"

*(Author's note: the song may be heard on this link: [Art Garfunkel - Mary Was An Only Child - YouTube](#))*

At the end of the song, there was utter silence for what seemed like an age, as if the poignancy of the words and music needed to be absorbed by the listening thousands. Then, at the front, a single woman started to clap, followed by more, then a hundred, a thousand, then Jim sensed the world over were applauding the song that somehow would become the theme of the worldwide response to the pandemic. The pandemic which had started as an irritation in distant Wuhan, had evolved into something very threatening to mankind. Perhaps now, the world, together as one was going to fight back.

A few minutes later, Jim was once more backstage with the rest of his band. They were sweating hard, exhausted, but elated. They had achieved what they'd set out to do. They knew, at last the world had a chance. Having organised the event, Jim felt as soon as this was over, he would need a holiday.

Jim had started his musical career, as most do by joining up with friends, meeting at each other's homes, practicing in their garages. He was seen at a school concert, by a parent, who knew a local group were forming, hoping to appear on a TV talent show. They did appear, but never won, but once again, he was talent spotted and ended up in a heavy metal rock band, called 'Poisoned Tarantula'. He hated heavy metal, but it paid the bills. In fact it more than paid the bills, and he became very wealthy very quickly. The band broke up soon after they had released an album titled 'Cherry Bomb', featuring a song titled 'Bloodstained Sheets'. It was controversial in that many of the lyrics promoted underage sex, like the storm that broke over the Scorpions over their album, Virgin Killers in 1976.

His next move was to form his own band, Pink Passions focusing on more popular melodies and lyrics. For several months he spent many hours a day writing new songs, refining his style and developing their presentation. He didn't like to think of his style as similar to Robbie Williams, or presentation

like New Direction, but that was how the public saw it and loved it. Within a year, they had performed live all over the UK and the following year had toured the U.S., culminating at Madison Square Garden.

What Jim hadn't intended or expected was that the overwhelming majority of their fans were under twenty, female and, very infatuated with him and his other band members. There had been several occasions when girls, as young as twelve had somehow, despite the tight security, managed to get backstage and into their dressing rooms. Jim, more so than the other band members, needed to be very careful, because he had a penchant for young flesh and knew, in such a high profile position as his, the fall from grace would be very hard and very fast, if he got caught. So he had reluctantly been careful to make sure he was never alone in his dressing room.

The band had planned and agreed with their manager, Eric, that after this concert, they would have a two month break. A real rest. It was five in the morning before Jim crashed into bed in the Winnebago RV, parked behind the main stage. He was woken only two hours later. His phone trilling that annoying ring tone his mother insisted he used as an identifier.

"Hello Mum," he gasped into the receiver, as he looked at his watch, despairing he would never catch up on sleep.

"James, James is that you?" she asked in her shrill tone.

"Who the fuck else could it be?" he thought, as he said: "Sure Mum, what can I do for you? I hope you're not going to tell me to get a proper job again."

"Ah, it is you, good," she said. "No, no, nothing like that. I just have a simple, little favour to ask." Jim's mother's favours were legendary around the band and circle of friends and family. Her favours were many things, but the one thing they all had in common, they were rarely, if ever simple and almost never little. Her first name was Cynthia. Her middle name was Judith. Her closest friends called her Jude. Jim had always thought the name 'Jude' most appropriate, because St. Jude was the patron saint of impossible and lost causes. She had a habit of finding lost or sick puppies or sob stories or some charity needing help. Lost causes!

"Go on, Mum, how much this time?" he asked, already tapping in his bank password to make a transfer, so he could get back to sleep.

"James," she admonished, "you must have a very low opinion of me if all you think I want is your money." He remained silent. His Mum hated silence. "Are you still there, James?"

"Yes, Mum, I'm listening."

"Well, you know I became a supporter of the Little Angels Children's home up the road?" Jim remained silent. "Are you listening, James?"

"Yes Mum I'm here,"

"Well you might show a little more interest. Now where was I?" she mumbled

"The Little Angels Children's home up the road," he echoed.

"Oh yes, well will you?" she asked.

"Will I what, Mum? You're talking in riddles," he said. "It was a late night last night. Tell me what it is you're asking me for. Did you watch the concert, by the way, you never said."

"No," she admitted, "I was watching a documentary about The Queen. Did it go well?"

"Yes, Mum, it went well," he answered simply. He knew she meant the royal Queen, not his old friends Freddie and Brian. "We raised enough money to save the world, Mum."

"That's nice, dear," she said in her usual understated tone. Jim knew his mother was incredibly proud of her son and would have watched every minute of the concert. It was the little game she liked to play, when they spoke on the phone. "Now about the children's home. I need your help. Would you come over, please?" His mother never said "please", unless something was really important to her.

"Yes Mum," he dutifully said, "give me a couple of hours and I'll be over." He knew sleep was out of the question now. He got up and dressed after a quick shower. He went outside to see what was happening. The clear-up crew were already well into their task. From experience, he knew to keep well out of the way. He wandered over to the mobile café van and ordered a bacon and egg bap and mug of tea. Hilda, the lady who did the cooking was of an age impossible to guess. She might have been sixty, eighty, or anything in between. She and her little café always attended the concerts and were a vital source of sustenance for the crew.

"Hi Jimmy," said a voice behind him. He turned to see Roger, their drummer sitting at a plastic table eating something similar to Jim. "I see you didn't get a lot of kip either," he observed.

"No my mother has summoned me, Roger" he replied. No further explanation was needed. The band, in the early days had rehearsed at Jim's home, which his mother ran as her own. They all knew Cynthia, loved her, especially her cooking, and were glad they didn't have to live with her as Jim did. "Rog do me a favour, would you?" Roger raised his eyebrows in query. "Tell Eric I'm off to see Mum. I won't be back after, I'm on holiday."

"He'll be pissed at you, you know that," said Roger, "but, yeah, I'll tell him, Jimmy, you've earned a break. Have a good time, we'll see you when you get back. Where you going."

"Don't know for sure," he said vaguely, "thought I might go and try out that new boat I bought, if I can find anyone to go with."

Roger smiled at his friend. You don't live with someone in close proximity for as long as they had, without knowing a little about them. Roger knew Jim pretty well by now and his attraction to little girls was something he knew about and accepted. Similarly, no one in the band, other than Jim, knew that Roger was attracted to young boys. He'd been a pederast all his adult life. Like Jim, he'd never acted upon it, despite opportunities every single day.

## **Chapter 2**

### **Hoodwinked**

"OK, Mum, where's the fire?" he asked as he went into the kitchen, picking up a cupcake, from a cooling tray. Despite having a live in cook, housekeeper, gardener and maid, Cynthia could always be found in the kitchen baking or preparing food.

"Ah, darling," she said, bringing a spoon of white creamy yellow paste over to him, "taste this would you?" He swallowed the last of the cupcake and dutifully tasted it, said it was exquisite and sat down on one of the tall seats at the breakfast counter, waiting until she spoke.

"Perhaps it needs a little more sugar," she commented, sucking the end of her finger. "How long are you around?"

"I'm off for two months, Mum, you know that. Why?" She noticed his testiness, realising it was down to his lack of sleep. She was a compassionate woman, which was why she'd gained the reputation she had as a soft touch. But beneath that, she was a tough woman, who'd worked incredibly hard all her life to put food on the table. She was so proud of what Jim had achieved in the past eighteen months, since the Covid-19 Kilo variant had struck. It was nicknamed the 'Killer Variant'. One of the first victims had been Jim's own father. Europe had lost three million, the USA over two and the UK alone was heading for nearly a million.

A new vaccine had been produced, but manufacturing, distribution and funding had run smack into the age old problem of political selfishness. That was until Jim's mother had taken him to one side and asked him point blank : "What are you going to do about this?" They'd argued, they'd discussed and at last the answer came back: "Mum, I'm going to save the world." She knew he would.

"James," she'd said, "if you do, I will give you what you want; but more importantly, I will give you what you need." He hadn't understood her meaning at the time and it would be almost two years before he recalled her comment and finally understood. So here he was, eighteen months later, wondering why he was here.

"Are you going off in that new boat of yours?" She knew full well that was his plan. He'd already discussed the victualling with her, the last time he was home. This was the third canal boat he'd owned. It was smaller than the previous ones, but more manageable for one person on their own. It was fifty five feet long by seven feet wide. It was steam driven, powered by a gas burner, which could run on hydrogen, methane or propane. The boat had every comfort imaginable inside. Jim loved the peace and quiet the English canals offered, moving through the countryside at walking pace, stopping for lunch and dinner at a waterside pub, observing the wildlife living in and around the waterways. But he had a mischievous side, and being steam, had a whistle, which he enjoyed hooting every now and then.

"So why am I here, Mum?" he asked.

"I want you to take some people with you. From the children's home. They are closing the whole place for a few weeks, while they undertake the renovations which you kindly agreed to fund."

"I did?" he muttered.

"Well I can't remember, but the work is necessary," she said. Anyway, all the children are going to spend the summer holiday with different volunteer families and I thought you would like to help too."

"I would?" he said warily, fearing what was coming next.

"Yes dear, you know you would," she confirmed. "So I told Mrs. Evans you would be delighted to take two of her girls with you."

"Which Mrs. Evans?" he asked.

"The Mrs. Evans who has run the children's home for the last five years, who you have met on at least three occasions," she said acidly. "Come on dear, it won't be so bad. You'll enjoy their company. It will be good for you; and them."

Jim could tell most people in the world to "fuck off" when it suited him. But if there was one person in the world who could get round him every time, it was his mother. "Alright, Mum, you win where are they, do we need to pick them up from the children's home?" he sighed.

"No James, they're already here, out in the garden playing," she said. "I will take you out to meet them, if you like." He knew his mother always got her way, but what she just said confirmed that she knew it too.

They went out through the open bi-fold doors onto the sunny York stone terrace. Fred the gardener was tying back the dahlias. "Morning Fred," said Jim. "Think you'll win the prize this year?"



"Best dahlias in the county Master James," said Fred. "Won for the last ten, so I hope this year will be no different." Just then a plastic soccer ball landed in the middle of the flowerbed, breaking off some leaves and stems. "If oiv'e told them girls once, oiv'e told them a dozen times to keep their ball off my beds. Waste o' breath, waste o' breath. If you ask me, them two will come to no good, Master James, you mark my words." As if dismissing Jim, Fred bent to his task, tying up the surviving plants in their neat rows in the fifty yard long, otherwise unscathed, flowerbed.

"Ariana, Mary," called Cynthia to the children, who were already halfway down the long lawn, clapping her hands to get their attention, "would you come here, please?" The two were running, while kicking the ball between them. Towards the far end of the lawn, was a large greenhouse, where a missed pass caused a small crash of breaking glass. The two came running back up the lawn, puffing with the effort.

Jim looked at the pair. Both were mud smudged, hair tangled, untied shoe laces, scabbed knees, He knew they were both tykes. But he could see they both had character. One was tall with long brown hair verging on auburn. She had green eyes, long arms, legs, facial features and fingers. He guessed her to be about nine. He instinctively knew she was Ariana, confirmed a moment later when Cynthia spoke to her.

The other girl caught his breath, though. She, like Ariana was smudged, with messy hair and clothing. But there was something about her which instantly aroused him. He'd known his attraction for little girls ever since he was their age. But Jim had never acted on it, keeping his feelings suppressed. The media had assumed he was gay, and just hadn't 'come out' yet, because the many fans who'd tried to throw themselves on him, over the years, had been quietly and politely turned away.

Although Mary was older than Ariana, she was about the same height. She was a few pounds heavier and gave the unfair appearance of being slightly dumpy. Her flaxen hair flowed down her back, almost to her waist. She was still breathing heavily, making her chest rise and fall, her tiny nipple tipped cone breasts just pushing through the thin cotton of her worn and faded T-shirt. He hadn't realised he'd stared and looked away when she folded her arms across her chest to hide herself.

None of this was missed by Cynthia, who simply said: "I knew you would like them. I will let you three get to know each other. What time are you off to the boat, James?"

Jim shook himself from his reverie. "Oh, err, it's a couple of hours drive from here. I told the boatyard I'd be there about two or three o'clock, so I'll have a bite to eat and get off."

"I'll let cook know," said his mother as she turned and walked back into the house. She was quite delighted how her son had taken to the girls and they to him. It had taken several visits to the children's home, getting to know them,

before she'd selected two that suited her purpose. "Yes," she had thought, "they are perfect."

Fred had moved down to the other end of the terrace, well out of earshot, as Jim waved the two girls to the teak chairs around the matching table nearby. A mixed jug of iced orange and lemonade had been left there for the girls and Jim took three glasses and filled them.

"So you two, how long have you been at Little Urchins Children's Home?" he asked.

"Little Angels, you mean," giving him a sideways glance, "I've been there two years," said Mary, "and Ari just a few months. It's nice there, unlike home." He could see a tear already forming at the memory, after just those few words.

"Want to talk about it?" he said, looking at her kindly. But after hesitating, she shook her head and turned away. She got up and walked down the lawn, picking one of Fred's prize dahlia's on the way. She never looked back, but sat down on the grass, seeming to study the flower carefully.

"She's always sad," said Ariana, unprompted. She looked down the lawn at her friend, whose golden hair, despite it's damp, uncombed state, seemed to shimmer in the sunlight, as it covered the whole of her back. Her shaking shoulders betraying that she was crying.

"Her Mummy was really poor," Ariana said. "Mrs. Evans, told me her Mummy used to hit Mary when she asked for anything, even something to eat. Mary told me one day, that she found her mummy in the bath. She was dead. Then they sent Mary to Little Angels. I'd been to three other homes and several foster families, one after another, but it never worked out. They said I was a naughty child, disruptive, they said. I just wanted someone to pay me some attention. Then I came to Little Angels and met Mary. For the first time in my life, I found someone who was kind to me. She stood up for me. We became friends and were given a room together. She's a year older than me. I feel like she's my big sister. For me, she's the brightest star in the sky."

Jim took a sharp intake of breath, a shiver running up his spine, as he recalled the night before:

"Mary was an only child.

Nobody held her, nobody smiled.

She was born in a trailer, wretched and poor.

And she shone like a gem in a five and dime store."

"Are you looking forward to going out on the canals for a couple of weeks, Ariana?" asked Jim.

"Yes," she said, "it will be the first holiday either of us have had." It was such a simple statement, but one which hit Jim hard. He who had so much and these two who had nothing.

"I'll make you a promise, Ariana," he said quietly. She looked at his face for the first time. "I will do everything I can to make your holiday as great as I possibly can. Go and talk to Mary, tell her it'll be OK."

Jim walked into the house, and found his mother waiting for him, sipping a cup of tea, another held out to him. "Thanks Mum, I need this."

"They've had a tough time, those two," she said. "They're really damaged, both of them. Mary's mother drank and smoked all their money and it was the drugs that killed her. Then the poor kid was the one who found her. Ariana was abandoned at birth. She was in one children's home after another. She stole, she fought with the other kids and was getting excluded from one school after another. Just as she settled in to one, she was moved on to another. It had a cumulative effect on her, making her disruptive. She's been excluded from two schools and is on probation at her present one. Gloria Evans and I have been talking about how to deal with them for weeks. Then I realised the solution was under my nose."

"What is that, Mum," he asked, walking right into it.

"You are the solution James," she said smoothly. "You will be good for them." She turned and looked at him. "And I think they will be good for you."

"How?" he asked.

She licked her lips, finding this conversation with her only son difficult. "You have always done things for others all your life, James. It is time you let someone into your life."

He was about to ask what she meant, when the two girls came in through the bi-fold doors. Instead, he just said: "I've been hoodwinked." She walked away laughing.

### **Chapter 3**

#### **All Aboard**

The brand new Bentley Continental GT Speed Convertible purred as it sped through the country lanes, the roof down, the warm summer sunshine flickering through the leaves of the trees arching over them. Jim had only had the £200K car a week, having never treated himself to such luxury ever before. He was loving it and wondered if, instead of going on the canal, he should have taken off on a tour to the south of France or the north Italian lakes or some other exotic place, like he'd considered. With the Covid-19 Kilo strain being such a killer, though, he'd decided a canal trip was almost self isolating, and a much safer option. What he hadn't banked on was having the two girls on board. He'd acquired a huge amount of brand new child porn and had been looking forward to really treating himself while on his own. His Mum had put paid to that idea.

"So what are your interests?" he asked, making conversation. "Are you artistic, or do you like making things, or going for walks?"

"I like taking photos and painting pictures," said Ariana, "Mary likes to play the piano."

"Are you good at music?" he asked.

"Suppose," Mary responded. "We don't have a teacher, so I taught myself. Ariana can play the guitar too, when we can borrow one."

"I play the guitar a little," he said nonchalantly, "you can practice on mine, if you like. Perhaps I can show you a few chords; teach you a tune or two. What sort of photos do you like taking Ariana?"

"I like to go into the countryside and photograph birds and rabbits and any animals, as well as the trees and fields. Afterwards, if I get a nice one, I use the photo to paint a picture. Mrs. Evans lets me borrow her camera. Do you have a camera I can use?" she asked.

"Sure," he said, "I can lend you one for the whole holiday, if you like. Do you like music?"

"Yeah," said Ariana, "I like lots of different music. I like several of the K-pop girl bands and One Direction, Westlife, Boyz II, All-4-One, Ge+her and, well lots, really. Mary only likes two sorts of music, don't you Mar'?"

"Yeah," said Mary, grinning. It was the first time Jim had seen her face light up – 'like a gem in a five and dime store'.....

"I like certain piano pieces. I love everything Claude Debussy wrote and I love Elton John's creativity. But I have a favourite band. You probably haven't heard of them, being old and all that. They're called Pink Passions. They're the people who organised the 'Jab-the-World' concert last night. Did you watch it?"

"No, I was busy at the time, Mary," he chuckled, "I'll try and watch it online sometime. Perhaps we could all watch it one night on the boat. I'll get the popcorn."

"What's so funny?" she snapped "They raised over two billion quid, which was a lot more than you've ever done, I'll bet." She was red in the face, her lower lip pouting, hands clasped on her kneecaps.

Jim reached down and switched the radio on. He found a music programme the girls might enjoy. The final chords of Bridge over Troubled Water were playing, as the presenter announced it was expected to hit number one in most countries in the world this week, following its spectacular revival at last night's 'Jab-the-World' concert.

The presenter went on "If it doesn't hit that top spot, it will be because of another song sung last night by Art Garfunkel, who hasn't appeared on stage for several decades and Jim Lazenby accompanied by his band Pink Passions". The opening notes of Mary was an only Child played clearly through the speakers, as Jim switched the channel over to a news programme, saying: "you don't want to listen to all that rubbish." Mary immediately reached to the radio and switched it back.

"That's lovely music," she stated. "I want to hear it. You're just a Philistine when it comes to music." She paused, her head tilted to one side, absorbing the song, her eyes on Jim, but not focusing. But her eyes popped open in surprise, when she heard him quietly singing along, in harmony:

"And if you watch the stars at night  
And find them shining equally bright  
You might have seen Jesus and not have known what you saw  
Who would notice a gem in a five and dime store?"

"You've heard it before then?" she asked after the last notes faded away.

"Yeah," he nodded, concentrating on turning at a junction, "you could say that. I used to sing it as a kid. My Dad played it a lot. It comes from the Angel Clare album. It has some great tracks on it." The radio presenter cut back in after a short commercial break: "As you know, the airwaves are electrified with the news this morning that the amount raised following last night's concert has already exceeded four billion pounds and rising, with governments the world over pledging huge sums to fund the manufacture and distribution of the vaccine. This show, in their honour, has been dedicated to Jim Lazenby and his band Pink Passions by playing all their hits released since they formed. Here's another number one, 'Love, Love, True Love,' ....." Jim phased out, concentrating on his driving, glancing down at the girls from time-to-time, sitting together in the single front seat, with the seat belt stretched around them both, while they sang along to his songs.

He had seen the state of their clothes and his mother had told him they had brought almost nothing with them, which was all they had. Certainly their little cases weighed very little. He decided to take a risk and turned off the M54 motorway and headed for The Telford Centre, which is a large 25 acre retail complex. He parked and immediately put on his face mask, handing two more to the girls.

"Would you two like to do a bit of shopping, buy some clothes for yourselves, for the holiday?" He asked the stupid question. Every young girl loves to go clothes shopping, as much as he hated it. But every girl loves to go shopping for their holiday even more. "Right, here's the deal, you two. I will buy whatever you want, OK? But, and I mean this," he said seriously from behind his facemask, "you have one hour. Not a minute more, then I pay the bill and we go. Understand?" They nodded at him, both grinning from behind their own masks.

He locked the car and followed the two girls in to the elevator up to the first shopping level. They went into one store after another, assessing, comparing, discussing, trying on, discarding. How females shop, was completely beyond Jim's understanding. He hadn't even got his wallet out and half an hour had passed already and got scowls when he pointed this out. Suddenly, they were in buying mode.

He could hardly keep up, as they went back through the shops they'd previously visited, picking one item after another and passing them to him to drop into the basket he was carrying. They moved on to the next shop, leaving him to pay for their purchases and carry the bags. At one checkout, the girl, who looked too young to be out of school, blinked at the name on his credit card. She looked at him and back at the card. Realising he'd been recognised, he held a finger to his mask covered lips, then took a card from his open wallet and noting her name badge wrote on the back: "With love to Lisa. Thank you for your discretion," and signed it. She took the card and read what he'd written and turned it over, seeing the well known logo of her favourite band. She smiled and silently mouthed, "Thank you."

One shop after another, he followed the girls, paying for their purchases. As the bar codes were scanned at the checkouts, he had quick glances at the items. Tiny pairs of shorts, made of thin, stretchy terry cloth, little crop tops, bikinis. His heart fluttered at the thoughts rushing through his head. Would he be allowed to see them wearing these? His watch said they'd exceeded the hour, but now they were in Victoria's Secret buying panties, oh the panties!

At last it was over and they returned to the car. He opened the boot and dropped the dozen or so carrier bags in and climbed back into the car. He was just clipping on his seatbelt, when he saw the girls were unfastening their jeans. He thought for a moment they were stripping off, but saw a flash of red as Ariana pushed hers down, showing she was wearing a tiny pair of skin tight shorts underneath. Mary, likewise had a yellow pair on, in a similar style.

Jim stared at them for several seconds. "He's staring, Ari," said Mary. "He keeps doing that."

"Yeah, I noticed that too," said Ariana. Do you think he's thinking stuff he shouldn't?" she replied.

"Probably."

"Hey, you two, I am here you know," he said defensively. "Anyway, I was only trying to work out if you'd stolen them or not. Did you? I didn't see you putting them on, or seeing them in any of the checkout baskets. If you stole them, I'd better take them back."

"OK," said Mary, a glint in her eye now. "You just want to see us take them off." She turned to Ariana, "I think you're right he's thinking stuff he shouldn't." She put her thumbs in the waistband of her shorts and lifted her bottom up, pushing the waistband down a fraction.

"Alright, you win," he said, holding up his hand, while looking out across the car park to see if anyone was watching them. "Keep them on. I spent enough money up there, to cover them, I guess. Let's get out of here."

The rest of the journey passed without too much incident. He glanced across at the four bare legs stretched out from the passenger seat beside him from time-to-time, usually getting a comment like: "He's staring again, Mary," or, "he's thinking stuff again." Jim knew this holiday, which hadn't even started yet was turning into a nightmare. He was cursing his mother for the position she'd put him in.

They reached Nantwich without further incident and parked up in the boatyard, behind the maintenance buildings. Jim had kept several boats here over the years. The people here were discreet and never let it be known who their famous client was. They had handled the purchase and sale and maintenance of his other craft and had recommended this particular boat for several reasons, knowing him as they did. It was luxurious, easy to handle by one person, and ran on steam not diesel, which was heated either by 'green' hydrogen, methane or propane or even wood and coal if the gas tanks ran out.

The manager came out as soon as he saw the Bentley enter the gates and was standing by the car, when Jim turned off the engine.

"Well done last night," said the manager, conversationally. He stopped as soon as he saw Jim's expression, a finger over his lips.

"You two stay here would you, while I go and sort out the paperwork. I'll be back in a minute or two." He went into the office with the manager, who'd got all the papers on the new boat ready for signature.

"I've loaded all the victuals onboard, and Elsie came over specially to put everything away in the cupboards and fridge," said the manager. "Your mother called yesterday, sir, told me about the young ladies joining you. so I took the liberty of asking Elsie to add whatever she thought to the shopping list that they might like."

They soon returned to the car, to find it empty. "Where the fuck have they got to?" he wondered, regretting for the hundredth time, how he had let his mother put him in this dreadful position. He wanted a break, a nice holiday, not a crash course in child minding.

He heard a loud splash the other side of the yard, knowing with a sinking heart Mary and Ariana would be close by, if not involved. He and the manager walked round the end of the two hundred year old red brick building and stopped dead. Ariana was in the water. She was standing, just able to touch the bottom, covered in the oily brown film which coated the surface of the water in this and every boatyard on the canal system. Before they could react,

Ariana lifted her hand to Mary, who reached to pull her friend out and in an instant, the hand jerked back, taking Mary into the water alongside her.

The two were still shrieking with laughter as Jim followed the manager towards their new boat. The man unlocked and ushered the girls in. He pointed out the guest cabin and where the shower cubicle was, which like every narrowboat bathroom, was tiny. Somehow they both got in there and while the manager was showing Jim how to light and operate the steam engine, he heard the shower running and the girls chattering.

Jim brought the Bentley over to the wharf adjacent to the boat and the two of them quickly unloaded the luggage and shopping into the saloon area at the bottom of the companionway. The manager knew Jim was familiar with narrowboats, so as soon as the job was done, left him to it, tucking the 'thank you' envelope Jim had given him in his back pocket. Jim parked the Bentley in an unobserved corner of the yard and walked back to the boat, wondering if he should call his mother and tell her he was on the way home.

He sat down in the midst of the luggage, his elbows on the table, his head in his hands, when he realised the girls had nothing to wear after their shower. Elsie had kindly put soap and towels onboard, but they were only hand towels. One certainly wouldn't be enough for the two girls.

He knew where his own large towels were packed and grabbing two of them, went down the passageway, to the girl's cabin and hung the towels on a hook outside the shower door. He called out and told them where the towels were. He went back for their luggage and shopping. He dumped it all on the large double bed in their cabin and was just walking out, when the shower door opened, a hand reached for the towels and grabbing them, pulled them in and slammed the door. In that second, he had a flash of flesh. Curved, pink female flesh, thighs, a buttock, a nipple.

"He's thinking stuff he shouldn't be again," he heard one of them say loudly from the shower cubicle, as he closed the cabin door behind him, followed by loud giggles. Jim spent the next half an hour storing his clothes and belongings in his stateroom. Perhaps that sounds a little grand for a cabin that was five and a half feet by ten, plus an en-suite bathroom which was also five and half feet by ten – an extravagance in space the builders were appalled by.

He went back to the saloon and checked over where Elsie had stored all the food and other supplies. He then went to the boiler to check the pressure, saw they were up and ready, so decided to set off. He cast off the bow and stern lines and eased the throttle valve forwards. He loved the silence, as the boat started to move, no chug, chugging of a diesel engine, just the wheeze of the steam escaping from the chimney. It was about half an hour later he heard movement below, followed by two faces appearing in the companionway. They glanced at him, came out onto the stern platform and looked around at the countryside passing by. They hadn't realised they'd already set off and left the small town of Nantwich behind them. As they looked forwards along the length of the narrowboat, leaning on the coachroof, their bottoms bent slightly



towards him, he looked at the skin tight shorts they were each wearing. This time Mary in green, Ariana in blue.

"He's thinking stuff he shouldn't be again," Mary said, without even looking over her shoulder.

"I know," said Ariana, "what do you think we should do about it?" But they stayed where they were, letting him study their figures. Soon, the boat rounded a bend and on the left was a bridge, crossing over the junction of the entrance to the Llangollen Canal. Jim intended to travel to the end of the 'Llangollen' and back over the next few days. He turned and headed under the bridge.

Just inside the start of the canal, at Hurleston, are four individual locks in quick succession. The first lock gate had been left open by someone, so he steered into the pound. He was about to climb the ladder up to the top, when the gate closed behind them. A volunteer was there, lock key in hand, doing the work for him. These people are not uncommon on the canals. They help work the locks, because it keeps them fit and they enjoy doing it. It only took twenty minutes to negotiate the four locks and soon they were away. The man waved the bottle of beer Jim had handed him, in a farewell wave.

A couple of miles upstream is the Bryn Howel Hotel. He moored up at the bottom of a sweeping lawn leading up the hill to the hotel, where he intended to have a meal.

"Right girls," he announced, "this is where we're staying the night. Just up the hill, there," he pointed, "is a very nice place with good food. We'll go up there later, if you like. I'm going to have a shower first. If you want to watch a bit of TV, or play on the Xbox or Nintendo, you'll find them below in the saloon."

He went to step round the girls, and as he turned, he looked astern and in that moment, a hand caught him full square in his chest and before he knew it, he was over the side. He surfaced, to see the two girls bent double, laughing and pointing. He stood and walked to the bank, crawled up through the muddy reeds, but by the time he climbed aboard, the two villains were nowhere to be seen. They were in their cabin, door locked. He could hear their laughter echoing through the boat. Revenge is a dish best served cold, and Jim was sure it would be chilly indeed.

After he'd showered, dressed and shoved his wet clothes into the washer, with the girls' wet clothing, he climbed up the companionway onto the stern platform, sat on the stool beside the tiller and watched the golden sunset, as it reflected off the water in the direction the boat was pointing. A pair of Great Crested Grebes were swimming across the cut (canal), followed by three offspring. It was for moments like this he loved the British inland waterways.

"Well, I'm off to have something to eat," he called down. "Anyone joining me?" There was a pause of a few seconds, before the girls' door opened and a face

peered out. Mollified by his absence, they came out and waited until he stepped ashore, not trusting him now, before climbing up on deck. "Here Ariana," he said, tossing a compact camera over to her, which she caught neatly. "Take a photo of those Grebes over there, the light is perfect." As though she had used the camera many times, she flicked the 'on' button, swung round, bringing the camera to her eye and shot half a dozen snaps, before the swimming birds vanished into the reeds.

"What do you two like? There's trout, on the specials board and I see they've also listed roasted duck breast in red wine sauce." He wasn't really guiding them, more thinking out loud for himself. They had a light starter of hors d'oeuvres laid out on a central plate, which they all shared; well, the girls shared, while he managed to get two prawns on brown bread.

"Jim," asked Ariana, unexpectedly, "what do you do? You know, for a living?"

"Oh, I work in the entertainment business," he said casually. I spend most of my time moving from one place to another. I never wake up in the same city two days running, or at least that's how it feels. That's why I like going on the canals. It forces me to slow down and relax."

"So what do you do in the entertainment business," she persisted.

"I make lots of money for lots of lots of big companies, who let me keep a bit for myself."

"Hmm," she said unconvinced, "it must be a big bit. You've got a nice house and a very nice car and that boat wasn't cheap," she observed.

"I scrape by," he dismissed, "I'm going to have the duck, how about you?"

The girls had chicken Kiev with fries. Both of them stole a few mouthfuls of his exquisite Malbec wine, which he pretended not to notice. Soon they were wandering back to the boat, having had some wonderful food. They were feeling mellow. The girls sat on the bench seat behind the fixed table in the saloon, while Jim poured himself a Glenlivet 18 whisky.

"Would you two care for a drink?" he asked. He opened the fridge and pulled out two cans of lemon alcopops. "Like one of these?" The girls knew what they were and were surprised he would offer them alcohol. They sat and sipped their drinks for a moment, when Jim said: "Would you be willing to play the piano for us, Mary?"

She blinked at the unexpected question and looked around as if to see where the piano was hiding. He smiled and leaned over the table and pressed a catch on the edge. A section of the table top popped up. It was hinged. He lifted it up and beneath was a full sized piano keyboard. He opened a cupboard to the side, exposing a whole series of controls. Flicking a switch, there was a faint click and a red light came on at the end of the keyboard. He pressed a key, demonstrating it was live. She looked up at him and back at

the keyboard, brought her hands up and started to play the opening notes to Elton John's 'Your Song'. He and Ariana hummed along with her, the three of them smiling at one another at the end. It was the second time he'd seen Mary smile.

"He's staring again, Ari," said Mary. He's thinking stuff he shouldn't."

Not wanting to spoil the moment, he asked: "Do you know 'Candle in the Wind'?" Her hands returned to the keys and immediately started to play. He couldn't help himself from singing quietly along to the tune.

"How about you Ariana, do you play?" he asked the dark haired nine year old. She seemed to be shy at his question.

"She plays the guitar," said Mary for her friend.

"Hang on a minute," said Jim, "I'll see if I can find a guitar for you to try." He got up and opened a full length cupboard and pulled out the first professional guitar he'd ever owned, back in the days of 'Poisoned Tarantula'. What the girls couldn't see from the angle they were sitting, were the other five, very expensive guitars in that cupboard. They didn't need to know that Jim never, ever travelled anywhere without them. He took a lead and plugged it into the socket and the other end into the control panel. He quickly tuned the guitar in his expert style and handed it to Ariana.

She took the guitar and handled it as if it were made of china. She ran her fingers along the well worn body, fingerboard and neck knowing this guitar was something special. She turned it in her hands, before resting it on her lap, her fingers positioned to play. She tried out a few chords, the sound coming through the surround sound speaker system in a resonant tone. She nodded to Mary who started to play the opening bars of 'The House of the Rising Sun'. Ariana joined in. They looked surprised when Jim started to sing the lyrics, realising he had a good voice. Next up was 'For Tomorrow' by Blur and then One Direction's 'More than this'. The girls were really amazed that Jim knew all the words to the songs. The evening stretched out and they all enjoyed the quiet relaxed company they shared.

At last, Jim looked at his watch and said: "It's been a lovely evening, girls, but I think it's time to get our heads down. We've got a long day and canal in front of us tomorrow, so let's get to bed."

Mary giggled, as she unsteadily stood to make for their cabin, the alcohol going to her head, "Ari, did you hear what he just said? He's thinking stuff he shouldn't be again."

A few minutes later, Jim was lying in his bed, thinking of the events of the last twenty four hours. The concert had been a phenomenal success, and he'd managed to get away on his new boat, as he'd promised himself, for the last eighteen months. He'd earned it and he was damn well going to enjoy it. He'd just plugged in his external hard drive and was looking forward to some of the

new files it held. Just then, he could hear the murmur of voices from the cabin next door. He knew he shouldn't, but he switched on the receiver for the intercom connecting the two cabins.

"What do you think, Ari?" asked Mary.

"Well he could be worse, he bought us all those clothes, and he did let us have a drink and bought us a nice meal," she replied. "I enjoyed playing his guitar tonight. It's a really good one, you know."

"Yeah, I saw that," said Mary. "His piano is pretty cool too. I loved playing it. But, Ari," she paused, looking at her friend, "I can't help feeling I know him from somewhere, like we've met before or something."

"Maybe you have," Ariana said, "I guess we'll know before this trip is over. What do you want to do now? It's your turn, remember?"

"Yeah," said Mary in a tone filled with tension, "would you lick me, like you did on Tuesday, Ari. You made me feel so nice. Let me just slip my nighty off."

Jim had intended to watch some of his new stash of child porn, but decided what he was hearing was far more arousing. He lay back to listen and enjoy himself.

## **Chapter 4**

### **Declaration of War**

As was usual with Jim, he woke at five and had showered and dressed by six. As part of his early morning routine, he opened the weed-hatch over the propeller, reached down into the water, and pulled off the weed wrapped around the blades and dropped it into a bucket. He had an idea, and decided to keep the weed in the bucket in it's locker for now. Steam was up by six thirty and he cast off shortly after. He knew etiquette dictated he shouldn't move until eight o'clock, but there were no moored boats along this section and the engine was almost silent. He loved the quiet wheeze of that steam engine. It enabled him to listen to the birdsong, the wind in the trees and the swish of the water gurgling along the hull, the ripples rustling the reeds under the bank. The lush green countryside of small, hedged fields rolled quietly by.

The Llangollen canal is unusual, in that unlike most canals, it is river fed with water at it's head, the other side of the town of Llangollen, from the River Dee, near the Horseshoe Falls. This has the effect that the whole body of water flows at about one and a half miles an hour. So it takes longer to get up the canal than back. The twenty one locks, on the forty six mile canal, in this direction were therefore all 'uphill'.

Jim looked at the mist lifting off the water, some ducks startled at his silent approach quacking in alarm as they ran along the water's surface, as they

took to flight, leaving a trail of round expanding ripples where they had stepped.

He had been travelling for about an hour, thinking where to stop for breakfast, knowing there was a single lock about a mile further on, when he heard movement down below.

Looking down the companionway, the first thing he saw was bare feet and naked calves, the hem of a nighty, then Mary appeared at the steps. She looked bleary eyed up at him, but managed a smile. That radiant smile which shone like a gem.

"What time is it?" she asked as she climbed the four steps up to the steering platform.

"Half passed seven," he replied, looking at the golden haired girl, her beauty radiating from her like a beacon. She was standing to the side, the thin cotton of her nighty letting reflected sunlight from the water shine through, silhouetting her young body.

"You're looking again," she stated.

"Yes," was all he said, his eyes not moving away, as he watched her body move.

She ignored the comment and turned, as she had yesterday and rested her elbows on the coachroof, looking forwards along the length of the boat, at the oncoming canal beyond. He could see she was wearing no panties, a slight pinkness of her buttocks showing through the light material.

"If you carry on staring at my bum," she said without turning her head, you'll crash the boat." Just then, there was a scraping sound as the bows ploughed through the reeds on the outside of a bend. "See, I told you so," she confirmed.

He straightened up the boat and tried to concentrate on steering, rather than her full buttocks still pushing out against the thin cotton. "Where's Ariana?" he asked conversationally.

"She's still asleep. We just couldn't get to sleep last night," she said.

"Yes, I heard," he smirked. Making her head whip round towards him, her flaxen hair sweeping across her face, a fierce look in her eyes, before they softened.

"Hmm," she muttered, "you shouldn't have been listening."

"I enjoyed it," he said. They were both looking steadily into each other's eyes.

"Well you shouldn't have," she said, without anger, her cheeks blushing slightly, turning to go below. "Is it alright if I practice on the piano for a while?"

"Sure, while you're onboard, play whenever you want," he said, swinging the tiller to negotiate a bend, the other side of which was an oncoming craft. As he settled down after the bend, he heard the notes of Debussy's *Clare de Lune*. He realised Mary, self taught as she was, had a talent for the instrument. He made a mental note to ensure she had professional lessons when she returned to Little Angels.

Five minutes later, the lock came in sight. Jim was well practiced at handling his boats through locks single handed, and assumed the girls weren't available to help. He was about to pull into the lock waiting point just below the pound, where there was a concrete path, leading up to the lock itself, when the gate opened and an oncoming boat came out. Seeing him there, they left the gate open as was standard practice if another boat was ready to come in, so he was able to simply motor straight into the lock pound.

He reversed the thrust, stopping the boat, then taking the end of the mid mooring line, he climbed the six foot ladder and looped the rope around the bollard there, before closing the lower gate, then moved to the upper gate and taking his lock key, wound up the paddle, flooding the pound, lifting the boat. He moved to the bollard and taking the rope, held it ensuring the boat didn't drift back against the lower lock gate.

When the water finally settled, the water inside, level with the canal beyond, he pushed the upper lock gate open, took the mooring rope and pulled the boat out of the lock, closed the gate, stepped aboard and pushed the steam control valve forward. The boat moved quietly forward against the current. Jim steered the boat for another half a mile, before mooring up in a quiet stretch, where the only other sign of life was a flock of sheep in a nearby field, and the chirruping of the birds in the trees bordering the tow path.

He went below and noticed Mary had left the piano lid open. He flipped it closed and turned to the galley, to make breakfast. In a few minutes, the smell of frying bacon filled the boat. He heard the two girls moving around in their cabin, the flushing of the toilet, running of taps. Then their cabin door creaked open, the click of the door being pushed into it's restraining clip so it didn't swing with the motion of the boat.

They appeared in the saloon area, which was open to the galley. Jim had just lifted some mushrooms out of the pan and as he glanced across, nearly tipped them on the floor, as he saw what they were wearing. Both had short white belly tops on, showing vast amounts of flesh from just below the tiny nipple tipped bumps of their almost non existent boobs, down to the top of their shorts, three inches below their tummy buttons.

But it was their shorts which had caught his eyes. They were both wearing almost identical pink, skin tight terry cloth pants, which had low waistlines and very high leg holes, which had splits going even higher at the side, reaching

up to their elastic waistlines. As they moved, the splits hypnotically opened and closed. He couldn't see any sign of panties. Their gussets were, less than two inches wide, and the thin stretchy material hugged their forms, showing off the bulges of their mounds and the dip where their labia met in the middle.

"He's staring again," said Ariana.

"I know, he's thinking stuff again, I bet," Mary replied.

"Hello," he said, "earth to Ariana and Mary. Can you read me, over?"

Mary looked at him and said: "That's rich, considering where you were just staring."

They giggled, knowing their teasing of him had made the mark. They smirked and sat down, as he placed a large plate full of breakfast in front of each of them.

"Jim," asked Ariana, "you know you said you would teach us a little about guitar playing? Could you do it today?"

"Sure why not," he replied. "I'll tell you what, why don't we have a lesson every day after breakfast and in the evening, after we've eaten, we can play some songs together. What do you think?"

"Yeah, that sounds great," she said.

"Alright," he said. "Let's start with some simple stuff. Show me how you both hold the guitar..." He reached into the cupboard and handed Ariana the same guitar she'd played the night before and took another out for Mary. Her mouth dropped open it was a Gibson Les Paul Standard. The third he took out for himself. It was a Fender Stratocaster. Ariana had seen one on the internet and knew it was worth a fortune. She kept silent. "I know you can both play the main chords, but let me see how you position your fingers. We'll start with a C, then D, then F." And so the first lesson moved forward. The girls enjoyed the way he explained how to position their fingers and move from one chord to the next. The hour passed quickly and at the end, he suggested they played the 'House of the Rising Sun', which they'd played the night before. The girls played the chords, while Jim picked out the individual notes. Mary and Ariana were almost reluctant to let him put the guitars away at the end of the lesson. Certainly they looked forward to the next.

Jim got the boat underway shortly after. The girls had offered to clear up the breakfast dishes, but they appeared on deck just a few minutes later. He was intrigued, because Mary was holding a small box. It contained a manicure set and little bottles, containing various colours of nail varnish. Realising there wasn't enough room on the steering platform, they climbed up onto the coachroof, where they had all the space in the world. The girls stared for a minute across the countryside. The steam whistle was just behind them. Jim

couldn't resist it and pulled the lanyard setting off a loud hoot, making them both leap with surprise.

"You're a naughty man," said Mary, "if you want to play games, then so can we." He didn't know what she meant, but he was about to find out.

Sitting side by side, their feet dangling over the bulkhead in front of him, Jim watched, while he steered, as they filed then painted their finger nails, each in a different colour. But then, they each lifted a foot, one foot on the coachroof, the other still dangling down, as they started to file their toenails, their thighs were spread in front of him, barely covered by the narrow strip of thin material covering their pussies. Both of them had one side, where the material rode up, exposing the crease between their labia and their thigh, showing the bulge, as it vanished under the cloth.

"He's looking again," said Mary.

"I know," replied Ariana, "I think he's a dirty old man."

"Yeah, you're right. LOOK OUT, Jim," Mary called, too late, as the bow of the boat ground into the shallow water of the bank, embedding itself firmly into the mud. "You're not very good at this, Jim," said Mary. "He's not very good at this Ari, is he?" Her co-conspirator shook her head, grinning.

Jim spent the next twenty minutes using the bargepole to push them back out into deeper water, being observed by a nearby ruminating cow. During that time three other boats passed them, their crews grinning at his situation. "You two did that on purpose," he said in a mock serious tone.

"You shouldn't have been looking," said Ariana in an innocent tone. "If you hadn't looked where you shouldn't look, it wouldn't have happened." He harrumphed, refastened the pole to the grab rail on the side of the coachroof, and went back to sit on the steering seat. The girls knew they had Jim at a complete disadvantage. He was putty in their hands. What they didn't know was what else he'd been up to while poling the boat off the bank. In this section of canal, is a type of algæ. It is green in colour and takes the form of lumps of glutinous jelly. Using the weed bucket, he collected a large quantity of the stuff, before putting the bucket back in the locker. Finally, seeing the girls were looking astern, he lifted the skylight over their shower room up and over, so it was fully open.

It was coming up for midday and getting hot this day late in July and Jim was in a T-shirt advertising the previous year's Glastonbury festival and shorts. The girls were still in their pink shorts and white belly tops, with bare feet, showing off their multi coloured toe nails.

Jim had heard the whispers, watched the body language. He knew they were planning some dastardly deed. He already owed them for last night's prank, and had his revenge planned. Pretending to be inspecting the engine temperature and pressure valves, he was standing in the gap between the



bulkhead and the safety rail which circles round the stern. He bent over to check the throttle valve, and in it's bright chrome plating, could see the reflection of the girls standing behind him, quite clearly. He watched, as if in slow motion, as they pointed at him, nodded to each other and ran at him, arms outstretched to push his bottom, shoving him over the side. He was ready, stooped rolled to the side and swept his arm behind them, sent them spinning over the side where they'd intended him to go.

The girls came spluttering to the surface, total surprise on their faces. They looked up at his laughing face and a look of determination formed in place of surprise. He knew this war wasn't over by a long way. He was beginning to enjoy his holiday after all.

They waded to the side of the boat, he reached down with one arm, holding the safety rail with the other and hauled them bodily out of the water, one at a time. Mary looked daggers at him as she stomped passed. Ariana was more cheerful, as she raised her eyebrows and simply said: "You've really done it now. You don't know what you've started."

"Oh, I don't know," he chuckled, "I've been in the cut once and you two twice. I think I'm ahead."

"Don't count on it Buster," she giggled, "you don't know our Mary when she gets her mind on something."

The next phase in his plan was all about timing. He waited until they had been in the shower for a couple of minutes. He then went to the engine compartment, where the water system control pump was located. He knew when he threw the control switch, he had twenty seconds until the water shut off completely. He flicked the switch, took the weed bucket, climbed up onto the coachroof, went to the open skylight above their shower. He could see their two heads below. Ariana was cupping Mary's mound. Mary was doing the same to Ariana. He heard a low gasp, "Oh I love it when you do that to me Mary." They hadn't noticed him. At that very moment the water shut off. The same voice said: "What's happened to the water?" Jim emptied the contents of the bucket straight down over their heads. He reckoned the screams could have been heard all the way back at the last lock, but he was laughing so loud, he barely noticed them.

He quickly moved away from the open skylight and hopped down onto the steering platform at the stern. He didn't expect what happened next. The door of the girls' cabin burst open and the two naked girls came charging out, fury on their faces – well as much of their faces as could be seen, because they were covered from head to foot with the jelly-like green algæ, which Jim knew from experience stuck to skin like glue. As they raised their arms a green film stretched out from their bodies like gossamer wings. They trailed strands of the weed he'd pulled off the propeller, giving them a Neptune like appearance.

He couldn't help himself, and dissolved into fits of laughter, as he stood to the side of the platform. Their fury redoubled at seeing his amusement and the

two of them hit him together, taking him, and them, over the side into the canal. He was still laughing when he surfaced, looking at the two preteens, whose hair was still matted with green slime. They both took swipes at him, punching him harmlessly on his shoulders and chest. After a few seconds, to stop them, he put his arms around them both and held them tight to himself. He could feel both their bottoms under his fingers, as they wriggled and writhed against him.

Knowing this could quickly get out of hand, he moved to the boat and let them go. They hung onto the gunnel. Then Jim put both hands over Mary's hips, and lifted her up onto the steering platform. For a moment, she was on her hands and knees, but in that instant, he had a wonderful view of the whole of her pudenda, her curved buttocks, the crack of her bum, her knees were a foot apart, her anus winking at him, her smooth perineum, below which her open vagina, dripping water, seemed to call out to him, her cleft, from which her clitoris emerged, either aroused at what Ariana had done to her in the shower, or the shock of falling into the canal. But what caught his attention was how her labia bulged out towards him between her thighs. She turned, anger still written across her face, now sitting on the deck, "Had a good look, did you?"

"Yes," he simply replied, knowing it would gall her.

He lifted Ariana in the same way, and had an exact repeat vision of her whole, wonderful pudenda, inches from his face, just for a second or two, before she too was sitting beside her friend. Jim was very fit, and pulled himself up onto the deck. He was just straightening up, when both girls put their feet against his shoulders and pushed him back into the water with a great splash. As he surfaced, he saw their bottoms disappear back down the companionway. He quickly climbed up again. He reached into the engine compartment and flicked the control switch operating the water supply and a few seconds later, heard the shower in the girls' cabin running once more.

Despite being soaked in his clothes, being a really hot day, he sat back on the steering seat and pushed the valve forward and continued heading south west towards the Welsh border, through the beautiful Cheshire countryside. His mind replaying, over and over the incredible vision of the display the two girls had just given him. He was very erect. Had his shorts not been wet already, damp would have been visible there.

## **Chapter 5**

### **Attrition**

The girls didn't show their faces for over half an hour. Jim assumed they were plotting some dastardly deed, but wasn't particularly worried. He'd had a great morning, it was a bright, sunny day, he was enjoying his holiday. It was too warm to stay below. When the sun gets very hot, narrowboats become like ovens inside. He never left the aircon running during the day, as he spent

most of the time at the tiller. The cabin door creaked open and the two came out. They smiled at him, in a butter-wouldn't-melt-in-the-mouth sort of way, as if nothing in the world had happened before, and climbed up onto the coachroof.

Both were wearing bikinis. Mary's was pink, Ariana's blue. What they seemed to have in common was their size, or lack of it. The bright coloured material hardly covered anything at all. Not that Jim was complaining. They spread their towels out on the coachroof, and lay side by side, on their fronts, heads forward, feet towards Jim, back in the stern. At first, Jim noticed nothing unusual. Then he saw their legs were parted an inch or two. Then a little more. Then he saw movement. It was under Mary's bikini panties. She was playing with herself. Then he saw movement in Ariana's panties too. It then dawned on him. They weren't playing with themselves, they were playing with each other! They each had their hands in the other's panties and were masturbating.

Jim had never seen anything so erotic, so salacious so arousing in his life. A nine and ten year old, playing with each other, knowing he was watching. They'd just started to lift their bottoms up and down, as they worked themselves up, when there was an almighty crash. Jim was pitched forwards onto the deck; the boat stopped dead. Fifteen tons of narrow boat had hit the stone towpath retaining wall, where it jutted out to pass under a bridge. He heard Ariana quip: "You're right Mar, he's not very good at steering, he's crashed it again." Down below was a complete confusion, broken glass and crockery all over the place. Bottles rolling around the floor amidst ketchup and vegetables and milk and a trail of green algæ the girls had left behind them. "Fuck, what a mess," he thought.

He sat down, looking about him, then laughed to himself. He'd had fun and so had the girls. Time to move on. He went into his cabin and stopped dead again. He laughed out loud. The duvet had been turned down and in the middle of the bed, was a circle of the green gunge he'd dropped onto their heads, in the middle of which were three frogs, looking up at him as if he were an intruder. He opened a window, then picked them up one at a time and dropped them out into the canal. He went to a drawer and pulled out a handkerchief. Going back into the saloon, he found a broom and pinned the white material onto the shaft. He went to the bottom of the companionway and raised the pole up and waved the white handkerchief back and forth, like a flag.

"Look," cried Mary from above, "he's surrendered. Let's get down there."

There was movement above, and their faces both appeared in the doorway. They focused on the mess all over the floor, their mouths dropping open. Ariana was about to say something, when there was the sound of a blaring horn outside. Although the current had pushed them downstream nearly a hundred yards, they were lying across the canal, blocking it completely.

"If you'll excuse me ladies," Jim said bowing theatrically, "I have duties to perform up on deck." The girls, equally theatrically bowed and waving their arms, ushered him out. It took two or three minutes to straighten up the boat, allowing the oncoming craft to pass.

He grinned when the man at the tiller of the other boat looked at him wide eyed, before pointing at Jim saying: "Everyone in the world is looking for you, Jim." Jim put his finger to his lips. "I promise I won't say a word." The man held his fist out with his thumb up, which Jim copied. As the two boats parted in opposite directions, the man called back: "I hear it's up to five billion and rising. Good on you, mate."

Just at that moment, Mary appeared up in the companionway. "Who was that?" she asked, "did he know you?"

"I think he thought he'd seen me somewhere before," he dismissed. "Mary, would you call Ariana up for me, please? While I moor the boat. We've got some tidying up to do."

Jim decided to be practical about the cleanup. He fitted a hose to the bilge pump and set it in reverse mode. Starting with the girls' shower room, he hosed all the green gunge off the walls and ceiling and down into the bilge. He then worked along the passageway running the length of the whole boat and hosed the floor, pushing all the debris before him. At last, the floor was reasonably clean, with a pile of rubbish up against the stern bulkhead. He shut off the water flow and put the hose away, switched the bilge pump to clear the water overboard, got a broom and small shovel and scooped up the mess into a bin liner bag.

"Are we friends again?" he asked the girls.

They both gave him a 'Well-that-all-depends' look, but nodded warily. "OK for now," said Mary waving a finger at him. "But if you're a naughty boy again, we might have to punish you."

"Would you two like to drive the boat for me?" he asked. "I have to make a phone call." The girls looked at each other, grinned and nodded. He took them aft and showed them how to operate the steam valve and let them each steer for a while, until they got the hang of it. He stood with them for ten minutes, before he went below, leaving them to it. He walked up to the bows and sat on one of the little seats there. He took his phone from his pocket. It hadn't been switched on since before the concert. He paused for a moment, then pressed the button, watching the little Apple logo light up. As soon as the home screen appeared, he went into setting and made sure his location could not be seen.

He selected Roger's number and pressed autodial. It was answered on the first ring. "Hello Jimmy, my boy," said the drummer's friendly voice, "how's the holiday going?" There was a loud rustling sound, and Eric's voice shouted down the phone, "Jim you irresponsible, fucking imbecile. Where the fucking

hell are you? Every TV channel, newspaper, radio are tearing the whole world apart trying to find you. Where the fucking hell are you?"

"Hello Eric, nice to hear your voice," said Jim quietly, "how are you?"

"Fuck off, Jim," shouted Eric, "you have no idea what you left behind, when you pulled your vanishing act. Have you seen the papers? Do you know what's happened since the concert?"

"No Eric," he said, enjoying winding Eric up, "Oh just a minute, I need a drink," he put the phone on the seat, hearing Eric's shouts of "Don't you walk away from this phone," and walked all the way back to the stern and pulled a surviving bottle of Doom Bar out of a cupboard, flipped open the crown cap, and walked back again, to hear Eric's still ranting voice coming from the phone. "Now Eric, remember I am on holiday and hung up the 'do not disturb' sign after the concert ended. What can I do for you?"

"Fucking hell Jim," gasped his manager, "are you in the real world, or orbiting some cloud cuckoo land? Let me explain, my lad. You organised the concert. As you know I was against it, but you had your way. You pushed the rest of the band to go along with you and your stupid idea. Every other major band gave their time for free. You blagged the ground crew, lighting, sound and stage builders and riggers into giving everything for nothing and it took over a year. They all gave willingly, because you asked them to. Then you fucked off without even saying 'thank you' to anyone. It's just as well I'm here to pull your ungrateful arsehole out of the fire you stupid bastard. But, and I say this with utter amazement. You exceeded every forecast and expectation. You have raised over five and a half billion fucking quid. The World Health organisation are wetting themselves with this. I've had phone calls from everyone from the Pope to the Queen. Oh she says you've got a knighthood, by-the-way. I told her you don't fucking deserve it, but she insisted." Eric chuckled for the first time.

"So this is what I want, Jim," said Eric, getting into business mode at last. "We want to organise a 'thank you concert' this weekend. There will be all the bands who performed and the hundreds of ground crews who gave their time and skills. We estimate there will only be three or four thousand there plus the TV people. Are you up for it, Jim?"

"Sure Eric," Jim said quietly. "Where are you holding it?"

"We don't know yet, Jim. We're looking for a much smaller venue than what we're used to. We also want it somewhere discrete, because entry is going to be by invitation only. Any suggestions? Where are you, by-the-way?"

"I'm on my new boat, Eric," said Jim. "But if it's available, I have the perfect venue. The Llangollen Eisteddfod Pavilion. I've been to several concerts there. The pavilion can hold fifteen hundred and temporary seating can be added for another three thousand. Would that do?"

"Sounds perfect, Jim," said Eric. "Let me make some calls. If we're going to pull this off, we're going to have to pull our fingers out fast. Do me a favour, Jim, don't switch your phone off and keep in touch with Roger and the others over what songs you're going to perform. Before I go, is there anything you need?"

"Yes," Jim said, "I will have two guests with me. They are both young orphans, who my mother asked me to look after for her. I would like them to be treated as VIPs. If my mother's coming, she can look after them."

"OK," said Eric, "I'll sort it. You go back to your holiday. But, for fuck's sake, don't vanish again. My weak heart won't stand it." They ended the call on a happier note than it had started.

Jim walked back to the stern and found the girls very happily steering the boat, both sitting either side of the tiller.

"How are you two getting on?" he asked, as he rested his bum on the curved safety rail, beside them, looking forward up the canal. As the countryside rolled passed them, he said: "We've had some fun, girls. But let me ask you a serious question now. As I already told you, I work in the entertainment business. If I could arrange for you to go and see any band in the world, who would you want to see?"

"Pink Passions," they both replied together. They were suddenly showing a lot of interest in what he was saying.

"Alright then," he said, "if I can fix it for you to go to their concert this weekend, would you put our little differences behind us?"

"They haven't got a concert this weekend," said Mary. "Everyone knows they're having two months off. They're all on holiday. It was on telly.

"I happen to know they're planning a special concert for all the people who helped make the 'Jab-the-world' a success. There are no tickets, no public; it's a secret private concert; it's invitation only."

"So how do we get in?" asked Ariana.

"I was involved with the concert," said Jim, "I just spoke on the phone to Pink Passions' manager and asked him if you could go and he said 'yes'. There's something else you might like to know. All the bands who performed at the concert have been invited, and most will be there. So if you want to meet them, this will be your chance."

"Do you mean it, Jim? You're not just winding us up again are you?" asked Mary, hope in her voice.

"I mean it," he replied, "On condition, as I said, that we call a truce and put the past behind us. What do you say?"

Mary moved the few feet to his side and threw her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek and cuddled him. Jim put his arm around her, his hand across her firm buttocks, feeling their warmth and shape.

“Your hand’s on my bum,” she stated, not pulling away.

“Yes,” he confirmed, “it’s the best place for it.” She still didn’t pull away, but cuddled him harder for a few seconds, before returning to her seat beside Ariana. He saw her cheeks were flushed. They both knew a line had been crossed and neither regretted it.

## **Chapter 6**

### **The Dare**

“If you two are happy steering the boat, as there aren’t any more locks for a couple of miles, I’ll go below and prepare some lunch.” Jim enjoyed cookery and food preparation. But being on the road so much and when at home, living with his mother, who cooked and had a live in cook as well, he rarely had the chance to practice it. Being so hot, he decided a salad was in order. He hard boiled some eggs, chopped avocado, mushrooms, cocktail onions, tomatoes, celery, chives, spring onions, three types of lettuce and made up a home made coleslaw. He had some cold turkey, chicken and honey roast ham, as well as some cold roast beef slices. He laid the table, and put out a beer for himself and a can of alchopops for each of the girls.

Coming up on deck, he saw they happened to be in a wider part of the canal, where it entered into a small lake. Both the girls smiled brightly at him. They were having a good time. They didn’t even make any comment when he studied their bodies, barely covered by their tiny bikinis, for a moment.

“Would you like a swim before lunch?” he asked. He pointed to the far side of the lake. “Food is all ready, but first, we can anchor over there and have a dip, if you like. Just pull the tiller towards you, Mary. That’s right, now straighten up. Pull the steam valve lever up Ariana. We’ll let the boat coast in. I’ll go and prepare the anchor.” He went to the anchor locker in the bows and by the time he had pulled it out with the short length of chain and rope warp, they were in a good spot, well away from the main line the other canal users would take. He dropped the anchor and chain over the bow, then fed the warp out. He guessed the water here was about ten foot deep, so let out a total of about thirty foot of rope. The boat tugged round as the anchor bit in the mud and came to rest, pointing into what little breeze there was this hot day.

When he got back to the stern, he found the girls had brought their towels up and hung them over the safety rail, ready for use. He noticed they’d also brought one up for him. Jim dived over the side and surfaced a few yards away, turning to watch Ariana, as she held her nose and jumped vertically in.

Mary laughed at her friend, as she neatly dived over her, towards Jim's bobbing head.

She tapped him on the shoulder and said "You're 'It'," and swam rapidly away. He took chase and almost caught her, but she swerved to the side and under the boat. She was a good swimmer. Instead, he followed, diving down, then as he neared the surface, the other side, he saw a foot and tugged it. "You're 'It'," he said, suddenly realising it was Ariana. She wasn't such a good swimmer, and after a minute or two, Mary let her friend catch her; and so the game continued. After twenty minutes, they'd had enough. Jim pulled himself effortlessly up onto the steering platform, and reached down for first one then the other girl, lifting them single handed up onto their feet. They'd had fun and enjoyed themselves, and at last a bond was forming between the three of them.

"Would you dry my back for me, Jim?" asked Mary. He took her towel and as she turned, she gave him a knowing look. He gently rubbed the towel down her spine, from her shoulders to the small of her back, then over her bottom and down the back of her thighs and calves. Nothing sexual had happened, but they both felt the eroticism of the moment. He handed her the towel back, as Ariana held hers out. He repeated the pleasant job on her in the same way.

They enjoyed their leisurely lunch and Jim let the girls have a second can of alchopops, while he had another Doom Bar beer. He knew they had five days to get to Llangollen, a trip which usually only took three or at most four. So he was happy to take his time and get to know the girls better.

"Jim," asked Ariana unexpectedly, "you have some really nice guitars in your cupboard. You've taught us some stuff too. Would you do a song for us, so we can hear you play?" He wasn't sure how to handle this, as he knew if he played any of his own work, they would instantly recognise who he was. He was enjoying being anonymous, even if just for a while.

He opened up the cupboard and took out the same guitar Ariana had used for her lesson. "Have you ever seen Mama Mia?" he asked, as he sat down. They both nodded and smiled. "I rather like the song Colin Firth sang 'Our Last Summer'. He isn't a singer, and yet he pulled it off really well. Now let me see it is B major," he played the opening bars, before singing: "I can still recall our last summer....."

The girls sat there entranced, hypnotised at the wonderful way he played and sang, almost .... as though he was professional. When he finished, the girls clapped enthusiastically.

"That was really good," said Ariana, "Can you play 'Love, Love, True Love,' by Pink Passions?"

He didn't react, but simply said: "How about I play something like 'Hotel California?' It's got an interesting guitar solo near the end." He struck up the opening notes and sang: "On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair...."



He even managed the guitar solo on his own, even though it was usually played by two. Finally it ended. Again the girls couldn't believe how brilliantly he played and sang. He looked across at Mary and said: "When I look at you, I think of a song from when I was very young. It was the last song sung at the concert the other night. Would you like to hear it?" They nodded, enraptured in the moment.

"It's called: 'Mary was an only child'. It was written by Art Garfunkel long before you were born. I hope you'll like it." He re-tuned the guitar quickly, then sang:

"Mary was an only child  
Nobody held her, nobody smiled  
She was born in a trailer, wretched and poor  
And she shone like a gem in a five and dime store

Mary had no friends at all  
Just famous faces pinned to the wall  
All of them watched her, none of them saw  
That she shone like a gem in a five and dime store

And if you watch the stars at night  
And find them shining equally bright  
You might have seen Jesus and not have known what you saw  
Who would notice a gem in a five and dime store?"

He looked across at Mary she was smiling, 'like a gem in a five and dime store', but the tears were pouring down her face. Through her sobs, she managed to say: "That was absolutely lovely. It was like it was written about me. Who did you say wrote it?"

"Someone I know. His name is Art Garfunkel. He's over eighty now. He and his partner, Paul Simon, had a song you might have played on the piano. It's called 'Bridge over Troubled Water'."

"Yes," she said, "I play it quite often on the piano. I'll play it for you sometime. Would you do something for me?" She moved round the table and sat beside him. "Would you sing it again for me, please?" she asked, wiping more tears away.

He started to play the opening notes again. She leaned into his side, her hand curling around his neck, her other stemming the flow of tears, which flowed down her cheek onto his elbow, as he sang the words again. As soon as he finished, she tugged at the strap, her meaning clear. He lifted the strap over his head and put the guitar to one side. She immediately climbed up and sat on his lap, her, still wet, bikini pressing against his thighs. She put her arms around him and hugged him tightly, her cheek pressed into his hairy chest. He put his arms around her and held her tenderly, while she sobbed her heart

out. He looked over at Ariana, who looked back, her expression one of 'please help my friend, she is all I have'.

Jim reached over to a shelf, and grabbing a box of Kleenex and pulled out a fistful of tissues and handed them to Mary. She remained like that, clinging to him for a good five minutes, until the hiccupping of her crying finally silenced. At last, she looked up at him and said quietly: "Thank you Jim, I feel better now I know there is someone other than Ari, who understands me." She swivelled round. He thought she was getting off, but instead, she sat on his lap, her back leaning against his chest, her legs outside his, her head just beneath his chin, her uncombed flaxen hair sandwiched between their bodies.

He put his arms around her, his fingers intertwined over her naked belly. She clasped her hands over his. Ariana looked on anxiously, knowing this was a special moment for Mary. Then Mary did the last thing she expected, she beckoned Ariana over. In moments, Ariana was also sitting on Jim's thighs, leaning back against Mary. His hands were now either side of his knees, until Mary grabbed them and with her own, wrapped them around Ariana's tummy, three pairs of hands intertwined.

No one moved for ten or fifteen minutes, each in their own thoughts. At last, Jim said: "Do you two ever play dare?"

Thinking it an odd question, Mary said: "Sure, why?"

"I have a dare for you two. Are you up for it?"

"Depends what it is, of course," she replied cautiously. "None of your stupid pranks though."

"No, no, nothing like that. What if I could ask Jim Lazenby to open Saturday's concert with 'Bridge over Troubled Water'? I think I could fix it with Eric, their manager, the guy I spoke to earlier."

"Well, that's no dare," said Ariana.

"It is if Mary plays the piano and you play the chords on this guitar," he said tapping the old instrument. "If Jim Lazenby will play, he'll join you as a trio. He'll play all the difficult bits, you just play along. What do you think?"

"You're not serious," said Mary dismissively. "We've never played in front of anyone; we're not very good; we'd be terrified of playing in a big concert; and why would Jim Lazenby ever want to play with someone like us, anyway. It's crazy."

"Well, there's a first time for everyone," he responded, "you're better than you think, and you have the rest of the week to practice and make it perfect, and as for Lazenby, you leave him to me. Just think of it, you two would open one of the most exclusive concerts ever held, playing alongside your favourite band, watched by millions of their fans all over the world, wishing they could

swap places with you. If you don't do it, you'll regret it for the rest of your lives. But if you take me up on my dare, I will let you ask me for anything you want, as long as it's reasonable and possible. That's my dare."

The girls shuffled uncomfortably on his lap, obviously both nervous and excited about what he had said. "Now, you two, we've wasted most of the day. I bet we have travelled less than ten miles since we came onboard. We should get going. Who wants to steer?" They slipped off his lap, letting him stand. He went to the bow and quickly pulled the anchor up and stowed it away. Soon they were heading along the narrow waterway towards what they all knew would somehow be a defining moment in all their lives.

## **Chapter 7**

### **Bridge over Troubled Water**

They all enjoyed that afternoon, as the boat moved silently along the canal, through the beautiful rural Cheshire countryside. A new rapport had formed between them all in the last few hours. They were relaxed together and talked about a whole range of subjects. This was brought home to Jim, when Ariana asked: "Do you have a girlfriend, Jim?"

"No, I don't," he answered. "I never seem to have the time."

"Are you gay, then."

"No Ariana," he said, "I'm not gay, what made you think that?"

"There's nothing wrong with being gay," said the all knowing nine year old, "Mary and I do it together all the time."

"Yes, I know," he said, "you can't live in a boat without knowing what people are up to."

Mary cut in: "Maybe he'd like to watch us later, Ari." The two of them giggled for a moment. But Jim knew for them to talk this way at all, they'd somehow come to an acceptance of and maybe even trusted him.

They had a series of locks to negotiate over the next hour. The girls helped with enthusiasm. Jim always let one of them steer in and out of the locks, while he and the other opened and shut the heavy gates and wound up the paddles to open the sluices. He enjoyed watching their bent, bikini covered butts leaning to the task as they pushed or pulled against the huge wooden balance beams. It was late afternoon when they reached Wrenbury, which is a small Market town. There they pulled in close to the Dusty Miller. It was once a corn mill, built in the 1500's and converted into a pub half a century ago, so was full of character. They decided they wanted to eat early, then move on out into the countryside outside the town to moor overnight.

They all had a quick shower and were in the pub, when they opened at six o'clock and had eaten a wonderful meal an hour later. Jim noticed several things that evening, that showed him how the girls had changed towards him. For example, after he came out of his cabin in light trousers and casual shirt, Mary called him.

She was standing just inside their cabin. She was only wearing a pair of tiny pink panties, partly covering her mound. Her darkened areolæ standing proud, her erect puffy nipples projecting out from them, as she held up two dresses for him to compare. "Do you think I should wear the yellow or the red one, Jim?" She stuck her tongue out at him, grinning, when he said he thought she looked just perfect as she was.

In the far corner of the cabin, he watched as Ariana was bent over, stepping into and pulling up her powder blue panties, unworried about his presence, knowing he would be looking at her bum. For some reason, he felt comforted by their acceptance of him seeing them naked.

He glanced back at Mary, still holding the two garments up, her tiny plump buds seeming ready to burst, so taut did they appear. Her nipples hard and erect on the tips of her miniature cones. She gave him a small smile, before slowly closing the cabin door between them.

Jim had left the burner on low, so when they returned after their meal, it only took a few minutes for steam pressure to get up sufficiently to move on. There is a rule on the canals that movement should end at eight o'clock. But they only needed to move a mile or so and had done so in just over thirty minutes. They moored up on a straight section of canal and could see no one else was moored in sight in either direction. Jim shut down the boiler and closed and locked the companionway doors.

There was an air of expectation, and as soon as they settled, Mary was sitting in front of her opened piano keyboard, and Ariana had taken out her and Jim's guitars. She was checking it was tuned to her satisfaction. Jim switched on the amplifier panel and passed Ariana the leads to plug the guitars in. He went to the fridge and pulled out a six pack of alchopops in mixed flavours and put them in the middle of the table, followed by his own beer glass and a pair of bottles of Doom Bar beer.

"It can be played in various keys, Mary," said Jim, not needing to say which song, "but the original key was E flat, so let's try that and see how you get on. Play the intro a couple of times for me, would you?"

She put her fingers to the keys and started to play the hypnotic notes, recognised the world over. "That's very good, Mary. The start needs to be much quieter, because it builds up. Try playing mezzo-piano. Play it again." And so the evening started. After about ten minutes, he turned to Ariana and said, "OK, there are a lot of chords you need to grasp for this. Let's start with the first few. They are: C F Bb G Am G7 D. When you've nailed them, we'll move on to the next few."

Ariana struggled moving from one chord to the next smoothly, but soon managed it well enough.

"Alright, let's make a start. Mary, you play the intro, then Ariana and I will come in. I will sing the words. Let's see what it sounds like." Mary played the intro, then Jim and Ariana joined in, she playing chords, he the individual notes.

"When you're weary  
Feeling small  
When tears are in your eyes....."

They worked on it for over an hour. It seemed like five minutes and by the end of that time, they knew they were imperfect, but had the foundation of a really good sound. "Let's leave it at that, girls," Jim said. "You've both worked really well. I think you deserve another alchopop each. He opened the fridge and pulled a couple more out with another beer for himself.

"Jim," said Mary, in a tone he was beginning to recognise, "would you play for us? Sing us some of your favourite songs."

"OK," he said, "close up the piano, Mary and put your guitar away, Ariana. Come and sit beside me."

The girls moved either side of him. He put his arms around them both. It was a stretch, but he could just reach the frets and strings if they leaned in to him a bit. He played and sang a random selection of songs, starting with John Lennon's 'Imagine', followed by 'Angels' by Robbie Williams and 'Shut Up And Drive' by Rihanna. "Here's a couple of tunes by Keane. They're one of my very favourite bands. They played at the concert last Saturday. The first song is 'Somewhere only we Know' the other is 'Everyone's Changing'." The girls were mesmerised by the exquisite music and singing. At last, he put the guitar down on the table and brought his arms back around them, resting his hands on their buttocks. Neither reacted in any way, other than to hug him tighter. They were both lying across his lap, slightly on their sides, their faces touching. He didn't push his luck just then and it wasn't long before he heard the unmistakable sound of their heavy breathing.

He sat there for at least twenty minutes, unmoving, thinking about the events of the last week; the concert, the incredible success it had invoked; meeting the girls and the impact he realised they had had on him. Something his mother had somehow known, even before she had thrown them together.

He didn't consciously move his hands down, but suddenly realised he'd done so, finding the hems of their dresses, rucked up. His fingers slipping underneath, feeling the thin cotton of their panties, warm, soft to his touch, the material pulled into the valley of their bottoms, letting him feel their gorgeous shape. Where their thighs were pressed together, he could just feel the bulge of their labia, the dip of their clefts between, the tiny nub of their clitties almost

out of reach, the depression, where he knew their vaginas would be. As he let his fingers roam over them, he knew, without any doubt at all in his mind, he wanted these two girls. And although he was tempted and knew he could explore under the sexy thin cotton of their panties, he decided not to. He realised he wanted them to knowingly offer themselves.

After a few minutes, he withdrew his hands. He changed position, waking them. He stirred them, saying it was time for bed. He wondered what she knew, when Ariana said, "Oh, I was just enjoying that," but decided to say nothing.

The girls were wide awake by now, although sleepy, and went willingly to their cabin. As Jim undressed, he heard the water flow next door as they washed and brushed their teeth. He climbed into bed and switched on the intercom. It was only moments later he heard them also getting into bed.

"I just had one of the best days of my whole life," said Mary's voice.

"Yeah," said Ariana, "it was great, I really enjoyed it. I even liked the trick he played on us, you know with that green gunge. Not at the time, but when I think back, it was really funny."

"Yeah," said Mary, "I like Jim, he's really fun, sort of cute too. But don't tell him that. Did you see how he kept looking at us, today?"

"Hmm, I know, it made me feel all tingly once or twice... oh can you move your finger up a bit, yeah, that's the spot, that feels nice. What was I saying? Oh yes, you know when he lifted us up out of the water, when we were bare, well he had a really good look at you from behind as you knelt on the boat. I bet he did the same with me. I saw you showed him your boobies when we were getting ready to go to the pub tonight, Mar.

"Yeah," Mary said, "did you see him stare? Anyway, you're one to talk. You dropped your knickers just before he came in, so he could look at your bum, while you pulled them up again. They both giggled quietly. "Do you think he likes looking at us?"

"Well he does it often enough. He likes touching us too. He's had his hands on our bums several times today. Did you nod off, you know, just before we came to bed?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well he had a really good feel feel of my bum, thinking I was asleep. I bet he did the same to you. But the strange thing was, I didn't mind. It was like he was caressing me. I like him Mar," said Ariana, "let him look and touch if he wants. Anyway, if he gets us into the concert, I'd do anything for him."

"Anything?" they both giggled again.

“What about this ‘Bridge over Troubled Water’ thing?” asked Ariana.

“Well at first, when he said it, I was frightened,” said Mary. “But after we practiced and got better, I kinda liked the idea. As long as we can practice more and get really good, I’m up for it. Can you press a bit harder there....yeah that’s nice. Wiggle it a bit, hmmm.”

“You know what he said before,” said Ariana, “when he asked us to play at the concert, he said something strange. He said: ‘I will let you ask me for anything you want.’ What do you think he meant?”

“I don’t know, but if he meant it, I know what I want,” said Mary.

“What’s that?”

“I want him to help us find somewhere to live. You know, with a real family,” Mary started to cry again. “I don’t want to be a gem in a five and dime store, I want a real home, with people I can call Mummy and Daddy. And I know where I would like to live more than anywhere.”

“Where’s that, Mary?” asked Ariana.

“I want to live with Jim and his mum.”

Jim rolled away from the intercom speaker, and muttered “Oh fucking hell. Mum, what the fuck have you started. You knew this would happen.” He lay awake for some time, thinking. Then he made a decision and suddenly he slept, despite the squeaks of joy coming through the intercom.

## **Chapter 8**

### **A Crash course in Lovemaking**

Jim was as quiet as possible getting the boat underway the following morning. Mist was rising from the water surface, as the first rays of the sun glittered through the leaves of the overhanging tree branches. He loved the solitude of moving along the canal at this time of the day, only observed by the occasional heffer or bullock. There was a lock coming up. There would be ten today, then none at all tomorrow. He silently approached the quayside below the gates and taking the central mooring rope, tied off to a bollard and walked up the steps to the paddle gear.

He wasn’t in any rush, so only opened just the one paddle and sat on the balance beam, while the lock emptied. He pushed the gate open, lowered the paddle again and taking the rope from the bollard, pulled the boat into the pound and shut the gate behind. He looped the rope round another bollard, then walked to the top gate, opened both paddles there and waited while the lock filled, which took a couple of minutes. He then pushed open the gate, pulled the boat out and closed the gate again behind them, dropped the

paddles and stepped back aboard. To go through a lock on your own takes more than twice as long as with someone else helping. But he wasn't in a hurry and enjoyed the process.

The next lock would be about a mile or two away. He settled down, steering the boat through some of the most beautiful countryside England has to offer. He heard movement below and saw that both girls were awake and up. They came up the steps, bleary eyed and turned looking ahead along the top of the coachroof, seeing where they were. Both were wearing thin cotton summer night dresses, which came down to a couple of inches above their knees. He could see from the pink shadows of their buttocks, they weren't wearing anything else.

"Sorry, did the movement through the lock wake you?" he asked.

They turned and smiled, nodding. "Can I steer the boat for a while?" asked Ariana. He swung the seat to one side and let her stand beside him, taking the tiller. Mary came and stood the other side of him. They were both leaning against him, obviously happy with the contact. He put an arm around both of them, resting on their hips. They in turn put an arm around his shoulders.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

"Uhh hmm," they both said.

"That's good," he continued, "because I've been giving something a lot of thought."

"What's that Jim?" asked Ariana as she pushed the tiller across to avoid a floating log.

"I asked you yesterday if you were up for opening the concert on Saturday night. What do you think?"

Mary answered for both of them: "Yeah, we'll do it as long as you can fix it for Jim Lazenby to play with us."

"Yeah, I can do that. That's fixed, then," he smiled.

"Not quite," said Mary. You also said you would give us anything we want."

"I did," he confirmed, "as long as it is reasonable and possible."

"Well, would you help us find a home to live in, with a real Mummy and Daddy?" He could see she had tears forming again. It was a very sensitive subject for her.

"Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I want to have two or three weeks on the boat, then afterwards, I want to spend some time at home, you know, with my Mum. Anyway, I wondered if you two scamps would like to



come and stay with us until my holiday ends, that's eight weeks from now. What do you say?" He lowered his hands down their hips and curled them over their buttocks. The thin material in no way disguised their form. He could feel their warmth, their full firmness, the curve, where their valley dipped in the centre. Neither girl pulled away. In fact he felt them both push against him.

"I would love to, Jim," said Mary, "and I know Ari would too wouldn't you? And you'll help us find a home, a real home?"

"Yes," he simply replied, enjoying the feel of his hand on her.

"But there's more," he said, lowering his hand down their thighs, feeling the hems of their nighties slip over his wrists, his fingers now on the back of their thighs just above their knees. "If at the end of the eight weeks you like living with us, I will ask my mother if she would speak to Mrs. Evans, for us to adopt you both. Then you will live with us and be my daughters. But," he said, sliding his fingers slowly up between their thighs, "only if you want to," the movement of his hands stopped, "do you want to?"

The girls glanced at each other, a silent communication between them. "Yes, Jim, we want to." She paused and added: "We want you to." He moved his fingers up the two more inches, feeling the crease where their thighs joined their labia. They both gasped.

"Are you sure you want to come and live with me?" he asked.

"Yeah, we want," hissed Mary.

"Please, yes," said Ariana.

Jim moved his palms over their lower buttocks and let his finger slip along their perineums and into the dip of their vaginas, moving further, through their clefts, he could feel slippery dampness. He could feel the little slip of skin of their cowls, and pressed gently against them, feeling both girls jerk in reaction. He very gently, very carefully moved his fingers back and forth over their little nubs, feeling the girls move in reciprocation back and forth. They were rising, rising.

Suddenly, there was an almighty crash. The boat had stopped dead, the girls were lying on the deck, and below, in the cabin, was a scene of chaos with as much debris on the floor as there had been yesterday. Jim looked up and there in front was the next lock. They had run straight into the retaining wall to the side of the entry. Fortunately, at this early hour, there was no one around to witness what had happened.

"Hmm," he commented to no one in particular, "It seems I'm not the only one round here having difficulty with steering."

The girls went below to tidy up, while Jim took the boat through the lock as quickly as possible. He inspected the damage to the bows. It wasn't nearly as

bad as he'd expected. Certainly they weren't in danger of sinking. He motored on another half a mile to an open area, where no other boats were moored. On the other side of the canal from the towpath, there was an old wall, which was perhaps once an abutment for a bridge long since disappeared. He moved cautiously towards it and found the water there to be deep enough and moored alongside it. Beyond, was an open field of recently harvested barley.

Going below, he found the girls had made quick work of clearing up and looked at him with anticipation. No one spoke. He moved to his cabin door and watched as the girls stepped under his arm holding it open. Mary and Ariana were standing side by side and watched, as Jim pulled his T-shirt off over his head, dropping it to the floor. He kicked off his boat shoes and stood looking at them for a moment. He reached out, and took hold of Mary's nighty, on either side, near her hips and slowly lifted it up over her head. He only looked in her eyes, then looking at Ariana's, he did the same with her nighty. Still looking from one girl's face to the next, he unbuckled his shorts and let them drop to the floor. Finally, he put his thumbs under the waistband of his boxers and pushed them down too. The girls' eyes were now focused on his long hard erection, their faces reflecting their own curiosity and raw desire.

He then leaned into them and putting his arms around them, hugged them both tightly into his front. His hard erect penis nestled into the valley between the girls, where they felt it pressing into their sides. They remained standing there for at least a minute.

"Let's get into bed," he suggested. Mary slipped under the sheet to one side, then Jim, and Ariana the other side. They lay like that, with his arms around each of them, cuddling them into his sides.

"Well," he said, looking at the ceiling of the cabin, "I wonder what Mrs. Evans and my mother would have to say if they could see us now." The three of them laughed at the thought.

It was a few minutes later, Jim felt a hand, then another move over his side, seeking his hard erection. In moments, little fingers were exploring, feeling, squeezing, rubbing. He felt vindicated in moving his hands down, over the valley of their lower tummies, the rise of their firm but soft mounds, Mary's slightly fuller than Ariana's, seeking their dimples and into their clefts, finding each had a hard nub sticking out erect, waiting. He didn't hesitate and started to rub and press and squeeze and arouse them, feeling the tension once more growing in them.

They continued in this manner for another ten minutes or so, giving and receiving such pleasure. Then, as if they'd discussed it, both girls rolled away from him. Mary then lifted herself up and over him, straddling his waist, his hard erection now encased between her labia. She nodded at Ariana, as if some prearranged signal was given, and she too swung up and straddled him, but facing Mary, her bottom over his chest. All he could now see was Ariana's back, when before he'd been admiring Mary's newly forming boobs and had been ready to reach forward and caress them.

Mary and Ariana leaned forward and kissed. Their mouths opened and tongues danced with each other, saliva passing back and forwards. Mary then moved her hips forwards then backwards and forwards, speeding up now, forwards and backwards over his hard cock, feeling it slide through her cleft, his pre-cum making them both so slippery. Ariana was wriggling on his chest and he felt a little hand there, whose, he could not see. But Jim wanted more, and put his hands under Ariana's thighs and lifted her up and back, settling her on his face, so his tongue could now explore and tease and taste the nine year old. Ariana's reaction, when his tongue mashed into her clitty, was instant. She arched her back, held her breath and in moments started to gasp out her orgasm. The two girls had pleased one another every night for months, but neither had experienced the intensity of the climaxes which washed through them both right now.

Mary was jerking her hips forward and back as fast as she could, her climax never ending, intensifying, if anything. Ariana was cuming and cuming on Jim's tongue, her little girl juices squirting into his open mouth repeatedly. They all sensed when Jim's time had arrived. The two girls looked down expectantly, watching the purple head of his cock seeming to swell, then explode, as his white hot semen shot out, hitting Ariana's belly, running down into her cleft, where Jim could taste himself. Mary moved her hand there, catching the next ejaculation in her palm and scooping it to her mouth, to taste, finding it wasn't yucky as she'd been told, but warm and slippery and slightly salty and arousing. Their movements continued, but slowed, until at last there was silence other than their heavy breathing as their bodies tried to re-oxygenate and the engine pressure release valve, letting off steam.

They lay silently alongside him, their arms around each other, no one speaking, words unnecessary, just physical presence needed. Finally, Mary spoke. "I've never had a daddy," she said plaintively. Another tear appearing at the corner of her eye. He scooped it with his finger and sucked it away, "can we call you Daddy?" It was such a simple question, with such earth shattering consequences.

"On one condition," he said, sounding serious. "That I can call you Gem, so every time I say it you know I love you."

"Do you Jim.....I mean Daddy, do you love me?" she said real hope in her voice.

"Course I do," he said "who else would put up with a pair of pain in the arses like you two. You've made the boat crash twice, wrecked everything below decks, wrecked my bed and yet I forgive it all. Because I love you."

"What are you going to call me?" asked Ariana, feeling a little left out.

"I'm going to call you Silver Girl, Silver for short!"

"Why?" she asked, genuinely puzzled.

"Because, your name, Ariana, is Welsh in origin and it means silver. To me, you shine like silver, you love being on the boat, true?" she nodded, and I think of the words in 'Bridge over Troubled Water' were written just for you:

'Sail on silver girl  
Sail on by  
Your time has come to shine  
All your dreams are on their way  
See how they shine  
Oh, if you need a friend  
I'm sailing right behind  
Like a bridge over troubled water'  
I will ease your mind

You, me and Mary, or should I say Gem are going to live together forever and ever. You see, 'All your dreams are on their way'."

"Anyway, you two lazy crew," he said, playfully slapping their bare bottoms, "it's time we got this boat moving again. Wanna have a shower with me, my bathroom is much bigger? I think it might be fun."

## **Chapter 8**

### Intimacy

The whole atmosphere on the boat changed from that moment. The girls went out of their way to help in anyway they could, cleaning, preparing food, steering, working the locks. It was later that same day, Ariana asked Jim why the boat didn't have a name.

"Well," he said, "it's just registered with a number for the moment. I haven't had time to think a name up yet. Why, do you have a suggestion?"

"Yes," she answered, "but I would like to be the one who paints it on. Would that be alright?"

"Sure," he said, "are you artistic, Silver?"

"She's the best artist in the school," answered Mary for her.

"Alright," he said, "as soon as we see somewhere where we can get the coloured paints and brushes you need, we'll get them. As we pass other boats, you can see how they've painted their names on. You might get some ideas."

They had spent an hour passing through the Grindley Brook Staircase lock flight, helped by the very pleasant lady lock keeper there, who explained to

the girls how it all worked, while Jim stayed on board, controlling the thrust as they moved from one lock, directly into the next.

It wasn't long before they reached Whitchurch Marina. They pulled in and donning their face masks, asked at the office if they could book a taxi to take them into town to do some shopping, as it would be a long half hour walk each way, carrying shopping. Jim said: "I see you have crane facilities." He'd noticed the huge machine sitting on a large open concrete platform. "Would it be possible to have my boat lifted out and the hull checked at the bows for damage? We had a bump on the way. Could you fill the water tank and pump out the waste tank too?" He slid a fifty pound note across the desk, when he saw the frown on the man's face, which suddenly lit up and said it would be no problem at all.

"If there's any scraped paint," the man said, "want us to slap a bit on to hide your sin?" Jim smiled and nodded. There was a shop there, next door, selling all manner of canal and boat paraphernalia. Jim saw a book stall and found a book on the history of canals and boats which had a section on canal boat decorating, with illustrations of the roses and castles, so famous on the old barges and adopted on modern boats. He bought it thinking Ariana might like a copy.

They made two stops in Whitchurch, which had been settled by the Romans, nearly two thousand years ago, astride Watling Street. The first stop was at a large privately owned hardware store, which had a big painting and decoration section, where Jim bought a large number of half pint tins of different coloured paints suitable for metal surfaces, brushes cleaner etc. They then headed for the supermarket and topped up on the alchopops and replaced the many items smashed by the two crashes. They were soon back at the marina, just in time to see the boat being craned back into the water.

It took half an hour for the boiler to raise steam, during which Ariana browsed the book with interest, finding ideas for decorating the boat to her satisfaction. They set off and were soon out in the countryside once more, watching the trees and farm animals glide past silently. It was nearly lunchtime and the girls offered to go below and prepare something to eat. Jim sat happily at the tiller, as Cheshire was left behind them and they entered Shropshire. Ahead he could already see the rising hills of Wales in the distance.

He realised the girls were being longer than he'd expected, but not this long. At last, seeing a deserted stretch of towpath, he pulled in and moored up. He went down below and found the galley empty. There were low voices in his cabin. The door was slightly ajar and as he peered in, he could see his laptop on the bed, little fingers moving the keys and mouse control. His heart sank. In an instant, he knew what he'd done, or rather not done. He'd left his encrypted hard drive plugged into it, that first night, when he'd been distracted by the girls' activities with each other. He listened for a moment.

"Look what he's doing here, Ari, his thingy is inside her bottom.....and here, she's sucking him, eww that looks gross ... There's a video here, click it. How

old do you think this one is? She can't be more than about seven and he's licking her pussy. Looks like she's enjoying it, though. Here, look, there's two girls doing it to each other, like we do Mar.....Do you think Daddy's a pedo, Ari?.....Yes, I think so, do you mind?.....No, he's the only person who's been nice to us, him and his Mum. We knew he liked looking at us. That was obvious even back at his house, wasn't it? We've already done stuff with him. So he likes looking at little girls when they're bare. I don't mind, as long as he does what he said and looks after us like he said.....Do you still want him to do stuff to us, now we know what he's really like?.....Yes of course. In fact now we know he wants to do stuff, it kind of makes it better. I have an idea...." The rest Jim didn't hear, as another boat motored passed.

The lunch was quiet, as they ate and drank, an air of anticipation hung over them. At the end, Mary said: "Daddy, when we've finished lunch, could you take the boat somewhere quiet, where no one can see or hear us. We want to show you something."

Suddenly, they couldn't clear up the lunch fast enough, and it was with some frustration, that round the next bend were two locks, close together. They all worked hard to get through them as fast as possible. But further on, the canal widened, where there had once been a loading bay for an old mill, or perhaps loading agricultural produce, long since demolished, but the wharf wall was still there. They moored up and went below.

The girls both took one of his hands and led him into his own cabin. They had brought in a stool, placed at the foot of the bed and indicated for him to sit down. The two of them got up onto the bed, and put their arms around each other and started to kiss. Their hands were soon behind the other's head, pulling them in close, mouths wide open now, tongues exploring. A hand slipped down caressing boobs arousing, before slipping further, under their tiny, tight, thin shorts. Legs parted and fingers explored, moans uttered through flared nostrils.

Jim sat there entranced, his cock throbbing inside his jeans as the girls acted live, what he'd seen on screen for so many years. He watched, as Ariana pushed Mary's shorts down her pencil thin little legs, and Mary did the same for Ariana. Their mouths never parted and only did so, momentarily to allow them to take their belly tops off. Neither were wearing panties and quickly resumed their mutual masturbation, palms cupping mounds, fingers trailing into clefts, seeking clitties, seeking to give pleasure, seeking to make love. They both came quietly together and as they calmed, looked at Jim, while they sat on the bed.

Ariana moved round, lying on her back, so her head was quite close to Jim, her feet up near the pillows. As soon as she was in position, Mary lifted her leg over her friend and settled into a sixty nine position. Ariana was still looking up at him, watching his expression, even as her mouth lifted and cupped Mary's mound, her tongue seeking, exploring, locating, pleasuring. The sucking and licking sounds seemed loud to Jim in the quiet cabin. He leaned forward, Ariana's eyes following him, as his face was just an inch or

two from where her tongue was flicking back and forth over Mary's most private place, giving her as much pleasure as she could.

Jim looked at Mary's whole pudenda, spread in front of him, only hidden where Ariana's mouth encompassed her mound and clitoris. He could see her vagina, gaping open, clear mucus oozing from her, flowing into her cleft, down to Ariana's waiting mouth. As she clenched in her orgasm, her passage glittered in the sunlight, pink and red and coral colours coalescing. Her perineum, stretched taut with the position she was in and above it her lovely asterisk shaped anus, bounded by her buttocks with her glorious valley leading from the small of her back, all the way round to her mons. He leaned in further, his nose half an inch away, taking in the aroma of her arousal, Ariana's strong smelling breath, and Mary's musky bum. A very heady mixture. He stuck his tongue out, just touching Ariana's tongue, over Mary's clitty. Pressing into her as hard as he could, slowly drew it up, through her cleft, into her vagina, tasting her intoxicating flavour, before moving on over the smoothness of her perineum and into the dip that was her bottom, her anus tasting tart, slightly salty from her sweat. He flicked his tongue back and forth again and again, her back arching as her tension grew. He glanced down to see Ariana looking up at him, smiling as she continued to lick her lesbian lover, knowing she now had a Daddy, who was going to look after her as well in a few minutes.

They all knew everything was coming to a head, that Mary was going to erupt with the most incredible orgasm of her young life. Suddenly it hit her, her whole body went taut, every sinew tensed like steel, her muscles shaking, her bladder leaked, her trapped wind escaped with a little 'pharp', her anus and vagina started to gape open and closed, over and over, as her climax washed through her young body. On and on it went, she had completely lost control of herself, as she convulsed on top of her friend and lover. Suddenly, her whole body seemed to flop, as though all her strength had left her, or she had lost consciousness. But she hadn't, she had simply cum until her body could give no more. The only movement was her panting, as she tried to catch her breath. That and the ripple at her neck, where her carotid artery pulsed at one hundred and twenty a minute.

They rested for a full five minutes. Then as if an unspoken signal had been given, they swapped positions; Mary beneath, Ariana on top, exactly as Mary had been.

It was Mary's eyes now looking up at him, as he studied Ariana in minute detail. Her little curved buttocks, skin drawn tight in her kneeling position; her valley so stretched open, it was just a shallow depression down the length of her bottom; her anus wide open, above her equally stretched perineum and her glorious vagina, dilated enough for him to see her little hymen, a tiny hole in it's centre, calling to him to enter, her arousal flowing from her freely; her cleft, bounded by her plump labia, leading to her stiff, erect clitoris, being attended to by Mary's willing tongue.

Like he had with Mary, he paused and watched, then leaned in close, taking in her aroma. Different from Mary, sweeter, somehow more immature. And like Mary, he drew his tongue along her whole length, tickling the nub of her clitty, then on through her cleft, over her vagina, he'd just inspected in so much detail. all the way to her anus, which he pressed into, feeling her jerk in reaction, then back down again.

Over and over he repeated the slow sensual arousal of the nine year old, watched all the while by Mary, who had learned for the first time in her life to love someone who she knew would love her back. The three would be one. Already, Mary knew what she wanted from him. But would he? She needed him to prove his love.

Like Mary had done, Ariana exploded into an incredible climax. She was bucking up and down on top of Mary, taking her pleasure in an overwhelming cascade of orgasmic delight, which just seemed to ripple on and on. At last, she slowed and like Mary, she lay still, other than her hard breathing for another full minute.

Ariana rolled off Mary and turned on the bed, the two lying side by side. Mary whispered in Ariana's ear. She then looked down at Jim and said: "Sit there for a minute, Daddy, we want to give you a show." Jim thought they'd already given him quite a show. As one, they shuffled down the bed, until their bottoms were over the edge. They lay hip to hip, as they lifted their legs vertically, then further and further back. Both girls did gym at school and were bendy. They could tuck their legs behind their shoulders, which they managed now, without difficulty. They brought their hands under their thighs, seeking their own vaginas. They pressed their fingers in, and pulled themselves open as far as they could. "Alright Daddy, it's your turn. You know what you want to do."

Jim didn't feel in any way they were doing wrong, when he stood over the two preteens, his long hard erection free. He leaned over them, and with his cock in his left hand, he put his right hand middle finger into her entry, nudging Mary's hymen, feeling her sensational, warm, damp vagina. He gave himself a few strokes, looking into her eyes, before moving to Ariana and doing the same. Then, he dropped to his knees and brought his crown to Mary's vagina, and gently nudged her, feeling it embraced by her incredible labia. He moved against her several times, before he withdrew, shuffled to the side, and did the same to Ariana, all the while only looking at their faces.

Finally, he stood again and squatting, brought his knees onto the bed, up against their buttocks. He reached down, his palm cupping their mounds, his fingers trailing down through their clefts, this time seeking more. Slipping into their entries, still held firmly open by the willing preteens, he found them both full of pre-cum. He very gently pressed into them, feeling his fingers sink into them, pushing against their hymens, yielding, letting him through, their warm damp interiors explored for the first time. He felt one, then two hands suddenly grasp his cock, squeezing, fondling, wanking. There was no pretence now



between them that this anything other than carnal gratification. He'd looked after them. They would look after him, now and forever.

Jim's fingers sank further into the two virgins, feeling their warmth, their dampness, every dip and bump of their passages, as he went deeper. Finally he nudged their cervixes. Both girls arched their backs up, eyes closing, as their climaxes unexpectedly returned, the shudders of their tired muscles reawakening. Both squeezed him harder, moving on him and just as unexpectedly, he suddenly came, his semen spurting out across the two prone bodies, covering their naked chests, tummies, hands, pussies.

After a minute or two, they felt him wilt a little and released him. They moved back up the bed, making space between them, where he collapsed. Spent.

"You two are going to kill me if you keep this up," he chuckled.

"Well," said Mary, "seems you don't have long to live then." They all laughed, as the girls leaned into his sides in a group hug, despite the sticky mess covering them all. Their hands unmoving on his flaccid cock, his still fingers encased in their bottom cracks.

## **Chapter 9**

Two Cherries are better than One.

The rest of the afternoon, they worked the boat through the locks, which came and went regularly as they slowly climbed up into the hills. It was a happy time with no one else to distract them. Just them, the boat and the locks to work through. Other boaters greeted them with a friendly wave as they passed by. On the whole, though, there were few others to disturb their tranquillity. They had a shower together, changed and ate an early meal, in a quaint waterside pub, and were back on board looking for a quiet place to moor up for the night before seven o'clock.

They didn't all dive back into bed. They knew they had tonight, tomorrow, the rest of the week, their whole lives. They sat around the table, Mary at the piano Jim facing her with Ariana in between to the side. Without prompting, Mary played the opening chords to 'Bridge over Troubled Water', accompanied by Ariana. Jim made some suggestions to them both, and over the next twenty or thirty minutes, their playing improved noticeably.

At last, they stopped. Enough for one day. Mary closed the keyboard and came round to sit beside Jim, Ariana shuffled up on his other side. There was a tension in the air. They all knew tonight was special, and none of them wished to spoil it. "Can you play 'Love, Love, True Love,' by Pink Passions?" asked Ariana.

"I will," he answered, "but I want to play it to you when the moment is right. Would you mind if we leave it for now. You will understand why, when I play it for you." They looked a little confused, but nodded. "How about I play this."

He started to play the opening notes of 'Don't Look Back in Anger' by Oasis. Immediately, the girls sang along, enjoying every moment. As soon as it had ended, he went straight into Ed Sheeran's 'Shape of You', then Coldplay's 'Green Eyes' and David Gray's Babylon. He played some Adele tunes and even a couple of Queen songs. At last he put the guitar down and cuddled the girls into his sides. The three were silent for a while, each deep in their own thoughts.

"Daddy," Mary finally said, in such a quiet voice he might have thought she was talking to herself, "Ari and I have been talking." She said nothing more for, what seemed like an eternity, before continuing: "Did you mean all those things you said to us, you know, you would let us live with you, you would adopt us and love us?"

"Yes," he said, puzzled, "you know I meant it, every word, why are you asking?"

"And you will love us, both of us?" she asked, ignoring his question.

"I said I would and I meant it," he stated.

"Prove it," Mary challenged.

"That's unfair," he stated.

"Well, make up your mind. If you love us, prove it."

"Prove it? How?"

"I, no, I mean we, want you to love us tonight."

"Are you asking me what I think you're asking me?" he said. "You want us to make love?" The girls both nodded, smiles now on their faces. "But you're both so young and, well, I could end up in jail..."

"So you don't want to, you don't love us," she said.

"That's unfair, that's not what I said," he assured. "Of course I would like to, but...."

"Well you either love us or you don't," she challenged.

He looked into the galley. Close by was the broom stood in the corner, with the white handkerchief still pinned to it. He grasped it and waved it, smiling. "OK, you win." He grinned when the two girls gave each other a high five and a loud cheer. His face turned serious. "Listen, I know we've had our fun, and

in a short time we've got to know and even love each other. But this is a big thing, you are asking. Are you sure this is what you want. Look me in the eyes, both of you and tell me."

Mary moved to his side and took his hand and kissed his fingers. "Daddy," she said, "you know that song you sung, Mary was an only child?"

He blinked at the unexpected question. "Yeah," he was wondering where this was leading.

"Well, even now it seems to me it was written about me. Every time you sing it, it makes me cry. Anyway, nobody loved me, or cared what happened to me. Mrs. Evans was kind, but, but it was her job. Then I met you. You didn't mind when I broke the greenhouse glass, or stole those shorts, or pushed you in the canal, or teased you so you crashed the boat, as I knew you would. And then you tipped that green gunge over my head in the shower. That was so funny, even though I was angry at the time. It showed me you could play me at my own game. Then," she wiped a tear from her eye, "after all we had done to you, you go and tell us you're going to adopt us and make us your daughters and love us. So, what was the question? Do I want this? Am I sure this is what I want? I've never been more sure of anything in my life Daddy."

"And you, Silver," he asked, "what do you think?"

"Mar just spoke for us both," said Ariana. "I agree with everything she said."

"Well, if I agree to this outrageous idea of yours' you two little minxes," he said, trying to keep a straight face, "I expect something in return, agreed?"

"Agreed," they chorused.

"I want you to take it in turns to do the washing up, OK?"

"OK,"

"And to clean up the boat each day."

"OK,"

"And to clean all the toilets."

"Ewww.....No way, there are limits to everything." said Ariana, screwing her face up in disgust. They turned towards him, when they heard a strange squeaking sound coming from him. He'd turned a funny puce colour. He suddenly snorted and burst out laughing.

"Get him," shouted Mary, "he's played us again." They both jumped onto him, but were surprised when he showed just how strong he was, by standing up, with one of them under each arm. He walked like that into his cabin, and threw the pair onto his bed, where they stayed, looking up at him, anticipating. He

reached down and pulled off their shoes, followed by their socks. Both were still wearing skirts, from when they had gone in for their meal, which were now rucked up around their waists, showing off their Victoria Secret's tiny, almost non-existent, sheer panties. He grabbed Mary's left and Ariana's right foot and pulled them both towards him, making their skirt hems rise even further. He quickly grabbed the elastic waists of Mary's then Ariana's skirts, lifted and pulled, tossing them onto the floor. Kneeling on the bed between them, he made short work of removing their belly tops, admiring for a moment their perky, almost non-existent boobs, tiny hard nipples pointing at him, demanding attention, not getting it yet.

He looked down at them, lying on their backs, either side of him as he knelt between them, looking so vulnerable, knowing what was about to happen. Instead of pulling their panties down, he rested his bottom on his own heels and placed his palms on each of their mounds and let his fingers push into the silky soft fabric, pressing into their clefts. Letting their own arousal push their clitties back at him as they swelled under his touch. Soon, they were responding, their hips rising to meet his light touch. He moved his fingers up and slid them under the elastic waistbands of their tiny sheer panties, finding their nubs hardened, aroused now, dampness meeting his exploring fingers. He was only vaguely aware the two girls reached down and pushed off their own panties, while he continued to work his fingers into them. Creating as much pleasure for them as he could bestow. He felt their legs tremble against his knees, as their climaxes bloomed and declined continuously.

"Daddy," said Mary in such a meek voice, he wasn't sure it was her who'd spoken. She gasped as his fingers touched that magic spot again, "Daddy," she repeated, "can I ask you something?" Without waiting for his response, she said: "will you love us together? Ari and I love each other. We love you. We don't want to be first and second. We want to be together." He blinked in surprise, wondering how to do this. But she answered his question for him. This was her show, her virginity. She was in charge. She and Ari got up and pulled every pillow into a pile in the middle of the bed. Mary sat on them, before leaning back, her mound now pointing in the air, legs spread out almost sideways. She was no sooner in position, than Ariana lay face down on her, their arms encircling one another in a tight embrace, mound to mound, chest to chest, toe to toe, lips to lips.

Jim looked at the vision before him, their legs pressed to each other spread out as wide as possible, their mounds seem to be kissing, two tiny vaginas pointing up at him, damp oozing from them both, reddened with their previous mutual orgasms and anticipation of what was to follow. He knelt on the bed and moved up towards them, until his cock settled in the valley of Ariana's bum, the front of his thighs now pressed up to the inside of theirs.

He curved his hips back, his crown sinking down through Ariana's valley, over her perineum and into her vagina entry. He held it there, applying a little pressure, feeling her dilate very slowly. There was so much pre-cum, it was oozing down onto Mary below. He felt movement, and his rim suddenly popped through the tight elastic cuff of her entry. He stayed there for a full

minute, before pulling out and pushing his crown down two inches into Mary's entry applying the same pressure. While he did this, he pressed his finger into Ariana, trying to keep her dilated. His rim popped through Mary's entry, squeezing him around his crown and again he held it there, letting her settle, dilate and enjoy.

He heard her sigh as he pulled out of Mary, pushing the finger of his other hand in it's place. His cock now moving back to Ariana. He popped in easily this time, a combination of huge amounts of pre-cum, his previous insertion and his fat finger helping to ease the way. Now instead of applying steady pressure, he started a rocking motion, pressing against her hymen and easing, pressing and easing. After a dozen cycles, he moved back to Mary and repeated it with her.

Jim could not have imagined anything this arousing. He just hoped he would be able to complete his mission, before he exploded into one or the other of them. Mary was grunting with the movements now and Jim knew she wasn't far off having her first intercourse climax. He again pulled from her and pushed his finger back into her, while his cock found it's way to Ariana, who was gasping on his second thrust and cuming on the fourth. She rhythmically clamped on him hard and on his sixth thrust, he pushed through her hymen. She squeaked once, but carried on clamping on him, as his cock now found itself half way into her.

He pulled out of Ariana and as soon as he nudged Mary, she came once again and like her friend found in a moment, Jim was inside her. She was a virgin no more. She and her lover friend, as they'd asked, had lost their cherries together. Jim now changed his pace and pulled out of Mary and into Ariana. In out, in out, just twice then he was back in Mary twice more. He built up a pace and rhythm, in one in the other back and forth.

The girls were continually kissing each other, as if he wasn't even there, clamping on his cock as he fucked them both. Jim had never fucked a girl under twenty before, and was having difficulty in holding back. This was just so incredibly arousing. And as his old friend George Harrison had once sung, 'all things must pass' and Jim felt the unmistakable surge as his prostate let go and blasted deep into Mary's cervix. He was out and deep into Ariana when the second surge hit and Mary for the third, filling both of them with his white, hot, sperm filled, semen. This went on and on, his orgasm slowly, finally ending. He collapsed on top of Ariana's back, hearing the two of them wheeze under the weight. He pulled out of Ariana for the last time and rolled over to the side, the three of them breathless and sweaty on this sultry summer night.

He stroked Ariana's upturned bottom with a soft caressing touch, nothing arousing. It was some minutes before any of them spoke.

"Thank you Daddy," said Mary, reaching out and taking his hand in hers. "I love you," she said simply. She looked at him for a while, a little frown appeared on her face for a second, as if she'd thought of something, then dismissed it. For a moment, she'd thought how like Jim Lazenby he was.

"We both love you Daddy," said Ariana, her hand resting on his wrist beside Mary's hand.

"Daddy," Mary said, "Thank you for what you just did for us both. It meant more to us than you could ever know. As you did what we asked you to do, Ari and I will do the same for you, won't we Ari?" Ariana nodded.

Jim had concentrated so hard on performing in the way they'd asked, apart from when he came, he could hardly remember any details at all. As if it had been wiped from his mind. "There is something I would like," he said, almost in an embarrassed tone, "I would like to make love to you both, one at a time, with you on top. I want it to last at least an hour or more, so we can feel each other and enjoy each other and make love to each other."

"OK," Mary said, grinning impishly, knowing it would be hours before he was ready again, "wanna do it now?"

"You, young lady, need your bottom smacking,"

"Uh ohh, Ari," said Mary, "he's thinking stuff again. Like that video on his computer." They giggled, even as they moved onto their sides, their mouths pressed together, fingers exploring, finding semen, deep inside the other. They giggled again, when they heard Jim start to snore.

## **Chapter 10**

### **A Night to Remember**

Jim was woken sometime after midnight by his bladder. He carefully moved down the bed, trying not to disturb the girls and went into the bathroom. He found he could look at his face in the wall mounted mirror and decided he felt no guilt at all. He knew he loved the girls and they said they loved him. They'd hardly needed coercing into having done what they'd done. Quite the reverse, they'd been very willing indeed.

He returned to the cabin and without turning the bathroom light out, looked down at the two naked girls spread out on his bed. Ariana was lying on her front, her arm across Mary's tummy, still fingers trailing into her pussy. He reached for his camera and took a couple of photos of them as they lay on the bed. He smiled thinking what Ariana would say when she found them amongst her wildlife pictures.

Jim knelt on the bed and gently placed his hand on a globe of Ariana's little bottom, feeling her soft skin under his fingers, Her legs were already splayed out sideways, showing off her damp, reddened cleft and bottom, her anus and vagina in plain view. He put his other hand on the other side and gently pulled her cheeks apart, watching her anus open up in the light from the bathroom. His erection was already rock hard and he knew in a few minutes it would be

six or seven inches inside the girl, but for now he was having a bit of harmless fun.

He pushed his fingers between her thighs, feeling her labia pressing against him. He pushed in and slowly opened her vagina, seeing semen at her entry, oozing slowly out, lubricating her cleft. He slipped his finger through it and drew it up to her anus and applying the gentlest of pressure, watched as it sank slowly into her. He could feel every contour of her buttery passage, enjoying this illicit, stolen pleasure immensely. As his finger sank deeper into her, he could feel her warmth and even her pulse. Her passage peeled slowly open as he explored further until he could press no deeper.

He felt eyes on him and glanced across and saw the glint of light reflected in Mary's eyes. She'd been watching him molest Ari, but feeling strangely aroused at the idea. He pulled his finger from Ariana's bottom and made a show of bringing it under his nose and sniffing it. He watched as her hand went between her thighs and started to caress herself as she watched him. He took his cock in his hand and started to slowly move his fist up and down, while he watched her masturbate herself, both watching the other closely now. Mary suddenly arched her back, her hips rising, as she peaked into a little climax, but nothing as intense as she'd experienced earlier, or what she knew she would in a few minutes.

Jim lay back down on the bed and watched, as Mary, being careful not to waken Ariana, moved over to him. She quickly straddled him, as she had the day before, encasing his hard cock in her cleft. She moved forward and backward, like she had, but this time, she started to move further, feeling his crown dip into her entry each pass. At last, just as she felt her climax returning, she reached down and pressed his crown into herself and as she moved back, he glided into her tight entry, so slippery now from his pre-cum, her own arousal and his semen from before. She didn't hesitate and arched her back, letting his cock go deeper, deeper, deep. She so loved this and already knew, even though she was only ten, that she would need him to fuck her as often as he would. Mary had never had much in life, but for two gifts. She loved her music and had talent. Secondly, she loved having a climax. She knew she could climax quicker, harder and longer than any of her friends in the home and needed it several times a day. Up until now it had always been on the end of her own and various friend's fingers. But now she'd discovered what she'd been missing. In her mind, there was no turning back. She needed him now and she already knew she would need him every day.

Jim had watched as Mary had lifted her knee over him, straddling his hard cock. She seemed like a person possessed, forcing his cock into herself. She must be sore, her cherry had only gone a couple of hours ago. But whatever, she seemed to know what she wanted and was going for it. He had felt his crown slip into her entry and as she pressed down, his rim popped through her tight cuff of muscle at her entry. She only paused for the merest moment, before lowering herself. He could feel how tight her passage was, every dip and bump, how hot and wet she felt on him. He looked up at her radiant face, the most beautiful girl in the world. She shone like a gem in a five and dime

store. Her flaxen hair just long enough to touch him, as she moved over him. She seemed to be in a rush, as though she must gain every bit of pleasure, before it was snatched away from her, as so many things in her life had been up until now.

"Gem," he said softly, "Gem," he repeated, louder. "MARY," he said sharply, making her stop and focus on him. "This isn't right," he said quietly. "You wanted us to make love, not have sex. Have more respect for yourself." Mary blinked at his rebuke. She had had a life when everything she'd desired had had to be taken, or stolen, or it was lost to her. Grasped in the moment. And suddenly, in that moment of her greatest craving, she is told to stop, to yield to submit.

"Gem," he continued, "cuddle into me. There is no rush, savour the moment. I promise you it will be far better than a few seconds of snatched pleasure. Trust me." She hesitated, looked at his face, and paused. She leaned forward, trusting someone for the first time in her life. Her tiny little cone boobs pressed against his chest, as she permitted him to hold her against him, his strong arms enveloping her. He held her like that for a minute or two. He then pulled his hips back, his cock sliding two or three inches from her, before he pushed back in. He repeated it, their bodies now moulding together, working slowly with each other, rather than in some fierce contest.

She started to reciprocate his movements, allowing his cock to slide further, before plunging all the way in once more, where she needed it, up against that spot, so deep inside. She started to increase the pace, but instantly felt him hold her bottom tightly, so she couldn't. Slowly in and slowly out. The feelings swept through her body, so good. Her climax ebbed and flowed over and over, but she wanted more and started to speed up again, frustrated when he held her once more.

Slowly they made love, his cock almost coming out, before the long deep plunge into her cervix, then slowly out again. The ripples of her ongoing orgasm kept making Mary want for more, but every time she tried, he stopped her. On and on it went. Their mouths now pressed together, their tongues dancing, as their bodies moved in harmony.

Jim's mind was racing, as he enjoyed the best fuck of his whole life. He wanted to speed up as much as she did, but he knew the longer it went on, the better it would be for them. His hand moved down her back, over the globes of her beautiful bum, feeling her muscles tense every time she moved forward and back. His fingers slipped down the centre finding the dip of her, now wet and slippery anus. He moved his finger over her and back, caressing her there.

"It's alright, Daddy, go ahead," she said, as if reading his mind.

He pushed very gently into her feeling her passage peel open to his intrusion. Deeper he went, feeling his own cock, as it slid in and out of the ten year old, through her thin rectovaginal membrane. What he hadn't expected, though,



was that the increased tension caused by pushing his finger into her rectum, increased her sensitivity and immediately, Mary's orgasm went up several layers of intensity. He felt her clamping much harder on him now, even though her movements hadn't increased.

Mary started to mutter continuously now "Ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd," over and over again. Several times she tried to increase the pace, but he held her back, making her first "solo" time last as long as possible. He'd only cum a couple of hours ago, so he knew he could keep going for as long as she needed. She would go silent for a few seconds, then: "Ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd," This was her night and he wanted to make it as special for her as he could. On and on it went, her clamping continuing. She had stopped kissing him, her face now buried in the crook between his chest and his arm. All her focus was on the incredible feelings she had in the base of her tummy, feeling his long thick cock sliding in and out of her, giving her such pleasure.

Mary's mind was in a turmoil. She had decided some weeks ago she only wanted Ari, her lover and best friend. They'd made love every night since. But tonight had been a revelation to her. Suddenly a whole new world had opened up to her. Feelings she'd never dreamed of before. Feelings she knew already she was addicted to. Feelings she never wanted to end, feelings she wanted again tomorrow, again forever. "Ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd, ohhmygodd," she muttered again. She heard herself saying it, as if it was another person.

Jim held Mary tight to his chest, her lovely golden, flaxen hair cascading down over both their bodies, shining in the light from the bathroom. She seemed to be slowing, perhaps she'd had enough. He started to pull his finger from her bum. "Nooo," she hissed, "don't." He waited a moment and as his cock came out, he pushed his finger back in, then pulled it as his cock went in again. Soon he built some pace, his finger going in as his cock came out, finger out, cock in.

She was slowing no longer, he felt her tension increase. She tried to speed up again, but he immediately held her still. She submitted and let him lead. On and on their lovemaking went, the girl with the flaxen hair and the rock star making love in a boat in a remote corner of the English countryside just short of the Welsh border. Neither wanted this to end, because they both now knew this was the pinnacle of their lives to date and they loved each other and this was the way they wanted to show it. Him deep inside her, she giving herself, for the first time in her life, to someone else. And, she shone like a gem in a five and dime store.

How long it went on for neither knew nor cared. The feelings sweeping through them both kept on and on, as their bodies moved together, his crown pressed to her cervix, her 'G' spot giving her endless pleasure; he feeling her passage caressing his crown and shaft, her young body pressed to him, her little conical breasts rubbing against him, his hands on her buttocks, a finger still deep in her rectum. Neither wanted this to end, but as night follows day, so they knew it would. At the same time they also knew it would just be the

first in many, many sessions of lovemaking they would enjoy together in times to come.

When Jim started to cum, it wasn't explosive or intense. He had enjoyed such pleasure for so long, his orgasm seemed to simply be the conclusion of a wonderful experience, their love merging them together, his semen in her, her body pressed to his. Mary's own climax slowed and calmed simultaneously. Neither of them would remember them separating or falling asleep, because they were still joined when sleep overtook them.

It was dawn when Jim stirred. He always woke at or before dawn. He lay there for a minute or two thinking over the wonderful night he'd had. He decided it even topped the 'Jab-the-World' concert last Saturday. But he knew the night wasn't quite over yet. First things first, he got out of bed and headed for the bathroom and stood looking at himself in the mirror, as he peed long and hard; definitely able to look at himself. Returning, he again looked down at the two naked girls, lying without covers in this hot sultry weather, his arousal surging through his body once more, his cock already stiff remembering his time with Mary and anticipating the treat it was about to have with Ariana.

She was lying on her side, in a foetal position, facing Mary, their hands once again ensconced between each other's thighs, in their sleep. He settled on the bed and cuddled up behind her, spooning into her. Her heavy breathing suggested she was in a deep sleep. He clasped her buttocks, feeling their silky softness. His cock was resting between them and when he pulled them apart gently, it sank in nestling in the warmth of her valley. He moved carefully back and forth against her, his pre-cum quickly spreading along it's length.

He pushed into her bottom a few times; not penetrating, just nudging her opening, letting his pre-cum ooze into her. After a while, he pushed his cock further down, slipping into her taut, nine year old vagina entry, her plump labia tightly encasing his crown. He moved his fingers down a few inches, and pulled her labia apart, feeling his crown slip in another half an inch. He then applied steady pressure, knowing she could take him; had taken him in.

Jim was in no hurry. Outside the birds were starting to sing their dawn chorus, the light beginning to grow, his cock slowly sinking into the child. So good, so incredibly arousing. He never pushed harder, just feeling his crown sink further into her, every ridge, dip and contour of her passage etched in his mind, as she peeled open to him.

At last, he hit her end, or rather pressed gently into it, feeling the elastic dip of her cervix, holding him back a couple of inches from full penetration. He paused there for a minute, letting her body adjust to his penetration. Then he pulled slowly out of her, just his crown remaining in, before he reversed and plunged back into her, hitting her cervix harder. He pulled back and pushed in. It was on the third thrust, he felt her clamp on him, then again and again. She was cuming.

"Haaa, haaa, nnnggggg, nnngggg," she muttered.

"Good morning, Silver, how are you?" he asked, grinning at the back of her head.

"Haaa, haaa, nnnngggg, nnnnggg," she repeated louder, her whole vagina now clamping hard on his cock. She gasped a couple of times. "Fuck me, what a way to wake up," she managed to hiss, before giggling to herself.

"Yes, it is" was all he said in response, chuckling.

Jim paused when he was as deep as he could go, put his arm over her and holding her hard to his front, rolled over onto his back, taking her with him. She was now lying on his front, her head just below his chin, her bum pressed into his lower belly, her legs bent, her feet outside his knees. He held her hips firmly and started to lift her, letting his cock slide from her, then lower her, pushing her down his body simultaneously, his cock penetrating her as deep as she could take him.

Ariana started to reciprocate, curling her hips up and down, to meet his movements, trying to get him in that bit deeper. She felt his hands started to explore her now, one hand moving over her mound, fingers slipping into her spread cleft, touching her clitty "Ahhh," she uttered, as another wave of pleasure swept through her, his finger now flickering over her most sensitive spot, while his cock plunged in and out of her. His other hand had found her hardened nipples, teasing them with his finger tips, making her bring her hands to them.

Jim suddenly felt another hand on his, pulling it away. He felt a head there and realised Mary had woken and joined in. He lifted his head, looked down and all he could see was Mary's golden hair spread across Ariana's thighs, her face hidden between her lover's legs, her tongue pushed as much against his shaft as Ariana's cleft, as he continued to plunge in and out of the nine year old.

Like with Mary, in the middle of the night, he was in no hurry this morning and wanted her to enjoy this to the full, to get as much pleasure from it as was possible. He wanted them to remember their first times as being something so special, it would remain in their minds for the rest of their lives. And so it was, he kept pumping slowly in and out of Ariana, while Mary kept her tongue where it was needed most and Ariana just kept cuming, her vagina contracting on his cock continuously, giving them both such amazing pleasure. As with Mary, there came a point, when he just couldn't hold back any longer. He felt the warning signs deep in his prostate.

"Are you ready, Silver?" he asked her, rubbing her nipples between the fingers of both hands.

"Oh yeah, I've been ready for the last hour," she gasped, her climax reaching a new peak, knowing what was about to happen. She gasped when she felt the first pulse, his crown swelling deep inside her on 'that spot'. Then he

seemed to explode inside her, his semen pumping and pumping into her filling her insides. She took her hands from Mary's head clasped her tummy, just over the spot where she felt him throbbing inside her, pressing in, feeling him move there, feeling his pulses slowly diminish inside her.

All too soon, it ended and the three of them lay still for almost five minutes. Mary resting her sore tongue, Ariana resting her sore pussy and Jim just resting, after having cum three times in less than twelve hours.

"Daddy," said Mary in a tone he was recognising as wanting to know something, "Ari and I had a bit of a look on your laptop yesterday,"

"Yes I know," he said, "you looked at the pictures of the little girls I like to look at sometimes."

"Yeah, you knew?" she blinked at him.

"Yes," he confirmed, "as I told you before, nothing much happens on this boat I don't know about. What did you want to ask me?"

"Well, we saw what some of the girls were doing to each other and with men and boys," she went on. "Well, would you like us to do some of those things with you?"

"I guess I would like to do whatever you are happy to try, Gem," he said. "What do you think, Silver?"

"I only know what Mar's shown me, Daddy," replied Ariana. "Some of the pictures looked a bit gross. There were girls sucking the man's thingy and in another few, he had his thingy in her bottom. Would you want us to do that with you, Daddy?"

"As I said, only if you wanted to try it."

She thought about that for a few seconds. "Would it hurt me, you know, up my bum?"

"If it did, we wouldn't do it," he said, "we'd try something different."

"What like me sucking your thingy?" she challenged.

"Perhaps," he nodded. "Lots of girls love doing it if they love the person." He paused before going on: "But it's real name is a penis. Some call it a dick, but I always call it a cock."

"I am willing to learn if you will teach us," said Mary, rejoining the conversation.

"Me too," add Ariana.

"Well it looks like we have a busy week ahead of us," he chuckled. "How are you two feeling this morning? A bit sore?"

They both nodded, admitting they were. "Well in that case," he said, "we'll have to try some of those things you saw on the computer. I know you have a browse through them and tell me what you would like to try. How does that sound? Anyway, it's time we had breakfast and got this boat moving. Who's for a shower?"

## **Chapter 11**

### **The Thunder Storm**

"There are no locks today," Jim explained after they got underway, "just a short tunnel at Ellesmere. So we should get almost up to the Welsh border today."

Ariana was steering the boat, Jim sitting beside her, admiring her slim body wearing the tiniest fluorescent green bikini. "You're staring again," she said, smiling as she negotiated a bend.

"Yes," he confirmed, "but then you and Mary are so pretty, why wouldn't I?" They lapsed into silence for a few minutes.

"Why do you like looking at pictures of little girls when they're bare, Daddy?" she suddenly asked.

"The female human body is the most exquisitely beautiful thing in the world," he answered. "But, I happen to think that girls, before they grow hair, are utter perfection and worthy of studying in detail. Artists have painted them for centuries. It's only recently society has decided it thinks perfection is perversion. At least, that's how I see it."

"Anytime you want to look at me, Daddy," she said, steering the boat to the right, to give space to an oncoming craft, "just let me know. I am sure Mary would say the same."

"I would," came a voice from the galley, where Mary was finishing clearing the breakfast dishes.

"That's very understanding and kind of you both," he said candidly.

A few minutes later Ariana, typical of her enquiring mind, asked: "who built this canal, Daddy and why?"

"That's a simple question, Silver, but a long answer. In short, the canals in this country were built mainly back in the 1700's to move heavy items like coal and iron ore. Roads then were terrible, so rivers were used with boats where possible. Canals were just man made channels to let boats go where they

wanted. The Chinese built a thousand mile canal, called the Grand Canal, over two thousand years ago. It's still in use today. It was they who invented locks as well. This canal was built by a brilliant engineer called Thomas Telford."

"When we went shopping," she said, holding the strap of her bikini top, "that town was called Telford too."

"That's right," he nodded, "the town was named after him. He built the world's first large suspension bridge. It's still in use today up in Anglesey. He also built the highest and longest canal aqueduct in the world. We'll go over it tomorrow. It's 127 feet high and over a thousand feet long. It was an amazing feat of engineering, when you think he built it back in 1798. Around here, in Shropshire, he built so many roads. He had a nickname they called him 'The Colossus of Roads'. Anyway, he was the man who built this canal and several others.

"He was a clever man, like you, Daddy," Ariana said, slowing the boat to allow an oncoming boat to pass under a bridge first, "do you think he liked little girls too?" she giggled.

"Well, he was a man of impeccable taste," Jim said grinning, "so I would think so. Which reminds me, you taste impeccable, Silver."

"You're being naughty again, Daddy," she giggled.

"I know I just can't help myself. Wait until we next stop, I'll show you then." This looks like a nice place," he said, glancing around. "Shall we stop for a drink and, err, a music lesson?"

"You're being naughty again, Daddy," echoed Mary, leaning through the companionway, listening to their conversation.

"Talking of being naughty, my mother told me that you two were very naughty at school..... Want to show me how naughty you can be?" They all burst out laughing, as the boat pulled in against the towpath retaining wall. They were moored and down below in less than two minutes.

"Daddy," said Mary, "would you make me feel nice again please? But I'm really sore, you know, after last night, can you do it another way?"

"Of course, Gem," he replied, "after your piano lesson. I want to hear you play that intro to perfection. Remember the concert is the day after tomorrow."

"Fuck me," said Mary, "is it that soon?"

"What the concert, or fucking you?" he teased.

She blinked in confusion for a moment, then grinned in understanding, before her fingers came to the keyboard and the unmistakable opening chords of

'Bridge over Troubled water' played sweet and true. He listened enraptured, no words needing to be said, to express his thoughts. His expression told her what she wanted to hear.

"Brilliant, Gem," he said honestly, "absolutely brilliant. Don't try and change anything. Just practice that until you can play without music. Now Silver, let's hear you....." and so the lesson continued.

After they had finished, Jim praised them for their improvement. "You'll bring the house down" he said, "with that as the opening number. Now after you've finished your piece, there will be applause. Both stand side by side and take a bow. Then perhaps another, then the stage hand will show you where you can watch the rest of the concert."

"Where will you be, Daddy?" asked Ariana.

"Oh." During any concert, I am always busy," he said vaguely, "so I won't be with you, but my Mum will be."

"Daddy," said Ariana in that low sexy tone she'd developed in the last two days, "would you like to look at us? Would you like to touch us? Would you like to taste us? Make sure we are still im-pecc-able.

"I would like that very much indeed," he said, smiling at them, much as a hungry fox might smile at a brace of chickens in a coop. "While we're here, why not hop up on this table?"

It was just a matter of seconds and the girls were lying side by side on their backs, feet on the edge of the table, just in front of him, knees bent outwards. He started by just looking at the vision of their spread thighs in front of him, covered by the narrowest, thinnest strips of fluorescent green cloth they called bikini panties. Not only did their plump labia bulge out the sides, from under the cloth, the material hugged their shapes, letting him see every detail as though they were painted bright green; the bulge of their labia pushing at the material, their clefts traced in green.

He glanced up, both girls had lifted their heads to look down their bodies to see his reaction. They could see the lust in his eyes. They knew the effect their bodies were having on him and they both loved it. He sat staring at them for a full five minutes, before they each felt fingers touching them, probing, exploring; but only over the fabric of their bikini panties. His fingers were gentle, tender, timid almost, as they moved over their green curves, pausing here, pressing there; seeing the material darken with damp as they too enjoyed their arousal.

Jim couldn't stop himself, as he pushed the thin green gussets to the side, half a pussy appearing, as though looking round a corner. He could see their pinkness in contrast to the bright green; but red too. They were very sore from the activities of the night before. But even so, they moved themselves against him, as his fingers danced over their curves.

But still it wasn't enough and soon he grasped the bows at their hips, holding their panties on and when he tugged them, the tension in them was released and suddenly the girls were lying on the tiny pieces of green cloth, their nakedness entirely displayed to him. Being careful, now, not to rub their tenderness, he touched their clitties with his thumb and his middle finger tip went to their anuses, just resting there, not pushing.

His thumbs started moving in a circular motion; almost no pressure applied to them, stimulating them, while he watched their tiny vaginas, which he'd only penetrated a few hours ago engorge with the blood of their arousal, the mucus of their arousal now flowing freely, flowing out and down to his finger pressing against their brown, asterisk shaped openings.

He knew it wouldn't be long and in fact it took even less time than that. They were moving their little bottoms up and down, as their climaxes crashed in, their vaginas winking open and closed as his thumbs stimulated their clitties and his fingers pressed against their bottoms. He let them keep going for as long as they wanted. He was in no hurry and thoroughly enjoyed watching their salacious display, their knees spread as far apart as they could, as they took their pleasure on his finger tips. He vaguely wondered if there was anyone walking along this remote stretch of towpath, and if so whether they wondered what caused the sounds coming from the cabin of the brand new, but dented boat moored up there.

The girls neither knew nor cared how long they lay there after their orgasms faded away. Nor did they mind how they were lying displaying themselves to him, or that he was looking intently at them and had been doing so from the start. He was now their Daddy, so that made it OK, didn't it? The only movement they made was when they reached out and held each other's hands – and his. They may have lost their virginities the night before, but somehow the last hour had been more important, more special in some way. The two girls knew there was a new bond between the three of them, which transcended the sex, the arousal and teasing, the pranks they had played on each other, even the promise that he would adopt them. All of those things were subservient to the most important point of all: The three of them were now one. Nothing had been said or done, but they all knew it, as if a new exciting chapter in their lives had just opened. This was a bond which would be beyond their understanding. It just was. From now on they would each do anything for the others.

It was a clap of thunder that woke them from their reverie. The first patter of rain tapping on the coachroof. It was going to be a long wet morning ahead. Jim told the girls they could stay below, if they wanted, while he got the boat underway. This boat was fitted with many modern features and an auxiliary steering position was one of them. In olden days, the boats only had a small stern deck. Bargees could steer from the top step of the companionway, closing the two small doors behind, keeping some of the warmth in the cabin. Modern narrowboats tend to have larger stern steering platforms, with the tiller further aft. On Jim's boat, the controls were duplicated, so he could stand on



the top step, like bargees of old. A small wheel activated the tiller and small knobs replicated the steam and fuel controls. There was a flip over canopy protecting him from the rain.

It was cosy and dry, as he stood there steering the boat. There were no locks on this stretch of canal between Whitchurch and Frankton Junction, so there was no need to do anything but helm the craft and watch the rain soaked countryside drift by. It was after about half an hour, during which the girls had been quiet, he suddenly felt fingers at his shorts, unclipping and unzipping. In moments the shorts and his boxers were gone. He didn't know what they planned, but already he was becoming erect, as he stood helming the boat, while the pouring rain hammered on the canopy above him.

At first he felt fingers exploring, moving gently, feeling his shape, squeezing gently, a hand under his scrotum, lifting his balls, as if weighing them, fondling them, feeling them carefully holding them. He realised they were inspecting and exploring him, much as he had done to them an hour ago. He was trying his best to concentrate on steering, because they were just passing through Blackwater Meadow Marina, and there were many boats moored on either side of the canal.

He felt several fingers grasp his shaft just below his rim and pull slowly down, taking his foreskin, peeling it down over his crown, releasing pre-cum gathered within. It was then, he felt a tongue on his end; no it was two tongues! Such a light touch it was excruciating. He needed more, but there was nothing he could do to increase the friction of their tongues against him. His cock was almost bursting with the pressure of blood engorging his erection.

Mary and Ariana were whispering to one another. The only word he deciphered was "Im-pecc-able" guiding each other. They were still naked from before and highly aroused still, as they held his shaft in their hands, their fingers moving over him, feeling his shape. They had licked him gently, as one of the videos in his computer had shown them. They could see his reaction, the way his legs shook slightly, the way his back arched, his hips pushing forward slightly, his pulse, which they could feel in his shaft, increasing in tempo.

By now, the girls were standing either side of him, facing each other. Each had a hand on his shaft as they started to move up and down, up and down, his crown turning purple, pre-cum running from him over their fingers in long slippery strands. Mary nodded to Ariana, who moved in first and took his crown into her mouth with no hesitation. She had to be careful not to scrape him with her teeth, but other than that, she took him in two or three inches, before she started to suck him as hard as she could, tasting and swallowing his pre-cum, while her tongue explored and pressed and slithered over every part of his crown. She continued to move her hand with Mary's up and down his shaft, both squeezing as hard as they could.

After about a minute, she pulled away flushed in the face, one of her hands working her own clitoris in her intense arousal. Mary immediately took her place. Sucking Jim's cock deep into her mouth, her tongue instinctively finding his frænulum, the dip underneath, his most sensitive place. Jim knew he wouldn't last two minutes at this rate. The feelings emanating from his cock were even more intense than what he'd experienced the night before. He glanced down for just a second, trying not to crash the boat a third time in as many days, and all he could see was the top of the head of the girl with the flaxen hair, as it bobbed back and forth, taking his cock in and out of her mouth, while she sucked and squeezed him as hard as she could. He never noticed the loud claps of thunder as the squall passed over them.

His first pulse is always a false alarm, and Mary felt him swell in her mouth, but nothing more. She pulled back to look, and instantly received his second blast, always the biggest, straight onto the bridge of her nose, semen splashing onto both cheeks, into her hair and eyelashes. She immediately sucked him back into her mouth, just in time for the next blast, which seemed to fill her mouth. She'd learned from the videos on his laptop that men like girls to swallow and she was ready to do so, enjoying his taste far more than she'd expected. After that, she held him deep in her mouth, just her fist and Ariana's running, more slowly, back and forth along his length, while she continued to suck as hard as she could, her tongue still tickling that spot underneath his 'thick bit', as she thought of it.

Jim still standing, attempting to steer the boat passed the last of the moored craft, his legs shaking in the aftermath of his incredible orgasm, couldn't believe what he'd just experienced. He glanced down as he felt her pull away from him. She turned her face to look up at him. She grinned, then opened her mouth. He could see her tongue was coated in his semen. She closed her mouth, swallowed and grinned at him again and in that time, he felt the unmistakable sound of the hull scraping over the bottom, coming to a halt in the glutinous mud. Did he care? He couldn't give a fuck. He'd just had one of the most incredible experiences of his life, and he knew it wouldn't be the last.

The rain eased off and the last of the, now distant, thunder rumbled against the blue hazed hills of Wales, just five miles away. It took him less time to pole the boat out of the mud and reeds than he'd expected. The wash from a couple of passing boats helped and soon they were on their way. Almost immediately, he saw ahead the dark entrance to the Ellesmere Tunnel. There was an approaching boat nearly through the 87 yard tunnel. He only had to pause a minute or two and entered. As the boat entered, Jim called the girls up to see. He didn't think anyone would notice they were both still naked. They were half way through, when the girls started to make calling sounds, to hear their voices echo through the tunnel. Soon they were out in the open again, to find bright sunshine and warmth embracing them once again. Seeing an oncoming boat, the naked girls disappeared below.

## **Chapter 12**

### **The Adoption**

They pulled into the short canal annex at Ellesmere, mooring near to the historic warehouses and had a walk round the small town before having lunch, overlooking The Mere, which is a large lake formed ten thousand years ago during the ice age.

There was a wall mounted television on, in the corner. Jim's face stared out, with a caption 'Jim vanishes'. The report was about the huge sums raised after the concert last Saturday night and the W.H.O. stating they were in a very strong position to commence the distribution of the new vaccine. The reporter stated that the whereabouts of Jim Lazenby was still unknown, but it was understood he would be hosting a 'Thank You' concert at The Llangollen Eisteddfod Pavilion in two days time, where this report is being broadcast from. The picture of Jim had vanished as the reporter appeared on screen at the Pavilion venue. The girls had their backs to the TV and never saw his photo on the screen. In the background, Jim could see a hive of activity going on. The world's media had arrived in force and already the familiar lorries stood with teams of riggers moving equipment into the pavilion.

"It is understood," continued the reporter, "that the TV rights for this concert have been sold around the world for a record total of £500M. The manager of Pink Passions, Eric Everard, has confirmed that all of the royalties from the concert will be donated to the 'Jab-the-World' fund." At the mention of the band's name, the girls turned to watch the report. "Every band member," the report continued, "who performed at last Saturday's festival and all the contractors who gave their services for free last week, have been invited to attend this event in appreciation. No tickets are available to the general public. We understand," he continued, "that touts have offered eye watering sums for tickets, and have been unable to find even a single one, such is the desire by the invited guests to attend. No official announcement has been made, but it is understood there is to be an unusual, opening to the concert. Eric Everard refused to give us any details. So, we look forward with bated breath to being here Saturday night. We return now to the studio for news of today's sport...."

"Daddy," said Mary, "that man on TV, was he talking about us?"

"He was talking about the concert, yes," said Jim. "I spoke to Pink Passions' manager, Eric, earlier. He was delighted you offered to open the concert. He must have leaked something to the press, for them to have mentioned it on TV." Jim didn't enlighten the girls that Eric had gone apoplectic when he'd told him the girls would open the concert. "Have you completely lost your fucking mind? Fuck me, Jim I think I should send the fucking men in white coats round to lock you up in a fucking nut house! Did you know the fucking media estimates for the concert are for a billion to watch and you want a fucking nine and ten year old to open? They'd better be fucking good, Jim, or you'll be looking for a new fucking manager." All Jim had said in response was: "Thanks, Eric, I knew you'd agree," to which the predictable reply was: "Fuck off, Jim, it's just as well I have a soft spot for you. No one else would put up with this sort of crap from you." Jim knew Eric was onboard, even though he had a funny way of showing it.

They returned to the boat, turned it around in the winding hole and steamed back down the annex and into the main channel passing Frankton soon after. Jim intended to moor overnight somewhere short of the New Marston locks, the last locks before they reached their destination. They found a deserted stretch of towpath to tie-up mid afternoon. He wanted to make a series of calls, while the girls were keen to start painting the boat's name on the side.

"You certainly have a way of winding up poor old Eric, Jimmy" Roger laughed down the phone, as they chatted about the concert. "You should have heard him ranting this morning. I thought he would have a seizure. You should be kinder to the poor old bugger," chuckled Roger.

"He loves it really," replied Jim. "He'd only die of boredom otherwise."

"Tell me about these two girls opening for us," said Roger, suddenly going business-like. They talked for twenty minutes, while Jim and Roger discussed ideas for the order of play. Roger explained that several other bands had offered to contribute a couple of numbers, adding variety to the evening.

"Oh, congratulations, by-the-way," said Roger. "Sir Jimmy, now I understand. Does that mean I have to kiss your arse?"

"Fuck off, Rog," was Jim's succinct response. They chatted for a few more minutes, before the call ended.

He phoned his mother next and asked if Eric had been in contact. "Yes dear," she said, "he's such a nice polite man. He never swears like you do. Why can't you be more like him? Oh, he's invited me to come to Llangollen this weekend for some concert or other."

"Yes, Mum," said Jim, "that's why I'm calling to check you'll be there."

"I think I might be playing bridge that evening, James, but I'll see if I can put that off." Jim knew wild horses wouldn't keep her away from an invitation to attend an event which was as much about congratulating her son as thanking all the people who'd made the 'Jab-the-World' concert such a success. "How are you getting along with those two vixens?" she asked the inevitable question. "Gloria Evans and I had a bet as to whether you would have thrown them overboard by now."

"They're OK, Mum, I suppose," he said, wondering how to break the news. "They made me crash the boat twice and pushed me in the canal. We haven't killed each other yet. But, hey, there's plenty of time yet, we're only three days into the holiday. There's something I want to ask you, Mum. I have decided I would like to give these two a chance in life....."

"Yes dear, I know," she cut in. "Gloria and I have already discussed it."

"You do ..... you have? What do you mean?"

"James, I am your mother," she said. "I know you better than you think. Besides I made you a promise, didn't I?"

"You did? What was that?" he asked. Why was it his mother was always two steps ahead of him when they discussed anything and then confused him further by talking in riddles?

"Eighteen months ago, when I cajoled you into organising the concert, I said to you: 'If you do this, I will give you what you want; but more importantly, I will give you what you need.' Well as you put it, you've saved the world, James. I'm glad you like the girls. Gloria and I applied for the adoption, in your name, a couple of months back. All it needs for completion now is your signature. You can sign the papers when I see you."

"How did you know?" he asked aghast.

"As I said, James, I am your mother and I know you better than you think. I will see you on Saturday." She rang off, leaving Jim staring at the handset.

He went back on deck and stepped onto the towpath to see how the girls were getting on. Already, Ariana had drawn the outline of the name she and Mary had chosen to call the boat. Mary was filling it in with gold paint.

"It will be highlighted in red later," Ariana explained. "Do you like the name?"

He stood back and read it out loud 'Silver-Gem'. "I think it's a perfect name," he said. "Want to hear some news?" he asked nonchalantly. It took a few seconds for his question to register.

"What news?" asked Mary, not looking away from her task, her tongue sticking out to the side, as she concentrated on her work.

"I have spoken to my mother," he said, watching her, concentration written over her face, "she and Mrs. Evans are coming to the concert on Saturday."

"Hmm, so?" she said a furrow forming on her forehead.

"She's bringing the adoption papers with her," he said casually. He saw her movements were now frozen, her concentration on his words, not her painting, although her eyes remained on the lettering. "All it needs is my signature, and then I suppose, I will have to look after you two pain-in-the-arses for the rest of my life." There was a small splash as the paintbrush dropped into the canal. She rolled away from the boat, standing in one movement and threw herself at him. Ariana hit the pair of them a second later. The three of them, hugging together tightly, were oblivious of the family of four cycling along the towpath who gave a cheery "hello" as they pedalled by. Jim suddenly realised his T-shirt front was soaking wet. Mary was crying her eyes out.

"Do you really mean it, Daddy?" Mary asked for the hundredth time. And for the hundredth time, she squeezed him tight in a bear hug. He was handing yet more Kleenex tissues to her. He smiled at Ariana, who was grinning back at him like a Cheshire cat. Suddenly, she pulled away and looked up at him and said: "I'll even clean all the toilets, if it's true." He nodded with mock gravity. "Nah," she interjected, "nothing's worth cleaning the toilets for!" She hugged him again, looking down, her cheek against his chest, her long flaxen hair hiding her tear streaked face.

They lapsed into silence, the girls settling either side of him, cuddling; his hands clasping their bikini clad bottoms gently. Not in an arousing way, but a comforting, 'I'm here for you', way. They remained like that for over half an hour, each deep in their own thoughts.

At last, it was Ariana who spoke. "Daddy, you know all those pictures and videos you have on your computer?"

"Um hmm," he acknowledged, wondering where this was going.

"Would you want to photograph us like that?" she asked.

"If you would like me to, I would," he replied. "But now I have you two, I don't think I will need to look at pictures in future. I can look at you instead."

"Would you want us to do all the things those girls did?" she continued. "I mean, some of it was a bit gross."

"I would only want you to do what you are happy with, Silver," he said, then added the unfair comment. "Some of the things only big girls like to do."

"In some of the videos, there was a girl called Laura and she had an uncle Gary who kept putting his thingy, I mean his cock, in her bottom. Would you want us to do that for you?"

"As I said, I would only want you to do what you are happy to try, Silver," he said seriously. "Some girls love it in the bum, others hate it. Until you try, I guess you won't know."

"He stuck his finger up your bum last night, when you were fast asleep," said Mary. "I watched him. It went all the way in. Didn't you feel it?"

Ariana shook her head, but smiled at Jim. "Did you really? While I was asleep? Did you like it? Did it feel nice?" He simply nodded, smiling back at her. "OK, I'll try it, but you have to stop if it hurts or I don't like it."

He looked at her trusting face, knowing if he screwed up, she'd never trust him again, but if he could give her the pleasure he hoped, it would cement their relationship even further.

"Ok, Silver," he said, "you got a deal but first things first ...."

"What?" she frowned.

"You've got a boat to name."

The two girls looked at one another and burst into laughter.

Jim and Mary spent the rest of the afternoon infilling the outlines Ariana painted around the name and along the hull, soon becoming adept at the various shades she insisted the roses and castles needed. The pace was rapid and soon, she was adding little fine details to the early work, outlining the gold with thin lines of red and white and black. By the end of the day, the port side was looking magnificent. It wasn't complete, but already it was looking like a boat that was loved, as were the three people working on her. (Author's note, Google: 'canal castles and roses')

### **Chapter 13**

#### **The Water Gypsies**

That afternoon, they simply relaxed in each other's company, sitting on some fold-up picnic chairs on the towpath, adding some paint here and there, but more and more chatting about what they were going to do in their new lives together; how they wanted to decorate the girls' bedroom; where they would like to go on holiday; their favourite - and not favourite, school subjects. As the afternoon drew on, Jim suggested they set up a barbeque on the towpath. It was wide enough here to allow cyclists and walkers to pass by.

Despite burning the sausages and undercooking the lamb steaks, they all felt they'd enjoyed one of the happiest meals in their lives. Jim drank a couple of his beers and the girls several alchopops. As dusk fell, he had an idea. He went below and detached the piano keyboard from it's mounting and brought it up along with two of the guitars. He used some of his long extension leads and plugged them into the control panel, then flicked the deck speakers' switch on. They started to play, as usual with 'Bridge over Troubled Water', which now sounded superb. They didn't repeat it, knowing it was already as good as it was going to get.

Soon after they started, a scruffy looking diesel boat chugged up behind them and moored some fifty yards along the towpath. A couple of rusty bikes lay on the roof beside a bucket containing coal and a trough of sad looking flowers. A long haired couple waved to them, copied by a couple of small spalpeens aged about five or six. They were water gypsies. Jim had seen their type several times before. He waved back to them and smiled. Hearing the music playing, the four walked up the towpath slowly, as though they might be trespassing.

Jim went back on board and was just stepping off the boat with two more seats, when the family arrived. He noticed the man was carrying an Irish style concertina and the woman a mandolin. "Welcome," he said, offering the two seats to them, "would you like a drink? These are my daughters," he waved at

Mary and Ariana, "Gem and Silver." And so the evening started. He realised the family probably hadn't eaten well in a while, so raided the fridge for more sausages and lamb steaks, which quickly went on the barbeque.

"Where are you heading?" asked Jim, just to make conversation.

"We heard there was a concert on in the Eisteddfod Pavilion, Saturday with Pink Passions playing. We could never afford a ticket to a concert, but by mooring our boat close to the pavilion, we can hear the music almost as well as if we were inside. My name's Patrick," he said. He nodded to the woman, "and Esmeralda. The kids are Tilley and Timbo. She's almost seven, he's five."

Without any warning, Patrick started to play a haunting gypsy melody, which Esmeralda accompanied beautifully on her mandolin. As it ended, Esmeralda started to play 'The fields of Athenry', which Patrick sang along to. Both were surprised when Jim joined in on his guitar and sang in harmony.

When the music ended, there was a pause before Mary started to play the opening to 'Bridge over Troubled Water', immediately taken up by the others. All of them started to sing together, enjoying the moment. Music is a social leveller and no one here felt inferior to anyone.

"Looks like your food is ready," said Jim, "please help yourselves. Fancy another beer, Patrick." He smiled at the Irishman's reply of: "Is the Pope a Catholic?"

Jim brought up a choice of drinks, which he put on the small fold-up table. "Please help yourselves," he said as he picked up his guitar again. The music continued for another hour. The young children started to look sleepy, and were sitting on Mary and Ariana's laps, nodding off.

"You've been very kind," said Esmeralda, seemingly speaking for the first time, "would you care to have your palm read?" she looked at him intently with her light green eyes, her long dark hair shimmering in the light from the boat.

Without waiting for a reply, she took his hand and turning it palm upwards, studied it for a while. She glanced up at him a couple of times, but her concentration was in his palm. She frowned, then spoke: "You have many contradictions in your life," she stated. "Millions love you, but you have been lonely all your life," she paused and looked up at the full moon just rising over the eastern horizon, "until today," she looked at his palm again, before looking at him again, "yes today. You had no family of your own and now you have." She looked at the girls, as if to confirm it to herself. "You love your daughters very much. I can see that. But others would seek to come between you and them if they knew how you loved them. Take care of them. They need you as much as you need them. They were a gift to you. Someone close, your mother, perhaps."



Esmeralda released his hand and blinked, as if coming out of a sleep. She smiled at him. "You will have a long and happy life. But many will live because of you. I do not know why, but it is written in your hand." A little shiver passed through Jim at her final words, as he thought of the 'Jab-the-world' concert and what its aim had been, to save millions.

Esmeralda stood and rested a hand on his shoulder, before saying something to Patrick. She walked back to their boat, returning a few minutes later. In one hand, she carried a small bottle and a cloth bag in the other. She handed the bottle to Patrick, who asked if Jim had some glasses he could use. Jim found three glasses and handed them to Patrick, who set them out on the table and filled each from the bottle with a clear liquid. He handed one to Jim and said: "Cheers my friend." He knocked the drink back in one gulp, before looking expectantly at Jim. He took a breath and tipped the drink back, feeling the fire water burning his throat. Patrick laughed when he saw his expression. "A little drop of God's own," he said in his Irish lilt. "Oi make it meself, that oi do. You probably call it Poteen. Oi call it nectar!"

Jim was still gasping for breath, as he went back on board and pulled a bottle of Glenfarclas out of the back of the drinks cupboard. Patrick's eyes lit up at the sight of the amber nectar. The glasses were refilled and the men raised them to a toast. Esmeralda, meanwhile was talking to Mary and Ariana. They were sitting at the table, while the men stood beside the barbeque, watching the dying glow of charcoal glimmering.

Esmeralda placed the, now empty, cloth bag on the centre of the table and on it, put a glass crystal ball it had been containing. She waved her hands over it a couple of times and looked into its depths, seeming to go into a trance in seconds. She gazed for several seconds at each girl in turn, then back at the globe. At last, she pushed her spectacles up off her nose, onto her forehead and leaned back in her chair. She looked at the girls once more, then at Jim. There was no judgement in her eyes, but he knew that she knew. She said nothing, but she knew. She reached down for her large homemade cloth handbag and searched inside for a while. She pulled out two small items, which looked like pencils, but only a couple of inches long. They were wrapped in paper. She leaned in over the table and spoke in low tones to the girls and handed one of the items to each of them.

Esmeralda then seemed to relax. She leaned back in her seat and only then accepted a drink from Jim. He was surprised when she half filled the glass and swallowed the neat spirit in one gulp, before filling the glass again. From then on, she took small regular sips, refilling the glass each time. Her little six year old girl, Tilley, came over and sat in her lap, while the little boy, Timbo, went to Patrick.

"They're not our kids," she said, unexpectedly. "I have an ovulatory disorder, I can't have children of my own," she explained, "These are my cousin's children. The killer variant got her last December, the day after Christmas. She died New Year's Eve. Mick, her husband died a week later."

They all went quiet for a while, before Jim picked up his guitar and started to play a few chords. After a while he picked the notes for the opening of 'Hotel California'. He didn't sing along, just played the instrumental. His execution of the solo near the end was superb, and the others all applauded when he finished.

"Oi t'ink you've played before," said Patrick, smiling, one eye cocked. "You say you're name's Jim?"

"Now that's enough from you, Pat," said Esmeralda, staring at Jim with her all-knowing look. "Why not play us a song on that old squeeze box or yours?"

He picked up the concertina and played Molly Malone. But he added his own words:

"In Dublin's fair city,  
Where the girls show their titties,  
I once fucked a girl named sweet Molly Malone.  
And I pulled my cock sparrow,  
Through her cheeks broad and narrow,  
Singing cockles and mussels alive alive oh."

"Alive alive oh....."

"Dats quite enough of dat sort of nonsense," scolded Esmeralda, grinning at the same time, before emptying and refilling her glass once more.

The three adults were fairly inebriated by this time and relaxed with good company, good drink and great music and banter. The girls too, Jim realised, had drunk several alchopops each, the empty cans strewn around them on the grass. Jim was sure Esmeralda knew who he was. How much more she had seen in his palm and the crystal ball, he didn't know and he wondered what she might say. It was only a few seconds later he found out.

Tilley, was still sitting on Esmeralda's lap leaning back into her chest. The woman whispered into her ear. Tilley lifted her feet up onto Esmeralda's knees. The child's skirt slipped up her legs. Jim watched, entranced, while Esmeralda slipped her hands beneath the child's thighs and slowly pulled them apart. Suddenly, Jim could see the girl wasn't wearing any underwear, and Esmeralda was slipping her fingers down to the little girls' vulva. She pushed her fingers into Tilley's labia, and gently prised her lips apart.

Jim glanced up and saw both females were looking intently at him, their expressions unreadable. He looked down again to find Esmeralda was gently massaging the child's clitoris, her fingers moving tenderly over her little nub, pleasuring her. Jim couldn't believe what he saw. He looked across at Patrick, who had opened Timbo's jeans and was openly playing with the little boys cock. The child was too young to do more than get a soft erection, but it was obvious he was enjoying it.

A few seconds later, Esmeralda lifted Tilley onto her feet and stood up. "It's time we got the children to bed, Patrick. I t'ink Jim wants to do the same with the girls." At that, the water gypsies got up and walked back to their boat. In the dim light of the full moon, Jim could see their boat, too, was named Esmeralda.

## **Chapter 14**

### **Effervescent Buggeration**

It had been a magical evening. The accidental meeting with Patrick and Esmeralda had turned into one of those nights they would always remember. Jim knew he would see the little family again. They had said they were heading for the concert and wanted to give them something in return for their generosity of spirit. He would speak to Eric in the morning. The three of them stripped off quickly and took turns in using the bathroom. They had all had a fair amount to drink, but they also knew the night was yet young and what was to follow. They were soon lying in bed, side by side, cuddling each other, no one making the first move. In the end, Mary sat up and picked up the little paper covered object Esmeralda had given her. She looked shyly at Jim and grinned at Ariana. Then getting on her hands and knees, she turned her bottom to Ariana, who took the little object, unwrapped it and holding Mary's anus open, pushed it in. It was thin and greasy and slipped in easily. She used a finger to push it in further.

At first, Mary felt little or nothing. Then she felt a tingling sensation. It started fizzing, like she sometimes got when she took a mouthful of Coke and all the bubbles burst at once. It really made her pussy tingle too and she thought she might cum if it carried on much longer. What she didn't know, one of the effects of the suppository, was to dilate the anus. Even as Ariana and Jim watched, her bottom opened up enough, that Ariana thought her finger could slip in almost without touching the sides.

"I'm tingling inside Daddy. Esmeralda told me it would feel nice. But she said it would feel even nicer when you were inside me as well. Better hurry before I cum." She giggled seeing his expression of surprise at what she'd said about the Gypsy woman, confirming she knew a lot about him and the girls. But now was not the time to ponder that concern, but to get on with the matter at hand. Jim had been leaking pre-cum all evening and was as randy as he'd ever felt. He knew he couldn't fuck the girls, they'd told him they were still a bit sore, but if he wanted to try it up the bum, they'd let him. Who was he to argue?

Mary, still on her hands and knees turned towards Ariana, her face dipping into her lover's spread thighs and lapped gently, knowing Jim was watching. He shuffled up behind her and placed one hand on the small of her back, the other holding his cock, guiding it toward the dark opening of her bottom. The instant he touched her, she was so sensitive, she clamped, but relaxed again. He could already feel her pushing back at him, and as she did, his crown sank slowly into her, huge amounts of pre-cum released as his foreskin was pulled back, letting him ooze in. He popped through the tighter muscles of her

sphincter, feeling her clamp briefly again. Then he felt it. The tingling she'd described, like millions of bubbles bursting over his crown. Fuck, it felt good. And already she thought so too, because she was cuming as well, clamping repeatedly on him. Squeeze release, squeeze release. She pulsed on him, he sank slowly deeper and deeper into her, feeling the fizzing and clamping intensifying, the deeper he went.

At last, he was in the child as deep as his cock could go, his pubic hair pressed into the globes of her buttocks. Slowly he pulled back, all the way, until his rim was held just inside her by her sphincter, then he pushed back in all the way. The fizzing seemed to increase even more. "Hhhhaahaahaa, urrrgh," she muttered, as her orgasm intensified, her clamping becoming harder and faster.

Jim started to move faster, his long strokes almost coming out of her, before sinking deep into her rectum, his pubis slapping against her bottom. Faster, deeper, harder. He couldn't believe how hard she was clamping on him, her incoherent moans telling him more than any words could convey.

Mary's mouth was pressed to Ariana's vulva, her tongue automatically working at her friend's clitty. Automatic, because her conscious mind was overwhelmed by the intensity of the feelings of her incredible climax, as Jim pounded onto her bottom. Mary's mind was in a turmoil. She'd always had to live on her wits, standing up for herself and recently for Ariana in fights at school. She'd stolen stuff, and learned to hate the world and everyone in it.

Suddenly there was Jim. He'd seen through her facade, discovered the soft person she really was behind that, life hardened, exterior. He'd stood no truck with her antics and only given her love and respect. She'd never loved anyone before and suddenly she couldn't help herself. She let him, no wanted him to take her cherry the night before and knew it was love he was giving her, not just a quick fuck. Actually, she smiled inwardly, it was anything but quick. He'd slowed her down, when her feelings got the better of her. And now she was letting him bugger her up the bum. She should be disgusted by what he was doing to her, but instead, she was loving it; every second of it. She knew she wanted him again and again and already knew she wanted him in her pussy as soon as the soreness eased.

Then there was the other thing, when she met him at his home the other day, she'd had a feeling she'd met him somewhere before. Ever since that feeling had persisted. Where had she seen him? Why was he so familiar?

Jim was now slapping into her bum at a metronomic rate. Seven inches out and seven back in, every second. The faster he went, the more the fizzing sensation seemed to increase. He wasn't going to last long and suddenly, he was blasting into her, holding her hips hard, his cock deeper now than before as he exploded into her bowels, again and again, filling her up with his sperm laden semen, pulse after pulse, until, at last, it ended. He held still for several minutes; letting his pulse ease; her breathing calm; his cock wilt.

Then the most extraordinary thing happened. As he pulled out of her, he looked down and could see bubbles of semen popping around her anus. Then the bubbles became fizzing and the fizzing became a long loud fart, as the gas, generated by the suppository mixing with his semen, increased in volume and loudly escaped, forcing out a white and brown speckled spurt with it.

He flopped down onto the bed, pulling her into him, spooning together, ignoring the mass of stickiness between them. The last thing he saw, before sleep overtook him was Ariana looking over the sleeping body of Mary at him. She was grinning at him, then held up her hand. In between her fingers was a short pencil shaped paper wrapped object, which Esmeralda had given her. Her meaning was obvious and he knew already he wouldn't get a full night's sleep tonight.

It must have been about two in the morning. He wasn't sure what had woken him. Usually, at about this time, it was his bladder. Had someone stepped onto the boat and rocked it? He knew instinctively it wasn't. Then he felt it. Someone was wanking his cock. Little fingers gripping him so gently, they were hardly touching him at all. He lay there, wondering which of the girls it might be, while his cock grew to full tumescence in a matter of seconds. He let this go on for a while, before he moved, making her stop instantly. He rested still and after maybe a minute, she started again, feeling his shape so gently, it might have been a fairy touching him.

After a few minutes of this, he felt his hand gripped by her other hand. She pulled his hand to her. She was using it to pleasure herself. She pressed him to her cleft, her thighs parted enough to get him there. She pushed his fingers against her, thrusting her mons against him, giving herself some clandestine pleasure. This went on for about five minutes, before she shuddered into a gentle, quiet climax, after which she went quiet. She then turned over and shuffled back against him, pulling his arm over her chest, pressing his hand to her flat breast.

"That was nice," he said quietly to the back of her head, making her start. He knew she thought he was asleep and she was steeling a crafty cum all by herself. "Want me to make it even nicer? Where's that thing Esmeralda gave you?"

Without saying a word, she reached under the pillow and pulled the little object out. In moments, she'd unwrapped the paper covering and passed it back to him. His crown was already pressed into the valley of her bottom, where she'd pressed back at him and was oozing pre-cum. He took the little cylindrical object and holding her anus open with the finger and thumb of one hand, pushed it into her. Immediately it started to fizz on coming into contact with the dampness of her entry.

"Fucking hell," she hissed, "what's that?"

Jim put his finger to the suppository and pushed it into her rectum and followed it with his finger, feeling it sink into her depths, as it left a greasy

lubrication behind her. He didn't waste any time and as soon as it was in as far as his finger could reach, he brought his crown to her entry and holding her globes, one in each palm, pulled her open as far as possible and applied pressure. Immediately, he felt that same fizzing against his crown, he'd felt bugging Mary. It was incredible. The insert was not only fizzing, but it was lubricating and dilating her. He could feel it. He pushed in further and as he did so, more pre-cum came into contact with the insert, making it fizz all the more.

Like Mary before her, Ariana was cuming, even before he was all the way inside her, even before he'd reached round to play with her clitty, even before she was ready. But ready or not "here I cum".

Jim felt her rectum gulping him in, in bites. One moment she was clamping hard on him, the next, she was sucking him in. It was incredible and fizzing made it so hard not to just explode in her and end it. Suddenly he was in her, all the way, his pubes pressed hard to her bottom. He pulled back an inch and pushed in, back two and in, until he felt his rim at her entry and shoved hard into the nine year old, slapping against her buttocks. Out and in, faster and harder.

She was crying out in her ecstasy now. So much pleasure overwhelming her senses, all she was aware of was the intensity of feelings inside her lower tummy and pussy and bum. At this moment, nothing else mattered to her. Not the nastiness of what they were doing, nor if she might be sore the following day, or even what Mary was thinking, as she lay, their faces just touching, lips pressing to each other, while Jim's cock slammed in and out of her bottom. The fizzing now seemed to be intensifying, building up. Ariana's tummy was inflating, hurting almost. Then she realised Jim was cuming deep inside her. She could feel his cock pulsing inside, throbbing, making the fizzing increase even more. He stilled, but still she was cuming. He wilted and it made no difference. It was just so good.

Then he was shrinking in her and pulling out. "No," she cried, "leave it there." But there was nothing he could do and like with Mary, as he popped out of her, the effect was dramatic. There was a hissing sound, which got louder as though the pressure was increasing. It turned into a loud, long rumbling fart propelling white and brown speckled cum out all over Jim and the bedding. And like before, he didn't give a shit, he was already almost asleep. Gone with the wind!

"What did you think to that?" asked Mary, as she cuddled Ariana's shoulder with one hand and cupped her mons with the other.

"I've never felt anything like it," she replied. "Can you push a bit harder, Mar...That's it there. Hmmm. I think I'm going to like living with Jim.

"Yeah," said Mary, "me too. How's your fanny feeling now?"

"Fine now, how about yours?"

"Mine too," said Mary, with a giggle, "I think we should toss a coin to see who has him when he wakes in the morning."

"I've a better idea," said Ariana. "You know how he did us together when he busted our cherries? Well I really liked that, because, in a way, it felt like you and I were fucking each other. What do you think?"

"Yeah, I'd like that...ohh.....I'm going to cum again Ari...."

## **Chapter 15**

### **The Unesco World Heritage Site**

It was almost ten in the morning before they got underway. Jim knew he had red rims under his bloodshot eyes and his cock had put in a special request for disablement compensation. He didn't think he'd get another erection for at least a week. As he'd already told them, they were going to put him in an early grave. Through the night, he'd buggered them both long and hard. With the help of Esmeralda's suppositories, he'd experienced the most incredible orgasms of his whole life. By all accounts, the girls did too.

Then at first light, they'd woken him and made more insatiable demands on him. They'd insisted he had to fuck them together again and they'd told him he couldn't cum until they told him. That had been tricky. But through it all, he knew he loved them and it was mutual. It had gone on for over an hour and at the end, his cock was so sore he knew he wouldn't be able to go on much longer. Then sensing this, they told him and he almost immediately blasted into his orgasm, giving each of them half. But despite it all, the girls showed they loved him. It was the looks, the way they talked to him, the help they gave and their whole attitude towards him and his boat. He knew his mother and Gloria Evans would see the difference immediately.

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Today would be the highlight of their time on this canal. Other than the two New Marton locks, the first of which was now in sight, they would have a straight run through to Llangollen, through some of the most stunning countryside to be found anywhere, which is why people travel from all over the world to cruise this canal and why the last eleven miles are a Unesco World Heritage Site.

Soon, they were through the two locks, on the final stage of their voyage. A voyage on the canal, yes, but a voyage into their new future together too. Jim felt more contentment than he had ever felt before. He'd headed up the band through years of meteoric success. Millions of fans followed their every move; mostly young girls and women. Every record was a chart topper. But all that fan adulation was as nothing to the feelings which ran through his mind right now. The sun glittered on the surface of the water, through the leaves of the

trees, as they danced in the light breeze. Beside him Ariana sat perched on the safety rail, her arm around his waist, her ear pressed to the side of his chest, while she stared into the distance along the winding canal. Her act of love needing no comment. His arm too was curled round her shoulder, saying nothing and saying everything.

Mary was down below, tidying up. They had just passed over the two hundred and twenty year old Chirk Aqueduct, with its ten semi-circular masonry arches and iron bed. It is seven hundred foot long and seventy foot tall. Alongside it runs the railway viaduct, built in a similar style nearly fifty years after the aqueduct. "The tunnel will be coming up soon," Jim called down to Mary.

"I'm not keen on tunnels." She said, "I might sit and practice the piano."

The guide book stated the tunnel was three and a quarter furlongs ahead. "A quaint way of saying 715 yards," thought Jim. Mary had just rehearsed 'Bridge over Troubled Water', perfectly for the fourth time, as the tunnel came in sight. There was no one coming the other way, so they were able to proceed. They were only about fifty yards into the long tunnel, when Ariana and Jim heard the sound of the piano again. It seemed to echo down the total darkness to the passageway ahead, giving it an eerie sound. Jim recognised the tune, but it took him a few seconds to place it. It was Claude Debussy's 'Girl with the Flaxen Hair.' The fact that Mary herself was playing this piece sent shivers down his spine. That name was how he thought of her. The haunting music seemed to go on and on, as they moved through the darkness. Ariana was clinging to his side, his arm still around her. They were both aware how poignant this moment was.

*(Author's note. If you would care to listen to Debussy's short piano composition, click here: [Claude Debussy: The Girl with the Flaxen Hair - Bing video](#) )*

When they broke out into the warm sunshine once more, it's bright and balmy heat bathing them all, Mary rejoined them. She sat one side of Jim, the tiller between them, Ariana the other. "Bore da," said Jim, grinning. "Croeso i Gymru. We are in Wales now," he said. "It means: good morning. Welcome to Wales. We have one more tunnel coming up. It's just under two hundred yards long and then a little way the other side is the most amazing canal bridge in the world. Just wait until you see it."

They steamed on through the late morning sunshine, waving at passing and moored boat crews, everyone smiling, as if they knew the happiness which exuded from Silver-Gem. The Whitehouses tunnel came and went and after a couple of 'S' bends, suddenly the Pontcysyllte Aqueduct was before them. Three other narrowboats were crossing over in front of them, so they didn't need to wait, for oncoming craft, they could just follow on.

Jim explained to the girls the two hundred and twenty year old aqueduct is a twelve foot wide iron trough, built from plates, set on top of eighteen arches. It is a grade 1 listed building as well as forming an important part of the Unesco



World Heritage Site. As you approach the aqueduct from the English side, the towpath is on the right hand side, with a high iron safety fence the far side of it. However, on the other side, the side of the trough is only a couple of feet above the water, level with the deck they were standing on, so sitting on the steering platform, Ariana could look over the safety rail straight down over a hundred feet to the valley floor below.

The girls clung to his sides. Ariana, not liking heights, nearly went below, so she didn't have to look down, but Jim's reassuring arm comforted her enough to stay. The view from the centre of the aqueduct was spectacular. Apart from the sheer height they were at, the River Dee, far below, meandered through fields of cows and sheep. Even the trees they looked down on looked as though they belonged to a model. Further up the Dee Valley, the railway viaduct could be seen, where the line crossed into Wales; and beyond that, the purple mountains building into the distance.

Several people walking along the towpath greeted them as they passed. Jim noticed as the boat nudged the side of the trough, the iron flexed, making him wince. It was obviously designed to take this, but seeing it move was disconcerting. At last, they reached the far side, where a small queue of boats was waiting to cross the other way.

The canal widened and in front were many boats moored in a modest marina. There was a repair boatyard with hire craft available, a small shop and cafe. At this point, the canal bends sharply left, under a bridge, following the Dee valley. There was a steep tree filled bank rising to the right, the valley dropping to the left, the canal built into the hillside. It was now only four miles to their destination, so Jim suggested they moored a little further on and had lunch. They pulled in to the left bank, where a gap in the trees showed the steep bank down to the river far below, where there was a renovated ancient mill, it's fourteen foot wheel turning, now producing electricity rather than flour.

Nothing needed to be said. They moored the boat, and immediately set to preparing their lunch, which was a selection of cheeses, cold meats, pickles, chutneys and salads. But they also knew as soon as they had eaten, they would be in Jim's cabin. And so it was. The three lay naked, a girl either side of him, the three of them clinging together, knowing that in less two hours of steaming up the canal, their world would change forever.

The girls knew Jim's mother and Mrs. Evans would be waiting for them. There would be the hundreds of people preparing the venue for the concert tomorrow night. They realised this was their last private moment with him before the concert.

Jim knew a lot more. He knew the media would be ready to pounce, and he'd already thought about that and made arrangements through Roger to give interviews in the pavilion media suite. He'd arranged with his mother to meet him on the boat with Gloria. They would take care of the girls, while the whirlwind of activity took over his life for twenty four hours. He had arranged for them to stay in the Bay Hotel at Trearddur bay, Anglesey. They would

travel there by helicopter, taking barely twenty minutes. But, from Jim's point of view, it would keep the girls, Gloria and most importantly, his mother, out of his hair, while he made the final arrangements with the rest of the band.

"Daddy," said Mary, breaking the silence, after a long time, while they just enjoyed being together, "would you make Ari and me feel good again?"

Jim cringed at the thought. His cock was red raw, he'd cum, goodness knows how many times in the last twenty four hours, and was still begging for a celibate holiday. His groan told the girls everything they needed to know.

"Would you like to watch Ari and me?" he looked at Mary, seeing a coquettish expression emerge. She didn't wait for his response, but climbed over him onto Ariana's side of the bed, quickly cuddling her lover. "Move back, Daddy, give us space."

Jim lay there enthralled, watching while the two girls made love to one another. He neither felt like a voyeur nor an excluded participant. They were giving him a treat.

They started in a close cuddle, kissing, tongues dancing together, becoming adventurous; their hands holding each to the other, like the couple in Rodin's 'The Kiss'. Jim enjoyed seeing the pleasure they each gave and received. He could tell they loved one another; something he was determined not to influence. Love is love, no matter who the lovers are. He recognized that although they were only nine and ten, they had a depth of love many adults never experience in a lifetime. In their lonely, desperate need for love, they had found each other; and it was true love.

After a while their hands were exploring, roaming, seeking. It was nothing frantic, nor frenzied, nor taking. Only giving. It was entirely gentle, caressing and soothing. They unconsciously opened up their thighs to one another, letting the other feel and give love. Jim watched, as Mary's fingers, with the delicacy of the sweetest piano music played another tune on the keys of Ariana's feminine organ, while Ariana reciprocated.

Jim quickly realised that this was nothing to do with orgasmic release or carnal pleasure. This was everything to do with giving love and adoration. He watched as they both tensed with their arousal, their clefts becoming damp, mucus flowing freely, fingers glistening. He knew they weren't going to get energetic or vigorous. This was all about making love, not having sex.

At last, he heard one then the other snort gently, as they fell into their gentle climaxes. It continued for several minutes, as they tried to extend the pleasure they gave each other. Jim realised in that moment how privileged he was. They had let him watch their most intimate time together with no hesitation or embarrassment. They had done so as if he was taking part, not as some leech, but as a loving participant. It had given them pleasure to let him be there.

He lay with the most painful erection. Painful because he was still sore from their night of passion; and painful because of the incredible display they'd just given him. He was suddenly aware that they were looking at him; the way a cat might look at a cornered mouse. Neither spoke, nor signalled their intent, but both moved together, closing in on his erect penis. Mary held back inches away, as Ariana moved in, and in one movement, took hold of him with her hand and brought her mouth over his crown, sucking him deep into her mouth, her tongue exploring his shape, tasting his pre-cum, feeling his tension, his warmth, his ardour.

This was the first blow job Ariana had given. But following what Mary had done the previous day, Ariana felt well tutored and never hesitated. She wanted above all things to give her Daddy all the pleasure she could manage. She wanted him to cum and she wanted to taste him, to swallow, to show him she loved him. She carefully ran her hand up and down his shaft, while her lips, gently sealed around his crown, moved microscopically over him, her tongue seeking out every part of him, learning, memorising his shape. She suddenly opened her mouth wider and let him sink in further, sucking him in deeper, until his crown was ensconced between her tongue, the top of her mouth and the entry to her throat.

Jim couldn't believe what she did next. Ariana started to suck much harder, but at the same time, she squeezed him between her mouth and tongue, while her fingers moved fractionally, squeezing too. Despite the discomfort he'd had earlier, his orgasm crashed in unexpectedly fast. But what made it even better was when he heard her slurping, as she struggled to swallow, as his semen shot to the back of her throat again and again. At last they stilled, resting for a minute, while his tortured cock shrank within her mouth, her tongue seeking and finding the last traces of his sperm laden semen to taste, savour and swallow.

Soon afterwards, they sat around the table in the saloon. Mary played the piano for a while, practicing, yet again her piece. After a while, she put the lid down and asked Jim if he would play to them for a while. They all knew this would be their last time together, until after the concert and they wanted to just share the special moment. Mary cuddled up to him one side, Ariana the other. He tuned his guitar and on request, played 'Mary was an only child.' He noticed she wasn't crying this time, but she hugged extra tight while he sang.

Next he played 'I Want It That Way', a song by American boy band Backstreet Boys. Then he sang a couple of Ed Sheeran songs, 'Thinking out loud' and 'Shape of you'. Finally, he started to play a song they didn't know. It opened with the line: 'When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me/Speaking words of wisdom.' When he finished, Mary asked him: "That was lovely. What is it called?"

"It was written by Paul McCartney in 1970, before I was born. He might well be at the concert tomorrow night. The song is called 'Let it be'. He wrote it about his mother, Mary, who died when he was quite young. It's said she spoke to him in times of trouble, which is why he wrote it."

"I like that, Daddy," said Mary, pulling his hand around her naked tummy, enjoying the feel of the contact "I wish I'd had a mother I could have talked to."

Jim realised this was the first time she'd referred to her mother directly. "Well you've got to put up with me now instead," he chuckled. They went silent for a few minutes, each in their own thoughts. Eventually, he said: "When we get to Llangollen, my mother and Gloria Evans will take you off in a helicopter. I have lots of work to do for the concert, so I won't be able to join you. But after the concert, we can go off in the boat anywhere in the country you want to go. Tomorrow you'll come back in the afternoon. You'll be able to rehearse with the band. Jim Lazenby won't be there until later, so I will play his part for you." He smiled at the two of them. "If you pair of scamps are ready, shall we go and meet the enemy?"

## **Chapter 16**

### **The Horoscope**

The last few miles of the Llangollen canal are stunningly beautiful. The canal, as it meanders up the valley, gets narrower, as the hillside it follows becomes steeper. At one place, the channel is cut out of solid rock and is only wide enough for one boat. So they waited while several boats came the other way. The last one indicated there was no one behind and off they went. Because the channel is narrow, the flow of water increased against them, making Jim increase the steam pressure. Even so, they were hardly moving along the bank at walking speed. But they weren't in a hurry to arrive, knowing their idyllic journey would have ended.

At last, they could see the Buildings at the edge of the town of Llangollen appearing through the trees to their left. Then they were out in the open, the ground below rising to meet them. A large area of open manicured lawn came up as far as the towpath and there a short distance away was the Eisteddfod Pavilion, now surrounded by dozens of vans, lorries and hundreds of scurrying people working on setting up the concert. Large satellite dishes mounted to the roofs of huge vans parked by the pavilion confirmed the TV channels were already set up.

After they had moored up, Jim took out his phone and called his mother. It was only a few minutes later, she and Gloria Evans walked up the grass slope and came aboard. The girls had packed their bags for an overnight stay and had put on knee length skirts and long sleeved T-shirts. Jim made tea for the visitors and they sat and chatted for a few minutes around the table in the saloon. Cynthia and Gloria couldn't help noticing how the two girls cuddled into Jim's sides. Their whole demeanour spoke volumes to the two perceptive women.

Cynthia opened a briefcase she'd been carrying and took out some papers, which she slid across the table. The first sheet was headed 'Certified copy of an Entry.' There were several other sheets, each having little yellow stickers

indicating where his signature was needed. Gloria witnessed his signature and handed the papers back to Cynthia.

“Well, you two brats,” chuckled Jim, grinning from one to the other, “looks like I’m stuck with you for life, now. It’s official.” The two women smiled as the two girls stood and threw their arms around his neck, smothering him with kisses. His arms were around them holding them tightly for a few seconds, before letting them go again.

Gloria and Cynthia stood and ushered the girls up on deck. They watched as Jim kissed each goodbye in turn on the lips, perhaps a second or two longer than was decorous. The girls picked up their little bags and walked behind the women across the grass towards a distant helicopter. Every few yards, one or the other would look back at him and wave. A few minutes later, Jim watched as the aircraft lifted off and turning, headed west over the Dee Valley and Snowdonia beyond, towards Trearddur Bay.

Jim locked up the boat and was half way to the pavilion, before anyone spotted him. Very quickly he was surrounded by a media scrum, cameras and microphones being shoved in his face. He kept walking, and after pausing to make a few well thought out statements, thanking them for being here, said he needed to join the band to make the concert a success, and after a couple more questions, was allowed to escape.

“About fucking time,” shouted Eric, without any malice, “I thought you would have more of a suntan with the holiday you’ve had, while everyone else was doing all the work.”

“Fuck off, Eric,” said Jim, with a grin.

“Good to see you too, Jim. Fuck knows why!” said Eric, giving Jim one of his bear hugs. People who didn’t know their unusual relationship, always assumed the band leader and manager hated one another. The opposite was the case. Despite their colourful invective, the two had a very deep respect and affection for each other.

Jim walked over to the stage, which was covered in step ladders, trailing cables, lighting and sound technicians, TV cameras and the general hubbub of a venue the day before a show. Roger was chatting to the people installing his drum kit at the back of the stage and on seeing Jim, smiled and walked over.

“Hi, Jim, how did it go? I’m glad you’re here, your mother’s been driving us nuts.”

“Great boat trip, Rog, even with those two brats in tow,” said Jim in a neutral tone. Roger knew Jim far too well.

“So you didn’t kill each other then. I take it that’s why your Mum has been smiling ever since she got here yesterday.”

"Yes, she has the bit between the teeth, Rog, she's only gone and adopted those two girls in my name," said Jim, thinking the news would come out sooner or later. "She and Gloria Evans engineered the whole thing."

Roger looked sideways at Jim for several seconds, before he leaned closer to his friend and quietly said: "I take it you and the girls got along OK. Want to talk about it?"

"There's not a lot to say," said Jim just as quietly, amid the loud noises being made by all the stage crews. "But let's just say they will be playing a big part in my life from now on, Rog." He paused, knowing Roger understood what he meant, before going on: "I've been thinking about you this week, Roger. You're not getting any younger yourself. I think you know what I'm saying." Jim had known about Roger's latent pederasty since the band had formed. "Would you like me to have a quiet word with Gloria Evans and my mother; see what they could arrange? I know Gloria believes any home is better than an orphanage, even hers. There are pretty boys in that orphanage desperate for a loving home."

Roger gripped Jim's forearm in his strong hand and looked into his friend's face. "Would you, Jim, truly? You are a good friend." They discussed the matter for a few seconds longer, before Roger changed the subject by asking: "So tell me, 'Bridge over Troubled Water', how's it going to work?....." They went on to discuss the order of play, who would play lead or back-up to the many numbers proposed. It emerged, several other bands had offered to play a couple of numbers each, in the second half, so Pink Passions could have a break, with everyone then playing in the grand finale.

The day moved on. The band agreed to have a rehearsal later on, when the techies had finished setting up. So he and Roger and the other members of the band, had time to kill. They went round the back, and sure enough, Hilda was in her mobile café, frying some bacon and sausages, as if she knew they were coming.

Afterwards, Jim went over to the office. He had a word with the woman who ran things and asked for some passes for the concert. He walked back up to the canal and walked along the towpath. He hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards, when he saw the boat with 'Esmeralda' painted on her bow. Along the side of the boat in ornate lettering read: 'Crystal ball and palm reading, Tarot cards and fortunes told.' There was no one in sight, although the companionway doors were ajar.

"Ahoy," he called, "can I come aboard?"

"Yes," a distant shout from below replied, "come on down, Jim."

He climbed aboard and moved to the companionway. Resting his hands on the coachroof, he leant forward and peered into the gloom of the cabin below.

"Come on in," said Esmeralda, "we've been expecting you."

He climbed down the three steps and looked around the cramped space. It was laid out very like an original bargee's boat, everything in its place, compact and tidy; not an inch wasted.

The little family were sitting around their table, where some tarot cards were spread around in a circle. In the centre were four cards set out, face up. Esmeralda scooped up the cards and shuffled them in her hands, while looking at Jim. "Patrick will make us some coffee," she stated. "Sit down, Jim. It is good to see you again. Did you have a good night?"

He knew to what she was referring, and yet there was no judgement in her face or amusement either. "Thank you, Esmeralda, I did. The girls told me what you gave them yesterday," he replied.

"Yes, it seems children especially enjoy them. Timbo and Tilley use them quite often." She left the comment hanging in the air, as she went on to say: "May I read your cards?"

He nodded, wondering why he was here. It was as if someone or something had guided him here. She handed the deck over to him. They were grubby and dog eared. "Shuffle the pack," she instructed. "Shuffle them well. But first, you must cross my palm with silver." Jim reached into his pocket, where he'd put the credit card sized concert passes. He pulled them out and placed them face down in her hand, together with a five pence piece, which was in the same pocket.

"That is the silver," he said, pointing to the coin, "and those are from me to you, as a thank-you." She placed the four passes on the centre of the table, without turning them over and watched, as he started to shuffle the pack.

After a minute, she said: "That should be sufficient. Cut the deck and place the top four cards on the table face down there." She pointed to the four passes. Jim placed the cards on top of the passes, then handed the pack back to Esmeralda. Patrick brought the coffee over from the stove, together with some traditional Irish hazelnut biscuits, still warm from the oven. He sat down and the two children each sat up beside him, pulling his arms around them, while they watched.

Esmeralda cut the pack again and taking the lower half, placed it on the top of the pack. She then dealt a card from the pack. It was The Devil. He looked at her startled. "Don't be alarmed," she said, not taking her eyes from the card, "it is in reverse. That is to say it offers, release, enlightenment and recovery. What the full meaning is depends on the other cards and the order they appear. But most important will be the four cards there." She pointed once more to the four he had placed in the centre of the table.

The next card she dealt was the Eight of Wands. "Hmm," she muttered, "a journey, new ideas and love. You have found love. Your journey is twofold. The boat, but also your life. You are starting a new journey."

Next was the Two of Cups. "Romance, friendship, cooperation. Love and now romance. It is there again." She turned another. "The Queen of Cups. Very unusual," she said, almost to herself. "loving mother, gentle, happiness. Your mother is involved in your life just now. She loves you more than you know." He was about to question her, when she turned another. "The King of Cups. Kindness, willingness, enjoyment. This again is your mother. She wishes your life to be happy. She is willing to overlook your shortcomings."

Jim was finding this hard to take, but at the same time couldn't turn away. It was as if she had him spellbound, as she turned the next card. "The Eight of Swords," she said, frowning, "But it is reverse, not upright. Instead of weakness, indecision and censure, in reverse it means freedom and new beginnings. Everything depends on the next card," she muttered to herself, not him, a look of worry as she turned the next. A look of relief on her face. The card was a picture of a tiger and a lion and between them two young naked girls. The caption below read 'Strength'. "I thought so," she spoke to the card. "Mary has the strength of a lion and Ariana that of a tiger. They will be your strength." She placed the rest of the pack on the table. "They will fight for you. They will defend you. Your mother will love them and you equally." She tapped the card. "The lion and the tiger, the children. A very good card indeed. We are nearly finished. All that remains is for you to turn the four cards over."

Jim, almost reluctantly reached over and turned the first card.

"The Fool," she smiled, "he is a journeyer of life, who sets out on his grand adventure without a map, trusting that life will lead him in the right direction and everything will turn out splendidly! He represents the adventurous, joyful and carefree spirit within all of us. He can fail or he can succeed. Never in between. Turn the next."

He reached out and turned the second card. "The Ace Of Cups. This is connected to the spirit. A new relationship. The other cards showed this too. Being connected to your heart and soul. Seeking the deeper meaning of life. Forgiveness. You must forgive yourself. You have a secret inside you, giving you guilt. Forgive yourself. Now the next," she pointed to the last two cards as Jim reached for one.

"Ah," she said smiling, looking at the card with a naked couple having sex, "I wondered if this one would appear. The Lovers. It is all about the bliss of coming together and connecting with another person. A whole different realm is experienced when this happens – feeling at one with another. The world may even momentarily cease to exist for these lovers, so enamoured are they. You are so engrossed in a person or activity that you do not notice what is going on around you. I think Mary and Ariana would agree. But, how deep is this love? The last card will tell us everything." She nodded her head to the last card, her eyes on his face.



"Ace of Wands. In all its phallic radiance, the Ace of Wands graces us with it's presence today!" There in the picture a long shaft of gold stood, and at it's base, two round black and yellow flowers. "I daresay those sunflowers look suspiciously testicular. It personifies an aroused will. The sunflowers represent seeds. The seeds of life. The wand a penis. Moving on.... New beginnings! Fresh ideas! Planting seeds of awesomeness! Today is a great day to fertilize your dreams and start taking those first steps toward making it happen. Write your bright ideas down and make plans to carry them out. Perhaps there is a new song in that head of yours Jim."

"Are you confused?" she asked looking at him steadily. She smiled when he nodded. "Let me explain. The cards show you have been on a journey and are about to start another. You have been lonely, so lonely. But your mother understood what the problem was and has helped you. You have met your love, or should I say loves. The Ace of Wands tells me you have shown them your love and they for you. You are now going to start a family together. An unusual family for your lovers will also be your children and in years to come, their children too. I think that is all." She sat back, as if exhausted from the session, like some energy had been dragged from her body.

"Thank you for those," she said, pointing to the concert passes still face down on the table.

"But you don't know what they are," said Jim in surprise.

"They're all area passes for tomorrow night," she responded.

"No, they're just numbered seats. I thought it a nice way to thank you for, err, what you gave the girls." Despite himself, Jim blushed.

"And you," she teased, grinning. She reached out for one of the cards and turned it, like she might a Tarot card, and printed along the top was: "All Area Pass."

"How did you.....?" he started.

"The cards tell me many things, Jim," she said wistfully. "Perhaps I know you better than you know yourself. Let me give you some advice, you be good for those girls and they will be good for you."

"My mother said much the same thing," he commented.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Oh, I nearly forgot, I have something for you. I thought you might enjoy them." She reached to her side and picked up a square metal biscuit tin. It had a label 'Irish hazelnut biscuits'. He'd really enjoyed the one he'd eaten with the coffee and thanked her accordingly. He took his leave and headed back towards Silver-Gem. He placed the tin on the table and put the kettle on for some tea. Feeling peckish, he opened the tin, but instead of biscuits, inside was filled with dozens of what looked like pencil

sized objects, but only a couple of inches long. They were wrapped in paper. He instantly recognised them as the suppositories the girls had used the night before. It looked like she'd given him a lifetime supply.

## **Chapter 17**

### **The Girl with the Flaxen Hair.**

That night, the band were staying in the Wild Pheasant Hotel, a few hundred yards up the Holyhead Road. So Jim, now being on his own, opted to join them for the meal. Their party was almost fifty and the hotel manager was pleased for the booking in an otherwise difficult time, with people keeping away due to the pandemic. All through the evening, he couldn't settle. Something Esmeralda had said was nagging in the back of his mind. Then it came to him: 'The Ace of Wands' that was it. Ever since that moment, something had stirred in his head. What was she had said? "Write your bright ideas down." He needed to leave, get back to the boat, now. He made his excuses and was gone, walking along beside the road built by the Colossus of Roads, Thomas Telford, back to the boat.

He almost fell down the steps into the saloon. He shut the double doors, slid the hatch shut and pushed the bolts across, locking himself in. He pulled out his guitar and sitting at the table, started to play the notes circling in his head. In half an hour he had the tune and in another the chorus. He had written songs many times and it was always the same. When he wrote a real winner, he got a tingle down his spine. That was the case now. This was going to be a real stormer, a real smash.

He hummed the tune while he played, letting the mood take him, the lyrics forming on his lips as he played. Then he had it. He reached for a pencil and taking the music lined paper note book he always kept handy, he wrote the notes down. Next he scribbled the lyrics beneath. He read it through, and making a couple of changes, dropped the pad on the table. Next he opened up his laptop and went into a composition app he used and quickly tapped in the chords for bass, acoustic, lead guitars, keyboard, and drums. He pressed the 'play' button and listened to how his new composition sounded. Perfect. Finally, he entered the title before saving the file: 'The Girl with the Flaxen Hair'.

He knew what he had to do. He wouldn't be popular with the boys, but they knew when inspiration struck him, it needed immediate attention. Tomorrow would be too late. It was now after midnight, when he typed up an email, and attached the link to the app and pressed 'send'. Next, taking his phone, he found the WhatsApp group for the band and pressed the icon for video call. Roger answered almost immediately. It took a few seconds for the others to pickup.

"Hi guys, have I got news for you!" He went on to explain what he'd done. "I want to surprise Eric with this one," he said. "Come up to my boat, say ten o'clock in the morning, we can rehearse this. I want to slip it into the concert

tomorrow night. Are you guys up for it?" The band members had all made a fortune playing in Pink Passions. They'd long since learned when Jim had a brainstorm, they would all gain from it. They also knew they had a long night ahead of them, learning their individual parts; and they knew it would be worth it.

Jim sat back looking at the blank screen of his phone, knowing there was little more he could do tonight. He glanced down at the scribble lyrics he'd written:

#### VERSE

You entered my life,  
In a whisper of sadness,  
You cut like a knife,  
Through my armour of madness.  
Soon you were mine,  
I never regretted,  
Like a diamond you shine,  
I am liberated.

#### CHORUS

Silver-Gem, oh Silver-Gem,  
I see you lying there,  
Silver-Gem, oh Silver-Gem,  
The Girl with the Flaxen Hair.

He couldn't read on. He was so full of emotion at that moment. He already knew in the last hour and a half, he had probably created the best song he'd ever written. The lyrics would only ever be special to him, but the tune would be one of those which would stand the test of time. It was unique, but in the middle had a few notes distinctive from Debussy's famous piece. He switched off his laptop and left it on the saloon table. He went to bed, knowing he would no longer need to browse any child porn to get to sleep. He had found love, just as Esmeralda had told him.

He was woken early by banging on the coachroof. Excited voices he recognised chattering away. The band had arrived long before he'd expected. He staggered out of bed and flicked the bolts across and pushed the double companionway doors open, before turning to put the kettle on for some much needed coffee. He'd slept well through the night, but the previous several nights had been unavoidably lacking in rest.

The first to speak, waving the score to the new song, was Roger. "Fuck me Jim, this is gold. It's brilliant. It's one of the best tunes I've heard in years; and you fucking wrote it! Let's rehearse." Roger had brought his portable electronic drum kit and put it down on the table. He plugged a lead into it and handed the end to Jim to connect it. The other musicians squeezed in on the cramped seats around the table, putting their scores in front of them, somehow managing to find enough room to handle their instruments.

Jim picked up his Fender Stratocaster and plugged it in. He looked around the table and asked each to play a chord. He turned some knobs to get the balance between each right, before playing an intro to the song, which hadn't even been on the score he'd emailed the night before. It was captivating. He then launched into the song. He stopped and asked for some adjustments, before starting again. And so the rehearsal began. They worked on it, perfected it and finally played it in full, certain they had created something iconic, something really special. He cast his mind back to the previous afternoon. Had Esmeralda known something when she'd said: "Perhaps there is a new song in that head of yours Jim."

It was agreed when they would play the new song. Roger was to speak to the sound and lighting guys and forewarn them. But not a word was to be said to Eric.

"Where the fuck have you bunch of cunts been?" screamed Eric, as the five members of Pink Passions walked onto the stage. "While you've been fannying around, some of us have been working our fingers to the bone, our shoulders to the grindstone, trying to earn a crust, working our asses off....." he ran out of metaphors. "Fuck me, I sometimes wonder if life is worth living."

"Morning Eric," said Jim grinning brightly, "sleep well?"

"Fuck off, the lot of you. Let's get some work done. We've got a full rehearsal in half an hour. Now where the fuck is your mother and those two tarts?" Eric realised his mistake, when he saw Jim's reaction to his comment, and held his hands up "Sorry Jim, in the heat of the moment, I take that back, but it would be nice if our lead act could at least be here." At that moment, they heard the 'dum-dum-dum' beat of the approaching helicopter. "Thank fuck for that," Eric said, heading for the sound booth, knowing Jim had not been happy at his unguarded comment. He would ease off on Jim for a while. "Let's get this fucking show on the road."

By the time the helicopter landed and the band had sorted themselves out. Jim had told them he was giving the girls a surprise, letting them think he just worked backstage, and would be standing in for Lazenby during the rehearsals this morning. Eric, trying to make amends for his outburst, went along with the plan. When the girls, escorted by Jim's Mum and Gloria walked in, the musicians had tuned up and were individually practicing parts of various songs, un-amplified by the sound system.

Mary and Ariana were shown on stage and allowed to meet the band members. They were both overawed by meeting some of their music heroes. They were disappointed when told Jim Lazenby wouldn't be around until tonight, as he was their idol.

Jim handed both girls a pair of headphones with mic attached and explained what they were for. He gave Ariana the guitar she used so well on the boat, telling her he'd already tuned it, before showing Mary the keyboard. He

switched it on, and showed her which stops to press for the sound they needed.

Suddenly Eric's voice boomed through the headphones: "Can get fu.....started."

Mary felt very nervous as she looked up at Jim, her fingers now held over the keys. He nodded and the instant the familiar sound came through the headphones, she relaxed and started to enjoy herself. The first bar was just her piano, then Ariana came in with guitar and finally the rest of the band, quietly accompanying her.

Then Jim's voice began:  
"When you're weary  
Feeling small  
When tears are in your eyes....."

It was exquisite, and everyone knew it. As the piece came to an end, even Eric was silent. A tear running down his cheek. "Got something in my fucking eye," one of the technicians heard him mutter. He pressed the button on the desk mic and said: "That was OK. Let's move on, err, what's next?" The band members grinned to each other. An 'OK' from Eric was like a standing ovation from anyone else. It meant the girls had nailed the piece.

The girls were soon whisked away by Cynthia and Gloria. Not far away is a large children's play area, where they enjoyed themselves, while the rehearsal continued. Mary and Gloria sat on a park bench, watching the girls playing, now mingling with lots of other children.

"What do you think?" asked Gloria. She didn't need to elaborate, they both knew to what she was referring.

"I have never seen Jim so happy to see anyone in his life as he was when we walked onstage with these two," said Cynthia.

"Well, I know we took a risk, but as you know, those two girls," Gloria juttled her chin towards the two, now spinning on a roundabout, giggling and laughing, "were about to be taken into care. They were becoming too disruptive to be allowed to stay in the home any longer. The council overruled me. It was just a matter of time. It was affecting the other kids. I know what we did was very illegal, but if no one ever knows, what harm is done?"

Cynthia closed her fingers over her friend's hand and squeezed. "Well what is done is done," she said. "Anyway, last night made it all worth while as far as I'm concerned. I had no idea girls so young would be willing to do such things. I can't wait until I get them home."

"Be careful Jim doesn't find out," said Gloria, seriously. "I think he might get upset if he did." They went silent for a few seconds, watching the girls play, thinking about the previous night in the Trearddur Bay Hotel with them. "It's a

shame we can't do something for those two delinquent boys I have been recently landed with," Gloria said, pensively. "They threatened one of the staff with a kitchen knife the other day, and they're both only nine."

"I might be able to help you there," smiled Cynthia, "I had a call from Jim yesterday afternoon. It would seem one of the other band members, you know the drummer chappie, Roger something, spoke to Jim." As Cynthia explained and outlined her proposal, Gloria's eyes widened.

"You're not seriously suggesting we should let this Roger, adopt the boys so he can err..." Gloria ground to a halt.

"Why not," chirped Cynthia, "it worked with the girls, why not the boys? The boys will get a stable home. I know his mother, she'll go along with it. And as for Roger? He'll be able to roger the boys in return." The two women laughed making the girls look at them from the playground.

"What do you think, Mar?" asked Ariana.

"I think I like our new Mum, Ari," said Mary. "we can't tell Daddy, though, you know that."

"I know, but as long as we keep him happy he will never know. I can't believe what Auntie Gloria taught us to do last night. I still have a sore tongue, but my pussy wants more," said Ariana quietly.

"Yeah, mine too," said Mary, "I can't wait to get back to the hotel tonight after the concert."

"Me too, but do you think Daddy might be on his own on the boat this afternoon?" They both laughed at the thought, knowing they would go and find out.

Meanwhile back on stage, the rehearsal had come to an end. Eric had pulled his headphones off, tossed them onto the mixing desk and standing, leaned into the mic said: "That was OK, I suppose. You lot can fuck off now. I'll see you later. Don't be fucking late."

As soon as Eric was out of the venue, Jim said: "OK, let's try the 'The Girl with the Flaxen Hair'. The guys had practiced the piece well and all knew their parts and after a couple of false starts, played it through perfectly. Jim looked across at the mixing desk techies. "How did it sound?" All he got was a row of faces with eyes and mouths open wide. "Was it alright?" he asked.

"Err, could you run through that again?" asked the senior engineer, switching on the recorder. Jim played the introduction, and the band came in perfectly, the lyrics seeming to haunt the exquisite music. When it ended, the engineer pressed his mic button and said: "Well as Eric might say: 'it was OK', but I can tell you Jim, I can't believe what I just heard. What's it called again, 'The Girl

with the Flaxen Hair? It was fucking magnificent, mate. It's a certain number one hit. I'd bet my life or wife on it."

"That's no bet, Frank, I've seen your wife."

They all laughed, knowing Frank's wife was in fact very beautiful looking.

## **Chapter 18**

Tilley

Jim walked across the grass, up to the Canal towpath. He walked passed the water gypsy narrowboat, Esmeralda, still moored in the same place. Patrick was on deck having a smoke, Esmeralda was nearby, shining some of the brightwork. They may be poor, but they looked after the things which mattered to them. On the towpath, the two spalpeens were playing together. They were only wearing underpants, which didn't surprise him. It was a hot humid day. His eyes rested on Tilley for a few seconds, looking at her pencil thin legs and parallel body, her mound pushing out at the thin, tight material, her cleft showing a small camel toe.

"Hello Jim," said Esmeralda, glancing at the little girl, "she's a pretty little thing, isn't she? We are very grateful for the tickets," she said, "very grateful indeed. Tilley loves looking round other boats. Would you like to show her around yours?" She smiled, an unspoken message passing between them. "She loves it when Patrick uses one of my fizzers. Don't you Till?"

"Ah ha Mummy," said the six year old, as she picked her nose, "it makes me all gooey inside me bum." The child inspected her finger and sucked it clean. Jim smiled to himself. He knew he was about to do some pretty dirty things to her himself in a few minutes.

"Well you'll need to be getting on then," said the woman. "Send her back when you're done." She glanced at her watch. "Your two girls will be here in an hour," she stated.

"They will?" he asked puzzled. "How do you know?" She just smiled and tapped the side of her nose. The woman seemed to know everything.

Jim waited while some hikers walked passed them along the towpath, then taking Tilley's hand, he walked the fifty yards, back to his boat. He quickly unlocked and opened up and ushered her inside, closing the doors behind him. "Would you like to have a look around, Tilley?" he asked her.

"No 'tis alroight," she said in a broad Connemara Irish accent, picking her other nostril. He realised he hadn't heard her speak before today. "But oid like a piss, if dat's alroight wiv jew. Wanna watch?" She said without any shame in her face.

Jim's cock lurched at the thought and soon they were in his bathroom, the girl looking around the largest boat bathroom she'd ever seen. Ignoring the toilet, she simply went over to the wet room area, pulled her panties off, throwing them into a corner, sat, then lay on her back, pulled her little thin legs back, her hands under her knees and spread herself wide open, all in a few seconds.

"Oi can't hold on forever, mister, do you wanna look or not?" she chastised. Jim bent forward and looked. She had a small vagina and labia, mound and bottom. Far smaller than Ariana or Mary, but probably average for her age. He watched as her urethra swelled, and a small squirt of wee spurted out, dribbling down her bottom crack onto the floor beneath her. There was a short pause, then a long powerful jet squirted from her in an arc, splashing the floor near his feet. "Dat's better," she said as she stood once again, "now where ja wan me? Don do it too hard, mister, me bum's only lickie. Remember to put a fizzer in, won ya?"

It had taken all of five seconds for Jim to strip off. The girl looked sideways at him, still in the bathroom, his cock standing out like a post. She raised an eyebrow, before moving to the bed. She didn't get on it, but bent over and rested her hands on the bedding, her little bottom pointing up at him, as he came out of the bathroom.

Her vulva looked so tiny, as it's little peach shaped bulge pushed out towards him between her thighs, her cleft well defined in the centre. He dropped to his knees and took her hips in his hands, his thumbs curving onto her buttocks, pulling them outwards, her anus winking open. He leaned in and pushed his tongue into her cleft, her little nub just getting touched, making her jerk slightly. He slipped his tongue slowly upwards, feeling her smallness, her warmth and softness as it rubbed along her most private place, over her vagina, tasting something like arousal. Could it be? She was only six. Over her perineum and into her anal cavity, which he knew in a minute he was going to penetrate.

He couldn't wait any longer. He stood, still holding her hips and brought his rampant cock to her bottom and let it slip along her valley, finding it's way, settling into her entry. He gently pressed, letting her tightness pull his foreskin back, which in turn released masses of pre-cum, directly into her anus. She was running with it.

"Don't forget the fizzer," she reminded him. His spell was momentarily broken, remembering he'd left the tin, with them in, on the kitchen table. He stood up and went to move, nearly tripping, realising his shorts and jockeys were still around his feet. He stepped out of them and stumbled into the saloon, grabbed the tin and pulled the lid off. He took one fizzer out and leaving the tin lid off, returned to the bedroom, finding the child still in the same position. He frantically unwrapped it, the paper cover floating to the floor. He put one end to her entry and gently applied pressure. Already, where it was in contact with his pre-cum, it was fizzing and effervescent. So he quickly pushed it all the way in.



"Use your finger to push it all de way in," she instructed. "It needs to go in deep." He brought his middle finger to her and gently pushed it in, feeling her buttery passage opening reluctantly to his intrusion. One knuckle, two, all the way in. He could already feel the fizzer bubbling away against his finger, tickling.

He pulled his finger out and again brought his cock to her entry. Immediately, he felt the difference. She'd dilated a lot and his crown popped easily through the muscle ring of her sphincter, which gripped the dip behind his rim. But the biggest difference was the fizzing, which was already becoming constant against his sensitive crown. Already, like with Mary and Ariana, he could hear the hiss of the gas escaping around his shaft from her rectum. He pushed in further, the fizzer now easing the way for them both, until he felt his pubis press against her buttocks. He paused for just a moment, before pulling almost all the way out and reversing into her again.

Jim was in pedo wonderland. A willing six year old enveloping his cock, all the way in, and the knowledge his two willing, adoptive daughters would be here soon, wanting him to serve them too. "Life couldn't get much better than this," he thought.

"Let's go for a ride," he said quietly. He moved his arms, one around her chest, over her tiny nipples, the other around her lower tummy and stood, lifting her up, until her back was pressed to his chest, her head just beneath his chin. He slipped his hand between her thighs, finding her little cleft spread open and took her weight on his hand, one finger working gently against her clitty. He was amazed how light she was and what little weight there was, was held up by his cock, a good six inches up her bum.

The feelings on his cock were incredible, as the fizzer did the work for them, massaging his cock inside her, giving her as much pleasure as if he were against her vaginal 'G' spot. She was farting loudly now. Every time he moved, the gas escaped with a loud 'pharp' sound, just like with Ariana and Mary. He knew she was rising. A six year old having a climax? Well, he looked forward to finding out. Her farting took on a rhythm 'pharp, pharp, pharp'. Then he realised she was cuming. Only gently, but beyond the sensations of the fizzing, he could feel her passage clamping on him in time with her little 'pharps'. He had been holding back, but knew his time had come and his release was sudden as he blasted deep into the little girl's bowels, the pleasure it gave him beyond measure or description. Again and again he spurted into the gypsy child, until finally it was over. They stilled.

"Oi need the bathroom, quick," she said urgently. Jim, still carrying her, his cock deep inside her, walked into the bathroom, stood near the shower and lifted her off. She immediately bent double, her hands holding her shins, her bum high in the air. She waited a moment, then she farted again, long and loud. It sent a small fountain of semen in an arc from her anus. There was a second's pause, and it happened again. Then on the third time, it seemed to go on and on, an arc of white and brown speckled semen forced loudly from

her bottom, splashing on the floor, a couple of feet away from her. There was a few seconds pause, and a short one followed, another twenty seconds and a little 'pharp' with a dribble. "Dat's de lot," she announced.

"Me ma says you have to cross my palm with silver now," she stated, as she reached down for her little pink panties, the only garment she'd worn on arrival. He pulled his wallet from his shorts lying crumpled on the floor and pulled out two fifty pound notes and handed them to her. He quickly pulled on his shorts and T-shirt and followed up on deck. He made sure no one was walking along the towpath, then taking her hand walked back with her to her boat, where Esmeralda was sitting waiting, a cheroot type cigarette held in the corner of her mouth. Tilley stepped aboard and handed her the money she'd been given.

"That's far too much," she said. "Tilley was meant to be a thank-you for your kindness to us. Now we are in your debt again." She looked out across the grass, her nose twitched, as if smelling the air. "Your girls will be here in five minutes. I can repay you with my knowledge; the gift of my art. I wouldn't normally say this to someone if it may affect their relationship with another. But I think it will be valuable to you, and to them in the end. I and my kind, we have a code," she said mysteriously, "if disclosing another's secret, we must say so in a puzzle or riddle. Then it is up to you to decipher them."

Jim blinked at her, feeling slightly confused. Then she spoke, her eyes now unfocused, as though she were in a trance. Jim grabbed his phone, which he used often to record song ideas.

"There was a young mother in ancient time,  
Long before either your time or mine.  
Sargon her son was a mighty ruler,  
But she loved two others, and she was their mater."

"Another example, from Egypt they came,  
Ruiiu and Idet, who never felt shame.  
Like Sargon's Mother, Ruiiu and Idet,  
In your very own household you will find a quartet."

"Before you condemn, consider your actions,  
For mother and friend have a mutual attraction.  
Be wise in this, for shining afar,  
Will be your young Gem and her Silver Star."

She blinked as she opened her eyes and smiled at him. "I have said too much. The sisters of my craft would be angry if they knew what I have disclosed to you today. But you have been kind to us, when many drive us away at first sight. It has been the way for my people for centuries. We look forward to the concert tonight, but now you must return to your boat, for the girls will soon be here."

He hurried back to Silver-Gem and immediately sat down at the table and taking his laptop, typed, using his lyrics editor, the words he'd recorded. He then got into Google. The first name he typed in was Sargon. The first suggestion was: Sargon the Great, the text said he was the first ruler of the Akkadian Empire. His mother's identity was vague. She might have been a temple priestess. As he read on, she may have had one or two daughters. The legend suggested she developed an incestuous lesbian relationship with them.

Next, who were Ruiiu and Idet? It seems they were Egyptian mother and daughter lovers too. Finally the quartet; who were they? There was Jim, his mother and soon, Mary and Ariana. Four? Then he read the last verse and staring out at him were the words: "For mother and friend have a mutual attraction." Gloria! It had to be. But he knew for a fact that Gloria and the girls had never stayed in his house before, so when did they..... He clicked his fingers, last night. Just then, he heard their voices, sing song laughter and giggles, as they happily came aboard.

## **Chapter 19**

### **Confession**

"Hi Daddy," they said, smiling at him, "you all alone?"

"Hi girls," he replied, "I was just having a bit of 'me time'. Have you had a nice day?"

"Oh yes," said Mary, "Auntie Cynthia and Aunty Gloria took us to Betws-y-Coed. We had lunch there and bought some things. We got you a present, Daddy. Want to see it? Close your eyes." He followed her instruction. There was a rustle of paper, and an object was placed in his hands. It was furry, obviously a toy of some kind. "OK, open them now." There in his hands, about the same size as a typical teddy bear, was a toy dragon. It was red, with wings, forked tongue and spear tip tail.

"It's wonderful," he said, "it looks just like my mother." They all burst out laughing. "I wanted to have a little chat," he continued. "Just the three of us."

"OK, Daddy, what about?" asked Mary, peeling off her T-shirt before pushing down her skin-tight leggings. She wasn't wearing any panties. Ariana was sitting the other side of him. She'd stripped off already. He put his arms around them both in a way they'd become accustomed to, although he didn't seek out their clefts, as he'd always done before. Both girls felt a tension in him, knowing something was different.

"Do you love me?" he asked, "I mean, really love me?"

"Yes, you know we do," said Mary, now anxious about where this conversation was leading.

"Do we have any secrets from each other?" he probed.

"What sort of secrets Daddy?" Mary was feeling decidedly worried now.

"Well, for example, If I ever I went with another girl, would you want to know?"

"Yes, of course Daddy, it depends who it was and why. Would you tell us?" she asked.

"Yes, I would," he replied. "I fucked Tilley up her bottom this afternoon. I hope you don't mind. She was really tight and I enjoyed her very much. She only left just before you got here. You could have watched."

"Tilley," she said aghast, "but she's only six."

"Nearly seven," he corrected.

"Daddy," asked Ariana, a tear in her eye, "why are you telling us all this?"

"Well all I wondered, was," he looked at each of them in turn, "if you went with someone else, would you tell me? Whoever it was?" The girls looked at each other, tight lipped. "Well?" he pushed.

"Hmm, I suppose," she said evasively.

"Like, my mother and Gloria in the hotel last night, for example," he prompted.

"What, .... How, ..... you knew? How? We only just got back." she stuttered.

"So it's true then?" he stated. "Tell me about it, when did it start?"

Mary sighed deeply. "It was about three months ago," she started. "Mrs. Evans, you know, Gloria, came into our bedroom late one night, and found Ari and me, you know, doing it to each other. We couldn't pretend, because we were licking each other out at the same time. She just turned back towards the door and said: 'I want to see you two in my office first thing in the morning, before you go off to school'. Well in the morning, she said she was thinking we were too much trouble in the home, and we should be sent to a reform school. Well we knew girls who'd been there. They'd all said it was horrible and anything was better. So we begged her to let us stay, and we'd be good and we'd do anything she asked."

Mary blushed slightly, which was unusual for her, before she continued after taking a breath. "She told us she needed us to prove it. Well we found out what she meant that night, because she told us to come to her room after lights out. When we got there, she told us to strip off and kiss each other. Then she told us to lie on her bed and let her watch what we'd done to each

other the night before. She sat in a chair watching us. Then she started telling us to do it more and harder and use our fingers. After a while, she told us to stop and stand up. She dropped her nighty on the floor and got on the bed herself. Then she told us to do to her what we'd just been doing to each other. At first I thought how gross the idea was, but she asked if we wanted to stay in the home or not."

"So we did it to her, and she did it to us. It was OK, but she knew we didn't enjoy it like she did. After that, we didn't obey any of the rules in the home. She said we were being disruptive and she still might have to throw us out anyway. Still we didn't do it. Then one day she said: 'If you do as I want for a whole month, I will find a home with a mummy and daddy for you to live in'. So we agreed and we did it to her for a whole month. Well after a week or two, we sort of got used to it and, I suppose enjoyed it a bit. Then after the month, we asked where we were going to live. She said she had a friend, we would live with her. But the friend would want to do things with us as well if we wanted to live with her, we would have to do it, otherwise she wouldn't want us."

"Well we went there and met her. Mrs. Evans and the lady took us upstairs and told us they wanted us to show them we really wanted to live there, and had to do things to both of them together. Well, as you probably guessed, the lady was your Mum. We had to go there several times and, you know, do stuff with them. We weren't very happy, and we were starting to think perhaps we would tell them we didn't want to live with Auntie Cynthia after all, because she only wanted to make us do stuff to them and gave us nothing back. By then, we were being naughty again. Then we were asked to Auntie Cynthia's house again, and you were there. Then our lives changed, we thought forever."

Suddenly, Mary broke down, floods of tears pouring down her cheeks. She looked up at him and said: "Now you don't want us either, do you? We only went with Auntie Cynthia and Auntie Gloria, because they promised us a better life. Then we found it, we found you; and now you won't want us and I will once again be a 'gem in a five and dime store'. My only friend in the world now, will be Ariana." She dropped her face into her upturned palms, inconsolable, she cried and cried.

"So you don't want to live with me then?" Jim simply said. There was a long silence.

"Wh...what do you mean?" she said, stifling several sobs.

"Well, you wanted to come and live with me and now you seem to have changed your mind. Maybe I have to chuck you in the canal a couple of times to bring you to your senses." She lifted her head from her hands, now wet with tears. "Let me get one thing straight, you two," he said seriously, pointing at his briefcase on the shelf, "I signed the adoption papers. I will be your Daddy if you want me to be. Do you want me to be?"

She looked at him, hope in her eyes.

"Let us have a little understanding," he said carefully. "If you want to go with my mother, or Gloria, or anyone else," he smiled as she pulled a face, "or even a boy, that's OK, as long as you tell me afterwards. Then, in return, I can go with anyone I want to, like Tilley, and I will tell you afterwards. But I will make you this promise. My Mum or Gloria will never try it on with you ever again, unless you ask them to. And," he paused, "I will make you another promise," they both looked at him in hope, "I will be the best Daddy two little girls could ever have hoped for; and all I want in return is unconditional love."

The next few minutes passed in a blur. None of them would recall how they got there, but they were suddenly in his bed, cuddling into his sides as tightly as they could. They kept kissing him, cuddling, kissing again, pressing their pussies to him, opening their thighs whenever his fingers roamed near, enjoying his touch when he pressed in.

"Why have you got a tin of biscuits in your bedroom?" asked Ariana unexpectedly, pointing to the tin labelled 'Irish hazelnut biscuits'.

"Ah, that reminds me," he said grinning, "Esmeralda gave me a present for you two." He slowly lifted the lid off, and showed them the contents. They instantly recognised what they were. "She calls them 'fizzers'. I thought it a very good name. Perhaps after the concert, if you are very good girls, we'll try using a couple of them." The girls laughed brightly, as they leaped onto the bed, rolling onto their backs and spread themselves out, giving him a real view. He couldn't help noticing they were slightly reddened around their labia. His mother and Gloria had obviously given them a real workout last night and this morning.

Jim had only cum in Tilley's bum an hour ago and he wasn't ready yet, so invited the two girls to give him a show. At first, they just rolled around on the bed, spreading themselves out, pulling themselves apart and letting him see their bodies in any way they could. Then after a minute or two, they started to masturbate; their legs spread well out, so he could see, while they each played with their clitties. He heard the squelching sound their fingers made as they dipped in and out of their own clefts and vaginas. They were breathing more quickly, harder, urgently, now, knowing he was watching them, knowing he was enjoying them. Then he saw their muscles start to tension and relax, flickers of movement under the skin of their thighs told him they were about to cum for him. One then the other started to gasp, eyes screwed up in their orgasmic ecstasy, their little vaginas opening and closing for him to watch, knowing they were doing this for him, their Daddy.

At last, they slowed. But, it was just an interlude. They started to play with one another. This was altogether another matter, because they started to caress each other, kiss, hug, give and take pleasure. They were making love. But they knew they were, in a sense making love to him as well. Soon the tension in their little bodies increased and Jim could see they were about to erupt. Both of them held back for a moment, savouring the moment. Then it was like

an avalanche of orgasmic, release, while both girls fought for breath, as they gasped out their climaxes loudly, heads curled back, mouths open, eyes tight shut, gasps and utterances of incoherent mumbles escaping them, beads of perspiration on their foreheads, nipples standing proud, tummies pulled tightly in, mounds swollen beyond bursting point, clitties sticking out like small erections, juices pouring from them, wetting the bed beneath their tight buttocks.

There was a full five minutes pause, while the two preteens caught their breaths, their tension eased and muscles relaxed. They opened their eyes and looked at him, bright smiles breaking out on their faces. "Did you enjoy that Daddy? Did you like seeing Ari and me doing stuff to each other. Did it make you stiff?" Said Mary, teasing him, she looked down, seeing the bulge in his jockeys. "Hmm," she muttered, "I think that answers my question. Wanna lie down, Daddy and let Ari and me play with you for a while?"

It was now two hours since he'd buggered Tilley. The antics these two little sex kittens had shown him for the last hour or more had really rung his bell. He lay back in the middle of the bed and waited to see what they were going to do. First, they lay on their fronts at right angles to him, raised up on their elbows. They reached and both gently took his cock in their fingers, teasing him with movement so subtle, he could hardly feel it as they played with his end, moving his foreskin up and down, arousing him slowly to full tumescence.

Next, he saw two little tongues coming towards his crown, but at the last moment, they diverted and touched each other, in an intimate kiss. They parted and moved towards him again and once more at the last instant veered away with their tongue wrestling. Then everything went wrong, because as they moved in for the third time, they pressed their tongues either side of his shaft and licked upwards hard, his full length. Then both girls together pulled a face, their mouths curling in disgust.

"Eww, that's disgusting," cried Ariana, "you taste horrible."

"Ohh yuck," echoed Mary, "I think I'm going to be sick!"

Jim suddenly realised he hadn't had a wash since he'd pulled his cock from Tilley's bum.

"Err sorry girls," he muttered, "I'll go and have a wash."

"Not before I brush my teeth," said Mary forcefully.

"And me," echoed Ariana.

He watched their bubble bums as they scampered to the bathroom and looked through the open door while they brushed their teeth, bent over the sink, with lots of toothpaste. It didn't help when they put their brushes back on the shelf and he walked in, that he started to giggle.

"Don't you dare, Daddy," Mary said wagging her finger at him, "if you laugh just once, we will get our revenge."

"OK, OK," he said, "I won't, I promise." Then, a second later, he couldn't help himself, he snorted loudly, collapsing into convulsions of laughter.

"Right, just you wait," Mary said in a serious tone, "you've had it now! Wash your cock."

The girls left him in the bathroom. As he came out a minute or so later, having washed himself, he saw the two girls whispering and giggling together, going silent, when they saw him emerge.

"We are going on top, Daddy," said Ariana. "Lie on your back." He knew they were up to something, but he hadn't worked out yet what it was. "Mary is going to fuck you, Daddy, while you lick me out, alright?" She didn't wait for his answer and as he lay his head down, she straddled his face, almost immediately moving herself forward and backward over his nose and tongue, pushing into her cleft and vagina. He tasted something odd, but at that very moment, Mary dropped onto his hard cock, enveloping him in a moment, his crown nudging hard into her cervix, sending shockwaves of pleasure surging through them both.

Ariana didn't say anything, but she was feeling very uncomfortable; more so than she'd anticipated, but still she carried on as if nothing was the matter. The pain was building, but the time was not right, just yet. She looked at her lover, desperately trying to communicate her distress. Mary, trying not to giggle, kept moving on Jim's cock, trying to get him aroused, trying to make him cum. She clamped on him hard, as her own climax crashed in. She knew he wouldn't be long, she'd tried everything she knew to bring it on. Then she felt it. He swelled. His movements altered slightly. She nodded at Ari.

Ariana was almost unable to hold back any longer. On the nod from Mary, she let go. She pressed herself down onto Jim's face hard, his nose in her anus, his tongue in her pussy, pressing, seeking. In the same instant, she started to cum too. It was not only caused by Jim's tongue working hard on her, but by the fizzer she'd shoved up her bum just before he'd come out of the bathroom. As she clamped and released, vast amounts of gas were released from her rectum directly into his face and right up his nose. It was loud, it was long and it was smelly; above all smelly.

With the two girls sitting on him, he couldn't move and when she farted a second time, just as long and loud and smelly as the first, he thought he would pass out. He hadn't realised his erection had vanished, or that the girls were screaming with laughter by now. After a third and fourth time, Ariana finally relented and lifted herself up and off his face, her bum now on his chest. The two girls were holding each other, convulsing with laughter so hard, it made Ariana fart once more, the vibrations rippling across his chest.



“Daddy must learn not to be a naughty boy, or Gem and Silver will have to teach Daddy another lesson,” said Mary, before bursting into another fit of giggles.

“So that’s the way it’s going to be is it?” he thought to himself. “Must remember to collect more of that jellified green algæ on the way back down the canal.”

In fairness, afterwards, the girls did give him a four-hand job, making him spurt high and hard, after which they all cuddled, knowing the fun was back in their lives and that none of them, especially the girls would need to do anything they didn’t want. Jim would speak to his mother about that and tell her they wouldn’t be joining her and Gloria on the helicopter to Trearrdur Bay tonight, after the concert.

## **Chapter 20**

### **The Concert**

Because there were so many celebrities attending, they’d needed to employ a team of workers to move the helicopters after they had landed and unloaded. The area looked like a Sci-Fi car park. Every guest was escorted to their seats by ushers and drinks and snacks served to them there. This was a special celebration occasion, not a normal concert at all. There was an air of anticipation, because this was an event to thank them all, for making the phenomenal event of the week before, The ‘Jab-the-World’ Concert, an incredible success. Unlike a normal concert, when there was a huge amount of noise and shouting and various banners being waved, this was much quieter. Having said that the atmosphere was electric as the audience packed into their seats.

At last, the TV lights focusing on the stage came on and Roger walked onto the stage to a huge cheer from the crowd. He waited for the noise to die down and spoke into the microphone. He often introduced Pink passions, as he had a good way with words and a quick wit.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen”.....A huge cheer went up again. This crowd were here to have a great night. They were already enjoying every minute of it..... “as you know,” he continued, “last week’s ‘Jab-the-World’ Concert was a phenomenal success. Every one of you here played a part in making that happen. From the many bands who played numbers throughout the three days, to riggers, gaffers, roadies even... groupies!” Another huge cheer went up. “Yes, many people too numerous to name individually, but you all know who you are and so do we. Even Hilda, who runs the snack bar round the back of all the concerts we attend. Hilda where are you? Stand up.” A very embarrassed Hilda stood up half way to the back, smiled, blushing, and sat down while the crowd still cheered her. They’d all eaten her legendary bacon butties at one time or another.”

"We have been keeping tabs on how the fund raising has gone and many governments have now pledged that they would match pound for pound, dollar for dollar whatever was raised in their individual countries. The World Health Organisation have told us they need fifty billion dollars to jab everyone in the Third World Nations. They have also told us this sum has, as of this afternoon been exceeded." The cheering was instant and loud and long.

At last, he had to raise his hands, getting comments from the control box through his earpiece that the TV needed to move on.

"All of you will recall last week's concert ended with a very emotional return of Simon and Garfunkel to the stage, their first for several decades. Tonight, we are going to start with the same two songs we ended with last week, but playing the piano tonight, we have a young lady called Mary. She is only ten years old. With her is her friend Ariana, playing guitar and she is only nine. Neither have ever performed in public before. Pink Passions will accompany them and Jim Lazenby will sing the lyrics. Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome Mary and Ariana, whose stage name is Little Silver-Gem." Again deafening applause and cheering echoed around the pavilion. The band already knew, with an atmosphere like this, The evening was going to be a stormer.

Mary and Ariana walked onto the stage, looking tiny on the huge set. In between them was Jim, holding each of their hands. The girls looking understandably nervous. Mary sat at the piano stool and waited while Ariana was shown her guitar by Jim, and Roger climbed up onto his drum platform. Jim had now moved out of the spotlights. There was silence for a few seconds, then the unmistakable opening chords played out on the piano. Mary had practised so many times during the last week, her mind went into auto-pilot. She played perfectly. Not a note wrong. Ariana playing the simple chords Jim had taught her. In the background, Pink Passions played along, harmonising, and neither girl was even aware of them or Jim singing.

Finally, the last line came in with "I will ease your mind," and it was over. Mary opened her eyes and at the back of the stage, she saw Jim in the shadows, smiling with a big thumbs up. She wondered where Jim Lazenby was, but didn't have time to ponder, as another loud wave of applause swept over her. Like Jim had told them, the two girls stood, and bowed to the crowd, who roared their approval and called out: "encore, encore." It became a chant. "ENCORE....ENCORE."

Mary looked to Jim, still in the shadows. He raised his eyebrows in query. She was carried away with the emotion of the moment, and gave a half smile, before sitting back at the piano. Suddenly, she was aware Jim was standing beside her. He leant and whispered in her ear and she replied. He stood up, faced the audience and announced: "Ladies and Gentleman, Mary would like to play you a short piece of music. It was written over a hundred years ago by Claude Debussy called 'The Girl with the Flaxen Hair'. It only takes just over two minutes to play. This piece is particularly poignant, as you will learn very soon. He stood away from the piano and moved to the back of the stage.

When she started to play, Jim joined in quietly, harmonising. The band picked up on it; not swamping her, but complementing her. Again as soon as it was over, the applause and cheering roared through the whole pavilion. They had witnessed a special moment.

Roger came to the front of the stage again and taking a microphone, turned to Mary as she stood and bowed once more, held his hand out and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mary and Ariana and Silver-Gem." There was another roar of cheering and applause as the two girls left the stage. "Now, you will remember the last song from last week, It's been number one in the chart ever since, so it gives me pleasure to ask Jim Lazenby to step forward and sing for us: 'Mary was an only Child'.

Jim came to the front and stood in front of the microphone. But instead of facing the audience, he turned to Mary, who was just offstage, her mouth and eyes now open wide, as she realised who he was. He grinned at her, as he started to play the intro followed by the whole band.

"Mary was an only child,  
Nobody held her, nobody smiled.  
She was born in a trailer, wretched and poor,  
And she shone like a gem in a five and dime store."

Through the whole song, his eyes never left hers. Tears were pouring down her face as she realised for the first time, not only who her Daddy was, but he had made everything happen for her and Ariana, only because he loved them. The song came to an end and she rushed onto the stage and threw her arms around his waist, her cheek pressed to his chest. He had to peel her off him and wave a stagehand over to show her where to go.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Jim said into the microphone, "I have been asked by a very special young lady to sing a particular song for you, which she tells me is her favourite, so here we go." He turned facing the band and played the intro to 'Love, Love, True Love', their hitherto greatest hit. By now, the audience were on their feet, arms held high in the moves associated worldwide with the song that had sold more in the last twelve months than any other two releases. The band burst in with the full melody, while Jim sang, playing lead guitar. He glanced to the side and realised Mary was no longer there.

"Thank you," Jim said, as the crowd quietened enough for him to speak. "I would like to dedicate the next song to Eric, our long suffering manager." A cheer went up from various corners of the pavilion. Jim heard Eric's voice in his earpiece, "Fuck off Jim and get on with it, we haven't got all fucking night, for fucks sake."

"None of you will have heard this song before," continued Jim, unfazed, "and the person who inspired it....well, listen to the song and work it out for yourselves." He started to play the long intro to his new song 'The Girl with the

Flaxen Hair'. The full band burst in with the opening line, as Jim sang the words:

"You entered my life,  
In a whisper of sadness,  
You cut like a knife,  
Through my armour of madness.  
Soon you were mine,  
I never regretted,  
Like a diamond you shine,  
I am liberated."

"Silver-Gem, oh Silver-Gem,  
I see you lying there,  
Silver-Gem, oh, oh, oh Silver-Gem,  
The Girl with the Flaxen Hair."

The whole venue was silent, as they listened to the song no one had heard before, but knew they would hear again for the rest of their lives; for they knew already it was a masterpiece. Finally the song came to an end. There was complete silence. Eric was silent. That was a first, the audience was silent. Jim sensed the world was silent. Then suddenly they were swamped with a roaring, clapping, cheering, wave of sound, none of them had ever experienced before. They knew it would be a success.

Eric's dulcet tones could eventually be heard through the earpiece. "Fuck me, that was alright, boys. I think you'd better play it again." The band had never had a higher accolade than 'OK' from Eric before, so to them an 'alright' was high praise indeed.

Jim leaned into the microphone and said: "Eric wasn't awake for that and has asked us to sing it again!" He ignored the 'Fuck off, Jim' through the earpiece, as he went on to say: "I would like to dedicate it to some new friends I only met this week. They are here tonight. They will know who they are, when I say: 'Thank you, the cards were right.' He started to play the song again, seeing already, people in the audience joining in with the chorus: 'Silver-Gem, oh Silver-Gem, I see you lying there, Silver-Gem, oh, oh, oh Silver-Gem, The Girl with the Flaxen Hair.'

When the song ended, Jim bowed deeply, to well deserved applause and said: "We are having a short break now, but Brian May and Queen are going to play a couple of songs and after that, I understand Adele is going to sing for us as well. So thank you for your support, and before I go, may I say: wherever in the world you are, get jabbed and save the world." He bowed once more as Brian May came to stand in front of the mic, guitar slung over his shoulder. He patted Jim's shoulder and gave a look which simply said: 'Well done.'

Pink Passions left the stage and sat to the side, where they could see everything on stage, without being conspicuous. Stagehands rushed over with

trays of drink, closely followed by Mary and Ariana, who threw their arms around his neck, as he tried to sip some water from a glass.

“Hello menaces, you still here?” he teased, grinning. “I thought you might be sinking someone’s boat by now.”

“Daddy, you never told us.” Mary didn’t need to expand.

“No, I wanted you to like me for me, not who you thought I was,” he said simply.

“Even so,” she wagged her finger at him, “you’re a naughty Daddy.”

“I still owe you for the fizzer,” he countered. She grinned and sat on his lap, where Ariana had already wriggled, her face turning to the stage, listening to the performance. “Well done, you two,” he said quietly, “you stole the show.” They hugged him in reply.

The concert moved on. Pink Passions needed to play pieces between other bands’ contributions. Like last week’s concert, it overran, but nobody minded. At the end, they were called to a finale, which started with a repeat of ‘The Girl with the Flaxen hair’, followed up by ‘Hey Jude’. Paul McCartney had walked backstage and found Jim during one of their breaks and made the suggestion. Paul led the whole song, backed by Pink Passions, Hey Jude isn’t that long, but has an ending which can be extended as long as you want. And as each pass was sung, more and more of the audience ended up on stage, all recognisable to the TV public, who were just lapping this up, everyone joining in, even Eric’s voice could be heard through the earpieces.

“Na, na, na, na-na-na-naa  
Na-na-na-naa, hey, Jude (now Jude, Jude, Jude, Jude, Jude, Jude!)  
Na, na, na, na-na-na-naa (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Na-na-na-naa, hey, Jude  
Na, na, na, na-na-na-naa  
Na-na-na-naa, hey, Jude (na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la).”

Over and over it was sung, Paul encouraging everyone in front of the stage, onto their feet, gathering in large circles, all clasping one another as they joined in: “Na, na, na, na-na-na-naa. Na-na-na-naa, hey, Jude.”

At last, it came to an end. Paul turned to the nearest TV camera and said: “People of the world, get that jab, Jim Lazenby and his team have made it possible. Let’s finish this virus, once and for all.”

## **Epilogue**

The following few weeks was like peace on earth, compared to the whirlwind which had been Jim’s life through the previous months of organising the ‘Jab-

the-World' Concert. Even Eric seemed happy to let the band take some time off, as much as Eric could ever be happy. Following the Llangollen launch of their new single, 'The Girl with the Flaxen Hair'. His judgement that it was 'alright' was revised to 'quite good'. It hit number one overnight and remained there for six weeks.

Jim had spoken to his mother and Gloria and made it clear Mary and Ariana were off limits, now. He also explained about his conversation with Roger. It was a delicate matter, but he got the impression they could not only accommodate him, but they had two boys lined up, who would fit the bill nicely, and they'd been wondering what to do with. It wasn't long after that, that Roger was filing to adopt them.

Jim met Esmeralda and Patrick again about a week after they left Llangollen, while queuing to use the Anderton Lift in Cheshire. They agreed to meet later that day and moor up adjacent to each other. They had a truly great evening alternately playing Irish Folk songs and Jim's own music. Mary and Ariana played along on piano and guitar and the evening was one of those they would always remember. After, without a word being spoken, Tilley followed Jim and the girls back to 'Silver-Gem' and stayed with them for the night. She was to use two fizzers before dawn showed it's silvery light over the eastern sky.

Ariana and Mary became very competent boat handlers and other than the occasional stiff lock paddle or heavy gate, could operate everything as well as anyone in a short time. For the rest of their childhoods and beyond, they would always look forward to taking trips somewhere on the canal system on Silver-Gem with Jim. Both became professional musicians and even during their childhood, released an occasional recording with the help of Eric, who described their work as "Better than average", and even smiled at them.

Gloria and Cynthia spent more time together, mostly in the childrens' home and helped as many of their charges find new homes as they could. Whereas they both had a predilection for bedding any willing child, they would always put the interests of the child first and only wanted the best for them.

As for Pink Passions, their successes continued to grow and grow. They had a string of spectacular hits, and before long were seen in the same light as some of their icons, such as 'The Who', or 'Queen', 'Oasis' and 'Coldplay'. Their fan base seemed to get younger and younger as the years went by. Their biggest ever hit was a song Jim dedicated to Ariana, titled 'Silver Girl'. It had a repetitive beat to it and every nightclub in every holiday resort played it, the world over, making all the young girls, on vacation, drag their fathers and brothers onto the dance floor. But after a while, it also became a favourite for wedding parties, to energize the crowds.

Jim used some of his sudden fortune to form a charitable trust for the poorer of his fans to enjoy short holiday breaks. He purchased a number of canal boats fitted out with many bunks, so groups could come along and have a week or two bonding together. Each boat was powered by steam, each with a

whistle similar to the one on Silver-Gem. He got a lot of pleasure watching these, mainly city kids, experiencing the English countryside for the first time in their lives. They loved blasting the whistle, especially when they were in the middle of a long tunnel, or close to someone on the towpath with their back turned. When two or three boats were running in convoy, they had a lot of mischievous fun with the whistles, even if it wasn't always appreciated by other canal users. But Jim loved to watch the children laughing, as they soaked up the first real holiday most of them had ever experienced.

Mary and Ariana were brilliant at grooming girls for their own pleasures. Many of whom were later selectively introduced to Jim. He found four in a bed to be one of his favourite pastimes. Breaking in virgins became a pleasure he was not only expert in, but he realised what he'd been missing all these years. But he never forgot that he owed it all to two very special people, Ariana and Mary, his Silver Girl and The girl with the flaxen hair.

### **The End.**

If you are interested in learning more about the Llangollen Canal, there are many internet sites you can visit. However, the following link gives an easy-to-follow snapshot of the canal's highlights.

[The Llangollen Canal Holiday Guide and Map \(canaljunction.com\)](http://canaljunction.com)

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### **Cast of Characters**

Jim – protagonist and rock musician

Roger – band's drummer

Cynthia (Jude) – Jim's mother

Fred – Cynthia's gardener

Eric – band manager

Hilda – ran the mobile café

Mrs. Gloria Evans – principle of the children's home

Ariana – orphan. 9yo green eyes, long arms, legs, facial features and fingers.

Mary – orphan. 10yo with long golden – flaxen hair

Esmeralda – Water Gypsy woman and fortune teller

Patrick – Esmeralda's Water Gypsy partner

Tilley - Water Gypsy girl aged 6, almost 7

Timbo - Water Gypsy boy 5

