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The Pact

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Keywords: M/girls 6-12, M/g10, ped, oral, anal, 1st, lesbian, rom, some bdsm.

Warning!

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

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

Summary: Steve moves into his new house wondering what the neighbours would be like. In fact they had a lot in common. Primarily their love of little girls. The neighbour, Harry throws a barbeque to get to know them. Steve had five girls in his household and Harry had the Magnificent Seven coming over that day anyway. The twelve girls soon got into the spirit of the party. But unbeknown to Steve, Harry had some very far reaching plans afoot, which he would only reveal to Steve when he trusted him. Getting to know each other's girls was a very good start in building that trust.

Author's Notes: A full list of the characters in this story may be found at the end. It is recommended that before you read this story, you first read 'The Birdwatcher' and 'The Allotment'.

CHAPTER 1

New Beginnings

Steve was stressed out as he drove, returning home late one Friday evening. He'd been held up in the London head office longer than everyone expected. The new C.E.O. had wanted to "get to know" everyone, and the lunch 'power meeting' had turned into a 'this-is-how-I-want-to-run-the-company' monologue. A year ago, Steve had been a crane and elevator inspector, certifying equipment for the insurance company he'd worked for, for over fifteen years. He'd been promoted to area manager, and recently made 'Technical Director'. As he drove his Lexus company car, he wondered whether he and the new C.E.O. were going to hit it off, or if life was just too short for this shit. The wipers swished back and forth clearing the rain, while every other driver seemed to need to cut him up. The journey was taking twice the usual time.

He had an idyllic home life, wasn't short of money, and wondered if perhaps the time had come for a change of direction. The rain had increased, as he neared home, and as his headlights swung across his driveway, he caught sight of the 'sold' board outside his new, large house, which he'd moved into a few days back. He had only moved half a mile, from his previous home, which had become too small, as his household grew.

His new home and the house next door stood slightly apart from one another, affording them considerable privacy and were some hundred yards distant from any other neighbouring properties. He was now living with five preteen girls, with whom he enjoyed regular sex, and the two mothers of three of them, who also enjoyed similar activities with the girls. Steve wondered what his new neighbours would be like. He'd caught a glimpse of the man a couple of times, but hadn't had time to socialise yet. He parked in the drive and made a dash for the front door, dodging the, now torrential, rain. A flash of lightning heralded the start of a short sharp thunder storm. He went inside, shutting the door behind him, wondering why he wasn't assaulted by a swarm of preteen girls, as was usually the case. He heard voices in the sitting room.

"Hello darling," said Cathy, his wife, "you're just in time. This is Rachel, our new next door neighbour." Cathy and Steve had only been married a few months. After they had returned from Tenerife last year, She and her two daughters, just moved in with him. nothing was ever said, it just happened. Getting married a few months later seemed the obvious thing to do. Then there was Ellen, who had been living in Cathy's previous house, somehow seemed to have joined their expanding family, with her own daughter Sierra, the amazing Sierra. Three adults and five preteen girls. A heady mixture by anyone's standards, let alone a paedophile like Steve and two pedomoms, like Cathy and Ellen.

"How do you do, Rachel?" said Steve, shaking her hand with a smile, thinking she looked familiar.

"Rachel works at Anna's school. She's the administrator there," explained Cathy, as if reading his mind.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I thought I'd seen you before. Have you lived here long?"

"No," she answered, "only about a year. My daughter, Suzie and I used to live on the other side of the village. We met Harry, he was local too. It suited us all to set up home together. I am sort of his tenant, but I do his housekeeping and stuff, as he's hopeless at that sort of thing."

"Oh," said Steve, "What is he good at then?" getting a daggers look from Cathy, a grin from Ellen, and an embarrassed look from Rachel.

"Bird watching," she replied, feeling pleased with her riposte to his cutting comment, "and what are you good at, Steve?"

"Touché, Rachel," he said smiling now, the pressures of the day finally easing away. That knot in his neck letting-up.

"What I came round for," she said after a moment, "was to ask you all round for a barbeque, Sunday lunchtime."

Just at that moment, there was a crack of thunder outside and a thumping of many feet coming down the stairs, accompanied by squeals and giggles, as the hoard of six girls charged into the room. In the lead was Anna, Steve's adopted daughter, closely followed by Suzie, Rachel's girl, then Gilly, Anna's sister, Alice and Holly, Cathy's daughters and finally, Sierra, Ellen's daughter. Rachel noticed Gilly and Sierra were holding hands. But that wasn't what caught her attention, it was the way they held one another. A pang of envy ran through her, the little green monster raising it's head for a moment. But the glance and flash in her eyes wasn't missed by either Cathy or Ellen, who would say nothing for the moment. Unbeknown to them, though, Rachel already knew one or two things about them, herself.

Rachel had discovered quite a lot of things about herself over the last year, since she had moved in as Harry's housekeeper and discovering she had a latent yearning to watch little girls was one of them. Her secret desire was to have a relationship with a young girl, but knew it was fantasy and such things never happened except in stories she had found on AO3, which she'd discovered some months ago. She really wondered what sort of relationship Sierra had with Gilly.

Rachel loved her daughter Suzie, and was now aware that Suzie had grown an attachment to Harry and that the relationship had developed. Over the months there had been many little incidents that she'd noticed, which individually didn't prove anything, but they had added up and so had confronted Suzie earlier that week. She intended to speak to Harry tomorrow. She had let the situation ride for three reasons: firstly, she wanted some thinking time, to decide what to do about it; secondly, she wasn't that well off and really couldn't afford to move out of the house and rent a suitable place for them to live; and lastly, she found observing Suzie and Harry together extremely arousing. It had suited her to pretend she noticed nothing.

Anyway, she was having an affair with Gerry, the headmaster of the school she worked at and his wife, Angie, who suffered from M.S. She had known them a long time and had been at university with them both. Every time Gerry fucked her, she fantasised about Harry and every time she touched Angie, she fantasised about Suzie. It suited Rachel very well, to let sleeping dogs lie.

"Mummy, Mummy," squealed Suzie with excitement, as Suzie ran across the living room floor in bare feet to make a major announcement, "Anna lives here. You know Anna. She's in my class at school. And Sierra and Gilly. They're in the year below me at school and Alice, she's in the year above and they all live next door now. Isn't that wonderful!"

"Yes, darling," said Rachel, dutifully, "I've invited them all round on Sunday to have a barbeque with us. Would you like that?"

"Yes," said Suzie, before her face froze in consternation, "errr I thought you were going to see Angie and Gerry, I'm supposed to be meeting up with my friends, you know, they were going to come round and use the pool on Sunday." Rachel knew Suzie had formed a group of girls from school, calling themselves "The Magnificent Seven", who met at each other's homes. They were all in the same class at school. Strangely, she'd also noticed they only seemed to come round to the house when she wasn't there. Harry

always was, though. She wasn't sure if that was a good or a bad thing. Now knowing what Suzie and Harry were doing, so perhaps it was a good thing.

"No. Angie has an hospital appointment. She had to call off our, err, get together. Why not invite your friends along as well?" suggested Rachel. "You all know each other from school anyway. It'll be fun. Bring your swimming costumes if it's a nice day."

And so the barbeque was set in motion. It would turn out to be the day Harry and Steve met. The first day of a friendship and business arrangement, which would be set in steel and last a lifetime.

Rachel made her excuses and left Steve, Cathy and Ellen and the five girls to their evening.

"What do you think?" asked Cathy, looking at Ellen.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Ellen replied.

"I think so. She might like to join us one of these Tony days," she said referring to the young stud they visited regularly. She might be married to Steve, but she never hid her ongoing relationship with Tony and frequently, other men.

"What the hell are you two jabbering about?" asked a bemused Steve, just taking his first sip from his Friday night scotch.

"Come on, Steve," said Cathy, "even you're not that unobservant. Surely you must have seen how she looked at Sierra and Gilly."

He blinked, looking from one to the other.

"Put him out of his misery," said Cathy.

"Rachel's a little girl lover," said Ellen. She paused a moment, smiling at his aghast you-only-just-met-her expression, before continuing: "She has never done anything she shouldn't. at least as far as we know, but she has wandering eyes. Everyone knows it."

"I didn't," he replied, wondering if these women had telepathy or something.

"No, you wouldn't," she said. "At the school gate, there is more information exchanged than is ever seen on Sky News. In fairness, Steve, we knew something you didn't. Over the months, since she became school administrator, lots of people have noticed little things. They have added up to build a picture. She likes little girls. But that's not all," she said conspiratorially, lowering her voice and looking over her shoulder as if she might be overheard, "She's shagging Gerry, you know, the headmaster. Gerry lives across the road from one of the school mums. She says Rachel is often there for hours, sometimes overnight. Angie must know, with M.S., she never goes anywhere. Maybe they enjoy a gleesome threesome!"

"You two are outrageous. Talking about our new next door neighbour behind her back. Anyway, isn't it a case of the 'pot calling the kettle black'? I mean What would she say if she knew what you two get up to?"

"You're one to talk," said Cathy, "I mean in the last twelve months, how many preteen virginities have you taken?"

"Errr, that's not the point," he mumbled.

"It's exactly the point," she reposted. "Seven, by my reckoning. And not a day goes by you don't have at least two of those five upstairs either together or one at a time and last Sunday morning, as I recall, it was all five at once. Come on Steve, I think what we're saying here is there is more to our new neighbour than meets the eye. Perhaps there's more to Harry as well. Maybe when we go round on Sunday for the barbeque, we should test the waters a little bit and see what happens."

"You two are incorrigible," he said, grinning broadly. "Now what's on the menu tonight?" He had finally unwound from his long day in London and they both knew he wasn't asking what they were having for dinner.

Rachel and Suzie returned home to find Harry had spread a lot of research books on birds across the dinning room table. His glasses were balanced on the end of his nose, as he edited some photographs of a pair of kestrels, always a sure sign he was deep in concentration. He glanced up and smiled as Suzie came in. Rachel stood in the doorway, out of Harry's line of sight.

"I've just heard from the editor, Suzie," he said, removing his glasses and putting them into their case, snapping it shut, "that picture you drew of the Mute Swan with her six cygnets will take the centrefold of Twitchers' Monthly in September. They're going to pay you £2000 for it. Well done." She ran over to him and threw her arms around his neck and hugged and kissed him. He smiled and curled his hand around her bottom, in a natural movement, before she went stiff, conscious of her mother standing in the doorway. From her reaction, he realised what he'd done and moved his hand to her shoulder. But too late, it was another marker in Rachel's book of memories.

She casually walked in and said: "we've been round to the new neighbours, Harry. They seem nice people. I invited them round for a barbeque, Sunday lunchtime. I hope that's alright with you."

"Sure," he replied, "... oh, weren't you going round to Angie and Gerry's Sunday...and Suzie has her friends coming over, doesn't she?"

"Yes and yes," said Rachel, "but the hospital called and Angie has an appointment with the consultant, so they called off. I hope I won't cramp your style with all those little girls coming round." He looked at her, trying to gauge her meaning. He'd noticed many such innuendoes recently, and wondered just how much Rachel knew about his relationship with her daughter and her friends.

Harry was besotted with Suzie and she with him. They both knew they would one day settle down and have children together, but now, she was only ten years old and such

thoughts were likely to get him into deep trouble. Besides, her six friends kept him pretty busy on the evenings and weekends when Rachel was visiting Angie and Gerry. It was an arrangement which suited them both. Harry knew Rachel was having an affair with one or both of them, but it seemed prudent to remain silent. But as time went on, he was becoming more sure that Rachel must know something was going on between him and Suzie. Such an intense love couldn't be hidden forever. He knew sooner or later, there would be a reckoning. But at the same time, Harry knew a great deal about Rachel. It suited them both to remain silent for the time being.

"Anyway," continued Rachel, "they've an interesting setup next door. There's Steve who has two adoptive daughters, Anna and Gilly. He's married to Cathy, who also has two daughters. Living with them is their friend, Ellen, with her daughter called Sierra. Well, I wasn't there long enough to work it all out, but there's certainly something going on between the two youngest girls, almost ten years old, Gilly and Sierra. Their body language needed no translation..."

"What you mean they're....lessie?" he asked, showing a little more interest than he'd intended, another point mentally noted by Rachel.

"Yes of course, Harry, what do you think I've been trying to explain to you," she said, eyeing his expression. "Anyway, I thought you said you're gay. Two ten year-old lesbians wouldn't interest you, would they?" He knew she was teasing him again.

"Oh, no, of course not," he muttered, knowing full well he hadn't kept up that fiction for long after they'd met. "Do you want me to go shopping for the barbeque?" he asked, trying to change the subject.

"You're so transparent, Harry, you know that? I can read you like a book," she said, leaving the subject in the air. "Yes, of course, you go to the supermarket in the morning, while I pop round and see how Angie is. You can take Suzie with you. Anyway, I couldn't stop her if I wanted to, could I?" She said acidly, giving him a steady look under a raised eyebrow.

The following morning, clutching the shopping list Rachel had handed him, Harry set off for the supermarket. Suzie said: "If we're quick enough in the shop, do you think we could get back in time for a quick..."

"Don't even think about it, Suzie," Harry responded, just a little sharply.

"What's up with you? Fed up with me? Found someone else?" she asked a pout forming on her lip.

"No! You know I only love you, Suzie," he said, more calmly. He paused, before continuing: "It's your Mum. I think she might suspect something is going on between us."

"Oh that," she said dismissively, "I thought it was something serious." She went silent, knowing what was to follow.

“What what do you mean, Suzie? It is serious,” he said, realising he was missing something here. He looked at her grinning face. “Alright, you, out with it you little monkey, what’s going on?”

Suzie giggled the way only she could. It was one of the levers she used to make his resolve melt instantly when she wanted get her way over something. She put her bendy finger to her lower lip and looked coquettishly up at him. “You know you had to go to London on Monday, to the magazine?”

“Hmm,” he said, as he turned into the supermarket car park, “what of it?”

“Well I just asked Mum what she gets up to when she goes over to Angie and Gerry’s so often and for so long.” She said, as if asking when her next Amazon delivery would come. “And she just said: ‘the same as you and Harry get up to when I’m not around.’Watch that trolley, Harry! Oh! I think you hit it. You probably scraped the car. You’re not a very good driver, Harry.”

There was a pause, before he said: “Yes, and?”

“I think you might have to have the scratch repaired Harry,” she giggled in her hypnotic way again.

“No, you know perfectly well what I’m asking, you little minx,” he said, trying to reverse the car into a wide parking bay without crashing into another vehicle, while his mind raced over her comment.

“Mum knows what you and I have been doing,” said Suzie matter-of-factly. “She pretended she wasn’t doing anything with Angie and Gerry, when I asked her, and I said I didn’t believe her. She said you and I have been fucking and I denied it and she said she didn’t believe me either. We had a bit of a fight, then after a long silence, we both told each other the truth. I cried, then she hugged me. She said we had to move out, and I cried again, telling her I loved you and how you had become my friend, when no one apart from her wanted to know me, because I had helped Dad when he stole from those people and that man died, and how you helped me by breaking up the ‘Gang of Ten’, and helped me make new friends, and helped us find a place to live, and.....”

“And what?” he probed.

“And gave me love, real love, and taught me how to love you,” she said, almost shyly.

“So what happened then?” he asked carefully, switching the engine off, unclipping his belt and leaning back in his seat, now able to look at her expression, realising this wasn’t a flippant thing in her mind, as she had tried to pass it off as.

“She didn’t say anything for a long time. Then she eventually said she wasn’t happy about it, but she said she didn’t want to lose me and that she understood my feelings and would think about it. You were still away in London, that night, and it was the following day she told me she couldn’t come-to-terms, (I think that was the expression she used), with it. But she would think it through and talk to you about it . She said we could carry on, as long as I was happy about what we did, and you paid me a million pounds.” She giggled at him.

“She didn’t say that really, I just made that up.” They both chuckled, the tension in Harry’s mind dissipating.

“Oh look,” Suzie said pointing to a car parking at the far end of their line of cars. Despite many empty spaces nearer the shop, “that’s Cathy’s car, you know, our new neighbour.” They watched as Cathy got out of the car, and pushed her hair back behind her ear.

“That’s Ellen,” said Suzie, indicating a second woman, “Sierra’s Mum”. The two women walked hand in hand towards a gap in the perimeter fence and across the street beyond. They knocked on a door, and a young man in his early twenties opened the door to them, kissed them both and closed the door after they’d stepped inside. At that time, Harry knew everything about Tony. He also knew a lot about Cathy and Ellen, even though they’d only just moved in next door.

“But I know she’s going to talk to you soon, Harry,” she said, sounding less flippant now. “I think if she was going to do something like cut your nuts off, she’d have done it by now. So I guess we won’t be having nuts for dinner tonight!”

“You young lady need to be put over my knee and given a spanking,” he grinned at her.

“What, like you did to Rosie, you mean?” she asked coquettishly, referring to when the dark haired eleven year-old, who had come round and asked to be tied up during her sleepover. He rolled his eyes, both of them laughing now.

“If we’re not having nuts for dinner, we’d better get into the supermarket and buy something else.

When they returned home, Harry picked up a note Rachel had left on the table. It read: “At Angie and Gerry’s. Back late afternoon. I’ve had lunch, so carry on without me.”

“Your Mum says she won’t be back until late afternoon. Your friends won’t be over for another hour. Are you hungry, Suzie?” he asked, grinning at her, “We can have lunch if you want.” Two minutes later, they were both naked in his bed ‘eating’ one another.

CHAPTER 2

The First Pact

That same Saturday afternoon, the girls had all come round and were in the pool, swimming, naked, like always. Harry always gave them space during this time, and was casually looking out of the kitchen window, waiting for some snacks to heat up in the oven. His eyes wandered over each one of them, remembering their differences, their desires and passions and demands; remembering what each of their vaginas felt like as they slid up and down his cock. He looked at Jo. He’d had an incredible weekend with her, just two weeks before, when she came round for her sleepover. The last of Suzie’s six friends to do so. His mind drifted back to that amazing forty eight hours.

“They look like they’re all enjoying themselves,” said Rachel. Harry’s head spun round, shaking him out of his reverie. He hadn’t realised she’d returned home, let alone caught him watching seven naked preteens swimming in his pool. “Your tongue’s hanging out

Harry," she quipped, "better put it away before you trip up on it! I just came back to err, pick up something, I forgot. I won't be a mo, then I'll leave you to it." Quite what she meant by 'it', he couldn't imagine.

Rachel went upstairs and found her vibrator, in the drawer where she kept it. She was just picking it up, when she saw damp glinting on it. She carefully lifted it to her nose, and smelt the unmistakable scent of little girl musk. Even now, she could recall her own smell, when she was that age. It was the same. She smiled to herself. Suzie was growing up, finding herself. She looked out of the window, overlooking the pool and watched the naked girls swimming around. She knew she should have run down there, remonstrating with them to put their costumes on, but found the experience very arousing.

Even as she looked, she watched the beautiful long blond haired ten year-old girl called Jo, move over to Suzie, near the shallow end of the pool. She watched entranced, as they put their arms around one another and started to kiss. She could see it wasn't just a kiss, but a full open mouth to open mouth tongues exploring kiss, while each girl explored between the other's thighs. She saw movement there and knew this was not the first time they'd done this, and even as she watched, saw their knees bend in reaction to the intense sensations they gave each other, in just a few seconds.

As if a signal was given, the other five girls grouped up, another pair and a threesome, all rubbing each other in a similar way to Jo and Suzie. Rachel had never seen anything quite like this and certainly nothing as arousing. She realised she had been unconsciously rubbing herself almost from the start. Without hesitation, she switched on the sticky vibrator in her hand, and lifting her skirt, pulled her panties to one side and applied the tip to her most sensitive place. She shuddered at the contact, knowing she would cum in moments, like her daughter had just done.

"Nice to watch little girls playing in the garden, isn't it?" Harry said quietly standing, looking over her shoulder at the girls beyond in the pool.

"Ohmygod," she hissed, just as her first climax swept through her forcing conflicting emotions and reactions in her mind and body.

"Here, Rachel let me help you with that," he said, placing one arm around her shoulder, in support and taking the vibrator from her grip, which she'd almost dropped. The end was pressed into her opening, and as he held it, he felt her dip slightly, bending at the knees, pushing herself over the toy, increasing the pressure and pleasure. "Look what Jo's doing to your little girl, Rachel," coaxed Harry, twisting and pushing the plastic shaft into her. "She must have at least three fingers in Suzie's pussy, wouldn't you say? Would you like Jo to do it to you, Rachel?" She moaned in response. "Would you like me to ask her for you?" Rachel was shaking now, right on the cusp. "Or any of the other girls down there, Rachel. If I ask them, they'll do it for me. Which girl would you like, Rachel?"

Suddenly her legs went from under her, and she would have fallen but for his arm supporting her weight. She was climaxing hard, and even as he twisted her round and laid her on the bed beside them, she was grabbing his wrist with one hand, pulling the toy hard into her and holding her gusset to one side with the other. Harry looked at her pussy. She had shaved, and it looked small and compact. She shuddered as her orgasm came to an

end. She looked up at him and instead of being embarrassed, as he'd expected, she smiled and stroked his cheek tenderly with her fingers.

"Well," she purred, "seems like the cat's out of the bag, for both of us."

"How do you mean, Rach?" he asked naively.

She cocked an eyebrow in disbelief, propping herself up on one elbow, so she could just see out of the window. "Seems we both want the same thing. Those lovelies out there," she flicked her head to the side, indicating the group, who were still in their clinches, but now with other partners.

"I don't think...." he started.

"Don't give me that crap, Harry. I know you've been fucking Suzie..." she started. Seeing he was about to interrupt. "Let me finish. You've been fucking Suzie. My guess is from about the time I got my new job. I had my suspicions months ago, and over the weeks, it became obvious. I had a little word with Suzie. I thought about reporting you, moving out and breaking Suzie's little heart. Then I thought it through and realised if I let things ride for a while, perhaps no harm was being done. Suzie didn't know about my little secret. I don't mean Angie and Gerry, everyone seems to know about that. No, my longing for," she paused and pointed her chin to the group outside, "well, without too fine a point on it, little girl fanny. You're the first one to find out. So it seems, Harry, my friend, we now hold something over each other, don't we?" her cocked eyebrow was back, but with a half smile this time. "So I have a proposal for you, Harry. We have a pact." He blinked at her, pretending he hadn't quite got her meaning. The truth was, Harry knew a lot about Rachel's desires. Possibly more than she did herself.

Reading his face, she continued: "We will have a little understanding, you and me. I will let you fuck Suzie. You were doing that anyway, so in a way, that doesn't count. I won't even let on that you've been fucking those other little girlies out there as well," she jutted her chin towards the window again. "You really are a naughty boy, Harry, do you know that?" The way she made the comment was identical to the way Suzie called him a naughty boy, or perv on occasion. "Now, you might ask, what's in it for me. Well there are several things actually," she paused to gauge his reaction. "First of all, from now on there is no secrecy in this house. If You fuck Suzie, I want to know. In fact I might like to watch – scrub that, I will want to watch. Secondly, those girls out there," she jutted her chin yet again, "you can fuck them as much as you like Harry, BUT," again she paused, "I get to watch and join in, as the mood takes me."

Well that was quite a speech," Harry said, as she took a breath, "is that all?"

"No, I've not finished yet," she said coolly. "You might think this pact is all one sided. But, don't forget I'm letting you have my daughter, and....." She smiled at him, "two more things. First, I know something which will absolutely blow your mind, Harry." This time it was his turn to cock an eyebrow.

"As you know, I work in the school office," she continued. "Well, when I take my breaks, if the weather's OK, I like to go outside and sit in the sun for a while. There's a private spot just outside the office, next to the bike sheds. Anyway, a few weeks ago I was sunning

myself, when I heard a group of girls were inside the bike shed. They had sneaked in there. It's usually kept locked during the day, but someone lost the key, and well, it wasn't. They must have found it open and gone in. Well what I heard in those few minutes was illuminating to say the least. They started to chat in low voices. I missed some of it, but caught enough to get the gist. They were talking about their holiday they'd had in Tenerife. It seems they'd all gone on holiday together. One said she'd enjoyed the sex parties, and was looking forward to when they go there again in the autumn. She said for €100 a fuck, she hoped to make at least €1000 during her holiday. Another girl asked if Steve would be back from London early enough tonight, as it was her turn with him, before tea time. And the last thing I heard was another girl ask if they fancied a quick lessie session. I looked along the wooden wall, and found a knothole. The view was a bit obscure, but I could see some of the action. There was a girl called Gilly and another, Sierra. They'd already got their hands up each other's school uniform dresses and were clearly doing something they'd done before. Anyway, I don't want to bore you with....Harry are you alright, Harry? You've gone all pink in the face. But, Harry, you've not heard the best bit." She looked at him. She had his attention now.

"The five girls have just moved in next door, and, the Steve they talked about is our new neighbour. What do you think to that Harry? That's why I invited them all round for a barbeque, now they've moved in?"

Harry had known about the trip to Tenerife for some time. In fact, he knew a lot about his new neighbours. But for now it suited him to play ignorant. So he patiently listened to what Rachel had to say. "You said there were two more things, Rachel?" he asked, leading her on.

"Yes," she said, unbuckling her skirt, "I'm going to lean my elbows on the window cill and watch those girls down below, you, Harry my lad, are going to fuck me from behind as hard as you can, while I watch them."

From that moment on, Harry knew his life was changed forever. Rachel reminded him of Margaret, the woman who had betrayed him, by making out they had a future together, but then he found out she was already happily married with children. But Rachel, although just as scheming, was essentially an honest person, who'd had plenty of crap thrown at her by the vagaries of fate over the years. She'd learnt to fight for everything in life. She'd nearly been made homeless twice. The second time, it was Harry who had come to her rescue. And it was that fact that had stayed her hand in reporting him. Now she was so glad she hadn't. But she was only interested in herself. She'd never been a good mother to Suzie. Her upbringing almost an accident. And it was indirectly because of her unintentional neglect, Suzie had met Harry in the first place.

Harry was a realist, a pragmatist and as he pounded into Rachel's hungry cunt, he knew the Pact could work for him as much as for Rachel. Especially if she delivered the five girls who were going to live next door. He glanced down at Suzie, as she played in the pool with her friends. As if by telepathy, she looked up the window, and saw her Mum leaning on the window cill, her breasts swinging back and forwards, and behind her, she could see Harry, his hands on Mum's shoulders. From their movements, there was no mistaking what was happening. Harry wondered how the love of his life would react to him fucking her mother. He was relieved when she smiled.

Suzie was now a very happy girl. She had been so worried, when Mum had challenged her last Monday about her relationship with Harry. What neither of them had realised, Harry suspecting Rachel's change of attitude to him, at the time, had planted some of his hidden bird watching cameras in strategic places, and caught several short conversations between the two of them and so, when at last she confronted him, he had already thought through all the permutations and was quite relaxed about it. The Pact suited him very well and, as he was about to cum in her he said: "Well Rachel, it seems we're going to be partners in crime from now on." She didn't respond, because at that very moment they both crashed into their orgasms. Rachel immediately felt Harry's cock swell and spurt deep into her. It was the best fuck she'd had in many years. She wouldn't tell Gerry, even though she would keep going round to him and Angie.

By the time they got downstairs, the girls had left the pool and were playing a game of tag on the lawn when they all saw Rachel, standing near the house naked, but hand in hand with an also naked Harry, they instantly realised something had happened. Unsure, seeing the school administrator naked, as they were, they walked slowly over to the pair, knowing they would learn more.

"Girls, I want you to know," said Harry a little pompously, "that Rachel would like to join our little circle of friends. As you know, I agreed to teach all of you about your bodies and how to gain maximum pleasure from them. Rachel will be able to teach you many things as well, and I hope you will enjoy learning everything she can show you." The girls, now as relieved as Suzie, crowded round, chatting and laughing. Harry noticed Rachel already had her arms around Tamara and Mary's waists, and her fingers trailed into the top of their bum cracks. The girls didn't show any objection at all. But more importantly, they now knew they could come round any time they liked, and not just when Rachel was visiting the headmaster for her twice weekly fuck.

CHAPTER 3

The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba.

Sunday morning came round. It had rained overnight, but the sun was warm enough to dry the grass by ten and it felt really hot by eleven. Harry had cleaned and chem'd the pool and removed the bubble cover. He'd checked the hidden cameras were all in place and their batteries were fully charged. He had cleaned the barbeque and prepared the food, marinated the meat, leaving it in the fridge until it was needed. As he worked, he recalled how Rachel had lain on his bed, watching, not moving, as he'd fucked Suzie. At first it had seemed a bit surreal, but in the end, he'd actually found it a turn on. He knew Suzie did, from the way she clamped harder when she came, than usual.

The first to arrive was Tamara, the beautiful ten year-old girl with hazelnut brown skin, originally from Ethiopia. He remembered that first time Suzie had coerced her six friends into stripping off and letting him molest them, while he had fucked Suzie in front of them. She'd had such a full pouting mound, as he sank his fingers into her cleft, between her plump dark mysterious labia and into her dusky virgin vagina, wet with her arousal. Her muscle toned athletic body wonderful to behold.

"Hello Mr. Swallowtail," said Tamara, making him smile at the formal way she still addressed him, despite their intimate relationship.

"Hello Tamara, or should I say Sheba?" he said, smiling at her. "We're having our neighbours round for a barbeque today. I'm sorry, we won't be able to enjoy our usual fun and games."

"That's OK, Mr. Swallowtail. Suzie told me already. If I come round after school one night this week, you would make it up to me then?"

"Sure Tamara," he replied, "I'd like that very much. In fact, we'll do it any way you want." He recalled the day, a few months' ago, when Rachel was overnighing at Angie and Gerry's. Tamara had come round for her first sleepover. She had been the foremost of Suzie's friends to do so. Harry had made it clear to them that whereas he was willing to teach them all about sex, he would only do so, if, for their first time, they slept over, rather than having to rush home afterwards. She was the shyest of the seven girls, and yet she was the most driven to learn about everything she knew he could teach her, and had begged her Mum again and again to let her sleepover at Suzie's, until she finally relented.

Tamara had been dropped off by her father, who had come in for the beer he'd obviously expected, and overstayed his welcome, quaffing the beer, then hinting for a second. This was a sleepover, and he was cramping his daughter's style, and eventually, even he realised it was time to go. After he'd left, Suzie had taken Tamara upstairs to her room. Harry had no idea what they were cooking up, but he knew Suzie would make sure Tamara's first time would be special for her friend and the man she now called Daddy, when Mum wasn't around. Her friend, because she was her friend and Harry, because she'd promised him she would let him fuck her friends, as long as he only loved her.

The two girls came slowly down the stairs and Harry was dumbstruck. They were both wearing garments he'd never seen before. He found out later they'd borrowed them from school friends. They were undersized, white leotards, the sort without legs or arms. In fact they were so tight on them, the thin stretchy material pulled tightly into every crack and crevice, showing off their curvy shapes to perfection. Their mounds projected out towards Harry, their clefts displayed as deep, deep camel toes.

The two walked over, one either side of him, even as he sat in his chair, his erection now rising to the occasion.

"Daddy," said Suzie in her simpering voice, knowing that Harry would understand her joke when she said: "Tamara isn't sure she feels alright." For a second, Harry thought Suzie meant Tamara was unwell, until he looked at Suzie's now grinning face again, who continued: "Would you check to see if she feels alright?"

Harry didn't need telling twice, and reached with both hands, cupping the two girls' mounds, letting his fingers slip into their clefts, even as he felt them both parted their thighs for him. They both felt warm, hot even, as his fingers explored, feeling their labia squeeze his fingers in at the sides, the little lump of skin hinting where their clitties were hidden beneath and the dips heralding the entries to their vaginas. He wasn't sure, but he sensed they were both damp already. He had a thought of slipping his fingers under the elastic edge of their leotards, but they were so tight, he realised it wouldn't be easy, so contented himself in moving his fingers back and forth through their panty-less, cotton covered pudenda. After a while, he could feel them responding, rising, tensing.

"I have good news for you, Tamara," he smiled up at her pretty dark face, her eyes half closed, "you feel alright to me. In fact, you feel very alright to me!" She smiled back, any nervousness she may have had dispelling by the moment. "I have a nickname for you, Tamara," he continued. She smiled, wondering what he would say. "You have the regal Nubian features of someone from ancient times. Perhaps you have heard of her. She was called the Queen of Sheba."

"Yes," said Tamara, "my mother says where we lived in Ethiopia was close to the ruins of the ancient city of Sheba. I was too young to remember anything about it, when we moved to England."

"Well," said Harry, "she was a legendary queen of great beauty. In fact, she may have been almost as beautiful as you are." Tamara blushed, loving his silly praise. "So, I am going to call you Sheba from now on, but only when we are alone. Would you like that?" She nodded, smiling at him shyly, feeling a tingle in her pussy, as his fingers brought her closer and closer. Suddenly, Tamara gasped, and bent forward, as a little climax swept unexpectedly through her body, ending almost as quickly as it had started.

She rested her hand on his shoulder, as she straightened up again, a look in her eyes suggesting she needed the toilet urgently. But Harry knew that wasn't the case at all. Her need was for something else far more urgent. Something which couldn't wait another moment.

Tamara had been wet all day waiting for this moment. As soon as her Mum had told her, yesterday afternoon, that she could come to the sleepover, she'd had to go to the bathroom and while there, three touches on her clitty, and she'd cum. The same happened last night twice more. And now Harry had just touched her there and she'd cum again. Looking into his eyes, she reached down and forced her fingers under the tight leg elastic, and dragged it across to one side, letting him feel her properly, the way she wanted him to, needed him to.

Harry, even as he pushed his fingers into her entry, feeling her pussy clamping on his finger tip, sensed the urgency in Tamara, but didn't want her first time to be rushed and so a disappointment in hindsight. So he decided to calm things down. He pulled his hands away from both girls, clamped them around their rumps and stood up, lifting them both, one on each hip.

"Well, Suzie, do you think it's time for your bath, now?" he asked, making Tamara blink, as if she wasn't quite following the conversation.

"Yes, Daddy," Suzie replied, taking on her little girl voice she had always adopted, when Harry bathed her. When Suzie was little, she had never been bathed by her parents, after she was three or four, and had missed the experience intensely, like an emotional vacuum in her mind. When Harry had come into her life, he had filled that void beyond her hopes and dreams. Now, whenever her Mum wasn't around, she usually asked Harry to give her a bath. What followed was always a special treat, but of a different sort. And so Harry carried the two girls up the stairs, one in each arm.

Tamara realised this was not just going to be her first time, but it was going to be a time she would remember for the rest of her life. She knew Harry must be able to feel the wetness that was pouring out of her. As he carried them up stairs, just the friction of his hand under her was making her cum. She hoped he didn't know. It would be so embarrassing.

Harry felt Tamara's pussy convulsing against his fingers, as he carried her up the stairs. It seemed to him that when she had pulled the gusset of her leotard to one side, and he had caressed her, she had been cumming ever since. She was certainly a livewire. He entered his bedroom, and laid the girls side by side on his bed. Telling them not to move, he went quickly into the bathroom and dropped the plug lever and turned on the taps. He automatically poured in some bubble mixture, knowing Suzie loved it when she had a bath.

Returning to the bedroom, he found a strange situation had evolved. Suzie was leaning over her friend, and Tamara was writhing on the bed. He looked down, and could see the leg elastic of Tamara's leotard had slipped back and was pulled tight into her cleft. She was so hypersensitive now, it had sent her off into an intense, spontaneous orgasm. She was crying out, her mind and body no longer belonging to one another.

Suzie was worriedly looking at her friend and as Harry came in, she glanced at him, her face communicating her concern. Looking at the dark girl twisting and writhing on the bed, as if she was having a fit. Harry soon realised the problem. He quickly moved to the bed and slipping his fingers under the shoulder straps of the undersized leotard, pulled them outwards and downwards, then lifting upwards, he slid her out of the leotard, pulling the garment off her in a couple of seconds, leaving her naked on the bed, simmering in the remnants of her climax.

It was a few seconds before Tamara regained her senses and in that time, Harry had removed Suzie's leotard as well. He leant to her ear and whispered. She smiled and nodded back, before she swung her leg over Tamara in a well practiced movement resulting in a girl-2-girl 69, burying her face in her friend's spread thighs. Tamara and Suzie were on familiar territory now. The seven friends did this with each other, most times they met up. It was the main way they showed their deep friendship for each other. Tamara's mouth was watering in anticipation as she sank her tongue deep into Suzie's open cleft, seeking her clitty to give her friend as much pleasure as she was receiving herself. Tamara had arrived feeling naturally nervous, but already, she knew it was going to be OK.

Harry, realising things had taken a new direction, quickly got up, went into the bathroom and switched the taps off. Returning to the girls, he leaned over the love of his life and started to lick slowly up through Suzie's bum crack. He knew she absolutely loved it when he did it slowly, particularly when she was having her clitty attended to by one of her friends. He had tasted all of the girls in the group of seven at one time or another, and perhaps it was favouritism or maybe something else, but he always enjoyed licking Suzie's anus more than the others. Having said that, he loved theirs too. As he continued to run his tongue back and forth through the valley between Suzie's buttocks, he glanced down and saw Tamara's dark eyes look up, watching his every movement.

He lifted himself up for a second, and in that moment, Tamara and Suzie rolled over, so Tamara was now on top. Neither had taken their tongues from the other's vulva. Harry was ready, and as they settled, he noticed Tamara, being as athletic as she was, had her knees either side of her own chest, forcing her cleft wide open, her vagina and anus gaping holes for Suzie and Harry to lick out. Suzie was already pressing hard into Tamara's clitty, but Harry was looking down at the dark girl's spread buttocks, her little pink anus glinting out from the centre of the round mounds of nut brown skin.

Harry quickly slipped his clothes off and climbed onto the bed, his knees either side of Suzie's head. Tamara's own legs were folded out of the way. His rampant cock settled in her dark valley. Throughout the last fifteen minutes, Tamara had cum and cum. Although she had done this many times before with her friends, the anticipation of what was to follow had heightened her sensitivity, so the smallest touch set her off again. She knew Harry was looking into her body, and she knew her bottom and pussy were opening and closing every couple of seconds, but the pleasure she was getting from this, even before he fucked her was far beyond her expectations. It was just so good. It hadn't even got dark yet, and she knew she was here all night. Then she felt it.

Harry slowly, oh so slowly, drew his cock back down between Tamara's buttocks, down over her anus, over her hyper-sensitive perineum, and into the dip where her vagina turned from brown to pink, leaving a trail of glittering pre-cum all the way. Tamara could feel Harry's cock now pressing at her entry, and Suzie's tongue tickling her clitty. This was the nicest feeling she'd ever had in her life, and she already knew it would get even better before long.

"Sheba," said Harry, "this is your moment." He applied some pressure, but as her pussy was already gulping like a fish breathing, with her ongoing climax, it seemed to eat his crown in two or three short cycles, his rim popping through her tight elastic entry. She never flinched or paused, and Harry simply kept the pressure of his cock pressing into her, stretching her, feeling his crown press against her hymen, which just dissolved, letting him sink deeper and deeper into the Ethiopian beauty. Her passage seemed to peel open, as he sank into her depths, the tiny ribs of her vagina lining, rubbing along his sensitive crown, as her warm dark, mysterious interior allowed him to penetrate her all the way, until he bumped her cervix.

"Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," muttered Tamara, as he moved against her 'G' spot, sending even more sensations of exquisite pleasure surging through her ten year-old body. She didn't know how much more of this she could take. It was just so good. She already knew she would be back every opportunity she had, and every time Suzie allowed her to fuck her "Daddy".

Harry rested a moment, before drawing slowly out, feeling the girl's vagina lining gripping his whole length, being dragged out with his shaft. He lifted back, so he could see, and there beneath his cock, between the dark spread thighs of Tamara's legs, were two smiling eyes looking up at him. Suzie was enjoying seeing the sheer lust in her Daddy's face, her tongue dragging along the length of his thick, hard shaft, as he pulled out of her friend.

He pushed back into Tamara, watching as her vulva seemed to be dragged in with the friction. All the while, he felt the tickling of Suzie's tongue on the underside of his cock,

adding to the incredible experience he was enjoying, knowing he was going to blast off any time now.

He slowed the pace, trying to give Tamara as much pleasure for her first time, as he could, whilst trying to stave off the moment. She had been clamping on him in her orgasm almost from the get-go, and that combined with the feeling of Suzie's tongue seeking his frænum every time he pulled out, set the dominos of his climax tumbling into one another, and in moments he was exploding into the dark mysterious depths of the ten year-old dusky girl. She was in a world of her own. He could see she was in pure bliss, her beautiful dark face screwed up in the agony and ecstasy of her first orgasmic intercourse.

He slowed and stopped, letting Tamara catch her breath. Looking down, her whole weight was pressing onto Suzie, who even now, was licking away the white semen leaking from the brown girl's vagina.

"Well Sheba," Harry said, as he lifted himself away from her, "how was your first time?"

"That, Mr. Swallowtail was even better than what Suzie told me it would be like," she sighed, her face speaking more than her words.

"You can't keep calling me Mr. Swallowtail, Sheba," he grinned, "not now we've been formally introduced."

"Oh, OK," she said, grinning back, "perhaps I should call you Solomon, then." They laughed, a little joke lost on Suzie. He would explain to her later.

Afterwards, on Suzie's insistence, he bathed them both. Tamara admitted that her Daddy sometimes bathed her when her Mum wasn't around. She knew he was being naughty when he did it, but she loved her Daddy and if he liked doing it, well then she wouldn't say anything to Mum. But Mr. Swallowtail was different. Every time his fingers touched her, they seemed to send electric shocks through her whole body. She already knew she could cum very quickly, but it had never been like this before. It was as if her pussy was plugged into the electric socket. He only had to touch her, and she was off on another little cum, over and over. She was so glad she'd met Suzie and Harry.

That night, Harry fucked Tamara once more in the small hours, with her on top. But the grey tendrils of dawn found Suzie asleep on her Daddy, his cock and semen deep inside her vagina. She so loved him, because even having fucked her friend twice, he still wanted to sleep with her on top of him.

Tamara was sore as she sat at the breakfast table and knew she would struggle to stay awake through the following day. It was just as well her Mum was away and her brother was having one of his friends to stay the night. It would keep her Dad away at bath time. He wouldn't notice how enflamed and sore she was. One thing she knew with absolute certainty, though. She so wanted to sleepover again at Suzie's as soon as her Mum let her. In fact even if she didn't let her, she would sneak round to Suzie's after school as often as she could.

Tamara had no idea that Harry knew all about her dad molesting her in the bath, or the pictures he'd taken of her and shared with his friends. Neither did she know about her

father's long term incestuous relationship with her older sister; a fact Harry knew all about and one of the reasons Tamara had been invited into the Magnificent Seven Club. How Harry knew, he would keep a closely guarded secret, as he would the secrets he knew about all the families of Suzie's circle of friends. That is until he could discuss it with Steve. But at that moment, he hadn't actually met him, even though he knew everything about him too.

CHAPTER 4

The lovely Jo

Harry was just going to fetch some barbeque charcoal. Tamara had gone to find Suzie, when another car pulled up it was Suzie's very special friend, Jo. The lovely, lovely Jo, with the beautiful long blond hair and piercing blue eyes. It was Jo who had first spoken to Suzie in the supermarket when the bully Gang of Ten had been broken up by Harry's actions and it was Jo who'd responded, before her other friends, to Suzie's hints at trying out some lesbian action. And it was Jo who, when Suzie had suggested she knew a man who could teach them all about how to learn about sex, without it being a fumbling first time disaster, had been the first to ask if Suzie could arrange it.

"Hi Jo," Harry said, "grown that half inch yet?" She instantly blushed, with a cute smile. "I need to keep checking to see when it has. These things shouldn't be neglected."

She ran off giggling, then paused and looking over her shoulder said coquettishly: "My Mum can't pick me up until seven tonight. Perhaps you can check before she gets here." His cock was rapidly rising now. She was one of the most beautiful girls in Suzie's little gang of friends. Over the last few months, he'd fucked all of them, but there was something about Jo's incredible beauty, which radiated from her in waves, which made her special. He knew Suzie felt the same about her, and that they often slipped upstairs before Rachel got home from work for half an hour or so. Sometimes he'd been invited to come up and watch and sometimes, he'd been invited to fuck Jo, while Suzie watched or helped in some way.

Like Tamara, Jo's first time would stick in his mind forever. Tamara had been the first of the group of six girls, then all the others came to him, one by one, before Jo was able or willing to come over. He found out afterwards she wanted to be the last in the group to lose her virginity to him. Harry had told Suzie no coercion was to be used in persuading any of them to go to bed with him. They were to make their decision in their own time; and in Jo's case, it was some weeks after Tamara.

The girls had talked about how kind and gentle Harry was with them, encouraging them, explaining to them everything they wanted to know, however obvious or simple it might be. The more reserved ones were encouraged by what the others told them about their experiences with him. How wonderful it had been and how they wanted to return for more as soon as possible. He had insisted on them coming round one at a time and staying a full night or two.

Jo was Suzie's special friend. They had explored each other's bodies on many, many occasions since that first wonderful day, when the seven girls made their promises to one another, then afterwards watched as Harry had fucked Suzie in front of them. In the early

days, Jo hadn't known about the hidden cameras, but when Suzie had whispered in her ear that Harry was watching them, as they licked each other out, or used her little vibrator on each other, or played with each others' clitties to see if they could cum together, Jo had had a massive orgasm. Afterwards, she was blushing bright red, knowing he'd seen it all. A day or so later, Jo had suggested to Suzie that Harry could come into the bedroom and watch them next time they were together. "Well he's seen it all before," she'd reasoned, "might as well see it live." When the time came round, both girls were as horny as they'd ever known.

On another occasion, Jo was round again for the evening, and after Rachel had left for Angie and Gerry's, Jo started to make a move on Suzie, in her usual way. The fact that Harry was sitting in an armchair facing them both, didn't seem to worry them at all. After about ten minutes, the two girls were sitting naked, side by side on the settee, feet drawn up, knees well apart, a finger from the other gently playing with their clitty.

"Want to play a game?" asked Harry, grinning. Suzie always knew when Harry had a naughty thought, and she knew right now was one of those times.

"OK," said Jo innocently, "what's the game?"

"You two have a race, to see who can make the other cum first," he explained. "The first gets to choose."

"Choose what?" they said together.

"To choose which of you I will spurt over when I cum." Jo's eyes and mouth both went wide in shock, her hand coming to her lips, before she saw Suzie was giggling. In that moment, she realised he meant it. A thrill shot through her body. Then Suzie leaned in to her and whispered in her ear, making her eyes and mouth shoot open once more. Harry had taught and shown Jo and the other girls many things over the proceeding weeks, but every time he pushed the boundaries just that little bit further.

Suzie started things, by taking hold of Jo's knees and pulled them gently, but firmly apart. "Daddy can't see properly, Jo," she said. Try sliding further down in your seat. "Daddy," she continued, "you'll have to tell us when to start

While the girls were getting into position, Harry started to slip his clothes off, while he watched the girls get ready. He couldn't get over just how beautiful Jo was, with her long thin face, high cheek bones, turned up button nose and the brightest blue eyes with a ring of grey around the irises. Her chin stuck out just enough to give her poise. Her platinum hair trailed down over her thin chest, across her tiny areolæ, with their pale ring of Goosebumps circling each nipple, over her tummy button ending where her pouting mons started to rise above her belly, split by the deepest cleft, heralded by a large round dimple, which could have hidden the tip of his little finger. Because of her position, her deep cleft was spread wide, her puffed, plump labia bulging either side, seeming to push her thighs wider apart. Her cowl seemed enflamed, and standing proud, enfolding her clitoris, a hard nub of arousal. Below was her vagina, pink and coral and creamy, running with the mucous of her arousal. And almost out of sight, her little pink and brown asterisk shaped anus, a key target for Harry's desires at some future date.

They were ready, and he was at full tumescence, his erection as hard as he'd ever known it, ready to explode, leaving cock shrapnel all over the room. "Ready?" he said, "on your marks, get-set, go!"

The two girls immediately started to rub and manipulate one another. Harry, now wanking his cock with one hand, and moving his other across their chests, trying not to get in their way. But to no avail, as they turned towards one another, now kissing, their tongues passing back and forth into each other's mouths. This was no act, this was a well practiced, intense display of true lesbian passion, worthy of veterans of twenty or thirty, not these two ten year-olds.

Harry got the feeling these two were working together, and knew they were going to cum together. Suddenly, that is exactly what happened. They both won. They ended their long kiss, turned towards him and pressed their cheeks together, and opened their mouths wide, giving him an obvious target. Harry didn't need a written invitation, he moved forward and one knee pressed to the seat, he lifted the other foot onto the seat to Suzie's side, and was able to bring his cock right up to them. Three more strokes, and he felt the first pulse. Not knowing he almost always fired dry the first time, Jo moved forwards to look and got his previously well aimed shot right between her eyes, leaving a white trickle down her nose. The next few were sent directly to the back of their mouths, one after the other. Back and forth his cock swung, watching the semen hit their Uvulas, the little dip of skin between the tonsils and drip down on the back of their tongues. Finally it was over. The three of them panting, as if they'd been running.

The girls broke apart and leaned back in their seat, their legs still akimbo, their fingers resting in their partner's cleft, still moving slightly. But, they had one more surprise for Harry. Both leaned towards him, opened their mouths and stuck their tongues out, showing large amounts of semen laying there. After a few seconds, they made a play out of kissing once again, their tongues now passing his semen back and forth from one mouth to the other, then broke apart and swallowed. If Harry hadn't just cum, he might have done so on the spot, there and then.

Jo was the most frequent visitor to the house. She only lived a few hundred yards down the road now, and used to come in almost every day after school, before her Mum got back from work. She would enter without knocking on the door, so used were they to her coming and going. Rachel almost treated her as her daughter, asking what she wanted to eat as soon as she arrived, as if having her meals with them was expected.

CHAPTER 5

Jo's First time

Harry started to set up all the picnic chairs around the big table. It would be an hour or more before he needed to light up the barbeque. He was a happy man, now that things were out in the open with Rachel. Was it just last night she'd confronted him and proposed the Pact to him. He knew life could become very interesting in the future. But right now, his mind drifted back into the past, to that famous day just ten days ago. It had been a

Friday afternoon and Jo had come round for her sleepover. Rachel had gone away for the weekend with Angie and Gerry, so they had the place to themselves.

The girls had a swim in the pool, just like any other of Jo's visits and spent a lot of time clinging to one another in the water, whispering and giggling together, like any ten year-old girls do. They got out, showered and came into the house, leaving little wet footprints across the kitchen floor. They had some Coke and raided the fridge for some snacks, before heading for the living room, where Harry found them, after cleaning up the kitchen, lying along the settee, spooning into one another, while they watched some Spiderman cartoon on TV. Harry sat in an armchair and kept himself occupied, editing some bird photos on his laptop, knowing they would let him know when it was time. The cartoon came to an end and Suzie used the remote to switch off the TV. He kept his face fixed to the computer screen.

"Daddy," said Suzie, in her singsong way, when she wants to be a little girl once more. He almost knew what she was about to say. He knew Jo's father had died in a road accident when she was two. She'd been in the car and nearly died too. Her older brother hadn't been so lucky. So she'd been brought up by her mother on her own, with no memory of her father. Harry knew Jo and Suzie shared every secret between them, and that they were the closest of friends and would remain so for life.

"Daddy," she repeated, "Jo wants you to be her Daddy today. Would you be her Daddy, Daddy?"

"Yes of course my darling," he responded in his usual way. "What would you like?"

"Would you read us a story, Daddy, after our bath?" she asked.

"Is that what you would like, Jo?" he asked, looking at Jo.

She put her thumb in her mouth, bent her head forward, but her eyes remained on his, as she said: "Yes please, Daddy, would you bath me and tuck me up in bed and read to me?" Harry's cock twitched at her words. He realised Suzie had obviously told Jo a lot about their relationship. He so loved washing Suzie in the bath, and to have her friend wanting the same made him stiff already.

"Of course I will, my darlings. I'll go and run the bath, while you go and find your toothbrush, Jo."

Harry watched as the two scamps scooted up the stairs, their little bottoms wiggling at him. They ran into Suzie's room and he could hear their giggling and low chattering, as he crested the stairs and went into his own room. He quickly went into the bathroom and ran the water, adding some bubble mixture to the flow. Suzie and Jo were just coming in as he went back into the bedroom, Jo clutching her toothbrush.

"Lay on the bed, you two," he said, "it's time for your bath, I'll undress you." Being a Friday, they were still in their school uniforms and Harry loved seeing the girls in them, or better still peeling them off. That's why Suzie and Jo had got dressed again after their swim. They lay side by side and he quickly unbuckled their shoes and slipped them off. They were wearing long white socks below their red, black and green pleated skirts and

regulation white button fronted blouses. Starting at the top, he undid the buttons on Suzie's blouse, then without pulling it open, he repeated this with Jo's. Then he unclipped the buckle at the side of Suzie's wrap around skirt and did the same with Jo's, moving from one girl to the other. He then lifted the side of Suzie's skirt up over her front and repeated this for Jo. As he did this, their blouses now fell open several inches at the front.

The two girls were now lying on the bed, on top of their opened skirts, in their socks, panties and slightly opened blouses. Harry leaned over and pulled open Suzie then Jo's blouse, exposing their budding breasts to his gaze. Each now had similar sized raised cones, about half an inch high, with pip sized pink nipples, surrounded by a ring of goose bumps. But this was bath time and he was Daddy, not Harry, so telling them to raise their legs, pulled their socks off, making a game of it, by only holding the material at the toe, then pulling hard, almost dragging them off the bed, making them squeal. Then he had the blouses slipped off, and lastly their panties. Although he'd seen both girls naked many times, had fondled and licked them in every way possible, stripping a girl out of her school uniform was a real turn-on for Harry. He tried not to stare, as they lay there on the bed, side by side, their ten year-old naked loveliness beguiling him, calling him, enthralling him. He would have plenty of time for that later.

Leaning forward, he scooped his arms under the two naked girls, and lifted them up onto his hips, their legs automatically curling round his waist. He walked through to the bathroom and lowered them onto their feet and watched their beautiful bubble bums wiggle, while they brushed their teeth, then lifted one at a time up and into the bubble covered water. Suzie loved Harry giving her a bath. She asked him to do it whenever her mother was out, sometimes before and sometimes after they fucked. She'd told Jo about it and knew from her face, her friend would love Daddy bathing her too. He never did anything especially sexual. That's why she loved it. He just washed them and ran his fingers over them, but never probed or tried to make her cum, even though she sometimes did. He was just being a Daddy. She then knew after the story, he wanted to look at her and she loved him doing that. But usually, she fell asleep anyway, so he could look for as long as he wanted. When she'd told Jo about that, she had become really excited, and needed Suzie to rub her clitty a little harder.

Harry found his yellow plastic duck and dropped it in the water between the two girls, who were now facing each other. They were blowing hands full of bubbles at each other and giggling and splashing; playing as little girls should in the bath. Harry went back into the bedroom, and slipped out of his clothes, before picking up Jo's and Suzie's panties and inspecting them. As he'd expected, they were both damp, wet even with their arousal. There were smears of mucous along the gussets of both pairs and he spent a moment smelling them and tasting them, before going back into the bathroom, with a raging erection.

He knelt by the bath, and picking up the bar of soap asked: "Who's first?" Clearly the girls had discussed this, because Suzie put a soapy finger in the air and then lifted the same arm towards him, for him to wash and so the bath commenced. Even though he never pushed the boundaries, knowing what he was going to do to her special friend later, when he washed between her thighs, she couldn't help herself and shuddered into a short but intense climax.

Harry, holding the soap in his hand, looked at Jo, who smiled, almost shyly, before lifting her arm as Suzie had done. He soon washed it and it's twin, her legs up to her mid thighs and handed her the washcloth to clean her face. Next he soaped his hands and suggested she should kneel in the water. He rubbed her shoulders, front and back, working the soap into her skin, slowly working his way down. It was as if he went into slow motion, as his hands moved down, over the rise of her forming breasts, feeling their firmness, their hardness, their pinpoint nipples, rubbing across his fingers, like a blind man reading Braille. Then onward and downward. He could feel her ribs under her thin skin, as he moved ever slowly downward, into the dip of her tummy, her 'outie' tummy button almost rough to his touch. Downwards, the dip in her belly, before the rise of her mound. He'd studied it many times and had he been a sculptor, could have made an accurate model, so acquainted with it was he. Narrow, long, not so proud as some of the other girls. It was petite. Gorgeous to touch, her skin paler, softer, somehow sexier than the other girls to feel, fondle and arouse. But that wasn't what he was to do. He was being a Daddy, however hard his desires told him differently.

He looked at her face, one hand on her bottom, the other on her mound, as his fingers slipped back and forth through her wonderful tight bum crack and cleft, touching each other under her perineum, moving back and forth, back and forth, gently sinking deeper into her. Her bum and cleft were so deep, like a mini chasm. He'd run his tongue through them enough times to know every millimetre. At last, just as he felt her beginning to rock back and forwards to his movement, he pulled his hands away and told her to sit and rinse the soap off. She pouted, almost looking disappointed, but already her mind was focused on what was to follow later.

Pulling the plug, and asking them to stand, he magically produced two large bath sheets, and wrapped one of them around each girl. He once more put an arm around them and lifted them clear of the water, as it gurgled down the drain. He walked out into his bedroom and carefully laid them on the foot of his bed, side by side, letting them lie back. He unwrapped the towels, before taking a third towel and started to dry them off. Jo had never had a Daddy to do this for her and she so loved it. It had been six years since her Mum had bathed her. This was just so pleasant. She understood why her closest friend loved this man so much. She loved him too, but she wouldn't tell Suzie, it might upset her.

Harry quickly dried them off and then turning the bed down, laid one on each side, propped against a pile of pillows. He looked at Suzie, who nodded to a single book on the locker. Picking it up, he crawled up the centre of the bed and lay in between them. Taking the book, he opened and started to read: "Sleeping Beauty - Once upon a time there was a Queen who had a beautiful baby daughter....."

He knew Suzie would fall quickly asleep. He'd never worked out why; but he didn't understand the relaxing effect he had on her. In his company, she could trust him totally, so if he was there, her inner being could just relax and after a nice bath go to sleep. And asleep she was, ten lines into the story. Jo, likewise felt incredibly relaxed. She had expected the adrenaline to surge through her body and peak about now prior to the main event, but the reverse was the case. She wasn't asleep, but she sure was dozey and very contented. She could hear Suzie's breathing buzz, as she snored. Her friend slept, as she said would happen. She loved and envied Suzie.

Harry read on, her eyes grew heavy, and Jo knew she was falling asleep. How long she slept, she didn't know, but when she woke, she realised the bedding had been removed, she was spread out on the bed, her legs as far apart as they could stretch, and he was no longer in between her and Suzie. She didn't stir, but slowly squinted to see where Harry was. Suzie had told her that when she slept, he loved to open her legs wide apart and get up close and stare at her pussy for hours and hours. Jo felt a thrill course through her. Even now, as she pretended to be asleep, she could feel the damp running from her vagina, over her perineum and into her bum. She heard a sharp intake of breath. She knew he'd seen her arousal. It was now a game they were playing. She pretended to be asleep, he knowing she wasn't, pretending he didn't know, both becoming incredibly aroused. Who would succumb first.

Harry had moved down the bed trying not to disturb them. She felt his breath first. She hadn't felt any movement, but suddenly, he was up close to her pussy. His hot breath like a warm wind against her most private place. It went on for several minutes. She knew he was smelling her, inhaling her aroma, her musky scent, like she and Suzie had done to each other many times. But somehow this was different, so sexy, so erotic. Then she felt it. At least she thought she did, as his tongue tip just touched her for an instant. Several seconds passed, then she felt it again; firmer, longer this time. Then once more, but this time she felt movement and realised Suzie was playing with Jo's clitty, as he drew his tongue deeper though her cleft. He'd done this to her many times over the weeks she'd known him, but never had it felt as good as this. She was on such a height of arousal, she wondered if she might cum, and then she did.

Harry had known this girl was special. She was special to Suzie, which was important to him. But she was just so beautiful, her bright blue eyes, long blond hair, long narrow features, right down to her mound, her incredibly pale skin. Not an ounce of fat on her, without being thin. She was perfection. They'd enjoyed every form of sex in the weeks since Suzie formed the club, except for intercourse. Which they both knew would happen today, tonight, tomorrow and tomorrow night. He also knew he was going to take full advantage of her body. He lay there, looking deep into her vagina. It looked so narrow compared to others like Suzie's, but no less sexy for that. Then she'd started to leak mucous. He wondered if she was awake, so he moved carefully closer, and started to inhale her girlie odours, knowing his breath would tell her where he was. Then, he touched her with his tongue, tasting, savouring, wanting to devour. He dabbed her a couple of times, and was just moving his tongue gently through her cleft, tasting the nectar of her girlhood, when suddenly, she squirted him right in the mouth. Instantly, he felt her vagina open and close on his tongue. She was cuming and he'd hardly touched her at all.

Without saying a word, like a cat moving, he raised himself up and moved over her. Her eyes were watching his, never breaking contact, as she felt his arms slip under her shoulders, cupping them, his elbows at her sides, his body moving up over her, until she felt his knees press against the underside of her spread thighs. Not a word was spoken. She was in a dream world, as her orgasm, only now, started to fade away. Her incredible orgasm, after he'd touched her just three times with his tongue. She thought he was going to penetrate her now, but instead, he remained still for a minute, then slowly brought his mouth to hers and kissed her. It was a lips to lips kiss. It was Jo, who wanted more and opened her mouth, pressing harder to him, feeling his mouth open in return. It was her tongue which first explored his mouth, tasting her own arousal on his tongue,, before

retreating, hoping for him to reciprocate. And it was her tongue which started the dance of love with his, communicating so much to him, without a word being spoken.

Suzie, sensing movement, woke and through half closed eyes, watched the man she loved making love to the girl she loved. She already sensed the bond forming between them. But Suzie already knew she must give him to her and she must give her to him. And she already knew that after this wonderful night, they would be three, not just two. She recalled that day in the supermarket, when they had first set eyes on one another, and watched his reaction when she'd asked him if he'd like her to help him get into her panties. From that moment on, Suzie knew Jo was part of her destiny as was her Daddy.

Suzie watching the two people she loved most in the world moving against one another. She felt a sudden sense of loss, and then, as if realising, both turned towards her, smiling including her in this most precious, intimate moment. Jo reached out to her and pulled her hand to her little cone of a breast, pressing her hand against her. Suzie felt a happiness flood through her and as she watched him move against Jo, his cock almost touching, she felt his hand move over her own mons, caressing, loving. She was so sensitive now, she too crashed into an unexpected climax.

Harry could now feel Jo's labia embracing his crown, her wonderful lips caressing him, as he pressed slightly into her. He felt her hips move in reciprocation, her vagina welcoming him in. He already knew she would be the tightest of all the seven girls in Suzie's circle of friends. His finger had been inside her often enough. He knew this would take time, but he was in no rush, they had two whole days. He glanced down to where they touched, and felt a surge of arousal, seeing her beautiful pudenda spread out for him, with his cock just nudging into her entry. He had to tear his eyes away, knowing Suzie needed him at that instant. He looked at her face and smiled. It was a smile saying "I love you, Suzie". As if understanding, she smiled back. He knew she was happy.

He started a cycle of press and release, press and release, feeling her tension rise and fall every few seconds, gradually increasing. He could feel her slippery, smooth, hairless labia slide back and forth around his sensitive crown. Jo's eyes were now half closed as she slipped into a series of mini cums, his crown kept rubbing her Clitty, sending pulses of pleasure through the whole of her body. She had never experienced such wonderful sensations. He wasn't even in her yet, but she could stop now and feel she'd had the time of her life. She felt him pressing her entry gently. She knew she was tight there, and hoped he wouldn't hurt her. She was so glad she'd chosen him to be her first.

The two girls were looking into one another's eyes. Harry's cock in one and finger in the other. It was as if they were making love to each other, so close was their love. It was without warning that Harry's rim suddenly popped through the elastic cuff of Jo's entry muscles, making her eyes open wide in surprise. She felt so tight on him. She was easily the tightest of the seven girls. Fuck was she tight! He continued his motion of nudge and release, and felt her hymen pushing back at him each time he pressed forward. She had another short orgasm, more intense than the last and as it passed, she realised he was a little deeper in her. He'd popped her cherry and she never felt a thing. She grinned up at him, before turning her head back to Suzie once more.

Harry paused there, not moving, allowing her ten year-old vagina to adjust to his massive cock stretching her to the absolute limit. He started a series of micro nudges, feeling his

cock move in her a fraction of an inch. In and out, in and out. He increased the scope and speed, and soon she started to rise to a new climax. As she did, he felt her tunnel of love pulse on him, contracting and swelling. By applying some pressure, he started to slide into her in little bites. Each time she swelled, he went a fraction further and each time she clamped, he thought she would pinch his cock off. Little by little her passage peeled open to his intrusion, until finally, he nudged her end. She arched her back as his crown pushed into her 'G' spot, sending another surge of pleasure shooting through her lower body. She might have been tight, but he was in deep, nearly all the way.

Harry's arm was getting tired now, supporting his weight all this time, his other hand still giving Suzie pleasure. He suggested a position change and rolled over onto his back, taking Jo with him. He'd expected her to stay like that, face to face with him, but she had other ideas and immediately sat up, astride of him. She looked down and commented to him she needed to grow another half an inch, so he could get all the way into her. She then turned herself around, so she was facing his feet, and lay back on his front. Perhaps they'd discussed this beforehand, because as soon as she was in position, Suzie climbed up onto Jo's front, cuddling, kissing and caressing each other.

Harry now started to fuck Jo in earnest. It had taken over twenty five minutes to penetrate her and he'd loved every second of it. He could have a slack cunt like Rachel's anytime, but this was something 74.3% of men never experience. Now his cock was going to have it's turn. He pulled slowly from her, then pushed equally slowly back in, loving the feel of her incredibly tight vagina sliding along his shaft, squeezing it like a silken vice. Out and in again, gaining speed and scope. Soon he was almost pulling out of her, before pressing into her cervix, a frustrating half inch short of full depth. Faster he went, faster.

Above him, he felt Jo's bum press rhythmically into his tummy as she moved in counterpoint to him. He felt fingers around his cock, and knew instinctively they were Suzie's. Feeling him slide in and out of her special friend. There was movement, and Jo's legs wrapped around Suzie's waist. Suzie's legs now pressed to Harry's hips. He reached up, and running his fingers down between Suzie's buttocks, felt Jo's hands already clutching her globes. Slipping lower, he found her wide open pussy, and pushed his finger back into her.

The movement of the three of them soon gained a rhythm, all giving pleasure to the other two. Harry really wanted this special occasion to last as long as possible, but all good things come to an end, and as the two ten year-olds', now continuous climaxes built to a crescendo, he knew he wasn't going to be able to hold back much longer. Suddenly his orgasm crashed in, and he exploded deep into the child, his semen shooting into her infertile womb, making her climax climb even higher. He was coming hard, thrusting repeatedly into her. Jo was cuming hard thrusting against Suzie and Suzie was cuming hard. It went on for several minutes, until at last, they were still, but for the rise and fall of their chests, as they tried to catch their breath.

"Shame about the last half inch, Harry," said Suzie, with a giggle, "you'll have to see if you can do better next time." Even before the words left her mouth, she knew what was coming and smiled to herself as the flat of his hand cracked down onto her left buttock, just hard enough to sting, not hard enough to hurt. Jo was giggling between them now, realising she was included in their interplay, part of their most private relationship.

"I'll see if I can grow that extra half inch," she repeated. After a minute or two, the girls rolled off Harry letting him breathe freely once more. This time it was he who fell asleep.

CHAPTER 6

Jo's second third and fourth time

The rest of the weekend passed in a haze of passionate sex, interspersed by normal family activities. He took them to the movies and a McDonald's on Friday evening and to a local theme park and boating lake on Sunday. But Saturday morning, he was in for a surprise. Suzie woke up, impaled by his cock as usual, and before Harry woke, she nudged Jo awake.

"How you feeling, Jo?" asked Suzie in a quiet voice.

"Jeez I'm sore," whispered Jo, with a grimace. "I knew I'd be sore after that first time, but it was so nice, I just had to get him to do it again. Was I being greedy, Sooz?"

"Not at all," said Suzie. "That's why he insisted all the girls had a sleepover, for their first time, so they could have what they wanted and as much as they wanted. You're not going home until tomorrow. What are you going to do?" They spent the next ten minutes chatting about it. Harry, awake now, was getting hard. Suzie realising, said nothing, and carried on talking to Jo about her options, feeling him growing inside her. She squeezed him every few seconds, knowing he loved it when she did it. Again and again she squeezed, while she talked to her friend. Then she felt him swell and cum in her. It wasn't cataclysmic, but it was very erotic. She really had a problem not to cry out or moan. Then at last it was over. She loved Harry so much. He had given her something special, without upsetting her friend or making her jealous during her unique weekend.

For breakfast, Harry cooked a full English fry up, with everything in it. They were all stuffed, but ready for the day. "What would you like to do today, Jo?" he asked.

"Would it be alright if you took us out bird watching?" she asked. Harry was so surprised, he dropped a sausage, half way to his plate, onto the floor.

"Err, yes, if that's what you'd like, Jo, sure. I'll get my hide ready and we'll go as soon as we've eaten. Do you know anything about bird watching?" he asked.

"Suzie told me she really liked to go bird watching with you, especially that day you saw the Bunting," she answered. She suddenly grinned at him. He realised they'd cooked something up here, and he was being led by the nose, by this pair of scallywags. His mind raced, then clicked.

"Oh, you mean the bum, bum, bunting, don't you," he said, retrieving the absconded sausage, which had rolled under the table. The girls giggled, giving their game away. "I think I would rather spend the day studying the Paridæ. As Suzie knows, it's a large family of passerine birds in the genus Parus." He grinned seeing her completely bemused expression, before continuing: "There's the Blue, Coal, Crested, Marsh, Willow and many others, but as Suzie will tell you my absolute favourite is...."

“Great Tits,” laughed Suzie, moving her fingers to her chest. Jo blinked a couple of times, before the light dawned. They all burst into laughter.

“So what shall we do?” he asked, bringing them back on subject. “We have all day to do whatever you want.” Jo, unexpectedly blushed. She made an excuse that she needed to go upstairs to the toilet and left the room. Harry looked at Suzie, knowing she would explain.

“Jo wants to try everything we did that first week, Daddy,” she said, a fresh slice of marmalade covered toast poised at her lips. “She’s really sore, though. She’d like to try what we did that day in the hide, you know in her bum. But she’s really embarrassed to ask you. Would you just do it for her, please Daddy?”

“Of course we will,” he said. “But we don’t need to go into the woods, we could do it here if she likes.” He thought for a moment. I tell you what, this is what we’ll do...”. He then explained to Suzie what he had in mind. She said she thought it a great idea, asked a couple of questions, before going off to find Jo.

Meantime, Harry, quickly changed into his speedos, went into the kitchen and swiftly assembled a range of drinks, including a couple of beers and some alchopops, nibbles, made up some sandwiches, some cake and some ice cream, which he put in a cool box. He went out onto the patio and taking a sun lounger, set it up facing the pool, with a small table on each side for all the food and drink and other items he’d selected.

He sat down and was relaxing in the warm sunshine, when the two girls finally came out. There was an awkwardness with Jo, and Suzie was plainly trying to put her at her ease. Harry could see the conflicting emotions in her face, as she walked towards him, her cheeks pink. She couldn’t look him in the eye. She was wearing a short dress, but he could see, from the way the light cast through the thin cotton fabric, she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“Hi girls, I thought I might have some snacks and a drink,” he said. “Would you care to join me?” He saw Jo’s face brighten. “Err, it might be easier if you both sit on my lap, then we can all reach the food. Jo looked at the long sun lounger, trying to work out how to position herself. She moved to his side, then turning towards his feet, lifted her leg over the top, so she was astride him. But her short legs made this difficult and the hem of her skirt was tight round her thighs, forcing her to pull it up higher. She went to squat down, but as she did, the tension of her position forced her to fart loudly. In an instant, she collapsed onto him, and the three of them were laughing loudly, the nervousness vaporising with the smell she’d made. She didn’t seem to notice her hem was now up around her waist.

Harry put both arms around her and cuddled her into his chest feeling her soft body moulding into his. Her nervousness dissipated in seconds, and he felt her relax into him. Suzie then sat in front of her friend and leaned back against Jo’s tummy. Harry’s hands soon curled round Suzie’s front, his fingers intertwining, as they relaxed for a few moments.

Just then, there was a quick sing song chirruping above them, and Suzie pointed into the air and said “See, Jo, that’s a skylark.” Jo shielded her eyes with her hands and followed Suzie’s bendy finger, pointed upwards. Harry knew when she’d seen it, because her body

relaxed and tensed at the same moment, leaning forwards. The two girls watched the display as the scruffy little grey and brown bird fluttered high above them, before descending into the maze field at the end of the garden. As Jo leaned back against him once more, she felt his hands under the globes of her bottom. She'd not felt them move there.

"Ready, Jo?" he asked, not needing to expand his question. She simply nodded, without turning to look at him. She knew if she did, he would see her blushing as red as a poppy. "Just lean forward for me for a minute, would you?"

Suzie got up from Harry's legs, and turned, took Jo's hands and by pulling, lifted her enough off Harry's lap to allow him to slide his speedos off. He grabbed the KY Jelly on the table beside him and smeared a generous amount onto his middle finger and crown of his rampant cock. He put the finger to her anus, and feeling her clench on it, moved it gently around her asterisk shaped entry, pressing inwards, letting it sink slowly into her without pressing too hard. One knuckle, two, all the way.

"Just hang on a few more seconds," he said, waiting for her to dilate. After a short while, he felt the pressure of her sphincter ease. He waited a few more seconds, then slowly pulling out of her, took his cock and moved it to the recess in her bottom. Now holding her under the cheeks of her bum, pulling them slightly outwards, he lowered her down, his cock pressing into her opening. He didn't force this, and felt her slowly dilate, until his rim popped through the tight ring of muscles of her sphincter. She yelped, more in surprise than discomfort.

Holding her there for a couple of minutes, he started to very carefully lower her, feeling his crown pushing into the folds of her passage. She winced and jerked slightly, he held her there, letting the tension ease. His arms were tiring now, but he had to hold her weight. Then as if her body had made a decision, she started to slide slowly, oh so slowly down his cock, his crown peeling her deep passage open millimetre by millimetre, slowly admitting him into her. She was so tight, his foreskin got ripped back at her entry, making his hypersensitive crown, feel her form and shape even more. She was fabulous, and other than Suzie, she was his favourite preteen. Then, just as he thought she would be feeling discomfort from his deep anal penetration, she came on him. It had never happened to him before. She was really cuming. He could feel her passage clamping on him, and so he let her weight go, feeling his last couple of inches slide into her, her buttocks resting on his pubis.

"Fuck, that's nice," she whispered, her eyes closed in an expression of ecstasy. Harry was amazed. Suzie liked him to bugger her, but mainly because she knew it was one of his favourite ways to make love. It was only when she got the vibrator into her cleft after he was in, did she gain any pleasure at all. But Jo was wired differently, and even now, Harry's cock was being squeezed repeatedly, as Jo contracted on him again and again. Finally, she eased off, and calm reigned. She was still panting, as she lay back against his chest, now looking up at her lover, Suzie, a silent thanks to her friend for letting her have Harry, to teach her about her body.

Suzie, facing Harry, her own legs now either side of the lounge, took hold of and lifted Jo's legs and sat on Harry's thighs, bringing Jo's legs down over her own thighs, her pussy pushed up against Jo's. She reached forward and taking Jo in her arms, kissed her

passionately, their tongues intertwining, before breaking off breathlessly, smiling into one another's eyes, as if Harry wasn't even there.

Reaching across to the table, Suzie picked up her little girl vibrator and held it up between them, meaningfully. She turned it pointed end down, and put the end into their clefts, where they were pushed together, at their dimples above their clitties. She switched it on, then twisting it slowly, she pushed it down between them, their labia already pressed together, enfolding the plastic shaft. Jo couldn't move, but Suzie pushed her pudenda against her lover harder, increasing the joy the little toy was giving them both. In a matter of seconds, Suzie came, and only ten seconds later, so did Jo. This was just so incredibly erotic, Harry didn't know why he hadn't cum already. Perhaps it was because he'd already fucked Jo twice and Suzie once, plus cum secretly in her, just a couple of hours ago.

Suzie, still looking passionately into Jo's eyes, started to move the handle end of the toy round in circles, making the tip press and release against their sensitive vaginas. The girls were building up now for the big one and Harry realised it would be special. He started to move his hips, pressing into Jo, as much as the combined weight of the two girls allowed. Then everything happened at once, and all of them came together. Harry blasted deep into the beautiful blue eyed blond girl's bowels spurt after spurt of hot white sperm filled semen. Jo instantly went into climactic orbit, taking Suzie with her. The three of them were gyrating and calling out their passion and ecstasy, until at last, with their chests heaving and sweat pouring down their bodies, they came to a standstill.

Harry's arms encircled the two of them, pulling them into a tight group hug, where they remained, while the pleasure of their love making slowly turned into a soporific euphoria. None of them wished to move, nor did they. Time passed, as they remained in their close position, the girls embracing one another, Harry's arms encircling them both, his cock, now softened, still embedded in Jo's rectum.

They remained like that for another couple of hours. The girls worked their way through the picnic lunch he'd laid out for them. Every time they moved, her rectum twisted and moved over his cock, sending little pulses of pleasure through his lower body. Every now and then, Suzie would push the little vibrator between her and Jo, and make them gently cum. Harry was happy, just feeling her clamp on his cock, feeling her warm buttery passage as it gripped and released him. At last, the combined weight of the girls finally gave Harry cramp, and they reluctantly separated.

They spent the rest of the day in the pool, before he took them out to the local multiplex cinema, then on to a small family restaurant nearby. As soon as they returned home, they headed for bed. This time, Jo insisted Suzie lay face up on his front, the same as she had done the night before, and while Harry fucked her from behind, Jo lay on her lover, kissing and caressing each other, as Suzie felt Harry's cock slide in and out of her. She was so happy, to be sandwiched in between her two favourite people. A year ago, she'd been such an unhappy girl and now life just couldn't get any better.

"So Birdie," giggled Jo in coquettish voice, when they'd all calmed down after cuming yet again, "do you reckon you'll be able to get the last half inch in next time I come round?" She was really pleased when his flat hand landed with a crack across her rounded left buttock, just stinging a little, without hurting. She knew, his playful slap meant he'd accepted her and the three of them were now, and would remain, as one.

CHAPTER 7

Sarah's Seduction

Steve was watching several of the girls as they bent over, their T-shirts drooping open, while weeding and tending their little patches of garden. Some were wearing shorts, little girlie shorts, the sort that they wear in shopping malls, pretending they don't notice the old men watching them; but one or two wore tight fitting, thin leggings and a couple had short denim skirts on, like Anna always wore. They were down at the allotment, early on the morning of the barbeque.

Anna had let it be known at school that there was a Sunday morning gardening club for girls starting up, and several girls had come forward showing interest. Over the last few months, as word got round that they were having a great time together, the numbers had slowly increased, until the allotment, once looked after by Anna's Grand-Bob, divided up into small parcels, was full. They were having a wonderful time, because Anna had introduced her friends, one by one, to Steve's loving touch.

The little girl was called Sarah, Anna's new friend. She was just seven years old. Her mother had accompanied her, the first few times she'd come and helped her plant a few seeds. Today she'd been allowed to come alone. The girl didn't know that Cathy, learning of the problem of the over attentive mother, had got to know her and after a couple of gins, suggested she might like to meet her friend Tony. The mother, a very frustrated single parent, had jumped at the chance of a vigorous fuck with a young virile stud and all thoughts of chaperoning her young daughter flew out of the window.

Steve was watching her closely. Anna had made sure all the other girls were friendly to her and made her welcome. This was her fourth time here and she was happy and relaxed. Steve, like a predatory leopard watching the gazelle calmly grazing before the kill, felt a pang of guilt, knowing what he would do to her, or more to the point, what she would do to him, in the very near future. She was as pretty as a picture, with her little turned up nose, covered, as were her cheeks with tiny freckles. She had long, light red hair at her scalp, bleached by the sun almost blond at it's ends, near her waist. She was quite short for her age, unfairly making her look dumpy and gave the impression of being even younger. Her chest, of course was as flat as a pool table. Her bottom, though, seemed larger than the rest of her in proportion. It jutted out backwards, making her tummy project forwards in counterbalance. She was wearing shorts that were too large for her. After bending, she had to keep pulling them up, after showing an inch or two of bum crack. When she squatted, her legs flared apart, the material gaped, showing the tantalising pink of her panties, at the top of her thighs.

"Wanna get inside that one, Daddy?" asked Anna, appearing from behind him. "She's nice isn't she?"

Without moving his eyes away from another flash of pink, he nodded absently. "She's far too small, Anna. There's no chance of getting inside her," he mused.

"Of course not, Daddy," she oozed back, "but look at her mouth. I bet she can suck! And her bum... well, what do you think? It took me the whole of last term at school to get her to

agree to come here," she stated. "I knew you'd like her. She's pretty isn't she? Why not call her over. We'll get some Coke into her." Steve knew exactly what she meant by the suggestion and waved the child over.

"Hello Sarah," he said, casually, "I wanted a little chat with you. How are you enjoying our little allotment club? Here, come and sit down." He patted his lap signifying his meaning. Without hesitating, she moved to him, turned and let him lift her onto his lap, his naked thighs in contact with hers, one hand on her knee, the other on the rise of her bottom.

"It's really nice," she said simply. "I'm glad Anna asked me to come. I thought I was too young."

"Oh no, you're never too young to cum here or to learn what I can teach you, Sarah," he grinned at Anna, who rolled her eyes at his crass joke, a half smile on her face.

"Daddy, can I have a Coke, please?" asked Anna, on cue. "I'm really hot today. Would you like one, Sarah?"

"I'm not allowed fizzy drinks," said Sarah, quietly, "my Mummy says they're not good for me."

Steve didn't want to say her Mummy had gone off to fuck a total stranger, so what harm would a can of Coke do, but instead said: "This is a very special club, Sarah. Whatever we do here, no one ever gets to hear about. Do you understand?" He elbowed Anna, when she snorted out loud. "Would your Mummy mind, if she saw you sitting on my knee, Sarah?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but she's not here, and I won't say anything."

"That's a good girl," he continued, giving her bottom a gentle squeeze. She turned to him and smiled. "So would you like that can of Coke then?" She turned her head, looking around, as if her mother might be watching, before nodding. Anna handed her the prohibited can a moment later.

"Do you like coming to the allotment, Sarah?" he asked, gently rubbing her leg just above her knee, getting no objections or movement.

"Yes," she replied, "everyone is so kind to me. I like coming here." She took a long swig of her Coke.

"Do you want to know a secret?" he asked. She nodded vigorously. "Promise not to tell?" She nodded again.

"I think you're the prettiest little girl here today," he said quietly. She wasn't sure she'd heard him right, but knew she had. His comment made her tingle inside. It was the nicest thing anyone other than her Mummy had said to her; and Mummy didn't count. She swallowed the last of the Coke and handed the empty can back to Anna, then leaned back against Steve's chest, her hand resting on top of Steve's hand, now half way up her thigh.

Anna held out her own can, and said: "I forgot, I've already had one of these, Sarah, would you finish this for me? It's a shame to waist it."

Much as Steve was tempted to push his luck, he gave Sarah's bottom one last squeeze, and lifted her up onto her feet. "I'd better see how the other girls are getting on," he announced, "then I have some jobs to do in my shed. You sit and chat to Anna, Sarah. You've done a lot of work this morning. You deserve a break."

Steve went off to see how the other club girls were getting on. Other than Anna and Sarah, there were six more here today. He'd fucked one of them, and been sucked off by another, both eleven year-olds. He'd had his hands in the panties of three more, one eight, another nine and a ten year-old. He wasn't sure how far he could get with the last girl. Her name was Helena. He'd seen all their pussies, of course, when they'd gone for a wee, but, there was a difference in girls he'd conquered, so to speak and the one remaining isolated example of tempting female flesh. He liked her and knew she liked him. Ironically, he'd seen more of her than most of the others.

* * * * *

"Do you like my Daddy?" asked Anna quietly, sitting down where Steve had just been. Without answering, Sarah sat on Anna's lap. She shuffled into a comfortable position and leant back against Anna's front. Anna curled her arms around the little girl, one hand on her tummy, the other over her shorts, just above where her thighs met her mons.

"Yeah," said Sarah. "I like him. I like him a lot." She wriggled in Anna's lap. "He makes me feel I can do anything I want here."

"You can," whispered Anna into Sarah's ear. "You can do whatever you want here. No one else will ever know." Slowly, Anna started to press down with her fingers into Sarah's cleft, her finger tips feeling for her tiny nub through the thin material of the shorts. She gently pressed and released. Sarah never moved or objected, her knees parting a fraction, as Anna found that sensitive place her mother had told her never to touch.

"Is that nice," Sarah?" asked Anna.

"Hmm," answered the little girl, placing her hand over Anna's.

"Want me to do it a bit more?" Sarah gave a tiny nod. Anna's other hand slipped down from her tummy and under the loose material of Sarah's waistband and under the thin pink cotton of her panties, over her plump mons, into her dimple, her fingers immediately feeling the tiny hard nub of her clitty. She jerked at the contact. Neither spoke, as Anna expertly, but gently, played with the little girl, feeling her tension rising by the second.

"Anna," said Sarah after a few minutes, "I think I need to go for a wee."

"Would you like me to come with you?" asked Anna.

"Yes please," she said, lifting herself off Anna's lap, moving towards the gap between the two sheds. A few weeks ago, Steve had realised the girls would be more relaxed, if he made the "toilet" more private, so had fixed a section of fencing at the back, between the

sheds and an old door at the front. Unbeknown to them, though, he'd also installed a small camera in his shed, close to his peep hole.

Steve had read the signs, and knew what was about to happen and slipped unnoticed into his shed and pushed the door closed behind him. He bent down and watched, as the two girls came into view. Anna started to undo her denim skirt and put it to one side. Sarah watched her, realising she hadn't been wearing knickers.

"Take your shorts and panties off, Sarah," instructed Anna, "you might pee on them and get them wet." Sarah automatically did as she was told and handed the clothes to Anna, who dropped them on top of her own skirt. Anna told her to wait a moment. There was a small folding garden kneeler there, which also doubled as a stool, leaning against the shed, they used sometimes when weeding. Steve and Anna had talked about how it could be used another way. She unfolded it and placed it against the shed opposite Steve's peephole. It had a narrow cross-piece, only about four inches wide, which Anna sat on. It only came half way under her buttocks. She leaned against the shed, with her naked legs splayed wide apart, her feet braced against the wall of Steve's shed.

"Sit on me, Sarah," Anna said, "I will hold you."

Sarah stood between Anna's knees, her back to Anna, squatted and was about to let go, when Anna, putting a hand under each of Sarah's upper thighs, picked the little girl up, making her squeal for a second. She lowered Sarah's bottom onto her mons, then pulled apart her legs, letting them rest over her own. Sarah's naked legs were now spread apart as far as she could stretch. Anna's fingers were curled underneath, and without Sarah realising, she pulled her labia wide apart, knowing Steve and his camera were watching this whole salacious display.

Steve looked, as Sarah's tiny vagina was pulled wide open, her pink interior glistening with the damp of her arousal from her earlier attention from Anna. He could see she was grinning. Anna was making a game of this. This was going well. He studied the girl's pudenda. Her mons was plump, almost oversized for her body, but he'd noticed all girls' mounds seemed to reduce in proportion, as they got older. It was split with a deep cleft, topped by a broad dimple, heralding her clitty, which he could see was swollen and slightly reddened. Below, her damp vagina seemed to be calling to him, like a siren from ancient times luring sailors to their doom. But the magnetism of it held his gaze. He just couldn't look away.

Anna hooked Sarah's little legs over her knees, so as she moved them apart, it pulled the little girl's wider too. She then moved her fingers to Sarah's clitty, and using both index fingers, started to manipulate her little nub. This time, it didn't take Sarah long to rise once more and in a few seconds, she took a gasp and came. It wasn't spectacular, but she did cum.

"Wha...what was that?" stuttered the little girl.

"Was that nice, did you enjoy it, would you like me to do it again?" said Anna.

Sarah had never felt anything like it. Shocks like nice electricity had shot up from her couchie into her tummy. She thought she had peed herself, but knew she hadn't and yes,

she wanted it again, confirmed with a little nod. Anna started to carefully manipulate the tiny clitoris under her fingers, not rushing it, letting her build more slowly. She felt the girl rise, and eased off, before recommencing, letting the tension grow. Again and again, Sarah nearly got there before Anna eased again. Sarah started to move her bottom forward and backward, trying to increase the friction, trying to make it better. Her mind was unconscious her body moving automatically, a million years of female instinct kicking in. The pleasure building inside her, overwhelmed any reserve or shyness she might have had left. She pushed her own legs even wider, letting Anna make her feel even better. She didn't know her wanton movements were the most erotic display Steve had ever witnessed, but then she didn't know he was only two feet away, watching her every movement very, very lustfully, his camera capturing every detail of the little girl's pleasure in high definition.

"I need to pee," said Sarah plaintively.

"That's OK," said Anna, "you go right ahead." She increased the pressure just slightly, and almost immediately knew Sarah was about to cum again, but this time it would be special. The little girl started to buck on Anna's body, her hips lifting and dropping, her whole pudenda gyrating, as the first real orgasm of her life rapidly approached.

Steve was spell bound by the salacious display in front of him. This little, shy, dumpy seven year-old was showing the appetite, she'd just discovered, for sexual gratification was far stronger than her reticence. Steve watched, as if in slow motion, he could see Sarah's legs wide open as far as she could push them, showing him her podgy mound, it's cleft now spread, her clitty being pummelled, by Anna's skilful fingers. Below, her vagina looked for all the world like a tiny volcano about to erupt. Her urethra engorged, emerging, growing, her passage now so dilated, he could see her hymen, with it's little hole just below centre, opening, letting him glimpse her interior, it's damp coral coloured secrets, which he so desired to conquer. Her perineum was stretched taught from her spread legs and below, her anus, an asterisk shaped hole in the centre of the valley between her buttocks. Below again, Anna's larger mound, her cleft too, spread open, her clit, almost like an erection, standing proud above her vagina, which even as he watched was winking open and closed, as she came, knowing he was watching her. His glance down the two girls was less than a second, but the image would remain in his mind forever.

The first little squirt hardly showed, but then, in time with the contractions of her vagina, Sarah started to squirt short, but powerful sprays of piss, which hit the wall of Steve's shed. Squirt, squirt, squirt. Sarah now had her head arched back, her tummy extending forwards, as tension wracked her body. Her mouth was wide open, he could see the back of her throat, as she gasped. He hoped to be able to shove his cock in it soon. Again and again she squirted. Steve couldn't believe how much came from the tiny girl. At last it ended, as a dribble of piss ran down through her bum crack, as her climax eased, her vagina opening and closing more slowly, until it finally stopped.

There was a pause of a second or two, with Sarah coming back to reality, unsure what to do next. Anna curled her hands around her tummy and cuddled her. Sarah looked over her shoulder at her new friend and knew she would want to keep coming to the allotment. She had enjoyed sowing and planting, with the other girls being so friendly to her. In the past, she'd always had a problem making friends, because of her shyness. But now, she'd

found new friends, discovered a new interest, a new hobby and more importantly a new desire.

"Anna," said Sarah, after a minute of silence, "what you did just now, you know, down there. What was it?" The girl was blushing bright red, but needed to know.

"Did you like it, Sarah? I liked doing it to you. Anytime you want me to do it, just let me know," said Anna.

Yes," she sighed. "Is it always as nice as that? I mean it was so," she paused, lost for words, "WOW!"

"Sometimes it is, sometimes not," said Anna, almost dismissively, "sometimes it's much nicer."

"No way," gasped the little girl, "nothing could be nicer than that."

"Oh, it can," reassured Anna, "it can be a lot nicer. It all depends on how it's done, because there are lots of ways of doing it and, more importantly, who does it to you. The person I always let do it to me, taught me lots of ways. Now I want it all the time. He is so good at doing it. Much better than me. Sometimes he doesn't use his fingers at all."

"How does he do it, then?" asked a naïve but inquisitive Sarah.

"He uses his tongue!" Sarah gasped and shuddered. Anna realised she had clamped one last time, her little pussy having the last word on what it wanted.

"His tongue?" whispered Sarah. "isn't that, like really gross?" But her tone of voice betrayed her interest.

"Not if it makes you feel ten times better than the way you felt just now," she replied. She knew Sarah was processing this through her mind. She was wriggling in her lap. Anna reached down and gently touched her clitty one more time, but didn't manipulate it, just pressed. Sarah moved against the finger, trying to increase her pleasure once again.

"Would you like him to lick you too, Sarah?" said Anna into Sarah's ear. "Once he's done it to you for the first time, you'll want him to do it every time you see him, I promise. He might do it to you, if I asked him for you."

"Oh, I don't know," she nervously uttered, "who is it, Anna?" asked Sarah, looking over her shoulder, now.

"I can't tell you, Sarah, unless you promise me you won't talk about it except here at the allotment." Sarah bit her lower lip, deep in thought, thinking it all through. She looked as though she was about to repudiate, when Anna started to rub her nub once more. Sarah started to rise again, and was right on the cusp in just a few more seconds, when Anna pulled her fingers away. "Well it's up to you Sarah," she said almost dismissively, "I can ask him for you, or we can forget about what you got me to do here just now. I thought you were enjoying it, but not to worry. I won't let it happen again."

"No, no," said Sarah, her pussy tingling on the edge of another climax, the feeling ebbing by the second. "Would you ask him for me? Anna, I promise I won't tell anyone," she said in a shy voice once more, "would you be there for me? I think I would like it if you were there. You're my friend and I might be frightened on my own."

"If you like," said Anna. "When would you like him to make you feel nice? Today? Next time we come here? In a few weeks time?"

"Oh," said Sarah, knowing her courage would fade if she didn't grasp the nettle, "alright, as soon as possible." There, she'd said it. Suddenly the shy girl felt bold and turning her face to Anna, she grinned.

"Well, Sarah, let's go to him right now," instructed Anna. "Slip your shorts on, in case anyone sees you. Don't do them up, you won't need to. I'll bring your panties. Come on, let's go." She got up and quickly wrapped her denim skirt around her waist, even before Sarah had pulled her shorts up, Anna had unlocked the old door and stepped outside, turning immediately right and walked into Steve's shed. As soon as Sarah entered, she pulled the half stable door closed behind her.

Sarah stood there, open mouthed, for there was Steve sitting in a small chair, facing her. Suddenly, the pieces of the jigsaw fell into place. She might only be seven, but she was an intelligent girl and although her heart fluttered with nervousness, her body wanted this more and overruled her hesitant mind. Steve didn't wait a moment, and leaning forward, looking into her eyes, placed his hands on her hips, and drew her towards him. He gently moved her hands away, tugged downwards and felt her loose shorts drop onto his feet, which were between her legs. She stepped out of them and in response to his guidance, stepped forward, letting her legs part either side of his thighs.

Sarah was in a dream world. She had cum and cum so many times, she had lost track of time, experiencing feelings previously alien to her. She had been swept along on a wave of pleasure, not wanting it to end and now here she was, standing naked, with her legs either side of Steve's, her friend holding her hand, pushing her from behind, as she sat, facing Steve on his lap. She could feel a bulge in his jeans against her sensitive mons, her clitty feeling the rough material scraping against her.

The next few seconds passed in a blur to Sarah. Without saying a word, his hands now on her shoulders, he pushed her back so she was lying on his legs, her head over his knees. Then she felt his hands on her hips, lifting. In a moment, he guided her legs up and over his shoulders. But what made her whole body jerk, as if she'd been plugged into an electric socket, was when she felt his whole mouth encompass her mound, cleft and vagina, his tongue immediately roaming all over her sensitive vulva, finding her engorged clitty poking out, desperate for release.

The next few minutes seemed to pass in an instant to Sarah, but at the same time would remain in her mind for the rest of her life, every moment impressed upon her memory. The moment his tongue touched her clitoris, Sarah came. She had never felt anything like it. It even exceeded those incredible feelings, a few minutes ago, with Anna. She'd been right, it was ten times better. The incredible sensations she now experienced would make her crave for a repeat soon, very soon.

Steve was amazed just how sensitive this seven year-old was. She reacted to every touch of his tongue. But she tasted so wonderful; so Young. The younger they were, the sweeter they tasted and she was the youngest he'd tasted since that five year-old in Tenerife. As his tongue felt the contours of her labia and clitoris and vagina and anus. He could now feel her exquisite vulva pressed to his tongue, her podgy mound split by her deep cleft, which his tongue repeatedly dragged through; her dimple at one end; her wet vagina at the other; her hard erect clitty between. Her tiny anus, so sensitive, clenching when he touched it with the tip of his tongue, again and again. His tongue ran back and forth through her valley of pleasure, concentrating now on her little nub, her mount of Venus, giving her as much enjoyment as any seven year-old could handle. She seemed to be losing all coherence, all control of herself. Her orgasm went on and on. For such a young girl, she was incredible. He couldn't wait to develop their relationship further; a lot further. He knew it wouldn't be long in coming and neither would he.

At last, she lifted her head and hands, saying: "Enough, please, enough." Anna still standing behind her, reached down and lifted Sarah upright, letting her legs drop from Steve's shoulders, then after a moment, she pulled her upwards onto her feet, where she stood, unsteady on wobbly legs. In moments, Anna was unclipping her denim skirt, while Steve pushed his shorts down, neither needing to speak, both knowing what was about to happen, his erection popping up, hard, thick and long. Sarah, who'd never seen a naked man in her life before, let alone one with a full erection, watched rooted to the spot, as her new friend stood over him, her legs either side of his, like hers had been earlier. Then watched as she lowered herself onto him, letting his cock sink into her. She watched enthralled, knowing she was witnessing something special, very special, something she already wanted for herself, although also knowing she was too small.

Sarah watched as Anna lifted and dropped on Steve's lap. The slapping of their bodies together becoming faster and louder, oblivious of her, their cries, kisses, and sheer enjoyment of each other's bodies made her envious of her friend. She leaned down, seeing where Anna was impaled on his cock, seeing the size of him, seeing how her pussy seemed to turn inside out as she lifted, then got forced back into her as she dropped. She listened to their breathing, becoming gasps and then groans and then sighs, as they both came together in less than a couple of minutes. She didn't realise it had been her that had brought them to such a height of arousal. She didn't even realise she was playing with herself as she watched them, feeling her own pleasure once again rising. Sarah had learnt a lot this morning and she fully intended to explore those pleasures when she got to bed that night.

She shook herself from her reverie, when Steve said "Well, Sarah, did you enjoy coming to the allotment today? I think you probably did."

She smiled at him sheepishly, still naked in front of him, knowing he could look at her, but she didn't mind. She didn't mind at all. In fact she already couldn't wait to come back next Sunday, if her Mum would let her. She knew Anna and Steve could teach her many things and she was a quick learner. She already wondered if he would let her touch his thingy. She didn't know why, but when she looked at it, she'd really tingled again inside. "Yes, thank you," she politely replied. "Do you promise not to tell my Mummy?"

Steve frowned in puzzlement at her statement. "Err, tell her what, Sarah?"

“That I had a can of Coke to drink, of course.” She grinned, knowing she’d played a little joke on them. They all laughed, as Steve playfully patted Sarah’s little naked buttock.

CHAPTER 8

Helena

“Well, Anna,” said Steve regretfully, “we’d better pack up. We have a barbeque to go to with the new neighbours.” They started to clear up the tools and put the weeds on the compost heap, Steve went around looking at what had been achieved, praising each of the girls individually. They all liked his attention and tried hard to please him.

The first one he came to was Cindy. She was only eight with dark hair and pretty rounded face. In many ways, she was a lot like Sarah. She had come down the first time with her mother, who, it turned out was having an affair with Violet’s Dad, and so was happy to leave her young daughter in the hands of a paedophile, while she went off to get her own jollies. Violet, had come down with Cindy that first time. They’d both taken to gardening and the comradery between the girls here. Abbie, the third girl in this little group, although the oldest of the three, was introvert, shy and preferred to be led than lead. She had short cropped ginger hair and freckles.

Steve, seeing the three of them had formed a little sub-group, allocated places on the allotment, next to each other. They more or less tended it as one larger patch. None of them had objected to Anna’s seduction of them each in turn, nor Steve taking over, just as he’d done with Sarah. When it came to Abbie’s turn, one Sunday, she’d sat on Steve’s lap soon after she’d arrived and asked if he minded if they could go into the shed for a cuddle. The three of them, since then had been very willing participants in his games and enjoyed their fifteen minutes each Sunday on the end of his fingers. He knew he would be able to move on to more adventurous activities before too long, but Rome wasn’t built in a day and there were other fish to fry.

The two oldest girls were Bella and Molly, both eleven. But there the similarities ended. Bella was as dark as Molly was fair. Bella had been a very enthusiastic participant and had almost forced Steve to have sex, before it had been wise to go that far. Certainly, she often arrived early, to ensure she got plenty of his attention.

Finally there was Helena. She was pretty, with her golden brown hair, which flowed halfway down her back, intense brown eyes and well formed figure. What made her shine, was her cheeky effervescent personality. She was always making jokes and poking fun at herself and the other girls, as well as Steve, often playing little practical jokes, like the time she’d filled a balloon with water and lodged it over his half open shed door and when he came out, it dropped on his head and burst.

Helena came from a poor family. Her Mum was a social worker, parents divorced, older sister always wanting money for clothes and phones and boyfriends. Anna had tried to seduce Helena for Steve, but had been unable to get the girl to respond in any way, and gave up. Helena had approached Steve very soon after she had started to come to the allotment and asked him if he needed any jobs doing, as she wanted to earn a little pocket money.

"Well, I don't want to make the other girls jealous," he'd explained, "but if you say nothing, perhaps you could come down here on a Saturday morning, early and help me weed my own allotment. Ask your Mum if it's OK, and if she's happy, I'll see you 8 o'clock Saturday morning."

And, so it had started. Helena would arrive on time, accompanied the first three times by her overweight Mum, who needed the exercise. She chatted briefly and left them to it after just a couple of minutes. Helena would work for an hour, then Steve would offer her a can of fizzy drink. They would sit inside his shed, in his small armchair, she sitting on his lap drinking her pop, occasionally burping and telling him about her week and her dog and her school friends and how she had to go stay with her father the following day, so wouldn't be able to come then. Helena would wriggle on his lap, seeming to not notice, or care about the effect it had on him. In the early days, she would wear jeans or thick leggings. But after a while it was always leggings and they were usually the grey, tight fitting, thin stretchy ones, showing off her young body shape.

With one hand on her thigh, the other holding his coffee, during their breaks, which seemed to get longer every week, they talked and became friends, she telling him confidences and asking his opinion on things. One day, she said she wanted to buy a present for her Mum, and needed to earn some more money, and did he know anyone else needing their garden weeding. He was touched at her thoughtfulness in wanting to work, not for herself, but for her Mum.

"I've bought a camera, tripods, some studio lights, different coloured backdrops and a frame to hang them on. I'm taking up photography," he explained, not confessing it was so he could photograph Anna and Gilly and the other girls at home, in some very revealing poses. "I'm not very good at it, and if you come and model for me, so I can practice with the camera settings and lighting positions, I will pay you, say £10 an hour." Her face lit up and so it was agreed.

Steve had taken his new camera and suggested to her he could take some photos of her while she weeded and hoed and raked, to see how photogenic she was. She enjoyed posing and after a while ignored the camera, while she worked on, letting him snap away. He managed to get several close-ups of her bum crack, as she squatted down, weeding. He could see two or three inches down between her buttocks. It was so natural to see the label of her panties sticking out. He wasn't sure if she knew where he was looking, but every now and then, she would turn and smile up at him.

So later that morning, Helena and her mother arrived at his house, clutching a polybag containing various outfits for her to wear. Steve had an outhouse he used as an office upstairs and for storage downstairs. The studio was set up at one end of the office area. It was about twelve feet by fifteen. He set up several spot lights on tripods as well as some blanket lighting for the background, when needed. He showed her downstairs, where there was a washroom with a toilet, basin and a chair, with hooks to hang clothes hangers on. It made a perfect changing room. What she didn't know was all the extra lights he'd installed weren't for her to do her makeup in the wall mirror, but to enable his hidden camera to capture her while she changed, or used the toilet.

That first day was straight forward enough. Her mother brought a small laptop and did some work, or played computer games, or, for all he knew, trawled the internet for porn. Certainly, after the first few minutes, she showed no interest in what was happening in front of the camera whatsoever.

Helena had brought several costumes and tried to vary the clothes she wore, encouraged by Steve, who wanted her to change her clothes as often as possible, without it looking obvious. That first session, in a way was practice for her, making her aware of what he wanted from her. It wasn't just a case of sitting in a chair, or standing, or lying on the floor, looking pretty. Often the poses needed a lot of concentration and even effort, holding an uncomfortable position for any length of time. He used several women's magazines to show her photos of what he was trying to achieve. It was hot in the studio under the 1000 watt lamps, and at the end of the two hour session, she felt quite tired. She was pleased to be paid the £20 agreed, and asked if she could come again the following Saturday. And so it started, Steve's long relationship with Helena. Strangely, he didn't feel a need to push the boundaries with her. He enjoyed her company and looked forward to seeing her next week.

The following Saturday, she was again at the allotment at 8 a.m., in thin, black tight leggings and red top, gardening gloves and green wellie boots, adorned with pictures of puppies. Steve set her to picking some peas, and raspberries. He noticed she ate more than went into the collection containers, so suggested she might like to do some weeding instead. It wasn't long after, she tired of that and asked if she could have a can of Fanta orange. He was happy to have a break himself, and so they went into the shed and pulled the half door closed behind them.

Steve sat in the chair and moments later Helena sat on his lap, leaning against him, swinging her boots back and forth, while sipping her drink.

"Did you enjoy modelling for me the other day?" he asked the obvious opening question.

"Yes, thanks," she said, before taking another swig, burping and grinning over her shoulder at him, "I kinda felt I was someone else while I posed for you. I really enjoyed myself."

"I liked the different clothes you brought, Helena," he said. "Do you do any gymnastics at school?"

"Not really," she admitted, "but we do exercises and ballet stuff. I am quite good at doing a bridge."

"Oh, OK," he said, "what do you wear when you do that?"

"Well, my Mum can't afford much," she went on, "so I wear my one piece pyjama suit. It almost looks like a leotard."

"Bring it today," he suggested, "if you're willing to let me photograph you doing it."

"OK," she said enthusiastically. Then suddenly her tone changed, she was obviously unhappy about something, "my Mum says she would like my sister, May, to come as well."

Would it be alright?" He got the impression she almost wanted him to say 'no'. "As she's fourteen," she continued, "my Mum says she wouldn't need to come as well." Steve realised that her mother, by sending the older child, was giving herself a child free morning.

"That's alright, Helena," he said. "besides it has an advantage."

"What's that?" she asked, pouting at his confirmation May could come and join them. She knew May was very pretty and maybe Steve would prefer to photograph her, and tell Helena she didn't need to come.

As if reading her mind, he said: "You'll not only have to pose half the time, but you'll have long breaks in between, to give you lots of time to look nice for the next session. You could even play a game down there, in the changing room, I used to play as a boy," he lied, hoping she would take the bait.

"What game?"

"The toilet is only narrow. When I was a lad, we had a similar one at home, in an outhouse. What we used to do was have competitions. When you were sitting on the loo, you had to lift your legs up and touch both walls at the same time and see how high you could get your toes. Then we marked it with a pencil. Next time, you see if you can go higher. The trick is this," he put his hands under her calves and unexpectedly lifted them up and outwards, almost making her spill her drink, "the further forward you sit on the seat, the more you can lean back and so the higher you can get your feet." He slid her further towards his knees and lifted her legs higher and wider. "Get the idea?" he asked, wondering if she realised the camera, pointing at them both was running on video. When he looked at the recording later, her thin black leggings clearly showed her white panties underneath. He was now resting his hands on her red top, his fingers just touching her belly, where a small gap had appeared between her leggings and top.

"Yeah," she said absently, "I think so." He wondered if she would bite. Time would tell.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Helena?" he asked unexpectedly, changing the subject.

"Yeah, sort of," she said, "his name's Richard. He's much older than me, he's nearly twelve."

"Do you kiss him?" he asked.

"Sort of," she blushed. "He's not really a boyfriend. We just like each other."

There was a moments silence, both in their own thoughts. "I like you coming here on your own," he said, slipping his fingers half an inch under her waistband, "we seem to get along well, without all the other girls here."

"Yeah, I guess," she said, pulling his fingers back from nearly touching her panties, under her leggings. He lifted his hands up as if inspecting his fingers, then rested them down on her mound, not moving them in any way, sensing she wouldn't stand for that. She kept her

hands on his in that position for several minutes, before he announced it was time to get back to work.

Later, Helena arrived at the studio, with a tall thin girl in tow. She had long dark hair, pointed features. He immediately realised she oozed sex appeal. She was a little out of his preferred age range. Steve was definitely a pre-teen man. "Hi Steve," Helena said, "this is May." May smiled at him, perhaps a little nervously. "Come on May," said Helena, sounding like a veteran, "I'll show you where to put your changes of clothes. It's downstairs. Follow me." He heard them clumping down the stairs, then muffled voices from below, before they returned, chatting animatedly.

May was relaxing. She was wearing a conservative pair of black jeans and the red and blue sweater she'd arrived in.

"Right, Helena," he said, sitting behind his tripod, trying to sound as though he knew what he was doing, "let's start with you." She was wearing a knee length white and navy blue dress and long white socks. "Stay standing," he instructed, "and do some of the same poses you tried last week." And so the session started.

After twenty minutes, Helena went downstairs. His parting comment to her was: "Take as long as you want, Helena, I'll be at least twenty minutes with May." She nodded and he heard her footsteps retreating down the stairs as he turned to May. Let's start with some very simple standing poses, May," he said. "You saw what Helena did just now, try something similar. She was a little stiff at first, but soon eased into the role. After ten minutes, she was relaxing into her poses, becoming creative, smiling into the camera, turning her lithe body this way and that. He knew that if she came for more sessions, she would be a good model for his steep learning curve as a camera man.

After about fifteen minutes, Helena reappeared. The session with May was drawing to a close. It might as well have ended there and then, because she was now wearing the promised one piece pyjama suit. He noticed the look May gave her sister, her unspoken criticism of her apparel obvious.

Trying to distract her, Steve said: "What clothes did you bring, May?" She turned back towards him and reeled off various garments. "Why not wear the Hunger Games costume you brought? I liked Jennifer Lawrence in that part, May. Take your time down there, I will be a while with Helena, so there's no need to rush back up here."

As soon as May had gone, Helena seemed to become a new person, and almost before he was ready with the camera, she started various poses, including The Bridge. What caught his eye, though was that when standing, the suit seemed to be baggy, but when she did her stretching exercises, it pulled into her body and as she arched her back, her camel toed pussy showed as a tempting form beneath two layers of material. He got her to lie on the floor, do dances to a piece of music, sat on a chair and more gymnastic exercises, before May reappeared. And so that photo session continued, with both girls showing creativity in their gradually more revealing costumes, before he realised it was time to go. He paid them both and suddenly they were gone.

He wasted no time in retrieving the SD card from the hidden camera in the toilet. Pushing it into the slot on his laptop, he studied the recording, having to fast forward through most

of it, but in between finding a few gems, worth keeping for posterity. Throughout this and all the subsequent photo sessions, May never once used the toilet, and despite him trying to ply her with a variety of drinks, never once did she show her pussy to his camera.

But his disappointment in May was far and away outweighed by his delight in Helena. She entered the room in her blue and white dress and immediately unzipped it and dropped it onto the floor, standing in just her panties, looking at herself in the mirror, bending backwards and forwards, as if she was turned on by what she saw there. Steve knew she was enjoying herself, when she started to rub her nipples, stimulating them, making them stand out, hard and stiff, although they were only the tiny cones of a ten year-old, no more than half an inch high.

Then, he knew what was about to happen, and had to restrain himself from nudging the recording forward a minute or two. She turned towards the toilet and lifted the lid, before turning towards the camera and pushed her panties down, stepping out of them, now standing completely naked in front of the camera. He could see her mound was long and thin. He could tell his hand might cup it comfortably, with a nice cleft splitting it up the centre.

But instead of sitting on the pan, she frustratingly turned to the mirror once more admiring herself, humming a tune to herself. Then she sat and looked blankly ahead, while the sound of her urine splashing into the water was caught by the camera's microphone. She then stood and grabbed the short pencil he'd left on the sink shelf for her, and sat down again.

She shuffled on the seat, positioning herself as far forward as she could, leaned back and in a moment, spread her legs high and wide. The camera definition wasn't perfect, perhaps a touch out of focus, not enough light where it was needed, but suddenly Steve could see Helena's whole pudenda spread out on the screen, her vagina and anus, cleft all wide open, her clitoris poking out. She reached down and touched her pussy for a moment, looking at herself, before she turned her face and brought the pencil up to mark the wall where her toes had been.

Steve blinked, before replaying the scene again. This was so erotic. He could fuck any girl in his household whenever he chose, or get them to perform any shocking act for him. But Helena represented the unavailable. Somehow he knew he would never conquer her, as he had Sarah, or the others, but the hunt was what made it all so worth while and as he stared at the screen, she showing him her virgin pussy and all her intimate parts, a huge thrill swept through him.

Several other scenes of her changing caught his attention. Sometimes she stood naked, or topless. Sometimes she sang to herself, sometimes silent, but always active, as she undressed and dressed for his camera and perverted delight. May only stripped to her underwear, never dropping her panties. She did occasionally stand in front of the mirror and rubbed her nipples, as if stimulating, to make them stand proud, before pulling over a top or dress, without wearing a bra, despite being a well endowed fourteen year-old. Was she sending him a message, or did she just like teasing the old pervert behind the camera?

The following Saturday took forever to arrive and once more, when he got to the allotment, Helena was waiting for him. He saw at a glance that she was wearing a one piece cotton cat suit, in a blue and white pattern. He'd never seen any of the girls wear such a thing here. The sky was grey and looked like rain threatened, but they made a start on their usual work pattern of hoeing, raking, sowing and weeding.

At last, they felt the first spots of rain. It was time to have a break and both headed for the shelter of his shed. Before they went inside, he said: "Before we go in, would you mind if I photograph you opening and sipping from your Dr. Pepper can?" She nodded. He went inside, grabbed the red can and in a moment, unsighted by her, opened his fly and pulling his cock quickly out, ran it around the rim, leaving a generous smear of pre-cum close to the tab. Quickly zipping up again, he walked out to her, pulling the tab, a small amount of the fizzing liquid escaping, disguising what he'd done, and handed it to her. "Wait a moment," he said, as he brought the camera up to his eye, "OK go ahead." She lifted the can to her lips and took a long swig, before looking into the distance, holding the can a few inches from her mouth. She was unaware of the spider web like string of pre-cum which stretched from the rim of the can to her lips. Snapping another couple of shots, he thanked her and turned into the shed door.

He placed his camera on it's shelf pointing to where they were to sit, before pouring his coffee from the flask. Helena, still holding her can, waited for him, then sat on his lap as if she'd done it a thousand times. They talked about the photoshoot and the progress on the allotment, the latest home crisis, her school and it's politics.

"I'm cold," she said, giving a little shiver, "I should've brought a sweater to wear instead of this thin top over my cat suit." In a moment, Steve took hold of the hem of his thick woollen pullover and lifted it up and out, dropping it over her head and down her body. In a couple of seconds she was also inside his pullover, her hands projecting beneath the hem, an empty can of Dr. Pepper clutched in one. He took the can from her and put it beside his empty coffee cup on the little shelf.

"Are you warm now?" he asked.

"Yes it's cosy, isn't it?" she responded, snuggling against him for a few seconds. He placed his hands over her mound, where they had been last week, after she'd stopped him slipping his fingers down inside. He realised the cat suit might be to stop him trying that again. He didn't know. They sat and chatted for a while. He shuffled in the seat, as if getting more comfortable and lifted her legs over his, so her wellies were outside his knees. He then very gently pressed his fingers into her mound, feeling her shape. He wasn't sure if she was wearing panties. If she was, they were wafer thin. In his mind, her nakedness from the hidden camera vivid in his mind, the two sensations coordinating to make this such an erotic experience.

There was a tension in the air, and throwing caution to the wind, he gently started to rub her, where he felt her dimple merged into her clitty. She didn't react. Emboldened after a few seconds, he pressed a little into her, continuing the motion, his finger tips moving over her sensitive clit. He knew this was entirely alien to her.

"If it's nice," he almost whispered into her ear, "move your legs apart. If it isn't nice, move them together." This was the moment of decision. She lifted her legs into the air and

moved them fractionally together, before spreading her legs wide apart, with her boots hovering in the air.

Steve started to rub her more confidently now, manipulating her clitty through her leggings, feeling her tension rise and fall. "Have you ever done this to yourself, Helena?" he quietly asked.

"No," she simply replied.

"Has anyone else done this to you?" he continued.

There was a moment's hesitation before she said: "No." He wondered if Richard might have tried it on with her, or perhaps her step father, or a teacher, or no one.

"Do you like me doing this to you, Helena?" he asked carefully.

"I don't mind," she said.

"Would you like me to carry on?"

"I don't mind," she repeated.

So for the next five minutes, Steve continued to masturbate Helena, her little legs up in the air, wide apart, as his enfolding hands manipulated her pussy. Finally, her legs dropped down over his. Clearly she'd had enough. He'd never felt or heard her cum, but was sure she had.

"Give me a cuddle," he suggested. Still inside his pullover, she turned and threw her arms with enthusiasm around him, pressing her face to his shoulder. One of his hands was around her waist, the other now over her left hip. He pushed his fingers down over the rise of her buttocks, down between her thighs, feeling her girlhood, so familiar to him from her displays in the changing room. He could feel her labia, squeezed out against his fingers, thick and soft.

Suddenly, it was over. She pulled the pullover up, releasing herself and stood before him, as if nothing had happened. For a moment, he had thought she would run off screaming, but instead, she took his hands in hers and played a little game with his fingers. She didn't seem phased by her experience at all. Time would tell. As it happened, May found herself a new boyfriend. Both girls' studio visits dwindled and came to an end a few weeks later.

Helena and May arrived at the studio, as usual. Helena posed exactly as she had done the previous times. May, now feeling more confident, started to wear some flimsy almost gossamer like tops. Certainly she only occasionally wore a bra and, on several occasions, he caught sight of her naked breasts, and several nip-slips. When Helena was downstairs changing, he asked May how she felt about the modelling.

"I really enjoy it," she said, a definite glint in her eye, "it makes me feel tingly at the bottom of my stomach."

Steve realised she was getting turned on displaying herself to him. So asked "Would you like to come here on your own sometime. Perhaps we could try some more adventurous poses? It would pay more, as well."

"Sure, that sounds fun," she said, "let me think about it."

The photography rolled on, both girls enjoying the work and when the two hours were up, took their money and said they'd see him next week. Steve watched the video from the changing room camera. This time, May actually changed her panties. She only showed him her bum, but it was a nice firm, rounded, mature bum. He knew if she had turned, he would have just seen a bunch of her pubes, hiding her secrets. As he always said, he didn't like hair on anything he ate!

That following Saturday, Helena arrived at the allotment and worked as usual, but then, when it came to break time, she messed about, didn't sit on his lap, as she had before. He realised she was keeping her distance, the previous enthusiastic participation gone. He got the message. It had been a bit of fun, for a while and he would content himself with taking her pictures and viewing her changing. He wondered if May might like to earn a little extra cash. Time would tell.

Helena remained a regular weed puller and model on Saturday mornings. She joined the other girls too on Sundays; but it was understood when it came to sexy games, she'd dabbled and chosen not to take it any further.

CHAPTER 9

Margaret's Reckoning

Harry was nearly ready. The neighbours were due to arrive in about half an hour, so he was relaxed and sitting with a beer, when the garden gate swung open. It was another of Suzie's close friends, Rosie. He'd grown very fond of her over the months and found her to be particularly adventurous in bed, wanting to try everything he'd ever imagined and some things he hadn't. She'd admitted to being an avid explorer of some dark sites on the net. She'd confessed she'd visited some interactive sites and displayed herself to groups of like minded men. But it wasn't just her appetite to experiment, which gave him immense satisfaction every time he fucked her, but something far more elemental to Harry. It had been almost a year ago, soon after the Magnificent Seven group had formed. He took a long sip of his beer, as his mind wandered back over all those wonderful months. The six friends of Suzie's had proved to be a challenge to him. A challenge of pure joy, though.

It had started even before he'd met Suzie. He remembered a rainy day in January. It was cold, drizzle falling, threatening to turn to snow, so he'd parked his car as close to the supermarket entrance as he could. He got out, locked the car and as he glanced up, he saw her standing, watching him. Margaret. In that moment, many emotions swept through his body.

Lust for her: she had an incredible hunger in bed. She always wanted to try something new. One time she would demand hours of oral sex; the next she would want it up her

arse, hard; the next, she wanted to be tied up and then he had to whip her, then fuck for a while, then whip some more and so on. It was always what she had wanted, never him.

Hatred of her: she had betrayed him. Promises of how they were going to get married, set up home, have kids, live a life together. Then one day, she announced she'd met someone and she was gone. As quick as that. He'd made enquiries and soon found she had a new lover alright, someone similar to him. She was moving from one affair to another, because behind it all, he'd found out, that all this time, she was already married with children. She'd discarded him, like some piece of unwanted garbage without a moment's hesitation. Just flicked away. Yes he had cause to hate her.

Pity for her: she had been a larger than life person. She had run out of luck and willing men to support her needs, desires and demands. Did he pity her? He preferred not to think about her at all. She'd made a big hole in his life, which took years to repair; and even then only because he met Suzie. No she was the author of her own destiny. He didn't pity her.

She was as surprised to see him as he was her. She was heading into the shop too, and the weather demanded they didn't stand in the cold, wet car park. She had changed. She'd always worn expensive clothes. Now they looked cheap, her shoes down at heel.

"Hello Margaret," he said stiffly, "how are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks Harry," she responded, slightly warmer than he'd expected, "how about you. I hear you're doing OK with your photographic work for that twitchers magazine."

"Yeah, it keeps me out of mischief," he said, as he pulled a trolley out for her from the stack and another for himself. "What mischief are you up to nowadays? I can't imagine you living without mischief. Kicked that new lover into touch? Found another? How's your husband and kids, by-the-way?" He couldn't hide the bitterness in his voice. What did surprise him was her lack of reaction to his implied criticism. Then he realised something was amiss she lacked her previous confidence, her domineering nature was subdued.

"I don't have a lover, nor a husband, now," she said, as she steered her trolley passed the fruit and veg section.

"So what are you doing for kicks, Margaret? Tying yourself up?" It was a cheap jibe, but it escaped his lips before he could clench his teeth. She glanced at him, as she stopped and picked up a can of economy brand baked beans and put it in her trolley.

"I lost my job, Harry and I lost my husband," she said plaintively. "He cut me off without a penny and went to live in London, leaving me to fend for myself and raise the kids the best I could. I even lost my lover, as you call him. I used to help him with money, but when the money dried up, well, so did he. He lives just across the road from here. His name's Tony. Harry, I was wondering do you think you and I"

"Don't even think of it, Margaret," he said acidly. "You and I are history. I had thought we would live happily ever after, then you kicked me in the teeth and dumped me. No thank you. I am happy with my own company and have been for the last five years since you walked out." He left the trolley where it was and walked out of the store, back to his car.

He sat in the deck chair and took another sip of beer, realising he'd slightly crushed the can in his hand. He smiled at Rosie, as she came up to him.

"Hello Birdie," she said, using the nickname the girls had given him, "did you get my email?"

"You young lady, need your bottom smacking," he said, semi seriously.

"I know," she oozed through pursed lips, "I'm a very naughty girl and I need you to teach me a lesson. Did you buy those nip clips I showed you last time, Birdie?"

"No I didn't, Rosie. You're far too young to put those sort of things on your little nipples."

"But I'm not too young to fuck though am I?" She had a point, he thought.

"I'll think about it Rosie, OK? No promises. Oh, by-the-way," he paused, "how's your Mum?"

"My Mum?" she asked puzzled. "What's she got to do with the price of cabbages?" He smiled at her rejoinder.

"I knew her once, a long time ago. Haven't seen her in years," he said casually, playing it down. "I saw her in the car when she dropped you off, when you came to see Suzie, some months back. Don't say anything to her about me. We didn't part on the best of terms." Harry remembered how similar Margaret's appetites in bed were to Rosie's. Like mother, like daughter. She loved being tied up, she loved being dominated and she loved some pain. In fact, she liked a lot of pain. Every time he hit her with the riding crop across her naked buttocks, while she was tied to the bed, she would cum intensely. He remembered Margaret was exactly the same. He remembered what Margaret had done to him, and as he whipped Rosie across her bottom, he imagined Margaret was on the receiving end. It gave him far more satisfaction, than when he came all over her, as she fought against the restraining ropes holding her down.

"I tell you what, Rosie," he said brightly, "I will buy you those nip clips, after all." She grinned at him as she went off to find the other girls. He sat watching her retreating back, thinking of the email she'd sent him. She'd detailed how she wanted him to use one of Rachel's large sized dildos, with the rough nobbles which jutted out along its length. She wanted him to gag her, tie her to the bed and after covering it in KY Jelly, shove it into her hard, then in her bum and back again. She wanted it hard and rough. He wasn't sure if this was his sort of thing at all, but as she was Margaret's daughter, and he always thought of Margaret while he hurt Rosie, he knew he would do it. He also knew when she'd had enough, he would leave the dildo deep in her, before taking the riding crop to her buttocks for a few minutes. That would make him cum all over her, he was sure.

Some weeks ago, she'd sent him another email. It was a link to a web site selling very personal items. The object she'd highlighted was a full set of BDSM items in a job lot. There was a pair of fur lined handcuffs, lengths of rope, gags of various design, leg

spreaders with ankle and hand clamps on the ends, blindfolds and several types of whip, from a riding crop, similar to the one he already used on her, to a cane, like schools used to use on misbehaving boys.

He remembered that first time she'd asked him if he would help her try something out. He naively agreed. It was several weeks after her deflowerment, and since then she'd asked him to fuck her more and more frequently. Each time, she seemed to want him to play rough. He was a gentle person on the whole, experienced in avoiding any pain to his young playmates. This girl was the reverse. And soon, he realised he'd caught a tiger by the tail. She was a chip off the old block. He remembered Margaret's tastes and knew where this would head, one day.

She was carrying a cardboard box and after they had gone upstairs to his bedroom, she emptied the contents onto the bed. He instantly recognised several items. These belonged to Margaret, her mother. He'd had to use them before. He told her immediately he wouldn't use the skin piercing toys. He would willingly tie her to the bed, gag her, use the leg spreaders and even the labia spreader straps, which looked quite painful when clipped on like stocking suspenders. Another item brought memories back to him, though. It looked like a fly swat, but the working end was only an inch wide. She gave him a devilish grin when she explained what she wanted him to do to her. He'd used this on Margaret many times.

Quickly stripping off, obviously anxious to get the session started, she fixed the leg spreaders to her ankles. They were telescopic, so could be adjusted to any length to suit the person using them. She lay back and did the splits, asked him to pull them a little further apart and fix them in place. Next, she fitted the labia spreaders. They looked as though they would inflict a lot of pain. When she clipped on the four clamps to her pussy lips, he thought she would change her mind, but she smiled up at him when the last one was on. Then lying back, she tightened the straps. Harry watched enthralled, as her vagina was pulled further and further apart, opening wide, her pink and coral passage disappearing deep into her. The end of the leg spreaders each had a handcuff attached which he clipped around her wrists, as she leaned forward, arms outstretched. She rolled onto her back again, her legs sticking out sideways, held by the spreader bar, her arms stretched to the limit. It looked most uncomfortable, just the way she wanted it. He took hold of the spreader bar and pulled her towards the bottom edge of the bed. He grabbed a couple of pillows and pushed them under her bottom, to lift her up a bit. Her whole pudenda was pointing at him at the perfect angle.

He stood over her only seeing her mother. He was not into sadomasochism at all, but in this case, he would make an exception. He took his time stripping off, seeing her frustrated expression, desperate for him to start.

"Ready Rosie? You know you've been a very naughty girlie and I have to punish you," he said, getting into the roll play she'd asked of him.

"Yes, Birdie, I know, but as you weren't around to fuck me, I wanted to play with my vibrator instead," she said through pursed lips, with her eyes now slits.

"Well you know what the punishment is for disobeying me, don't you?", he said in a strict voice, as he eyed the narrow fly swat.

"I know Birdie. I have been a bad girl, haven't I. I think as it isn't the first time, you'd better smack me a bit harder, this time." Even as Harry looked, he could see her vagina, stretched to the limit, start to pulse. She started a series of rapid contractions. She was cuming already and he hadn't even touched her. He picked up the ball gag and pushed it into her mouth, none too gently, before slipping the straps over her head.

He moved to the foot of the bed and picking up the narrow fly swat, stood looking down at her, tapping it's end in the palm of his left hand. Then without any warning, he swung it hard and fast, the nearest part of the inch wide strip of flexible plastic landing full square on her perineum, curling over her vagina, the tip smacking into her clitoris with a sharp crack.

She snorted through her nose, her eyes screwed tight shut, her back, despite the way she was restrained, arched. Her face showed neither pain nor pleasure. He quickly swung it again, slightly further forward, this time, the heel on her vagina and the end cracking over her mound. By now, she was beyond any coherent thinking. She was in a wonderland of her own unique making.

The way her chest was heaving and from the hiss of her breath through her nose and the writhing of her body, not to say the way her vagina was pulsing, despite the clips holding her open, there was no misunderstanding that she was cuming hard now, little squirts of cum juice spraying from her red swollen pussy.

Again and again he hit her. This was the forth or fifth time she'd wanted him to dominate her in this way. She'd told him afterwards what she'd liked and what she wanted different next time. So following her detailed instructions, he kept swiping the fly swat hard into her pudenda, watching as her orgasm seemed to rise and rise, as the tension in her body increased to a point he thought she would pass out. But not this one.

He knew she was ready, when she grunted three times. It was the signal they'd agreed. His left hand had already been stroking himself hard from the start of this depraved act, and on hearing her grunts, he dropped the fly swat, took hold of the spreader bars and placing his cock in her entry, with one thrust of his hips, was eight inches inside the eleven year-old, spurting even before he was in full depth. He might not like using violence on any girl, but it sure intensified his own orgasm, and it took a couple of minutes, before he'd completely unloaded into her.

"Rosie mustn't be such a bad girl, next time," he said, as he pulled his trousers back up.

"No Birdie, I shall try and be a good girl, next time," she muttered. "Oh, haven't you forgotten something?"

"No," he replied, reaching for his phone, "I was just fetching it." He took half a dozen pictures between her spread legs, showing the red and blue bruising, of her angry pussy, semen now seeping from her in volumes. He then took a few more, showing her whole body in it's bound position. He would send them on to her later. She had found a chat room on the dark net, where they paid her to upload such material. Some time ago, she'd told him about it and asked him to photograph her after each session. She'd told him her

Bitcoin account was getting quite valuable it was over £2,000 already. And all for doing something she loved. Like mother, like daughter.

* * * * *

Soon after Rosie disappeared to find her friends, Helen and Liz, the two ten year-olds, came through the gate together, chatting animatedly. They pretended not to notice Harry, sitting sipping his beer. "Hi girls," he chirped, "How you feeling today?" These two girls looked and had personalities as different as chalk and cheese. And yet, they never seemed to be apart from one another. When they had come over for their sleepover, they had asked if he minded if they came together. He had suggested they had their sleepover together on a bank holiday weekend, so they could be there for three nights. They nearly defeated him. It was a long weekend he'd never forget.

"I don't know how I feel today," replied Helen.

"Nor me!" added Liz. This was an old joke they repeated over and over, but they enjoyed it. It was all part of the fun of the Magnificent Seven Club. They stepped towards him, one either side of his outstretched legs. His hands were under their short skirts in a moment, neither wearing panties, feeling the dampness, between their spread thighs, realising they had spent time together before coming to the barbeque. He wondered for a moment what they'd done to each other. Their swollen labia gave the game away. He didn't try to arouse them, they were aroused already, but he did let his middle fingers slip along their clefts and into their vagina entries. They weren't damp, they were wet and slippery and his fingers slid in with almost no resistance. One knuckle, two, all the way.

It was six months ago they had come to him asking if they could have their sleepover. Because it was a long weekend, it had taken some arranging. But eventually, Rachel had said she wanted to go away for the weekend with Angie and Gerry, and would he look after Suzie? Of course he would, he'd replied and so the date was fixed.

Taking their virginities, which had gone on all night, was in itself a wonderful experience, although they both experienced some initial discomfort and shed some blood. The two girls were close lesbian friends and insisted whatever he did to one, he must also do to the other. But that wasn't the end of it. At first light the following morning, they needed a long fuck each. But at the same time. So he spent ten minutes on one, then the same to the other. He had cum so many times during the night, including Suzie's usual pre-dawn session, when she lay on his front and worked herself onto him, that he knew he would be able to keep going for hours. The problem was, that's exactly what they wanted. It went on for hours.

Finally he came in Liz, thinking that would be it until he'd recovered, but not a bit of it. Helen wanted her turn too. The two girls, helped by Suzie lay either side of him, licking away at his cock, until after a shaky start, he eventually achieved full erection, and they started again, ten minutes on, ten minutes off. It was midday before he had not only given Helen her dues, but on the insistence of both Helen and Liz, he'd fucked Suzie in front of them as well. He didn't know how much more of this he could take, or more to the point, give.

That night it continued and Harry was beginning to think he couldn't manage any more, when they finally fell asleep. He wasn't even aware of Suzie climbing on top of him and impaling herself on his cock and working her pleasure for half an hour, before she too lay her head on his chest and fell asleep. Most of that following day, they alternated between swimming in the pool, laying on the sun loungers and having more sex. He worried that he wouldn't be able to manage anything on the third night. He was saved the trouble, though, because Helen and Liz, although they hadn't admitted it, were now very sore had decided to have a three way lesbian session instead, which lasted until they all fell asleep exhausted. He missed most of it, though, because he slept through it, his loud snoring making the girls all laugh.

CHAPTER 10

Mary, Mary, quite contrary – The second Pact

The last of the Magnificent Seven to arrive was Mary. Beautiful, red haired, freckle faced Mary, who had so surprised him when she had come round for her sleepover a few months ago. Mary, whose parents came from Sligo in Ireland and had settled in England, before she was born. She was a girl of contradictions. Whatever he thought she would say or do, it was invariably the opposite. For example, she had always been the quiet one. The one to stand in the background, while the others decided what they would do, or where they'd go. She usually only spoke when spoken to, and then in brief sentences, as if economising on words. She always seemed so shy, so reticent. But Harry found out soon enough, that in her case, appearances can be deceptive. Still waters definitely, ran deep. Very deep.

It started the second time the girls came round for a get-together at Harry's house. All, that is except Mary, who'd had to finish up some chores for her Mum. The others a little uncertain what the house rules were, waited for Suzie to lead the way. She stripped off, in front of Harry and smiled as they all followed suit. After their "In-at-the-deep-end" introduction to sex, he'd been unsure they would return, despite Suzie's assurances they would. After commenting that he was overdressed, the six girls trotted out of the door and as one, jumped into the pool, soon beginning their games; some little girl games, some quite adult. He casually looked out of the window, as he slipped out of his clothes, now standing naked watching the show outside.

As if she been waiting for the signal, the splash of the pool gave her, Mary quietly entered the room, seeing him ogling her friends, absently playing with his rising cock with one hand. She stood watching him for a while seeing his cock grow to full tumescence.

"If you play with that too much, Birdie," she said, interrupting his reverie, "it'll drop off."

He turned and smiled at her warmly. He knew she was the shyest in the group and needed handling carefully so she didn't run out one day shouting "rape" or "that man molested me." She came and stood beside him, looking out of the window.

"Do you like being a pedo, Birdie?" she asked, the unexpected question suddenly hitting him. "Is it like you're one person on the inside and another on the outside?"

He looked down at her, thinking for a moment, before saying: "You know Mary, I didn't even know I was, until I met Suzie. And now I wouldn't change anything. So yes, I think I do like it and yes, it is like I am two people. Why do you ask?"

"Well, all my life, I've had this burning feeling inside me. Like, I dunno, err like I have someone else inside me trying to get out. Someone who's part of me, but not. Always telling me to do everything different to what I am doing. Does that make sense, Birdie?"

"It sounds, Mary like you have a split personality. One part of you says 'do this,' the other part says: 'do that.' It's not unusual, you know," he said reassuringly. "But you have always been so quiet and shy and, well a follower not a leader. Why are you telling me this?"

"Because I feel safe here with you and Suzie and the other girls," she said in quite an emotional tone. "I think I can be myself here."

Harry realised he was walking on very thin ice with this girl. One wrong word and she would be out of the door, never to return, except with blue lights and sirens.

"So what would you like to do, Mary? The other girls are outside playing in the pool. They're having fun. Do you want to go out and join them? Or would you....."

"No," she interrupted, getting up and moving between him and the window, facing him, "I want my other self to have her say. I want to do whatever this voice in my head wants."

"Oh," he said uncertainly, "and what does it want?"

"It wants this," She said emphatically. She put her hands on his hips and pushed him backwards towards a seat behind him, making him sit with a thump. She followed him closely, her legs now either side of his, the hem of her short skirt just scraping over his thighs. She lifted it up with her hand, letting it drop over his rigid cock. She put her hands on his shoulders and with no hesitation, lowered herself on to him, squatting down.

"But I have a house rule, Mary. You know that. I will onlywhat are you doing Mary, I thought I made it clear.....Oh fuck." She was wearing no panties and in this position, her pussy was spread wide open. Before she arrived, she had found some KY Jelly in her Mum's bathroom cabinet and filled her vagina with more than enough. His cock was pressing into her now, as she lowered herself down, feeling him pressing into her, his crown suddenly popping through her tight bit. "Mary, you really shouldn't be doing this, you know that don't you," he muttered, as he put his hands under her spread thighs, taking some of her weight. Even so, he wasn't prepared for what she did next, when she just dropped her weight down onto him, forcing his cock deep into her.

"Mary!" He gasped, his foreskin having been ripped painfully back, "what are you doing?"

"What the fuck do you think I'm doing?" using language he'd never heard her utter before. "I wanted to be the first, and I'm making sure I won't be the fucking last." Harry realised this girl really did have a split personality. The "little-girl-who-never-says-or-does-anything-wrong, and the one with a bit of the devil in her. He realised he liked this side of her.

They rested for a few seconds. She unclipped and unwrapped her skirt and tossed it onto the floor. He looked down, and could see traces of her virgin bleed where they were joined. He lifted her up with his knees and hands, before dropping her down again, feeling her bum land on his thighs. He was in deep, very deep. He lifted her again and then again, pausing for a few seconds between each cycle. She was staring into his eyes. He couldn't read her thoughts, but he could see she wanted this and a lot more besides. As he lifted her once more and dropped her again, she came. He could feel her vagina pulsing along the whole length of his shaft, squeezing his crown hard and often. He knew he wouldn't last long, but he was very experienced in fucking preteens, and if anyone could make this last, he could.

"Mary, are you going to say anything to Suzie and the others about this?" he asked.

"No fucking way," she retorted as she lifted herself up as far as her legs allowed, helped by his hands beneath her. "They'll think I'm cock hungry, or something."

"But you are!" he said, smiling as he lifted her once more.

"I know that and you know that," she said her mouth pulling to one side, "but they don't need to know that, and you're not going to tell them are you, Birdie?"

"No, on one condition," he replied, one of his eyebrows cocked high.

"What's that," she asked, as she started another cycle of cuming.

"When you and I fuck, one time we do it your way, then the next time it's my way," he said in a devilish tone.

"Oh you mean up the bum?" she grinned.

"Something like that," he confirmed.

"Yeah, Suzie said you like it that way. OK you got a deal."

At that moment, his cock swelled deep inside her as he blasted even deeper, sending her own orgasm higher and higher. He pulsed and pulsed, emptying himself until there was nothing left to give. At last, she lifted herself off him, her hands still on his shoulders. "So next time, it's up my bum then, Birdie. I think I might like that."

Mary picked up her pile of clothes, spread around the room, and walked out of the door, leading to the pool. She dropped the clothes near the changing room, and dived into the water, to join her friends, leaving an invisible trail of slightly pink mucous in the water behind her.

"Hi, Suzie, hi girls," she said, brightly, "I'm feeling really horny today, whose in for a bit of fun?"

It was only a few days later, Suzie had been told by Rachel they had to go and see Granny for the day. Suzie had moaned about it to the other girls. Not because she didn't love her Granny, but because she knew Harry would be on his own, when she could have

spent the day in his bed and he could have spent the day in her. So early on the Wednesday morning, Rachel and Suzie drove off. It was only a matter of five minutes later, there was a knock on the door. Harry was surprised to see Mary standing there. She had noted what Suzie had said and waited around the corner, out of sight until their car drove passed.

He was very glad he didn't have any close neighbours overlooking his front door, because this usually shy and demure girl was dressed to kill. She was wearing the tightest white terry shorts he'd ever seen in his life and a crop top, also in white, with some red hearts printed over her, recently rising, boobs. Her long blazing red hair, glistening in the bright sunshine, was flowing down her back, untied. Her green eyes seemed to sparkle.

"Hello Mary, Suzie's not here," he said, looking up the road left and right to make sure no one saw this bombshell of an eleven year-old wasn't seen.

"I know," she said, pushing passed him into the hallway, "it's you I came to see." She giggled before saying: "Actually it's you I came to fuck, or bugger, or suck. Remember, Birdie, it's your turn to choose." She turned into the sitting room, and flopped down into one of the easy chairs. "So what's it to be, Birdie? Where would you like me, bent over this chair or sitting in your chair with me in your lap, or something really naughty, like going to the park and let me sit on you, with your cock inside me, while people walk by thinking you're my Daddy?"

"You, my girl, need a damn good spanking," he said, half smiling.

"No," she said, "don't confuse me with Rosie. I'm really a very quiet well behaved little girl who always gets top marks at school and asks her Mum if she needs any help in the house. My Mum says butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. Do you think your cock would, shall we try?" This time, she burst out laughing at his expression. Harry was many things, one being a good judge of character. But Mary, Contrary Mary, proved he could never be certain of his judgement again.

He decided it was time he took charge of the situation. "Mary, I never fuck anyone without Suzie knowing, you know that," he started to say.....

"Except me the other day," she retorted, "I bet you didn't tell her about that, did you?"

"That's beside the point," he said weakly, "it's like being unfaithful to her."

"What, when she spends far more time between other girls' thighs than you do. Don't be daft, Birdie. If Suzie fancied another cock, she'd have it," she said with perhaps a little more knowledge than guesswork. He wondered what Suzie had confessed to her friends, thinking it might upset him if he knew what she'd be willing to do with her six friends, if opportunity presented itself.

"Well let's just agree not to say anything to her, OK?" he stated.

She drew her finger across her tight lips, like a zip. "Mum's the word," she said. "So, Birdie, today I'm all yours what do you want to do?"

He thought for a moment, his cock rising already. "Stay right here, I'll be right back," he instructed. "Make yourself useful while I'm upstairs, close the curtains double lock the front and back doors, and get your clothes off," he went to move to the stairs, before turning. "Oh one more thing, bring two of the chairs from the dining room in here. Put them here in the middle of the room, facing each other, a foot or so apart."

He went upstairs and could hear her moving around down below, presumably doing as he'd instructed, while he went to the toy drawer containing all the items he needed, pulled out a small cloth bag he used for the purpose and dropped the selected items into it. Walking downstairs, the sitting room was in semi darkness, with the curtains now closed. Mary was naked, sitting on one of the chairs he'd asked her to bring in, her hands on her knees in a position she might have adopted in church. He put the bag down on the coffee table and turned to her.

"Right Mary," he said, "as I recall you fucked me without permission last week. Is that correct?" She nodded, unsure what he would do or say next. "I was going to put you over my knee, and spank your bottom." Her eyes went wide with alarm. "In fairness, though, you did say I can now do whatever I want in return, true?" She nodded again, really unsure where this was leading. "Right, young lady, I haven't really had the chance to look at you have I? I mean last time you were dressed until we got started and the only other time was when I fucked Suzie in front of you all and, well, I didn't really get a chance to single anyone out, or look at you properly." She still wasn't sure what he meant. "Stand up Mary. Good, that's right. Now step up onto the chairs, one foot on each would you? Good, move your feet a little further apart. Now I want to look at you properly. Is that alright?" She nodded uncertainly. "Don't move, unless I tell you to. Put your hands down at your sides."

She followed his instructions, feeling a thrill running through her lower belly into her pussy already, knowing she was damp down there. He stepped towards her and started by looking closely at her face. Her eyes following him. "Don't look at me, Mary, look straight ahead," he said, as his eyes moved to her nipples. She had small cones, the size a ten year-old might have, barely half an inch high and the same in diameter. Her areolæ showed a small ring of goose-bumps surrounding her puffy nipplets. He moved in to them and touched each with his tongue, just once. She shuddered at the contact. He glanced down, and was surprised to see light glistening on her thigh, just below her pussy. She was aroused, very aroused and already, it was leaking from her.

He moved behind her, and looked at the whole of her back. Her red hair reached down almost to the small of her back, beneath which the rise of her bottom dominated his vision. She had firm looking, rounded buttocks, each with a small dimple near the top, which curved inwards, meeting in the most beautiful crack any eleven year-old could hope for. It was deep and wide enough to be inviting. He was so tempted to pull them apart and get his tongue in there, but that would spoil the moment. Where her buttocks met her thighs, there was a well defined crease line almost underlining her bottom. Her thighs didn't meet at the top, there was a two inch gap, below which, they tapered out, touching two or three inches down. He leaned down to look through the triangular tunnel her thighs and labia made, seeing her cleft disappearing forwards. He blew through that narrow tunnel, hearing her gasp. He watched as she clenched, her pussy lips tightening up, before relaxing once more.

Straightening up again, he walked around to her front and leaning forward, looked closely at her mound. Some girls have long thin mounds, some rounded, some plump and some almost flat. Some clefts are very short, starting low down disappearing where their mound curves under them, between their thighs, others have clefts seeming to reach half way to their tummy buttons. Some have dimples and some not. Some showed no cowl over their clit, others seemed to have huge wrinkled skin growths there. Every girl was different, like the features of a face. Some looked pretty, some less so. Some looked just wonderful, for no particular reason. She was blessed with a wonderful mound, full, pouting both broad and tall. Her cleft although not the longest he'd ever seen reached up almost to where her mons curved into her tummy. She had a half inch wide dimple like a mini crater which was deep, leading to her cleft, where just a slip of skin betrayed where her clitty hid beneath.

He glanced up and saw her looking down at him. "Eyes front, Mary," he repeated his earlier instruction, look straight ahead. "I'm going to start touching you now. Keep your hands at your sides and don't move." He straightened up, and looked again at her puffs. He leaned in and licked one a couple of times, then the other. He smiled to himself when he heard her sharp intake of breath. He took first one into his mouth sucking very gently on her, letting his tongue explore her shape and hardness and sensitivity, which was answered by another gasp. He repeated this with the other, feeling her nipple becoming erect, hard, as the blood of her arousal filled her puffs.

Still with her boob entirely encompassed by his mouth, he reached down and touched her cleft, feeling her little slip of skin against his finger tip. She bent forward in reaction, pulling away from his touch without meaning to do so. "I told you not to move, Mary," he said. "If you do it again, I will have to punish you." She straightened up again, but he too took his mouth from her, now looking at her swollen areolæ and hard nipples.

Harry now knelt down in front of her, and brought both hands up to her mons, his thumbs just either side of her cleft, where it curved down under her. He pressed gently to her and prised her lips apart, letting her cowl flower open, exposing her hard little nub of a clitoris. He took a full minute just looking at her girlhood, appreciating it's wondrous beauty. He then moved closer, inhaling her aroma; the intoxicating odour of little girl arousal. He paused once more, letting the moment last. He moved down an inch and opening his mouth wide, took her whole mound into his mouth, holding back a moment, while he sucked very gently. He could feel her quivering now, knowing she was on the brink. He touched her clit with his tongue very gently and instantly knew what would happen. She thrust herself forward, trying to increase the friction between them. He pressed his tongue harder to her, flicking her clitty several times. He knew the moment had come as she took a deep breath and held it. He pulled back from her, moving his hands to her hips. She let out her breath in frustration, and went to move her hands down to her pussy. He grasped her wrists before they got there, making her lean forward, trying to let her orgasm blossom, knowing it was ebbing away.

"I told you not to move, Mary," he said in a semi firm voice. "Now I'm going to have to punish you."

"Punish me? How?" she plaintively asked.

"Do you think you can stand still for one whole minute?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied confidently.

"Alright," he said, reaching for his little bag, "close your eyes and stand absolutely still for one minute."

When she had her eyes screwed up closed, Harry held out the little girl vibrator he'd pulled from the bag and switched it on. It was one of the silent type which made almost no noise at all.

"Right, Mary, your minute starts now." He touched the tip against her, now engorged clitty. Almost instantly she jumped with the stimulation. "You moved again, Mary, It will have to be two minutes. He pressed the toy against her, his eyes moving between her face and where the toy was pressed to her cleft. He could see the tension in her face and body. Would she manage to hold out for two whole minutes? Her knees began to shake at just over one minute. Her tummy started to dip and bulge And just as she got to a minute and a half, she took that deep breath once again, heralding a crashing climax. So Harry quickly pulled away the vibrator, leaving her right on the peak.

"Oh no, oh god, no, please put it back please," she begged.

"Sorry Mary, you moved again. This time the punishment will have to be something more severe," he warned. "Get down off the chairs, please. Good now turn the chairs, facing the same way. Put them so there is a gap between them just wide enough for me to stand there, would you? Excellent. Now kneel on them, one knee on each chair. That's right." He handed her a long, padded piece of plywood, hinged in the centre, normally used to cover a window seat. With it's padding, it was ideal. "Fold that over the back of the chairs under your tummy, and bend right over it. That's good, but I need your knees further apart. That's it, wide apart." He waited until she was bent well over the back of the chairs, so her bottom was high. "Good, well done Mary, now the first part of your punishment is this." In less than a second, he smacked her left and right buttocks with his palm quite hard, making her squeal.

"Ow! That fucking hurt," she blustered, "what did you do that for?"

"Language, Mary. If you swear at me, you get punished again," he said. "Now you have to take the next part of your punishment like a good girl and not move a muscle. Do you think you can?" Without waiting for an answer, he placed his palms on her buttock, thumbs over her crack and slowly pulled her open, watching her anus flower open like a sunflower.

"My, you do have a pretty bottom Mary. Are you looking forward to me putting my big cock deep inside you there? I am." Without waiting for an answer, he leaned forward and started to lick her bottom almost from her labia, up to the small of her back again and again he ran his tongue from one end to the other, tasting her tartness. She was breathing heavily. Her almost-orgasm of a minute or two ago was still simmering beneath the surface and it wouldn't take a lot for her to blast off into cum heaven.

"Now, Mary, that was very good, you didn't move at all, so I will finish your punishment with this. He again smacked her hard, once on each buttock, making her arch her back. As she moved, he could see her vagina swell, pulse open and close again. She was right on the brink. "Well done Mary, punishment over. But in future, when you turn up, knowing

Suzie isn't here, you will have to do everything I say, or you will be punished. Do you understand?"

"Yes Birdie. Every time I'm here without Suzie, I have to do everything you tell me to do. Will Suzie be out again soon, Birdie?" She grinned at him over her shoulder.

"You're a very naughty girl, Mary. I think I should spank you again, or shall I just fuck you up the bum, like you asked me to do?" He reached for his bag again, and pulled out a tube of KY Jelly, and swiftly coated the vibrator with it, before pushing the nozzle into her anus and squeezed a generous dollop into her. As he pulled the nozzle from her, she clenched, making a little of the slimy substance push back out. He scooped it up with his finger tip and pushed it into her rectum, feeling her warm buttery passage for the first time. She was clenched still, so he waited until she relaxed for a moment, before pushing through her tight sphincter. Again she clenched. "Relax Mary," he instructed. "Try pushing like you're doing a poo." He felt her relax and pushed his finger in as far as he could reach. He paused for a moment, savouring the feeling of his finger being inside her young, warm body, where his cock would be in a few minutes.

Before he pulled his finger out, he switched on the vibrator and carefully touched her clitty with the tip. Instantly, he felt her clamp on his finger, as she came, frustrated yet again when he took it away from her after just a few seconds. Her breathing patterns told him everything he needed to know. Next, he drew his finger slowly from her bottom and as soon as it popped out, put the tip of the, now switched off, vibrator into her entry. He applied moderate pressure, and let it sink into her. One inch, two, four, all six inches. He decided to let her have some pleasure now. She'd nearly cum so many times and never once complained when he stopped her.

Harry flicked the switch on, and instantly her back arched with the tension, as the stimulation transferred through her Perianal Septum, through to her clitoris, now hyper sensitive from the intense stimulation he'd given her. He pulled the vibrator out and pushed it fully in. He repeated this half a dozen times, listening to her gasps and seeing the muscular contractions of her vagina, knowing she was enjoying this to the full. He pushed the toy as far into her as it could reach, and left it there, giving her pleasure, while he took the last item from the bag. It was his long black tapered dildo, which Suzie liked him to use before he buggered her. He quickly coated it with more of the KY, then swiftly dropping his clothes to the floor, coated his cock too.

Next, Harry took hold of the vibrator, twisted it left and right a few times and then drew it slowly from her. She tried to follow it, but a warning that movement made spansks, stopped her. As soon as it popped out, he put the narrow end of the anal dildo in it's place. The tip was no thicker than his finger. Half way along it was as thick as the vibrator and at full ten inches depth, it was thicker than his cock. Twisting it, he started to push it into her, watching avidly as it slipped inch by inch into her bowels. At first it slipped in easily, but when he got half way, he started to feel the resistance, as her passage was forced open by the ever thicker shaft.

Still twisting it as he pushed it further in, she grunted in discomfort. He paused, switched on the vibrator again and held it under her, lifting it into her cleft. The instant it touched her clitty, her back again arched, as her arousal broke into a climax. As he watched, the muscles of her buttocks clenched over and over with her contractions. Each time she

clenched, he pushed the dildo in another half inch, until at last the whole ten inches was in the eleven year old child.

Leaving the dildo where it was, he now played her clitty with the vibrator, rolling it over her sensitive place left to right, pushing forward and backward, pressing and releasing it. Her orgasm seemed to just go on and on. The moment had arrived. The moment they had both craved for.

Harry carefully pulled the long dildo from her. The instant it came out, he dropped it on the floor and taking his rock hard cock, pushed the end into her. She was so dilated, and with her ongoing orgasm, she just swallowed him up. He fed it in, and her rectum took it all. In less than five seconds, he was balls deep up the arse of the little girl.

He paused for just a few moments, before he pulled almost all the way out of her then pushed in again. He was savouring the feel of his long, thick cock being squeezed by this child's buttery passage. Every dip and undulation of her passage rolled down his crown each time he pushed in or pulled out. A faint smell of shit filled the air. Not unpleasant at all. As the seconds passed, he speeded up, his pubis beginning to slap against her buttocks and thighs.

Standing between the two chairs, his hands on Mary's hips, her knees far apart, one on each chair, her belly folded over the padded plywood support over the chair backs, he was in the perfect position to ream this girl hard and long and that's just what he intended. But he wasn't finished with giving her pleasure too. So picking up the vibrator, which he'd left buzzing on one of the chairs, he reached round her, feeling with one hand, the vibrator in the other. Locating her vagina, he carefully peeled her engorged labia apart, pressed the tip into her. He immediately felt the vibes himself, on his crown, as he pushed in and out of her, just a fraction of an inch.

But Mary was rising to ever greater heights. She'd already cum and cum and cum. This was even better than the other day, when she'd fucked him without his agreement. This was just so naughty, so dark, so good. She could feel him trying to push the toy into her pussy, and he was fumbling, hesitating, spoiling the moment. She reached down, and found his hand and pushed upwards, forcing the vibrator deep into her vagina in one movement. Instantly, she felt the vibrations far inside, up against that tingling spot, she could never quite reach with her fingers. She crashed into yet another mind numbing orgasm. The next few minutes seemed to merge into one haze of pleasure and more pleasure and yet more, until at last it was over.

She hadn't realised he'd cum in her, blasting deep into her bowels. Harry stood still, letting Mary take as much pleasure from her buggeration as she wanted. The vibrator was buzzing away inside her. He could feel it through her body, even as he shrank within her. Finally, she stopped cuming, so slowly he pulled the vibrator from her, as his flaccid cock slipped out of her anus. She straightened up, her hands on the chair backs, then stepped one foot then the other down, tentatively standing, as if seeing if she could. He saw semen already seeping between her buttocks flowing down her crack.

"Do you want a shower, Mary?" he asked. She nodded her head, as she leant down and picked up her phone. Her thumbs were like lightening, as all youngsters are with apps. Dropping it on the pile of clothes, she ran up the stairs, where moments later he heard the

shower running. Harry looked at the phone lying on her soiled panties and leant down to pick it up, wondering what she'd been up to. His eyebrows were raised in a flash.

"Hi, Sooz. Fucked me bum. Reely goood. Came lots. All gooey now. Will join you in twenty after shower. Tell you about it then. M xxx." The message ended there. He placed the phone down where it had been and quickly pulled his clothes back on, while he heard the shower switch off upstairs. He sat down and pondered the problem. He'd cheated on Suzie and Suzie already knew. That meant she had probably put Mary up to it in the first place, both the other day and now. Why? That was the question. Then he realised. Suzie wanted to be able to fuck anyone else she wanted, without feeling guilty about it. That had to be the reason. He thought about what to do about it, then heard the footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Are you off now, Mary?" he asked in a casual way.

"Yeah, I have to meet my Mum, down the shops," she lied. He opened the door for her. As she stepped out, she said: "Next Wednesday, then?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"Next Wednesday," he echoed.

As soon as the door closed behind her, he reached for his own phone and with as much speed as he could, but nowhere near as fast as Mary, he typed: "Suzie, come home immediately. I must talk to you. This is urgent." Ten seconds later her reply came in: "On my way, Birdie, what's the problem?" He smiled as he tapped slowly in: "The problem is I love you more than anyone else. Get home quickly."

She almost barged through the door ten minutes later, breathless. "What, what is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Sit down, Suzie, I have something to say and I need you to listen to me." He watched, as she sat on one of the dining room chairs still where Mary had left it. He pulled the other one round, so when he sat, he was facing her, their knees just touching. He took her hands in his and held them, resting over his knees.

"My darling, I have something to tell you and I don't want you to hear it from someone else," he started, "I have a confession to make. But I also have something to ask you too." He looked at her face, seeing, not worry now, but almost expectation, as if she knew what was coming. "When Mary came here the other day, you know later than the others. She took advantage of me. In a moment of weakness, I let her. This was while you were all in the pool. We had a fuck. Then today, after you went out, she came round again, and, well, I fucked her again, but this time up her bum."

She went to speak, her face impossible to read. He held his hand up to stop her, before she lied to him. "But there's something else," he continued. "I know you arranged it all. You asked Mary to do it, didn't you?" Her face changed from one of acted outraged protest, to uncertainty. "So I have a question to ask you, my darling, Knowing I love you more than life itself, I asked myself why you would do such a thing? It could only be to test me, right?" she nodded, her lower lip now between her teeth. "Then I asked myself, why would you test me? Then I realised why. You wanted me to fuck Mary when you weren't

there. It was so you would be free to fuck someone else if you wanted to. Do I have it right? That's the truth of it, isn't it?"

There was a tear running down her cheek, and her lips were quivering. "Are you cross with me Daddy?" she asked, using the name she only used in their most intimate times together.

"Well I'm not happy with you," he said, very relieved he'd been able to turn a decidedly dodgy situation entirely around to his own advantage. "I thought we had a very special relationship where we trusted one another. That's why I knew I had to tell you about Mary. But all along, you were trying to trick me. Who is it Suzie? Who do you want to fuck?"

"No one Daddy, I promise, no one." She wiped away another tear.

"But you want to don't you?" he asked quietly. She looked up at him silently for several seconds, before she slowly nodded.

"Do you mind, Daddy?" she asked equally quietly.

"No my darling, if that's what you want to do." He responded. He remained silent himself for almost half a minute. "You and I have a very special relationship, don't we?" She nodded. "Before we met, we were both very lonely people. Then we found each other and we fell in love. I don't think I will ever love anyone but you for as long as I live. We fuck, we make love and we have fun together in many ways. But we should never hold each other back from enjoying others too if the opportunity comes along. So why don't we have a pact?" She looked up, hope in her face now; the tears finally stopping. Her hand wiping her cheek dry. "Let us both agree we can go with anyone we choose, whenever we choose, as long as we only love each other and tell each other every little detail afterwards. What do you say?" She suddenly grinned up at him; she crooked her little finger, he locked his own into it. "That's a cross my heart and cock up the bum promise," he said. They sealed it with a kiss.

"Oh one more thing," he said, "as you've been a bad girl, I think you owe me a blow job."

"No chance," she laughed, "Like you just said, I know it's just been up Mary's bum. I love you lots, Birdie, but even I don't love you enough to do that. Would a hand job do?"

"It'll do very nicely," he said, unclipping his belt.

CHAPTER 11

The Barbeque

Harry's mind came back to the present. He finished his beer, looked at his watch and decided to put a light to the charcoal. He thought back over the last few months and realised his life had changed completely and there wasn't a single thing he would do to reverse any of it. Since that day, all those weeks ago, Suzie hadn't gone with anyone else; but then neither had she looked for anyone else either. Her relationship with Harry was stronger as a result. More open and honest. They were both happier.

The flames were just licking around the charcoal now, when he heard the doorbell chime, through the house. He heard the muffled voices of Rachel greeting their guests. After a few seconds, Rachel emerged through the bi-fold doors, followed by two women and a man. She introduced them. "Harry, this is Steve and his wife Cathy and Ellen, who also lives with them." They all shook hands.

"Can I get you a drink...ladies?" And so the party started. Seconds later, there was a pattering of small feet, as the girls, having chatted in the sitting room for a while came out to see what there was to drink. There was now Suzie with her six friends and the five girls from Steve's household. They all seemed to know one another, from school. They made their way into the changing room. Harry knew his hidden cameras were primed and ready, and that Suzie would ensure the new girls would undress in the right places. Steve came over to Harry, clutching his can of beer and watched as Harry poked the embers, as if they might become alight faster if he did.

"How long have you been here?" asked Steve, already knowing the answer, but was trying to make polite conversation.

"Oh, just over a year now," he replied. "I lived the other side of the village before, but when I met Rachel and Suzie, we decided to move here. She's my housekeeper."

"Oh, I see," replied Steve, his tone hardly disguising the doubt in his voice.

"What do you do?" Harry asked the predictable question, to which he already knew the answer to in fine detail. Steve explained.

"Fancy another beer, Steve?" and so the two men chatted while the three women sat around a small table each clutching a flute of Prosecco.

"Have you tried that new restaurant, Nookie's, in Broadwood?" asked Cathy, "I hear it's very good."

"No," said Rachel, "I've heard good reports too, but we haven't been yet." At that moment, Sierra happened to walk passed them, followed by Rachel's eyes. She was wearing her bright Day-Glo pink bikini, which was cut small in every way. It dipped deeply at the front, right to the top of her mound. The top was made up of two tiny triangles of pink cloth, barely covering her areolæ and at the back, it was a thong, with the back piece hidden in her bum crack. Rachel didn't realise how intently she was staring at Sierra, but the other two women did.

"She's very pretty, that one," said Cathy. "You seem to like her."

"What do you mean?," said Rachel hastily, trying to pretend her attention towards Sierra had been entirely innocent.

"She means," cut in Ellen, "you'd probably like to fondle my daughters ass, if you had the chance."

"I don't...I mean I think you..." stuttered Rachel, looking at the two women, knowing they had her completely weighed up. She finally said: "What makes you think I might be like that?"

"Several things, Rachel," said Cathy. "First you have a reputation at school for eyeing up the little girls. Secondly, I've seen how Harry touches and kisses Suzie at the school gate, when he collects her. He's not her father, so you must know about that and approve. And Finally the look you gave Sierra just now, showed you want nothing more than to see her without that tiny costume on. I'm not stupid, Rachel and neither is Ellen. Am I right?"

Rachel looked from one to the other, then finally smiled. "I think we may have got off on the wrong foot. In fact it might be a case of the pot calling kettle black."

"What do you mean, Rachel," asked a puzzled Cathy. She had expected Rachel to be very cowed, cringing in fear of her liberty, not being forthright. She had planned to get Rachel subdued, under her thumb, before offering her an escape route a way out. But Rachel's demeanour was quite confident, almost bullish.

"Well I heard what you were all up to in Tenerife, for example," she related, recalling the conversation she'd heard in the bike shed. She observed the other two women now looking at her with alarm. "You had a gang bang, Ellen and let Sierra earn €100 every time some man came inside her. And You Cathy, well I won't expand, but you had a pretty good time yourself. So yes, I might have looked at Sierra that way, but then I am in good company, aren't?"

There was a moments hesitation, before all three women burst out laughing, all tension evaporating instantly. "I tell you what we should do," said Rachel, waving Suzie over. Anna followed too. Cathy and Ellen leaned in to listen to what she had in mind.

* * * * *

"I reckon the barbeque is ready for the sausages and chicken to go on," said Harry. "Fancy another beer?" Without waiting for an answer, he opened the cool box and handed over another can to Steve. Just then a round of laughter came across from the three women. The two men glanced across. "Sounds like the ladies are getting along fine," said Harry, taking a swig of his freshly opened beer.

The two guys chatted for a minute or two, when Anna and Suzie walked over to them, pretending to be interested in the barbeque and the cooking. Both men stood there, jaws dropping open, because the girls were stark naked. Neither knew how to react, before Suzie said: "What's the matter you two, never seen a naked girl before?" They both turned, took several steps and dived into the pool, side-by-side.

"Did you just see what I just saw?" asked Steve.

"Yeah, I think so," replied Harry, suddenly aware he'd dropped a piece of hot chicken thigh onto his foot. In a moment, Alice, Holly, Jo and Rosie all walked passed them without their costumes on, and like Suzie and Anna, paused at the barbeque, letting Steve and Harry have a good look, before diving into the pool too. The other girls all followed in singles and

pairs, letting Harry and Steve gawp at their naked bodies, before diving into the pool. Harry never realised several pieces of sausage were getting burnt to a crisp.

Just then, the three ladies came over to join them. "What are you two gawping at?" said Rachel, "never seen a naked preteen before?" Echoing her daughter's comment. "We came over to see how the cooking's going. Fuck me, Harry, you've dropped a load on the floor and burnt the rest." She took the tongs from his hand and silently took over the cooking, tongs in one hand, her glass of Prosecco in the other.

"Oh, Harry and Steve, while we're all together," she said, as if about to explain some issue to children, "we three have been talking. We realised it might be nice if the girls all had a sleepover tonight."

"Sure," said Steve, "which house?"

"Both," answered Cathy. "Your girls will go to our house and our girls will come here. We've spoken to them, and they all think it's a great idea."

Both men were incredulous, not knowing what to say.

"Now there will be one or two practical problems to consider," said Ellen, carrying on from where Cathy left off.

"What sort of practical problems?" asked Harry, walking right into it.

"Oh, well not problems, really," Ellen said, "pointers more like. Who likes to be fucked on top or underneath, or who prefers oral. Which like a bit of anal and which of them don't. Which of them, like Rosie enjoy having their bottom smacked. That sort of thing. Better take that piece of chicken off, Rach, it looks ready, like Harry and Steve." She pointed at the bulges in the two men's trousers and all laughed.

"What time would you like the sleepover to start?" asked Harry.

In typical Rachel style, she said: "Ten minutes ago."

When the conversation eased off, Suzie and Anna, who'd been waiting their moment wandered over. "Daddy?" said Anna, "why are you and Uncle Birdie still wearing clothes?" The two girls giggled, as they watched the two pull off their T-shirts, but went silent when they dropped their shorts and boxers on the floor. Both were fully erect and both had large, thick erections, each showing a glint of arousal at their tip.

"Daddy?" asked Suzie, "can I ask you something?"

"Sure, darling," said Harry, "shoot."

"No," she said quietly, "somewhere where no one else hears me."

He took her by the arm and they walked down the garden, beyond the pool.

“Daddy,” she said using that name again which she only used on very intimate occasions, “would you mind if I try it with Anna’s Daddy?” She blinked, anxiously waiting for his answer. He smiled and nodded, telling her the words she wanted to hear. She leapt at him, their naked bodies pressed together. “Oh, there’s something else,” she went on, as if she’d nearly forgotten to ask, “Anna wants to know if you will, you know, fuck her too.” He looked at her steadily, gauging her thoughts. “It’s OK, Daddy, I won’t mind as long as you only love me. Oh and one more thing. Anna wants to be there to see me fuck her Daddy and I would like to do the same. Would you mind if we all do it together, you know, me and Anna’s Daddy and you with Anna, at the same time, on the same bed?”

Harry’s mind was in turmoil. Suzie had transformed his life in the last year or so, surprising him again and again. But never had she surprised him more than just now with her incredible proposal, where she would fuck Steve and Anna would fuck him in the same bed at the same time.

“When would you like to do this, Suzie?” he asked, thinking it would be planned well ahead.

“As soon as we’ve eaten,” she said, grinning up at him, “and looking at how you cooked, or rather burnt everything, that won’t take long. Being well used to his antics, she skilfully sidestepped his swipe aimed at her buttock. She stopped, out of range and turned. “Daddy,” she said in the tone he always listened to and heeded, “when he does it to me, will you hold my hand?” It was the simplest but nicest thing she could have said. She wanted to experience another cock, but didn’t want to spoil or dilute the wonderful relationship they had together. They looked across the pool to where Anna was having a similar conversation with Steve. The two girls looked at one another and each with a half smile, nodded. The men looked each other in the eye as if to say: “I’m trusting you with my girl, don’t let me down.”

The lunch passed quickly, the sexual tension almost tangible. No one was wearing any clothing now and some of the girls were sitting next to their new friends, exchanging ideas, tips, information on who liked doing what with whom. Soon the girls had each other weighed up and it was understood that as soon as lunch was over, they were going to enjoy an incredible girls only lesbian private party, while Steve and Harry took Anna and Suzie upstairs

CHAPTER 12

The Top Swap

The lunch drew to a close, everyone wanting, but no one willing to make the first move. Then, unexpectedly, Sierra stood up and took Gilly’s hands in hers, lifting her to her feet. She turned to Jo, who was there and said: “Fancy joining us? We thought it might be quite nice to go and relax in the changing room for a while. Anyone else like to come along, Tamara, Helen, Liz, anyone else? All the girls except, Suzie and Anna, stood and followed Sierra and Gilly across the patio into the changing room. Cathy, Ellen and Rachel looked at one another. Whereas they would have loved to watch Harry and Steve fucking Suzie and Anna, knew that on this one occasion, they should be left alone. So the three women

got up and followed the other girls into the changing room. Harry knew his cameras were well positioned in there to capture everything that happened.

So just the four of them sat there. The girls with their hands clasped on their laps, feet swinging back and forth under their seats, waiting patiently for what they both knew and desired was coming. Harry picked up his beer can and drained it. "Well," he said, "if we're all ready, shall we go inside?" He got up and led the way in.

He went into his room, upstairs and turning on the light for the en-suite, pushed the door open. "As you girls have been in the pool, we'd better shower you off." He had decided that this would be a good ice breaker for the two girls about to fuck someone they'd just met. He went over to the huge shower cubicle, which was big enough for, and had had more than half a dozen people in it before now. He recalled the day the Magnificent Seven Club was formed and it all started in this shower. It had four large showerheads above, and several smaller wall mounted ones. He reached for the taps and turned the water on, adjusting the temperature, then stepped to the back of the cubicle and turned, as the others stepped in too.

He was glad when it was Anna who stepped in next and moved towards him. She stood in front of him, then turned facing Suzie and Steve, shuffled back, until she was almost touching Harry's front. He rested his hands on her shoulders. She took his hands in hers, moved back, leaning against his chest, legs and hard erection, now pressing into her back and pulled his hands down over her hard cones, her nipples pressing into his palms.

Steve followed Suzie in, and similarly, cuddled into her back, letting her relax with his touch. The two girls were now facing one another, but both were looking at their own "Daddy" Suzie at Harry, Anna at Steve. Both men smiled down at their girl and gave a reassuring nod. The girls smiled back. From that moment, there was no further hesitation.

Steve reached across and picking up the shampoo from the shelf, squirted some into Suzie's beautiful auburn hair, massaging her scalp as much to reassure her as to remove all traces of chlorine. Harry followed suit with Anna. The two girls were now looking at one another, knowing a lifelong bond was being formed at this moment between them and between Harry and Steve. Both girls were loving the feeling of their hair being rinsed with strange hands, knowing those same hands would very soon be exploring their bodies.

Harry picked up two bottles of shower gel and handed one to Steve. They both opened them, tipping a dollop into their palms. Each ran their hands down the girl's front, bubbles flowing down over their chests and tummies and mounds, to the confluence of their thighs. They repeated this with their backs, feeling the lovely, silky soft skin of the ten year-olds under their fingers.

Then, unexpectedly, the two girls, as if they'd planned it, took the shower gel and started to wash their men's chests and backs. The girls kept watching each other, ensuring they were at the same place, trying not to get too far ahead. They bent to wash the men's legs, letting their erect cocks knock their cheeks, shoulders and arms, as they worked. Suzie looked at Anna and gave a nod and both girls grabbed the erect cocks, running their hands expertly up and down the shafts, feeling the differences to the cock they were so familiar with and fucked nearly every day.

Both girls knew their men and knew when to stop, before things were spoilt too quickly. Just as Harry and Steve got to the closing eyes and leaning on the wall, grasping the handrail stage, they were handed back the shower gel, the message very clear. Harry got to his knees, copied by Steve, and soaped up Anna's legs as far as her knees, Suzie getting mirror image treatment from Steve. They used two hands on one leg, almost reaching the top, then repeated it with the other. They all knew what was coming next, it would be the girls. A nod from Steve, and with palms full of gel, both men waited a moment.

The girls, as if mind reading, opened their legs wide apart, as they were gently caressed with soapy fingers; skilled fingers, practiced fingers. Suzie and Anna as if they had spoken, placed their hands on the men's shoulders, knowing they might lose their balance in a moment.

Harry and Steve were now in utter pedo heaven, feeling up a new girl, their soft, solky, slick labia and buttocks parted because of the way they were standing, yielded to their touch, both men feeling incredible arousal at the sensations coursing through them. These two knew exactly what they were doing knew exactly what to do, knowing very soon they would be six or seven inches in her.

The girls too were equally excited. The same thought passed through each man's head. Her mound is swollen, it's hard, but soft to the touch, her labia are swollen with the blood of her arousal, her clitty is so erect, it's like a little finger poking out. Her vagina is slippery to the touch, she's oozing mucous, little girl pre-cum. Their fingers slipped into their entries so easily, they were two knuckles deep in a moment. Then the guys, now standing again, started to thumb their clitties, making the girls bend forwards, their bums jerking back into each other.

Anna and Suzie, experienced as they were, were right on the brink, trying to hold back to make it even better. Then they spontaneously grasped the cock poking their tummies and both came. They arched their heads back, facing upwards, mouths wide open, splashes of water, wetting their tongues, as they tried to take in more oxygen, gasping for breath, crying out in the orgasmic ecstasy for more, pushing their legs even further apart. By now, the guys knew there would be no further hesitancy from either girl and they had all afternoon to fulfil every desire they and the girls had.

Finally the girls calmed and quickly, Harry switched off the water, grabbed a pile of towels and handed them round. They were racing to get dried. The girls were first and dashed out of the bathroom, their little bottoms wiggling as they went into the bedroom. Steve suggested they took their time, and let the girls have a moment together, so rubbed themselves dry carefully with the towels. They could hear the giggling and chattering coming from the bedroom. They paused near the slightly open door to hear what was being said.

"Birdie really likes it if you stick a finger into his bum just before he cums," said Suzie's voice.

"OK, I'll remember that," said Anna, "Steve is very long. He loves it if you squeeze the bit of cock he can't get into you with your hand. Do it as hard as you can. It won't hurt, but he really loves it."

"Another thing, Anna," said Suzie, "after he's in you, Birdie really likes it if you spread your legs out as wide as you can, so he can get in deeper. The deeper he is, the better it is for him."

"Oh, yes," said Anna, "clench as much as you can. It sends Steve absolutely crazy. Suzie?" asked Anna, more quietly now, "do you like, you know, doing it with other girls, sometimes?"

"I'm glad you asked," replied Suzie, "all my friends are downstairs. We've formed a sort of club. We call it the Magnificent Seven. Whenever we're together, we do it all the time. What about you?"

Oh yeah," said Anna, "my sister and Sierra, they've become lovers. I mean really, you know deep lessi lovers. Anyway, they kinda taught me about it, and now we do it together all the time. Hey, I've had a thought; we live next door to each other, you and I. After school, shall we, you know...."

"Yeah," said Suzie, "sounds like fun, why not. And perhaps we can let Gilly and Sierra join in too." There was a pause, before Suzie said: "Anna, I know we've known each other from school, but I think you and I are going to be real friends. You know, cross my heart and finger in my bum friends."

"Finger in my bum?" asked Anna.

"Oh it's a long story," said Suzie. "When we're alone in bed together sometime, I'll tell you about it. Now where have Birdie and Steve got to. I'm still damp and getting cold. I need warming up!"

Taking their cue, the men entered and looked at the two girls, no longer nervous, but confident in the parts they were about to play. Neither had had another man, apart from their own, except Anna, who'd fucked Derek, with Steve's full knowledge; and Diego; and both Colleen and Sinead's fathers, which he didn't. But in Tenerife, everyone was doing it with everyone else. And anyway that was for €100 a time, so those didn't really count. As Harry and Steve came in, the girls made a dive for the bed and lay side-by-side, holding hands looking at the lustful expressions on the mens' faces. "Wide apart," muttered Suzie, and they both lifted their feet vertically in the air, before spreading them sideways, making the two erections bounce in reaction.

Steve moved towards Suzie and Harry to Anna. They knelt at the foot of the bed. Both reached forward and grabbing the girls by the hips, dragging them towards them, till their bums were just over the edge. Then as if rehearsed, both opened their mouths and encompassed their girl's mound and pudenda, their lips forming a seal around them, as they gently sucked and explored with their tongues. Both men tasted the differences between the girls. Anna slightly sweeter, Suzie's flavour slightly stronger, tangy almost, both exquisite. No one was in a hurry, and the oral masturbation went on for a good ten to fifteen minutes, until finally, they pulled away, their mouths and chins wet with saliva and little girl juices. The girls. For their part, had both cum almost from the start, were still gripping each other's hand. Their gasps and cries communicating their ecstasy. They were looking at each other, smiling a smile only shared between two intimate girlfriends.

They already knew this would be the first of many, many similar shared experiences. They also already knew their friendship would be unique and lifelong. They would soon be willing to do anything for each other; and that would start by pleasing each other's Daddy and would do everything they could to make that happen.

Once again, as if telepathy had intervened the girls, stood on the bed, held hands and jumped up and down, singing a song they both knew, but only vaguely familiar to Steve and Harry. They suddenly stopped and Suzie pointed at the bed at her feet with her bendy finger and said: "You two lay down here, where we were. We're going on top!" The girls steadied one another, while the bed bounced with the men's movements. Harry had removed the duvet and thrown it onto a chair. They got into position.

"Right," said Anna, trying to hide a grin, "Suzie and I are going to give you a show, now. No touching or bad boys lose their toys and they have go to bed with no treats. Heads on the pillows, hands by your sides, don't move." The girls stood over them, Suzie over Steve, Anna over Harry. They held hands again, then slowly, oh so slowly, squatted down, their legs opening wider and wider as they came down, their clefts, pussies and bottoms, stretched apart, getting closer to the two guys, whose erections would probably blow any blood-pressure test from here to eternity. Suzie and Anna looked at each other and giggled. They were each other's best friends now and to please their Daddies, they hovered in that position for nearly a minute. Steve and Harry looked up mesmerised. Both were familiar with the female form, but this display just blew the mind. Then it got even better, because the girls, letting go of each other's hand, brought their fingers to their labia and pulled themselves open as wide as they could. Neither were virgins, nor had they been for a year or more, so what they showed was a pink and coral and cream tunnel of love, which they all knew only too soon would be stretched full of male cock. Harry and Steve could see inside at least an inch and a half, which for ten year-olds must be unusual. Then the final wonton act was when, at Anna's guidance, they both drew their fingers through their cleft, pushing their mucous forward, letting it run down their fingers, before turning it and popping it into the hungry mouth below, letting them suck it clean.

They all knew the time was now. But they also all knew the time was right. No nerves remained, only anticipation. Each girl stood erect, looking down at the face of the man they were about to fuck. The two girls held hands once more and moved backwards, until, looking down, they saw below them an unfamiliar cock, but glancing sideways one they knew every inch and curve of. In tandem, they both squatted again, their bodies coming together for the first time. They let their clefts rub lightly along the top side, feeling it's heat and tension, before reaching down, grasping it's tumescence. With expert fingers, they drew it upwards, aiming it at themselves, as they positioned themselves.

As one, the girls lowered their open vaginas onto the end of the thick cocks below them feeling the unfamiliar shape nudging into them. Sensing a new tension growing in them; and a new bond forming too. The girls glanced at each other again, and lowered themselves a fraction more, increasing the pressure, knowing they wanted this, like a new virginity was being taken; but something far more valuable was being given. Harry looked at Anna, realising what a beautiful girl he was fucking. Until now, he'd only thought of Suzie, when he fucked the other girls of the Magnificent Seven, however pretty they were. He felt her gaze and looked at Suzie. She was smiling at him. He reached out and took her hand, as she'd asked him to do. Her expression changed to gratitude; he hadn't

forgotten. Anna too reached out and took Steve's hand in hers and held it to her immature cone of a boob as Harry's cock sank deeper into her vagina.

It was as if the whole event was in slow motion. Harry and Steve knew the girls were very emotional. A wrong move now would spoil it for them both. But that never happened, and the girls kept moving downwards, until at last they both felt the crinkly tickle of pubic hair under their bottoms. They were all the way in. Harry and Steve, on the other hand were suspended in a world of ecstasy, feeling the vagina of a girl they'd only just met, sliding down their tumescent cock. Their crowns penetrated deeper and deeper into the warm, wet depths of the ten year-olds, feeling them squeeze in the most exquisite way, as they finally nudged into their deepest parts.

It was only a matter of a second or two, feeling more like an hour, before the girls lifted up, all the way, pausing before they dropped, and lifting again and again. This was just so illicit, so illegal, so wonderful, so enthralling. Steve squeezed Anna's hand, while Harry squeezed Suzie's. Anna squeezed Harry's cock, while Suzie squeezed Steve's. Up and down the girls moved, one up as the other was down, like twin pistons on a model steam engine. Up and down, up and down. By now, the guys had their hips almost touching. Already the four knew this wasn't like two couples fucking, it was more like one new relationship being consummated. They were all in a dream world, their minds in a daze, as this incredibly salacious experience swept over them. The physical, emotional, psychological and sexual feelings all tugging at them one after another, as hard cock sank in and out of soft vagina, as soft vagina lifted up and down on hard cock. The time was coming, they all sensed it. The time when all barriers would be swept away between them, when a new horizon opened. One which included many girls waiting downstairs for a new cock to explore.

Their orgasms were so intense, the cries of joy were heard out in the pool changing room, despite all the noise going on in there. Harry was pumping sperm laden semen deep into Anna, while Steve exploded far inside Suzie. Both girls had been cuming almost from the start, their orgasms ebbing and flowing, but increasing continuously. When the men finally came, it was the pinnacle of pleasure for the two ten year-olds. Neither felt better than they would with their own "Daddy", almost as good, but it had broadened their experience and neither regretted what they'd done for an instant, both knowing this would be repeated often.

The girls eventually climbed off. But, instead of cuddling their new partner, or their own Daddy, they cuddled into each other, between the men. Soon they were whispering and giggling, stroking one another's hair and cheeks. The men heard little or nothing of what they said, just the occasional giggle or word like "did he?" or "didn't that hurt?" or "I must try that?" or "do you think he'd do that to me, if I asked him?" More giggling. Harry and Steve were in no hurry to rush downstairs. They were in that post coital malaise men get afterwards, sometimes.

They started to talk in low tones over the quiet chatter of the girls. "How long have you been into little girls, Steve?" asked Harry.

"Only realised it after Anna and I got close down at the allotment. That would be about three years back. Then later, my wife died and things developed slowly at first. In the end I was fucking her, then after a while, her sister too, then the girls next door moved in, when

my second wife died and I hooked up with Cathy. I suppose her girls came with the package. She had a friend, Ellen, and Sierra her daughter, well she's another story. Just you wait till you get her between the sheets. She's a live wire. How about you?"

"Never thought about little girls at all," said Harry. "I was engaged, or thought I was, to Rosie's mum. Rosie's the dark haired eleven year-old. Likes BDSM, by the way if you're into that sort of thing. Anyway, her mum was already married to someone else, so after she kicked me into touch, I became a true bachelor for five years. Really got into my bird watching hobby, won loads of prizes, then met Suzie, one day in the woods, entirely by accident. She awoke something inside me I'd never realised before. She was lonely too. We kind of became kindred spirits. Later, she made six special friends from school; they're the ones downstairs now. One by one I taught them how to enjoy....err life!" They chuckled.

"Got any new talent in the pipeline, other than the five girls in your house, Steve?" Harry asked.

"Well I mentioned the allotment. Anna had this idea. Her grandfather's allotment became available when he died last year. She suggested we divided it into small plots and form a club for young girls to learn about gardening, each having their own bit to work. Well it's worked very well. Other than Anna, there are seven girls who regularly come down there. One or two are a bit shy, but all the others have let me put my hands in their panties. A couple are now willing to give me a blow job and are almost ready to let me take their cherries and another girl already has. Give it another few months and I think I will have five or six more girls in our collection. I will tell you about Tenerife later. How about you?"

"Well," said Harry, "until recently, I was very happy with just the Magnificent Seven. They all wanted to come round here and spend time together or with me. There was never a shortage of pussy to ream. But Suzie here," he gave her a gentle smack on her bottom, "had other ideas, didn't you Sooz?"

"Yes, Daddy," she dutifully replied.

"Anyway," he continued, "they are all ten, with two eleven year-olds. Suzie pointed out they will all be going to senior school next year, so we need to recruit some younger pussy or lose our contact with the junior school. So over the last few weeks, Suzie has put the feelers out, so to speak. She has found around ten or a dozen potential girls, all under nine, who might be interested in joining. They'll have to rename it "The Dream Team" or "The Dirty Dozen" or something. I'm not sure they'll let us call it "Pussy Galore", do you?"

"Definitely not," said Suzie, sitting up. "I think Anna's Allotment girls and my new recruits should all come round and meet up with the gang downstairs. Anna and I will soon sort out those who will and who won't."

"Who will and who won't, what?" asked Steve naively.

"Will and won't, strip off, play lessi, let you in their panties, suck your cock or my pussy and most important, fuck! Now if you two have finished chattering, Anna and I have some unfinished business." She lay down again, but this time she was head to tail with Anna. The girls nestled together, their faces sinking between the other's thighs, a slurping sound

soon filling the room, as they cleaned each other's pussies of their own Daddy's cum. Harry and Steve knew when they weren't wanted, and climbed off the bed and walked out of the room, heading downstairs.

CHAPTER 13

Two's Company, Sixteen's a crowd

They could hear the sounds of girls climaxing as soon as they stepped outside the bi-fold doors. The changing room had originally been built by the previous owner as a games room, so was much larger than necessary for just changing. Certainly there were plenty of games being played in there now. Harry and Steve stood in the doorway watching open mouthed, as they witnessed a seething sea of pink and white and black flesh with tangles of blond orange, black, brown, white and red hair, writhing on the floor of the room, like a living thing in it's own right. Everywhere they looked were girls in the most intimate positions possible, licking, sucking, fingering, penetrating with vibrators, dildos, fingers, even sharpie pens. Around the end of the room, there was a daisy chain, with seven girls on hands and knees licking out the girl in front of her, forming a circle, the first looking after the last.

Cathy, Rachel and Ellen were sitting on the bench seats against the wall. Each had a girl on their lap, whose legs were over their shoulders, so they could get their faces right into their crotches. Everyone was so preoccupied, no one noticed Harry and Steve peering in on them.

"What do you reckon, Harry?" asked Steve.

"I reckon it's time for a beer," he replied.

As one, they turned towards the, now neglected, barbeque, went over grabbed a couple of cans and sat down next to one another, talking as friends of thirty years might talk together.

"Your Suzie was very sweet on the cock, Harry," said Steve, staring at a little bottom pressed to the glass of one of the changing room windows, making it spread out flat, "you taught her well. She knows how to give and take pleasure. That's for sure."

"I have to agree with you," said Harry, "when I look back, she saved my life. I don't mean I was about to end it all. She filled a void I never realised was there. We're going to get married as soon as it's legal to do so."

"That's nice," responded Steve, "I feel much the same way about Anna."

"She's a wonderful girl, Steve," said Harry wistfully. "Look after her. Her pussy nearly sucked my cock dry. I will confess to you, Steve, I hope she can do it again soon. But looking across at that window, there's a lot more fish to fry; and, remember, we've got an all night sleepover and lots of new pussy to discover."

"So where do we go from here, Harry?" asked Steve, taking another swig of beer.

"You and me, we're one in a thousand, cast in the same mould," said Harry. "We just happen to have found each other. It wasn't by complete chance," he said mysteriously, "I'll tell you about it sometime. We have similar set-ups and a big selection of girls to choose from. Do you want to pool resources? You know, make today's swap-shop a permanent event. Form a pact?"

Steve thought for a moment, before he said: "Hmm, a pact, there's an idea. You know, Harry, I am not a believer in chance either. I cannot accept us moving next door to each other, last week, was pure accident. I have a feeling we are going to be very useful to each other." Harry smiled to himself thinking how true Steve's words had been. Steve looked across at the thick, tall hedge bordering Harry's garden. It was a twenty yard wide patch of dense bramble, hawthorn, holly and nettle. Impassable. "It would be nice if the ownership of that strip of wasteland between our properties could be established. My solicitor, handling our purchase couldn't find out who it was. If we could buy it, we could clear it, make our joint gardens much bigger and go from one house to the other with no one ever the wiser."

"I own it," said Harry. He took another swig of beer, looked at Steve with a half smile. "When I bought this place, there was a rooky young fellow assigned to handle the sale. He didn't know if he was on his arse or his elbow. He had two sales to convey. This house and that plot of land, which could have been developed for building and sold for a fortune. I made it clear I would have both or neither. This house had been on the market for a long time, and I think his job depended on the sale. The previous owner was dead, a case of swallowing too much water at the bottom of that," he pointed his beer can at the recently renovated pool. "So I found a tame solicitor who prepared the deed of sale, with lots of small print about that land. Anyway, somehow the two plots became one and, well, now I own it. Knowing I was going to have lots of naked girls running around my garden, I thought it would screen my privacy nicely."

"But now you've moved in, Steve," Harry continued, "well we could clear it and make a very nice large garden the kids can all play in. We'll get some swings and slides a roundabout and a trampoline." He crumpled his empty beer can and tossed it into the bin, before picking up another. "The other thing we could do, is build a photo studio here. We could fit it out with lots of cushions and soft lighting and toys. You know the sort of toys I mean. We could call it "The Playroom. We could take some really nice pictures for the album." The conversation drifted on, each of them coming up with ideas of how the new found friendship might benefit both of them.

Neither man noticed two faces peering out of the window of the changing room. It was Sierra and Tamara. They talked for a moment, before nodding and exited the changing room. They walked naked across the lawn, round the edge of the pool towards the two men, who now having noticed them stopped talking and stared at the naked children.

"Steve," said Harry, waving his hand in the direction of the beautiful Nubian black girl, "may I introduce Tamara, or as I like to call her, Sheba. Sheba, this is Steve, our new neighbour." She did a little curtsy, bowing her head.

"Harry," said Steve, his outstretched palm indicating the brunette with piercing grey eyes, "may I introduce Sierra. She is one of the most wonderful girls in the world and if it wasn't

for Anna, I would run away with her.” The two girls giggled at his silly comment. “Come and sit down, girls.”

Without any beckoning, Tamara moved towards Steve, while Sierra went to Harry. Both turned and sat on their laps, their naked bottoms on the half tumescent cocks, just stirring after their rest following their earlier activity. They leaned back and as the men cuddled them around the middle, they took their hands and held them to their small boobs, just forming into little girl cones.

Tamara and Sierra, of course knew each other from school, but because they were in different classes, due to their age difference, only crossed paths occasionally. An hour in the changing room had changed all that, and already, they knew they would be close friends. Sierra, seeing the men sitting alone out of the window across the garden had whispered to Tamara an idea, hoping the other girls wouldn't think the same. She quickly whispered what they should do. Tamara was up for it, and they quietly slipped out of the changing room.

Both girls were sitting as far back as they could. They lifted and spread their legs outside the men's. Then following a slight nod from Sierra, they reached down, feeling for the cock which they knew was there somewhere, finding a half erect penis. They were experts, taught over the last few months by these same men, and in moments, hard erections were pressing up into their clefts from beneath. The girls knew what they wanted and so did Harry and Steve. The girls had timed it well. A rigid cock won't bend easily, a tiny one is no use to man, beast or woman. A half tumescent one is a different matter. The girls skilfully guided the crowns towards their openings, feeling the growth already. Timing critical. Almost too late, they applied some pressure, feeling the bulbous crown pop in. They waited a second or two, before leaning back again, feeling a long previously unknown cock growing inside them, lengthening, thickening, pushing deeper. So good.

The girls smiled at one another, unspoken words confirming what they felt. They moved their hands down, still holding the men's, down over their tummies, mounds and into their clefts, letting their fingers find and play with their sensitive clitties, so needing release. They remained like that for about twenty minutes. The girls had experienced delightful climaxes, feeling their vagina's stretched with large cocks and fingers playing their clitties like a musical mæstro. They were nothing cataclysmic, but very pleasant long mini orgasms, which might go on for hours. But that was not to be.

Gilly, wondering where her lover, Sierra was, came out of the changing room. She was accompanied by the beautiful, blond haired Jo. They looked across, seeing the men with the girls in their laps, walked over to join them. They saw the fingers playing the music of love on Sierra and Tamara, but hadn't realised they were also being fucked at the same time.

“We wondered where you were,” said Gilly.

“They're both here, large as life,” said Steve to his step daughter. “But now you're here, you could do us a little favour.”

Gilly, knowing that Steve's 'little favours' always had a catch, asked: “Oh and what do we get in return?”

"You can have Harry's cock for a ride, if you are good, and Jo can have mine."

Gilly and Jo glanced at one another, before they shrugged and said: "OK."

"Get on your knees between Harry's legs, Gilly," he said to the nine year-old, "and lick Tamara's pussy for her. I think she needs to cum."

"Jo," said Harry, "while Gilly does that, would you do the same to Sierra?"

The two girls got down quickly, and it was only when the men's fingers were pulled from their clitties, did they see the thick cocks buried balls deep in the two girls. That didn't stop them for an instant, and Gilly sank her face between Tamara's thighs, finding her erect nub, up against Harry's hard, thick, sticky cock. She applied herself with gusto and soon knew that Tamara would cum very quickly. Jo, likewise, wasted no time and soon had her tongue exploring Sierra's cleft and Steve's cock. It was only a matter of minutes, before Tamara and Gilly erupted into their climaxes. Harry and Steve might not have cum in them, but their pleasure was no less intense, an experience they would repeat as soon as possible.

A few minutes later, Tamara and Sierra were sated, and pushed Jo and Gilly's faces away. They lifted up and heard their vaginas making a 'popping' sound, as each of the cocks came out of them. Gilly and Jo weren't slow at taking their turn and as soon as Tamara and Sierra stood up, took their places, Gilly on Harry and Jo on Steve, both wanting to experience a new man inside them. Already, other girls had emerged from the changing room, and the next to wander over were Slack Alice and Contrary Mary. The scene of a few minutes ago was then repeated, but now with Alice licking out Jo and Mary on Gilly. The changes were being rung this afternoon, and in the next hour, every new girl had sampled the cock of the man they'd only met a short time ago.

The last to go were twelve year-old Holly with Harry and ten year-old Liz on Steve. Things were livelier than expected, though, because after all the dry runs, the guys were now ready to go for real. They started to bounce the girls on their laps hard and fast, feeling their crowns pressing against the deepest cervixes previously unexplored. No girl would be able to get between their thighs, so they all looked on, the closest watching in detail, were the three adult women, especially Cathy, who watched avidly as Steve's cock ploughed in and out of her daughter Holly's vagina, now showing a few wisps of it's first hair.

When the end came, everyone cheered, as the two men exploded inside the two girls. They eventually came to rest. The two girls panting, the two men panting, the crowd panting for more. It was some minutes before calm came to the scene.

Realising it was still only three o'clock, Harry suggested they should relight the barbeque. Cathy, Rachel and Ellen looked at one another, and as one, said they would take over the cooking on account of what happened when the men burnt the last lot of food. At that moment, Suzie and Anna appeared from the house. They were holding hands and were flushed in the face. It was clear they hadn't been idle in the house. It was also clear to the other girls that their respective group leaders had become very fond of each other. While

the ladies cooked the food, all the girls made for the pool for a wonderful cool swim. It was a no-holds-barred time for them all.

CHAPTER 14

Harry's Sleep-over-there

The hot summer afternoon passed slowly by with the girls sometimes nibbling at the food, or sipping some lemonade or playing the games all children play, both in and out of the water. Their nakedness, now, unnoticed by any of them. They were a very happy and contented group. The twelve girls and five adults were relaxed in the knowledge they had established something new this afternoon, which would remain in their lives and memories always. From time to time, one or the other of the girls would go and sit near one of their new friends and start to chat in whispers and giggles, sometimes glancing at Steve or Harry. One or two couples, in full view of everyone kissed and gently played with each other, no embarrassment or reticence displayed at all. As the day wore on, most of the girls had become quite intimate with each other at some point in time.

Later that afternoon, as it grew cooler, everyone drifted into Harry and Rachel's house and settled on the thick carpet of their big sitting room, to watch Frozen 2 on his huge wall mounted TV. Harry and Steve were sitting next to each other. Harry with Suzie on his lap and Anna on Steve. The two girls were chatting about the film, while both men speculated that if the stars of the show were real girls, they'd like to explore them to see if they were really frigid. It wasn't long before the two girls had their Daddy inside them, where they belonged. Not to fuck, but to be close to the one they loved most in the world. They knew their Daddies needed to conserve their strength for the long night ahead. Suzie looked across at her mum, Rachel and smiled, knowing, at last, her relationship with Harry was accepted. It made her so much happier. Rachel for her part stared at where Harry entered Suzie's body, knowing she would be available tonight, because Harry would be busy elsewhere. Rachel now had a pact with Suzie, and she expected her daughter to play her part to the full.

"Have you noticed, Harry," said Steve, "Disney always seem to let their princesses show just enough leg to keep the dads interested, but despite how much they twirl, or the wind blows, they never quite show any panties."

"No you're right," chuckled Harry, lifting Suzie up an inch on his cock, so he could penetrate her cervix as he lowered her, "I reckon if they made adult versions of their cartoons, they'd make millions."

"Any tips for later on, Harry?" asked Steve quietly.

"Yeah, a few. There's little Contrary Mary, she will show you what she wants. She will always surprise you. You'll think she is meek and mild, but she's like a caged tiger. Don't be fooled. Then there's Helen. She can sleep through a hurricane. If you've ever fancied fucking a girl while she sleeps, she's the one to try it on. Then there's Rosie. She likes fucking like any other girl. But she's really into BDSM. If that ticks your box, then she's your girl. All of them will let you have a threesome. They're all willing to play with each other. Now let me see, there's also Tamara, Jo and Liz....." and so Harry summarised the passions and likes of all the girls in Suzie's group. "How about your girls, Steve.

"Well, you already know Anna," he chuckled, "in a biblical sense. The other four: There's the two nine year-olds, Gilly and Sierra. They are lovers, as you already know. But what really rings their bells is if you fuck them together, while they make love to each other. They'll tell you how. Then there's Alice and Holly. They were holy horrors until I came along. They're tame now. But don't be fooled, they love their romp in bed and they can both be very energetic. I hope your bed is robust. They will test it to destruction. They'll try it any way you want, oral, up the bum, water sports, bondage, so if you fancy something different, well they'll give it a go."

They ordered in a Chinese takeaway meal, and it wasn't long afterwards that Steve, Cathy and Ellen made their excuses. Suzie rounded up her six friends and soon they all headed off next door, leaving Harry, Rachel, Anna, Gilly, Sierra, Alice and Holly.

Rachel sidled up to Harry and quietly had a word in his ear. "You know you've already, you know, fucked Anna?" she asked in a quiet, almost subservient voice he'd never heard her use before.

"Yeah," he replied.

"Well, would you mind if she and I, sort of, you know, slept together in my room?" she asked in a pleading tone.

"Me? I don't mind," he confirmed, "ask her."

"Oh, she would like to alright," said Rachel in a more confident voice, "it was her idea."

And so it was, Harry made his way upstairs. He certainly needed another shower, and smiled to himself, when he found the five girls already in there with Rachel, washing each other down. He just walked in and joined them. In the next few seconds, his life flashed before him. He remembered Margaret and how she'd wrecked his life, when he'd so much to look forward to. He remembered the desert years, when all he was interested in was bird watching, and nothing and nobody else.

Then Suzie had come into his life. The lovely, lovely Suzie, who had shown him more about himself than he could ever know. She had liberated him, brought him back to life, resurrected him, renewed him. She had introduced him to preteen sex, educated him in what she could see but he couldn't, that all he wanted was her and in return, she would give him as many little girls as he wanted. It was surreal. But only now did he realise she had seen it all along, and he'd been blind until now. He knew they would live together forever. He would give her children and she would give him girls; all he could handle, all he could manage.

Harry was in a dream world, as the girls and Rachel washed him and each other, until, at last the water ran cold. They'd shrieked at the sudden chill and giggled as they ran for the pile of towels waiting for them in the corner, dabbing themselves, as they ran into the bedroom. He turned and saw that Anna and Rachel had gone, a large and small trail of wet footprints led towards Rachel's room. Harry thought for a moment. Rachel had changed almost beyond recognition in the last month. She'd displayed quirks in her character he'd never previously even guessed at. Taking the, previously unknown, ten

year-old Anna to bed was another string to her bow. He was beginning to like Rachel. She was more fun than he'd realised before; and having her 'onside' would make life a lot easier in future.

He turned towards the bed and saw the girls hadn't waited for him. Gilly and Sierra were already in a passionate embrace, kissing each other, tongues searching deep, a hand pressed to the other's mound, fingers exploring. Alice and Holly were watching and imitating the other two girls, but with less enthusiasm. They enjoyed a little lesbian action, but preferred other girls than their own sister. Gilly saw Harry approaching, and nudged Sierra. The girls broke apart and from somewhere under the covers, pulled out Gilly's last birthday present from Steve. It was her, now well used, double ended vibrator.

At first Harry didn't know what it was, and watched in awe as Gilly moved onto her back, pulled her knees high and wide, reached down and pushed one of the tapered ends into her vagina entry, just an inch. Sierra, well practiced at using the toy with her lover, waited until she was ready. Then with a nod from Gilly, she moved into position, pushing her self onto the other end. Quickly, the girls manoeuvred themselves together, Harry watching enthralled, as the two ends of the long pink plastic toy sank equally into them. It was obvious to Harry they'd done this many times before. As soon as their labia nudged into each other, Gilly reached down and found the tiny red switch on the small flange surrounding the mid section and switched it on. Because it was entirely buried inside the girls, the noise of the vibrations was absorbed by their bodies, but the effect wasn't. Both jerked upwards in reaction, their mounds topping their arched bodies, bottoms now a foot off the bed.

Slowly, they settled back onto the bed and it was then that Harry understood why Alice and Holly had seemed to be idling. Because at that moment, they both moved over Gilly and Sierra and swinging their legs over, facing each other, straddled their faces. Quickly, Alice and Holly started undulating themselves forward and backward, rubbing themselves on Gilly and Sierra's noses and mouths. Harry could see the two were using their tongues vigorously on them. He could also see they wouldn't take long in cuming. Alice and Holly glanced at Harry and each held out a hand in invitation to him. He stepped up into the bed, and placed a hand on each of Alice and Holly's shoulders, for balance.

They both reached for him with two hands, grasping his cock, squeezing him as hard as they could, running their fingers up and down, pulling his foreskin up, then all the way down, his glistening, bulging glans looking angry, just in front of their pretty faces. In moments, Holly turned him towards her and as Alice let go, his cock was engulfed in her mouth, her tongue searching, exploring, her lips moving further, her suction increasing. He nudged the back of her mouth, and instinctively knew she was going to deep throat him, even as she tipped her mouth forward and took him all the way in. She started to gulp on him, sending incredible sensations down his rampant cock. He thought he might cum, when, unexpectedly, she pulled him out as quickly as she'd pushed him in.

His pulsing cock was only bobbing in the air for a moment or two, before Alice grabbed it and sucked him into her mouth in a similar way to her sister. Her style was different, but no less arousing, and soon he knew he was rising. But the four girls had one more, well practiced surprise for him. Sensing the moment, Alice pulled him out and moved fast onto her back on the bed, her legs over the top of Sierra and Gilly's joined bodies. Holly moved in a mirror image to her sister. The four girls were now in a cruciform position, the joining

point being their clefts. There was a two inch gap between Holly and Alice's pussies and below was Gilly and Sierra at ninety degrees to them.

The target was obvious to Harry, and taking hold of his penis, pointed it down, made one quick jerking action with his hand and watched as his semen burst towards the gap between Alice and Holly. Some landed on each girl, the rest oozed down onto Gilly and Sierra beneath. The reaction from the girls was instant. Alice and Holly were masturbating themselves hard and fast, cuming on their own fingers, while Sierra and Gilly below were pushing hard at each other, the vibrator doing the work. Harry spurted over and over them, watching as Alice and Holly's mounds were coated in white creamy semen, moving slowly towards the gap, dripping through their clefts and bum cracks onto the mounds of the joined girls below. It was so perverted, so salacious, so erotic, so good. At last they calmed, breathing hard, the last spider web of cum stretching from his tip to Alice's mound below. Gilly reached down and flicked the switch of the double ended vibrator off, the tension visibly easing away from the two lesbians. After a minute or so, Alice and Holly rolled off, trying not to spread all the semen over the bedding. Sierra edged away from Gilly, the plastic toy popping, as it came out of her and again when Gilly pulled it out of herself. They headed for the shower again, hoping the water would have warmed by now, shrieking when they discovered it hadn't. They washed in record time, heading back to the comfort of the big warm bed.

Harry fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow and was unaware of the ongoing lovemaking the four girls enjoyed. After a couple of hours, he woke finding a mouth was sucking on his crown, a tongue licking around his bulbous tip. It was pitch dark and he had no idea who it was. She climbed up onto him, straddling him and in five minutes, had gradually worked herself onto him. He reached to her and ran his fingers up her tummy, up to her chest, where he found two hardened cones of her breasts. He knew now it had to be Holly. The twelve year-old was the only one whose boobs were this size. She started to move on him, taking her pleasure, needing his huge cock to fill her, the base instincts of the previously feral girl kicking in. She was doing this purely for her own pleasure, and then she suddenly came on him, going rigid, as her pussy pulsed and pulsed on him. It ended as quickly as it had started. She simply climbed off him, rolled away, her back to him, and went to sleep.

He was left lying there wondering whether to wank himself to a finish, when Alice sat up and replaced her sister. He realised it had all been arranged between the girls, as she lowered her pussy onto his stiff cock, still wet and sticky with the mucous of her sister's, arousal. She replicated Holly's movements and was soon cuming on him. He wondered if she would pull off him, like Holly had done, but instead she kept going and kept cuming and cuming, milking his cock until she felt him swell inside her, suddenly pulsing deep, deep inside her.

He didn't remember anything after that, until he awoke at dawn, sensing movement. Keeping his eyes closed, he lay there trying to work out what had disturbed him. Then he knew. It was Gilly and Sierra. They were kissing and caressing, fondling and exploring. He could hear a faint buzzing sound. He was lying on his side, and opened his eyes. Sierra's back was towards him, her arms encompassing Gilly the other side of her. He looked down, and could see a curved piece of plastic showing between her thighs.

He reached down and carefully touched it, feeling the vibrations against his finger tips. Her legs were folded up around Gilly, so he could run his finger along the curve of the plastic toy without her feeling him there, it curved further, bending all the way. Then he realised why, because it was sunk into Gilly's vagina. It was another double ended vibrator, but this one was 'U' shaped, allowing the girls to face each other, while enjoying the pleasure it gave them.

'Waking up', he reached down and grabbed Sierra's beautiful, pert but full buttocks, one in each hand. She neither flinched nor reacted in any way. He moved closer, spooning into her back, his rising cock trapped between them. Still she never reacted. But he heard her increased moans of pleasure as she and Gilly continued to gratify each other.

He pulled her buttocks apart and let his fingers trace her shape, following her contours into her recess. He immediately realised they must have used lubricant to ease the thick toy into themselves, because large amounts were still over her anus and up her bum crack. Despite pressing his fingers a fraction into her, still she never responded. He ran his finger along her crack, trying capture as much lube as he could, then pressed it to her anus and let it slip into her. He discovered she was very slippery in there. It was full of KY Jelly. The girls had obviously been playing anal games before he woke up.

Harry curled himself back from her and taking his cock in his hand, bent it towards her opening and guided it to her, looking down between their bodies, watching. He eased into her, feeling her give a little under the slight pressure. He pressed gently into her, feeling her anus dip against him, feeling his crown sink in just a fraction, picturing in his mind where it was. He kept the pressure up, knowing she was collaborating in his subterfuge, that Gilly had no idea what was happening behind Sierra's back.

He could now feel the vibrations from the toy on his tip as he pressed harder. He felt her push. Suddenly, he popped through her sphincter and rested there a moment. She'd gasped, but told Gilly she'd just made her feel good. From then on, he kept the pressure up, feeling her rectum slowly slide up his shaft, feeling her pushing all the while, letting him in deeper. He could feel every dip and bump in her passage, as he went in deeper, as she peeled open to his intrusion. At last he bottomed out, his pubic hair pressed against her buttocks.

Harry didn't know what to do, because if he started to thrust, Gilly would know and it would spoil Sierra's little game. But instead, it was Sierra who started to thrust, moving her pelvis back and forth, giving him exquisite pleasure as his cock moved in and out of her rectum. He wouldn't be long in cuming, now and it was only a matter of a couple of minutes later he was spurting his hot semen deep into the nine year-old's bowels. He struggled to remain silent, made harder by Sierra having no problem about calling out her orgasm, as she climaxed on him again and again. Then it was over. Calm reigned once more and Harry drifted off again.

It must have been about three hours later he woke once more, hearing whispering. There had been movement, which had disturbed him. The girls had rolled over, without separating. Gilly now had her back to him. Like something from Groundhog Day, he reached down, to feel the plastic 'U' shaped dildo still there. This time it was Gilly's legs lifted up and out of the way. And as he took hold of her buttocks, she too never flinched, reacted, moved or commented. He didn't know if the girls were playing some sort of game

with him, or if it was really happening, but he played along and in five minutes, he was buried balls deep in Gilly's bum and five minutes more, had blasted his semen deep into her bowels, before nodding off once more. It had been a night to remember, and he was certainly going to remember it, every detail.

CHAPTER 15

Steve's Sleep-over-here

As soon as the front door closed behind them, Cathy and Ellen took one of Suzie's hands each and almost ran up the stairs, dragging her behind. She had been well and truly fucked by Steve earlier, and was happy for the older women to have their bit of fun with her. She knew if she could get their co-operation for her own plans to expand her Magnificent Seven group, then letting them have their way with her would be a good way to seal it.

Steve looked around the room, knowing the six girls were his for the night. Looking at their faces, he realised they felt he was theirs for the night too. He wondered who would make the first move. It was Rosie. She stepped forward, holding a small bag in her hand and said: "Let's get upstairs, girls." It seemed to him, in Suzie's absence, she was the natural leader in this situation. Dragging him, not at all reluctantly, up the stairs, they entered his room and shut the door behind them. It was like a whirlwind of girlie flesh, as the, now, naked pre-teens stripped off his clothes and pulled him towards the bed.

What happened next started innocently enough, but evolved into something entirely different. They spread eagled him on the bed. Jo sat astride his face, letting him sink his tongue into her cleft, giving her pleasure and him a rock hard erection. Tamara then sat astride his hips, holding him firmly to the bed.

Jo lifted off his face a fraction and taking the blindfold that Rosie had just handed to her, slipped it over his head. He wasn't bothered, because she immediately settled back over his mouth again. Helen and Liz each sat over one of his knees. Despite being blindfolded now, he knew when a little girl's cleft was being rubbed up and down him, and there were two.

The only two, now not sitting on him were Mary and Rosie. They had other plans. Rosie opened her bag and took out some lengths of furry rope. They each had a loop on one end, which they gently slipped over his feet. Without pulling them tight, they tied them to the short legs of the bed. Steve was unaware of the ropes or that they had partly tied him down. Next, Rosie and Mary looped more ropes over his wrists, making a game of it by letting his fingers trail in their clefts, by climbing over him and rubbing themselves against him. The loose ends of the rope were then tied to the feet at the head end of the bed, and some tension applied. Still he didn't seem to realise what they'd done. Returning to the ropes on his feet, Rosie loosened the rope on one side and giving a nod to the others, they all pulled on it, stretching his legs out sideways. By the time he reacted, Rosie had tied it firmly.

The next item on Rosie's list was the ball gag. When they'd planned and discussed this earlier, they didn't know if they would be able to get it into his mouth. It was Jo who came up with the simple answer. "Steve," she said in a sexy tone, "I want to feel my pussy on

your mouth. Would you open your mouth as wide as possible, please?" The moment he opened, the ball gag was in and the girls all climbed off Steve's body, giggling at him. He was tied down, blindfolded and gagged and unable to move.

There was just one more thing to do to the poor man, as he lay there helpless, tied to the bed. Rosie reached into the bag and pulled out a small plastic box and flipped it open. Inside was what looked at first glance to be a hair curler. She then took out a thick bright green rubber band and fitted it over the tip of the device. She then squeezed the handle, and four small arms moved outwards, stretching the band. She lowered it over Steve's crown, where she unrolled the band, watching as it snapped tightly around the base of his rim. Steve didn't know what they'd done to him, but he soon would.

"Now girls," said Rosie, "we can each do what we want to him. You can have ten minutes each. You can't untie him or take off the gag, but you can remove the blindfold if you like. I'm going last."

Liz was first, almost pushing the others out of the way. She stood on the bed over him, one foot either side of his hips, reached down and grabbed his cock and pulling him upwards, lowered herself onto him, letting his large tumescent penis sink deep into her in one long, slow, but continuous movement. She managed to get him all the way into her, despite her being only ten, she had managed cervical penetration with Harry almost from the first time. They all heard him gasp.

She only rested a moment, before lifting herself up and dropping down again, feeling his thick cock stretching her vagina to the limit. She lifted again and dropped even faster, their bodies making a slap when they connected. Up and down she went, like a steam engine, she the cylinder, he the piston. She held her arms out. It was a sign they'd developed when they blindfolded and tied Harry up. Two of her friends reached out and took her hands in theirs, the other under her armpit for support. She was about to cum and they would stop her falling over. Up and down she went, as fast as her very fit body allowed, her heavy breathing betraying her climax as it crashed in. Her pretty face was now screwed up in the agony and ecstasy of her orgasm, her cries of delight filling the room.

Steve lay there, wondering which of the girls was on him. He couldn't move or see or speak. He could only feel and hear and what he could feel was incredible as an amazingly tight vagina squeezed his cock, as it slid up and down him at breakneck speed giving him such pleasure. He felt and heard her cum, her vagina squeezing him hard, as she went into her contractions, almost painfully on his crown. Then, suddenly it was over. She had cum and then lifted herself off him and he was left in the air, literally, his penis waving like an upside down pendulum, desperate to continue. But the other thing he felt was the band tight around his frænulum, stopping him from cuming. It was already giving him blue balls.

Mary was next. Liz had no sooner lifted off him, completely sated, still panting, and Contrary Mary was there. She looked at his hard crown, seeing his whole penis had turned a dark purple colour, caused by the band. She didn't have time to worry about that and hovered over him just moments, before dropping down on him, like Liz had just done minutes before. And like Liz, she squatted over him, bouncing up and down, supported by two of her friends, as she took her pleasure from him in selfish plunges entirely driven by the intense orgasm she had enjoyed from the start.

Steve was now desperate to cum, but that damned band stopped anything of the sort, making his balls hurt even more. Tamara was next, although he didn't know who was on him, as one girl after the other took their time on him, giving themselves all the pleasure they desired, giving him nothing in return, or so he thought.

The last girl to take her turn was Rosie. But Rosie had something special planned and as soon as Jo climbed off him, wiping sweat from her brow, Rosie was there. But she didn't want a boring old fuck, she'd make sure she got that later. No! right now she wanted something much more to her primeval tastes. She had planned this and made sure the others knew what to do. She approached the bed and pulled the gag from Steve's mouth and blindfold from his face, letting him see for the first time in an hour. Looking into his face was the dark haired green eyed girl called Rosie. Harry had told him about her. She was the one who liked a bit of BDSM. But he was the one tied up here. Then he looked in horror, as she picked up two riding crops and cracked them down her own thighs, leaving long red weals. She handed one to blond haired Jo and the other to Tamara, the black girl Harry had called Sheba.

Rosie climbed over Steve, in a sixty nine position, immediately taking his stiff purple cock into his mouth, lowering her pussy onto his face, letting him start to lick her wet open cleft. He looked up and could see black, blue and red lines across her buttock, where she'd been beaten recently. Harry had warned him and he'd not taken it too seriously. The first blow took Steve completely by surprise, as one of the riding crops cut across her buttocks, just an inch or two from the tip of his nose. The second, from the other side came a second later, even closer. As he looked, red lines appeared across her full buttocks and into her bulging labia, darkening, even as he watched.

Until now, she had held back, but now, she opened her lips and licked his tip. No pre-cum oozed from him, held back by the band. His crown seemed to be almost black now. She held her hand behind her and was passed a small rounded metal hook, similar to a boot hook, but much smaller. She slipped the tool under the band. On the inside surface was a sharp edge and as soon as it touched the band, it cut and flicked out of the way, releasing Steve's tortured cock, as she sank her mouth over his whole length, taking him into her throat.

Down came the whip across her buttocks again followed by a second, making her gasp and take a deep breath, while her orgasm played out on his lips, her vagina squirting copious amounts of little girl juices out over his face. Again they hit her and again she gulped on him, vast amounts of held back pre-cum now flooding her mouth. Once more they whipped Rosie's bottom and once more she gulped and then he came. But it was no ordinary cum. It was painful, because so much semen needed to escape instantly, but at the same time it was the best climax he'd ever experienced, as she sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, her hand moving frenetically up and down the bit of him that wasn't down her throat, her larynx pulsing on his crown. The girls struck her one more time, but more gently, and she groaned, making her throat vibrate on his frænum, his most sensitive place, making him pulse twice more.

At last it ended. No one moved for a couple of minutes. Everyone in the room had cum. Some on their own fingers, some on their neighbour's and some without even being touched, as they had hit their friend with the leather whip. In a few seconds, they released

the cords setting him free. He looked around at the line of faces, who weren't sure how he would react.

He sat up and looked sternly at them, waving his finger at each in turn and said: "You lot owe me big style! Each and every one of you." His finger ranged across them again. "Before this night is out," he threatened, "you are going to repay me - any way I want. Understand?" They all nodded at him contritely, but inwardly grinning, knowing he was good fun and if he took his pleasure out on them, they were bound to enjoy it too.

"First of all, I need to recover," he muttered, looking at his bruised cock, which felt quite tender, with a sore red ring under his rim, where the band had bit in. "I'm going to have a shower.

He entered the bathroom, followed by the six girls, who almost pushed him into the shower. He switched on the multi-head shower control and let the initial blast of cold water wash over him, soon warming to an ambient temperature. The girls were all chattering and giggling as all girls of this age do. Then they took it in turns to apply gel to him, rubbing the soapy liquid into his skin, as if their attention would in some way make up for their selfish and harsh treatment of him earlier. He paid them scant attention, pretending he'd lost interest. The truth being, though, he'd cum so hard at their hands, all his get-up-and-go had got-up-and-gone! He felt knackered and just wanted to sleep. And so soon, he was dried and in his bed, listening to the girls, still in the shower, next door, hearing their little cries, as they pleased one another time and again.

It was about two in the morning, he woke. For two reasons. Firstly, he really needed his usual pee. Secondly, someone was snoring loudly close to his ear. He had three girls either side of him and needed to slide down the bed to extricate himself. Returning to the bedroom, before he switched out the bathroom light, he looked at the row of ten and eleven year-old girls lying naked on his bed, having thrown off the bedding because it was a warm night. He'd already had his cock in every vagina in the bed. Suzie was out of the room, and he'd had a wonderful fuck with her earlier. She was incredible. On the outside of the row was Liz. He looked at the strawberry blond beauty feeling his cock rise as he studied her spread thighs and the vagina, remembering how he'd cum so hard in her during the afternoon.

Next to her was Jo. She was so beautiful, he wanted to leave her until last. Next was Tamara, the dusky girl, nicknamed Sheba. Then, on the far side was Mary, Rosie and finally Helen. It was Helen who was snoring, making so much noise, waking him up. Steve remembered Harry's comment about her: "She can sleep through a hurricane. If you've ever fancied fucking a girl while she sleeps, she's the one to try it on."

She had spread herself out. Helen had one leg hanging across where he'd been sleeping in the gap in the centre, the other spread over Rosie's legs, the other side. Rosie's fingers were still resting in her cleft, where they'd been playing when they had both fallen asleep. He crawled up the bed, between her outstretch legs. His knees between hers. He lifted Rosie's hand from Helen, and rested it on her own thigh. Rosie, who had been sleeping on her back, rolled over, now turned away. He could see the long livid red lines across her buttocks evidencing the whipping she'd had earlier.

Helen's long golden brown hair lay like a carpet under her back, almost reaching her hips. Her little, hard puffs rose and fell regularly in time with her loud snoring. Steve now resting his weight on his elbows and knees edged slowly up the bed. He felt his cock nudge into the crack of her bottom. He lifted his hips a fraction, feeling his pre-cum coated crown lift, seeking her entry. He pushed carefully, but realised he was now pressing against her perineum. Lifting again, he felt her labia enfold his tip. He'd been in her twice already in the last twelve hours. She was in his bed willingly, knowing why she was here. It didn't feel like rape. This was much more erotic, more arousing, and he would make it up to her, if she felt hard done to, when she realised afterwards what had happened.

He applied pressure, feeling her lips give, his crown push in, her entry yield. He held still, letting her dilate for a moment, feeling his tip inching in. He waited patiently slow movement telling him he was winning. Then his rim popped through her tight entry. She snorted, but no more than that, as her loud snore seemed to increase. Adjusting his elbows and knees, moving further up the bed, he pressed inwards, keeping the pressure into her steady, feeling his crown sink deeper and deeper into the ten year-old, her tight passage peeling open to him, her hot wet vagina caressing every millimetre of his long cock. He reached her end and as he pushed into her cervix; her chin lifted; a look of concentration on her face; she swallowed and her vagina clamped once on his cock. Then her snoring resumed.

Again he paused. He waited a full two minutes, feeling her vagina encasing his long thick erection, her warmth, dampness, even her pulse thrumming on his crown, felt so good. Steve had fucked many little girls and would never tire of finding another new one to fulfil his desires. Tenerife had been incredible and already he looked forward to returning there in three weeks time. He wondered if Harry and Rachel would like to join them. As he lay there, feeling his crown pressing into the ten year-old's deepest part, her body so soft and warm, so incredibly arousing, he realised his life as Technical Director for the insurance company was increasingly becoming dull. He needed to do something about it.

Slowly pulling almost out of her, he pushed back in, paused just a second and pulled back out again. He pushed in faster now, watching her body move up the bed an inch or two, before pulling back. Faster and faster he moved. Her snoring seemed to increase the quicker he went. He was now slapping into her as their bodies met. He wondered if any of the other girls would wake. No one seemed to. Then he felt it. She started to clamp hard on his crown. She was cuming in her sleep. She cried out, mid snore, snorted and cried out again, her clamping becoming more intense. "Was she awake?" he kept asking himself. Perhaps this was a game she liked to play. Perhaps she really did sleep deeply. He didn't know and at that moment, he didn't care.

His hands were under her, cupping her shoulders, pulling her down to meet his thrusts, which were now hard and fast, the slapping between their bodies loud enough for one or two of the other girls to roll over in their sleep, too tired to waken fully. She was clamping continuously now, her cries constant. Surely she couldn't be asleep. Then he came, blasting hard and deep into her. "Oh yes, oh yes," she repeated several times between her moans and sighs and gasps and...snores.

At last it ended and Steve waited a few minutes as he shrank inside her, before pulling out. She swallowed again, took a deep breath and gave out a long, long sigh, her mouth whispering "Oh yeessssss." It was followed by snoring, regular, loud and real. He lay

beside her, recovering, letting his pulse and breath calm. He wondered who was next. He hadn't even answered his own question, when the arms of Morpheus enfolded him.

He would have happily slept through until nine o'clock the following morning, had it not been for Tamara, or Sheba, as everyone now called her. In the last twelve hours, he'd fucked Suzie, Liz, Helen and cum all over the very naughty Rosie. Mary, Jo and Sheba were still awaiting his attention. He'd been in all three during the afternoon, of course, but somehow that didn't count.

He felt her lips encompassing his cock, her tongue exploring his crown. He knew she was trying to do this without waking him, because she spent over two minutes trying to pull his foreskin down, without any discomfort to him. When she'd finally got it all the way down, she took his crown in her mouth again and gently sucked him, letting her tongue explore. His sensitive frænum received a lot of attention, and it was as much as he could do not to react to her incredible, sensual actions.

He felt movement, and realised she was moving towards him. Her leg lifted over his and he could feel her pussy pressing against his leg. She curled her hips, her mound moving over his kneecap. She moved back again then forward. The black girl was playing a selfish game to please herself, sucking his cock, while she brought herself off on his leg. Back and forth she went, her breathing getting shorter, as she rose. Her sucking became irregular, as she started to cum. At first it was spasmodic, a gentle clamp, then two or three together, then a gap, and a single one. Her breathing betrayed her rising state. Sheba was at her peak. She would end it soon, he knew, but it was at that moment she brought one of her hands to his cock and the other down to her clitoris. With the one, she took hold of him and squeezed as hard as she could, moving her hand, shadowing the movement of her mouth.

The fingers of her other hand were moving frenetically along her cleft, over and over her nub, brining her even higher. Although she was moving quicker now, he realised she had reached her peak and was on the point of slowing. But just in time, he felt his prostate tension and the familiar surge as his semen rushed through his penis searching for another pre-teen to burst into. She took one last suck on him as her fingers stopped moving against her clitty, when her mouth was filled with his hot sperm filled semen. She'd sucked Harry many times and knew how to hold on to and swallow it. Steve had caught her by surprise. She'd thought he was asleep. She still did, but now she had to swallow quickly, before he spurted again and again. Then he finally stopped. She rested a minute or two, then made sure he was clean by sucking and licking him, so he wouldn't realise what she'd done when he woke. He started to snore quite loudly, now. This time he wasn't pretending.

Mary had been waiting her moment. She was a contradiction in every aspect of her character. She had seduced Harry against his will, and had performed an incredibly sexy act for him, when he'd fucked her the first time and buggered the second. And yet, she was essentially a very shy girl and when her other six friends were around, she always had a problem in being as willing to strip off, play sexy games, or touch herself or them. But she had an incredibly strong driving force within her. Ultimately it overrode her inherent reticence. It was this Suzie had recognised and exploited, when she had tested Harry all those weeks ago.

But right now, she wanted to experience this new man, this new body, this new cock, and she didn't want anyone to know she was doing it. During the afternoon, she'd almost not sat on his lap, to let him put his cock in her. But Suzie had threatened her. She loved Suzie, and would do anything she said, but it had been hard, and so was his cock as it went in.

Mary carefully climbed up over him. She was small and light and knew how to do this. She'd done it several times on Harry without waking him. It took her a while to get into position, without waking Steve. Her knees were stretched out, almost in a splits, her body weight spread along his tummy, her cheek pressed to his hairy chest. She reached down and found his large flaccid cock between her thighs, damp and sticky. As she touched it, it seemed to have a mind of it's own and raised it's head, before settling again. She gave it a gentle squeeze, and once more it rose, lifting off his belly, the tip of his crown just touching her labia, before relaxing again. She moved her hand along him as she squeezed this time. He grew thicker in her hand, his length now pushing into her entry. She thought he would shrink and relax again, but that wasn't the case. His crown was pressed to her vagina and seemed to be getting bigger, thicker, hotter, harder. She didn't know what to do, other than lay there and see what happened. The harder it pressed against her, the more it seemed to grow and deeper it pushed. She was doing nothing; no squeezing or rubbing; but still it grew, pushing deeper into her, feeling good, but frightening too.

After a minute or two, it stopped. His crown was inside her. She'd felt her tight ring of muscle clamp over his rim as it went into her. Then it had gone in further still, stopping about half way in. She tentatively clenched on him, feeling his tumescence in her, swelling with her contraction. She did it again and again it seemed to swell. This was just so sexy, such fun. Mary was many things, but boring was never one of them. She loved to do what the others wouldn't dare to do. If it was daring, she would try it.

She started to move on him now, letting his cock slip in and out of her just a fraction, feeling his large crown scrape against her passage. He seemed to grow even more, both in size and length. She felt it sink in deeper. She lifted off, dropping down and lifted again. It was so hard not to press against him as she lifted. Her legs were just too short to get a purchase. It was so frustrating to her, and yet arousing. So contrary, just the way that suited her. She started to cum. She had no option now, her body forcing her to lift up onto her hands by his shoulders and feet by his hips, like a squatting dog over him. She had more scope now, but it was less comfortable. But that didn't matter any more. Need overrode everything.

Mary started to lift and drop on his cock, the only point of contact now between them. Up and down, up and down, letting him sink in a little deeper each time. She could feel she was incredibly slippery there now. She'd never been so wet before with Harry. But then Harry had always been asleep!

Steve lay there as still as he could, feeling the red headed girl, Harry had called Contrary Mary, lift herself up and down on him. It was great she was doing all the work, all he had to do was concentrate on feeling her vagina giving him exquisite pleasure. In other words, lie back and enjoy it. He had already cum several times that night, so wasn't going to blast off prematurely, so could make this last. She was going for a marathon too. He could tell. Some girls went at it too fast, some came and went, everything over in moments. This girl

was in for the long haul. Every now and then, she paused, as if catching her breath or resting her muscles; then she carried on.

He realised that she thought he was asleep and he didn't want to disabuse her of that idea. Besides he was enjoying this. He'd fucked a sleeping girl earlier, so why shouldn't one of the girls do it to him? She was working hard at this. She was a very fit girl, but even so, for her to continuously cum on him, at this pace, she had to work hard. He felt a drip of sweat land on his chest. Despite that, her pace increased. She was reaching her zenith, her pinnacle, and Steve didn't want to miss the boat. By now she was clamping continuously on him. She was so carried away with her incredible experience, she hadn't realised he had cum in her. She was almost leaping up and down now. Sure even she must realise her movements were enough to raise the dead, let alone a sleeping man.

It seemed to Steve that she went on forever, lifting and dropping, even as his cock started wilting and he really was falling asleep. He never recalled the end, because the next thing he was aware of was sunlight. Someone had pulled open the curtains and the first bright rays of dawn were playing across the room. The girls were standing round the bed in a circle. All except Jo. The beautiful, beautiful Jo. She alone was kneeling beside him on the bed, the sunlight shining through her long, golden, blond hair. She was looking down at him, smiling. She was resting one hand on his chest, his blond curly hairs tickling him as her fingers combed through them; the other holding his rampant cock.

What a way to wake up to find the most beautiful naked ten year-old girl in the world, leaning over you, stroking your erection, caressing you, waiting to fuck you. She leaned in to him and whispered in his ear. It took her two or three minutes to explain what she wanted. She leaned back, one eyebrow raised in query. He nodded and she smiled, knowing he would do it her favourite way. He sat up on the bed and swung his legs round, Liz and Mary needing to move, so he could stand. He turned back to the bed, she had moved towards him and was now standing on the edge. She placed her hands on his shoulders for support.

Jo had fucked Harry this way several times, but it was tricky and needed all her gymnastic skill and his strength. Standing to the sides to help, were Rosie and Helen. Jo lifted up her left leg and rested the back of her knee on Steve's shoulder. He held her hips firmly, when she then lifted her right leg up and did the same. Her arms were now clinging around his neck, Liz and Mary holding her steady. The difficult part now came with her needing to tuck her feet behind her own shoulders and this is where Liz and Mary came in. She was bent double in front of him, his hands supporting her weight under her buttocks, pulling her open at the same time. Steve felt a hand grasp his cock. He had no idea who it was, as he carefully lowered Jo onto his throbbing tip. He had never in his life imagined trying to do this to a little girl, but he was certainly going to try it again.

She sank steadily down onto him, her vagina opening up to his penetration, her tight passage invaded by his long thick cock, as it felt the most wonderful sensation of his life. She was not only the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen in his life, but she felt better than any pre-teen too. Except Anna, and she didn't count, because he loved Anna.

Steve already knew this wasn't going to last any time at all. It was so erotic, so sexy, so illicit, so wonderful. He lifted her and dropped her, lifted and dropped. She came on the second cycle, but he came on the third. He'd fucked all seven of Harry's girls in the last

fifteen hours and then he goes and shoots off like a fourteen year-old on his first time. It didn't matter, though, because they were both cuming hard. She gasping out her pleasure as his cock pushed hard into her cervix, he spurting deep into her womb, she clamping hard on his crown, milking every last drop of semen from him. He might have cum prematurely, but he made up for it by cuming long and hard, satisfying the child in his arms, before he finally pulled from her, needing to sit on the bed, before he fell over.

He was brought to his senses by a round of applause. He looked round the room, grinning sheepishly at the circle, which now included Suzie, Cathy and Ellen.

CHAPTER 16

The Morning after the Night Before – The Third Pact

When Steve came downstairs, it was after eleven o'clock. Anna looked up at his haggard face and grinned. "Had a nice time, Daddy?" she asked. "I heard Jo gave you the full works. Ready for a quickie?" He groaned, screwing his eyes up. "I'll take that as a 'no', then," she giggled.

He sat at the kitchen table and had to focus his mind on the present. "What time is your gym session, Anna?" he asked. She laughed. "What's so funny?" he asked, pouring himself a large glass of orange juice.

"I go to gym on Sundays. Daddy, you know that," she frowned. Then she realised. "Daddy, it's Monday.....".

"Oh, FUCK!" he shouted at the ceiling. She giggled again, turning to laughter. "What's so funny?" he demanded.

"You love being here, Daddy," she stated a truth. "You hate your new job and your new boss. So don't be so grumpy? You're where you want to be. Take a sickie!" He looked at her, as he took another sip of Tropicana. She had a point.

Just then the phone trilled. Steve had a feeling of dread, as he picked up the receiver, looking at the call identifier. "Hello," he responded to the remote voice at the other end, "yes, Steve speaking. How can I help? Good morning Mr. Chairman....Yes I didn't make it in this morning...." There was a pause, while Steve listened for several minutes. "I'm sorry, Mr. Chairman, could you say that again?" He listened silently, his face frozen. He finally spoke steadily. "Yes Mr. Chairman, I will be in tomorrow. We can discuss the details then." The call ended. Steve stood holding the silent phone for several seconds, before Anna took it out of his hand and replaced it in the cradle.

"Well?" she asked, which she repeated when he had not replied, just staring into the distance. "Well?"

"That was the Chairman!" he stated.

"I guessed it was," she giggled, "you said it to him at least ten times."

"He wants me to be the new C.E.O. You know, run the company."

"Oh," was all she could say, "why you? I thought you had a new boss. You know the one who made you all cross-wobbly on Friday."

"I wasn't cross-wobbly," he protested.

"Yes you were. Mum said you were rude to Rachel when all she'd done was come round and ask us to a barbeque. A barbeque, I might add you rather enjoyed, as I recall."

"OK, you're right," he admitted, focusing his mind. "Well it seems I wasn't the only board member who felt the way I did. Over the weekend, the Chairman had three resignations and three more calls saying they were looking for pastures new. He knew I wasn't happy either, when we met in the lift after the meeting. Anyway, long story short, he spent the weekend on the phone and my name kept coming up as an alternative. I have the job if I want it."

"And do you, Daddy? Do you want it?"

"I honestly don't know," he smiled at her. Just then, he heard the sound of a chainsaw and frowned, wondering.

"It's been going on all morning, Daddy," Anna said. "Uncle Birdie's up to something or other, next door." She paused for a moment. He realised she had something on her mind. "Daddy," she eventually said, "you know last night, did you, you know, like it?" Steve knew he had to be careful how he answered this one.

"Did you, my darling?" he responded, looking at her gauging her expression, as she was his.

"I suppose, I did," she said, "well?"

He broke into a smile. "It was almost perfect," he stated.

"Why almost?" she asked.

"Well you weren't there. If you had been, then it would have been perfect." Right answer! "Why did you ask, my darling?"

"Well, I was talking to Suzie this morning. You know, while you were having a lie-in. Anyway, she asked Uncle Birdie the same question."

"Aanndd?" he asked.

"Well he said something about a pact. He said he'd spoken to you and if it was alright with us and you and him, we could, you know do it with each other whenever we felt like it. Would you mind if he kept doing it to me, Daddy?" she asked.

"Would you mind if I kept doing it to Suzie or Jo or any of the others?" he said.

"No, Suzie's my new friend. That's the whole point. She wants to and I want to, but would you?" she asked.

"I think it's a terrific idea, my darling," he said, finishing off the Tropicana. Just then, the chainsaw fell silent. "Let's go and see what Birdie's been up to," he said, using Harry's nickname for the first time.

They went outside and could immediately see what had been going on. Harry was standing on the edge of Steve's lawn, chainsaw in one gloved hand and helmet with visor in the other. He was grinning, as a drop of sweat ran down the bridge of his nose. He was covered in bits of twig and leaves from the various shrubs, trees and bushes he'd just carved a passageway through, from his own garden. It looked like a green tunnel twenty yards long, leading from one garden to the other.

"Morning, Steve," Harry said cheerfully, "sleep well?" He turned to admire his handiwork. "I've got some old paving slabs kicking around somewhere, I'll drop them down to make a path. What do you think?"

"I think, Harry, it's brilliant," confirmed Steve. "Fancy a beer?"

"Sure do," said Harry, placing the chainsaw on the ground, by his feet and dropping the helmet and gloves alongside it. "I wanted a chat with you anyway."

Steve told Harry to take a seat, while he went and grabbed a six-pack from the fridge. They sat down at Steve's terrace table. Suzie and Anna, hand in hand, walked over.

"Daddy," said Anna, picking up Steve's beer and swigged a large mouthful before he realised, "do you need us for a while? Suzie and I thought we would go and have a swim. Is that alright?"

"Sure, Darling," he said, watching the two girls rumps as they headed for the newly cut tunnel and the pool beyond.

The two men reclined in their seats for a moment, both absorbed in their own thoughts. "I got offered a new job, this morning," said Steve. "You probably know I work for London Technical Insurances. Well, seems like the new C.E.O. is now the old C.E.O. and they want me to fill the roll."

"Wow," said Harry, "you must be really pleased, Steve."

"I don't know, Harry," he said. "I've been thinking about things ever since Friday night. I had decided to jack it in. Then this offer turns up. It's just that I don't know if I want to drag myself all the way to London and back every day. I'm a technical man, not a technocrat."

"You'll be C.E.O.," said Harry.

"Yeah, so?" responded Steve.

"Well, as I see it, you could introduce a system where staff work from home. Perhaps take a turn at going into the office once a week instead of five times. You could save on

commute time, and boost employee morale at the same time. Then the big one, you will save on the need to have a huge, expensive office in London. You might well be able to transfer the savings made into reduced premiums for your customers and so boost sales. But from your point of view, you can work from home yourself."

Steve looked at Harry steadily for a few seconds, before saying: "You're right Harry. You're absolutely right. I can take the job, reduce the company carbon footprint, stay at home near all our girls and get double my old salary to boot. Win, win!" He smiled at Harry, as he took a long swig from his beer can. "You said you wanted a chat, what about?"

Did you hear how I used to earn a living, Steve?" asked Harry.

"Something to do with computer programming, wasn't it?" said Steve.

"Yeah," said Harry, wistfully, "you could call it that." Harry had always been intentionally vague about his previous work. He had worked for a number of years in British Intelligence, commonly known as MI6. He wasn't a James Bond character, but, as it turned out, just as important.

It had long been known that future wars were going to be fought largely in cyberspace. He had written an incredibly clever algorithm. It was a cross between spyware and a virus, but in digital terms looked nothing like either. It was a self-perpetuating program, which could wait for years in the recesses of a database. It could be triggered by keywords fed to it remotely and remain invisible forever. It would bide its time and slip into every intelligence mainframe in the world, pulling snippets of information together, adding 2 + 2 and discarding all the 3's and 5's, filtering out just the 4's. The longer the algorithm remained in place, the more deep-seated it became. It could remain dormant then, until awakened and questioned about any issue important at the time, then could go back into hibernation, until next needed.

The program was so secret, only a small handful of people knew of its existence, and most of those had been transferred into high-paid jobs elsewhere. Harry had been paid off with a huge pension and "retired". But he was no fool, he knew MI6 and had let it be known that were anything to happen to him, the algorithm would not only self-destruct, but its existence and origin would become visible to every I.T. department infected, which was pretty much every mainframe in the world. That alone might seriously piss the trust between Britain and her allies let alone the chagrin of her enemies like Putin's Russia or China.

"I used to do a bit of programming," he continued. "Steve, can I ask you a question, which you might find a bit odd?"

"Sure, fire away," replied Steve, picking up another beer.

"If you could find out anything about anyone in the world, what would you do with that skill?" asked Harry.

"How do you mean, Harry? Like read peoples minds and stuff?"

"No, nothing like that, Steve. More like knowing everything about them; their qualifications; what laws they've broken; affairs they've had; their ambitions; stuff they've done and shouldn't," said Harry. "Let me give you an example. Let's take you. You're 45. Birthday 17th May, married now for the third time, seduced Anna in your allotment shed, encouraged by her grandfather, Grand-Bob. First wife, Mary, died of breast cancer, fifteen months later married to Liz, Mary's friend, Anna and Gilly's mother. She died unexpectedly from an aneurysm the same weekend as both her parents. After you took Anna and Gill's virginities, and Gilly's friend Sierra, you paired up with Sierra's mum, Cathy and her friend Ellen, went to Tenerife for a holiday of a lifetime, where you fucked several more pre-teen virgins, names Alice, Holly, now your step daughters as well as two Irish girls called Colleen and Sinead. Can you book us into the resort, next time you go? I won't bore you with your career details. Congratulations on your promotion to C.E.O. this morning, by the way." He looked at a rather shell shocked looking Steve. "How am I doing so far, mate?"

Steve's beer was halfway to his mouth, frozen in motion. "How the fuck.....?" he started.

"As I said, Steve, I was just using you as an example. I only had a quick glance at your file. Incidentally, I wouldn't mind meeting some of those little girls you're grooming down at the allotment. That red headed, freckle faced seven year-old Sarah sounds like she's ripe for plucking. I dipped into her Facebook page and had a look at her. She's lovely." He grinned broadly at Steve.

"But, back to my question, Steve. What would you do with that information?" asked Harry.

Steve, still stunned from Harry's revelations, didn't know how to respond. Was he about to be blackmailed or did Harry have something else in mind? "Harry," he said carefully, "that is a question I would have to think about long and hard."

"Yes, as I did too. But, Steve, imagine you could foresee world events; or when there's going to be a hike in a particular stock price; or you know a government is going to make a decision affecting millions of people; or you knew someone was planning a particularly heinous crime, like murder, fraud or being a paedophile? What if you are a paedophile, like you and me," he looked at Steve, grinning now, "and you knew which girls might be willing and which would not. But then, Steve, you could take it further, so much further. I have done some research. 90% of all adults have done something they never want anyone to know about. 80% have done something they could be jailed for. 70% of all adults have wanted to look at child porn and 60% of men and 40% of women have done so, in some form. Here's the interesting bit. 75% of all men and 52% of women have touched their children inappropriately, while pretending to be bathing them, or checking them for health, or whatever. 95% of all parents have photographs of their own children when naked and of those over half could be termed pornographic."

"How....when.... what," stuttered Steve. He started again. "Harry, how did you come by all this, how did you know all that stuff on me, my promotion, Tenerife, everything? I ask you again, is it mind reading?"

"No," chuckled Harry. "I can't tell you all the details. Suffice to say if I did, someone would probably pop round and kill you. I used to work in a government department. I wrote, as you would call it a computer programme. It was clever and is doing all sorts of stuff for them and will do for decades to come. It is programmed to look at things of interest to the

government. Well, I cloned the programme, then spent the last five years altering it, so the government's copy of the programme never tells them what I'm doing and instead it tells me things I want to know. Think of it as a sophisticated version of Google."

"So why are you telling me all this, Harry?" asked Steve.

Harry took a long swig from his beer, looking steadily at Steve, before saying: "The programme was originally designed to slowly insinuate itself into mainframe systems, the sort multi nationals and governments have. A piece of code here, another there. Nothing big, nothing obvious. OK so far?" Steve nodded.

"Right, well I wanted to make it even smaller, less obvious, almost part of everyday computing, like MS Windows, or WhatsApp, or Instagram. Then I cracked it. The whole programme is now Cloud based. A scrap of code here, another there. Individually invisible, collectively very, very potent. Slowly, it will work it's way into every phone, tablet, laptop, PC and mainframe in the world. This will take some years. But, there is a shortcut. No one knows it's there, but every computer could link to it every time they switch on, if I had the key."

"What key is that, Harry?" asked Steve.

"I need the link to the National Database. You know, tax, births, deaths, health records, e-mails, all that stuff. Then I have everything, the lot." He looked at Steve, who was still looking shell shocked.

"A N D?" asked Steve, half guessing what was coming next.

"You have access to the database, Steve, don't you?" stated Harry.

"You can't be serious, Harry," gasped Steve. "Breach of trust isn't in it. Quite apart from the government never letting an insurance company near their precious database ever again, think of the moral, ethical, legal issues."

"Steve you're breaking my heart," responded Harry. "The algorithm leaves no trace. No one would ever know it had been there. Besides, this time next year, you'll be a billionaire. No one will ever know why or how. You will be able to buy that resort in Tenerife if you want, or Sarah, or any of the other allotment girls, perhaps even that Helena who nearly let you put your fingers in her knickers. But stop and think, Steve. Put your personal gain to one side and ask yourself the question I posed a few minutes ago: If you could find out anything about anyone in the world, what would you do with that skill?" asked Harry.

"Go on," said Steve warily, " tell me."

"I would use it to make the world a better place. That might sound trite. But why not? I would persuade our members of parliament some laws need to be altered. Make them as they should be, to benefit everyone, not just the few. I would make it clear what would happen if they didn't listen to 'reason'. In other words, see my point of view," said Harry.

"Blackmail them, in other words," said Steve.

"Semantics, Steve, semantics," sighed Harry. "One man's blackmail is another man's reasoned argument in political lobbying. What is better: a politician is bribed, by a lobbyist to vote a particular way – let's face it, it happens all the time - or the bribe is found out and someone else arm twists him into voting another way against his will? This is no different. All I intend to do is to get the powers that be see the law in a much more simplistic way. In other words, the way I see it. It will only be a small piece of legislation, then I will leave them alone."

Steve leaned forward, his beer forgotten, now. "What legislation?"

"The laws relating to children and the age of consent," said Harry. "In fact it won't be a case of introducing new law, rather repealing various laws enacted over the centuries. Gratian, he was a lawyer, who became a monk, you know, back in medieval times. He introduced Canon Law in the twelfth century. It was agreed then, that the age of seven was sufficient for people to make a choice in such matters and then permitted to marry at twelve. I think he was right. All I wish to do is reverse unnecessary law since then."

"You're serious, Harry!" gasped Steve. "When will this happen?"

"It's already happening, I set it in motion this morning," Harry smiled. "My algorithm will work slowly, but thoroughly. I would say in about six months to a year, you'll see newspaper articles suggesting the idea. Another year, the politicians will debate it and in three, it will be law."

"What about other countries, Harry?" asked Steve, realising Harry was very serious about this.

"Set in motion this morning too, Steve," confirmed Harry. "But they will take longer. Probably three years. But here, if I can have access to the database, I can ensure that, instead of taking three years, it will be more like eighteen months."

"Why the rush? Why do you need to bother with the database if it will happen anyway in three years?" asked Steve.

"Well, three reasons. Firstly, once the law has changed here, it will make other countries see that their own proposals aren't so outrageous after all. Once a few European countries adopt the new concept, I think the rest will all follow. Then, when most have come on board, it will be a formality for 'The United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child' to be amended to bring it into line.

"Then what, Harry?" asked Steve, almost worried what bombshell Harry would drop next.

"We make fine adjustments. We make photographing naked children perfectly legal, perfectly acceptable. Encouraged even, with studios available for people to take their children to, to be photographed. We encourage liberalisation in society towards sex between children and adults. Perhaps we could open a series of TV channels to educate the kids, have practical classes in schools, sleepover parties will take on a whole new meaning. You may or may not be aware that in the 1970's, in Europe, there was a movement in politics, left wing politics actually, which tried to propose the age of consent

be reduced as low as four. It never happened, of course, and the paedophile witch hunt erupted soon after, and the rest you know.”

“Three reasons, you said, Harry?” said Steve.

“Yes, the second is that I am impatient, Steve,” said Harry. I want to be able have a legal relationship with Suzie, like any other couple. I want to be able to fuck her or her friends, where and when I want without fear of arrest. Is that unreasonable?”

Steve smiled at the simple, logical way Harry saw the whole process. “And the third?” he asked.

“I want a partner, Steve. You in fact. You’re perfect,” stated Harry. “You are a pedo too, just like me, so I can trust you. But what would happen if something happened to me? I need to know everything I have planned would carry on in the future after I’m gone. So the database is a test. It locks you into the plan. Makes you as culpable as me. I also realise you’re honest. You won’t try and use the algorithm for your own ends, beyond what I have outlined. I will teach you how the algorithm is operated, controlled, interrogated. We will get rich together, richer than Croesus in fact. You will be able to buy anything – or anyone for that matter. But you won’t, because the algorithm tells me you won’t. That’s why I chose you. I had you earmarked as a partner nearly a year ago. That’s why I persuaded the previous owners of your house to sell, then fed the idea to you to buy it.”

“You mean, you think you manipulated my house purchase?” protested Steve. “That’s ridiculous, it was entirely my idea. I researched it, located a suitable place and” He stopped, staring at Harry. “You’re serious, aren’t you?” Harry remained silent. “Fucking hell,” expostulated Steve, “that’s outrageous.”

“Yup,” grinned Harry, “and you knew nothing about what I’d done.”

There was a pause, while Steve digested the whole conversation. “OK,” he said eventually, “count me in.” Both men sat sipping their beers for a few minutes before Steve said: “Harry, you said 95% of all parents have photographs of their own children when naked and of those over half could be termed pornographic.”

“Yes, that’s right, Steve,” he confirmed. “I thought the ones you took of Anna were particularly good and those of Gilly and Sierra together.....”

“No way, Harry,” said Steve, protesting, “they were all stored on my external encrypted drive....”

“Indeed they were, Steve, and still are,” confirmed Harry. “But my little algorithm copied them for me and stored them in the biggest child porn repository in the world, alongside all the other photos that parents, teachers, child care professionals and others, shouldn’t have taken. I will forward you the link to that database, if you like.”

“Official statistics estimate that 10 – 15% of adults have at one time or another indulged in incest. I have found it is just over double that. And when it comes to opportunistic child abuse, like touching a sleeping child or voyeurism on preteens, three quarters of adults have done it and over 55% have taken it to a ‘relationship’ stage. That’s over half the

population, Steve. No, in our democratic society, I think my little algorithm is going to make most people very happy, and show the rest they could be.”

“You said we would be billionaires within a year, Harry,” said Steve. “How?”

“That’s the simplest part of all, Steve,” said Harry. “The algorithm picks up on fluctuations in the market prices of every stock in the world. It will monitor them and make predictions on what will happen next. It can then either hedge on falling stock or invest in stock about to rise. The way to ensure we don’t draw attention to ourselves is to trade little and often. So far the predictions are 83.2% accurate. So if you’re investing, say £100K in a stock and selling £100k in another and do so simultaneously, cash flow is good, in fact it’s neutral. Make say, £100 on each trade and you’re £200 up. OK so far?” Steve nodded. “Then repeat it, say 500 times in a day, and suddenly you’re £100K up. But do it with million pound trades, just making the same 0.1% average and then you’re into serious money. The whole thing is automatic. In fact” he pulled his phone from his pocket. “It’s not even midday yet, Steve, and your portfolio is already £250K up on the day. Mine’s a little higher.”

“You mean, you’re already trading in my name?” asked Steve.

“Sure,” said Harry, happily, “unless you’d rather I transferred it all over into my name.”

“No, no, I think you’ve made your point, Harry,” said Steve warily. “I’ll sort the codes out for you! You’ll have them before the day’s out.”

Steve looked at Harry steadily for about half a minute, as if weighing him up, before he finally said: “Don’t bother Steve. I don’t need the codes, I had those two years back. But I did need to know you’re onside and now I know you are. It was just a test. So Steve welcome to the team.” Harry shook Steve’s hand warmly. “So we have another pact, you and I, Steve,” said Harry with a glint in his eye. “Where have those two girls got to. For some reason, I really, really need a good hard honest fuck.”

CHAPTER 17

Epilogue

The next few months vanished in a haze of activity. Steve and Harry became very close and trusted friends. They had very quickly accumulated vast wealth, but were wise in that they never drew attention to themselves in buying flash cars or houses. Because the income was from every corner of the globe, so were the bank accounts and tax declarations. Harry knew of a very creative financial man, who was incredibly imaginative at introducing ways of managing the funds constantly flowing in. They had bought several properties in countries where the money had been made, to reduce international currency movements. There was a cliff-top villa in Andalusia and another next to a certain resort in Tenerife. There was the yacht, with its carefully selected crew, kept in the Cayman Islands, and when in use always out in international waters.

Steve never accepted the new job as C.E.O. for London Technical Insurances. It was an amicable parting, but quite final. He’d been asked by the Chairman to stand in while a new

man was selected, which he agreed to do. In that short time, he'd introduced many of the changes Harry had suggested. The seventy year-old Chairman had come over to Steve's house for Sunday lunch with his wife, who was in her early thirties, and their twin nine year-old adopted daughters. After a sumptuous meal, Steve had said he thought the Chairman might be interested in something he'd got on his laptop. They were photos of the man and his young wife doing some extremely illegal things to the two girls. After they finished their coffee, they had no problem at all in Steve taking the girls upstairs for a couple of hours. In fairness, Sierra and Gilly did entertain them in the way they knew best and afterwards, the Chairman and his wife promised to invite them back to their house very soon.

Suzie and Anna became friends as close as Gilly and Sierra, and would often be very happy making love to one another, instead of with their 'Daddies', if the men were otherwise occupied. But their absolute favourite was when they could lay on their sides in a sixty-nine position, giving each other wonderful clitoral attention, while Harry and Steve took them from behind. It didn't matter if Harry or Steve was in Suzie or Anna, the four almost became one in this very special relationship.

Rachel regularly visited her friends Angie and Gerry and after Angie died, three years later, kept up her visits with Gerry, until he started a new relationship with one of the other teachers at his school, who he married soon after. She had three children from a previous marriage, two girls aged seven and eight and a ten year-old boy. When Rachel suggested the girls might like to join the ever widening circle of friends Suzie and Anna were building up, they jumped at the opportunity.

That circle of friends, of course, had its foundations in the Magnificent Seven and Allotment groups. Very soon, the numbers grew and included girls as young as six. Harry and Steve were kept busy researching the families of all the new recruits through the algorithm, which provided more information than Steve would have believed possible. The number of people who had plenty to hide exceeded even Harry's expectations. It seemed that when people realised they knew their darkest secrets, they were entirely willing to let the two paedophiles have intimate care of their daughters.

Steve recalled one particularly interesting conversation when some parents came round with their seven year-old daughter, Alina, the first time she joined the group. The family had immigrated from Pakistan about twenty years before and had built up a small business importing Halal food, supplying various Islamic restaurants and mosques across the country. There were two problems. The first was that the food was anything but Halal. In fact most of it was Haram (forbidden). They had used every cost cutting device in the book to make more money, regardless of Islamic law or public health regulations. Harry and Steve knew that if word got out about what they were doing, their reputations and business would certainly be destroyed and their lives, in all probability, forfeit. But that wasn't all. The second problem was that they were using the food business as a cover for human trafficking. Young girls, mainly, smuggled into the country, then sent to various cities across the country as sex workers

"Welcome to my home, Mr. and Mrs. Khan," said Harry, ushering them to seats in his lounge. "This must be your lovely daughter, Alina," he nodded to the little girl dressed head to foot in a long flowing yellow silk garment, with head covering. Her long black hair shone in the sunlight from the window just behind her. He could see she had a beautiful,

radiant face. There was little else of her to see. "I understand she is doing very well at school," continued Harry in a conversational tone. "What are her best subjects?"

"She wants to be a doctor," said Khan, proudly. "She is good at most subjects, but biology is her favourite."

"Why does she wish to join the girls' group here?" asked Harry, thinking it was a 'does she take sugar' question, considering the girl was right there in front of them and understood every word.

"It was her idea," replied Khan. "She has many new friends now she has joined the primary school and we felt she could socialise more with them as long as she keeps up with her studies."

Just at that moment, six girls, aged eight and nine came running down the stairs from Suzie's room upstairs. They were all wearing bikinis. Mr. Khan didn't need to know the musky smell following them was arousal following an hour of fun they'd enjoyed on each other's finger tips and earlier, Harry's, before the Khans had arrived. "Is it alright if we go and have a swim in the pool, Birdie?" asked the last girl, wiggling her almost naked bottom at him as she walked between him and Khan.

"Yes, Amy," he replied, "as long as Suzie is there to watch you."

"OK," she called, as they disappeared out of the room.

"I didn't realise the girls are expected to run around your house almost naked," said Khan pompously. "I can't allow Alina to expose herself like them. I think it is time we left. Fatima!" He flicked his fingers at his fat wife, who'd sat, filling an armchair, silently, the whole time. He learnt later that she didn't speak a word of English. She was wearing a full black niqab, just her eyes showing.

"Going so soon?" enquired Harry, rising to his feet. "I was hoping to discuss this with you, before you leave." He handed Khan some sheets of paper previously lying face down on the coffee table. Khan took the paper, fumbled for his reading glasses and taking the first sheet, scanned his eyes down. In seconds, his face paled. After a full minute, now looking at the last page, his hands were shaking.

"What do you want of me?" gasped Khan, meekly. "I am not a rich man." His whole tone and demeanour had altered.

"May I suggest you ask your wife to wait for you in the car. Alina can stay for the moment," instructed Harry.

Khan turned to his wife and speaking in Punjabi, told her what to do.

"Now, Mr. Khan," said Harry, quietly, after the front door closed behind the woman, "I would like to invite Alina to go upstairs to Suzie's room. It's the second door on the right, Alina," he said, now addressing the girl. "Why not go up there and find a nice bikini to put on. Come back here and let's us admire you in it, then you might like to go out and join the

other girls." Alina looked at her father, who after a moment's hesitation, nodded to the girl. He spoke to her briefly in Punjabi, before waving her off.

"So it is my daughter you want, is it?" asked the astute Pakistani.

"Not at all," said Harry. "This is all about what she wants. You said yourself she asked to join the girls' group. But let me make you a promise, Mr. Khan," he said, looking the Asian in the eye. As long as Alina is happy to remain in the group and participates willingly, I will never mention what I discovered about your sordid little business. However, I will make one demand." Khan looked at him questioningly. "You stop the human trafficking today. If you sell just one more poor soul into life as a sex slave, I will know, and I will take action immediately, understand? What you do about your food supply business, I couldn't care less, but the trafficking stops, now." Khan nodded. He was relieved. He had thought Harry was going to say he'd already called the police.

Strangely, Khan surprised Harry, when he stepped towards him and proffered his hand, which he shook, as though some business deal had been arrived at.

They heard footsteps on the stairs, as Alina came slowly down. She appeared before them, her head bowed in front of her father. He looked at her, his eyebrows raised momentarily, before speaking to her in Punjabi once again, clearly issuing instructions to her. Harry had been expecting some explosion of outrage from the man, because she was wearing the only bikini left up in Suzie's room. It was minute.

The bra was made of a piece of skin coloured ribbon, around her chest, which had two other ribbons over her shoulders holding it in place. The shoulder straps weren't adjusted properly and the ribbon was too low, exposing her whole areolæ to his view. Her nipples, although only pinhead sized, were hard and standing proud. Her panties were almost useless. Firstly, the front piece was only an inch wide, so hardly covered her cleft at all, and what was there had already sunk into her valley, exposing most of her labia. The rest of her mound was entirely on view. The top inch of her cleft could be seen. Harry held his hand up and indicated for her to turn around. The back was a thong, and so deep into her bum crack it was invisible.

"Well thank you, Mr. Khan," said Harry, happily, "I think she will do very nicely. Very nicely indeed. I think she will fit in with the other girls. But I give you a pledge, Mr. Khan." The Pakistani looked levelly at him. "No one here will ask her to do anything she doesn't want to do. But I will also repeat what I said to you earlier: 'As long as Alina is happy to remain in the group and participates willingly, I will never mention what I discovered about your sordid little business'." His message was clear to the Asian businessman.

"Run along Alina," said Harry, smiling warmly at the little brown skinned seven year-old, "go and join the other girls." Khan and Harry shook hands once more and soon the Pakistani got in his car and left. Harry went to find the girls. On the way, he found a trail of bikini tops and panties, between the house and pool edge. The parade with the six girls had been set up before Khan and his wife arrived. Alina's ridiculously tiny garment, which had been so carefully selected, lay discarded by the pool.

Alina was now laughing and splashing in the water with the rest of the naked preteens. He noticed she was getting to know Sarah. Sarah was a red headed, freckle faced girl, Steve

had groomed at the allotments and had introduced to the larger group of girls recently. She had just turned eight and hadn't objected to him molesting her from time to time, as he did with all the girls. He had asked Suzie to suggest to her she might like to go bird-watching one day, which she was surprisingly keen to do. He'd taken her down to the woods where he'd originally met Suzie and they had watched the kingfisher and the wood warbler, while his cock was eight inches up her rectum and the little vibrator worked on her clitty. He'd asked Sarah if she would make friends with Alina, if she joined the group and ask her if she would be willing to go bird-watching too. He knew when Sarah had asked the question and explained what 'bird-watching' would involve, because Alina glanced across at him, appraising him, deciding. Harry had smiled when the Muslim girl looked back at Sarah and nodded, before blushing shyly at Harry.

It was only a year after the pact had been agreed between Harry and Steve, when articles started to be posted in social media, with titles such as 'free our kids' and 'sex is natural'. Photographs, previously considered inappropriate started to appear in newspapers, magazines and TV. Discussions and debates took place openly on TV, radio, in pubs and other public places. Education authorities started to make themselves heard. The flow of public opinion was shifting quickly, towards the view that children today were so well versed in sex and its function and enjoyment, that there seemed little point in trying to control the age when children could start to enjoy it, because they'd all been at it for years anyway. A few months later and a white paper was drafted in parliament, and a bill was subsequently voted on with the largest majority in over a hundred years. It simultaneously reduced the age of consent to seven, abolished any minimum age for pornography and introduced, with immediate effect counselling for children and adults, whose mental health had been damaged by a lifetime of sexual suppression.

Harry and Steve had been busy in the interim. They had bought a chain of leisure hotels, with twelve sites across the country. They had refurbished them and installed every possible luxury for parents and every entertainment conceivable for children. They were all to be naturist, of course. They were linked to a dating website specialising in connecting people of any age or sex or orientation. Nothing was to be barred in the resorts except violence, unless previously agreed to in writing. Steve arranged for Diego, who ran such a successful resort in Tenerife, to act as part time advisor to the group. The hotels would be poised to open just about the time the Liberalisation Law, as it was called, came into force.

Britain was only a few weeks ahead of the European Union, which was beaten to the mark by the Russian Federation, which claimed to have allowed their children freedom in these areas, unofficially, for decades, demonstrating their liberal views despite Western accusations to the contrary. China was just as fast and went one stage further by opening 'The Young Socialist People's Education Enterprise' with academies being built across the nation. They added that Chairman Mao had been a loyal paedophile and that for seventy years his enlightened views on the subject had been decried by foreigners the world over.

The U.N. finally voted to incorporate the concept into United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child.

Harry and Steve couldn't believe how quickly the whole thing had been turned around. In little over a year, the whole concept of children enjoying their bodies, as anyone else might, had been accepted as perfectly normal.

They were sitting by the pool one sunny afternoon, watching the thirty odd naked girls, jumping in and out and swimming around enjoying themselves as all children should. There were several couples at the shallow end, embracing each other, their fingers openly exploring one another's pussies, while they kissed deeply, tongues wrestling. Rachel came out from the house. "Steve," she said, smiling, "there's someone here to see you." He turned and there beside Rachel stood Helena. She hadn't been to the allotment or modelled for over six months and had not left word as to why. She was wearing a short, cotton skirt and crop top, showing several inches of midriff between.

She smiled shyly and walked over to Steve's chair. Harry realising he was in the way, got up and walked over to talk to the other girls by the water.

"Hello, Helena," said Steve, smiling at the, now, nearly eleven year-old girl, "how are you? I've missed you."

"I've missed you too. Can I sit down?" she asked.

"Of course, help yourself," he replied, waving at Harry's empty seat.

She moved to him, turned and sat on his lap, leaning back against his chest, as she had so many times before. He instinctively put his arms around her and interlocked his fingers over her abdomen. He could feel the hot skin of her belly against his fingers. She placed her hands over his and sat there, as if she'd been in his shed only yesterday.

"Do you want to come back to the allotment and join the other girls?" he asked. "Most of them are here today. I think you probably know most of them."

"Hmm," she said in a non committal tone, looking across at the naked girls. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what do you want to know?" he asked.

"You know before...you know, when we were in the shed...when you, you know, made me feel nice....."

"Yes, of course, Helena," he confirmed. "I thought you enjoyed it."

"Would you....could we....you know.....?" She pushed his hands down over her mons and pressed his fingers into her shape beneath. She moved her legs a little apart in invitation. Steve gently rubbed her through her skirt, feeling her tension rising. Then she surprised him again. She pushed his hands down over her cotton covered mons and down to the hem of her short skirt, pulling him up between her thighs. She wasn't wearing panties. As soon as his fingers made contact with her, she hissed, her eyes closing.

"I'm sorry I didn't come back to the allotment," she managed to whisper, even as she pushed his fingers harder against herself. "I so wanted to, to let you...toOohhhh, ahhhh, yeesssss," she cried, as she tumbled into a wonderful climax, her vagina clamping on Steve's fingers. He kept her climax going for two or three minutes, then she calmed, as

her breathing slowed. "Now the law is different," she said, obviously using words she'd rehearsed before she got here, "would you, you know, be the one?"

"Of course, Helena, if that's what you want," he kept his hand pressed to her, feeling the pudenda he'd desired for so long and never felt before. "We have a rule here, though. If you want me to be your first, then you must sleep over. You know, stay the whole night."

She turned her head and grinned at him. "That's OK, my mum dropped me off earlier. She made me pack a bag. I almost forgot my toothbrush," she giggled.

"Why don't you slip your clothes off and run along and join the other girls, Helena. I am sure Anna and the others will be so pleased you could cum."

THE END

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Cast of Characters

Allotment

Steve (45) protagonist

Anna – (10) Steve's adopted daughter. Long blond hair besotted with Steve.

Gilly – 9 nearly 10 Anna's sister long blond hair. Lesbian lover of Sierra.

Cathy – Steve's third wife - Mother of Alice and Holly.

Alice – (11) long auburn hair Cathy's daughter. 'Tamed shrew'.

Holly – (12) long auburn hair Cathy's daughter.

Sierra – 9 nearly 10. Gilly's lover. Brunette with piercing grey eyes.

Ellen – Sierra's mother, whose previously dull life was transformed by Steve

Sarah – 7yo short, dumpy, freckle faced girl with long red hair fading to blond.

Helena – 10yo golden brown hair, brown eyes. Unconquered!

May – 14yo Helena's sister. Doesn't feature much in the story.

Cindy – 8yo dark haired girl. Doesn't feature much in the story.

Violet – 9yo Light brown haired girl. Doesn't feature much in the story.

Abbie – 10yo blond. Doesn't feature much in the story.

Bella – 11yo Raven haired green eyed. Very willing and early conquest of Steve's.

Molly – 11yo Blond friend of Bella's. Only interested in oral sex.

Birdwatcher

Harry (33) protagonist

Suzie – (10) auburn hair friend and classmate of Anna besotted with Harry

Jo (10) - blond haired classmate of Suzie's

Rosie (11) dark hair, Margaret's (who'd once betrayed Harry) daughter

Tamara (Sheba) (10) black girl originally from Ethiopia

Helen (10) golden brown hair

Liz (10) strawberry blond beauty.

Mary (11) red head. Contrary Mary.

Margaret – Harry's former fiancé and lover who betrayed him years ago.

Rachel – Suzie's Mum

Gerry – new headmaster having an affair with Rachel

Angie - Gerry's wife. Suffers with M.S.