

# Daycare Pride

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A daycare worker shares some of the encounters he's had with the children at his care, always proud to be an exemplary worker while trying to go one step beyond and ensure his place of work will always be filled with children.

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## 1 Toddler playground

“Papa!” yelled little Cynthia, running up to me. I dropped the toys I was sorting and greeted the little four-year-old with open arms. It's moments like this that make working with children worth it. “Look Papa!” continued the little girl, taking the rim of her dress and pulling it up to show her cute little panties, pink with printed animals.

“Wow! Are you wearing panties already?” I asked, taking the opportunity to caress her little bottom with a hand.



Figure 1: Toddler playground

“Yep, I not wet my pull-pulls two whole days, so Mommy told me I could have them if I use potty.”

“You really are a big girl now,” I told her, happy for her, but somewhat saddened that she was growing up. It’s a mixed feeling all too common when working with children: you love to see them grow up, but then you have to stop seeing them when they outgrow the daycare. Still, Cynthia had a long way to grow before that, since we offer services for children up to twelve years old. “Since you are a big girl, I guess you want to undress on your own?” I asked the little bundle of joy, letting her dress cover her again.

“Do I has to?” she asked, clearly unhappy.

“I’ll be happy to help as long as you want,” I assured her. I picked her up and, caressing her little bottom, carried her to one of the changing tables surrounding the small children’s play area. There, I removed her shoes and socks, pulled her dress over her head, removed the white shirt she wore, and took a moment to look at her flat chest and tiny nipples, before lying her down on the table and lifting her legs to remove her panties.

Her little slit was beautiful: just a line between her legs that managed to hide the girl’s treasures. I couldn’t help myself, I opened her legs to get a better view of her crotch. I love how the outer lips are like a mouth, opening to reveal the little hood of

her clit and the inner lips of her pussy, all pink and happy. Unfortunately I couldn't do anything else, so I dropped Cynthia's legs and helped her to her feet.

"Aren't you playing with me, Papa?" she asked, a little confused, since I didn't play with her pussy like I normally do.

"You're a big girl now, so you can play other games. Just remember to let an adult know if you need to use the potty."

"OK." was her last response before running into the play area to join the rest of the naked children.

Most of the day passed quickly: we made sure the children shared the toys, prevented them from running outside the play area, fed some of the smaller ones, and changed a few diapers. I love watching the small children play; about half are completely naked, while the other half still wear diapers or pull-ups.

"Papa?" came a small voice at my side, "I did wee-wee." The owner of the voice was little Maurice, one of the few four-year-olds that still wore full on diapers, and not only pull-ups.

I smiled at her and carried her to one of the changing tables. "Not to worry, I'll get you back to your game in no time," I told her as I lay her on the table, grabbed a clean diaper and proceeded to reveal her flower. I always feel like a child on Christmas eve when I'm taking off a little girl's diaper. You first remove a side strap, and the corresponding part of the diaper falls to the table, revealing a little bit of the child's hip inside. You repeat the process with the other side and now there is only the central part covering her. Sometimes you don't even have to move it, the diaper's own elasticity makes it go down on it's own, revealing the treasure within like a magic trick.

Her small pussy was completely open from the moment the diaper let me see, and I would've loved to keep it that way, but I had to close her legs in order to lift her bottom off the table and thoroughly clean her. She had only peed, so the process was fast and fun, since it allowed me more time to caress her small pussy.

Finally I put her down on the clean diaper and opened her legs once more, marveling at her opening flower. I pictured myself sticking my face there, licking her little clit and giving the small girl an orgasm, but I knew she was way too young for that. So instead I went for what I really wanted.

"All clean," I told her, not yet closing the diaper. "But it seems my pee-pee needs help, can you help me?" I asked, while fishing my cock out of my pants.

"Do I get cookie?" asked little Maurice. I smiled and agreed. With the promise of a treat, Maurice readily opened up her mouth, clearly expecting me to plunge my cock in.

I must admit I was tempted, not all children are eager to perform oral sex, but clearly



Figure 2: Maurice's cookie

some of my coworkers had managed to show little Maurice that it's not as *yucky* as they think. But one look at her still open flower was enough to reject her offer.

"I want to put my cream in your belly," I told her, while I caressed her little mons with my hand.

"My belly? Why, Papa?" asked the small girl.

"Well, if I put my cream inside your belly, and we're very, very lucky, it could grow into a new little sister for you to play with," I explained.

Maurice's eyes went really big at this, then she looked at her belly and back at me with some doubt, "Really?"

"Well, we would need to be very, very lucky, but I really want to try, and even if you don't get a new sister, you still get your cookie, right?"

"OK," accepted Maurice with the innocence of childhood.

I didn't waste any more time. There wasn't a time limit to change a diaper, but if I took too long someone might think I was slacking off.

"Now, I need you to help me", I told the little girl on the changing table, "I need you to open your legs as wide as you can, and use your hands to open your kitty so my white pee can go into your belly."

The little naked girl under me, still lying over the clean diaper, did as instructed, moving her legs almost all the way to her head, and with her little hands she opened her



Figure 3: Little Maurice

tiny pussy, exposing the pink interior and the extremely small entrance to her vagina.

I took my cock in hand and quickly pressed the tip against that lovely pink opening. I had no intention of trying to penetrate such small opening, I just wanted as much of my sperm to go into her undeveloped womb, and perhaps make a miracle in there.

“White pee?” asked Maurice, moving a little against me. “Are you going wee-wee in me?”

“Yes,” I managed to say amongst the pleasure of rubbing my glans against a four-year-old pussy, “I’m going to shoot my white cream inside you and try to give you a little sister,” I managed to say, before my orgasm washed over me.

I forced myself not to push against the little girl, just to hold my cock still and ensure my pee hole was locked against her opening, and then started spurting globs of cum into that heavenly creature.

From my first shot, a lot of cum spurted outside her little pussy. I like to think I had already filled her little vagina, but still pressed in a little, hoping some of my sperm would actually made it past her cervix and into her immature womb.

“Are you going wee-wee in me?” asked Maurice, jerking her hands away when they got covered in the spunk that spurted out of her and coated her crotch.

“Oh yes,” I managed to say as the last spurt left my cock and went to its mission to make this little girl pregnant.



Figure 4: Maurice's opinion

I took a moment to rejoice in the sight of her little hole dripping my seed, and her pussy and mons covered in it, but quickly took the diaper and closed it. I didn't want any more of my cum to drip out of her.

"But I wet again," said little Maurice with some worry, holding her little hands up, still covered in my cum, apparently not knowing what to do with them.

"Don't worry, you don't need a change for that. Why don't you lick my cream off your hands, tell me how I taste."

The little girl was doubtful a moment but then inserted her fingers in her mouth and licked them clean. "Taste good, Papa. But uncle Max is sweeter." So it was Max that taught this girl how to give head.

"OK, now go back to your games," I told her as I put her on the ground and gave her little diaper-covered ass a pat, "Miss Eli will give you your cookie."

I know there's really no chance of such a small girl getting pregnant, but I love to try, and who knows, I might succeed one day. My eyes went to little Tiffany, playing naked in the corner; the three-year-old no longer wears diapers, but until a month ago, every time I changed her I made a deposit into her cute little belly, and I love how from the side it looks like she's really carrying a baby there. I know it's just her baby fat, and that in a couple years it'll be gone, but I love to fantasize that I really managed to get such young girl pregnant.

Before getting lost in fantasies, I got my terminal out and quickly edited young Maurice's score, adding a note that she had earned an extra cookie. Like most small children, Maurice spent the points she earned almost immediately, so I was happy this treat would remind her of the gift she carried inside her belly.

"So, trying for another, 'Papa'?", came the playful comment from Suzy, a fellow coworker. She had a cute little boy cradled in her arms, blissfully asleep with his lips around the caretaker's nipple.

"You know me, I just can't resist them," I replied. "When are you going to let one of the children knock you up, so you can start *really* breastfeeding them, instead of giving them only pacifiers?"

"Like you would let a child beat you to a fertile womb," Suzy was a nice lady, I would even consider asking her out if the rules in the daycare didn't forbid it, and if she didn't already have a boyfriend. I think it was she that gave me the nickname "*Papa*", that the children all use now.

## Walk Home

The weight of the day seemed to fall heavily on to his shoulders the moment he left the daycare facility. It was a noticeable change, from saying goodbye to his coworkers with a smile as he prepared to leave, to slowly walking, partially slouched, almost dragging his feet once he took a step out. His face also reflected his tiredness, a complete opposite to the carefree demeanor he had while working.

As was his custom he stopped at a small corner shop before reaching his house. Sometimes he would just browse without actually getting anything, but today he took a few items.

"... authorities report that the number of victims might be as high as twenty," said the anchor on the TV, "adding that more children are expected to be found. The perpetrators include teachers, police officers and scout leaders..."

The bust of the pedophile ring was everywhere on the news, and had hit the town hard, after members of the local school were dragged in handcuffs out the building. The daycare worker frowned at the TV, shaking his head before going to the cashier.

"Can you believe some of the children were trying to defend them?" asked the cashier as he checked the items, "something about Munchausen syndrome—"

"Stockholm syndrome," corrected the man, "a child cannot understand sexual advances, they just trust adults. I just can't believe there are people like that..."

"You work with children, right? in that playground down the street?" the man just



Figure 5: Growing up playground

nodded, his face clearly showing his annoyance with the question, but the cashier continued, unaware, “have the police gone there?”

“I guess,” he answered, getting his bags, “but I can assure you none of our children are being abused,” he finished, the edge of his voice clearly reaching the cashier.

“Chill, man. I’m only saying, a lot of parents were involved, right? so maybe you could—”

“Look, *man*, just drop it, OK. I have to deal with enough during work and listening to the news, I just want to go home and relax, OK?”

“Sorry,” the cashier finally seemed to catch on, “it’s just, I can’t quite believe it.”

“You and me both, and I don’t want to wonder if a parent is a monster every time they pick up their child...”

Saying no more he left the store and continued home, the tiredness on his face more evident as he walked.

## 2 Growing up playground

Technology has made taking care of older children much easier. Between six and nine, they mostly take care of themselves: they don’t need to be fed or changed, and

the playground computer is much better at promoting and organizing games than any caregiver could ever be.

We don't have the best interactive playground on the market, but it fulfills its purpose: the whole floor is made of soft pads (so the children won't hurt themselves while playing) that act as an interactive touchscreen, the back wall is also a touch screen, and we have several toys and costumes that the computer can track to make games more interactive.

Our duty is mainly to ensure the children play nice with each other, and sometimes help if the rules of a game are not clear. Most of the time we can just relax and enjoy the sight of the children playing. While we're not officially banned from playing with the children, at those ages it's important for them to relate to others their own age.

The computer awards them points for participating (and sometimes winning) in the games. At that age, most of the games emphasize social behavior, like tag, dance contests or mutual exploration. Some children still choose to play more isolated games, but the computer limits the number of points they get from that, and also alerts us if a child has been on their own for too long.

Most of the time I really enjoy watching the naked children playing and fooling around. They really enjoy dance-offs, where all of them try to imitate dancers on the wall screens, and the computer rates and rewards them. It's incredibly funny to see how the children dance till they drop, laughing all the while.

"Papa, can we get one of the buzzers?" the question came from a seven-year-old boy, behind whom another boy and a girl waited. I had been so focused on the dance-off that I didn't see them approach.

"You know the rules for the buzzers, right?" I asked while I checked with the computer that the group really had enough points to get the toy. Unlike the small children, at this age some kids would save the points they earned by playing, so they could exchange them for treats or toys. This particular group must have pooled their savings in order to get the vibrator.

"Yes, we want to see if Marcy can get the good feeling."

I smiled at the little group and handed over the small vibrator; when we first got them, we allowed a single child to get it, but that didn't promote socialization. So now they can only get it as a group, with the condition that they must use it on each other, never on themselves.

"You can have it for half an hour, and remember to listen to your playmates," I admonished them and watched them go over to some cushions.

The "orgies" they organize are more comical than sexy, since very few children can climax. Most of them just feel good and laugh. Part of me wanted to know if



Figure 6: Suzy's demonstration

Marcy could cum already, because if so, I wanted to be first in line when she came to exchange her points for an orgasm.

Unfortunately I couldn't stay to find out, since Suzy, my fellow coworker, grabbed my attention from the playground with a little call of "Papa, a little help please!" Suzy was among a small group of children, down on her knees in front of them, lovingly caressing the small erection of the nearest boy.

The computer informed me that the group should be playing a variation of "doctor", where they identify and explore each other's bodies.

"See Monse, his pee-pee is not yucky, and if the rules say to kiss it better, there is no reason not to do it," said Suzy as she leaned forward and took the boy's penis in her mouth, sucking on it for a moment while the boy giggled.

Apparently Suzy was solving one of the most common issues in the playground: that some children still think genitals are dirty or *yucky*.

"You liked that, Albert?" she asked as she let the little erection go, a stream of saliva still connecting it to her mouth.

Little Albert just nodded, but Monse, who had been watching intently, apparently was not yet satisfied, "But he pees from there!"

I took that as my cue to intervene, "Monse, pee is not dirty, besides, Albert always cleans himself, just like you," I knelt in front of the naked girl, "you don't think your

kitty is dirty, right?”

Monse shook her head while I sat her on the floor in front of me and opened her legs. The pussy of the eight-year-old displayed in front of my eyes, allowing me to see her covered clit and the beautiful pink interior, “Let me show you how clean I think your kitty is.”

Without any further delay I pressed my lips against her little flower. Suzy could probably do it herself, but I know she doesn’t really enjoy giving head to girls, just like I don’t really care for sucking boys; it’s part of the job, and sometimes we have to do it, but out of respect we try to help each other if we can.

Monse’s pussy was so small that I could cover it completely with my mouth. It was clear that the *doctor* game, plus Suzy’s demonstration, was having an effect on the girl, since I could clearly taste the building excitement. I moved my tongue all over her lips while sucking, I wanted to get her excited before going for her clit.

I was pleased that Monse not only didn’t try to avoid my lips, but actually started moving her hips a little. Perhaps the girl was ready to reach climax, and that gave me permission to spend more time tasting the girl than if this were just a demonstration of oral sex.

I focused my tongue on her small opening and pushed, delighted to find it yielded to my pressure and allowed me entrance to her small channel. The flavor inside was much more concentrated, and her movements grew in intensity as she started moaning. I was thinking that she might be able to take my cock inside, when a big moan distracted me.

“Very good job Albert!” said Suzy to the boy panting in front of her. His small erection was still jumping up and down, shinning from Suzy’s saliva, “did you like having the good feeling in my mouth? I love your taste!”

The boy just nodded, still recovering from his first orgasm, probably a dry one, only he and Suzy would really know.

“Wanna do the same?” I asked Monse, who nodded with insistence after intently looking at her playmate’s still erect pecker.

I wasted no time, diving back in to her treasure, redoubling my efforts to give this eight-year-old beauty her first orgasm. Once more I pushed my tongue inside her and moved it around, trying to stimulate as far back as I could reach while covering her whole mons and lips with my mouth.

Once I was sure her juices were flowing out, I changed positions: quickly pulling my tongue from her opening, I moved it up and attacked her clit, by then completely exposed and lubricated with saliva.

The girl’s reaction was immediate and beautiful. A mixture between a moan and a scream escaped her lips, while her hips jumped about, perhaps trying to escape my

mouth, or to make me press harder. My hands holding her perky butt prevented any of those, while my tongue lapped and kissed her little love button.

While still sucking I began to close my mouth. I started concentrating my efforts on her clit, and the girl responded with more moans and whimpers. I felt her little hands resting on my head, not pressing hard, just holding me, inviting me to eat her out.

Her flavor was heavenly, the very light taste of a young pussy, one that has never before experienced such pleasure.

And then, with another loud whimper, she went rigid under me, she arched her back and I could feel her clit pulsing under my care. I quickly moved a hand under her and pressed a finger into her opening, both to extend her pleasure and to feel her pussy milking it. How I wished it was my cock inside her instead.

Faster than I would like, her climax ended and I left her clit alone. I couldn't avoid giving her whole underside a big lick, from her anus to her mons, to catch any remaining flavor, even though I knew she was probably tender right then. The girl trembled at my last lick, but didn't show any discomfort.

I lifted her up and held her tightly in my arms, letting her rest while I caressed her butt and back. I wanted her first afterglow to be as good as her first climax.

"... yes, Monse also had the good feeling, Papa is making sure she feels as good as she can," Suzy was explaining to the boys and girls around us. I silently thanked her, since that allowed me a little more time with this beautiful girl.

"Did you like that, Monse?" I whispered close to her ear.

"Yes Papa, I feel like I was about to pee and explode and then—"

"Whenever you have enough points you can ask me and I'll be glad to give you another good feeling," I told her while I squeezed her butt one last time and let her get up.

My shirt had a noticeable wet spot where Monse's cum juices had ended up. Me and the other coworkers often wondered why management still requires us to be clothed at all times except when interacting with a child. It could be bothersome, as my uncomfortable erection attested to.

Before I could stand, though, the computer informed us that, given the group of children that had come to see the two playmates have their first orgasms, Suzy and I should do a demonstration to the gathered children.

With a smile I stood and started removing my clothes, while trying to calm the children, "Boys, girls! Pay attention please. I know you're all curious about the good feelings that come from touching between your legs, so miss Suzy and I are going to show you how that happens between adults."

Suzy also stood and quickly shed her pants and blouse, standing there in just her

undies and bra, “Sit in two lines, so everyone can see; and pay attention, so you know how to play on your own.”

As I said earlier, the daycare does not allow caretakers to form romantic relationships, but if it’s for the sake of the children, sometimes caretakers must perform sexual acts on each other. Suzy, still in her early twenties, was a very beautiful young lady that I had no problem getting naked with. Suzy probably wasn’t as excited, seeing as she had a boyfriend outside the daycare.

I sat down on a stump so our activities could be easily seen by the children, many of whom were watching my erect member, already dripping precum from what was about to happen.

“First I will help miss Suzy have the good feeling,” I said, motioning for Suzy to sit on my legs, facing the children. My coworker was a full grown woman, but her petite physique could fool anyone into thinking she was still in her teens. I took advantage of her and patted her naked ass as she sat on my leg, my cock pressing against her buttocks, “I want to touch between your legs to help you feel good, can I?” I started. Since this was a demonstration, we had to adhere to a script to show the children a safe way to play the game.

“Go ahead,” replied Suzy, more to the children than me, opening her legs and showing her already very wet pussy.

As part of the *uniform*, we were required to shave our pubic hair, so Suzy’s pussy could really pass for an early teen pussy, completely bald.

I started massaging her whole vagina, spreading her fluids to make it slippery, “Is this okay?” I asked, following the script, but from her small moans and the way her hips reacted, it was clear she was really close to orgasm.

“Rub me up and down.”

I changed the motion, and then directed my attention to the children, happy to see many touching themselves and at least two couples imitating us, “Remember to always ask your playmate how it feels.”

Then I curved my fingers and started putting pressure into Suzy’s vagina.

“Can I put a finger inside your kitty?” I asked.

“No, just rub outside,” answered Suzy, still following the script, even though I could tell she really wanted something inside her.

“And always respect if your playmate tells you not to do something, this is very important in the game,” I explained to the children.

“Please rub my button,” said Suzy, happy that the important part of the script was over and she could have her climax.

I moved my fingers to her clit and started rubbing it lightly in circular motions, “like this?”

“Faster, harder!” begged Suzy, and not five seconds afterwards, she held her breath, tensed up and opened her legs while her relief took her. I removed my hand from her clit to give the children a good look at her spasming pussy.

“Miss Suzy is having the good feeling now, and I’m hugging her so she feels as good as possible,” I told the children, wrapping my arms around Suzy while she came down from her peak, and taking the opportunity to fondle her breasts.

Suzy leaned against me and whispered in my ear, “thank you,” while catching her breath, before addressing the children, “no matter if your playmate is a boy or a girl, you should always follow these rules, and even if you still can’t get a good feeling, play nice with each other.”

Suzy then looked back at me, at my erect cock smearing precum on her buttocks, waiting for attention, and I think I saw her frown before turning back to the children.

“Now we’re going to demonstrate another game that you will be able to play in the future, but only if both of you feel fine while doing so,” started Suzy, as she straddled my legs, so my cock pointed straight up to her open pussy. “While it feels very good to touch between your legs with your hands, you can also feel good at the same time by inserting the boy’s pee-pee into the girl’s kitty, like this.”

And with that, Suzy lowered herself, taking my cock in her hand, and guiding it into her hot center. It was a wonderful sensation to sink into her tight passage. I forced myself not to start humping, but I was really close to cumming.

“As you can see, the pee-pee fits nicely inside me, and it feels good for both of us. Come closer and see if you want,” finished Suzy, also staying still while some of the children came very close to see our mating. I once asked why we used children’s terms like “pee-pee” or “good feeling” instead of “penis” and “orgasm”, but all I got was a statement that we were a daycare program, and could not offer actual sex education. Completely bonkers!

“Make sure you don’t come inside me,” whispered Suzy in my ear, while the children examined our connected genitals.

“Why?” I whispered back, “is there an egg waiting to be fertilized in your little belly?” I jokingly asked, pushing a little into her.

“Who knows?” replied Suzy smiling, while her pussy rippled around my cock, forcing another push on my part, “but we need to show the children how you ejaculate, so do it outside.”

That really sucked. While my greatest fantasy was to impregnate a little girl (the younger the better), being forced to pull out of what could be a fertile womb was a real

turn off. Which was good in the current circumstances, since otherwise I probably would not have lasted long.

“When you rub your pee-pee and your kitty together,” started Suzy to the children, “it’s very important to always ask if things feel good.”

She then started moving, and I had to dedicate all my energy to not cumming, so I admit I wasn’t the best teacher at the time.

“Does it feels good when I go side to side?”, “Is it good when I lean forward?”, “Want me to go faster?”

Suzy kept to the script to the best of her power, and I tried to at least give affirmative answers, but my concentration was on her pussy caressing and sucking my cock, begging me to inseminate her.

I realized I was reaching the point of no return with one hand fondling Suzy’s breast, while the other caressed her flat belly, trying to find where my member reached from the exterior. Luckily Suzy also realized I was close, for she pulled my hands apart and announced to the children, “Papa is going to get the good feeling very soon, so come closer so you can see how an adult shoots his cream.” Then she tried to stand, to let my cock out of her pussy.

But at the edge of orgasm I was having none of that. With both hands I grabbed Suzy’s waist and forced her down while pushing my hips up, trying to get as close to her womb as possible, and let go of my first glorious shot of life giving seed.

Perhaps it was the training, perhaps it was Suzy’s request not to cum in her, perhaps it was the sight of the children getting close to where we were mated, waiting to see me ejaculate, but after the pleasure of shooting one big dollop of cum so close to Suzy’s possible fertile womb, I managed to react.

I quickly pushed Suzy off me, letting my cock drop, pointing to the gathered children, and let myself go. My second spurt was received with the cries and laughs of the children closest to us as it hit them, then my balls contracted again and a series of smaller spurts dropped to the ground and around my member.

“As you can see, the good feeling for big boys can be messy, but it feels very good every time they shoot their cream,” explained Suzy, after the children calmed down. Many had come to see my sperm closer, if not outright touch it.

Suzy continued explaining the boy’s good feeling to the children, and it appeared she really hadn’t realized I had snuck one big spurt inside her womb. My cock gave a happy little jump at the thought that I might have forced my coworker to also become a client of the daycare in a few months, but at the same time I felt a little guilty, since it was clearly against her will.

“Also, some boys really like to shoot their cream inside somewhere,” continued

Suzy, “but you must always ask permission before doing so, in case your playmate doesn’t want it,” at this Suzy turned to look at me with a crooked smile, “Papa here, actually shot some of his cream inside my kitty,” she said, opening her pussy with a hand to show the children a tick glob of my sperm dripping out of her, “but I forgive him since I know how much he likes to do it,” with that she turned back to the children.

“Do they also shoot it in your mouth when you kiss them, miss Suzy?” asked one of the girls.

“Yes, they do, and some of them enjoy it very, very much, right Albert?” the boy just nodded enthusiastically, a dumb smile on his face.

“What does it tastes like?” asked little Monse, who had been fixating on my member ever since I gave her her first climax a few minutes ago.

“Everyone should taste it at least once to decide if they like it. Why don’t you come here and kiss Papa’s pee-pee, so you can have a taste?” My cock, now almost completely soft, twitched and started growing again when the little eight-year-old girl came forward and clumsily kissed the tip of my soft cock, taking a little bit of sperm in her mouth.

“It’s salty,” she said after swallowing, but unfortunately backed away after that.

Suzy sent the children off to play other games while we got dressed and cleaned up in a somewhat awkward silence. I wasn’t sure if Suzy was mad at me for my attempt at a sneak insemination.

Afterwards we were called to attend to other children and before I knew it we had closed and were putting away all the used toys.

“So, was there a little egg swimming in your womb this afternoon?” I finally asked Suzy, trying to be funny, but a little afraid that inseminating her without her consent might have damaged our friendship.

“What do you care?” she replied, “even if you put a bun in my oven I can’t do a thing to you. The contract says if I get pregnant in here it’s my responsibility and I can’t ask the father for anything!” she finished, clearly annoyed.

“You know that’s to protect the children, if one of them gets you pregnant...” I replied, but stopped before sticking my foot further in my ass, “if you really want, I can take care of you and... the baby.”

Suzy let out a series of giggles while she shook her head. At first I thought she was making fun of me, but soon she spoke again, “sorry, I’m not laughing at you, it’s just... you’re too cute, you sounded just like a little boy that’s trying to hit on me,” she took a deep breath and continued, “I love my boyfriend, and I don’t plan to leave him, even if I got your baby growing in my belly. I’m afraid how he’ll react if I’m *really* pregnant... we’ve discussed it, and we both feel we’re not ready to be parents. Now

I don't know if I should trick him into inseminating me so the baby has a chance of being his, or if I should just wait to see if I'm really pregnant; what do you think I should do?"

The question took me by surprise, was she really asking me if she should try to get pregnant to avoid being pregnant with my child? At least she didn't look mad anymore, "I guess it depends on how likely it is that you're pregnant... but I don't think you should trick your boyfriend."

Suzy smirked suspiciously, "So are you worried about the relationship with my boyfriend, or do you want to be sure it's *your* baby growing inside me?"

"No, no, nothing like that," I quickly answered, but in reality I *did* want her to be pregnant with my child.

"To tell the truth," Suzy continued, calmer, "I've always had fantasies about getting pregnant, but at the same time I'm terrified of it. Every time I let a little boy inside me, I'm torn between hoping he's already making sperm and terrified by it," she sat down before continuing, "when I realized you were cumming inside me this afternoon, I almost had another orgasm," she admitted.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

"You're right, you shouldn't have. But you're not sorry, you are 'Papa'; I knew the moment the computer instructed us to give the demonstration that I would walk away with a womb full of your babymakers, and that excited me more than you can imagine. Didn't you notice how wet I was even before we started?"

I couldn't help but smile at her, she knew me better than I knew myself, and for a moment I really hoped her boyfriend would leave her when her panties started getting tight, so I could sweep her off her feet and make her mine; I'm happy to say that thought only lasted a moment. "So... what are you going to do now?"

"I'm still carrying your sperm inside me, you know," she said matter-of-factly, "I never had a chance to clean after the demonstration. So I'm gonna go home, and I'm gonna masturbate with my dirty panties until my boyfriend arrives, and then we're going to have wonderful, protected sex, pretending he's getting me pregnant," she continued with a dreamy look on her face, "and then I'm gonna to pretend nothing happened, and if in a couple months I start getting fat, then neither you, nor me, nor my boyfriend will know if it's your baby, if one of our condoms failed, or if one of the little boys got lucky with me."

She stood up and walked right to me.

"And that will be your punishment: not knowing if you managed to get your baby into my womb, as I *know* you really want to."

"I'm sorry," I admitted, she really did know me better than myself.

“I forgive you,” she smiled, “I just hope we don’t have to do many more demonstrations together. As exciting as this is, I’m really *not* ready to be a full time mom. But you are ‘Papa’, asking you not to impregnate girls would be like asking me not to breastfeed the children.”

We both have a chuckle at that. “So, should I start calling you ‘Milkmaid’ or something?”

“Don’t you dare,” said Suzy in the most serious tone so far.

## Lunch time

“Welcome back,” called the waitress from behind the counter when the daycare worker entered, “the usual, I assume?”

The man just nodded, smiling to the bright woman as she started entering the big order that would feed most of the employees at the daycare.

“You know, we do offer delivery,” said the woman as she passed the order to the kitchen. At least twice a week a daycare employee would come to buy lunch from them, so the woman had come to meet all of them.

“I know, but it’s only half a block away. Besides it’s part of the ‘punishment,’” he answered, rolling his eyes.

“Punishment?”

“If you’re too slow, or mess something up, or if you’re careless and a child does something they shouldn’t... We have to stay extra time to clean, or buy everyone lunch.”

“It seems you all get along,” replied the waitress with a smile, “I’m not sure I could work with children, I much rather have adult costumers.”

“It’s a nice place, a bit boring at times, but I—” the man stopped in his tracks, his sight following a family as they left the premises. A mother and father walked with a girl that looked no older than 14, and she was having some trouble walking with the huge pregnant belly she carried around.

“She just turned 13,” said the waitress once the family was out the door, “she refused to say who did it to her. I was worried she might be a victim of the pedophiles, but I know her parents, and they are good people.”

“I think she was in the daycare,” said the man, his face troubled by the image.

The waitress also frowned. Everyone was on edge after the outing of such a big pedophile ring operating partly in town. And the suspicion could be seen in the



Figure 7: Nap Time

waitress' eyes. After all, some of the culprits had been school teachers, so a daycare facility would be another easy place to find victims.

“So you know *how* she ended up like that?” she finally asked, her accusation tangible on her voice.

“What? No!” replied the man in justified outrage, “we take good care of our children. We have nothing to do with... them!” he said, pointing to a silent TV in the corner, where the news anchor continued recycling what few facts about the arrests were available.

“Sorry, sorry,” apologized the waitress, “it’s just, with so much going on, you see a child walking down the street with a man and you have to wonder if... it’s one of *them*...”

They stayed quiet until the food was ready, and by the time he paid and was on his way, the waitress had recovered her usual smile, and the man had also relaxed a bit. Though it was clear the sight of the pregnant girl still bothered him.

### 3 Nap time

Working with children, one quickly gets used to the noise of their fun, so when it stops, the silence feels alien. In the daycare this happens twice a day, at the end of the day,

when the parents come to pick up their children, and during nap time.

Some people think children have more energy than adults, since they appear to be an endless source of games and laughter, but in reality children get tired much faster than adults, and need to recover their energies, which is precisely the point of nap time.

Officially, the staff should use this time to clean up the playgrounds, do some paperwork or have lunch. But in reality most of us use it as a calm moment to relax, and sometimes let off a little pressure.

Today I was sitting on a chair in the darkened room, looking at the rows of sleeping children, debating whether or not to join one and relieve myself. Max had already gone ahead, he was on his knees in front of a sleeping four- or five-year-old, his member inside the sleeping child's mouth, while he very slowly moved back and forth.

The rules were clear that the children *needed* their rest, so we weren't allowed to wake the children up. But other than that, we were free to do whatever we wanted. Max had been written up on more than one occasion for waking a child when he ejaculated in their mouth, but for the most part he was very good at being so careful that the child just sucked on and continued sleeping.

I remember the first time I had access to nap time, I was so excited I was afraid I would cum before even selecting a child to snuggle with. The computer had all the children's information, so I remember I quickly searched for any girl who already had her period. Luck was with me, since a twelve-year-old had finished her first period about three weeks prior.

Since the children sleep naked, getting under the covers behind the child was easy. She was a cute little thing, I had to double check to make sure she was the right girl. She didn't appear 12, or that her body was developed enough to start menstruating. She was a dirty brunette with long hair held in twin braids. Her breasts were just pert buds that would be hard to even grab, and her mons lacked any hair, leaving her tiny slit and clit hood right out in the open.

Lying behind her was easy; managing to lift her leg so my cock could go between her legs was much harder. I had to stop and lull her back to sleep several times before my cock was nestled in her crotch.

Then I had to fight my climax. From the start I was pent up, the fantasy that this barely pubescent creature was likely fertile and I could put my baby inside her had me at the brink of orgasm even before lying by her side. With my cock snuggled between her legs, I was in danger of letting my seed shoot onto her belly, instead of inside it, where it belonged.

So moving faster than was advisable, and still gently lulling her to continue sleeping, I started pressing my member against her hairless, developing pussy. I had to take my

precum and smear it around her mons, since she was pretty dry, but I refrained from masturbating her, afraid that would wake her up.

It probably took me just a couple of minutes, but it felt like ages before the tip of my cock was securely lodged inside her tight little passage. I didn't dare move back and forth, as all my instincts demanded, so I just continued pressing, hopping a little more of my cock would enter before I spewed my seed in her hopefully fertile belly.

I couldn't help but move a hand and caress her flat belly and almost flat chest as I pictured how they would swell as my baby grew in this unaware little girl. I wanted to tell her that I was about to make her a mommy, that soon her belly was gonna get big, but I knew I had to stay silent. I had a brief moment of regret, knowing my pleasure would bring some troubles to the girl: her body was gonna change beyond her control. I was sure she was gonna get teased at school when her belly started growing, and afterwards her parents would probably increase her chores as they helped her take care of my baby. At least I was pretty sure her parents would help her, after all they knew the activities their children would be involved in while at the daycare, and had signed a release that included pregnancy as a possible result of her time here.

By then about half my cock was inside her tight passage, and with the image of the little girl walking around school with a big belly, not knowing who was the father, I started ejaculating inside her. She struggled a little when I pushed harder as my first shot of sperm entered her young body, so I forced myself to stay still as I continued to inseminate the lovely creature while murmuring in her ear, "don't worry, I'm just planting my seed in your belly... go back to sleep, when you wake up you will be a mommy."

I let out at least four strong spurts of sperm into her developing fertility, all tasked with finding her egg and turning this innocent creature into a gravid mother to be. I would have loved to push my cock all the way inside, so my sperm had a better chance to enter her womb, but her sleep was already quite light, so I could only stay still.

Once my orgasm finished, I hugged the little girl, and in her sleep she spooned up to me, allowing my softening cock to remain inside her. "*Thanks for letting me make you a mommy,*" I thought as I silently recovered my breath. Then I kissed her sleeping cheek and lay down to rest while my cock plugged her tight hole. I wanted to give my little tadpoles every advantage to conquer the egg of this young goddess, only her second one, as she had only wasted one during her first period.

I was very happy I had managed to inseminate her without disturbing her sleep, and I smiled, wondering how long it would take her to realize she was pregnant, and who she would think was the father. Most likely she would blame one of her playmates, as the older children would often *practice* having sex while playing, but I knew most of

our *old* boys could only shoot a few drops, so I trusted I had claimed her womb before them.

Turns out laying in bed after inseminating a little girl is a sure way to fall asleep, and I awoke in an empty sleeping bag to the usual noise of the children playing and a young lady looking down at me with an amused smirk. I'm guessing it was around that time that Suzy started calling me 'Papa'.

It wasn't until weeks later that I remembered I hadn't even looked at the name of the girl I had hopefully impregnated, and by then she had already left the daycare, so I was unable to really thank her for helping me fulfill one of my greatest fantasies. I still try to imagine what could have happened to her. Did I manage to impregnate her? How did her classmates treat her when her belly started growing? Could she even finish school? How big did her belly and breasts get? Did she have a boy or a girl? Does she wonder who the father of her child is?

The daycare protects the personal data of its clients, so I can't use that to find her; and since I only saw her a few times the week after that little nap, before her time in the daycare ended, I probably wouldn't recognize her. Still, for months afterwards, every time I spotted a girl with a big belly, I wondered if it was her. My only solace is that maybe one of the two-year-olds we care for might be my own son or daughter.

I guess that's why I don't use the nap time as much as other caretakers. I don't want to impregnate girls in such an anonymous way. I don't want them to wake up sticky between the legs not knowing who the father of their future baby is.

If I'm really pent up and I have to relieve myself during nap time, these days I choose a seven- or eight-year-old, so that there is a small chance of getting her pregnant, but she will continue in the daycare for me to enjoy and explain why her panties are getting tight, and thank her in person for allowing me to put a baby in her tummy.

\* \* \*

"Papa?" the small voice brought me back to the present. Max had apparently finished and was cleaning the face of the little boy he had chosen. The room was still dark, and the voice came from a little girl seated on one of the sleeping bags.

"Aren't you sleepy?" I softly asked, moving closer to the sitting girl. I finally recognized her in the darkness, it was eight-year-old Monse, the girl I had eaten to her first orgasm a few days prior.

"I need to pee... but it's too dark," she admitted, apparently ashamed to still be afraid of the dark.

"Don't worry, I'll go with you," I said. I looked around to be sure at least three other caretakers were watching the sleeping children, and then offered my hand to the little girl.

As we walked I noticed little Monse had her free hand between her legs. “Do you really need to go?” I asked. Few children over six had accidents, but it was not unheard of.

“A little,” she answered, taking her hand off her privates. “We were playing ‘house’, and I started to feel the tickles of the good feeling, but then the game ended,” she explained.

“Have you had another good feeling since we played?”

“No, and I still don’t have enough points to get one,” she said mournfully, in a tone we caretakers know very well, when a child is expecting to be offered something.

“I could give you another good feeling,” I offered, trying not to sound too eager.

“Really?” Monse hopped in place, clearly delighted.

“Well, you would have to do something to earn the points, and then I could give you the good feeling,” I amended. Monse stopped hopping and her hand went back to her crotch, she probably needed to use the restroom more than she let on.

“What do I have to do, Papa?” she asked.

We usually don’t accompany children older than five to the bathroom, but since we were in the middle of a conversation, I opened the door and entered with Monse. She quickly took a seat on the toilet, and I knelt in front of her, enjoying the sight of her opened pussy.

“Have you played the game that me and miss Suzy showed you? Where a boy puts his pee-pee in your kitty?”

Monse relaxed and a stream of piss left her pussy, “Hum, Peter wanted us to... but I said no,” she said, and I noticed she was avoiding my eyes.

I grabbed a small piece of toilet paper, I wasn’t going to miss an opportunity to touch her flower, “Why not? Did he do something you didn’t like?”

“No... well... it’s that...—” by now she had finished pissing, but she remained seated on the toilet, her small pussy lips dripping a few drops of liquid.

“What is it Monse? You know you can tell me,” I asked, a little worried.

“Miss Suzy told us that when you put the cream inside her kitty you were trying to give her a baby,” admitted Monse, still not meeting my sight, “that whenever a boy puts his cream in a girl, they make a baby.”

I felt a little annoyed at Suzy, it wasn’t fair to worry young girls over something like that. But I guess I can understand, since she was dealing with a possible unwanted pregnancy, “Is that why you refused to play with Peter?”

“Sorta... I was afraid, but... Papa, if I let you put your pee-pee inside, are you gonna give me a baby?” she finally asked with questioning eyes.

“Would it bother you to have a little baby of your own?” I said as I got close to her with the toilet paper in hand, and Monse automatically opened her legs to let me clean her, “you could bring it here, and play with it. It would be like having a new brother or sister,” I explained while I wiped her little crack, taking care to caress her clit a few times.

“But mom said only mommies and daddies that love each other can have babies,” countered Monse, without trying to close her legs. I had already dumped the toilet paper, but continued to caress her pussy with my bare fingers.

“Well, I love you very much,” I said, lowering my fingers to her opening and gathering the liquid that started to come out, “and I’m sure Peter also loves you. And I like to think you love me and the rest of your playmates, right?”

Monse looked at me with a thoughtful expression, “I’m not sure Mommy would like me to get a baby,” she said and tried to close her legs for the first time, so I removed my hand.

“I don’t think your mom will mind if you have a baby,” I said with a smile, but Monse looked at me with doubtful eyes. “It’s true. When your mom first signed you up to stay with us, we asked her if it was okay for you to get a baby, and she said it was,” I assured her, as she got up and we walked out of the restroom.

“Really?” she asked, clearly not fully convinced, while we walked back to the nap room.

“Really! If you doubt me, I can show you the paper where she signed that it was fine,” I assured her. It was *strictly* true, the contracts *did* state that the daycare would not be liable if a boy got a girl or caretaker pregnant, or if a girl got pregnant herself. It also detailed that the children *were* expected to participate in sexual games both between each other and with the caretakers. Still, a lot of parents either didn’t read the fine print, or hoped their children would be too young to face the consequences of their reproductive urges. And while it was possible Monse’s parents would be mad at becoming grandparents so soon, I was pretty certain they would accept their responsibility for it.

“So, I have to play the pee-pee hiding game to get the good feeling?” she finally asked, apparently convinced her mom would not scold her. We were almost back to the nap room, and soon we wouldn’t be able to chat so freely.

“You can try it, many really like it,” I assured her, lowering my voice to avoid bothering the sleeping children, “but if you want I can give you a good feeling now, all you have to do is let me try to put my baby in your tummy,” I proposed as I softly patted her flat lower belly.

Monse giggled and nodded, and I can honestly say I felt good not only because I

was going to fuck and inseminate the little girl, but also because I had brought her peace about something that was bothering her.

Silently I guided her back to her sleeping bag. In the darkness I could see the silhouette of a fellow caretaker cradling a child to her breast, probably Suzy. The rest were likely with some child as well. Oh well, I had wanted to give a thumbs up to Mark, but I'll get to brag later.

I lay down next to Monse, caressing her naked body. She shivered when my hands touched her small nipples, so I took a moment to fondle her budding breasts. I kissed her forehead and continued moving my hands down her little body.

"We have to be quiet, we cannot disturb your playmates," I whispered into her ear as my hands caressed her stomach and back.

Monse just nodded, arching her back as my hands went to cup her perky butt. It was so small I could grab it all in one hand. I kissed her face and continued moving my hands down her body. I purposely skipped over her crotch and started caressing her young legs, I felt her shiver again as I massaged her thighs and placed little kisses on her neck.

I moved one hand up her thighs, almost touching her young pussy, while the other continued playing with her backside and my lips found her pointy little nipples. Monse couldn't hold back a moan as I started sucking on her breasts, and her whole body jerked, forcing my hand against her crotch.

I happily noticed she was very wet, almost as if I hadn't wiped her after she peed. I moved my fingers to the top of her hairless pussy, finding her little button already swollen and ready. I gently caressed her clit while my tongue lapped at her nipples and little Monse continued to move in the most sensual way.

"I'm gonna put my pee-pee in you now, ok?" I whispered to her, letting go of her breasts and moving my body closer to her side. She was getting close to her orgasm, and I wanted my cock inside her when she had it. I wasn't sure if she could have more than one climax, so I didn't want to miss this one.

I moved my hands around Monse and pulled her over me. I would've loved to feel her naked body on mine, but the rules still forbade us from removing the uniform, so all I could feel was her body heat through my shirt while my hands caressed her naked butt.

I hugged her with one hand and used the other to free my cock and guide it to Monse's wet groin. I had to push Monse down my body for my cock to reach her pussy, but the little girl was so turned on she quickly pushed herself against my erection.

Lining up to her pussy was a challenge. I usually penetrate girls lying on a table or from the back, but I really wanted to hug this princess while I inseminated her. I had

to use both hands to find her hole while my cock head rubbed her naked crotch, and even with all the fluids that we both had leaked there, I could not manage to push it inside her.

Suddenly I felt her little hands between our bodies. Monse grabbed my cock and lifted her bottom, allowing me to pry open her pussy lips, and then she pushed down with my cock pressed against her opening.

I felt a stretching sensation while my glans fought to enter her tight hole, until, with a mutual moan, my tip parted her outer lips and sank a little into her body.

I couldn't help myself, I took Monse's slim waist and pulled her down on my cock, while her little hands still explored the point where my rigid cock joined her body. There was a snapping sensation inside the little girl as my cock made it past her maidenhead, and Monse let out a little grunt.

I quickly stopped and hugged her tightly. "Are you okay?" I whispered, caressing her back and forcing myself to remain still. I hadn't expected her to still have her hymen. Even if she hadn't played with other boys, girls usually insert pens or toys and their virginities are long gone before this age.

"It stung a little... and I feel stuffed... but the nice feeling... tickles... can we keep going?"

I smiled and started slowly moving my hips, testing if it was uncomfortable for the little girl. I really didn't want to stop, but if the loss of her virginity was too much, I would remove my cock and give her another oral climax. I was overjoyed when Monse started moving over me, rotating her hips while her hands touched the point where my cock joined her pussy, and gave extra stimulation to her clit.

I really had won the lottery with this little girl. Not only had I given her her first ever orgasm, but she had managed to keep her virginity for me to take. All I needed for this to be perfect was that she was ovulating for the first time now or tomorrow, so I could also claim her very first egg.

Mark was going to be green with envy when I told him I had actually taken the virginity of the little eight-year-old girl. Mark was a fellow caretaker, and he loved to take girls' virginities, which was hard, since by the time we could have sex with a girl, she usually had lost her hymen to toys or other boys. My fetish was similar, in that by the time a girl was fertile, she was more likely to conceive by one of her playmates or other caretakers, than me. So Mark and I had a playful rivalry going on, where I would brag whenever I was the first to fuck a girl, and he would brag when he inseminated a girl that could have been fertile. This time, however, I felt kinda bad for Mark, since he would have loved to be the one to break in such a lovely girl.

I gave a harder push and felt most of my cock sink into the heated, tight and wet

hole of little Monse. I could feel the walls of her passage contracting while she moved, clearly very close to her release. Another push made her moan when my cock make contact with the end of her vagina. My glans pressed against her cervix, and I could almost imagine her virgin little womb just there, with a fresh ovum just waiting for my sperm.

“My pee-pee is touching your baby place,” I whispered to her, hugging her to keep her from making us cum too soon, “are you ready to get a baby?” I asked, moving a hand between our bodies to caress her flat belly.

“Mommy won’t be mad, right Papa?” asked the girl, more worried about her mother’s reaction than actually being pregnant.

“Don’t worry,” I told her, lowering my fingers to touch the union of our bodies, where Monse continued to move side to side, caressing her little clit and making her jump again. I was getting really close to cumming.

I felt her pussy contract around my cock, her cervix pressing against my cock head as Monse moaned into my chest. I loved the wetness that spread from our union. Monse shivered and arched her back, and I felt her pussy jump around my cock. The little girl was cumming and I could feel her tight little hole begging for my seed.

“Here’s your baby,” I told her, unable to hold back any longer. With the next ripple of Monse’s pussy I let my sperm go, flooding her undeveloped passage and pressing my cock against the end of her pussy. Monse moaned while the pleasure made her shudder and I continued to shoot rope after rope of virile seed inside her developing fertility. Pressed against her cervix, I hoped at least some of my sperm were going inside her virgin womb, where they might find her very first ovum, ready to be fertilized.

I hugged Monse tightly, letting her ride her climax while my cock jumped and gave the last few drops of sperm inside her little body. When she stopped writhing, I leaned forward and kissed her forehead, now damp with sweat.

“Did you enjoy your good feeling?” I whispered in her ear, remembering that the children around us were still sleeping and we should not have made so much noise.

Monse just nodded, too tired to answer. I could already feel her breathing relaxing, she would soon be asleep.

“Thank you for letting me make you a mommy,” I told her, unsure if she heard me, since soon it was clear she was fast asleep.

I decided to stay there for a while, with the little girl sleeping on top of me, my softening cock still inside her hole, holding my seed in her womb. Soon I would have to get up and go back to my duties, but for now I could enjoy the closeness of the peaceful girl.

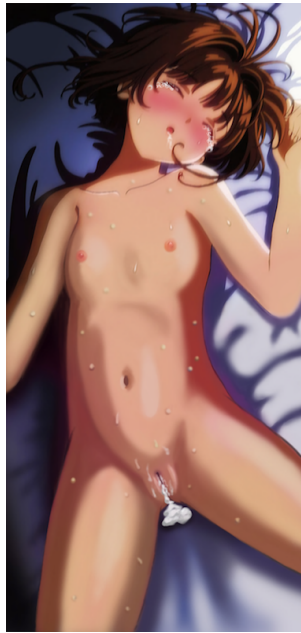


Figure 8: Little Monse

## Checking in

“You work at the daycare, right?” the question stopped the daycare worker as he walked to work, a coffee in his hand. The answer was obvious, since he already wore the uniform with the logo and name of the facility. The one asking the question, though, wore street clothes, had an angular face, apparently stuck mid-frown, and had been leaning against the wall, clearly waiting for something.

“Why...?” said the worker, taking a step back. Ever since the pedophile ring was busted, he and his fellow coworkers had received suspicious looks and veiled threats just for working with children. Only the loyalty of their long time customers kept the business afloat, as very few parents wanted to part with their children.

“I’m detective Johnson,” he introduced himself, showing his badge, “I have a meeting with your boss, but I wanted to have a few words with you beforehand.”

“With me?” replied the daycare worker, actually taking the officer’s badge and paying close attention to it. It was real, it also showed that detective Johnson wasn’t from the local police, but part of the federal investigation team.

“With any employee, really,” replied the officer, putting his badge away, and giving the daycare worker a subtle, but clearly intended, glimpse of his sidearm, “I know what your boss is gonna say, so I want to see if there’s any other stories I should know.”

“Stories about what?” replied the employee, as both men started walking towards the daycare.

“Look, we’re trying not to turn this into a witch hunt, but we can’t ignore any valid lead... and there’s a weird correlation between young mothers and clients of your daycare,” he made a calculated pause, giving the worker enough time to blurt anything, and then continued, “you work with the children, and you have a duty to report if you *think* there’s any abuse. So, do you have anything to report before I start investigating?”

The employee took a deep breath and looked at officer Johnson in the eye, “In the two years I’ve worked here, I’ve never even *suspected* any of the children were being abused, and I suggest you double check your numbers, very few parents are single mothers.” By then they were in front of the daycare, some other employees could be seen opening the doors and getting everything ready for when the parents drop off their children.

“Not single mothers,” corrected the detective, “*young* mothers, teenagers that were under *your* care when they got pregnant. How do you explain that—” Johnson clarified as they entered the facility. “Whoa!”

\* \* \*

“Are you ok?” I asked the detective as we entered. I was still annoyed at him, practically accusing us of neglecting the children.

“Yeah, just a dizzy spell,” he answered.

“Maybe all the bright colors?” I suggested, remembering it had also given me a headache the first few weeks of work.

“Maybe...” he said, regaining the stern face from before, “where were we...? Oh yeah, the pregnancies...”

“Well, I try my best,” I replied, unable to hide a smile. “I would love for every little girl to leave us with a big belly or a nursing baby in her arms, but really, we caretakers have very little sex with the children, so most of your *young* mothers are likely the product of mutual play between the children,” I explained.

By now the children had started to flood in, and to my pleasure the detective’s face had lost its edge as he admired them tearing their clothes off in order to go play. Without the frown he appeared much nicer, and I felt bad at being annoyed at him, he was only doing his work, and I should be happy there were others making sure the children were protected.

“So... no abuse at all, right?” replied the detective, his eyes glued to the naked bodies as the children greeted and frolicked together. A normal response for those not used to see naked children so often. “Well, I still have to interview your boss, but so far they do seem to be in good hands,” he smiled, something that looked weird on his



Figure 9: Grown playground

face, and offered me a handshake, before moving on to the office to talk with my boss. I hoped I hadn't say anything wrong, but the detective seemed like a nice guy, and since we're not doing anything wrong, I doubted there would be any problems.

## 4 Grown playground

One would think that seeing naked children day after day would made the sight lose its appeal. I honestly also thought so after the first few weeks working at the daycare. But the reality is that children are so active and unpredictable that I've yet to get bored of their antics.

And yes, even though I have in front of me half a dozen naked girls daily, I still get hard whenever one of them bends down, inadvertently showing me her perky ass, or kneels down, and I can see the lips of her pussy opening, inviting me in.

The third playground at the daycare is dedicated to the older children, those between ten and twelve. While this is by far the group with the least children, they can be a handful on their own. They are a weird group, with puberty already getting to most of them, and bodies full of new hormones and feelings they can't comprehend. They have a knack for getting into trouble, so we have to be very attentive whenever we're tasked with watching over them.

By that age they want to *belong*, and unfortunately the easiest way to do that is to ostracize someone outside their *group*. That is something we cannot allow, and so we have to pay close attention so they don't start bullying someone.

Another issue is that by that age some of them want to feel *grown up*, and thus want to distance themselves from their peers and instead try to hang out with us caretakers. It's very hard to refuse such attention, especially when a young and sexy girl clearly starts flirting with you, but we have to kindly remind them we can't pay special attention to anyone, and they should play with each other.

One would think with the new hormones running through their bodies, they would be fucking like bunnies all day long. And while they *do* involve themselves in more sex-games than the younger children, they also spend a lot of time just playing, reading and chatting with each other.

Right now, though, I had to intervene, for a girl was apparently being shunned from their game. A group of three boys were around a girl, in what the computer told me was a game of "feeling twister", where one player is the "mat", and the others have to touch, caress and lick different parts of her. It's a fun game as they all work in tandem to give the "mat" a good feeling. The problem was that Marie was standing around, just looking, and though the computer had already included her in the game, the boys were not moving over so she could participate.

"Boys, open a space so Marie can play," I told them as I reached them. Cathy was the "mat" right now, and I could see she was close to her climax, with two of the boys caressing her body while the third played with her privates.

"She doesn't wanna play," complained Nino as he stopped playing with the budding breast of his playmate. "We offered and she just stood there."

I looked back at Marie and saw that she indeed seemed to be frozen in place, her arms around herself protectively as she looked at the game. "I think she's just a bit nervous about the game, right Marie?" I asked her gently, "is this your first time playing it?"

The girl just nodded at me. She was really cute, with big blue eyes and bright blond hair almost to her mid back. She also was quite developed for her age, her boobs already at least an A-cup, well defined hips and a lovely ass, the perfect image of a young, fertile girl.

"I think she would feel better if you let her be the mat first, then she can join in as a regular player," I said, using my credentials to end the round and mark Marie as the new "mat".

Cathy shot me an annoyed look, but got up without complaint. Really, she should be thanking me, since I ended the round without her cumming, she got a lot more points.

The computer then instructed Marie to lie on her back and quickly gave directions to the other players to start touching her. As always, the rounds started away from the erogenous zones, directing the children to the face, the hands or feet, and as the game progressed, it moved them closer and closer to giving the “mat” an orgasm. I think it was designed to teach children about foreplay and how much better an orgasm feels when you take the time to work up to it, which is also why it encourages the “mat” not to climax, giving them extra points if they endure till the end.

“But... but, I don’t—” Marie started to say, clearly a bit worried as the other children gathered around her. She refused to release her arm when Nino tried to pull it.

“It’s okay, Marie,” I reassured her, gently making Nino let go of her arm, “if at any moment there is something you don’t want to do, just say ‘no’, and your playmates will stop, right guys?” I said, looking in Nino’s direction. He’s a good kid, but can be a little pushy at times.

Their agreement apparently relaxed Marie, as she just nodded and let the rest of the players touch her where the computer directed them, soon also relaxing her arms and giving Nino the opportunity to participate.

I was about to walk away and let them play, when I noticed Josh had stopped playing, and was just on his knees, looking as the others continued getting closer to Marie’s sensitive parts.

“What’s the matter?” I asked him, checking with the computer, that apparently was telling him to rub on Marie’s lower chest, right below her breasts.

“She’s my *sister*,” complained Josh, looking at me with a worried expression, “I can’t...”

I smiled at him. Of all the backward ideas that still thrived, the idea that it was wrong for siblings to experiment with their sexuality was far more widespread than I originally believed. It was clear Marie and Josh’s parents had taught it to their children. “You love your sister, right?” I asked him, “and you know she can get a good feeling from this game, right?” I continued after he nodded. “There is nothing wrong with helping your sister get a good feeling. In fact I’m sure she will help you get one when it’s your turn to be the mat,” I finished.

Josh still looked a bit worried, but he extended his hand and started caressing his sister’s belly. Marie looked at him, and her smile seemed to relax him. I would have to keep my eyes open, but my gut told me they would be fine, so I returned to the edge of the playground, trying to adjust my pants.

Marie and Josh were a particular case in the daycare. Most of our older children had been with us for years, as most parents enroll them much younger and just let them stay with us until they reach the maximum age. I wasn’t sure why their parents had

decided to enroll the twelve-year-old girl and her eleven-year-old brother, but it had been a bit of a shock for the children to get used to our rules.

Marie in particular was having trouble fitting in, but her willingness to participate in the game gave me hope she would overcome it. It was clear many of the boys fancied her, as she had a really beautiful body, she just needed a bit more confidence to open up to her playmates.

Josh had adapted much better, though, and by now I think most of the girls had taken turns fitting his cock into their pussies, during one game of musical chairs. I could only hope Marie would soon be able to do the same with her male playmates, and I knew most of them would be delighted for a chance of plant their seed into the older-looking girl.

That was perhaps the only sour note I felt whenever I saw her. She had a body that screamed *fecund*, but so far I had been unable to make my contribution to her womb... well, that and the fact that Mark kept on bragging that *he* had.

\* \* \*

I should have suspected something when, after I told him how I had plucked little Monse's cherry right from under him, he just smiled, congratulated me, and then went on to describe, in absolute detail, what *he* had done with Marie.

Turned out he was in charge of the grown playground on Marie and Josh's first day in the daycare; and was tasked with explaining the rules to them before they could join the rest of the children.

It was easy to explain the basic rules about respect for others, what areas they could and could not explore in the facility, and give them a simple explanation of the point system: how they could earn points from the games and exchange them for toys and other prizes. All that was pretty normal, but then he arrived at what makes our daycare special.

"OK, now I need you to strip. As you've seen, all the children are naked in the playground," he said. Sure enough, even from the office they could see the rest of the children playing naked outside.

"Do we really have to?" asked Josh, looking out the window. This was expected, since by that age children are taught the importance of covering up their bodies, and Mark had to battle against that.

"Yes, all the children *must* be naked," he reaffirmed, "and a lot of games only work when you're naked. But don't worry, in here it's perfectly normal, and soon you won't even remember you're not wearing clothes."

"Are they... are they *touching* each other?" asked Marie, also looking out the window to the play area, where the other children *were* indeed involved in some sex

play.

“Yes, they are,” agreed Mark, “a lot of the games you can play will help you better understand your bodies, so you *will* be touching your playmates quite a bit,” he explained. This was another point of possible conflict, as most older children already had a developed sense of personal space, and had been taught it was wrong for others to touch them, “but don’t worry, all the games are controlled by the computer, and we will be present. Plus, if you *really* don’t want to, you don’t have to participate.”

“But... isn’t that... *sex*?” insisted Marie, still watching out the window.

“Not really,” replied Mark, after making sure the kids in the play area were only touching each other, “they are trying to get a *good feeling*,” he explained, “it’s something that happens when you touch your pee-pee or your kitty. Have you ever done that?” he asked.

Josh nodded, his sight still focused on the children in the play area, while Marie looked at Mark with big eyes.

“OK, I’ll also undress so you feel at ease, but in the future you *have* to remove your clothes as soon as you arrive, clear?” he offered, standing up and removing his shirt. “Come on, we’ll do it at the same time,” he encourage the two siblings, their attention back to him.

We all know some tricks to make the children follow instructions, even when they’re at the age where they have begun to question authority. By not giving them time to think, surprising them, and joining in on what he wanted them to do, the two tweens were in the middle of getting undressed before even thinking of protesting once again.

“We *really* have to be naked everyday?” Marie finally complained, now completely naked, a hand covering her privates while the other tried to cover up her chest.

“Yes, but don’t worry, I promise you’ll get used to it sooner than you think,” assured Mark. As I’ve said, Marie is quite developed for a twelve-year-old, and Mark couldn’t stop his eyes from following the lines of her body, from her perky ass to her growing hips and tits. “You have beautiful boobs,” he complimented her, “I’m sure all your playmates will want to touch them,” he added.

Marie blushed even harder, but Mark could see a smile there. Young girls *like* to be told they’re beautiful. With their bodies changing so much, many of them think they’re too skinny, or too fat, or that their hips and boobs are growing too much, or too little. So whenever someone compliments them, it helps their self esteem. Josh too, was admiring his sister, and Mark could see the boy also had a bigger-than-expected erection, for an eleven-year-old.

“So, your brother said he’s touched his pee-pee and got the nice feeling before, but I’m still waiting for your answer. Have you touched your kitty to get the good feeling?”

“You... you mean... *masturbate*?” she asked, her face down.

“Yeah, that,” agreed Mark, happy she knew what he meant.

“No...” Marie softly replied, her head still downcast, “I mean, I’ve... I’ve touched myself, but... other girls say it feels... good and I...”

“You haven’t felt that?” asked Mark, his cock as hard as ever. The girl just nodded slightly, and with that Mark was next to her, his hands gently caressing her back and hair. He felt her tremble under his fingers, probably already guessing what would happen, but frozen in place. “Do you want me to show you how that feels?”

“I... I’m not...”

“If you *really* don’t want to, I’ll stop,” said Mark, stopping his hands, but keeping them on her body, “but I promise you’ll like it.” He began to move again, lowering his hands down her back, almost to her buttocks, and gently placing a kiss on her forehead. “Want me to continue?”

Marie just moaned, her body assaulted by feelings she didn’t understand. Even though Mark had said he would back off if she asked, he was pretty sure she wouldn’t. One look at her told him that this was a female in the middle of puberty, her body full of hormones and just waiting for the right man to take her.

He glanced at her brother, for *he* was the only one that could derail things now, if he decided to “defend” his sister. But Mark smiled when he noticed instead that young Josh had a hand on his cock and lust in his eyes, as he saw his sister in Mark’s arms.

Mark took his time with Marie. First his hands explored all her young body, from her back to her arms, her legs, her sides and her hips. He was careful to stay away from any part that made Marie catch her breath, all the while giving small kisses to her face, her forehead, her cheeks, her nose. He avoided her lips that were, by then, chasing him around.

When he had Marie moaning with every touch, he moved on, gently taking her breasts in his hands, feeling the hard nipples and the soft texture of her developing figure. He then did the same with her ass, forcing the girl to come closer to him, to lean her young body against him, just as he finally allowed her a full kiss on the lips.

He was happy at her reaction, the girl just pressed her whole body against his as her lips tried to eat him whole. He had to push back to make her let go before lowering himself, his hands always caressing her, as his lips started marking a path of kisses down her neck, between her tits, and over her belly.

He helped Marie to his chair, gently seating her so her hips were on the edge, easier for him to access her pussy. Only then did he gently open her legs to get a good look at her privates.

By now Marie’s pussy looked like she had wet herself, and Mark smiled at his



Figure 10: Marie's hymen

handiwork. He had managed to get the child so excited without even touching her crotch, but that was about to change. With both hands he spread open her lips and gazed into her.

Mark felt his heart jump at what he saw. Marie's pussy lay in front of his eyes, and he could clearly see her intact hymen covering the entrance. It was a beautiful hymen, a thin membrane that partially stretched just inside her vagina, all pink and trembling in sync with the girl's breathing.

Originally Mark had planned to eat Marie to a climax, and then sink his cock into her. But the sight of such perfect virginity made him change his plans. He couldn't risk such a thing being damaged by his fingers or tongue, or even by the inner movements of her own orgasm. The only proper tool to claim it was his cock, still as hard as ever, just waiting to pierce the lovely girl.

Mark skipped several verbal confirmations. On one hand he was sure Marie would agree, but he also knew he couldn't stop, even if she refused him. He climbed back up, his fingers still massaging the outer lips of her pussy, until his member was level with her hole. A quick glance up confirmed that Marie was also looking down, at where his cock would soon be robbing her of her purity, but she made no objections.

A simple movement forward brought his glans and her pussy together. Marie just whimpered as her hips moved on their own. Mark could see the doubt in her face, the

mixture between arousal and desire and fear of what was about to happen. He knew her body was close to a climax, and so started moving his member up and down over her pussy, bumping on her clit each time as he slowly added pressure on her treasure.

He waited until Marie relaxed, until her body started trembling, tipping towards the edge of orgasm, and when her eyes closed, he simply pushed forward, slowly, taking his time, but without stopping.

She was tight. Much tighter than even most younger girls at the daycare. But she was also wet and ready for this, her body opening up to him as nature intended.

He felt the resistance of her hymen on his glans, felt it stretch around him and start to tear, and as he advanced he felt how Marie's whole body reacted.

"Wait, I don't... Ow!" cried Marie as her virginity was torn asunder, and with a final push, Mark's glans finally broke that delicious hymen and claimed Marie's first time.

"Shhhh," he whispered in her ear, all movement stopped, only his finger gently playing with her clit to keep her flame lit, "that's the end of the pain. Now you can enjoy the good feeling."

Marie just whimpered a little, but didn't complain further, and less than a minute later her whimpers were moans again as Mark's skilled fingers made her clit jump for joy. Then he started moving, pressing the rest of his cock in. Marie whimpered again, but clearly the pleasure was greater than her discomfort, as her arms came around Mark to bring him closer to her.

"You're *inside* me," she said with amazement, her breathing ragged as Mark continued to play with her clit.

"Yes, thanks for letting me," he answered as he started to slowly move back, receiving a lovely moan, "now let me make you feel good in return," he added, pressing her lips to his and giving the newly deflowered girl a passionate kiss.

Mark could have lasted a long time, slowly moving inside the girl, but, this being her first experience, Marie had no such control. Mark had only moved back and forth a few times when Marie's breathing changed, and he knew she was once again on the brink of orgasm. This time, though, he didn't intend to stop her. He moved a hand to her ass, lifting her off the chair, and started moving with much more determination, as his other hand kept playing with her pleasure button and his lips devoured her.

Marie let out a muffled scream into his mouth as her climax hit, her arms tightening around him as she almost bit his lips. But it was her pussy that took him by surprise, suddenly squeezing him and milking him in a way he had seldom felt a girl do. Mark had intended to pull out and shower her with his cum, he loved to see a newly deflowered girl covered in his spunk, but her squeezing pussy, as well as the tight embrace she

had on him, forced him down another path.

With a grunt Mark felt his balls contract, and a moment later he was decorating the inside of her unused pussy with his seed. It felt so good to let it go that he didn't even try to pull out after that, just letting the young girl have all of it, as deep as he could put it. Somehow he managed to turn around and sit on the chair while he was filling her, as his trembling legs would not support him and the spasming girl above him.

His peak probably lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed much longer. Finally Marie stopped shaking and let go of his mouth, just as Mark's balls gave a final weak spurt deep inside her. The girl was still breathing hard, but she looked straight in his eyes and smiled.

"That was sex?" she simply asked. Mark nodded, "can we do it again?" she pressed on, her hips already trying to move, but Mark stopped her.

"You need points to do it... to have a good feeling with me... with a caretaker," he told her, trying to regain his professionalism, "but you can also practice with your playmates."

With that he pulled her up, his softening cock quickly dropping out of her, followed by a big stream of pinkish sperm, further proof that Mark had just stolen her virginity. Marie also looked down, her disappointed face growing worried at what she saw.

"You did it in her," came her brother's amazed remark. Mark had almost forgotten he was there, and a quick glance showed he had enjoyed the show, as his limp member still pointed to the small puddles of seed on the floor in front of him. "Isn't that... dangerous?"

"No, it's not dangerous at all," assured Mark, "it's perfectly natural, and as soon as you try it, I bet you will also want to do it," he added with a smile.

Mark knew both sibling were thinking about pregnancy, so he carefully chose his words to minimize their worry. Neither sibling replied, as both siblings looked at each other's groins while blushing.

"Well, we've taken way too much time. I think you're ready to meet the rest of your playmates, and start making friends," he said, getting up and guiding the two preteens out and into the play area.

Mark had been written up for several breaches of protocol from his handling of the situation. Most severe had been his decision to take Marie's virginity without full consent, before making sure the girl was ready and willing, as well as continuing with the act when she was in discomfort.

I like to think I would not do such a thing, that even if a fertile girl were available to me, I would stop if she was not ready... but looking at Marie's body, I can understand why Mark couldn't stop.

I was worried her first experience had made Marie shy around her playmates, making it difficult to relate with them. But a moan from the group playing twister told me she was on her way to overcoming that.

I approached to see how they were doing. Apparently Marie had managed to last quite a while, for she was moaning in pleasure as her brother moved erratically on top of her, his penis deeply embedded in her pussy. I smiled as Marie cried out in orgasm, her arms and legs wrapping around her brother as he also reached his climax inside her. The rest of the children looked on and cheered, some idly masturbating.

“Wow! you really shoot a lot!” pointed out Nino when Josh moved back and a small stream of white spunk started leaking out of his sister’s hole. “I can only do, like, a few drops,” it was true, for an eleven-year-old, Josh’s volume of cum was quite high.

“You need to tell them to do it outside,” interjected Cathy, “I only let them cream inside if they’ve been nice, otherwise I don’t want to have their babies.”

The siblings were still recovering their breath, but I could see Marie looked a bit worried at that, before smiling at her brother, while Josh’s cock quickly started to recover its hardness. I was happy that Marie was getting out of her shell, but at the same time I felt jealous of her brother, for if Mark hadn’t made her tummy swell, I was quite sure her brother would soon.

“My turn!” called out Nino, lying on his back, “and when I win I get to do it with Marie, too!” he declared. I just smiled and moved back, no need for me to intervene anymore.

## Checking out

“Haru, come here!” I called for a boy as he ran past me. The little six year old turned back and approached. He was already dressed and ready to go home, but I saw a smear of white on his face. “You’ve got something there,” I told him, grabbing a napkin and holding his arm before he could use the sleeve of his shirt to clean his face. Instead he used his tongue, trying to reach the sperm that decorated his chin. I smiled and cleaned the rest, letting the hyperactive boy go.

I was about to go chew out Max for not cleaning his mess, when I saw detective Johnson coming up, still trying to fix his pants.

“Sorry about that, he ran away before I was finished and...” the detective looked at me with ill disguised shame, “your coworker said it was ok to do it...”

“Yes, Haru is a lovely boy, I’m sure he’ll make his boyfriend very happy in the future,” I said with a smile. “So, was that part of the investigation as well?”

“No, I mean... I could say I was making sure he was being taken care of, but really, I just couldn’t resist,” he admitted, “I don’t know how *you* do it.”

“So we’re fine?”

“As far as I’m concerned, you are,” he stated, another weird smile broke his face, “but I have to finish the paperwork, so I’ll be back to—”

\* \* \*

The detective shook his head as he stepped out of the daycare, covering his eyes against the low brightness of the sun. The daycare worker looked back at him with annoyance.

“So we’re not done?” asked the employee, feeling the tiredness of the day wash over him.

“No, I’ll be back to interview the staff and some of the children,” stated the detective dryly, “even if I didn’t find anything today, we have to be thorough. You understand, right?”

“You honestly think we could *hide* it if we were... doing something to the children?” spat the employee.

“I’m just saying this is an open investigation, so you better not leave the county, and don’t try to erase anything on your pad, we have *very* good data analysts,” said the detective as he walked away, leaving the employee fuming on the street.

## 5 Lion’s Pride

Most of the time the computer automatically chooses what games each group of children must play. But some times, when there aren’t too many children, or they haven’t been playing with each other as much as they should, we caretakers can choose from a variety of immersive games. These games usually last the whole day, giving the kids extra points for participating.

Whenever it’s my turn to choose, I always go for “*Lion’s Pride*”. While it gives us caretakers a *lot* of extra work to do, it’s the only game where the objective is to make the girls pregnant, and everyone knows I just can’t resist that. The happy squeals from the children, when we tell them what we are playing, are also music to my ears. Most of the children love the game, mainly for the *props* they get to use, and the antics they can get into.

The first step is to turn the daycare into a savanna full of lions. The computer does most of this by setting the backgrounds on the walls and floor. Some caregivers direct the children to move all the usual toys and furniture out of the way to make a big space



Figure 11: Lion's Pride

in the center.

Next comes turning the children into cute little lion cubs. This is the longest process, as we have to apply face- and body-paint to each and every child, drawing muzzles and whiskers. Children love this, and with practice we're now pretty fast and half decent at it.

"Papa, can I have some spots?" asked little seven-year-old Anne as I finished making a line design around her pussy. We're only required to paint their faces, but I just can't resist adding some "fur" down their bodies, around their nipples and all the way to their privates, like an arrow pointing there. I know this forces the rest of my coworkers to do the same, since otherwise the children would complain. I'm thankful they put up with me.

"You know I can't do that," I said to the little girl, even as I grabbed her side, leaving a few spots where my fingers touched her. She smiled at me and quickly gave me a kiss on the cheek, before running off for the rest of her costume.

"I don't want extra spots," said Ned, the eight-year-old boy next in line, "but can you give me veeery long fangs?" I smiled and nodded. Even if this was just the setup, I was having lots of fun.

"How do I look?" called eleven-year-old Cathy, twirling around. She already had her full costume on, and she really was stunning. Jasmine had applied her body paint,

and she'd done a terrific job. Cathy's cute nose and mouth were turned into an elegant muzzle, with just a hint of whiskers, the paint instead focused on turning her eyes and cheeks into a nice looking lioness. I still had a lot to learn, but the children didn't complain. Jasmine had also added a series of orange and black markings all the way down her belly, and she had actually depicted the silhouette of a curled up cub right above her pussy, where her womb would be.

"That's soooo cute!" shouted several girls and boys, "can get one too?" I smiled, thinking a new tradition had just been born. Now we would all have to learn how to put cubs in their bellies, paint, as well as the *normal* way.

Cathy was already wearing the rest of the accessories to finish the transformation: a cute pair of lion ears, soft gloves and shoes in the form of paws, and a slim belt with a clipped tail that bounced behind her, and somehow made each of her steps even sexier. Besides completing the transformation, the accessories also allowed the computer to accurately track each child and react to their movements much faster than if it had to rely only on the static sensors.

While the children showed each other their paintings, compared designs and practiced their pouncing, we also got into character. We caregivers take the role of "elder" lions and lionesses within the pride. That is another reason I *really* like this game, it allow us to be naked with the children.

"You have competition, you know?" said Suzy, coming over to me as I finished adjusting my ears, mane and tail. Suzy was already in full costume, which is to say she was almost naked, with a cute lioness tail bouncing after her every step. If one ignored her C-cub breasts and her height, she *could* pass for a child in our care. But my eyes were drawn to her midsection, to her still flat belly. She hadn't said a word after our little *demonstration* almost a month ago, but I still hoped she had caught.

"For what?"

"You *know* for what," she said, pointing down at her belly, "Josh complained that his playmates ask him to pull out since he shoots so much," she said, looking at the eleven-year-old-boy, already playfully running after the older girls, "and only the fact that he blew too soon in my mouth saved me from taking his cum up my womb," she added. "He promised to 'do it right' next time he got enough points."

"You can refuse, you know? send him to Marla, I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

"It wouldn't be fair to him," replied Suzy absently. "I'm more worried about his sister and the other girls. I fear he might try to force himself on them, or do it without them knowing," she said, pointedly looking at me.

"Want me to have a chat with him?"

"He might take it better from a male, someone that understands *what* he's feeling."

“No problem.” I said, still a bit ashamed of my actions from a month ago.

The game had already started while Suzy and I were talking. All the children were running and crawling around the play area, chasing virtual hares and zebras. Since our playground has limited 3D visualization options, a lot of imagination was required. The children were mostly chasing after the images of the animals on the floor, but they have lots of imagination, and I love how they have to bend down constantly to attack their prey.

Small prey they can usually kill on their own, but bigger game requires them to work as a team to cut off escape routes. The computer then divides the meat between the participants, and each one has to drag it back to a den. It was weird seeing the children pretending to pull big pieces of meat like it weighed a ton, the computer forcing them to move slowly or risk dropping their prize.

“Josh, come here a moment.” I called the boy as I found him trying to corner a warthog against the edge of the play area. He looked annoyed, but complied when he saw my serious face. “I heard you’ve been trying to put your cream inside your playmates without their permission. Is this true?” I asked without prelude. I knew preteens were prone to telling lies, and not giving him time to think was the best way to ensure a truthful answer.

His only reply was to lower his eyes, a clear admission of guilt.

“Why?” I pressed on, relaxing my tone.

“It feels... better?” he said, his eyes still downcast.

“I’m not mad at you, Josh,” I assured him, kneeling in front of him. “But you *do* know what could happen if you put your cream in your playmates’ kitties, right?” Again he lowered his eyes and only nodded. “You could put a baby in their bellies. Do you want that?”

This time I saw him blush, and a moment later he shook his head, but I could see he was lying.

“Let me tell you a secret,” I said, getting closer to him. “I would also love to put a baby in each and every one of your playmates, and even the younger girls as well,” I whispered close to him.

Josh raised his head and looked at me with wide eyes, apparently really surprised by my admission. “Really?” he asked with honest curiosity.

“Sure, why do you think you they call me ‘Papa’?” I smiled at him, and he reciprocated, the fear he had felt washing away. “But that doesn’t mean I can just trick a girl to put my cream inside her,” I added. “It’s not wrong to want to put a baby in your classmates, or even in Miss Suzy, but you have to ask them, and respect them if they say ‘no’.”

Josh frowned and kicked the floor. “But they *always* tell me to do it outside, every time I ask they say they want to see me spurt,” he complained.

“Well, you *do* spurt much more cream than any of your playmates, so it’s natural that they are curios.” My explanation didn’t help his mood, so I continued, “You know, if you *really* want a girl to let you spurt inside her, you have to treat her right. Make her have many good feelings first, and then ask her. I promise she will let you if you do that.”

He thought for a bit, apparently judging my words and deciding if the extra work to give his playmates orgasms was worth inseminating them. Even tweens still have trouble with delayed gratification, and I hoped this would teach Josh a valuable lesson in that, but for now I could cut him some slack.

“Well, that’s for another day,” I said. “Today, if you gather enough meat, you can go directly to Miss Suzy and ask her to have your cubs, she won’t refuse,” I explained to him. It was part of the rules, but since the game tried to promote interaction between the children, it wasn’t widely advertised.

“She... she will?”

“Yes, any caregiver will, in fact,” I expanded, feeling a bit guilty at mentioning Suzy as his first option. “Just, don’t go only to us, also try to make cubs with your playmates, ok?” I amended, fearing I would get bad karma if the boy spent the day trying to impregnate the staff.

He nodded energetically, a bright smile on his face and a good erection below his belt, clearly already imagining what to do.

“And I don’t want to hear you trying to put your baby in your classmates without their consent, understood?” I emphasized severely. “Remember, let them have some good feelings, and then ask.” He nodded, hopefully taking both the warning and the advice to heart, before running on to hunt for more prey.

I also got back to a corner, my designated “den”, just in time for eight-year-old Max to drop off a big piece of meat he’d been dragging. The image of the pile of meat following him on the floor as he advanced then went back to make it move again.

“If you drop on all fours and move slowly it’s easier,” I told him when he’d almost reached me. “Look at them, that’s the way to do it,” I added, pointing to a couple of girls moving slowly to another den, bent down in a very sexy pose. Their tails barely covered their naked mons, making them even more desirable.

“Okay, thanks Papa!” said Max, quickly running back to try and gather more meat. Soon he would have enough meat to trigger “*virility*”. I wondered who he would chase after. At first both lions and lionesses worked in tandem to gather meat and bring it to a den, but once a child had enough meat, the rules changed, and the differences between

lions and lionesses were more evident.

Loud laughter made me look into the play area, where a little girl had just managed to evade the hands of a boy who was chasing her. Even though she got away, the boy had touched her, so the computer quickly told her she had to submit. The girl stuck out her tongue at the boy, but quickly dropped on all fours and lifted her butt. The boy reached down, grabbed her hips and started humping her, while a timer on the floor told them how long they had to go.

When a male lion gained the “*virile*” status, he could hunt down any fertile lionesses to mate with them on the fields, forcing them to bear his cubs. The “mating” was just the children humping each other, though if they agreed, they could try to penetrate each other. Most small kids just humped and laughed, maybe not even considering it a sexual thing, while older kids usually agreed to have a quicky in the time the computer forced them to “mate”. For them it was also a challenge to get an orgasm before they had to separate.

“Papa, mate with me!” cried out little seven-year-old Rose as she avoided a couple boys that tried to grab the running girl. She jumped into my arms with a big smile at having beaten the boys.

“Sure,” I replied, turning her away from me and bending her down. It was a little rushed, but it was the tempo of the game. I moved her tail to the side, letting me see her little mons from behind. She was wet, though I wasn’t sure if it was excitement or just sweat. “Can I put it inside?” I asked as I pressed my cock to her tiny entrance.

“Uh-uh,” she refused, squirming against me, “don’t wanna.”

Well, that was a small disappointment, but the way this game worked, I would get a lot more opportunities. I bent my dick a bit lower and pushed forward, sliding between her legs, trying to rub against her little clit as I started humping her. The computer informed us I had to continue for 50 more seconds, so I sped up, trying to make Rose feel as good as possible in the limited time.

“Give me your cream, Papa?” asked the little girl, turning her head and looking at me, her cuteness intensified by the face-paint.

“You don’t let me put it in and you want my cream?” I replied, grabbing her hips and pushing her down so I could really feel the shape of her pussy sliding over my shaft.

“Pleeeese,” she said, and I could see her blushing a little. The computer doubled the number of cubs a lioness earned if they got the cream of an elder lion, so all the girls would be trying to make me cum on their turn. I was pretty good at resisting them, though, since I wanted to save my “cream” for those that let me into their fertile wombs.

“Maybe next time,” I told little Rose, releasing her hips and helping her up as the timer ran out. It was frustrating to slide my cock out from between her legs, but I knew that would make it feel even better when I finally seeded a little lioness.

Rose stick out her tongue at me playfully, her little hand swiping her crotch to get rid of my precum, before happily running back to the field to hunt more prey. The computer told me I had managed to give little Rose 2 cubs, so her new total was 3. I’m not sure how the computer calculates how many cubs each lioness gets, but it ranges between 1 and 4.

I looked over to where the other caretakers were either waiting or servicing a child at their “dens”. I knew not all of them enjoyed the game as much as I did, so I was grateful to them for playing along. Besides the pleasure that is working with the children, I really love the teamwork we’ve managed to build among the staff, where even serious things like me surreptitiously inseminating Suzy could be forgiven.

Speaking of Suzy, she was bent down at her den, her breasts swinging under her as young Josh humped at her from behind. The boy could be too enthusiastic, and while Suzy could take it, I doubted his playmates would enjoy such rough treatment. Just then I saw him embed himself deep into the body of my coworker, as his legs trembled in pleasure. I could picture his penis jumping inside Suzy’s body, filling her with his offering. Suzy also noticed, as I saw her move a hand under her body to rub her clitoris, trying to reach her own climax as the boy planted his cubs in her womb.

A *virile* lion could go and mate with a lioness at a den instead of chasing after the *fertile* lionesses in the field. I think this was in place for when a child could not catch anyone else, or if there were no *fertile* lionesses in play at the time. Few children used that feature, since it was more fun to chase and pounce on each other. Plus mating with a lioness at a den would only given them 1 or 2 cubs. Well, Josh might really get a *cub* with Suzy, as even from this far I could see his seed dripping between her legs as she said something to him before letting him go. Suzy then turned to look right at me, and for a moment I feared she knew I had told Josh he could do it to her, but a little hand on my leg distracted me.

“Hello there,” I smiled at little five-year-old Rain down by my knees. “Want me to give you some cubs?” I asked. The shy little girl nodded, raising her arms so I could lift her. The small children played in a separate play area, but they could choose any caregiver to give them cubs. I usually stayed near the older kids, but I wouldn’t refuse any lioness’ request for my cubs.

I raised the little girl and lay her on the table, taking a moment to admire her face and body paint. Whoever had decorated her had gone the extra mile to show two lion cubs snuggling each other on her lower belly. The little girl still had some baby fat,

and the drawing just added to the illusion she was really carrying two cute lion cubs inside her.

“I love your cubs,” I told her, caressing her belly and letting my fingers dip down to touch her hairless slit. She just smiled and opened her legs, allowing me to dip a finger inside her undeveloped pussy. “Now I need you to get in position to be mated,” I told her, letting go of her.

The little girl gave me another shy smile and turned on the table, getting on all fours and raising her little butt towards me. I love to take girls in all positions, but there is something magical about taking them from behind when they present themselves like that, so willing to let me take charge and fill them with babies... or cubs, as the game goes.

I wasted no time, sending her tail to the side and pressing my cock against her opening. Her entrance was hot and wet, maybe even more than the seven-year-old I had just humped. I didn't ask if I could try to put it inside, I knew I couldn't. At the same time, holding my tip against her entrance would allow my cum to fill her undeveloped womb, and who knew... maybe I could really give her a cub or two.

The computer stopped me before I could lose my load into the lovely five-year-old under me. A sharp beep telling me I had gone over the time limit. Regrettably I moved away from her, marveling at how much of my glans she had taken inside her little hole. I wondered how long she could still be qualified as a “virgin”, and made a mental note to tell Mark about her.

“All done, three new cubs that will grow in your tummy,” I told her, reading how many cubs the computer had awarded her. I put her on the ground and let her run back to the play area. She just smiled at me and went on her way, a few clear drops of precum smearing her crotch. Rain was still as shy and quiet as when she arrived a few months ago. I wasn't too worried about her, though, as she did play and interact, even if I had yet to hear her speak.

I had to sit down for a while after that, keeping my eyes away from the playing children while I gained control over my erection. I wanted to enjoy the game for a long while. And I wanted to save my cum for those that would make better use of it in their tiny wombs. Little Rain had taken me by surprise and I had almost exploded inside her. Now I had to be more careful.

“Are you ok?” came a small voice next to me. It was ten-year-old Anya, with that sexy accent she still had, even after years of living in the country. She was a somewhat chubby girl, very outspoken and sure of herself. She had no problem defending her body and saying she was ‘saving up to grow up’. And looking at her mother one could believe it.

“Yes, just a little distracted,” I assured her with a smile. “Want me to give you some cubs?”

“Yep! And I want your cream inside me!” she said, turning around, bending over and even moving her tail out of the way as she opened up her legs and displayed her pussy to me.

“Wow, you’ve been a busy lioness,” I said. Her hole had white dribbles of sperm hanging from it, and her inner thighs fared no better.

“Josh caught me before I could get to you,” she replied, looking over her shoulder with an annoyed face that looked very cute on her painted muzzle. “He put three of his cubs in me and forced me to lose all my meat,” she complained.

Wow, that little boy was something else, managing to give this much to Anya after fucking Suzy. It was hard to believe he was only eleven. “Well, I guess we can’t let him win, right?” I said with a smile as I plunged my cock into Anya in a single stroke. Josh’s sperm helped me with that, but it still felt wonderful to sink into the little body of a preteen girl.

Anya moaned as I started moving, not wasting any of the 75 seconds the computer gave us to enjoy being mated. I knew Anya hadn’t experienced her first period yet. In that sense she was safer than her other playmates, and quite willing to let the boys cum inside her, unlike some of the other girls. But she had to know there was still a possibility.

“You know you can get a baby even without bleeding for the first time, right?” I asked her as I moved inside her body, trying to reach all the way to her cervix. She was extremely wet inside, which helped me move much faster than I usually do.

“Mh-hmm,” agreed the girl, her breathing showing she was close to climax. I frowned, apparently Josh hadn’t taken the time to give her one before filling her. I couldn’t blame him, with the short mating times the computer gave, but still... “I rather have your baby than Josh’s, so give me your cream, please.”

I almost did, I could feel my balls tingling, just a moment before reaching the point of no return. But I forced myself to hold on for the last few seconds before forcibly pulling out. Anya did go over. With a small cry her body started shaking in orgasm a moment after I pulled out. I grabbed the child in my arms, letting her enjoy her pleasure and even inserting two fingers into her spasming pussy to extend her climax. It had been tempting to just stay inside her and inseminate her while she milked my cock, but there were bigger fish to catch.

“You might want to tell Josh not to put his cream inside you, if you really don’t want his baby,” I told her as she recovered her breath. “Now go back to hunt, or you’ll end in last place.”

“But it feels sooo good when he shoots inside, it’s so warm and gooey,” she replied, “almost as good as when *you* do it.”

“Then you better get ready to care for his baby, those are your only options,” I reminded her, giving her naked ass a loving pat to send her back into the play area.

Getting to almost cum but holding back was a little game I liked to play on my own. It made it so that when I finally did, it was a much better orgasm. Like I was adding up to all the times I hadn’t cum into a single glorious one. The downside was that if I wasn’t careful, I could burn up all the play time and end up with blue balls after the game ended. I checked the clock, glad to see I still had half an hour until nap time. I just hoped one of the girls I *wanted* to seed would decide to come to my den.

After ten minutes I was beginning to worry. A lot of children had passed by my den, most of them delivering meat and running back to keep playing. I only got to put cubs into two little lionesses. Seven-year-old Anne and six-year-old Haru, who looked lovely in his lioness outfit. Children so young don’t yet have a sexual identity, but I really wonder if Haru will grow out of wanting to be a girl. I’m sure he will be a lovely person regardless.

I was about to give up and call it a day, letting the next lioness have my load, when I saw Marie running in the field, her eyes locked on my den. My balls twitched at the sight. Marie looked even more desirable with the simple lines on her belly enhancing the shape of her body. They had painted long lines that went around her breasts, almost joining at her bellybutton, and then moving away to her hips. All that, along with her height (at least a head above any of her playmates), and her very nice boobs, made her look much older than her twelve years.

But perhaps what enticed me more about her was that I hadn’t yet managed to get inside her little pussy. If the girl were more devious I would call her a masterful tease, but the truth was Marie was a very innocent girl. I had seen her cry out in pleasure as her classmates played with her body, just to blush and curl up in shame after the fact. Most of her male companions had asked to play with her, attracted to her developed body, but Marie always accepted bashfully, likely unaware of the effect her body had on males around her. As such, I knew not only her brother, but also Nino, Albert and Charles had tasted her pussy, all doing their best to plant a baby inside the girl. And with a body like that, it was only a matter of time before her belly swelled, and it was frustrating that I hadn’t made any contribution towards that goal.

Therefore it’s no wonder my cock and balls got even harder as the girl ran in my direction. Already I could imagine how good it would feel to sink into her almost virginal body and spray a river of sperm right next to her womb. And then, Josh jumped from the side and grabbed her arm.

When Suzy told me I had competition, I had taken it as a joke. It shames me to say I got angry at Josh as he smiled and got himself on top of his sister. Moving her tail aside and, after a mutual moan of pleasure as he entered her, started moving.

“You wanted to put your cream in Marie, right?” came the question by my side. Cathy was there, also watching as Josh took his sister with abandon. The eleven-year-old had come walking to my den without anyone chasing her, even though the computer clearly marked her as a *fertile* lioness. “I found that if I don’t run, they usually don’t chase me,” she answered my silent question.

“Clever,” I recognized. Josh stopped moving, pressing himself against his sister and clearly giving her another dose of his seed. “So, do you want some cubs?” I asked, turning my attention to the cute lioness by my side.

Cathy was just starting to develop, her body on the brink between a child and a young woman. She had started her periods a few months ago, but they were still irregular. My eyes traveled down her body, where her breasts were just beginning to grow, to her hips that were also starting to take shape.

“Can you give me your cream,” she asked after nodding, turning her back to me so I could mount her.

“Sure, if you let me put my pee-pee into your kitty,” I replied, grabbing her slender back and caressing it, enjoying the shape of her young body under my fingers. Cathy giggled at the touch.

“I’m not sure I want your baby,” she replied, giggling and arching her back under my touch. I frowned, but slid my cock between her legs, moving a hand under her and pressing my shaft against her clit as I started moving.

“Well, I’m not giving you my cream otherwise,” I told her. “Besides, don’t you let your playmates try and give you a baby?”

“Only when they are... good,” she said, giggling as I increased the pressure. I doubted I could stop my orgasm, but I *really* wanted to do it inside her.

“Am I not good to you?” I insisted, my hand moving up her body to her young breasts, caressing the tender flesh around her developing nipples.

“But you... have so much..., the boys only spurt some drops.”

“Josh also squirts a lot of cream, doesn’t he?”

“I don’t... that’s why I don’t let him do it... inside,” she said between giggles. One thing I loved about Cathy is that as she got excited, instead of moaning like most girls, she had fits of giggles, ending with a long laugh as she orgasmed.

“I can give you a good feeling if you let me put my cream inside,” I said, moving my fingers over her nipples. I knew Cathy was sensitive there, perhaps even more than on her little clit. It was probably because they were just beginning to grow, and she



Figure 12: Cathy's disguise

gave the cutest giggles as my fingers played with her nipples. The way her hips moved and how her legs pressed around my cock showed that she was also close, just like me. I glanced at the timer, finding we only had a few moments before we would be moved apart. "Only 30 seconds left, can I put it inside?" I begged.

"Yes," replied Cathy, arching her back as my fingers kept playing with her developing chest. I needed no further confirmation, in a single movement I pulled my cock from between her legs, took it in hand and pushed forward into her eleven-year-old pussy.

She was already orgasming as I entered her, a fit of giggles that followed the rippling of her young hole even as my member tried to force her open. I grabbed her hips and pushed, forcing my erection deep inside her, until I felt my tip bumping her spasming cervix. And then I let myself go. After hours of being teased, of feeling my balls on the verge of release just to hold it in, it felt like I was pissing sperm inside the hopefully fertile girl.

I almost lost my footing, but my hands kept her body pressed to mine as I inseminated her. We fell back, until I was sitting on the floor with the girl on top of me, my spurting cock still sending the last drops of dangerous seed into her unprotected belly. Cathy still giggled a bit, even as her small hands found mine around her midsection, caressing the drawing of the lion cub over her womb.

"I'm gonna have your baby," she stated with a giggle as she started to calm down. It

wasn't an accusation. To me it sounded like a praise for how well I had filled her.

"I hope you do," I said, refusing to let the girl go. My balls had emptied themselves inside her belly, but still I wanted to keep my cock in, holding my seed inside her young womb.

"You're naughty, Papa," she gave another giggle, "you want all of us to carry your babies."

"I just want to show you how much I love you all," I replied, finally allowing her to stand. A big drop of white sperm quickly dripped out of her, but little else followed. I hoped I had put it so deep that it would remain there for a long while.

"Wow, 10 cubs!" shouted Cathy as she looked at her new score, "thank you!" she said, leaning down and giving me a chaste kiss before running off to share her score with the rest of her friends. I just remained on the floor for a while. It had been a great orgasm, and I really hoped I had put a real *cub* into the bubbling girl.

By then, lunch time was almost upon us, and the children were also quite tired after running around all morning. Nino won the game, having put 34 cubs in the lionesses. Cathy came up third, with a respectable 26 cubs. Josh only managed to score 13 cubs between his playmates and caregivers, but I suspected his might have actually made some bellies swell.

\* \* \*

After the children ate we had to clean them before letting them sleep. The paint on their faces was left alone, they could go home like that, if their parents agreed. We did have to clean their bodies, or their clothes would get stained.

Even after such a great orgasm inside Cathy, wiping the bellies and genitals of the children as I removed the paint and traces of sperm was giving me a new erection. I was beginning to think of who I would use during nap time, when Marie appeared before me to get cleaned.

"Enjoy the game?" I asked her as I started to wipe her chest with a wet towel. Marie just smiled and nodded. This was the first time she played that game, and I was glad she seemed to have had fun.

I was glad for the opportunity to examine her body closer. Her breasts were indeed very beautiful, quite big for a girl her age. They were probably already an A-cup, and would likely get much bigger. "*Especially as she feeds her baby,*" I thought.

"I saw you trying to get to me before your brother caught you," I said casually as I moved to clean her belly, where the paint almost reached her bellybutton to enhance the line of her hips. "You like playing with him a lot, right?"

Once more Marie just nodded, this time blushing a little. I moved down to her crotch and parted her legs a little so I could wipe off the dried sperm that she still had

on her pussy. I was surprised, though, when a fresh glob of sperm dripped out of her and dropped to the floor, leaving a long string hanging from her pussy lips.

“Wow! they really filled you up,” I said in surprise, “is this only your brother or did some of the caregivers also give you their cream?”

“Mr. John gave me his cream,” she said in a low voice, even as I started to clean her dripping snatch, “Nino put it once, and... Josh did it twice,” she finished. John was the owner of the daycare, but he usually stayed in his office, tied up by paperwork. I hadn’t even seen him in the playground today. “Am I... do I already have a baby in... there?” Marie then asked, pointing to her belly.

“You might,” I said honestly, “every time a boy puts his cream inside you, there’s a chance he’s putting a baby in there,” I lectured. I knew she was aware of this, probably even before she joined the daycare. “You can always ask them not to do it inside, if you don’t want to take that chance.” By now I was finished with her pussy and was working on cleaning her inner thighs.

“I... I couldn’t do that, I mean... they always look so *happy* when they put the cream inside, like I’m... like I’m giving them a gift.”

“It’s a very nice gift,” I agreed, “having their baby is an even greater gift, I guess,” I added, a bit distracted by the memory of how I had filled Cathy’s womb. A gift indeed.

“How do I... I mean, can I know *who* put it there?” I looked up at her. Marie was looking down at me with innocent eyes, not a hint of regret about her impending pregnancy, just honest curiosity for the father of her future child.

“That is...” it was a simple question, and yet I feared I could hurt her and her playmates if I didn’t give the right answer. “A baby is the proof of the love between the parents,” I started, “the love you have for your playmates, your brother, or the caregivers. And the love they have for you.” Marie was looking at me thoughtfully. “I think you should consider they are *all* the fathers of your baby, that they all contributed something so that it would grow in your belly,” I smiled at her and lowered my eyes to her still flat midsection, “that it’s both their gift to you, and your gift to them,” I finished, gently caressing her belly.

“Papa?” I looked up at her. She was blushing again, but was smiling and I could almost see a hint of tears in her eyes. “Do you... do you wanna put your cream in me, so part of the baby is yours?”

If my cock wasn’t hard before, it was just about to blow after hearing Marie’s offer. I was about ready to just throw her on the ground and fuck her brains out, when I realized we were still in the middle of something. “I... I would love that, Marie,” I said honestly, “but the rules say I can only do it sometimes, and right now I have to finish cleaning you,” I explained to her, once more trying to focus on her legs, “maybe

when you get enough points we can—”

“I have enough points,” she interrupted me, “and you... you don’t have to give me a good feeling... if you don’t wanna, I mean.”

The disconnect between her sexy young body, and her shy and innocent, almost naive, demeanor, made Marie even more desirable. The fact that she had just given me permission, almost asked me, to make her pregnant, was more than I could endure. Even if she had the points, I wasn’t supposed to exchange them at that time. Maybe after her nap, if the computer gave the children some free time. But certainly not in the middle of getting her ready for bed.

I didn’t care. I stood and wrapped my arms around her slim body, pressing my lips to hers in a kiss filled with the gratitude I felt for her. She was indeed giving us all a gift. She knew she would end up with a baby inside her, but for her, making us feel good was more important than all the work her child would entail.

Her arms were slow to find my back. Even slower was her tongue to join mine. Marie didn’t have practice kissing. Cathy was decent, Anya could give lessons. But Marie kissed like a little girl, afraid to open her mouth, her shy tongue just standing there as I ate her whole.

I lowered my hands to her butt and grabbed it. I let my fingers sink into her flesh, exploring the texture of a girl whose body was at the peak of her fertility, begging for the seed of a male to reproduce. I could feel her breasts against my chest. Her hard nipples almost twitching as our kiss sent the girl’s hormones into overdrive.

I lifted her ass as we reached the changing tables by the walls. I knew they could hold her, they could probably hold both of us. This was the place where I changed diapers and fantasized about making toddlers into mamas. Now I was gonna fuck a clearly fertile girl between the clean diapers and the talcum powder.

“Can I really do it?” I asked as my lips let go of hers. Marie was sitting on the edge of the table, her open legs around me. My rigid member already touching her hairless slit. “Can I really put my cream in you and make you a mommy?”

Marie was looking at me with hazy eyes, her breathing ragged after only a single kiss. She nodded, her smile returning as she opened her legs, her young, red and wet pussy opening to allow me entrance. All day long she’d been fucked by her brother and her playmates, but it occurred to me that maybe she hadn’t had a climax yet. She was the kind of girl that would get pleasure when her partner seemed happy. Maybe she thought that was the good feeling.

Without another word I pushed forward, grunting as my shaft disappeared inside her tight opening. She closed her eyes, her head going back as a moan of pleasure tried to leave her lips, only to be intercepted by my own lips. I wanted to give her more

pleasure than she had ever known. I grabbed her lower lip in mine and proceeded to kiss her deeply as I slowly sank into her center. My hands left her ass and moved to her back, holding her tightly and making her whole body come close to mine. For once I wasn't wearing my damned uniform, I was naked after removing the lion tail, mane and ears. I could feel her young flesh against my own. I could feel her toned legs closing around my hips as she tried to get even closer to me. Her ragged breathing as her breasts pressed on my chest. She was trembling, her hips rocking back and forth as my cock pierced her.

"Slow down, enjoy it," I whispered into her ear. I moved my hands back to her ass, grabbing it and holding her still as the last inch of my cock slid into her body. Marie just moaned, her lips looking for mine. Her body was not giving her the option to slow down. Even with my hands holding her, I could feel her muscles trying to get me deeper, to force me to push and pull and fulfill what our instincts were screaming at us to do. I had enough control to know it would be better to take things slow, she didn't. Her body knew a male was inside her and all it cared was to extract the seed as soon as possible and get it into her receptive young womb.

I felt her legs wrapping around mine, her arms tightening their hold on my body as she began to climax. I held her buttocks in my hands as her hips started jumping. Her heated pussy rippling around my member, milking me for its life giving seed. Marie's lips were on mine, even as she moaned in the pleasure of her orgasm. I had to clench my teeth to keep my balls from giving her what she wanted. With any other girl in the daycare I would have simply let go, turning her orgasm into her insemination and letting her enjoy the afterglow with a belly full of my seed. But I knew Marie could cum again. Her body was primed to explode again and again on my cock, and I was going to make sure she was satisfied before I let her have my sperm.

As she started to relax, gasping into my ear, I began to move. I started with slow movements, just pulling my hips a bit before moving forward, ensuring my pelvis would hit her clit every time. With my hands still holding her ass to me, I wasn't pulling out of her, just letting her whole body enjoy the feeling of a man next to her.

It didn't take long for Marie to start moaning again in my ear. Soon her lips were looking for mine, giving me tiny kisses as she wordlessly begged me to take her mouth and devour her like before. Her arms also started to tighten her grip on my back, and my hands felt the muscles of her buttocks reacting to my slow rocking.

"Slow down," I whispered into her ear, "It'll feel much better if you let it build up. Relax your muscles, let the good feeling grow on its own," I instructed her before taking her lips in a gentle kiss. I could feel her whole body stiffen and relax next to mine as Marie tried to follow my instructions. I knew it was hard, all I wanted was to

start pounding into her. I also forced myself to relax, to ease off the muscles of my pelvis, like I was trying to let my pee go. I loved the way her pussy was massaging my cock, and trying to relax while it did that was a battle, but I knew it would make my eventual orgasm much, much better.

I'm not sure how long we stayed like that, our only movement the small rocking of my hips against her clit. Our lips locked in a slow kiss that neither of us wanted to end. Our bodies entwined in a slow dance where our instincts were screaming at us to speed up, while we fought to keep the pace.

I'm happy to report that I was able to outlast a horny pubescent girl. Suddenly I felt Marie's belly muscles ripple as her breathing turned from the ragged breaths she'd managed to sustain into an staccato of gasps. I felt her body tense, all her muscles locking up as her pussy started jumping around my shaft. She was tightening so much that I again had to clench my muscles to prevent her from squeezing the cum out of me. I grabbed her tongue with mine and let her ride her climax in my arms.

By now my balls were tingling, I felt like I hadn't poured my essence into Cathy less than an hour ago. They felt heavy with seed, just begging me for release into this young womb so they could go and make her pregnant. "Felt good, right?" I asked as she relaxed once more, her body still trembling in my arms. "Next one will be even better," I assured her as I allowed my hips to start rocking once more.

Marie gasped as my arms moved her body away from mine, lying her on the table. She had a very cute expression on her face, her eyes wide open in incredulity as I prepared her body for its third consecutive orgasm. I allowed my hips to move a bit more, my cock retreating about an inch before forcefully mashing back in.

I finally got to grab her boobs. They felt as good as I had imagined. They were just the right size to fit in my palms, and were both soft and firm at the same time. Her nipples wanted to scrape my palms, and I could only imagine how much they would grow as they filled with milk to feed my baby. Marie closed her eyes and let her jaw drop as I played with her tits. I could see her arms next to her body, moving aimlessly, like she wanted to use them for something but her brain wasn't able to fully give them orders. I just loved the sight, this was a fully fucked girl. Her hormones kept her body going and were ensuring she would have another orgasm even after her brain had locked down.

A new feeling also made itself evident as I continued to push into Marie's wet pussy. Each time I bottomed out, as my pelvic bone smashed her clit, I could also feel my tip reaching the back of her passage. But as her third orgasm of the day grew on her, I started to feel a change. Instead of just hitting the end of her pussy, I could feel with my glans a tight ring. It dawned on me that I was bumping against her cervical

opening, that I was right at the entrance of her womb. Even though Mark had gotten her virginity and her brother had been filling her for days. I wanted to think I was the first one to get my cock so close to her womb.

That thought was all I needed to push me over the edge. I had wanted to wait until her pussy was milking me before inseminating her, but knowing I was right next to her fertile chamber was too much to endure.

“I’m going to put my cream into your baby place,” I warned her, pulling out one last time before getting my cock into her as deep as I could. I felt the ring around my tip and pressed even more, feeling it open slightly just a moment before my balls twitched and I started *pissing* sperm right at the opening of her womb.

Marie *did* get pleasure from knowing her partners were happy, for as soon as the first spurt of life giving seed entered her body, she also cried out, her back arching over the changing table as her third climax consumed her.

Her spasming pussy stopped my next spurt, so tight my cum could not pass. I couldn’t help but moan in pleasure when her inner muscles finally relaxed, and then continued to milk me for all my seed. I moved a hand down to her belly, pressing down over her womb as I continued to fill her. If her brother and the rest of her playmates hadn’t already claimed her egg, I was sure my little guys would. I was stuffing her womb so full that even if she ovulated a week from now I was sure my tadpoles would be there, waiting for it.

It wasn’t until my orgasm had calmed down completely, my cock still plugging her tight hole, that I noticed Marie was out of it. Her body lay on the changing table in complete relaxation. She was breathing deeply and had a bright smile on her face, but her closed eyes and the lack of force on any of her muscles revealed the experience had been too much for her.

The expression “fuck her brains out” came to my mind as I slowly pulled out of her. I’m usually very careful with the children, realizing they are not fully grown and are not able to take what an adult can. I usually limit myself to giving them one orgasm at a time, and never push myself forcefully into them as to not give them a rash. I had forgotten all of that with Marie. Her body looked so grown up that I just let myself go, and even though I was sure she had enjoyed herself, I was afraid I had gone too far.

“I almost feel jealous of her,” came Suzy’s voice next to me, “I think she will need a diaper, or she’s gonna mess her bed,” she added, already grabbing a big diaper and moving to put it on the freshly fucked girl, “plus it’ll help keep your stuff inside her, so you can’t complain, right?”

I looked around. The children were already lying down in the darkened room, their cute painted faces a blur of colors in the low light. Suzy was already back in uniform,

as were the rest of my coworkers. “I’m sorry... I just...”

“You’ll have to buy us lunch *all* next week,” she said with a smile as she finished closing the diaper around Marie’s legs. “And maybe let this girl recover before you try to put your baby inside her again, ok?” I just nodded as I helped her move the sleeping girl to the resting area. I was really lucky to have such understanding coworkers.

## Dinner and a Show

“Are you *sure* about this, babe?” The daycare worker turned around to see the owner of the voice. The diner was not a quiet place, but the owner of the voice sounded mad. At the table behind him, obscured by a decorative hedge, a young couple was sitting. The male was the one that asked the question. The female, sitting with her back to the daycare worker, wore the same outfit as him, marking her as one of his coworkers.

“Yes Pete, I’m sure, I used three different tests,” replied the woman, her voice low, the tension clear in her tone.

“Suzy... what are...” Pete buried his head in his hands, “is it mine?” he finally asked the table.

“*What?*” her voice trembled with outrage, “are you accusing me of sleeping around?”

“No babe,” replied Pete, looking up at her, “it’s just... we’ve always been so careful, so...”

“Not careful enough,” stated Suzy, her own hand massaging her temple.

“What are you... we, gonna do?”

“The daycare will let me keep working, and I can bring it there, they won’t charge extra as long as I do some extra work—”

“You mean you want to... to *keep* it?” interrupted Pete.

“What else can we do?” replied Suzy with annoyance.

“You told me your sister had an abortion, *you* told me it was her best decision ever—”

“Is that how much our relationship means to you?” cried out Suzy, standing up, “just *get rid of it* and continue like nothing happened?” she asked as she walked away.

“No babe, wait. Suzy, please...” called out Pete, following her.

The daycare worker just made himself small, hoping his coworker hadn’t noticed that he’d overheard her fight, and let out a sigh of relief when the couple went out the door.

“I hope they make up,” said the waitress as she picked up the plates, “they always looked like a nice couple,” she turned to the daycare worker, “did you know she was



Figure 13: Parting Gift

pregnant?”

“No, and I wouldn’t have believed it if someone told me,” replied the man, taking a sip of his drink. “She always said she wasn’t ready to be a mom, that she would wait several years before even considering it.”

They both looked at the door in silence, before the waitress shook her head and continued picking up the abandoned plates.

## 6 Parting Gift

I looked out the door to the empty street and frowned. Having to man the reception was probably the duller job in the daycare. Outside of the two or three times a year where all the parents came looking for a place to leave their children, it was unusual for anyone to enter in the middle of the day. Still I was now the face of the business, as well as the last line of defense in case a child tried to sneak out.

At some level I welcomed the boredom. The last few weeks had been somewhat tense. Lots of things came up, not all of them good. Still, I guess I had no right to complain, at least three girls were pregnant, and there was a chance I was the father. But things were not so simple.

Suzu had informed us of her pregnancy almost a month ago. She told us she

would keep working as much as possible, and take only the minimum maternity leave, promising to enroll her newborn and return to work quickly. We all congratulated her, but Suzy was not in the mood. I think she was annoyed at losing at her own game. She loved to feel the kids twitching inside her, but hoped not to get pregnant. Of course the baby could be mine, from that one demonstration we did in front of the kids. Suzy hadn't said how far into her pregnancy she was, so I couldn't be sure.

What bothered me the most was that Suzy now frowned whenever someone would bring up the subject. Our conversations and playful banter had completely stopped. I really missed her making fun of me for trying to put my babies in the little girls, and how she would smile and laugh when in return I made fun of her nursing the kids with empty breasts.

Last week the computer asked Suzy to remove her clothes so the children could see how her body was changing due to her pregnancy. I wasn't close enough to see much, but I *did* manage to see her baby bump, and I must say she looked really beautiful with it.

I overheard that her boyfriend hadn't taken the news well. For a while it seemed they were gonna break up, but apparently they had talked things over and for now were still together. I hoped they'd stay that way, since I knew Suzy would need help once the child was born. I liked to think that was what was really bothering her, and not the pregnancy itself.

Josh had been ecstatic the day Suzy told the children she was pregnant. I'm pretty sure the boy was also wishing the baby was his, and his odds were not bad. Once I find out *when* Suzy got pregnant, I'll be able to tell if the baby is more likely to be Josh's or mine.

Unfortunately Josh will never know. That was another big black cloud over my mood. About two weeks ago Josh and Marie's mother stormed into the daycare, demanding to speak with the owner. Mr. Shousha shared with us what happened. Apparently she had discovered Josh and Marie having sex at home the day before. She had reacted as badly as an uninformed parent could, blaming and separating the kids. She then forced Marie to take a pregnancy test, and to nobody's surprise, the girl was good and pregnant.

She actually attempted to sue us, with some ridiculous claim about corrupting the youth. The case never made it past the paperwork, since it was discovered she had lied when she enrolled her children. Marie was actually fourteen, while Josh was thirteen. No wonder they looked so much more developed than the rest of their peers.

The sad thing was, they haven't been back since then. And not only the other children missed them, but we as well. I hoped Marie and the baby were fine, but I had no way

of knowing. Every child that goes away takes a part of me with them. But the fact that we were unable to say goodbye made it much harder.

On the complete opposite end of the emotional spectrum, there was cute little almost-nine-year-old Monse. No matter how sad or tired I felt, seeing her playing and laughing in the playground made my day. She was just over 10 weeks along, but in such a tiny body, her baby bump was already *very* apparent. The little girl had really given me all she could: her first orgasm, her virginity, and her first egg, as she never had a period before her belly started growing.

Well, to be fair, Peter *might* be the father, as they played often after that wonderful nap where I inseminated her for the first time. But the clear liquid the boy spurted would have to be extremely lucky to beat mine.

As happy as I was to know Monse's condition, I had been pretty worried about her for a while. She had stopped coming for almost a month, and all we knew was that her parents had decided to take her out of the daycare mid-year. I must recognize the dedication that Mr. Shousha, the owner of the daycare, has for the children. He took the time to go and chat with Monse's parents to find out what was happening, and finally convinced them to let her come back.

From what Monse told me, she got sick one morning and her mom took her to the doctor. There they made her pee in a cup and afterwards her mom and the doctor started to question her about who had been touching her kitty. She laughed when she remembered the face on her mom and the doctor as she asked them if she had a baby in her tummy.

Apparently her mom didn't find it funny, and even tried to make Monse give up the baby. That's why she stopped bringing Monse to the daycare. I'm not sure how Mr. Shousha found out, but he went to Monse's house and convinced her mom that neither Monse nor the baby were to blame. That the best thing to do was to let Monse continue her life as normal as possible.

Since she returned, I've had the chance to dip my cock in her little pussy one time. Being very careful not to go too deep. It was almost a magical experience, to fuck a girl when you know your baby is growing in her body. It's unlikely I'll get too many more opportunities to repeat that, but I promised myself I'll at least fuck her one more time when she's closer to giving birth. I'm sure that will also be a wonderful experience.

The only downside to Monse's pregnancy was that due to her young age she was forbidden from participating in a lot of the more physical games. Plus it was clear she was getting tired much faster. Well, as long as she was with us, we would help her as much as we could, both before and after she had her child. I wondered if I'd be able to give her another baby before she finally graduated from our facility.

Besides these three confirmed pregnancies, there was Cathy. The eleven-year-old had always been one of the most careful girls about *who* she let spurt inside her. In fact, in my two and a half years working there, I had only managed to inseminate her three times. Well, I liked to think the third time was the charm, for Cathy has been feeling sick in the mornings for the last week. We were still not sure, and it would be a couple more weeks before she could take a pregnancy test, but I had high hopes her belly would also swell soon.

What put me down a bit was that with both Suzy and Monse clearly pregnant, most of the older girls were taking things more seriously. Just earlier this week two ten-year-olds came up to me before nap time and asked me not to put my cream in them while they are napping. I still don't know *how* they knew I was planning on doing that, but I had to settle for a much younger seven-year-old to relieve myself.

Thus I welcomed my current job. It was better to be bored than to be teased by the young bodies of little girls that were somewhat reluctant to have my babies. I was sure when Suzy and Monse returned with their babies after giving birth, and the girls saw how happy the new mothers were, they would be much more receptive. But for now they had a somewhat annoyed caregiver, and a little girl that complained about fatigue and not being able to participate in many games.

"Hello," came the greeting from the door. I had been so distracted I didn't notice when it opened. For a moment panic filled me as the woman that entered was accompanied by a young girl. Had I really allowed a child to leave without noticing? Then I realized the girl was wearing a school uniform, and relaxed, realizing she had come with the woman, and not from inside the daycare.

"Welcome, what can I do for you?" I addressed the woman, remembering I was the face of the business. I tried to keep my eyes on the older woman, even if I wanted to focus on the girl.

"Yes, I have an appointment with Mr. Shousha. Is he in?" replied the lady. She was dressed in a smart fashion. An elegant skirt and a light blouse. She was clearly a working lady.

I quickly checked the boss's schedule, finding that indeed he had set half an hour aside for a 'meeting with Ms. Porter'. "Ms. Porter, right?" I quickly confirmed, "sure, he's expecting you, his office is the first door to the right," I pointed.

"Thank you," she said, but didn't move, instead placing her hand on the young girl's shoulders, "could I leave Meredith with you, I think she has something for you."

"Meredith?" I replied, only now taking a good look at the girl. A smile lit up my face as I finally recognized her. Meredith had been at the daycare since the day I started working, and I had been very sad the day we had to say goodbye.

In the year that I hadn't seen her she had grown quite a lot. Turning from the generic cute girl that I'd met into a striking young lady. She was much taller now, and under her school uniform were hints of breasts and hips. She now had much longer hair, the curly locks flowing down her back. She was also smiling at me, her face somewhat flushed as her mom forced her to come closer.

"Meredith, is that really you?" I had to ask, "Wow, you've grown a lot, how old are you?"

"I turned thirteen two months ago," she replied, blushing even deeper as she smiled and fidgeted.

"So, can I leave her with you?" repeated her mother.

"Sure," I finally acknowledged her, "we can catch up for a bit." With a final smile, Meredith's mother walked past me, and I could focus my attention on her daughter. Even with so many kids coming and going, I could clearly remember her as she played and laughed about. I also remembered how tight she had been the few times I'd managed to put my seed inside her. "So, you're out of school already?" I asked when I noticed we'd been staring silently at each other.

Meredith nodded, her hands grabbing the hem of her pleated skirt. "I asked mom to bring me, I wanted to give you something."

"Oh? A gift for me?" I said, honestly surprised. "What is it?"

Meredith almost ran behind the counter and, without asking, turned her back to me and jumped into my lap. I grabbed her little body and held her, quite surprised as she turned to look at me with a big smile. "Here, read it," she said, handing me a card.

I took the card in one hand, while the other I used to hold the girl in my lap. She was sitting on both my legs, and I could feel her bubbly ass resting on my growing erection. I'm not sure if she did it with that purpose, but I had no reason to stop her.

The card was a simple *thank you* card. But the girl had used every single free space to draw something. Stars, hearts and wiggly lines covered every inch of the exterior of the card. Upon opening it, I discovered she'd used the interior in the same fashion. It was even hard to make out the printed message "Thanks for always being there for me!" On the other side, she had drawn a man and a girl side by side, holding hands, again later using all the free space around them for hearts and lines.

"It's very beautiful," I commented, my voice almost cracking as the simple gift threatened to bring tears to my eyes. "Thank you," I said. I hugged her tightly against me. She in turn hugged my arms, the only part she could reach from her position.

I would have been happy to remain like that for a while, but a little hand between my legs startled me. Meredith had pushed her hand under herself and was looking for something in my crotch.

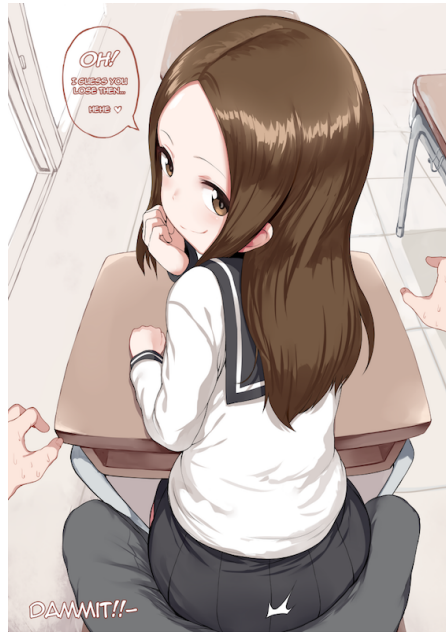


Figure 14: Meredith on my lap

“We can’t do that anymore, Meredith,” I told her, but didn’t actually make an effort to stop her.

“But I still haven’t given you your full gift,” she complained, “C’mon, let me see your penis, Papa.”

“Penis?” I asked with a small laugh.

“Yep, they taught us that at school,” she said, apparently proud of her vocabulary, “your pee-pee is a penis and my kitty is a vagina.”

“That’s very good,” I said. All this time her little fingers had continued to search under her ass for the end of my pants, and if I didn’t do something quick, she was going to find it. “But you’re not longer a little girl that needs daycare, so we can’t play that game.”

“But you always said you wanted to put a baby in my belly,” she replied. Her hand had finally found the waist of my pants, and was pulling down on it, trying to uncover my hard member. “And you were always looking out for me and making sure I was fine, and even giving me all those extra cookies,” she insisted. Indeed, I might have doted on her more than others. I was a pretty new employee and didn’t know I had to treat *all* children equally. “But I only had my first period two months ago, so now I can finally have your baby.”

Just then she managed to pull my pants down enough to free my cock. By then she

had both hands under her, and I could feel her trying to move her panties aside to let me into her heated hole. I knew I should be resisting. I could have simply lifted her off me, but I had to admit I was thinking with the wrong head by then. “Meredith, I can’t do that to you. You’re no longer under my care,” I said. I was enjoying the teasing. My hard member was rubbing at her panties and crotch as the girl fought to get it in position. I was just moving enough to ensure she couldn’t. “Besides, I don’t think your mom would approve of you getting pregnant right now,” I added.

“I don’t care!,” stated Meredith, turning to look at me with a serious face. “This is the gift I wanna give you,” she insisted. “I couldn’t get your baby when you were taking care of me. Now I can. Don’t you want me to have your baby?”

I grabbed her hips and held her as I felt my tip touching the entrance to her pussy. As tempting as her offer was, she was no longer under my care, and she was too young to decide by herself if she wanted to have a baby. “Meredith,” I said, trying to be reasonable, “I would love to put my baby in your belly,” I assured her. “But there are lots of things you don’t—”

She had relaxed in my arms when I started talking, and even made a movement to get away from me. That had made me relax my grip on her. With the reflexes of a cat, Meredith had twisted her body, getting rid of my arms and sank herself down on my cock to the root before I could even comprehend what was happening.

“Meredith!” I cried out, drowning a moan that threatened to escape my throat. She was tight. I grabbed her little body to pull her up, but my hands found themselves cupping her developing breasts. Even over her uniform they promised to be so soft and I had the impulse to just squeeze them a little.

“Don’t move! Wait!” cried out Meredith in clear discomfort. That made me freeze, all my training returning to me, trying to gather what was wrong with her. I knew she wasn’t a virgin, she hadn’t been the first time I put my cock in her more than a year ago. I moved a finger down to where her panties were pulled to the side to let my member in and found our joining. She was quite dry. One of the cardinal rules about penetrating a little girl is to make sure she was lubricated enough. Children have a hard time lubricating on their own. Even when they are highly aroused, their genitals can be too dry to play with, much less attempt penetration. In the playground both kids and adults have access to lubes, and the children are taught how to use them, and why it’s important to do so. Most of the male caregivers apply some lube to our cocks at the beginning of the day, to be ready if the need arises. Being out in the front desk, I hadn’t taken that precaution, and now young Meredith had paid the price.

“Don’t worry, I won’t move,” I assured her, my finger gently playing with her little clit to help her body deal with the sudden intrusion, make her create more fluids, and

keep her mind off of it. “Just relax and I’ll take it out in a moment.”

“Can’t you just... leave it in?” she asked. She turned her head and smiled shyly to me, apparently the worst of her discomfort gone. “Even for a bit, even if you don’t want to cum inside.”

“It’s not that I don’t *want* to,” I assured her, punctuating my statement with a little push of my dick inside her. She was much wetter now, and I was happy at the gasp she gave when my dick moved inside her. “But having a baby is a big responsibility, and you’re in school now, it would be hard for you to do both.”

“I can just bring her here with you, can’t I?” she said, her own hips beginning to rock. Her little clit trying to get more stimulation from my finger.

“You would still have to pay,” I told her. “And very small children require lots of work. Even if you leave it with us during the morning, you would have to take care of it the rest of the day... and night.” Trying to convince the girl it was a bad idea to have a child was having an adverse effect on me. As I imagined the young girl with a big belly, then carrying my child around, feeding it, changing it, making sure it was sleeping soundly. I was beginning to feel my balls tingling, as the clear desire to stuff this child with my baby filled my cock. “And what about your mom? You’re too young to do all that yourself, so you would be adding more responsibility to her, right?”

This last argument apparently hit home. Meredith stopped moving on top of me. Her pussy muscles were still stimulating my cock, but as long as she stayed still I had no risk of inseminating her anytime soon. “But... but I...” she turned around, her face filled with sadness, almost on the brink of tears, “You were so good to me... I want to... to give you something... I don’t know what else to...”

I just hugged her tightly against me. My cock deep inside her almost forgotten as I tried to make the tender girl feel good about herself. “You don’t have to give me anything,” I gently told her. “Knowing you think of me is enough,” I said. “And that was a lovely card,” I added, “I promise I will always treasure it.” Meredith’s breathing was back to normal, and a quick glance down told me she was no longer about to cry, instead a small smile adorned her features.

“But I *did* want to have your baby,” she said. Her pussy was so tight around me, and with that comment she managed to clench it even more, as she started moving again.

“You’re still insisting on that?” came her mother’s voice. I hadn’t noticed when the woman approached, but she was looking at her daughter with a serious face. I moved my hands down, letting go of Meredith’s boobs and instead holding her by her waist, trying to keep both of us still. With the desk between us and Meredith still in her school uniform, I hoped the woman would not discover I was balls-deep in her fertile daughter. “We’ve talked about it, Meredith,” she continued. “You would have

to leave school for at least a year if you get pregnant, and it would put a heavy burden on both our lives.”

“Sandra got her baby and she still goes to school,” retorted Meredith. The look on her mother told me this was not the first time she had used those arguments. “And a baby is the only real gift I can give Papa, he was always telling us how he wished we would all have his babies.”

I clenched my teeth, trying to hold my orgasm at bay. Meredith was moving while arguing with her mom, her young, hot, wet and fertile pussy massaging my cock in such a delicious way that I feared I would be unable to hold on much longer.

“Sandra’s parents have enough money to hire help. We don’t,” stated Meredith’s mother. “If you get yourself pregnant, *you* will have to take care of it, day and night. *You* will have to feed it, change it, and stay awake at night until it goes to sleep. If you’re lucky you will only lose a year of school, maybe much more.”

“I don’t care!” cried out Meredith, “I’ll do all that,” she turned to me with a big smile, even as tears ran down her cheeks, “Papa deserves it!”

I just smiled back at her, fighting to keep my moans silent and my hips still as I blasted her insides with my sperm. I wasn’t sure what had gotten me off more, her tight little body, or her determination to give me such a wonderful gift. I wanted to just pound her while I filled her, but with her mom looking on, I knew I couldn’t. Even as my seed filled Meredith, I knew I was screwed. Her mother would know what I’d done and scream bloody murder. I would be lucky if I wasn’t fired on the spot. Hell, the woman could probably call the police and tell them I had abused her daughter. For some reason all that only made me squirt even harder. This was the last chance I would get to make Meredith’s belly swell, and even if everything else went to hell, she would have my baby.

At that moment, while my last spurt of cum entered her hopefully fertile womb, I got a glimpse of understanding of Suzy and the rest of the girls that were reluctant to let me inseminate them. The thrill of making Meredith pregnant had been enhanced by the knowledge that doing so would be a great risk to myself as well. I was doing something that could potentially derail my life, and yet I couldn’t stop. I didn’t want to stop at all. Suzy was the same, I realized. She loved the danger of getting pregnant. Not because she wanted that, but because it made the sex that much more exciting. Because she was risking her whole future for an explosive moment of pleasure.

“... you’re sure that’s what you want, I won’t get in the way.” Meredith’s mother was talking, but I had lost part of her words while I inseminated her daughter right in front of her. She turned her eyes to me, acknowledging me for the first time since she came out of the office. “I talked it over with your boss,” she told me with a smile that

showed she knew more than she let on, “and he agreed to let Meredith give you this gift.”

“Really?” cried out Meredith, almost jumping on top of me. My spent cock still held tightly inside her. Her pussy moving around me, hot and wet and filled with my cum, not letting my member lose its hardness.

“Yes,” she replied, smiling kindly to her daughter. “I know how much this means to you, and while I still have some doubts, it wouldn’t be fair to cut you off when you’re just trying to be nice.”

“Can we do it now?” she quickly asked her mother, her bouncing on top of me already had my cock back to full hardness.

“I think you already started, so I don’t see why not,” she replied, her eyes moving down. Even with the desk covering us, I think it was pretty obvious what we were doing. I still hoped she hadn’t realized I had seeded her daughter before she agreed to it, that might not leave the best impression.

“Ma’am, let me congratulate you on raising such a kind and well behaved daughter,” I replied, my finger back at Meredith’s clit, trying to get her to orgasm as fast as possible, while the little girl continued to bounce on top of me in happiness. My other hand holding her breast over her uniform. “This is a gift I will never forget,” I added, my own hips moving to meet the girl as she moaned in pleasure on top of me.

“I... well, I wasn’t too sure about it at first,” she admitted. Meredith’s mother was blushing as she watched her daughter moving up and down on my lap, her eyes closed as she moaned in pleasure. I guess this was the first time the woman had seen her daughter like this. “Your boss was very persuasive, though,” she added. “He offered me one year of daycare free of charge for her... your baby, and... well. I just wanted my daughter to be happy.”

“Thank you, Mommy,” cried Meredith, smiling to her mother even as her pussy began to twitch around me. “I promise I’ll be the best mom ever!” she said in a moan as her body began to convulse over my cock, her climax consuming the barely teenager as her pussy milked my cock.

“Here’s your baby!” I said, grabbing her hips and pushing her down as far as I could. Even though I had just cum a few minutes ago, I felt my balls contracting as a new stream of sperm fired into her heated body. I can’t say which climax was better. There was something *different* between the thrill of inseminating an unaware girl, and inseminating a girl that wants your baby.

Meredith’s mom just kept looking at us as I hugged her daughter in the afterglow. I wasn’t sure what she was thinking, but I felt way too content to care about that. I could feel my excess cum already dripping around my softening cock. Meredith was



Figure 15: Meredith's gift

just cuddling up to me, her eyes closed in satisfaction as she almost purred onto me.

“You... you’re done?” asked the woman.

“Mh-hmm,” agreed Meredith, slowly getting up. My soft cock left her drenched pussy just so her panties could snap back into place. I helped the girl to her feet, and she surprised me once more by planting a kiss on my lips before running around the desk to stand by her mother.

“Well, I’ll be bringing her every Friday after school so you can... give her... that...” confirmed the woman, carefully eyeing her daughter and trying to fix her wrinkled uniform.

“Mom! do something, it’s all running out of me,” complained Meredith, lifting her skirt and showing how her panties were stuck to her pussy, completely drenched to the point they appeared almost transparent. The cloth so saturated that my cum was already dripping around them and down Meredith’s legs.

Wordlessly I handed them a couple tissues, and the woman quickly got down to try and clean her daughter. “I guess we’ll have to bring some tampons next time, if he’s always gonna fill you like this,” she commented.

“Don’t worry,” I told the frowning girl, “I’m sure there’s still more than enough inside you to make your belly swell.” That made her smile return.

After exchanging a few pleasantries with her mother, the pair walked out the door,

hand in hand, her little womb filled with my seed and the promise of a repeat soon in the future.

“See you next Friday!” cried out Meredith from outside, waving her hand at me.

I replied to the gesture with a smile. Her card was still on the table, and I decided to take very good care of it. In a couple of years I wanted to show it to my daughter and tell her how she’d been conceived the day her mother gave it to me.

## Interview

“Joining us tonight is Mr. John Shousha, local entrepreneur who recently struck a deal to purchase the school building and reopen it as a private school. Hello Mr. Shousha, a pleasure having you with us.”

“Thanks for having me, Steve.”

“I’ll cut straight to the chase. We all know the school was closed when the board and staff were arrested and charged with sexually assaulting the students. Why did you decide to reopen it?”

“Simple: the children deserve it. They are not guilty and they shouldn’t have to miss out on their education just because of the actions of some people.”

“Aren’t you afraid people will suspect you of doing the same. You have to admit this is an awfully tense environment.”

“They can do what they want. As you know I already own a successful daycare facility. The authorities investigated us at length and found nothing at all. I’ll be working with them as we prepare the school, so I’m confident we can appease all doubts.”

“Yes. I believe your daycare facility made the news more than once. Even after the investigation declared you free from all suspicion, there are those that remain skeptical. Any word for them?”

“I can only invite them to visit. My staff will be delighted to give them a tour so they can see with their own eyes how the children are treated.”

“Another question came from the timing. You announced your intention to restructure the school less than a month after the arrests. Was this something you had planned in advance?”

“I had plans to extend my business into education, indeed. The regrettable circumstances just forced me to move faster. But yes, a lot was planned from before.”

“What about qualified staff, and teachers. I understand the staff in your daycare do not have teaching credentials.”

“That’s a common misconception. While there is no *requirement* to have teaching credentials to work at my daycare, most of the staff *are* professionals. As I said earlier, this is a long term plan, so I started training my staff a long time ago in order to extend the business from a simple daycare into a fully fledged school.”

“What about the curriculum? We know you implemented some ‘new age’ teaching techniques in your daycare. Can we expect the same for the school?”

“Calling them ‘new age’ is hardly fair. Everything I’ve done is fully supported by the scientific method. At first I was a bit worried about taking them to a bigger venue, but now I’m confident I can do it safely. In fact... let me turn this on... Ok, would you say it’s bad for children to experience sex with each other?”

“... No, I... I wouldn’t. What was that? I felt kinda dizzy for a moment.”

“Sorry, I’ll turn it off. I was just making sure it works over the TV. This is one of the ‘new age’ devices to help children concentrate easily. Don’t worry, it’s perfectly safe. I’ve been using it in the daycare since day one, with excellent results.”

“Well, it seems the kids will be in good hands. Unfortunately that is all the time we have. Thank you once more Mr. Shousha for talking with us, I’m sure all the kids are excited about returning to school.”