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Sally and Sue's Adventure

Man/girl9, Man/girl10, ped, rom, cons, preteen, humor, 1st, slow
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Warning!

This text file contains sexually explicit

Material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this

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Of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Summary: Pete returning home one night from work runs into a gangland hit, when his neighbour is murdered. Having been seen by the hitman, he goes on the run, taking the dead neighbour's nine and ten year old daughters with him. They head for a safe house where they remain for some months, getting to know each other very well. Finally, they get betrayed, but escape just in time, due to the preparations made for such an event. Taking to the sea, they sail out of harm's way, where their intimate relationship blossoms further.

Chapter 1 – A rude awakening

Returning home that night, I was tired, hungry and cold. It was raining outside, almost turning to sleet. This time in December it is dark by six o'clock and it was almost that now. I parked my beat up old car, and stumbled into the hallway. The lift didn't work. It hadn't worked for the past two weeks. How the elderly lady on the top floor managed, I could not imagine.

My name is Pete. I worked as a mechanic in a local car repair shop near to where I lived in a rather run down part of town. I was hoping to pull enough money together to get me through college, where I intended to study engineering. I picked up my knowledge in mechanics while serving in the special forces in the army, including a couple of tours in Afghanistan. This opened the door for my first job in civvy street. That was until this particular fateful night.

I trudged up the stairs, leaving a trail of rain water behind on the not so clean vinyl floor covering. Reaching my landing, I was fumbling for my keys, when I heard shouting from the apartment across the hall. There was a thump, thump sound, followed by a scream, then more sounds as though a fight was going on. I was about to enter my own apartment, when the door across the hall started to open. A man stumbled out, holding a gun. I had worked in the armoury long enough to recognise a Heckler & Koch with a sound moderator, fitted. The guy limped out. He was injured, badly, he clutched his shoulder. Looking at me, as I slammed my door and hit the floor, he put a couple of shots through the door a foot or two over my head.

I heard steps moving down the stairs and a few moments later, a car started and drove off. I opened my door, peered out to make sure all was clear. I moved across the hall, and pushed open the door. Inside was chaos. The place had been ripped apart. Someone had made a very thorough search. I heard a moan to my right and went to the kitchen where again I heard the noise. Lying in a pool of blood, was my neighbour, Jim, holding a small pocket pistol in his hand, pointing at me. I backed up, but recognising me he lowered it. I have seen enough injuries in the past to know a serious one when I see it.

I made him as comfortable as I could. "I will call the ambulance," I said.

"No, too late," he answered "but you can do something for me, please," he coughed, "please," he repeated with a hiss of pain. He coughed again, paused then continued. "I need you to take my girls somewhere safe. They know that one day something bad could happen to me. I managed to kill one of the guys who came for me. He's over there." He pointed with his chin to the far side of the room, where a crumpled figure lay. "But, I only wounded the other. This will buy a little time. But no more than half an hour, probably less. I stupidly got involved in a get rich quick scheme. It turned out to be a drugs ring. Once you're in though, you're in". He coughed again. This wasn't going to take long. He glanced up at me and grabbed my wrist. His grip was hard for one about to lose consciousness. "Did he see you?"

"Yes," I replied, "we were face to face for a second or two, why?"

"They'll be after you now. I know their rules. I still have their money, they'll be back for that. Get away as soon as you can no more than twenty minutes. Get away. If you don't, They will kill you too. They will definitely kill the girls. It will be slow, painful and unpleasant. Don't let the girls be captured, please. Be careful, they have contacts in the police department. Trust no one. My girls are in the next door apartment. The signal is knock four times, then three, then two more. It's rented under a friend's name. The gang never knew about it. One last thing," he coughed several times. Blood ran down from his mouth onto his chin. "In the red clock there is a deposit box key. The box is down at the coach station. It's got the money and some instructions. Move Pete. Tell my girls I loved them." Suddenly he was gone. His eyes still looking at me in their pleading way, but now lifeless. I had to peel his fingers off my wrist, so hard was his grip.

I stood up, looked around. This place had been searched thoroughly. It was a total mess. There was little in the way of personal effects. It was like no one actually lived here. I righted and sat on what remained of one of the chairs and thought for a minute or two. I quickly realised that in a matter of the past ten minutes, my life had turned upside down. I was now not only in great danger, but I had to get away very quickly indeed. He'd mentioned about his girls, next door. I went out into the hall. Still no one about. I walked the few yards to the door at the end of the corridor and knocked in the pattern he'd instructed. There was movement behind the door. It opened on a chain an inch or two.

"Hello there," I said in a quiet voice, "it's Pete from across the hall. I have just spoken to your dad and he asked me to come round for you." There was a rattle as the door was unlatched and it swung open. A frightened but hopeful face looked up at me.

"Pete," she quavered, "is it really you? What happened, is Daddy alright, where is he?"

Knowing I was very short on time, I had to make important moves quickly, but communicating to a frightened child takes time.

"I am sorry darling, your dad has been hurt really bad. He asked me to look after you. Do you understand?"

"Yes Pete," she sniffled, "he always said something bad might happen to him. How bad is it, Pete?"

No point in lying, not when time is so precious. "I'm terribly sorry darling, but he died a few minutes ago. The last thing he said was that he loved you." She hid her face in her hands and started to sob, her shoulders shaking. I gave the girl a long hug. "Let it all out sweetheart, let it out."

I was trying to remember the girls' names. Sally and Sue, came to me after a few seconds. Sally, that's right she was aged about ten I guess, very tall and slim, long blond hair pulled into bunches at the side of her head. Blue eyes with a piercing quality, made by the dark grey rings around her irises. I rubbed my hands up and down her back trying to give a little comfort. All she was wearing was a night gown made of thick cotton. It went down to her knees. I noticed as I rubbed my hand across her bottom I couldn't feel the crease lines of any underwear. But then this was no time for such thoughts.

"Sally, to keep you and Sue safe, I am going to have to take you away, but very quickly, do you understand? I think your dad may have explained."

She pulled away from me, rubbed away a tear and nodded and looked trustingly at me. "What do you need us to do Pete?"

“Right, we need to put some clothes in to a bag for you both. I have to do the same too. Do you think you can do that for me darling?” I asked.

By way of answer, she pulled open a cupboard door across the hall. Inside were two canvas type grip bags. I unzipped the top one. It was full of girls’ clothing. Closing the zip and pulling them out, I looked around.

“Sally, where is your sister,” I asked.

“She was tired, so went to bed after she had eaten. I think she is still asleep. Do you want me to wake her up?” She asked.

“Yes, I think we need to move very quickly Sally. If those men come for you and me, I don’t think they will be very nice to us do you?” I looked meaningfully into her eyes.

She shook her head, and walked into what was evidently the girls’ bedroom. Moving to one of the beds, she pulled the covers off a sleeping shape, revealing another young girl, perhaps nine years old, in a similar gown as Sally’s. It had rucked up somewhat, showing her thighs well above the knee. Sue was sound asleep. She had a well rounded figure, like many young girls get. Not actually fat, just well rounded, with shoulder length brown hair and a very pretty face. She looked nothing like her sister. Sally shook her. Sue stirred and rolled onto her back, lifting her knees up in response to being woken. The gown slid up her legs, which were now lying parted on the bed, showing a lovely little chubby bald pussy and bottom. In that instant, I could see her plump labia, parted, displaying her clitoral hood and beneath it, the dark shadow of her vaginal entry. The child blinked up at us and pulled the warm bed clothes back over her. The vision had vanished.

“Sally,” I said, “could I leave you to get Sue ready as quickly as you can. There is no time to dress, just shoes and a coat. Can you tell me where the red clock is?”

She pointed to her little chest of drawers, where a travel clock with red leather bindings sat. I picked it up and inspected it. I realised the lining inside was false, and in a moment or two had removed it to find a key hidden beneath. Pocketing this, I explained to Sally that I would grab a bag of clothes and would be back in a minute.

Quickly, I put my kit together. Having had an army life, I knew what to take and what not to. I was ready in less than five minutes. I went back to the girls’ father. I took the pocket pistol, which was only a 22 calibre and tucked it in my bag. On the sideboard was a box of ammunition which I also picked up. Moving over to the dead, would be assassin, I checked his pockets, nothing. His gun, it would seem, had been taken by his accomplice.

Returning to the girls, I found them ready to go. On a whim, just in case, I went into the kitchen and put a selection of food into a carrier bag. We were out of the building less than twenty five minutes after I entered it. We found the rain was still falling heavily as I threw the bags into the car boot (trunk) and we climbed in. About half a mile down the road, I noticed a large black BMW fly passed in the opposite direction with four people inside. In the mirror I saw them turn into our road. It looked like we were away just in time.

I parked outside the coach station a few minutes later and went into the main hall, leaving the girls in the car. The deposit boxes were near the vending machines. The boxes were normally just used for left luggage. The key I held was for a medium sized box, which, when I opened it, contained just a large aluminium briefcase. Carrying the heavy case back to the car, I thought about the mess my life had become in less than an hour.

The time was about seven o’clock. We needed two things immediately. First was as many miles behind us as possible and the second was a place to stay the night. I got out of town and onto the motorway. Not needing any undue attention, I kept to the speed limit. After about 2 hours, I turned off and followed a side road to a small town, where there was a motel I had used a couple of times when returning from leave, back in my army days.

Chapter 2 – Getting away from it all

The motel receptionist was a spotty youth, more interested in watching the match on TV than the late arriving customer dripping rain onto the threadbare carpet. I asked for a twin room, but all they had was a double. I parked near the room, as I didn't need the girls' presence advertised.

We were all tired and ready for a break. As we would need clothes in the morning, I brought the bags in. I also brought in the little bag of food I had got from the kitchen. It looked a little uninspiring, so instead decided to dump it and told the girls I would go to the KFC next door and get a few things to keep life and soul together. Ten minutes later, we were all tucking into some surprisingly good nuggets, French fries and Coke.

After we had eaten, I explained to the girls what little I knew about what had happened. Why we were on the run and what I thought we should do now. The girls were amazingly accepting of their situation. In just a few hours, their father had been shot dead, they had been dragged out of their home by a relative stranger, and were now facing an unknown future, going goodness knows where.

I asked the girls to wash and get to bed. Being already dressed in their nightwear, this didn't take long. Meantime, I opened the briefcase to see what was inside. My eyes popped open. Neatly stacked were piles of money in several currencies and denominations. There were \$500 and \$1000 US dollar bills, £100's and £50's in Sterling and €1000 notes in Euros. There had to be several millions here. No wonder someone was after this guy. He had a shit load of their cash! In one corner, there was a pay as you go mobile phone, which I plugged in, to charge it up. I probably wouldn't need it. I had switched my own off to ensure we weren't tracked through it. There was an envelope on top of the money, which I opened. Inside was a list of contacts and other items of information, neatly laid out. Also there were three passports, for Jim and the girls, some maps, address book containing phone numbers, a set of keys with an address on the luggage label tied to it. A note on the back explained that this was for a cottage on the Welsh coast owned in a third party name, and should be safe for a while. It stated that there was a car in the garage again owned in the third party name. He had certainly thought through his escape route. He just didn't escape himself.

I glanced up and there were two anxious faces peering out from the covers. My heart went out to them. In my business like approach to saving their lives, I hadn't had the time to give them any warmth, which considering their recent experience, they needed above all.

I had a quick shower, put my boxers and a T shirt on and went back to the room. The girls were still wide eyed cuddling together. I smiled at them, kissed them on their foreheads and wished them a good night. I took a spare blanket from the cupboard, turned out the lights, sat in the armchair and tried to get into a comfortable position to sleep.

After about ten minutes, a tug on the blanket with a plaintive voice, "Pete, I'm frightened. Would you come and cuddle me until I get to sleep?" I could just make out in the gloom it was Sue from her rounded shape and height. I stood and picked her up and gave her a cuddle. Human kindness and warmth was what these two craved just now. Having said that, I didn't mind the feel of her bottom on my hand through her nightgown. Taking her over to the bed, I climbed in and pulled her into my side. As my head hit the pillow, Sally nestled into my other side. I put my arms, one around each child and cuddled them close into me. It seemed just a few seconds later I heard gentle regular breathing from Sue, and a low snore from Sally. I must have fallen asleep myself moments later.

I awoke at about three in the morning. I needed a pee. Getting out of bed without waking the girls was a challenge, but they seemed so out of it, they never stirred. Coming back to bed, I found the girls hadn't moved. Sue was curled in a ball on her side facing away from me, while Sally was on her back. Try as I might, I couldn't get to sleep. I have never needed a lot of sleep anyway, but my new situation was playing in my mind. I needed to think this out. For half an hour, my mind made plans as to what I should and could do. The girls slept on.

I turned onto my side facing Sue. There was little enough space, but in her unconscious need for security, she had shuffled nearer. I placed an arm over her hip. I found her nightie had ridden up, and my hand was on her naked flesh. Before I knew it, my cock sprang into action and poked out through the fly in my boxers and was nestling into the cleft of her lovely generous arse cheeks. My heart was beating ten to the dozen. Running my hand down her soft thigh, and over her ample bubble bum, I felt my cock was now pressing into the crack of her pussy. Soon, pre-cum started to leak into the wonderful smooth pouting entrance to her vagina. I couldn't continue further, short of raping the child, so pulling my cock away a few inches, I ran my

fingers through the crack of her bum, across her perineum and felt her pussy lips. These were now very slick with my pre-cum. I pressed inside her vulva a little and further on found her clitoral hood. Gently rubbing it, she hardened and her clit poked out just a little. I located the entrance to her vagina, and ever so carefully pressed my finger into her cunt hole. It slipped in slowly to the first knuckle. I felt the barrier of her hymen. Rubbing her very gently, I felt a rocking motion. Perhaps she enjoyed this in her sleep. It was time to pull out though. In the morning, she might feel sore. Wiping her pussy with the end of her nighty. I left her to sleep.

Rolling over on my other side, I found Sally unmoved, still on her back. Placing an arm over her belly, I rested my hand on the rucked up hem of the bottom of her nighty. I couldn't resist moving my hand lower, over her naked flesh, I found her belly button and below that her pubic mound. It was sensational to the touch. Her mons, smooth as silk, protruded like a small hill. Cupping it felt like the size of half a tennis ball. Just a little further I found her slot. Running my fingers over her cunt lips was like having an orgasm without cuming, the feeling was so exquisite. As I ran my fingers through her lovely pussy, I felt the little slip of skin of her clitoral hood projecting up. Moving on down, I noticed her legs were tightly drawn together. Thinking for a moment, I lifted my foot over her nearest leg, and using my toes, I very carefully pushed her further leg away, until I could reach no further. I then carefully lifted her nearer leg, at the calf, and lifted it up and towards me, so that her knee came up and over my hip.

Placing my hand back on her pussy, I could now feel her cunt lips were wide open. My cock, was now under the cheek of her bum. Reaching down to release it, it sprang up and settled naturally into the sensational cavity between her legs. Using my fingers, I rubbed my cock head up and down the full length of her clit, cunt lips, perineum and bum coating all of them in a generous layer of pre-cum. I then rubbed my finger right through her pussy, now slick enough to allow them to glide seamlessly back and forth. I found her vagina again, and pressed the tip of my middle finger inside. Very gently moving in and out spreading the lubrication into her, I slowly found I could penetrate further. Deeper I went, still deeper. She had no hymen I could feel. Eventually my finger was inside her as far as I could reach. Knowing there was little more I could do without raping the child, I moved my finger in and out, turned it a little and repeated the move. I wanted to keep this in my mind to replay again and again in the future. She felt simply sensational. I knew, like her sister, I couldn't take this any further, so pulling my finger out of her, and sucking it clean, tasting her wonderful little girl flavour, I carefully wiped her dry with her nighty. Moving her leg back down the bed, I climbed out from the covers, to go to the bathroom, to get some intensely needed hand relief.

Returning to the bed, I was just getting comfortable as Sally murmured. "Good, can we get some sleep now please?"

Dawn in winter at that time of year is at about seven a.m. I woke, slipped out of bed and took a pee. I washed and shaved and was dressed by half passed. I looked at the girls sound asleep in the bed, and felt a little guilty about my nocturnal activities with them. Having said that, it was guilt I could live with, besides which my desire for young girls was long established. I had bigger things to worry about just now, like keeping myself and these girls alive.

I went out to a little café around the corner, where they provide a reasonably priced take away breakfast. Returning to the room, I found the girls were up. Sally had already showered and Sue was in there now. Sally draped in a fluffy towel, was just finishing drying and brushing her hair, which she had obviously just washed.

She stood up, dropped the towel to the floor. Standing stark naked, she placed her hands on her hips and asked, "what should I wear today Pete?" I was a little taken aback by her uninhibited attitude, but in view of my actions during the night, felt I should say nothing.

"I think jeans, T shirt, thick jumper," I replied.

"No silly, what colour do you think?" she was peering into her bag. Quite what makes the female mind work has challenged me many times! Choosing a selection of items, she placed them on the bed. She looked across at me, stared me in the eye and said, "I think you and I need a little chat don't you?"

I gulped as if the sergeant major had bawled me out on the parade ground. At that moment, Sue came out of the bathroom. She moved over to her naked sister, rubbed the last of the water off her and dropped the towel on the floor. Two naked pre-teen girls side by side set my cock on the move again. I would have loved to have run my fingers through both of those pussies right now. Seeing my woody pushing my jeans out,

Sally rolled her eyes, and pulled on her underwear. Leaving me to stare at Sue, until she too finally pulled on some clothes.

We ate breakfast chatting about what we would do today. I had decided I needed to hide or disguise the car. If the guys after us had some policemen in their pockets, then a computer search with licence recognition technology would find us in no time. Jim, the girls' father, had a car we could use when we got to the cottage. It would take most of a day to get there though. Leaving the car here, and using any other form of transportation, would leave a trail pointing the direction we had gone. So I decided swapping the number plates was the answer.

We were not too far from a train station. Stations usually have car parks. After we had packed up our belongings, which didn't take long, we drove to the car park. There were CCTV cameras monitoring the entrance, so I parked in a side street and walked over, slipping through a gap in the fence. I took my bag of tools I keep in the back of the car. I soon found a car of the same model and colour. Everyone seems to have black Ford Fiestas these days. It took five minutes to remove the number plates. Another five minutes, they were fitted to my car. We were on our way again.

One stop along the way for a comfort break, we were well into our journey by lunch time. We stopped at a small family restaurant, which was empty midweek, at this time of year. The bored girl at the counter was more interested in texting her boyfriend than serving us, almost the only customers in the place. After we had eventually eaten, Sue went to fuss the owner's cat which had slipped in and curled up in a corner near the fire.

"You wanted to have a chat, Sally," I asked "what about?"

"Oh I think you know full well, Pete," she answered without giving anything away with her inscrutable eyes. I was about to give some lame excuse, when she continued. "Look Pete, you saved my life, and my sister's, last night. I realise too that our problem has now become your problem. Your life is now in as great a danger as ours. I know, from things Dad told me about his work colleagues, if you hadn't been around last night we would already be dead. I also know that if you dumped us now we wouldn't last the day. So we need you. Are you with me so far?" I nodded. "Good," she continued, "I know you have thought about dumping us haven't you?" It was a rhetorical question, "We really, really need you Pete, and the last thing we want is for you to vanish. I appreciate you have been dropped into this against your will. You have a bunch of killers after you, a pair of girls hanging round your neck and you feel a little cornered. Is that about it?"

I clamped my jaw and looked at her silently for a few seconds and said honestly, "I think you have summed up the situation perfectly. So what was it you wanted to say?"

"Well," she went on, "last night came as no surprise to me, Pete. I have seen the girls calling at your flat from time to time and I have noticed how you have looked at me over the past few months. You are into little girls, aren't you?" It was another rhetorical question, requiring no reply. "But, Pete, you weren't to know my 'Dad' was actually my step dad. He married mum just after I was born and a year later they had Sue, but Mum died in a car crash soon after. I think Dad felt it was no accident. Something to do with his 'friends' not trusting her. We'll never know. Dad and I became close. He needed company, and for obvious reasons, he didn't dare have another girlfriend. So, well err, so we umm became close." She paused.

"So coming back to last night, Pete. I realise you, like my dad, have your needs. As it happens, in a way, I don't mind. It helps to bind you to us. So here is the deal. Sue and I need you to stick around. In fact, our lives depend on it. In return, we will do anything you ask, from washing your clothes to cooking the food. We will also do anything you like in bed, and I mean absolutely anything. You can fuck me as often as you like and any way you like". My cock twitched at the thought. "But, and it is a big but, you mustn't fuck Sue, unless for some reason she one day asks you to do so. You can mess around with her, like you did last night, I will get her to agree to that, but no fucking her. It's her body. So, how does my deal sound to you? Besides, I haven't had a good fuck for two or three days." She offered her hand and a surprising coquettish smile. I thought it a little surreal, as I took her hand and shook it.

We drove on through the rain. Knowing the cottage was going to be in a remote spot, I pulled in and parked at a small supermarket along the way. We grabbed a trolley and with the girls' help had it filled in about twenty minutes. I noticed that crisps, fizzy pop and chocolate seemed to be high on the priority list of certain shoppers.

That afternoon, the weather cleared. The rain stopped and a wintry sun poked through the broken clouds to the west. We refuelled the car and drove through the foothills leading to the mountains above the coast, splashing through the puddles left by this morning's rain. The Welsh countryside was lovely and had I got more time would have enjoyed touring around it.

We needed my satnav to find the cottage. Even then we had problems in finding the farm track leading down to it. Not wanting to ask for directions and draw attention, we got lost several times. Finally, we pulled up outside the door as the sun went down over the Irish Sea. The cottage was on a grassy rise above a beach, which was a couple of hundred yards away. There were trees on three sides of the building, leaving the view on the fourth open towards the sea to the west. After the long journey, the sunset was spectacular. The sky had turned to many layers of red, yellow, orange and gold on an intense azure background. The light in the sky was reflected to equal affect off the calm, mirror like water of the sea. We were all spell bound for a minute or two. It was as if we were being welcomed to a, be it temporary, safe haven.

Chapter 3 – The Cottage

Inside, the cottage was as homely as I could have believed possible. Every finishing touch had been added. There were lovely pictures on the walls, hand made curtains and cushions as well as little ornaments which suggested someone had spent a lot of time making this a special home from home. The whole building was on one floor. It was obviously a converted farm building, perhaps previously a barn, or more likely for livestock. The largest room taking two thirds of the footprint was the kitchen, which was also the dining area with a range and was open to the carpeted sitting area, where there was a settee and a couple of arm chairs.

The first priority, I lit the kitchen range and the large open fire at the far end of the sitting area, set into a deep inglenook. The building had no central heating. I noticed a couple of electric plug-in heaters in a corner. There was an electric emersion heater, that would operate on a timer, for the hot water. By the time we had brought our bags in from the car, the fires were giving out a warm radiant glow. Cosy would be the word to describe this delightful home, especially when the world outside seemed so threatening.

There was a door leading off the sitting area, where there was the only other room in the house. This bedroom had a king sized bed, thick carpets and lots of wardrobe space. The marble floored bathroom area was incorporated into one end of the bedroom, where there was a shower cubicle, a pair of hand wash basins backed by a huge mirror along a whole wall and nearby, freestanding, away from the wall, one of the largest baths I have ever seen in a home. Off to one side there was a door leading to a toilet with a bidet and basin, the walls were beautifully panelled in black and white tiles.

After putting their belongings into wardrobes and drawers in the bedroom, the girls got themselves busy sorting the kitchen out, storing away our provisions and generally working out where everything was. Soon, I caught the smell of food on the go.

In the pack of instructions had been a cryptic note about a concealed cupboard in the living area, behind the TV. I located it. It was more like a cleverly designed cupboard door, which you pushed, and it then sprung open towards me. There was a recess behind, with a CCTV monitor and intruder alarm system control. Switching on the system, I could make out there was a ring of infra red cameras covering an area about one hundred yards from the house. The intruder alarm panel showed a map of the area, and the location of the sensors. I asked Sally to watch the screen while I nipped out and ran outside to test the system by walking through he area. On my return, there were two blinking red lights on the screen in the area I had gone as well as a buzzer and a light blinking on the CCTV controller over a camera indicator number. A repeater buzzer was sounding in the bedroom also. Satisfied this would cover us as a last ditch resort, I went over to see how dinner was getting on. Going in to taste the bolognaisse sauce with a finger, I was rewarded with a smack on the wrist with a wooden spoon.

Sally and Sue proved to be very capable cooks and we enjoyed a hearty meal. I had allowed the girls to have a glass of red Argentinean Malbec wine each, which they enjoyed and asked for more. By the end, we had all eaten our fill, and eye lids were drooping while heads nodded. The fire in the hearth was giving off a lovely warm aroma from the apple logs we were burning. We had had a long day, following a frightening experience, we were now basking in a cocoon of safety. Putting the dishes into the washer, we headed for bed.

I decided I was going to enjoy a long soak in the bath, put in some bubble mixture, and set it running. Meanwhile I checked all the doors and windows were locked and the security system was operating. Coming back a few minutes later, I found my bath, full of bubbles and drifting steam. It also contained two impish looking faces grinning out at me. Shouts of “we got here first,” and “your turn next,” got no truck from me.

I stripped off in about five seconds and advanced on the bath getting squeals and giggles in return. I climbed in and sank down in one movement slopping volumes of water over the side in the process. Under my legs and bum were a tangle of naked limbs. A few seconds of shuffling later we were sitting in a triangular formation facing each other luxuriating in the bliss of the water therapy. We lay chatting about many things, school, the cottage, their dad, me and my life, finally falling into a contented silence.

“I know a game we could play,” offered Sally. “Why don’t we wash you Pete, then you can wash us. How does that sound?” She gave me a look communicating that she wanted to get Sue used to the idea of touching and being touched.

“Sounds good to me,” I replied. I lay back with the water up to my chin, while one girl came along each side of me. They lathered up the flannels and started on my legs, moving to half way up my thighs. My chest was next followed by my back, after getting me to sit up. Then they told me to kneel so they could do my bottom. I noticed by this stage, the flannels had gone. Fingers probed in and out of my bum crack and pushed slightly into my hole. Finally they told me to lay back. The following five minutes probably ranked as one of the most sensuous experiences of my life. The girls worked down my tummy and along my hips, my inner thighs, finally lots of time to jointly wash my cock and balls. They moved slowly and deliberately, encouraging my raging erection to grow yet further. They peeled back my foreskin and gently but thoroughly washed the head of my cock. The squeezing and rubbing of my balls and cock received by their four soft but skilled hands left me on a high.

“OK, that’s me done, who wants to go next? I asked. “I have a very special way of washing you, so who’s first?” They settled on Sue.

“Right,” I said, “climb on top of me, put your knees either side of my hips and rest your hands on my shoulders. Sally, while I do the top half of Sue, could you do her legs and feet, please?”

Sue settled onto my chest looking me in the eye with a glint of anticipation. She slid down an inch or two until my cock was firmly between her legs poking out of the water between the cheeks of her bum. I worked up the soap into a lather and started on her shoulders and back, down her sides and finally onto her lovely globular bubble bum. I massaged her cheeks several times, finally sinking my fingers into her crack, which because of the position of her knees, was wide open already. I pushed gently into her anus up to my first knuckle, and moved it in and out a few times.

On request, she turned over, so she was now lying face upwards on my front. This time my cock was sticking into the air between her legs just below her pussy. I washed her chest. Her boobs were non existent, just mosquito bite sized rings of pink, but her tiny nipples had an unexpected hardness to them. Down her tummy I worked until I cupped her exquisite, smooth, hairless mound in my two hands. Massaging it for a little while, I gently worked down to her pussy, feeling her lips slowly open as I did so. I glanced down and noticed she had moved her knees upwards and outwards. I quickly found her clitoral hood, and gently massaged it. Soon I felt a rocking motion, as her bum undulated into my belly. While I massaged her clit with one hand, I slid the fingers of my other hand further down her cunt lips to her vagina. I pressed in slightly and found she was quite slick with her own juices. Her breathing became ragged, while her rocking motion against my belly became more insistent, with her rounded little bottom pressing into me, until I suddenly felt her go rigid. Her cunt started to pulse and contract on my finger inside her pussy as she climaxed.

She caught her breath “Nggghhhh, hhhaaaaahaha, ohhh, ohhhh, yes, nggghhh, hhhaaaaaaaaa.”

Gradually Sue came off the peak of her orgasm. I cuddled her into me. She lay her head back against my chest. Her breathing slowly returned back to normal.

“Fuck that was good,” she uttered, making me laugh coming from one so young. Sue flipped over again, straddling me looked me in the eye, then pressed her lips to mine, opened her mouth and tongue wrestled me for a few seconds. “Pete,” she stated simply, “thank you for saving my life and looking after me. Do you promise you will always be there for me?”

“Of course I will darling,” I answered, “You can’t get rid of me that easily.”

Sue sat up with her hands on my chest and looked me in the eyes with her intense stare. She nodded, as if accepting what I said was true, before moving back and pressing her pussy lips over my cock head. She rocked up and down a few times sliding my cock the length of her pussy, until it found the very entrance to her vagina. She pressed down slightly, as if kissing the end of my cock with her cunt. I thought it was on the point of popping in, then she simply climbed off and said “Your turn now Sally.”

Sally, who’d been quietly playing with herself, by this time had a bit of a glazed expression, as she moved onto her hands and knees and straddled me. Repeating the washing process down her back, I was already aware of her movements up and down my cock with her inner thighs. I had just got to her bum and started to slide my fingers between her cheeks, when she lifted up and I felt her hand between us, guiding my cock towards her pussy entrance. She moved down, and I felt her pussy open up around my cock, as she gently guided me into her slick waiting vagina. Up, then down, up and down. Apart from slipping my cock-head into her entrance, there was no resistance. In three strokes, I was at full depth. Her vagina walls were simply sensational. Very tight she was, probably the tightest girl this age I’d ever fucked, and over the years there had been quite a few. I could feel every ripple, as she moved. She contracted her muscles every now and then, squeezing my cock in a tight grip. This girl was exquisite. She may have been only ten years old, but she was experienced, and knew exactly what she was doing and how to please.

“Right,” I said “time to do the other side.” She blinked at me in surprised disbelief, not sure if she’d heard right. Realising I meant it, she huffed a grumpy sigh, lifted up off me, her cunt making a popping sound as my cock sucked out, turned over, and lay on top of me on her back and folded her arms crossly. I lathered up my hands and started on her chest, having to move her arms out of the way in the process. This was my first real opportunity to study her tits. Her light pink areolae were slightly raised, really no more than small cones, about half an inch high, topped with pinkie brown nipples standing proud. I massaged them with my palms and fingers for a little while until her tips were hard as iron. She couldn’t stay grumpy for long, and from her breathing and undulating movements, she was getting back into this. I then worked down her tummy, one hand either side, and over her smooth hairless mound and slid my fingers through her, now very slippery, pussy lips. With a lift of my finger, I positioned my cock back at her vagina, and slipped it all the way in with one, long, slow, push.

Sally breathed out “Hmmm.” Our fucking motions now started again then shortly increased. I had free access to her clit, which I now massaged in time with the penetrative motions of my cock moving in and out of her now exquisitely juicy cunt. My tip was just bumping into the rubbery barrier of her cervix as I reached full depth. It wasn’t long before Sally climaxed and started to hum a low moaning croon, which soon became broken into grunts, again in time with our movements. Her cunt was now contracting continuously on my cock, as her spasmic orgasm went on and on. Her feet were either side of my thighs, and she was lifting and falling at a fantastic pace to increase our ecstasy. Water was being slopped over the side of the bath in gallons. I felt the familiar feeling in my balls and cock head as my orgasm neared.

“I’m about to cum,” I muttered, “Cumming nowwww, aahhhhhhhhh”. I suddenly felt Sally’s cunt squeezing me again as her climax intensified just as my orgasm hit with pulse after pulse of semen shooting deep into her warm wet immature belly. My finger tips resting over her navel felt the pulsing of my cock pressing up beneath her slippery skin. It was sensational. I was bucking as I was fucking. I had to hold onto Sally tight so she didn’t fall off me. Eventually things calmed. The water stopped slopping onto the floor.

We lay like that with my cock impaled deep inside her cunt for what seemed like hours. The water started to go cold. Eventually, Sue stirred at the other end of the bath, and climbed out. “Got to go,” she said as she disappeared into the toilet, her wet bubble bum wiggling as she moved.

“Me too,” said Sally, followed by silence. Then I felt a warm trickle run around my cock, which although flaccid, was still partly inside Sally’s glorious passage. My cock started to harden again just at this simple, but incredibly erotic act. I am not into water sports at all, but this had turned me on no end.

Finally we got to bed. Sally on one side, Sue on the other and yours truly in the middle. It may have been December, but none of us wore a stitch, as we cuddled together and drifted off to a well earned sleep.

As usual, I woke at about three in the morning and had to go for a pee. The room was now freezing, so I was anxious to get back to bed. After climbing in, both of the girls unconsciously cuddled up to me, but recoiled back at feeling my ice cold skin. After a few minutes, I had warmed up nicely. I turned towards Sally, who was snoring quite loudly, while curled on her side now, facing away from me. I gently, trying not to wake her, ran my hands down her flanks, and over her bum, exploring her ten year old body. My cock was now standing proud and spooned into her cleft. Pre-cum started to flow, and I moved the end up and down the crack of her arse, perineum and pussy lips. She soon became very slick. I moved my fingers down and spread the lips of her vulva open, and pressed my cock head between them. Locating her vagina, I carefully pushed in. At first her entrance resisted, but then my cock head popped in an inch. Her vagina was still slippery from our earlier activities, so I found I was able to then slide in quite easily. Her snoring became louder. She was out for the count. I got quite a thrill, fucking this ten year old girl who had consented to do anything with me, while she slept. For the next ten minutes or so, I slowly moved in and out of her. Eventually, I felt the stirrings of my approaching orgasm. A few more gentle thrusts and with my cock pressed into her cervix, I exploded deep inside her, sending my semen spurting, in pulse after pulse, right into her womb. She snorted in her sleep, but the snoring then continued. A few minutes later, still deep inside her, I drifted off into a deep sleep.

Chapter 4 – Settling in

I awoke at dawn. As I came to, I was aware that I was still spooning into Sally. However, I was also aware of movement. My cock which was still inside her, had engorged, and she was moving up and down me with quiet, but determined, effort. I decide to play it cool, so didn't let her know I was now awake. She continued to slide up and down, the rhythm getting quicker as did her short breaths through her nose in quiet snorts. This was such a turn on, having this little girl getting herself off on my cock, thinking I didn't know. Her cunt walls started to spasm on my cock, as she climaxed, her snorts became louder. I felt my orgasm approaching. Suddenly, I shot my load into her, there was a surprised, but contented moan from her. I pretended to remain asleep. After she had quietened down and laid still for about five minutes, I again heard her snore drift up again. I lay there for a few minutes thinking about my situation and how my life had changed for the worse, but it had it's compensations and fucking this very willing ten year old every chance I got, was going to be one of them. I had desires on her nine year old sister as well.

By the time the girls woke, I had been up for over an hour. I had laid and lit the fires, had a shower and shave. I plugged in the heater in the bedroom so the girls could get up in the warm. Breakfast was bacon, sausages and scrambled eggs with toast. I found a traditional old tea pot in the cupboard and made a brew. I put the TV on to catch the morning news. Soon, a picture of me stared out of the screen. It looked like the one from my army record. The brief report mentioned a double shooting, and the kidnap of two young girls. The way the story was spun, it sounded as though I was responsible. It looked like Jim's 'friends' had contacts in the right places in their attempts to track me, and therefore their cash, down.

The girls came out into the kitchen wearing just their slippers. I smiled to myself, thinking that they were now comfortable enough with me to wander around naked. Their morale over the breakfast table was one hundred percent higher than it had been twenty four hours earlier. It occurred to me that I was growing fond of these two, and not just in a lustful way.

Conversation soon got round to what we should do today. I explained that there had been a report on the TV with my photo, implying that I had killed their father and the other man, and so the police were on the lookout for me. We were going to have to keep a low profile.

Sue came round the table and sat her naked bum on my lap, put her arms round my neck and gave me a lovely cuddle saying, "We know you didn't hurt anyone Pete. All you've done is try to help us" I placed my arms around her waist and cuddled her back and gave her a kiss on her cheek. For the rest of our breakfast, she stayed sitting there, my hand resting idly on her thigh..

I decided I needed to spend the morning orientating myself as much as possible with my surroundings. Meantime, I asked the girls if they would give the inside of the cottage a really good clean, as it looked as though no one had been here for some months.

I went to the aluminium case, and took out the sheet of instructions. There was mention of a computer. I hadn't seen one. It then went on to explain that another cupboard, similar to the other, but higher up the panelled wall, stored a key board, which connected wirelessly to the TV and operated as a computer. There was a password listed. Booting the system up, I found what I thought would be a file. Entering the password, the file turned out to be a directory. Inside the directory were many files, each contained a mass of information.

A 'read me' file provided a summary of the directory, as well as a statement from Jim. "If you are reading this, then I am dead," came the cheerful start, "I was duped and sucked into joining the group known to the Police as the 'Bleach Boys', so called because they are notorious for cleaning up their messes (namely people like me). They needed my accounting skills. In this directory, there is a summary of all the key people in the gang, their usual locations, their offshore bank account details and so forth. There is also a full set of accounts and enough evidence to put them all away. The police are penetrated by the gang, to a high level, so do not under any circumstances reveal where you are. Whoever you are, if you are reading this, your life is in the greatest danger. You now need to take the following action.

1 Stay alive - there is a survival pack under the floor beneath the settee.

2 In this directory, there is a file labelled 'Autosend'. Click the icon. It will immediately transmit all the evidence I have against the gang to the press, Europol, Interpol, and all local police and court departments. It will take time for the momentum of law and order to build. The powers that be will go into denial for a few days. During that time you will be in danger. It is even probable the transmission of the evidence, after you click 'Autosend', will be traced to this location. Be on your guard. Alternatively, you can click 'Send Later'. This will send the same information on to the "Cloud", but not for another ten days. This will give you time to get away. There is also a Flash Drive memory stick, with all the data as a back-up. Keep this with you. You may need it if anything goes wrong with the computer.

3 If you have the girls with you, bless you. Tell them I love them. Keep them alive and look after them. But under no circumstances must they be taken alive. The Bleach Boys will take a long time in disposing of them in the most unpleasant way possible. It is their way. Their name says it all.

4 Hopefully, you will have the case. It contains enough cash to look after you and the girls. If not, there are some low denomination notes in the survival pack. Either way use this cash first it is untraceable.

5 You will have to go out for supplies. In the pack, you will find materials to disguise yourselves. This is important. Don't underestimate the trouble they will go to, to find you.

6 Finally, If you have to make a run for it, you might try to use a car, but I don't think you would get far. Another is heading for and hiding in the mountains, but I am not sure how far the girls would get. This would only work for a day or so. Another option is this: I keep a small yacht in the harbour. She's called Sually's Escape. It's a corny merging of the girls' names. Anyway it is looked after by Alwyn Jones who does lobster fishing. He will release it to you if you pay him £100 and tell him 'Jim Meredith asked you to pick it up'. Meredith is the false name I bought the house and car with.

I rocked back in my seat. This was a lot to take in. Jim must have known what was going to happen, and prepared for the worst in a very thorough way. I looked down the room; Sue was pushing the vacuum around while Sally had a duster in her hand and was wiping the surfaces. They were wearing nothing but aprons. Both were bent at the waist and their movements made their beautiful bare bubble bums wiggle about. Such innocence in this harsh world they found themselves. I now knew I would give my life to look after these two.

I pushed the settee back, and lifted the rug beneath. There was no obvious trap door. I looked more closely. Using my clasp knife, I probed at the joints and found movement. Four floorboards of different lengths were cross braced together. When I prised one up, they all lifted. The recess below was large, perhaps eighteen inches wide by five or six feet long and several feet deep.

Inside was a whole array of items, apart from the cash, ranging from a light weight tent, sleeping bags, walking and climbing equipment, waterproof clothing, compositions (these are army rations in either dried packs or tin cans with a basic paraffin cooker for heating), and several water canteens plus a large water container. A long canvas grip type bag contained a number of weapons, all sealed in polythene bags to keep

the damp out. There were a couple of 9mm Heckler & Koch hand guns. Also an American Ruger bolt action hunting rifle, with PSO-1 telescopic sight, with light enhancing capability. This would have an accurate long range for single shots. A separate bag contained ammunition and gun cleaning kit. A couple of walkie-talkie radios and portable satnav, night vision kit, each having spare batteries taped to them. Maps, Admiralty sea charts and hand held compass were some of the many other items contained there. A small ominous semi transparent red plastic box had a grim looking skull and crossbones stencilled on the outside. Beneath this logo was the simple word 'Cyanide'. I had a moment of black humour. There were no instructions stating "to be taken three times daily!"

A small nylon bag contained items to make up a disguise. There were several wigs, make up, coloured contact lenses, beards and moustaches. Everything was labelled "Acme Theatre Supply co." I know nothing about makeup, so was glad there were also instructions enclosed.

The three of us dressed warmly and went outside to walk around the property, One held each of my hands. There was a gentle breeze blowing a chill wind off the sea. Gulls cried out in protest at our passing, as we walked along the top of the shingle and sand beach, the sea shells crunching under our feet. The sky looked grey, but not threatening. At one end of the beach was a tiny recess in the rocks. You couldn't call it a cave, but if necessary, we could all squeeze into it. I called it the 'Bolt Hole' and told the girls to make a good mental note of where it was.

Soup and sandwiches were the lunch time fare. Sally looked at me and asked "Pete, are we going to be safe here? I mean, will those men come and get us?"

Honesty was the best policy when it came to people's lives. "I don't know, darling. No one knows we're here, so we are safe for the moment, but to get the people who killed your dad, we have to do certain things. Those things may draw attention to our presence here. Is it best to do nothing, live here, and hope no one ever finds us, or should we send the information to close the gang down but risk them finding us sooner and perhaps even before we can get to safety? You have a right to understand that, and we need to think about it, then decide what we should do, agreed?" They nodded.

The early afternoon was spent in trying to work out how to make me up with the disguise materials. The girls were giggling throughout. Eventually, I had shorter, dyed hair, steel rimmed glasses and a small moustache and beard. Looking in the mirror, I decided it looked authentic enough to the casual glance and importantly, certainly didn't look like me. The girls put on clothes that made them look like young boys. They wore hats down to their ears disguising their long hair.

We opened the small garage, which was little more than a lean-to shed. The car inside was a four wheel drive Toyota Rav-4. It started immediately. I backed it out and put my own car in it's place. We drove around the area a little to work out the geography. Driving through the village down the hill, we saw a shop, pub, post office and a row of fishermen's cottages, several of which had B & B signs out. In the small harbour, a dozen or so small fishing boats bobbed about. A small marina housed about twenty leisure vessels. Not wishing to show myself more than necessary, I didn't go to look for 'Sually's Escape'.

Continuing along the road, after about ten miles we arrived at a small town, called Penrhyndeudraeth which, like most Welsh names is completely unpronounceable to anyone other than those who speak the 'language of heaven'. It is nestled on the side of a shallow tree filled valley near a river estuary. We found a mini supermarket and stocked up on food supplies, milk, bread and so on.

Walking around the town we window shopped and stretched our legs. Sally looked into a child's clothes shop. There was a very pretty dress in the window which both girls admired. I could see it would look lovely on her. I made a mental note. Christmas was only about ten days away after all.

Chapter 5 – The Games people play

Returning home, we stoked up the fires and put away our purchases. I suggested we should play a game of some sort. Rummaging in a cupboard, Sally found Monopoly, which we set up on the carpet in front of the roaring fire for an hour. Surprisingly, Sue won hands down.

A pack of cards came out next. "What shall we play, do you know any games, Pete?" asked Sue.

"The only game we played in the army was poker, but it's a gambling game and we played for money," I said.

"We could use the Monopoly money," offered Sue.

"Or we could play for clothes, you know, Strip Poker," retorted Sally with sly smile and a glint in her eye.

"Strip Poker," puzzled Sue, "how can that work?"

"What we can do is this." Sally went on, "we will each start with £500 of monopoly money. If anyone runs out of cash, they can sell an article of clothing to the bank for, say, £100. Then when they have run out of clothes to sell, they can either drop out of the game, or undergo a one minute forfeit. No forfeit can be repeated. For each forfeit they undertake they get £100 from the person with the most winnings and that person gets to say what they have to do. What do you think?" Sue was giggling, hiding her mouth behind her hand. Sally already knew my answer, as she had one eyebrow cocked, with a half smile, whilst looking across at my woody tenting out my jeans.

We made sure everyone had the same number of clothes to start with. I shuffled and dealt the cards, explaining to Sue the basics of the game. I suggested it was only fair to have a couple of dummy hands before we started, so she could get the idea. Then we were off. The first couple of hands resulted in Sue and me being £100 down each and Sally with a smile. Then another couple with a small win for me a minor loss for Sue. And so it went on. After half a dozen hands, I had a good hand, so pushed the bidding a little, drawing the girls in, who looked like they felt they had good hands too. There was £750 in the pot, and Sue had bet her last money. Determined to win, she sold her jumper to the bank, got her £100 and "saw me". When the cards were laid down, Sally had two pairs, Sue, three of a kind, but neither beat my full house Aces on Kings.

"Not fair," muttered Sue as she peeled off both socks to get £200 to continue.

Then Sue won one, she now had £600 to her name. Sally meantime was getting low on funds. The next couple were indeterminate, then I struck gold with four threes. Judging by the smiles, the girls thought they were doing OK too. The betting got serious. Sally sold off her jumper, socks and blouse, Sue used her last £100 to see us. Both girls had a full house, but four of a kind beats those. I now held most of the cash, Sue, to stay in the game, peeled off her T shirt and skirt.

The next hand was won by Sue, who took pleasure in telling her sister to get her jeans off. Both girls were down to their panties. I noticed Sally's crotch looked quite damp too. Over the next twenty minutes, the play ebbed and flowed. I lost a few items, whilst the girls both lost their panties. For a while the money was about evenly distributed. I still had two items of clothing 'in the bank'. However, I didn't care, I just enjoyed looking at these two naked pre-teens sitting cross legged on the carpet with their pussies opening and closing each time they moved around.

At last, Sue ran out of money, and Sally was 'top dog' so had the privilege of naming the forfeit. "Hmm," she said, "what will it be? Oh I know, for one minute, you have to run around the outside path of the house."

"Not fair," said Sue, "it's cold out there."

"That's the forfeit," answered Sally with a smirk, "you can always drop out of the game." Sue stood up, stamped her foot in temper and ran out of the front door leaving Sally rolling on her back with laughter and me getting an eyeful of her open wet pussy and little asterix shaped brown arsehole.

A few moments later, Sue ran back in, slamming the door behind her and stood by the fire for a few moments regaining her circulation.

Resuming play, Sue regained some cash, while I lost the last of my clothes. Eventually, Sally was out of cash and now Sue had the upper hand and all too soon a forfeit was to be demanded.

"Right," said Sue, "in view of what you made me do, you can do the same. Oh! They can't be repeated that's right isn't it? Let me think. I know, for one minute, you can stand with your back to Pete, feet as far apart as

you can get them, then bend forward and hold onto your ankles. Pete is allowed, without pushing you, to see if he can make you lose your balance.

Sally frowned and moved uncertainly in front of me. She adopted the stated position and as she bent forward, her arse and pussy opened up like a sunflower in the sun. I was transfixed for a second, then I leant forward and took in the sweet odour of little girl musk. This I had to taste and I had less than a minute to do it. I licked her upwards from her clit to the very top of her bum crack. There was a sharp intake of breath, but credit where it's due, she maintained the position. I carried on licking and licking. Eventually Sue called "time up."

A flush faced Sally resumed her seat. She looked a little stary eyed. Fortunes changed again, and both Sue and I were the next to run the gauntlet together. This time it was Sally's choice. "Right," she said, "what I want you both to do is lick each other's bottoms."

"Eww," responded Sue, "that's disgusting. Give me another choice."

"Alright, I suppose that's a difficult one," pondered Sally, "lick the end of his willy instead." I offered to go first, so got Sue onto all fours, with her knees well apart. Moving behind her, her anus was opened up very nicely. I started to lick around, then quickly moved to her hole and pressed my tongue as far as I could into the orifice. I applied pressure, licked it and moved it around. There was little taste, just a saltiness. She was very clean. Quite suddenly, her ringpiece opened slightly and before I could push my tongue in there, she farted into my face. Both the girls collapsed onto the floor beside themselves with laughter. They took several minutes before they could control themselves and come back to this world.

Eventually Sally regained her composure. "As a penalty for not, 'giggle' completing the task, 'giggle', Sue, instead of licking his willy you have to suck it."

"Eww," complained Sue, "that's gross, won't do it."

Sally looked coy. "OK, you can either drop out of the game, or do it, or lick his bum and see if he can get his own back and fart on you too." She erupted into a fit of giggles again.

Sue shuffled over to me looking uncertain. I was interested in how she would deal with this. She tentatively took hold of my cock, and moving her hair out of the way lowered her lips over the end. She started to suck and in fairness sucked quite hard. I could feel her tongue under my cock head and I was willing her to press it in to the sensitive spot there. I cheated a little though, at that moment, she took her hand away from my cock to get her hair out of the way again, so I gripped it myself, and pulled down, bringing my foreskin down too, releasing a large amount of pre-cum into her mouth. I thought she was going to pull off me, but Sally called out 'thirty seconds to go', focusing the little cocksucker's attention. Unexpectedly, I distinctly felt not only her tongue press into that sensitive spot, but her head bobbed up and down a little. 'Time up' came all too soon. Sue regained her position, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, after first licking her lips, a shy smile at me suggesting she enjoyed it more than she let on. We put a time limit on ending the game, as it was getting late, and wound up a few minutes later.

We had roast chicken for dinner and a bottle of chilled chardonnay. The girls had very good table manners, despite the fact that none of us had 'dressed for dinner' being naked at home seemed to come naturally to these girls as breathing. We had a laugh though when Sue dropped a little hot gravy on her naked thigh and danced around hooting for a minute, eventually getting a cloth to wipe it off.

I broached the subject of what we should do. Whether to send off the evidence, or lie low for a while. We agreed to keep thinking it through for a few days. Unless anyone knew where we were, we could perhaps stay here for some months without detection.

That night, we enjoyed a lovely long hot soak in the bath together. We washed each other, and ran our hands gently over each other's bodies, without any prodding or poking and didn't cause any tsunami this time.

Cuddling up in bed in our usual threesome with me in the middle, I thought about whether I missed my old life. I decided no, I didn't.

"Pete," asked Sue, "you know when I sucked your willy this afternoon, did it feel nice to you? Coz, it made me feel funny inside, you know, funny nice. Would you let me do it again?"

I was startled at this nine year old asking if she could give me a blow job – would I let her? Fuck yes!

"Of course darling if that's what you would like to do." I answered in as steady a voice as I could muster. "But perhaps I can make it nice for you as well. I could lick you between your legs at the same time if you like." She looked puzzled. "Well," I continued, "you can come on top of me, facing down the bed, with your knees either side of me, and I think it will make you feel really nice. How does that sound? It's called a sixty nine." She nodded and turned around on the bed lifting her leg over me, opening her glorious fat little cunt to my gaze. I glanced across at Sally, she had sat up in a recumbent position with a stack of pillows behind her. Her legs were splayed apart and she was just starting to diddle herself.

"Oh, Sue," I explained, "when I cum, you will get some of my semen in your mouth. It will taste a bit like what you tasted earlier. When it is about to happen, I will warn you. You can either swallow it, men really like that, or you can lift your mouth off me so it doesn't all go in your mouth. She nodded again.

Grabbing my cock, I felt her lick the end at first, then open her lips and engulf my cock head in her mouth. She tentatively bobbed her head up and down just a little at first, getting the feel of it, as it were. She then surprised me when she pushed my foreskin down my cock, as I had done earlier. Apart from releasing a lot of pre-cum into her mouth, which I found a big turn on, I could now feel her tongue and roof of her mouth in a much more sensitive way, as they squeezed my cock head between them. Her tongue in particular was seeking out the sensitive spot underneath my cock head. The suction she applied seemed to increase continuously as her bobbing movements became more confident. Two or three inches of my cock slid in and out each time.

Meanwhile, I gently spread her lovely chubby pussy lips apart with my finger tips. Inside, her inner folds looked slick with her own juices. An exquisite smell of little girl musk floated up, as I took my first slurp of this nine year old's cunt, her taste wasn't strong, but it was very addictive, I felt a surge of lust flow through me down to my cock, now enjoying it's own special treat. I licked her from her clit to her bum and back. I gradually focussed on just her clit trying to bring this little girl off before I myself came.

Sue, enjoying her own lustful feelings, increased her speed and her depth of plunge. I became aware that my cock was now hitting the back of her mouth. Another fraction, and it would enter her throat. There was absolutely no sign of her gagging. Her hand was frigging my shaft simultaneously. This just had to be the best blow job I had ever experienced in my life. It was nothing short of sensational. I had been sucked off by preteens before, but they had always been half hearted, disappointing experiences, compared to this trip of a lifetime. The familiar feelings warned me of my approaching orgasm. At the same time, I became aware of a groaning sound coming from Sue, which I felt as a vibration on my cock, as well as a sudden bucking movement. It was as if she had started to go into a fit. Her whole body seemed to contract and jerk on top of me. I was also aware of a sudden flow of her juices from her cunt, which I was only too happy to lap up.

"Sue," I gasped, "I'm going to cum soon, if you need to pull away it's now, it's...it's.... nooooooow, ahhhhhhhhh." No pulling away from Sue. I spurted right into her throat. Again, I was amazed, there was no gagging, just a gulp sound of her swallowing, accompanied by a fantastic clamping down feeling on the end of my cock, just as the next surge jetted into her mouth followed by another gulp, clamp and swallow. This ecstatic feeling went on for well over a minute.

As things started to quieten down, I became aware of another rhythmic cooing and moaning noise. Glancing over, I saw Sally, still reclining into her pile of pillows, eyes now screwed up shut, knees up and apart, with the fingers of both hands playing with her clit and pressing into her cunt. Her climax must have immediately followed ours. Certainly she was still enjoying the after effects to the full. For a while, all that could be heard in the room, was the sound of panting, while we slowly recovered. Within a few minutes, we were all cuddled up, and sleep overtook us.

My three o'clock pee call was right on time. Knowing I would get cold, I was out and back in record time. A few minutes later, I was warm again and drifting off. I felt movement, and Sally shuffled over. Before I knew it, she climbed up and over, straddling me. There was no foreplay, no teasing, no talking. She simply put her hand between us, grabbed my now rising but semi soft cock, lined it up and sank down onto me. It took several seconds for my cock to grow fully, but being in her now, grow it did.

Sally simply moved up and down against me. This was just her needing to take and give lustful pleasure. It was very carnal. She came once gently after about two or three minutes, but I sensed a bigger orgasm was on the way for her. I too felt the stirrings deep in my own loins. Our movements increased and in another couple of minutes, we both erupted taking the pleasure we wanted from and for each other. Soon, it was over and staying as we were, drifted off to sleep again.

Dawn broke, and I was awake. I still had Sally on top of, and engulfing me, knees either side of my hips. I enjoyed my erection starting to build inside her, growing to full size in about a minute. With her dead weight on top of me, there was little scope for movement, but I could thrust a little. It took about ten minutes, but in the end, I could feel the stirrings and suddenly the rush through my shaft and I came deep inside her sleeping body. I lay still for another five or ten minutes, before holding her to me, and rolling onto my side. She was still asleep. My shrinking cock softly popped out of her, followed by a little of the cum juice accumulated during two orgasms.

Chapter 6 – The Day Trip

Fire lighting, breakfast making and a brew of tea were on the go before the little ones stirred their stumps.

“Hello, Pete,” came a sleepy voice, “what time is it? I think I need a shower to wake me up.” I glanced across to see Sally, standing in the doorway, screwing a fist into an eye, while yawning widely. A little trickle of wet pearlescent liquid was running down her inner thigh.

“Morning, sleepyhead,” I replied, “it’s nearly eight o’clock. You have your shower, breakfast will be ready in about ten minutes. Could you wake Sue, please?”

I put the morning news on. We had dropped to a piece near the end. No longer headlines. A change in government in some middle eastern country, the forthcoming state visit to the US by the Queen and the latest gloomy economic figures took precedence.

We had porridge for breakfast, which I learned to love in the army on winter’s mornings, followed by kippers (smoked herring) with toast. “Would you like to go for a drive around the area?” I asked the girls. A definite “yes” was the emphatic answer.

“How about we pack up some sandwiches and stuff, and make a day of it?” I suggested. I got my ‘make up’ on, while the girls fixed some lunch to take, and we were off.

Heading north, we saw the old slate mining scars in the mountains where, for centuries, men have, and still do, scraped a living producing Welsh slate for roofs, plaques, gravestones and other uses. We drove a little way up the beautiful Pass of Aberglaslyn. The road followed alongside the old narrow gauge mining railway line, leading to the village of Beddgelert.

I showed the girls Gelert’s grave. They cried when I told them of the sad legend of the famous dog, whose master was Llewellyn the Great, Prince of Gwynedd who was given the hound by the English King John, of Robin Hood fame. The story goes that returning from hunting, Llewellyn finds his baby’s cot overturned and the hound and baby’s bedding covered in blood. Thinking the worst, Llewellyn slays the dog with his sword. Moments later there was a cry from the baby, hidden beneath the bedding, as was a dead wolf, killed by Gelert, protecting the child. Full of remorse, Llewellyn buried the hound with ceremony and is said to never have smiled again.

Further north, now deep inside the Snowdonia National Park, we skirted around Mount Snowdon, along the road where recent cleared snow lay alongside the highway. Dropping down to the coast again, Caernarfon lay ahead with its castle built by Edward I, in the thirteenth century, to subdue the Welsh. Following the road parallel to the Menai Straits, we crossed over to the Isle of Anglesey, where the first village caused the girls to cry with laughter. It has the longest place name in the world. You’ll see what I mean about Welsh place names! Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch.

We stopped for lunch at the western most point of the island, under the lone hill known as Holyhead Mountain, overlooking the cliffs, leading down to South Stack Lighthouse. The tidal currents along this stretch run at about five knots. The wind was blowing against the ebb tide, so we had a spectacular display

of standing waves and broken water, a few hundred feet beneath us. After our lunch of sandwiches and pork pie, we went for a short walk. Nearby are a series of Neolithic hut circles, which we looked around. From this elevated position, I pointed out to the girls the site about five miles away where the Romans had fought a battle and killed the last of the Druids. Getting cold, we got back to the car and drove on.

An hour later in our tour, we arrived at Conwy, or Conway in English. Here is another castle built by Edward. We now followed the river valley inland, heading south. I always feel that the countryside here is very like that in the North Conway area of New Hampshire. Arriving at the charming town of Betws-y-Coed, we stopped at a little café and had tea. The girls asked if they could have some money, and do a little shopping. I thought they probably wanted a bit of girly time together, so handed over a handful of low denominations and let them go off on their own. I wandered off and did some shopping too. I bought a few basic decorations for Christmas and a small tree with lights. I found a childrens store, and managed to buy a few items I hoped the girls would like too.

The run down to the coast and home took a little over an hour. It was just getting dark as we arrived. A quick stoking of the fires, and we soon had the place warmed up again. I had called in a Chinese take away restaurant en-route and picked up something to eat so we didn't have to cook. As usual with Chinese, you always have more than you can eat! We had enjoyed a long, tiring but very satisfying day, were full up, and now looking forward to what was becoming our nightly ritual soak in the bath.

I lay back in the hot, soapy, steamy water and closed my eyes. The girls were chattering away, as little girls do. I just enjoyed letting my relaxed state wash over me. I drifted off. I awoke a few minutes later with a start. The movement sensor alarm had gone off. In what was a couple of seconds, I was out grabbed a towelling robe and was by the intruder screen observing what was happening. Happily, what I saw on the CCTV screen was a roaming fox. However, it made me realise that had it been for real, I wasn't as prepared as I could have been. The first job for the morning. Put the guns where they were handy for immediate use.

Returning to the bedroom, I found the girls had dried and dressed and were now ready for any eventuality. I explained what had happened. They were relieved, but adrenaline had woken us up. We decided to watch a DVD on TV, which the girls chose.

Sitting on the settee, I was, as usual, in the middle, with an arm around each of my girls, now wearing nothing at all, but keeping warm under a tartan rug each. We cuddled as the movie, an animation called 'The Nut Store' played through. I couldn't help feeling them up, finding they slowly spread their knees apart, as I tried to delve deeper into their treasure troves. By the end, I had two, sometimes four hands gripping my cock, massaging me very slowly but sensuously indeed. I could think of worse things to be doing of an evening.

It had been a long day and the girls were asleep before the DVD finished. I carried them both to bed. I felt I had earned a little reward for my work today, so I laid the girls side by side, and spread their legs apart as far as I could. I climbed onto the bed and spent a few minutes licking them each out. They tasted slightly different, Sally having a stronger musky scent and taste than her sister.

I pulled the duvet over them, and went to lock up and switch the lights out. Returning, Sue was by now curled up into a ball on her side, and Sally still lay as I had left her. Both girls were now snoring loudly. Sue had a thumb in her mouth, snorting through her nose, Sally had her mouth open, her snore coming from deep in her throat. The noise was awesome. I hadn't heard anything like it since drunken nights in barracks. I undressed and climbed in, switching the bedside light out.

Eventually, deciding sleep wasn't coming any time soon, I spooned into Sue. I ran my hand down her waist, hip and thigh. My fingers slid over her ample bum cheeks and along her crack to her fat little cunt, where I played with her for a few minutes. My cock was engorged by now and pre-cum started to leak. Perhaps it was because I couldn't fuck her that made her cunt so attractive to me. I really enjoyed spending some time feeling her inside and out.

I had promised not to fuck her, but no one had mentioned anything about me slipping into her chubby little arsehole. Gently, I rubbed my cock end up and down her bum crack. I wanted as much lubrication for this as I could. I pressed my middle finger into her anus. It popped open quite easily, allowing me to enter up to my knuckle. Coming out again, I pushed my cock head up to her entry, releasing more juice and then again

pushed my finger back in. It easily went in an inch further. On the third attempt, my finger slid all the way in. I could feel her buttery passage. The tightness eased slightly, as she dilated. Time for action.

Positioning myself so that I was going to be able to gain entry, I moved my cock to her hole again. Pulling back my foreskin just a little, I pressed the end in, applying constant pressure. There was resistance at first. I lay there feeling her anus slowly relaxing and dilating, as my cock started entering her. Quite suddenly, the head popped into her, passing through her sphincter. I almost thought I would tear her. The hard bit was over. I paused. She hadn't stirred, the snoring continued. After a few seconds, I started a very small movement, applying inward pressure. Little by little, I went in deeper, allowing my movements to increase. After, perhaps ten minutes, I realised I had reached full penetration. I was six and a half inches up a nine year olds' arse. I stopped moving, wanting to take in the feelings I was experiencing. She was very tight indeed. This was tighter even than Sally's cunt. I started my gentle movements in and out again. Not wanting to wake the child, I took it slowly and carefully, moving perhaps four inches each thrust. Anyway, I wanted it to last. Her snoring suggested she was well away in the land of dreams just now. I wondered what she was dreaming of.

Another ten minutes of selfish pleasure followed. I was in pedo heaven. All good things come to an end. I felt the familiar sensations start and when I came it was absolutely stunning. I pulsed and pulsed into her bowels. I knew she would be full of cum. I was enjoying this as much as anything I had experienced before in my life. It was pure carnal pleasure.

I lay still and waited as my cock eventually stopped pulsing, then shrank and finally slid out of her. Hardly any cum flowed out at all. It must have still been deep inside her shit hole. I needed to go and wash though, a distinct odour wafted out from under the covers as I got out of bed. I got a flannel and after wiping myself, went over and cleaned Sue up too.

I woke at dawn and needed my usual pee. I switched on the electric heater. Coming back to bed, Sally was awake, and cuddled in to me, after I had got warm again. We just petted each other for a while, enjoying each other's closeness. Shortly, Sue stirred and looked at Sally and me.

"Hello sleepyhead," I said, "how are you feeling today?" Sue blinked a couple of times and looked puzzled.

"I feel funny inside," she said, "like I'm full up. I also feel a little sore in my bum." Sue, being so young, was able to lift her knees up either side of her head like a gymnast, and held them back with her elbows and probed her bum with her fingers.

"Yes," she said, "it is a little sore." Suddenly, she farted the wettest sounding fart, and a little spurt of cum shot out of her. It took a second or two for the girls to recognise what they saw. Sally gave me an accusing look, but then rolled her eyes, before both girls burst into giggles, realising what had happened during the night. I just grinned back sheepishly.

Chapter 7 – Christmas cums but once a year

The next few days passed with preparing for Christmas. We put the decorations up and spent an evening dressing the tree and fixing the lights. I was surprised how many presents there were placed around the base. It would seem we had all had the same idea when we had been out. Everything was beautifully wrapped.

Each afternoon, I took the girls out, away from the area, and walked in the hills to keep fit. The survival kit proved useful in providing boots, waterproofs, walking maps and so on. Some days we walked along the beaches, which at this time of year were all deserted. One afternoon, a day or two before Christmas Eve, we drove south down to Aberystwyth, found a large supermarket and stocked up on all the food, including a turkey, we would need over the holiday period. There were Christmas crackers, party poppers, Christmas Pudding, Brandy Butter, and other festive fare. I even bought a carols and Christmas music CD to play. I was determined this was going to be as good a Yuletide as I could manage for the girls.

During these days when we were in the cottage, Sally became moody, but at the same time very needful of a regular fuck. It was as if her security depended on having an orgasm at least a couple of times a day. At first I thought she was simply keeping her side of the deal we had struck, but soon I became aware there was more to it than that. This girl needed lots of sex. Her accompanying moods worried me though. It was

as if another force within her was driving her. Late that afternoon it really came home to me. We were preparing some vegetables for the evening meal. Sally suddenly dropped the peeler she held, wiped her hands and pulled me by my wrist over to the settee.

She bent over the back of the chair, flipped her skirt up, not normally wearing panties now, she exposed her lovely arse and pussy, and demanded, "fuck me hard doggy style, now." Being the shrinking violet that I am, it took me at least three seconds to oblige by dropping my jeans. By now, although she was still very tight, I found if I pulled her cunt lips apart carefully, I could dry penetrate her in one long slow careful thrust and that's what I did now. Just nudging her cervix, I then pulled almost out and thrust back in. Moving in and out repeatedly, the pace picked up.

"I said I want you to fuck me hard," she demanded, to my surprise, "come on, I mean hard." I picked up the pace and thrust into her faster, like a metronome. "No not like that, I said hard," she yelled.

Well she asked for it. I started to slam into her hard. I had always been gentle with this child, but now I went for it hell for leather. Each time I pounded into her, there was a loud slap, as my pubis, legs and tummy all connected with her thighs, cunt and bum. I glanced across at Sue, who was standing statue like with a dish cloth in one hand, mouth agape and the other hand moving under her skirt.

Each time I slammed into Sally, she grunted and muttered, "yes, that's it, harder." I was encouraged to really pound into her. The slapping got louder. This was animal lust in it's raw state. I had never seen her like this. I recognised the signs of her forthcoming orgasm. She crooned a little, then started to moan in time with the thrusts and finally, her vagina walls started to spasm and contract on my cock in a fast rhythm of squeezing. No longer than thirty seconds passed, and she stood up, lifted herself off my cock, and went back to peeling potatoes, leaving me high and dry. I had to lay on the settee and close my eyes for a few moments.

I became aware of Sue sitting on the edge of the seat. "You don't look very happy, Pete," she smiled down at me, "would you like me to finish you off?" I looked up at her kind round chubby face and smiled back, nodding.

In a moment, she leant over and taking my cock in her hand, gently sucked the end of it into her mouth. She lifted off for a moment, savouring the taste of her sister's juices on my cock, for the first time. She started to slowly bob up and down, and whilst doing so, lifted her leg over my chest, so she was straddling me to get at me better. She had obviously enjoyed the 69 the other day. I pushed her skirt up out of the way, and with a hand on each of her hips, guided her pussy over my, now very hungry, mouth. I prised her ample cunt lips apart and started to get my tongue really into her.

Meanwhile, I was aware of something new. Her thrusts were longer. Her sucking was stronger and her tongue was pressing into my sensitive spot harder. I remembered from last time, how she never gagged at all and this seemed to be the case now. I could feel my cock pressing into the back of her mouth with each cycle. Suddenly, without warning, she stopped at full depth, and bending her head down, pushed forward letting my cock slip into her throat. It was a tight fit, in fact she had to push quite hard to make it go in, but it was also the most sensational feeling my cock has ever had. This girl was not only a world beating cock sucker, she could deep throat as well. She now started to move in earnest. I was matching her movements with the thrusting of my tongue into her pussy and the frigging of my fingers on her clit, trying to give her as much pleasure as I could.

The time was coming, Sue started to buck on top of me and as she moaned, her humming voice created a fantastic vibration all along my cock, sending me over the top. "Cumming," was all I could say in warning. I shot my load. Building up, during the violent but curtailed fuck with Sally, my pent up cum load was now immense. Gob after gob went down her throat. She moaned, she gulped and she swallowed. There was a snort at one point, but she carried on until we were both completely spent. She eventually lifted up, and cuddled alongside me. I noticed that when she had snorted, a rope of cum had shot out of her nose onto her lips. She stuck her tongue out, and sensuously licked it clean. Her eyes never leaving mine.

We had a quiet meal that night. The chatter wasn't the same. There was definitely something amiss with Sally. I needed to clear the air. I asked Sue if she would mind doing the dishes for us while I had a chat with Sally. Sally pouted, but came into the bedroom when I beckoned her.

"What's up darling," I asked with the obvious opener, "you are not happy. Is it something I have said or done?" Another pout. "Well," I went on, "there is obviously something amiss, so wouldn't it be easier if you just came out with it and told me?"

She looked at me. Clearly her mind was racing at how to put her concerns to me. "Well, Pete, you've done nothing, it's not like that," she tentatively started, "I have a problem. I have really enjoyed having sex with you. In fact I find I need it now more than ever." She looked a little embarrassed before continuing. "Anyway, you know we had a deal, well that was to help keep Sue and me alive."

I looked at her and started "Well if you would rather, we can end the deal and I can....."

"No you don't understand," she interrupted, "there's more to it than that. You see I loved my step dad. I always thought that we would be together forever, and that one day we would get married. And now, I miss him." She paused, looking sad. I went to say something, but she waved me down. "No, let me finish. You see Pete, I feel really guilty. I now realise that I love you even more than Dad. I really need to fuck you all the time. Something inside me drives me to it, but every time, I feel guilty about Dad. It's making me unhappy. Do you understand?" I nodded. "What do I do?" she asked.

"Well, I said, "you are a lucky girl. You are only ten years old and already you have been in love twice. Some girls live a lifetime and never find love. Your Dad asked me to look after you. He knew he was about to die and his last words were that he loved you. He also knew you had a life to lead and he wanted you to live it to the full. That is why he went to so much trouble to set up this safe haven, for you and Sue, to be safe, whether he was there or not. He certainly didn't want or expect you to live the life of a nun." She smiled. "Further more, if he could speak to you now, he would tell you he wanted you to be happy. You, me, or he cannot change what has happened. Remember the legend of Gelert? After the Prince slayed the loyal hound and realised his mistake, he could not undo the wrong. All he could do was honour him for the rest of his life. Like him, you cannot bring your Dad back. All you can do is live your life in his honour. It's what he would want and he would be proud of you for it."

Sally burst into tears. She flung her arms around me and sobbed for several minutes. Eventually, she looked up at me, red rims around her beautiful blue eyes, a sniff and a wipe of a tear, and she smiled that lovely wonderful smile that she has that melts stone.

"Pete, haven't I been a twit, I really love you, do you know that?" her pleading face demanded assurance.

"Yes, darling, I know that. And I love you too, more than I can express in words. I will do what your Dad asked of me, but I will do a lot more. I will try to make sure you are happy as long as I live." I paused, wanting to ask her something, but not sure how to put it.

"What is it," she suddenly looked worried again, "what did you want to say, Pete?"

"Well darling, I know we have our deal, but does it hurt you when I do things with Sue. I mean, do you get jealous or anything?"

She smiled a brilliant smile. "Don't be silly, of course not. I love my sister more than my own life. I want her to have fun and enjoy herself. I love you, trust you and only want you to have the best too. When I see you making love to her, it is as if you were making love to me. I can feel every thrust of your tongue in her pussy as if it were mine. When you cum in her mouth, in my mind, I can taste it too. No, I love you both, and want us to carry on being in love, just the three of us."

"I know, what I will do; because of the way I have been, you can have an extra present on Christmas morning. You can have me any way you want, and I mean any way; and" she added coyly, "I'll even let you do it up my bum, if that's what you want. Whatever, however and for as long as you can hold out." She gave me that coquettish look of hers.

When we went back into the kitchen, Sue was looking glum. She was worried something serious was going on. When she saw our expressions, her face lit up. She didn't know what had been said, but she knew there was a problem no more and that her life would be happy again.

A little later, Sally who had been pensive for a few minutes, got up and went over to the tree. Bending down, giving us a lovely show of her asterix shaped bum hole, she picked up a package and brought it over to me.

"I think you should have an early Christmas present," she said, looking very thoughtful. "I realise I haven't been easy to live with recently, and perhaps by giving you this, I am sharing with you something from my past. By doing this, I can let it rest."

I tentatively opened the parcel. It had a distinct DVD shape to it, and that is just what it was. The case was plain, but inside, the disk had a label attached which read, "Sally losing her virginity, aged seven,"

Looking over at Sally, I asked, "Are you sure you want us to see this?"

She nodded, smiling now "Oh yes, Pete, I haven't seen it myself yet and I am dying to do so. It was one of the few things I grabbed when we left home. Dad was important to me, and it will be one of my few permanent memories of him.

I slipped the disk into the player, and the three of us cuddled up on the settee. Flicking the remote start button, the show opened. The camera had been mounted on a tripod, so it was a fixed shot, pointing at a bed. A man, who I recognised as Jim got onto the bed and lay back. He was wearing just jockey shorts. On the other side of the bed, completely naked, appeared a very young looking Sally. She looked lovingly at Jim, before climbing onto the bed and giving him a big cuddle.

Jim spent some time in foreplay licking then massaging Sally with his fingers. His touch was gentle and loving. She was clearly becoming aroused.

Eventually, Jim, who was now also naked, rolled the diminutive girl over on to her back, and spread her legs apart, before laying himself over her. At this time, we couldn't see the action, as Jim's bum was in the way. After a minute or two though, he rolled over, taking Sally with him, so she was now straddling him, her little knees either side of him. We could see from the wetness in her, now wide open pussy, that Jim had been getting as much pre-cum into her as he could.

"OK, my darling," said Jim, "if you are ready, lower yourself onto me. Take your time and if it hurts, stop. There's no rush." Jim held his cock positioning it towards Sally's ready, now dripping, cunt. He was not large. In fact very much on the small size, perhaps five inches long and about the thickness of my thumb. Most men would have been too large. Sally brought herself down onto him. When they connected, she wriggled her bum back and forth, allowing him to enter just a fraction. From the camera angle, we could see his cock pressing against her entrance. Sally undulated her hips, applying pressure onto his cock. Suddenly, his head popped in. They both froze, before Sally recommenced her undulating movements. Little by little he slipped into her. Again they paused.

"This may hurt a little my darling," said Jim, "are you ready?" A nod from Sally and Jim moved his hips up a couple of inches, thrusting his cock through her hymen.

Another pause "Are you OK, darling?" asked Jim. Another silent nod. Neither moved for several seconds, then Jim started a very slight motion. His movements were no more than half an inch, every two or three seconds. Little by little he increased his thrust, and entered her further and further. A smear of blood could be seen on his shaft, as her virginal blood seeped from her pussy.

After about five minutes, Jim was as deep as his cock would allow, so his thrusts began to increase in pace. Sally started to reciprocate her movements, meeting Jim's. Soon, they gained in fluidity, until a gentle moaning was coming from Sally, as she started to really enjoy her step father's first fuck of her virgin pussy.

All too soon, Jim stopped mid thrust, before continuing, but now grunting continually as he went. The blood on his shaft turned from red to pink, as their juices mixed. I thought Sally wasn't going to cum, because Jim was now slowing, when suddenly, she gave out a series of little squeaks, like high pitched moans. From the angle of the camera, we could see her pussy contracting repeatedly around his cock as her spasm continued. Sally collapsed down on to Jim's chest. Their movements ended. They cuddled in a lovers embrace. At that point the film was ended.

I looked at Sally. She smiled at me, and hotched up into my lap and gave me a very tight cuddle, perhaps the warmest ever. "Thank you for my early present," I said, "I will cherish it for ever."

"I love you Pete." She muttered into my chest. The ghost of her past, I think had now been exorcised.

Chapter 8 – 'Twas the night before Christmas

The following day was Christmas Eve. We busied ourselves with all the last preparations. The turkey needed cleaning before stuffing it with chestnut, sage and onion as well as the sausage meat and then trussing it up. Logs needed to be stacked by the fire, vegetables peeled. We had a lovely day just working and helping each other, together.

At about five o'clock everything was ready. We had eaten a light meal, knowing that tomorrow we were going to have a feast. Sitting around the fire, we were enjoying each other's company. We shared a plate of small bite sized savoury snacks. I enjoy Laphroaig single malt whisky, and tonight I relaxed with a dram of eighteen year old Triple Wood. The girls had got a liking for alchopops, which is really a soft drink with a little alcohol, and had a glass each. Sue kept playing little jokes on both Sally and me and we laughed and played jokes back. It was just a wonderful night.

"I know what we should do," suggested Sue, "why don't we each open just one present?" We nodded agreement. "But the recipient cannot choose, the giver has to decide what present it is."

We agreed. "Who's going first?" It was decided I would give the girls one of theirs first. I reached under the tree and pulled out the two parcels. The pink paper, decorated with little santas on reindeer powered sleighs, was held in place with red ribbon. The girls slowly opened them, making sure they did so together. Finally, they found inside, beautiful dresses. They were from the shop in the town where they had admired so much these lovely gowns. I had had to guess the sizes, but was fairly sure they would be OK. Squeals of delight told me I was on course with my choice. Hugs and kisses followed. Both of them rushed off to put them on immediately, coming out of the bedroom a minute later to parade in front of me. They looked gorgeous.

Sally reached under to get her present for Sue. It was a brush and comb set. Clearly this had been discussed previously, as words like, "it's just the one I wanted," and "you got the right colour too." More hugs and kisses. Sue gave Sally a large odd shaped package. It turned out to be a teddy bear. Judging by the reaction this was the "bestest present ever." It replaced the one she had had to leave behind when we made our rushed departure from the city. Sally then reached under the tree and produced a parcel for me. I wondered what my lover would think to give me. It was a small sized video camera. A note attached simply said "Shame to not record our time together." My cock twitched.

Finally, Sue handed me a cube shaped package. I removed the wrapping to find a box inside. Opening it, there was lots of tissue paper, and a card. It read, "look behind the clock." Moving over to the clock, another card said, "Measure for Measure." This one was harder to track down. Then I remembered there was a set of the works of Shakespeare on the bookshelf. Finding the volume, a card dropped out. The next was more cryptic. "where do you most enjoy being with us?" Eventually, I found the card under the bed covers. This one was even more mysterious "'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house..... the children were nestled all snug in their beds..... With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment where you'd like to put your prick...."

"These aren't the right words," I thought with a smile.

"So when you next cum," the text continued, "and give a big squirt, your next little clue is under my skirt." We were all grinning at the funny way Sue had set this up.

I moved over to where Sue was sitting. Gently, almost reverently, I lifted her new dress up off her knees and onto her tummy, where she held it up for me.

Sticking in the top of a pair of bright red knickers, was another card. It read, "Dear Pete, you now mean more to me than anything. If I had the world, I would give it to you, but I don't. I have nothing much I can give to you. But the one thing I have, I can only give once, and I want to give it to you now. I would like you to be my first. I would like you to take me to bed and make love to me. I want you to take my virginity. It is the best present in the world I can think of to give you. You are the only one I would like to receive it, because I love you."

I was completely taken aback. I had a tear in my eye. No present could have meant more to me than this child's simple demonstration of love. Looking at Sue, there was a smile on her lips, but hope showed in her face. Hope that I would like this wonderful gift, and that she wouldn't disappoint me. I glanced over at Sally, who also showed a lovely smile. As our eyes met, she gave me a little nod of approval. She obviously knew about this, and to have her blessing was important to me.

Scooping Sue up into my arms, I carried her across the room towards the bedroom. Her arms were wrapped around my neck, her eyes riveted to mine. "Are you absolutely sure this is what you want to do my darling?" I asked.

"I have never been more sure of anything before," she blinked, "in fact I have wanted this for some time, but have saved it up for Christmas."

Tenderly, I laid her onto the bed. Sitting down beside her, I first kissed her, gently allowing our tongues to intertwine. I next kissed down her neck, undoing the buttons of her new dress as I went, I kissed and licked around her little nipples, which were standing out hard against her otherwise soft skin. Moving further, I kissed in and around her tummy button. Unclasping and lowering her new dress, I slid the garment down her legs, leaving just the satin red knickers. I kissed her mound through the material and again over her pussy, pressing a little with my tongue, 'feeling the way'.

I quickly undressed and lay beside my lover. I slipped my fingers under the waistband of her knickers, and gently massaged her mons. Our mouths were clamped together, our tongues chasing each other. Her pussy lips spread as her legs moved apart with the approach of my fingers into her cleft. She was already very slick with her own juices. I sat up a little and using both hands, slid her panties down and off her beautiful legs. I glanced down, and saw Sally grinning from ear to ear, kneeling at the end of the bed. The new video recorder in her hand. A red 'recording' light blinked.

Laying on my back, I suggested to Sue she should come on top of me. "It will be easier for you to go at your own pace on your first time, that way."

Sue quickly swung her leg over me and straddled my hips. She was cuddling into my chest, running her fingers through my hairs. Her breathing demonstrated that she was a little nervous. I pushed my hand between us, grabbed my very hard cock and moved it all the way along her cleft, from the top of her bum, over her arsehole, across her perineum and through her lovely pussy lips to her clit, spreading pre-cum along the way. I then just rubbed my cock head up and down her pussy, making sure she was as slick as possible.

Finally, I used my finger to press into her pussy, as much pre-cum as I could. The moment had arrived. Moving my cock head to her entrance, I applied a little pressure. Little by little, I could feel the tip settling in, sliding into her recess.

I looked up at Sue and said "It's probably best if you take it from here. I might hurt you if I press too hard." Sue lifted off my chest a little with her hands. I could feel her starting to apply pressure on my cock. Suddenly, the head popped in. It took both of us by surprise. Her eyes opened wide. She gave me a bewitching smile. All was well. Fuck, was she tight on my cock head though. I wondered if it was going to fit.

"The next bit may hurt you this first time, darling, so take your time. The pain should only last a short time," I tried to reassure her.

Starting a small gentle fucking motion, Sue moved up and down the end of my cock, using just the little penetration we had. Little by little the tightness eased, as she dilated slightly. She slowly increased the scope. Each time we reached bottom, I felt her hymen pressing my cock, and she bounced up again, like a trampoline. Her momentum increased. Her eyes closed, a half smile showed on her lips. She was really enjoying herself. I saw down the bed, between my knees the little red light blinking away.

Sue started to moan. I felt her contractions on my cock end. She was gently cuming. Her movements became faster and deeper. Each cycle, she gave a little grunt of a moan in time with her rhythm. Her cum seemed to increase as it continued.

Suddenly, I felt a tearing against my cock, as her hymen gave way to the pounding it was getting. Sue, though, was in mid climax, and nothing was going to stop her now. She just carried on fucking up and down as if nothing had happened. As she moved on my cock, she dropped a little more each time. I could feel my cock slowly peeling the walls of her passage apart, as it slipped deeper and deeper into her, down to full penetration. My cock, with about an inch or more to spare, was pressed up against her cervix. I could now feel every ripple of her incredibly tight vagina walls rubbing up and down my cock with the friction it generated. This was just stunning. Sue's eyes were still screwed shut in concentration, her hands on my chest, her cunt pistoning on my cock. This girl was going for gold.

Sue moved her knees up, so she could lift herself with her feet either side of my hips. She now increased her speed. Each time she lifted, I thought she would come off me, then she would drop her full weight onto me. Somehow, I don't know how, she had taken my full six and a half inches into her. Her mound bounced against my pubis, her bum slapped onto my outstretched legs while her pussy engulfed and released my cock. Still faster she went. Her movements altered subtly, she had a slight undulation going now. Her incredible pace continued. I sensed she was about to cum again.

And cum she did. "Oh fuuuuuccckk yeeesssssssss, nngggggg, ahhhhahhhh, sshhhhhhiitt," she uttered, as I felt a clamping on my cock like I have never felt before. It verged on being painful, so tight did she contract onto me. This was the final straw, and almost without warning, I shot my load right into her immature womb. Pulse after pulse after pulse blasted deep into the nine year old. It went on and on. I thought it wouldn't end. I have never cum like that before. It felt like gallons. The sensations were just stunning.

I became aware of a sudden dead weight on my chest. Sue had passed out. I think the climax she had just enjoyed had simply overwhelmed her. Sally came to her side and put a hand on her cheek. A moment or two later her eyes opened, as if she had been asleep.

"What happened, Oh yes, I know, fuck that was good," she muttered, a smile appearing again. "Can we do that again?" Sally grinned at me, gave me a kiss, and went back to the camera.

We rolled onto our sides and lay still for a few minutes. Eventually, my cock started to shrink and slide out of her cunt. Sally caught on camera the flow of pink tinged cum oozing out of her sister, down her thighs through her bum crack and onto the bed sheet. We didn't care. This was a once in a life time experience.

"Have you any more presents under the tree like that one?" I asked, quite innocently. I was rewarded with a thump in the ribs. Twenty minutes later, we stirred and went back through to the kitchen, where we relaxed, played a game of Monopoly and just enjoyed each other's company. I looked out of the window. It had started to snow.

Chapter 9 – When the Snowman brings the snow

Christmas day dawned. I rushed around to get the fires going and the house warmed up. Looking out of the window, it was still snowing. It looked like it was set to fall all day. Already there was six inches on the ground. But, then, we weren't going anywhere, so who cared?

I took tea in mugs back to bed and climbed back in. After a few minutes, I was warm again, and soon had two little bodies cuddled up to me in their pre awakening drowsy state. I took the opportunity of feeling their young and immature bodies for a few minutes. There are few simple pleasures in life which exceed gently caressing a sleeping preteen, let alone two.

Sue opened her eyes "Thank you for last night. Thank you for being my first. I will never ever forget how good it was," she said, cuddling me harder.

"How do you feel this morning darling?" I enquired.

"Oh a little sore," she said with a sly glint, "but it was worth it." She giggled.

"What time is it?" came an enquiry from under the sheets in Sally's direction. "Is it time for a fuck yet? It's Christmas Day after all."

I looked at Sue, she smiled, gave a little shrug and picked up her mug of tea and took a sip. Moving over to Sally, I said "Happy Christmas, darling, do you want hot tea now, or cold tea afterwards?"

"What I would like," she said, "is to have you in me in the next five seconds." I could see the covers moving, she was spreading her legs. I rolled over her in the classic missionary position, and as instructed I was inside her within the stated time. I had become very familiar now with Sally's desires. What she wanted right now was a good, straight forward, hard fuck, with no messing about. That is just what she got, a good shafting. She raised her knees up and lifted her feet over my back. I fucked into her hard, knowing that was just how she liked it. My thighs and balls slapped into the underside of her bum and legs. Sally always came quite fast and this was no exception. A little snorting through her nose and a couple of grunts followed by moans in time with my movements, together with that rhythmic spasm of her cunt pulsing on my cock. Her legs lowered down the bed, as she calmed down from her climax.

But I wasn't finished yet, suddenly feeling quite selfish, I intended to really enjoy my Christmas Day fuck. I wanted to feel every ripple of her vagina walls as I ploughed into her. I wanted this one to last. This one was for me.

"You know you promised me an extra present," I asked, "doing it anyway I wanted? Well, can I have my present now?" She looked at me, gave a sly smile and nodded. She looked intrigued. "I would like to do it really, really slowly."

I got myself into a very slow rhythm that suited me. I slid to my full depth, then withdrew almost out and back again, very, very slowly. In and out, in and out. I licked Sally's nipples on her tiny cones and felt their hardness grow. I continued my almost snail like fuck. Sally was lying beneath me, grunting a little with each move, but otherwise lying quite placidly. The time passed. Still I slowly slipped in and out of her. I was in pedo heaven, taking as much time as I felt like, fucking this ten year old, purely for my own fun.

"How are you doing, old man," Sally asked, "are you nearly there yet?"

"No," was my reply, "might as well read a book, I will be a while yet."

"OK, let me know when something interesting comes along," she teased me.

I didn't care if I never came. I was enjoying every second of just feeling my cock plunging slowly in and out of her tight, immature, ten year old cunt. Half an hour had passed and I didn't care. Her vagina was very slick and every contour of it pressed against my shaft. The memory of every detail of this would be etched in my mind forever. I paused, and then continued very slowly sliding in and out my full length, taking as much selfish pleasure from this as I could. I could go on all day. And go on we did, for another twenty minutes. Things did eventually change. Sally suddenly had another orgasm. Her clamping onto my cock changed the balance, and I felt the surge of my cum shoot up from my balls, out of my cock and deep into her pussy. I felt a fulfilment I hadn't felt in a long time. It was the longest, nicest, sensual fuck I had enjoyed for many a year. Sally felt filled.

Rolling off her onto my back, I relaxed for a minute or two, before reaching for my, now stone cold, tea. I didn't bother to drink it. I looked across at the girls. They were both looking quizzically at me. This had been a side of me they hadn't seen before.

"Fuck, but I enjoyed that," I sighed, "I really, really enjoyed that. Thank you for my extra present Sally. Merry Christmas girls." We all laughed, hugged, and looked forward to a wonderful day together.

Breakfast was ham, fried eggs, black pudding (great delicacy if you haven't had it), mushrooms, baked beans and fried potatoes, followed by toast and marmalade all accompanied by hot tea.

After eating, we wrapped up warmly and went outside, where it had briefly stopped snowing, although it looked like more was on the way judging from the sky. We spent half an hour building a snowman. Sue put her scarf around it's neck and Sally her hat on top. Inevitably, we had a snow ball fight, and yes, it was two girls against one poor guy. We came inside feeling a lovely glow on the skin.

I introduced the girls to mulled wine. This hot brew of wine, is made with spices like cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, heated, then slices of clemantine, lemon and lime added with some sugar, before being poured out. It's Christmas in a glass. They loved it.

Momentarily, I had a sad thought, wondering how my parents and step sister were today, and what they would be doing. Usually I spent Christmas with them. My step sister and I had a special relationship which we had secretly enjoyed for the past few years. She had sneaked into my bedroom nightly, almost from the time our parents married, when she had been seven years old and I twelve. My parents must have known, but chose not to speak of it. Over the years, it had been my step sister who had introduced me to many of her younger friends, for which I will be forever grateful. I put it all to the back of my mind. Any contact with them would be fatal for all of them and me.

"Present time, present time," came the call. We sat around the tree and over the next hour, listening to festive music, opened our gifts to one another. There were the usual presents, like a pair of socks, CDs, jumpers, Swiss Army Knife full of different tools, (including one of those useless things my dad always joked was supposed to be able to get a boy scout out of a horse's hoof). I had found a little shop which sold racy underwear. They called it lingerie. I had got each of the girls a selection and they thought this was great. The woman in the shop had given me a funny look as I was selecting them, when I asked if she had any smaller sizes.

Through the afternoon, we had our dinner. I had bought three santa hats in fluffy material. We agreed that with just these hats on, we were almost overdressed. It was one of the loveliest Christmas dinners I have ever enjoyed. The food was wonderful, and the delights for later, sitting naked across the table, looked even better. The crackers were pulled and the useless prizes and paper hats came out. The jokes inside never improve.

Knock, knock - Who's there? Arthur - Arthur who? Arthur any mince pies left?
What do vampires sing on New Year's Eve? - Auld Fang Syne.

We sat and watched the Queen's speech at three o'clock, I had a glass of my favourite Whisky and before I knew it, was asleep. It was a perfect Christmas Day. We made love in the big bed most of that night. Sally wanting it, as usual hard and fast, but Sue surprised me by asking me to fuck her the same way I had fucked Sally that morning, long and slow. I so enjoy it that way. I again made it last and an hour and a half passed before I could hold back no longer. During that whole time, she was looking me in the eyes. She seemed never to blink. Sue told me after that it was the best feeling she had ever enjoyed, and wanted me to always do it that way in future. I must say 90 minute fucks with a nine year old are just fantastic.

The snow stayed around for a few days. Certainly we couldn't get up the track easily, so didn't bother to try. We had long periods in bed fucking. Certainly Sue's new passion for fucking and in particular doing it as slowly as possible helped to fill the time. Certainly unlimited sex with these two willing prepubescent girls day after day, was something I took full advantage of. New Year came and went. We spent a lot of time playing board games, cards, meaning mainly strip poker. The one minute forfeits had become very imaginative by now, and on a couple of occasions were extended to five minutes. And included anal finger poking, getting three fingers fully into a cunt, fucking in the snow and other similar fun pursuits. The girls' imaginations knew no bounds.

Other days, I read books to the girls and even tried teaching them a little.

Chapter 10 – Decision time

I had now decided what I felt we should do about our future. We knew we couldn't stay here forever. However, we had agreed, as our lives depended on making the right choice, we would decide together.

One night, after we had eaten, I brought the subject up. None of us really wanted to talk about this, as it was an unpleasant shadow, hanging over all of us and by ignoring it we could carry on our idyllic life here. At the same time we all knew it was something we must face sooner or later. Better the timing was in our own hands.

I told the girls that we could try and drive away, perhaps pick a flight at an airport, or ferry to the continent. This ran the risk of identification. The three passports were all in assumed names. Jim's photo looked a little like me, and with the 'make up' we might get away with it, but it was a risk. Carrying so much cash would be

a big risk too. Alternatively, we could move to another place and rent a cottage, say in Scotland. But we all knew sooner or later, we had to face the problem, or it would hang over us, and probably one day catch up with us. I favoured the solution of Jim's plan of using the boat. During my army days, I had learnt to sail offshore. My coastal navigation was OK and with satnav, ocean sailing was possible as long as the boat was handled correctly. After a lot of discussion, the girls agreed

My plan was that we would wait until Easter. It was still going to be cold, but spring would then be on the way. I couldn't contemplate a winter sail before then with just the girls for crew. We would bring the boat around to the bay, anchor her, then ferry the equipment and victuals out to her. Doing so in the marina, where we would be under full scrutiny of many people would draw unwanted attention. If the weather deteriorated before we had completed, we could always take her back to the marina. It would just look like we had been out for a day sail.

Over the next couple of months, I listed and bought as much of the non perishable supplies and equipment that I thought we would need. Much of the essentials were already in Jim's survival kit, but there was still a long list. Without knowing the boat itself, I wasn't sure how much would already be on board. Never-the-less, we started to accumulate as much as we could. I tried to buy supplies from as many different places as I could, to reduce the chances of us being remembered.

Finally, April came around. It was during this period that we experienced some fierce even violent winter storms, which beat against the cottage and sent huge waves crashing into the beach. I was mightily relieved I hadn't sailed earlier. The cottage was stacked high with our supplies. We had been living in the cottage for over three months. They had been the happiest days of my life. The time had come though to move on and so, one fine morning, I donned my make up again and went down to the village in search of Alwyn Jones. He was easy to find. A man on the quay pointed out the lone figure doing some work on a fishing boat.

"Hello, are you Alwyn?" I enquired, wandering along the breakwater, receiving a nod, "I'm a friend of Jim Meredith. He asked me to pick up his boat, Sually's Escape." I got a suspicious look as I handed him the money he was owed, but he also accepted the little extra, I slipped into his hand. But, there were no questions asked. He waved me along towards the pontoons making up the smallest marina I have ever seen in my life.

Tucked in the back was a Bavaria 38' Ocean. She had a cockpit cover fitted, which Alwyn removed with practiced hands. We stepped aboard. Alwyn asked if I knew anything about sailing, confirming I did, he suggested I spent some time aboard and asked him questions later. This suited me fine, so he went off to work on his boat, leaving me alone. All the time I was on board, though, I had a feeling of being observed by him.

The Bavaria is a sloop rigged (single masted) fibre glass boat, which although built for comfort also has a good turn of speed under sail or motor.

I spent the next hour or so going through what she did and didn't have on board. Certainly she was capable of ocean sailing. For example, I noticed the standing rigging had been upgraded from the standard 6mm wire to 8mm and the chain plates had been enlarged making them very strong indeed. Everywhere there were examples where the boat had been strengthened. The forepeak cabin had been stripped out and was filled with extra sails. On one side a nice compact workshop had been installed. The stern cabin had been rebuilt, with the main bunk spanning the full width of the boat. Three could sleep here in comfort. The water and fuel tanks had been doubled up, as had the batteries. There was even a desalinator to produce fresh water at sea. On the foredeck, there was a small upturned RIB dinghy. Mounted on the stern rail was a 10H.P. outboard motor for the dinghy. Scanning around, I decided this boat could go places.

The navigation kit too had been supplemented. On top of the standard satnav, depth finder, wind and water speed instruments, hand and binacle compasses, VHF radio, and autopilot, there were also a couple of hand held radios, satnav, radar and a short wave radio. The thing I did notice was the radar reflector had been removed from the masthead. It would make us harder to be seen at sea. I found a chart locker that seemed to contain every chart ever printed. Apart from the gimble mounted gas cooker, stored away was a portable paraffin/diesel cooker. As far as sailing equipment goes, there was nothing this boat needed. No, as I locked and left the boat, I was confident that other than loading the stores and victuals, we could depart as soon as we wanted.

I thanked Alwyn and told him I would take her out in a day or two for a motor around to get the feel of her, and test the winches and running rigging. I asked if there was water and fuel on board, and he confirmed both were full. He gave a small wave before carrying on working on his boat. I was a little concerned when I saw him later with a mobile phone pressed to his ear, glancing towards the boat periodically. I had hairs standing on the back of my neck.

The following day turned out to be bright and sunny, with a very gentle breeze. Perfect for a trial run in the boat. I went down to the dock. Alwyn ran me through the basic engine controls before helping with casting off for me. Soon I was out of the harbour and running down the coast. Turning into wind, I put the engine on tickover, set the autohelm and removed the mainsail cover. Using the electric winch, the sail was hoisted in a matter of seconds. Usually these have in mast roller reefing, but these can jam, so it would appear it had been replaced. I released the lock on the genoa furl and pulled the starboard side sheet home, while bearing away from the wind, and immediately felt the boat heel as the sails filled and pulled. Shutting off the engine, I just enjoyed the feel of this lovely boat in her element..

I tacked a couple of times, making sure everything was working as it should. After half an hour, I furled the genoa and dropped the mainsail, started the motor and headed for the bay near the cottage. I motored in until there was 10 feet below the keel and lowered the anchor. As the tide had a couple of hours until high, I would have at least six hours before I need worry about depth.

Ten minutes later, I had got the dinghy into the water, the engine mounted and was running into the shore. I wanted to transfer as much gear into the boat as fast as possible. I had a gut feeling I had now stuck my head above the parapet and to hang around was asking for trouble. Through the rest of the day, I made dozens of trips back and forth out to the boat. I showed Sally how to drive the Rav-4 so she and Sue could bring stores down the grassy field to the beach, while I then ferried them out to the boat. The twenty 5 gallon plastic jerry cans of water I had got as an emergency supply, really made me sweat. Finally, everything was on board, food, clothing, all the survival kit, the lot. The only items I had kept back were the guns.

Chapter 11 – Departure

I moved Sually's Escape further out into deeper water. The tide was falling, and here the range would be 25 feet today. The wind was still gentle, blowing offshore, and the forecast suggesting it would continue for a few days or so, so I had decided to keep her here tonight. She would be safe enough.

We had kept back enough for our evening meal and breakfast. That evening, we had sirloin steak with mushrooms and French fries, with a great Merlot, followed by lemon meringue pie. After we had cleared away, the girls asked if we could play strip poker again. They were both getting good at this, as well as being very imaginative with the forfeits. I agreed, and the game commenced. This time it seemed I lost every hand. I had had to do naked headstands, lick both girls' bums, pour cold water over my head and every other humiliating thing they could dream up.

Suddenly, the alarm went off. It was eleven o'clock. I rushed to the console. Trouble. Three lights were blinking, I could see at least two shadowy figures. They were carrying what appeared to be handguns.

"Quick girls, get dressed. Throw my clothes over would you?" I instructed. The movement indicators suggested the men had stopped. Probably taking their bearings. The girls moved fast. They were frightened. So was I. In a minute, we were all dressed. The men were still out in the woods. I had spotted two more. They were in pairs it would seem. It looked like a conference was going on.

I opened the computer compartment, plugged in the keyboard and booted it up. Opening the file, I clicked "Autosend". I didn't know how long this would take, so then I turned the screen off and placed the keyboard back in the cupboard, and let the transmission run. I pocketed the memory stick and DVD of Sally's first time, which was still in the player.

By now, I could see the two pairs were advancing towards the house from opposite sides, approaching in a pincer movement. I handed Sue the little .22 calibre hand gun her father had used and to Sally one of the automatics from the survival kit, I hung on to the other. All were loaded. I doused the lights, opening the back window, overlooking the beach, the girls quickly slipped out. I handed out the rifle, which Sally leaned

against the outer wall, I told the girls to get to the bolt hole at the end of the beach as quickly as possible, while I delayed our pursuers. They moved down the hill towards the sea.

I had a final glance at the console. I could see the two pairs of intruders were now at the edge of the woods, about a hundred yards off. Unplugging the computer and surveillance console, I closed the cupboard doors and slipped out of the window, pulled the night vision goggles on, picked up the Ruger rifle and made off down and across the field at an angle. The men must have used radios, because I could see the green images emerge from the two wooded areas at the same time. Having moved across, I was much nearer the one group than the other. I lay very quiet now, observing. They were moving towards the cottage, not towards me, so they hadn't seen our escape, it would seem. Lady luck was with me so far. Perhaps my army field training in the special forces had helped too.

Four men approaching the cottage at night with firearms. These were neither police nor social callers. I didn't hesitate. Removing the night vision goggles, I brought the Ruger up to my shoulder, worked the bolt and eyed through the light enhancing telescopic sight. No need to kill. We had been taught that a wounded man was more trouble than a dead one. I lined up on the nearest man's backside, and fired off a round. He dropped like a sack of potatoes. Sound moderators are not silent, but the second guy couldn't work out where the shot had come from. I re-worked the bolt, took aim and put a round through this guy's fat arse too. Time to pull out. I ran down the hill. By now the shouts and screams of the two wounded men had alerted the others. They were inevitably going to be more cautious.

Getting to the top of the beach, I turned, went to ground again in the tall marram grass and pulled the goggles back on. Catching my breath, I needed to know where the other two were. After a minute, I could see movement. One was moving carefully down a line of trees and bushes towards the bolt hole end of the beach, while the other was now above the far end of the beach moving in a similarly careful way. The Ruger was still the best option here. I again sighted up the one moving towards the bolt hole, I squeezed the trigger and he dropped like a stone. The local hospital accident and emergency department were going to be wondering why their patients all seemed to have second arse holes later. Finally, I turned my attention to the last man. He had gone to ground. I heard a squawk. The unmistakable sound of a hand held radio. It gave me a line. These guys seemed to know nothing about the basics of field craft. It gave me the edge. Reloading the gun, I scanned up and down the area. I eventually spotted movement. He was crawling down on all fours, stopping regularly. Another round stopped his progress.

I sprinted down the beach and along to the bolt hole. "Are you OK, girls?" I asked anxiously. Seeing me in the goggles, they must have been frightened, not knowing who I was, until I spoke. Sally nodded.

"OK, let's move, we don't know how long we have got," I stated. They were just emerging, as I heard a noise behind me. I didn't have a hand gun ready, as I was still holding the rifle, nor did I know exactly where the noise had come from. I froze. Turning slowly, I looked down towards the water's edge. A lone figure was approaching on the sand. He crouched, and fired a round off towards us. I felt a tug on my sleeve as the bullet passed through my jacket and a cry from Sue standing behind me. The figure fired again, but the shot went wide. He obviously couldn't see us clearly in the dark with the rocks behind us. Sally handed me the Heckler & Koch she held. Although the sound moderator made it front end heavy, I released the safety, cocked it, brought it up and fired off three rounds in one movement. The man rolled over, the small breaking waves washing over him.

It was time to be away. Sally and I ran along the water's edge as quickly as we could, helping Sue between us. The RIB dinghy, which although we had anchored, was now, with the falling tide, stranded half way up the beach. The adrenaline increased our strength tenfold. The dinghy was in the water in moments, we were in and the outboard fired. As we climbed aboard Sually's Escape, I glanced back and saw another figure running along the water's edge. He took little notice of us, as he approached his partner.

A few minutes later, we had started the engine, raised the anchor and were heading out into the stygian night. The breeze was offshore still, blowing about a force two. I unfurled the genoa but left the engine running for the time being. I wanted our pursuers to get a good line on our initial course. I was trying to mislead them somewhat. To begin with, I headed north west. I put a couple of lights on as well. Behind, I could still hear and see distant shouting, car headlights moving about and shadows playing across the slope as figures moved around. There had been more of them than I had realised. Alwyn Jones was going to have some explaining to do when I caught up with him.

I switched the auto helm on and carried Sue down the companionway and into the main saloon, guided by Sally. I inspected her wound. It was serious, although not life threatening. The bullet had passed through her skin and flesh at her waist. It must have passed a whisker away from her kidney. The entry and exit wounds were about three inches apart. We cleaned her up and cut off her T shirt. Inside the first aid pack I found the bandages we needed. I was now grateful for my army gunshot wound first aid training. There was some cayenne pepper in the galley, so I applied some to the wounds then bandaged them up firmly. It hurts like hell, but reduces infection and shock as well as reducing bleeding. In the pack, Jim had included antibiotics as well as morphine. I injected both. Finally I explained to Sally that her sister needed to be kept warm before the shock set in, so she needed to make up a bed and cuddle her to keep her warm. Laying Sue down on the bed in the stern cabin, I shut the black out blinds on the windows and put the night light on and left Sally to make her sister as comfortable as possible. I now switched out all the lights showing where we were, to hide our new course. Topside, I found we were now well offshore. To the north, Bardsey Island light blinked it's 5 flashes every fifteen seconds.

Releasing the genoa, I headed the boat round into the wind and raised the mainsail. Now we were well offshore, I altered course to the west and cut the engine. I wanted our pursuers to think we had headed further north and hoped my earlier course to the north would have helped in this. I noticed that the wind had backed a little, and was coming from the north east now and had increased to a force three. We were making a veritable five to six knots. I was pleased that the motion of the vessel was just about as comfortable as possible for Sue. I was in for a long sleepless and cold night on watch. During the night, I checked on the girls a couple of times. Sue's drug induced sleep was matched by Sally, who through her adrenaline rush earlier had now also collapsed into a deep exhausted sleep. They were cuddled up together in the large bed.

Chapter 12 – Sailing Away

Dawn was grey and gloomy, although dry. I was chilled to the bone despite wearing a lot of cold weather gear. If you have sailed at night in northern waters, you will know how cold it gets. Our position showed us to be about ten miles off Wicklow town off the east coast of the Republic of Ireland. I would have called in, but the last thing we needed right now was a visit from the Irish Garda, with a gunshot wounded girl aboard. I turned south and ran parallel to the coast. We were over the Codling Bank, which although deep enough for us, ensured we wouldn't be run down by any large vessel while I went below.

The girls were still asleep, so I made some tea and sat in the cockpit thinking through the options. We could hand ourselves in to the authorities in the Republic, or buy time by sailing on. I didn't know how long it would take for the information I had sent out on the gang last night to take effect. I suspected a long time. I also suspected their reach was long and my instincts all said the longer we stayed independent, the better our survival chances were.

Switching on the radio, I tuned into the BBC. The news was very interesting in that there was no mention of five shootings on the Welsh coast. Not a word. Someone important was keeping this under wraps.

I heard movement down below, so checking for other vessels, I ducked down the companionway. Sally was up and coming out of the heads (toilet). Her eyes were just slits with her sleepiness. She wore just a T shirt and some slip on shoes. No wonder she said it was cold! I made some coffee for her while she pulled a blanket around her. I asked how Sue had slept. "Fitfully," was the reply, but she was asleep now.

I explained to Sally where we were and that I planned to shadow the Irish coast out in international waters, heading southerly on a course of around 200 degrees. I cooked some breakfast while we chatted and our morale rose considerably when we had eaten.

"Need to go," a shout from the cabin announced, "now." Sally and I poked our heads around the door and smiled in at Sue.

"How are you feeling?" we chorused.

"I ache and hurt," she moaned, "but I need to go first."

"Can you get up, or do you want a bowl under you here?" I asked. She indicated she would try and get up. I warned her not to jar her wound.

With our help, she slowly sat up. We moved her to the foot of the bed and one each side, lifted her to her feet and helped her into the heads. At least being already naked, we didn't have to hurt her getting her out of her clothes.

After checking topside for other vessels, I joined the girls below for a while. Sue didn't want anything to eat, but managed, after some persuasion, a little fruit juice and cereal.

We were incredibly lucky. The prevailing winds here are south westerly and here we were enjoying a steady north east, driving us on a broad reach ever southwards. We would round The Tuskar Rock off Carnsore point, the south east corner of Ireland, before dark at this rate. Beyond were the wide Western Approaches and the open Atlantic Ocean. I knew I would be desperate for sleep by tonight, but until we were clear of the coast, I daren't neglect my watch.

Throughout the day, Sue slept and woke in a cycle of morphine induced drowsiness. I changed her bandage twice and kept an eye on how the wounds were doing. The exit wound was a mess, the entry less so. I gave her another antibiotic jab and then put her onto a course of antibiotic tablets, which hopefully would ensure she didn't get an infection. It is a little known fact that infections at sea are less common than on land.

When we got down to Tuskar Rock, I decided we would run through the Inshore Traffic Zone. It would be shorter than going all the way outside the shipping lanes, but safer and a lot more comfortable than the overfalls of the Bailies further inshore.

During the afternoon, a coastguard message was relayed on the radio asking vessels to keep a lookout for a sloop named as Sually's Escape, thought to be in the Dublin or Isle of Man area. It was understood the skipper may be injured requiring assistance. A very good reason to keep a low profile now. I got a knife and removed the dodgers. These are canvas wind breaks fixed to the safety lines, either side of the cockpit, but they have the boat's name emblazoned across them in large letters. Needing their protection, I re-fixed them facing in to the boat.

We saw little in the way of other vessels as the afternoon turned towards dusk, just a few distant fishing boats. It would have been nice to have moored overnight in Rosslare Harbour, now in sight to the west of us, but we needed to keep going. We rounded Tuskar with it's 33 metre light house and shortly after the south cardinal mark guarding South Rock, and we were soon clear of the shipping lanes. The final cardinal mark, The Barrels passed a mile to our starboard. I continued on a course of 200 degrees. Way off to the west I could see the Coningbeg Light blinking. The wind, still about a force 3, backed to the north through the evening as we cleared the coast and eventually I had to gybe the sails across.

Sally came up to join me and cuddled into my side. She had brought some coffee and sandwiches which we shared while watching the last of the sun's loom descend into the western ocean.

"What do you think will happen to us Pete?" she asked in a plaintive way. "I was really frightened last night. I thought we were going to die. If you hadn't been there, I know we would have. As it is, Sue got really hurt." She squeezed me tight through my thick clothing. "I love you. You said you would stick with us and you did."

"Well, darling," I started, "if your Dad's information went out as we hope, and if the right people get to see it, then the gang should be rolled up and we can go back to living our lives. The question is how long will that be?"

"There were a lot of 'ifs' in that," she sounded doubtful.

"I think," I paused, thoughtfully, "we need to keep out of sight for a few weeks. We can sail on into the ocean and the chances of anyone finding us are about nil. At the same time, we can listen into the radio and see if there is any news. Then, when we think the time is right, we can go into a port somewhere and hand ourselves in to the authorities."

Sally blinked a couple of times. "But it's so cold out here, will we be ok all that time?"

"What I intend to do is carry on sailing south," I thought for a second, "we can perhaps get down to the Azores or Madeira. Long before we get that far, it will feel lots warmer. First though, I think we should get

right out to sea, so, now we are clear of the headland, I am going to change course a little to south west and, weather permitting stay on that course for a week. There are two reasons for this. First we will be way offshore, where we are unlikely to be found and second, if the wind turns back to south west where it usually is, we will be able to bear away without worrying about having enough sea room.”

“What’s sea room? She asked.

“The distance between you and land that is immediately down wind of you,” I explained. “But, I am going to need your help, Sally. I didn’t get any sleep last night, and now I am dog tired. What I would like to do is put the autohelm on and get a few hours sleep. While I am doing that, would you stay on watch for us. There shouldn’t be many vessels out here, but some will be about. It would be silly to hit one.”

“OK,” she said, “what do I need to do?”

“Right,” I said, while altering course before setting the autohelm, “See here the compass now reads 225 degrees. Every now and then have a look to make sure it stays on that course. Then, look around every couple of minutes to see if any ships or boats are heading our way. That’s about it. I will get a safety harness fitted to you, so you cannot fall overboard. When alone on watch it is essential. Are you warm enough? If not get more clothes on. Make a hot drink from time to time too. The activity will keep you awake and warm you up. Could you wake me in, say four hours and I will stand the graveyard watch?”

“The what?” she squinted at me.

“The watch from midnight until dawn. It’s the hardest to stay awake through.”

I don’t remember getting to bed, and the next thing I knew was waking in the dim light of dawn. A weight was across my chest. It was Sue’s arm. Careful not to wake her, I carefully lifted the bed covers to go for a pee. I paused as I stood in the cabin for a few minutes, looking at her lovely, sleeping, naked, chubby form, now despoiled by the wounds inflicted on this nine year old by the ruthless drug gang. Her chest rose and fell with her breathing, a contented expression on her round face.

I dressed and put the kettle on. Poking my head above the companionway, I saw Sally had a broad smile on her face, as she looked down at me.

“Hello sleepyhead,” she said, quoting my words back to me, “did you have a nice zizz? I really like this sailing thing, would you teach me all about it?”

“I feel so much better thanks,” I replied, “and yes I think over the next few weeks I will be able to teach you a lot, if you’re interested.” I heard the kettle start to boil and went below to make some hot drinks and brought them up into the cockpit. “I thought you were going to wake me at twelve,” I said, handing Sally her drink.

“I know,” she replied, “but you were so tired, and I was so enjoying myself, I thought you should sleep.” We sipped our drinks in silence for a minute. I noticed it was going to be a clear day. The wind still favourable. It had backed a few degrees further to the north west, putting us almost on to a beam reach, the fastest point of sail. I adjusted the sails a little. Our speed picked up slightly. I looked at the satnav screen. We had travelled nearly fifty nautical miles from the Tuskar. We were completely out of sight of land and not another vessel in sight.

“Pete,” Sally looked at me in a quizzical way, “I was thinking about many things during the night, like about Dad, and you, and how you came into our lives, and our time in the cottage. I got to wondering, do you like me for me, or just because you like little girls?”

I blinked at the unexpectedly direct question. “Well,” I said uncertainly, “if I’m honest, at first, up until about the first day or so in the cottage, I was just attracted to you as a little girl and I wanted to get between your legs,” I smiled at her. “Then that day we went out and toured the Welsh hills, I suddenly realised I was not only attracted to you. I also started to like you as a person. I liked you more than anyone else I had ever had a relationship with before. Then, as the weeks went by, I found that my like had turned to love and my love became a besotted all consuming passion. Even without the sex, I would have done anything for you. I

realised I now had a burning intense need to get those men who mean to harm you. I have never felt like that before.”

At that moment, the sun's early morning's rays caught her face. I wish I had had a camera handy, because she had lit up not just by the sun, but by an inner glow. She leapt towards me, but was brought up short by the lanyard of her safety harness. She grappled with it, unclipped it and tossed it aside and straddled her knees either side of my thighs and threw her arms around my neck, pressing her mouth to mine. Her tongue was searching for my tonsils. Our teeth clashed. She was driven by an animal desire. Her breathing came in short bursts through her nose.

“It's a clear horizon, no other boats about,” she said looking around, “how about a really hard fuck, just as I like it, you know, really hard.”

It was too cold in the cockpit, so we went into the saloon, dropping our clothes as we went. I grabbed a couple of jumpers and laid them over the end of the folding table. She got the idea, and bent over placing her feet far apart, so I could take her doggy style. I ran my hands over her globular bum and down to her spread inner thighs. I then moved them inwards to her pussy lips and felt the dampness all over them. She had clearly been thinking about this for some time, as she was as slick as I have ever known. Pulling her lips apart, I slid into her in one slow continuous movement. Her tightness always made me gasp. She sucked in a deep breath. I pulled back and pressed back in. I speeded up the pace, because I knew when Sally wanted it hard, she wanted it really hard. Soon I was moving in and out like a steam engine building speed.

“Go on, harder,” she encouraged, “fuck me hard.”

I went up a gear or two, and was pounding into her hard now. The table was moving and groaning with each thrust. Although fixed to the deck, it was bending with the pressure. My thighs were slapping her bum while my balls were smacking her clit as they swung up between her thighs. My cock was hitting her cervix each time I pressed in, but as I pulled out, her vulva was almost turning inside out, as it's walls clung on to my cock. We were grunting and then soon moaning. All too soon, I felt her clamping cunt muscles massaging my cock head and shaft as she started to climax and at the same time the feelings of my own approaching orgasm took me beyond the point of no return as I poured my cum into her, spurt after spurt. I collapsed across her back after the pulses eased off.

We stayed still for a moment, both feeling my cock slowly shrink inside her, before coming out. I then did something I had never done before, I knelt down behind her and started to lick her pussy out. She moved her legs even further apart for me, as I probed into her with my tongue, searching for every last drop of cum I could get. She started to undulate her movements again, indicating another orgasm approaching. I increased the pressure of my tongue, and friggid her clit gently at the same time with my finger tips. This time, her climax although not so intense, went on for several minutes, ending when she pushed my face away having had enough.

“Are you two finished yet,” came a call from astern, “I need a wee and I'm hungry.” Sally and I looked at each other and burst into laughter. More from relief. Sue had her appetite back again. That was a very good sign.

When I changed Sue's bandage, the wounds showed that the weeping had stopped, allowing a delicate scab to form. She said it didn't hurt as much as before. She was beginning to heal. Further more, she ate well that day.

Over the next twenty four hours, we made nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Already the air and water temperatures were rising. We were a couple of hundred miles out into the Atlantic. The wind had continued to back, and was now blowing in from the west. We had plenty of sea room now, so I altered course to 200 degrees, or a little west of south. My greatest desire was to be seen by as few other craft as possible. Looking around the horizon, we weren't going to be disappointed.

That night, Sue amazed me when she asked me for the first time since her injury if I would fuck her. She asked me to do it as slowly and gently as possible. It took over an hour, of which twenty minutes passed in just penetrating her, but without even any moaning or moving her body, I knew she had cum when I felt her vagina walls pulsing around my cock, massaging a quiet orgasm from me in reply, to give her the pleasure

she craved. I became concerned when I heard a sharp intake of breath as she clamped down on me, but she reassured me she needed this even though it hurt a little.

Chapter 13 – Out into the Deep Ocean

The following ten days was sailing at it's very best. The wind, about force three throughout, held steady from the west, and our course was a close reach heading south by west. Sue had started to come topside and sit in the cockpit. She was able to help now by taking a watch, so we could split it between three rather than two. Her wounds were now covered only in a light bandage, and were well on the mend. She was off the antibiotics, and we knew she was on the mend when she asked to be fucked most mornings after she woke. She liked me to spoon in behind her and take her as slowly and carefully as I could. It was exquisite feeling my cock nestled deep inside this incredibly tight nine year old, who wanted it there for as long as possible. Our record was over two hours. When she came, she hurt, but she soon learned how to control her contractions to minimise the pain.

We were now a couple of hundred miles off the Spanish coast. The weather had warmed up a lot, and most of the time we didn't bother to wear clothing. It would only need washing anyway.

I had been monitoring the news reports from the BBC World Service on the shortwave radio. No mention of us or the boat, but some things had happened. The Attorney General and Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in London had both resigned as had the Home Secretary. Each of the resignations had been quoted as 'for personal reasons'. It would seem the police were reporting many successful drugs raids, and resulting prosecutions were anticipated. A number of senior police officers had been implicated, and again arrests were anticipated. The three senior leaders of a gang known to the police as "The Bleach Boys" were still at large, but arrests were expected. Reports were coming in that the U.S. drug authorities, the D.E.A., had made similarly large numbers of arrests, following 'close co-operation' between the two nations. All the arrests had followed an anonymous tip off to the authorities. Well it certainly looked as if we had stirred up a hornets' nest.

As far as I was concerned the longer we stayed at sea, the better were our chances of not having an unpleasant visit from a vindictive ex-colleague of Jim's. The sea and air temperatures were now temperate. We had enough food on board, if we were careful, to last two or three months. Water was no problem, as we had a desalinator, as long as we didn't run it too long, ensuring I could top the tanks up a little every day. As we were only sailing and just using the engine for recharging the batteries, we had plenty of diesel. I decided I would roughly sail parallel to the European coast. Then, when we were off Lisbon, I would change course to pass between Madeira and Palma in the Canaries and on to the Cape Verde Islands. I had no intention of getting close to any of these islands, but if we ran into problems of any sort, we could run for land. Finally I had decided to run the North Equatorial Current westwards to the Windward Islands.

The girls became very adept sailors. Some take to it quickly, others don't. These two were naturals. Each day, I tried to show them both something practical, such as how to reef the sails, or grease the stern gland, and also something theoretical, mainly chartwork and how to plot our positions. Although we had satnav, I was conscious that if it packed up we would need the old fashioned methods. So I taught the girls how to use a sextant and calculate the results.

One day will stand out in my memory from this time. Sally was on watch. We hadn't seen another vessel for three days, so there was little to watch out for. I was tinkering in the saloon with a little repair on the cooker and Sue was in the cabin asleep. Anyway, I came up the companionway steps to see how Sally was, and she wasn't in the cockpit. She had sneaked onto the coach roof to do a spot of sunbathing, lying on her back on some cushions. As there isn't a lot of space behind the boom vang, her bum was just over the hatch way, I was coming up and her legs were either side, spread wide apart. So halfway up the steps, I turned around and there inches away from my nose was the sweetest ten year old, wide open pussy I have ever seen. She was unaware where I was, so I enjoyed a couple of minutes just inhaling her musky odours, magnified, as we only showered every three or four days to save water. Looking carefully, I could see white flakes in around her cunt, evidence of our regular fucking over the past few days.

I couldn't resist taking a lick into her cunt. "I wondered how long it would take you to defile this poor innocent child," she chided, whilst at the same time shuffling a little nearer to me and moving her thighs further apart. I took this as an invitation to really get into action. I reached up and using my thumbs, gently pulled her pussy lips further apart, opening up her lovely coral coloured cunt in all it's glory to inspect, scent and taste. I

started to lick and quite soon Sally was undulating to my ministrations. Her clit had now poked out of its hood and as I continued to lick it, noticed just how hard it was. As I licked and probed with my tongue, I tasted just how wet she was. She suddenly lifted her bum off the cushion and I could clearly see the contractions of her vagina, as her orgasm hit and her passage opened and closed in its pulsating motions. Just then, she squirted some of her cum juices out, which hit my cheek and ran down towards my chin.

“Ohhh nnnnnngggggg, fffuucckkinnnnnngggg heIIII. Yesssssss. Nggggg, ahhhhhhh,” she shouted.

Feeling as horny as hell, I was thinking of what to do about it, when I felt my rampant cock being grabbed, sucked and swallowed in one motion. Sue had come to my rescue. As I continued to lick Sally’s lovely cunt, and she gave the movements indicating she was going to be rewarded by cuming again soon, so I could feel my cock, which was right inside Sue’s wonderful throat, giving the early signs of a monster cum coming up. All too soon the overwhelming orgasm hit me. I shouted right into that fantastic open cunt, which muted my calls to a distant mutter, as I shot my load down Sue’s so willing throat. She snorted, as I must have surprised her, but she continued without a tooth ever touching me. We all came down to earth, or in our case, sea level. I glanced down and smiled at Sue, who, was just detaching herself from my cock. Her snort this time had produced two trails of cum from her nose. Grinning up at me, she slowly and sensuously, picked her nose with her finger and closing her eyes, sucked it clean then repeated it with the other nostril. This nine year old certainly knew which buttons to press.

Afterwards, we all sat in a row in the cockpit, basking in the warm sun, with cool drinks, just enjoying each other’s company. I cuddled Sue, who swivelled round, and laid her head on my lap and lifted her feet over Sally’s knees. I leaned over, one hand on her flat chest, and with the other I gently started to rub her mons, and slipped my fingers further down into the crack of her chubby vulva. Her knees fell open, affording me better access to her opening. Just then, I felt Sally’s fingers pushing mine out of the way and then pressed against her sister’s vagina, sliding gently in. I withdrew but continued to rub her clit. With this joint effort, it wasn’t going to be long before Sue’s climax hit. Her livid double red scar was undulating, as she rocked her body in time with our movements.

Sue started to snort through her nose. A little cum could still be seen inside her nostrils, which were now flaring like a race horse’s. Suddenly, she lifted her belly a foot in the air, her weight on my lap and Sally’s knees. Her chubby bum was whipping up and down banging onto the seat cushion, then up into the air again. She was really enjoying this. So were we.

“herrrrr, ahhhhh, herrrrsnort, herrrrsnort, herrrr ahhhh,” she moaned.

After a few minutes, she settled her bum back down onto the seat. Sally slipped her fingers out of her sister’s pussy, and raised her fingers to her nose, smiled in my direction, then offered her fingers to me. I sucked them clean, enjoying the taste of little girl cum juices. I asked Sue how her wounds felt after this intense exercise.

“Sore,” was the reply, “but well worth it”, she said with a smirk.

All three of us sat there in silence, as Sually’s Escape sailed on westwards into one of the most glorious sunsets I have ever seen. It reminded me of the sunset that first night when we arrived at the Welsh cottage. It was as if we were again being embraced by the sea gods.

Epilogue

The next few weeks were spent in sailing, petting and fucking in the wonderful early summer weather. One day on the radio, I heard the news I had been waiting for, the three bosses of the Bleach Boys had been indicted in the States. I felt as if a large weight had finally been lifted off my shoulders.

We had followed the North Equatorial Trade Route across the Atlantic and made the passage in twenty days, eventually making landfall at St. Lucia in the Windward Islands. We then sailed north along the island chain and berthed in Kingston, Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands.

Our arrival caused something of a stir. The girls were temporarily taken into care, the boat impounded and I was held under open arrest, but having given my parole was permitted to sleep aboard. After about a week, the powers that be decided that to charge me with anything would probably open more of a can of worms

than leaving us be. After a lot of explaining as to why we had false passports, a lot of cash (I told them it was none of their business) and the presence of two unrelated girls in my care, we were eventually issued with new passports. I applied for and received (after a considerable effort and time) custody of the girls and an application of adoption was then subsequently fast tracked through. My waving of the memory stick with all the evidence therein and a heavy hint that various newspapers may wish to interview me, may have had something to do with it, and eventually seemed to do the trick. That and the desire of the local government to be rid of us as soon as possible. We may have enabled the international authorities to crack the biggest crime syndicate in years, but had, at the same time, highlighted their ineptitude, and in some cases complicity. No, they finally decided they wanted us out of their way as soon as possible.

The girls were now my legally adopted daughters. We had a boat which we all now knew how to sail, lots of cash, and the most beautiful sailing area in the world to cruise in. Despite our having been on board for the past couple of months, the tension and worry had not really allowed us to relax. We now all wanted a holiday.

I had a call from my step sister. She now worked in the local childrens' home near where she lived. She wanted to know if it would be alright to come out and have a holiday on the boat for two or three weeks. She hinted that if I could sub the airfares, she could bring a couple very precocious nine year olds along with her from work, who were under her care. We both knew each other well enough to understand what her care involved, and what would be on offer for me. I looked forward to their arrival with anticipation.

We headed west. We had the whole of the Caribbean Sea to explore, as well as each other, and now, all our lives to do it in.

The End

If enough requests are made, I will write a sequel to this story.

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Authors always value feedback for their work. Please spend a moment and let me know if you enjoyed my story. To:
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