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## **The Great Plague**

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### Warning!

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

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

Title: **The Great Plague**

Keyword: Mg6, Mg7, Mg8, Mg9, Mg10, Mg11, ped, rom, cons, pett, piv, voy, , preteen, humor, 1st, slow

### **Summary:**

The world's human population is dying from a new virulent strain of plague. Terry Anderson, a medical researcher, finds a cure at the eleventh hour. However, most of the adult population has succumbed, leaving mainly children, and almost all of them girls in the six to eleven year old range. Terry acts quickly to inoculate as many survivors as possible. There is an unexpected side effect though. Everyone receiving the serum who has come into contact with the disease, finds their sex drive goes through the roof. This is regardless of their age. Suddenly Terry finds himself in charge of about fifty young nymphomaniacs. This story was inspired by a science fiction novel and TV series, called 'survivors' written in the 1970's by Terry Nation, who also wrote many early episodes of Dr.Who,. A not-so-good remake was produced a few years ago, and is available on Netflix.

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## **Chapter 1**

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Dawn came up slowly over the city. There were no commuting sounds. There was no longer any traffic, no trains, no pedestrians. Old newspaper blew down the centre of the street telling yesterday's news. The news that the World Health Organisation had finally admitted defeat in it's three month battle against 'The Plague'. Millions of people had died in those three months. No one was spared, or almost no one. All war and conflict had come to an end, there was no one left to fight, everything had been focused on finding a cure for The Pandemic, and none had come. It had spread across the world quite slowly, but as sure as time and tide. It's creeping, insidious fingers had covered the globe.

Terry woke up that morning stretching his arms and legs in his bed. He moaned, feeling as though he had a crushing hangover. A hangover not from alcohol, but from something far stronger, and an erection he couldn't explain. As Terry's mind slowly came into focus, he cast his thoughts back over the past few days. He had worked as a lab assistant for Apollyon Industries. He had been considering a career change before the plague struck, as he felt his skills had been underrated, as he held a PHD in bacteriological biology, specialising in contagious and infectious diseases. He had previously done nearly five years in med school, but latterly decided to go into research, which was his passion. His work program had originally started in the days of Ebola. This virus was similar, in that it was also an hemorrhagic fever, but differed in several ways. First it was more virulent. Mortality had been almost 100%. Secondly, unlike Ebola, it was airborne, infecting far more victims; in fact, everyone it contacted. And finally, it could survive lengthy periods outside a host. It was as if it lingered in wait anywhere, waiting it's opportunity. Terry had a feeling the virus evolved

not from Ebola, but from the similar Marbug Virus. His ideas had been disregarded by the officious director of the laboratory. No matter, the director had died a week ago.

Terry dressed and found something to eat. There was no running water or electricity any longer, so he couldn't wash or shave. He recalled the events of the previous day. Feeling the unmistakable pain in his gut, he had gone to the lab. He was now one of the last technicians to have survived, and the only one in the laboratory that day. Fortunately, the lab had a backup generator, so it could access power and keep the coolers and cultures at their controlled temperatures. He had inspected those cultures he had secretly been preparing over the past few days. To his astonishment, one was clear. No viral growth. A possible cure. He quickly looked up the formula for that dish. The formula was ridiculously simple, and consisted of a combination of several standard antibiotics, a steroid hormone, a derivative of oestrogen, (or Estrogen as it is known in USA) and a little used, but potent, retrovirus. Terry assumed the retrovirus RNA had instilled the antibiotic into the plague cells. Whatever, it might be a cure. He made up the formula and injected himself. By now he was not feeling at all well. He headed home to bed. In the morning, despite his hangover, he was still alive.

Getting over to the lab on his motorbike, he found no one else in. The generator was still working. He knew he had to transmit the information out as fast as possible. The W.H.O. had a distribution network set up for just such a discovery, and Terry was quick to upload the data. It was all he could do. He couldn't understand though, while he worked, why he was continuously feeling aroused. His permanent erection uncomfortable in his tight jeans.

He made up as much serum as the supply of materials allowed. He reckoned he had enough for about three hundred doses. So next, he headed off for the nearest hospital, which also happened to be the biggest in the city. Arriving, he found the place deserted. Going around the wards, he found at first just dead patients. Working around each floor, the story was the same. That is until he came to the paediatric ward. In the beds, there were about a hundred children. All the boys were dead, and about half the girls too. However, Terry noticed that of the ages up to about eleven, many were still alive, although seriously ill. Wasting no time with changing needles or any type of sterilisation, Terry injected as many of them as showed signs of life. There was nothing more he could do now but wait, and others needed his help. As he was leaving the hospital, he heard a sound of crying from a room near the reception. Opening a door leading to a waiting room, he found a girl of perhaps ten or eleven, weeping over the body of a woman, who he assumed to be her mother. The girl looked to be ill, but only with the early stages of the disease.

"Hello," he asked, "what is your name?" She looked up at him with frightened eyes. Tears streaked down a dirty face. Her long blond hair clearly hadn't been combed or washed for several days. Despite this and thinking it most inappropriate, Terry for some inexplicable reason thought her highly attractive. He was ashamed of himself, certainly his cock was stirring, fully aware of her.

"My nnn, my nname is Ssstacie," she stuttered through her crying. "Who are you?"

"Hello Stacie, I am a doctor." The truth, although distorted somewhat, satisfied the girl. "I have got a serum and need to inject you against the disease. It will make you better." The girl shrugged and looked again at her mother, as he moved towards her to give her the life saving jab. Terry realised he needed to distract this grieving girl. "Stacie, I need you to do something for me," he said looking her in the eye, "I need you to stay in the hospital, and go up to the childrens' ward. There are several girls there who are alive but unconscious. They will need help if they wake up before I come back. Would you do that for me? I will come back here later today."

"Where are you going?" She looked puzzled at him.

"I need to see if there are any more people alive, they will need the injection too," he answered, while picking his bag up and moving towards the door. "My name is Terry, Stacie, and I promise I will come back later." She nodded and turned back to her mum. As he stepped outside, he took a few breaths of air. He felt strange inside. It was Stacie that had sparked it. What was coming over him? He walked over to his motorbike.

His afternoon was spent touring various hospitals looking for survivors. The hospitals were much smaller than the first one, so there were almost none, and the ones he found were all girls of the same age as before, totalling about ten in all. Deciding he couldn't care for them where they were, he had to move them.

He found a hospital ambulance bus, and carried the girls one by one down to it. As he did so, he felt ashamed, as he was aroused by the feel of the girls' bodies in his hands as he carried them.

By the end of the day, he had toured all the hospitals he knew of in the city, and headed back, with his passengers, to see how Stacie was getting on.

Stacie was very relieved to see him return. Already she was looking much better, and several of the other patients had woken by now. They spent some time removing the dead patients from the ward, before bringing up the girls from the bus, and getting them into bed. Terry couldn't understand why he was feeling continually aroused, particularly when he had a flash of flesh, or felt a girl's skin as he moved them. These kids were dead. He was disgusted with himself.

It was late by the time they were finished. They needed a break. They found a row of vending machines in a corridor, and broke into them. One had dried up sandwiches in, another biscuits and snacks, and a third had bottled water. He emptied the machines, and placed food and drink beside each patient, and decided that was all he could do tonight.

"We need to get cleaned up Stacie," he said, "I don't know about you, but some of those patients were in a real state, we both need a good wash. I wonder if there is anywhere we can use?" They already knew there was no running water, but just down the corridor, found the hydro-therapy pool to be suitable. Inside, Terry found some soap by the wash basins which he picked up and went to the poolside.

He started to strip off but glancing round, noticed Stacie holding back, clearly unsure what to do. "You can wait until I've finished," he said, "or you can come in now if you want. It's up to you." Stacie clearly not sure, watched Terry's muscled figure and in particular his backside, as he walked down the steps into the pool, she was confused by the feelings she was experiencing. She had never felt this way about a boy before and now here she was looking at a man and liking what she saw. Terry shuddered at the coolness of the, now, tepid water. He kept his back to the girl, not wanting to freak her out. He had a huge erection, but again didn't know why. These feelings had been growing in him throughout the day. It unnerved him a little. A few moments later, he was aware of a splashing sound behind him, as she walked down the steps. Still keeping his back turned, he started to lather up the soap and wash himself.

After a short while, Terry swam around a little, he had always enjoyed swimming. He noticed Stacie was now sitting on the steps, the water up to her waist. Her hands were crossed on her lap. Her immature tits were exposed to his view. They were little more than raised cones. Her nipples, the size of raisins stuck out, hard, probably from the effect of the temperature of the water. She had a rather vacant expression on her face. Terry supposed the shock of the passed few days was now telling.

"Are you going to get washed Stacie," he asked, "or are you going to catch pneumonia?" She shrugged, looking sad.

Terry moved over to the girl, sat on the step beside her, and put an arm around her shoulder. She leaned her head against his chest. He could feel the shudder against him of her crying. Not knowing what else to do, Terry took the soap from her hand, and rubbed her back with it and rinsed her off. Repeating this with her arms, after a few moments, she became quite compliant. He washed her chest and tummy down as far as her navel, then her legs one at a time. He was unaware all this time she was looking down at his erection. The feelings inside her had been growing constantly.

"Hop down into the deeper water. Do you want to do the last bit, Stacie," he asked, "or shall I finish the job?" Again she just shrugged, but slid down the last couple of steps, then stood in the shallows, the water now just up to her thighs. Terry rubbed the soap in his hands, and turning her, washed her globular bottom. The soap made the texture of her skin feel like silk. She had the smoothest skin. He asked her to part her legs, while lathering the soap again. He ran his fingers through her bum crack and rubbed her up and down. He could feel she wasn't clean and repeated with more soap. He found her bum hole and pressed his finger gently into her opening, just to the first knuckle, but pushed in and out several times before he had finished. Moving round to her front, he saw that her mons was completely hairless. She was as bald as a coot. With more soap applied, he rubbed her mound several times, before running his finger down her crack and between the lips of her labia. He could feel her clitoral hood, it's firmness surprised him. Further down his fingers moved, rubbing back and forth. Her vagina was partly open, because her legs were well apart by now. He hadn't noticed her slowly doing the splits into the water. What he had noticed was his erection was

becoming very painful. Moving his finger gently up and down across her hole, he pressed in, feeling to his surprise that she felt very slick. His finger slipped further in. He felt the barrier that was her hymen. Moving in and out a little, he felt her movement, as her hips started to undulate back and forth a little. She was clearly reacting to his stimulation.

Terry looked at Stacie's face. She still had a glazed eyed expression. She didn't know what was happening to her. It was probably the shock of the last few days, or the after effects of her own illness. Despite his raging hard erection, it was time to get the girl dried and, fed and into bed. She was now almost in a comatose state. Perhaps like his hangover from this morning, the serum had this affect on her as it's cure got to work.

Down the corridor, Terry found a private ward that hadn't been used, or put another way didn't have a body in it. He carried the naked girl into the room. The ward was the type which had a visitors' room as an annex. In the annex was a double bed. He made sure Stacie drank some fruit juice and ate a sandwich, before getting her into the bed used by the patients. He looked across the room, and noticed a drugs trolley. Finding it unlocked, with the chaos of the last few days, he wasn't surprised. Inside, amongst many other drugs, he found the sleeping potion Seroquel in liquid form, he added some fruit juice to it and she swallowed it in one gulp.

He went through to the other room and not needing to undress, dropped his clothes on the chair and climbed into bed. He was just nodding off, when he was aware of Stacie climbing into the bed beside him. The Seroquel must have kicked in, because she was snoring gently a few seconds later. He rolled over and put a comforting arm over her chest, feeling her little cone harden as he gently rubbed the nipple between his finger and thumb. Her snoring got a little louder, as Stacie fell into a deep, deep sleep.

Fully awake now, Terry felt the urges he had experienced earlier in the pool. He had never thought of young girls in a sexual way before, but then this girl had awakened something new within him. It was also possible that the serum, with the Oestrogen content, had had an affect on his sexual drive and desire. It had also dawned on Terry that the world had probably just changed forever. The old rules of behaviour may well be consigned to history. This could be the dawning of a new age. It occurred to him that he could do anything he wanted to this, and any other girl. Terry knew he would never rape, or force any girl against her will, but then again, he wouldn't feel any guilt about taking a few liberties if the opportunity arose either, and here before him was just such an opportunity awaiting his attention.

He sat up, and lifted the covers off her, and watched as her chest rose and fell with her regular breathing. He realised she was quite beautiful. She was aged perhaps eleven. Her long blond hair was still matted, but she had a lovely round face, button nose and petite chin. He couldn't help but notice earlier her striking eyes had been bright blue, with dark grey rings around the irises. Her complexion was pink but with a creamy sheen.

He ran his fingers down her chest and could feel her ribs. She was not thin, but didn't have puppy fat either. Her belly sank down into a dip below her ribs. Perhaps the effect of her illness; he thought she might need some good food soon. Likewise, he could see her hip bones sticking out just a little. Her belly button was a little hole, with no wrinkles around or inside it. Looking down, he could see that her legs were well formed. Girls of this age so often have thin, spindly legs. Stacie had muscle tone. he suspected she had recently done gymnastics regularly to keep in shape.

He ran both of his hands over her belly and across her mons, cupping it under his palms. Her mound was quite raised and firm to his touch. He moved his fingers in small circles on either side of her slit, which opened and closed as her skin was pulled one way or the other. Her clitoral hood appeared and disappeared as her lips moved apart and together.

Moving back down the bed, Terry spread her legs apart, and knelt between them. He pushed first one leg then the other far up the bed, confirming his thought that she was athletic. Looking down, her whole pudenda was spread out before him. He placed his finger tips on her mons again and thumbs against the inner lips of her pussy and gently prised them apart, opening up the inside of her vagina to his gaze. He could quite easily see and feel her hymen, stretched deep inside her. It was partly ruptured, split on one side, forming a crescent moon shape, probably from gymnastics, he guessed.

He leant forward, and inhaled her musky scent and closed his eyes, taking in the odour of heaven. He then pushed his tongue into her cunt and licked her juices out. She tasted sweet. He had expected a stronger, saltier taste closer to his last girlfriend's. He decided he loved her flavour. Next, he brought his cock up to her pussy, and pushed the head just into her vagina entrance. He rubbed it up and down a couple of times, coating her in a generous layer of pre-cum. Then, moving down the bed, he held her lips open again with the fingers of one hand, so he could see deep into her, while he carefully pushed the middle finger of his other hand into her cunt hole. It slipped in quite easily with all the pre-cum, as well as her own juices, that were oozing inside her. He soon came against what was left of her cherry skin. He was fascinated as he pushed, he could see it stretch. Because there was only part of it left, his finger pushed passed the barrier and on into her depths. He enjoyed fingering her for a few minutes. Even then, she felt quite tight.

Sitting up again, Terry decided he wanted to check her whole body out, so moving her legs together, he rolled her over onto her front and then spread her legs out again. Her heavy breathing and occasional snore continued confirming her unconscious state.

Leaning over her he gently rubbed her globular arse cheeks. They were quite large, but he realised, as he massaged her bum, like her legs, they were very toned, and all muscle. Using his thumbs, he prised her firm cheeks apart so he could get a good look into her rectum. It was an asterix shaped brown hole surrounded by the surprisingly white skin of her bum crack. He leaned forward and inhaled her odour. Having just washed in the pool, she was clean, but as her puckered hole opened slightly to his touch, he could just get a whiff of her odour. Pushing his cock up to her anus, he again rubbed a large amount of pre-cum into her anal cavity. Putting his finger against her opening, he pressed in slightly before pulling out and back in and out, working his finger deeper into her anus with every thrust. After a dozen cycles, he bottomed out. He pumped in and out a few more times. He could feel her sphincter clenching at him in automatic response each time he thrust into her. This was just so sexy. He couldn't believe how much he was enjoying himself.

Terry needed to bring this to a close soon. His cock was tormenting him and needed relief, quickly. Rolling her onto her back again, Terry knelt astride her, his knees either side of her hips. Leaning down, he again, careful not to break her hymen further, inserted his finger into her lovely juicy cunt. He then, using his other hand, began a well earned wank over this eleven year old beauty. Very quickly, he realised he was going to cum in a matter of moments. He decided to have fun, and as the wonderful sensations started to run through his balls, cock and whole body, he could feel the surge coming up and suddenly spurted his semen in a great gob, which hit her on the chin. Lifting his cock a touch, the next spurt landed across her nose and one eye lid. Another went into her hair. The remainder didn't make the range, and left a trail across her chest and tummy.

Afterwards Terry felt sated. He found a cloth, and cleaned Stacie up as best he could, he pulled the covers up over them, and cuddling into her, fell into a deep sleep. As he drifted off, he vaguely wondered why he had no feelings of guilt whatsoever, and was already looking forward to next time. He still had a raging hard erection.

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## Chapter 2

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He woke at dawn and needed a pee. Getting up, he noticed that Stacie hadn't moved at all. The Seroquel had really done the job. He dressed and wrote a quick note explaining where he was going and went out through the door, and headed for the paediatric ward.

Entering, he could see the survivors were all asleep. There were about thirty five girls in the ward. Some half a dozen had died during the night despite getting the serum. It must have just been too late for them. Of the others, from a quick inspection, most had normal temperatures, four or five had fever still. To these, Terry gave another jab. He didn't know if it would be efficacious or not, but it wouldn't kill them, whereas the virus might. He noticed that some of the food he had left by the beds had been eaten, and the bottles of water drunk. That was a good sign. Terry spent the next half an hour carrying the bodies of the six dead girls out to another ward, so the others would be less distressed. He then went around the ward giving the girls a closer inspection to determine their symptoms and general health. This was partly to satisfy his new lust for young flesh by running his hands over their naked bodies, and partly a genuine professional interest. He was amazed how fast most had recovered.

By the time he had gone round them all, they were all beginning to wake up. The door opened, and Stacie came in. Although she was now dressed, she was rubbing sleep out of her eye with a fist. He could see there was still a snail trail looking silver stain in her hair. He smiled to himself. She came over to his side and asked if there was anything she could do. He thought for a moment.

“Yes, Stacie,” said Terry, “could you find a pad and a pen in the nurse’s station, over there,” pointing to a desk in the admin area,” and use a new page for each girl, write their name at the top and get some information about each of them. You know, age, address, parents names, that sort of thing, and ask them how they feel. Use that thermometer over there to take their temperatures. Jot it all down on the pad. It may be important later. I am going to see if there is anything we can use for breakfast.” He didn’t want Stacie wandering around the hospital, full, as it was, with dead bodies.

Terry returned half an hour later with a trolley piled up with various foods he had found in the hospital kitchen. He was impressed to see that Stacie had recruited four of the older girls to help produce the information he had asked for, and between them they had not only completed the task, but had added a lot more information that they thought might be useful.

After breakfast, Terry decided they needed a conference to discuss what they should do next. They couldn’t stay much longer here in the hospital. The bodies would pose no health risk, despite opinion to the contrary. The smell, however, would soon become very unpleasant. They could remain for perhaps another twenty four hours. He explained that he hoped the remaining sick girls would recover in that time. During then, he explained that he wanted to see if he could make contact with any other survivors in the city. They would need the vaccine serum as soon as possible.

Stacie was clearly in charge of the ward. Her four helpers were now supervising others in undertaking the various tasks she allocated. Beds were being made, the less able patients were being helped with feeding and some were mopping the floor. He went in search of the pharmacy, which he found a couple of floors up. He wanted to see if they had all the ingredients for the serum. He was in luck. He was able to produce enough for several hundred doses. Finding the medical store room, which he had to break into, he picked up a large box of syringes and needles.

Returning to the ward, Terry found it nearly empty. Just the sick girls remained. He puzzled for a moment, before hearing some screaming down the corridor followed by laughter. Following the sound, he found the girls had headed for the Hydro-Therapy Pool. It had been several days since most of them had washed. Entering, he found around two dozen girls splashing about in the water, giggling and playing. There wouldn’t have been room for many more. They were packed in. Deciding this was a good opportunity to check them for any after effects of their illness, he called for quiet.

“Right girls,” he said in his best ‘doctor knows best’ voice, “I want to give each of you a quick examination. What I would like you to do is make sure you have all washed very well, before getting dry, then come one at a time for me to check you over.” They seemed to accept his statement without pause. Terry sat down on one of the plastic chairs. After a couple of minutes, Stacie was the first to get out of the water, she picked up a towel and wandered over. She began to get dry.

“Do you want to do me first, Terry?” she asked, rubbing the towel between her legs. “That way they will know what to expect and just follow one after the other.”

“Well,” He said, “I already sort of checked you over last night Stacie, you have a clean bill of health. But what might be useful is if I give you the full examination, so the others know what they need to do, how does that sound?” She nodded, dropped the towel and stood before him, hands by her sides.

A medical store cupboard was against the wall. He found and removed a stethoscope, which he placed over one shoulder, and some petroleum jelly, which he set down beside him. There was a padded trolley nearby, which he could use as an examination couch, so Terry moved his chair beside it and sat back down.

She couldn’t understand herself, she was really looking forward to this. Terry placed his hands either side of her head, and felt her neck glands. He was also looking for swelling of any sort. He asked her to turn to the light of the window and open her mouth to check her oral health, teeth, gums, throat and so on. He checked her eyes for blood shot traces, common with haemorrhagic fevers. Moving down he tapped her back with his finger tips, while listening through the stethoscope. Turning her around, he asked her to breath in deeply

several times to check for the rattle of lung congestion. Without any medical excuse, he asked her to come close so he could check her nipples. Using both hands, he rubbed them between his finger and thumbs until they stood quite proud.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" Stacie asked, giving a slightly coquettish smile, looking him right in the eye. She didn't let on she was too, more than she could believe.

Terry smiled back at her and nodded, holding her stare. He was aware that since he had taken the serum, his desire towards these young girls was increasing all the time. "Actually it's nothing like the examination you got last night, that I did enjoy very much."

"Oh, is that why my pussy felt a bit sore this morning?" she gave him an inscrutable look. She too was aware of a new feeling deep inside her tummy and a constant itch and dampness between her legs, that she hadn't felt before she was ill.

"Almost certainly. Perhaps tonight you might stay awake long enough to enjoy it too." She gave him a playful punch on the arm.

Next he asked her to hop up onto the trolley. He ran his hands quickly over her ribs, tested by pressing his fingers, to see if there was any remaining pain in her tummy. Her legs being toned as they were received just a quick massage. He asked her to roll over. Her kidneys were OK, no pain there.

"OK Stacie, could you get on all fours for me?" She looked over her shoulder, while he felt her thighs and the globes of her bottom. He opened the jelly, and rubbed some onto his finger. He placed it against her anus, and rubbing it around for a moment, he gently pressed it in. There was a silent pop, as her sphincter gave way to the pressure. His finger slowly slid into her shit hole.

"You're definitely enjoying this," Stacie stated simply, her smile more fixed "I can see it in your eyes." By now he had noticed, despite her having just washed, the substantial dribble of fluid running down her inner thighs from her pussy.

"I don't deny it," he replied looking at her face, "the question is though, are you?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out. Do you want me to roll over yet so you can get to the bit you're really interested in?" She giggled.

"Good idea," he said, "let's do that thing." She rolled on to her back, and being the gymnast she was, she pulled her feet up to her arse cheeks, then flopped her knees apart so her cunt opened up like a flower. Terry wasted no time in quickly wiping his hands clean of the jelly, and placed his fingers either side of her slit, and gently prised it open. Immediately it was obvious that this eleven year old girl was very much aroused. Pearlescent fluid was running down her crack towards her bum. He made a pretence of checking her for any mysterious condition one could imagine. After about a minute, he carefully rubbed her clit several times. As he touched her, she involuntarily jolted. It was as if an electric shock had passed through her. Her hips rocked slightly. He thought about bringing her off right then, but would probably alarm his other patients if he did.

All too soon it was over, and Terry noticed he had a little queue of girls waiting for him to check their health and feel their little bodies. He noticed that most of them looked as though they were looking forward to the examination with anticipation. A couple even had fingers pressed into their pussies, gently massaging themselves. He was beginning to realise the feelings he was experiencing were being felt too by these girls.

Stacie quickly got dressed, picked up the clipboard with the patients' notes, and said she would instruct the others in what to do, to speed things up.

Terry, realising it would take all day, decided to cut down the broad scope of the medical, and just make sure they had got over the effects of their illness before using his 'doctor knows best' position to molest and enjoy feeling their bodies for a few minutes.

The first was a seven year old called Beth she was short and dumpy. Certainly not a gymnast. She was a little fat, and not all of the puppy sort. After the same basic health examination, he started on the interesting

bits. Her anus was very tight and as he slowly got his finger into her, she grunted each time he made a thrust. Her cunt was surrounded by the fattest lips he had ever seen. He had to pull them apart, working his fingers inwards, before he could find her hole. Even so, he noticed she was leaking juices from her cunt too. He finished her examination though after she farted. The smell was really quite unpleasant.

So the examinations continued. Every girl had a wet vagina. Some were more shy than others, but all seemed to be sexually charged. None of them let their shyness stop them though from getting Dr. Terry to feel them where they had a strange new itch. This had to be a side affect of the serum. About half way through, one of Stacie's older assistants was next. Her name was Sandy, she was also eleven. Terry realised by the way she looked at him that at best she had a crush on him. When she was on all fours, with his finger inside her, she started to thrust back at him as he pushed in. He also noticed that, like the others, there was a pearlescent dribble running down her thigh from her pussy. She was soon on her back. He opened her cunt as he had the others before and saw there was no hymen here. He took the plunge and without wiping the jelly off his finger, he pressed his finger slowly but surely, all the way into her. Her eyes never left his. She too had an inscrutable smile, while she licked her lips and took a deep breath sounding like a sigh. Pulling out, he touched her clit, just once. Once was enough. She came immediately, her hips bucking up and down, a little squirt of juice shot out and hit his hand. She moaned a couple of times, before settling down, flushed in the face, twenty five other girls all looking at her in curiosity, several with envy.

Terry's work continued. But it was a labour of love, and anyway someone had to do it. Stacie, by now had weighed up Terry pretty well. She knew what pressed his buttons. She was intelligent. She knew their situation was dire. She knew he had saved their lives. She also know she wanted to be top dog, or rather top bitch. She knew Terry was the key, and she intended to ensure that the key fitted. If playing around with little girls was what he wanted, she would ensure a plentiful supply. Besides, she had also enjoyed watching Terry caress, fondle and molest the other girls anyway, so it was no hardship. This was going to be a partnership which suited them both.

After the examinations were over, Stacie offered to help clear up. Terry was grateful for her help. He was growing very fond of this girl. They made a good team. She seemed to anticipate what was needed, even before he did. He was now feeling as randy as hell. He heard her call to him, so when he turned, and found Stacie lying naked on the trolley, with her legs raised and knees far apart, he couldn't hold himself back. She had positioned herself so that her arse was almost over the edge of the trolley. Dropping his trousers he approached her and without a word, pressed his now painful erection to her vagina, open for his pleasure. He increased the pressure, until he felt his cock head pop into her entrance. This was her first time, so he took very slow rhythmic thrusts to help dilate her. She thrust her hips back. He soon felt her hymen up against his cock.

"This may hurt a little Stacie," he whispered, "are you ready for it?" She bit her lip and nodded.

He increased his rhythm and depth, feeling her barrier each time he pushed. Suddenly it gave way and his cock slid in an inch more. She gave a little yelp, but smiled encouragement to him. He started to build up his thrusting in earnest now. He knew, after his antics of this morning, this wouldn't take long. He was surprised therefore, when he started to feel Stacie's very tight cunt muscles contracting on his cock. She started a moaning in time with his movements. Fuck, this eleven year old first timer was cuming. He climaxed immediately. He pumped his semen deep into her cunt. This ranked as one of the most intense orgasms of his life. It just went on and on. As his cock slowly shrank and withdrew from her, it was followed by a lot of cum, flowing onto the trolley cover, some dripping onto the floor below. It was tinged with just a little pink. His pre-teen lover lay in a lascivious position, her legs wide apart, her hands kneading her little cone tits and her cunt overflowing with the juices of their love making. Her smile still broad. At first, she had seduced him to seal her claim on him, but as he fucked her, something had changed in her mind. She had absolutely loved it. It had been the most wonderful feeling of her young life.

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### Chapter 3

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Terry left the hospital shortly after. He wondered how best to attract people's attention. In the end, he decided to drive to the large public park, in the city centre, and blast the horn of the ambulance bus. That should attract attention, at least it was worth a try.



Stacie had insisted on accompanying him. "You may need a nurse to help," she had said. He smiled at having an eleven year old seeing herself as a nurse. She had placed Sandy in temporary charge in the ward and allocated a number of tasks to be done while she was away.

They arrived in the park, and Terry pressed the horn down. After a few minutes, he decided the two tone siren fitted to the ambulance might be more effective. For good measure, he switched on the flashing roof lights as well. While they were waiting, Terry asked Stacie about herself.

"My dad was a manager for a car distribution company," she said, "he died a couple of weeks ago. Mum was a teacher in our local school, she went down sick about a week later, and held on until you found me. We live, I mean lived in a nice house with a garden, out in the suburbs. When Mum was brought to the hospital, no one could look after me, so I came in with her. I am good at maths, science and gymnastics at school. That's about all there is to say. Tell me about you."

"Well," Terry started, "there isn't much you don't already know. I am twenty eight, I worked in the research labs at Apollyon Industries. Funny name that, you know it's an old Greek word for the Devil? Anyway, I was really hoping to work in Africa on Ebola, but with funding cuts and so on I ended up here. I have no girlfriend." He looked at her and paused a moment. "Actually, I have, haven't I?"

She nodded, her head in the direction they had travelled from the hospital and said, "Actually I think you've probably got more like twenty or so." They smiled. She changed the subject. "Terry, what's going to happen to us, I mean, is this the end of the World do you think? This Plague thing, it has killed everyone so quickly. I noticed though that all my friends lasted so much longer than their brothers. Husbands died before their wives. Is that normal do you think?"

"I honestly don't know," he replied, "what I do know is this: girls of your age have resisted the disease longer than anyone else. I don't know why, but when I think of the ingredients of the serum, it must have something to do with Oestrogen. Girls who have gone through puberty die quicker than younger ones. It's certainly a puzzle. Have you noticed though that once you had the serum, your feelings about sex became very strong. It seems to be a side affect of the serum."

"I know," she said, "I seem to be wet down there all the time. I heard some of the other girls talking about it too, and they said the same. It's driving them mad. How does it make you feel?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I didn't think a lot about sex before, I had a girl friend from time to time, but I was always busy, and more interested in my research, so girlfriends tended to drift away. Then after I had taken the serum, I found, like you, not only I was feeling randy all the time, I was now interested in any girl, of any age. I had never felt like that before. At first I felt ashamed, but now I think it doesn't matter, who cares what I do?" She nodded knowingly. It was more or less what she had figured.

Terry moved across the seat and put an arm around her shoulder, drawing her in to him. She placed a hand on his thigh and gave a gentle squeeze. "Funny," she said, "before, you know before all this, I didn't really think about sex much, and if I did, I suppose I thought of the boys at school. Now, I can't get you out of my mind. I keep thinking about having sex with you all the time. Should I feel like this?"

"I don't know Stacie," he mused, "it seems that a combination of the Plague itself and the serum has altered everyone's sex drive. Whether this is permanent or temporary, there's no way of knowing yet."

Terry ran his hand further up Stacie's thigh, under her skirt, which had ridden up as she moved in the seat. On contact with her panties, he immediately felt her dampness. At that moment, just as he was thinking how he might fuck her, they heard a loud banging on the side of the ambulance.

"Hello," came a shout from outside, "anyone there?"

Terry switched off the siren and lowered the window, and leaned out. There was a man and a woman with three girls. The man and woman were both wearing overalls of the type issued in the navy. They were perhaps both about thirty years old. The girls were all of a similar age, perhaps nine or ten.

"Have you had the sickness?" Asked Terry.

"The girls are getting ill now," answered the man, "but Lisa and I are just back from patrol. We both work on submarines, and only came ashore yesterday. My name's John. Can you help us?" Terry opened the door, and climbed down. Quickly he prepared the injections and administered it to them all. He explained who he was and how the serum may help. John asked if he might take some of the serum back to the naval base, where most of the recently disembarked sailors were still located.

Terry put half of his stock of the serum into a holdall and handed it over, together with syringes and needles. He also wrote down the formula onto a piece of paper and explained that any medical person should be able to quickly make it up. They exchanged stories of what they had seen and their experiences. John and Lisa were amazed that Terry had found the cure.

It would seem the girls had been found by Lisa, wandering around the streets, as they drove through the city. Their names were Alison, Janet and Sophie. They picked them up to try and care for them, but then realised they were all sick. Stacie suggested that the girls came back to the hospital and join the others. John went over to his Navy truck, and brought over a radio with a battery charger and handed them to Terry. He said the base had set up a midday window, when people could make contact each day, without having to leave the radios on all the time.

Terry explained that they felt they couldn't stay much longer in the hospital, and had an idea of getting out of town, in the next day or two, and perhaps setting up in a big house somewhere. They waved John and Lisa off, helped the three girls in and climbed back into the bus themselves to return to the hospital. Including the three new recruits, the total number of girls in their party now came to just over thirty.

They saw nobody on their journey, and the realisation was dawning, that there seemed to be very few survivors left. Stacie had made some posters, saying where their group was, so anyone seeing them could join them. They had brought a few with them, and pinned them to doors and trees along the way.

On their return, they found everything very organised and tidy. Food had been prepared and work teams set up. Sandy had divided everyone into pairs. Each pair had to do everything together. It was a form of security as well as companionship. Terry thought it a good idea. The three new arrivals were introduced. They were already looking a lot better than when he had first seen them. He also noticed that the five girls who had not been well earlier, were now up and about. He had a word with Stacie and asked if she would take them down to the hydro-therapy room together with the new arrivals and make a start on getting them cleaned up. He would be down soon to give them the examination. The eight girls followed Stacie out of the room.

Terry had a word with some of the girls, now milling around him. They seemed happy enough and despite their traumatic history, were making the best of things. He noticed the pairs were now mainly holding hands; one or two of them seemed to be sitting close together, on beds, engaged in intimate discussions, giggling to each other, arms around each other's waists. Clearly these were going to be a close group of friends.

Sandy came to speak to Terry about the arrangements she had made. There were several lists on the wall with each pair shown against a date. One was headed 'Floor Cleaning', another 'Kitchen' and so on. One list was headed 'Terry'.

"What's this list for Sandy?" asked Terry innocently. Sandy blushed crimson to the roof.

"Oh, err, I was, umm going to get Stacie to explain that," she stuttered, "but I haven't had a chance to talk to her about it."

"Well tell me," Terry stated, still bemused at her discomfiture.

"Err, umm," she started, "well what we thought, each night, two girls could err be with you, as it were. You know, in case you need anything doing."

Terry who was not normally slow on the uptake suddenly realised now what she was getting at. He noticed around him a circle of young grinning faces all trying to gauge his response. "I had better have a word with Stacie about this before I agree. How is the list worked out?" he peered more closely. Each of the four supervisors name's were shown at weekends, with one pair on Saturday and the other Sunday. The other girls' names then appeared in pairs in turn, over the other weekdays, so each girl's name showed about once every three weeks.

"Where's Stacie's name?" asked Terry, "It's not there."

"Oh," she replied, "Stacie gets leader's privilege, she's there every night. She's in charge."

"Who's on tonight? Asked Terry, leaning towards the list.

"It's Saturday, so it's me and Lucy," said Sandy, "she's one of the virgins. We did a count up, there are twenty seven of them in all, plus the new arrivals. That's her over there," she said pointing with her chin to a slight, flat chested girl, with long red hair, who was watching him sheepishly. Terry smiled at her before returning his attention to the list.

"Do I get a day off?" he quipped.

"It took some really hard bargaining while you were out to get this list drawn up. If you don't play your part, there will be a riot."

Looking around, Terry noticed that a couple of the pairs were now lying on the beds with hands up each other's skirts. Clearly this sex drive issue was becoming a really powerful force. He was going to have to talk to them about it later. He himself was only just beginning to realise just how strong it was.

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#### Chapter 4

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Wandering down to the hydro-pool, Terry found the eight girls, under Stacie's supervision were nearly washed. The three newcomers had looked particularly dirty, but Stacie had got them to scrub each other thoroughly. He couldn't help but notice they seemed to be really enjoying rubbing each other's bodies. Several were splashing about having fun. One by one, they got out of the pool, dried and formed a queue. Stacie, picking up her pad asked the first one, "Name?"

"Jennifer Atkins," came the reply, "they call me Jenny."

Jenny, at just seven years old, was one of the youngest in the whole group, and had been quite poorly the previous day. She now felt fine, but with a feeling deep in her tummy, which she couldn't explain and that she had never felt before. She noticed that as Terry touched her skin during his examination, it made her feel tingly, especially between her legs. She had been seen by doctors in the past, but never had she felt like this. She loved it as he pressed his finger gently into her bottom. It felt very tight, and he had to try several times before it went all the way in. She wanted him to go on doing it longer. When he looked up into her couchie, she pulled her legs as far apart as she could. She liked him looking at her there. She realised she really wanted him to touch her, and when he did, it was as if he had put electricity into her 'down there'. She woke up about a minute later. She had passed out. Jenny decided she loved Terry. He had saved her life and she would do anything for him. Perhaps even some of the things her daddy used to ask her to do with her mouth. She licked her lips. She didn't know how soon her dream would come true.

Next was Cathy, or Catherine Linden, as Stacie wrote down. Aged nine. Cathy was one of the girls they had collected this morning at the park. She had very long raven black hair and emerald green eyes. She was quite beautiful, and carried an assurance that suggested she knew it. For example, she tossed her head, flicking her hair off her forehead. She also used her eyes in a 'come to bed with me' way that some women and a few girls have by instinct. Cathy seemed to be keen to get onto the examination couch, and when Terry later inserted his finger into her rectum, she moaned loudly, pushing back against his finger. When he inspected her pussy, she said she itched a little inside, and could he make sure it was nothing serious. This one was a cock teaser all right. This didn't stop Terry shoving his finger into her never-the-less. Her hymen had gone some time ago and he pushed in to the hilt, in her extremely tight pussy. It only took three or four pushes with his finger, and she was cuming against his hand, her juices running wild. Her bottom was bucking up and down on the couch, while her hands were kneading her small conical tits, which he noticed were rock hard. She was breathing in short snorts through her nose. Terry knew this one could be a saint or a sinner. He suspected the latter. He jotted a few notes on the pad.

The examinations continued. One little girl, Amy said she was only six, going on seven and wanted her mummy. Terry noticed that when in the queue she continually rubbed her clitoris, and shuffled from foot to foot. Terry and Stacie spent a few minutes reassuring her that they would look after her and that she would be OK with the group if she wanted to stay. Her examination went like most of the others, but Terry noticed she had rubbed her clitty red raw. It wasn't an infection, but had just been over stimulated. He put some cream on to sooth it, but as he did so, she was pushing against his finger.

Terry had an idea. "Who is your pairing partner, Amy?" He asked.

"Thindy," she answered, with a slight lisp, pointing to the next girl in the queue, "sheth my fwend."

Terry gestured for Cindy to step forward. She was a similar age to Amy and like Amy was a dumpy, rounded figured girl with a permanent smile on her face. The sort you like the first time you meet her. These must be the youngest two in the group.

"Hello Cindy," said Terry, "I need you to help make Amy better. Would you like to help her for me?" The little girl broadened her smile into a toothy grin and nodded.

"Do you see that Amy is very red and sore just here?" He said, indicating her swollen clitoris. "Well," he continued, "what I need you to do for me is to make sure she doesn't rub it all the time. If she rubs it, you have to tell her to stop it, OK?" The girl nodded and grinned again.

"Doctor Terry," she asked, "what if she can't stop rubbing it? What do I do then?"

"Well then," said Terry in a serious voice, "if that happens, you have to do something very important for me. In fact you have to do two things. First I need you to lick her just there," he pointed to the swollen nub, "it won't get as sore than if she rubs it with her finger, then after a minute when she feels happy again, put a little of this cream on for her. Would you do that for me?" The girl again nodded. "That's a good girl. Perhaps Amy would do the same for you too if you get sore there as well." Amy was nodding vigorously, clearly wanting to try out this new cure as soon as she could.

The examinations were soon over and the girls trooped back to the ward. They were all smiling up at Terry, who found he had a little girl holding each hand as they walked down the corridor. "This drug and serum seem to have really pushed these girls' sex drive off the scale," he thought, "but who's complaining?"

After they had eaten, Terry stood up and told them he had some things he needed to explain to them. "Right girls, firstly, I wanted to thank you all for working together as a team. This will make life easier for me, Stacie and her assistants. Next, I wanted to let you know that I think we should leave the hospital tomorrow. One or two of you have commented on the smell that's beginning to fill the place, so unless anyone has any comment, or reason why we shouldn't, we will go off and find someplace else tomorrow." No one had any comment.

"Next, is a subject which some of you may find embarrassing, but I need to talk to you about it. You will all have noticed that most of you are feeling very horny. For you younger girls this means a tingling in your vagina, or pussy, which makes you feel funny down in your tummy." There were a lot of nods around the room. All looked at him with hungry interested faces. "Now I can't help all of you all the time with this, so Stacie and her supervisors have drawn up a list of who will come to me on each day. Is everyone happy with the list they have made?" again lots of nods and some licking of lips. "Now I need to explain that no one will ever be asked to do anything they do not want to do. In fact you will only do what you ask to do, not what I might ask, is that clear? Any questions?" There weren't any.

"Now you might think 'I can't last until next week', or when ever your day on the list is. You have all been given a pair. Another girl with whom you are a friend. I ask and expect you to look after each other in every way. Do you understand what I am saying? In other words, in our group, if one of the pair has a need, then the other must help her. If she feels tired, then the other pair might have to do more of her work. But if you feel too horny, then your pair must help you. Does anyone have any questions? Do you understand?"

Towards the back, a small hand went up. Terry nodded to the girl, whose name was Ellie, aged eight, to speak.

“Well, Doctor Terry,” she started “I understand what you mean about having feelings, you know, down there, but I don’t know what to do to help each other. Could you show us?” Terry’s heart skipped a beat, he thought for a moment. He could either do this himself, or ask one of the supervisors to do so.

“Sandy, you are knowledgeable in this area, would you show everyone what is needed here?” Sandy smiled with anticipation. “Perhaps Ellie would let you demonstrate on her. Is that alright with you Ellie?” a shy nod. “Good come over here, take your clothes off and lie on this trolley.”

Ellie stepped out of her shoes, dropped her dress and underwear on a bed, and allowed Terry to lift her on to the trolley. Terry asked if everyone could see properly, indicating the smaller girls to step to the front. Sandy stood beside the trolley, eying the young girl up. She leaned over, and slowly started to rub her nipples under the palms of her hands. The eight year old only had pin heads for nipples, surrounded by pinkie brown circles like mosquito bites. They were as flat as pancakes. Sandy bent down and licked the nipples. Ellie gave a little gasp and moaned slightly. Her nipple tips were now just standing proud.

Next, using both hands, Sandy massaged down Ellie’s lower chest and tummy, working her way down all the time. She bent again, and darted her tongue into the pre-teen’s tummy button and licked around for a second or two. Ellie giggled and ran her fingers through Sandy’s hair. Her massaging hands went lower over her belly, before surrounding her mons. Ellie had a lovely high mound, which, like nearly every girl in the room, had not a single hair. Not even a wisp of fuzz. Her skin was so smooth, it had the touch of the finest eastern silk. Sandy now moved her fingers parallel to but either side of the lovely crack of the girl’s pussy.

She whispered to the youngster, who immediately parted her legs, dropping them over the edges of the trolley. Sandy applied a small amount of downward pressure then pushed one hand down and the other up, then reversed the motion, before repeating it over and over. Ellie’s cunt lips were thus rubbed against each other generating friction to the hidden clitoral hood beneath.

After a minute, Sandy altered the motion, so that she now not only moved her fingers up and down, but outwards as well. Ellie’s vulva started to open and close as a result, her clitoral hood appearing and disappearing. Ellie’s bottom started to lift up and down in time with Sandy’s rhythm. Sandy asked Ellie to raise her knees upwards and outwards and then to put her hands under her thighs and pull open her bottom and pussy with her fingers. As she did so, there was an audible gasp from the audience, because as Ellie’s lips parted, a flow of pearlescent fluid ran down her crack onto the trolley cushion. Terry looked around the circle of viewers. Several hands were under waistbands, moving around inside. One or two pairs were even experimenting on each other.

With Ellie’s pussy now held open, Sandy leaned over the girl and for a few seconds licked the coral coloured interior, enjoying the succulent taste of the nectar it held. Conscious she was blocking the view to the audience, Sandy straightened up again, and started to gently rub Ellie’s clit, which was now poking stiffly out of it’s hood. Then while one hand continued to minister to Ellie’s clitty, the middle finger of Sandy’s other hand moved towards her vagina. Sandy, realising Ellie was still a virgin, only pressed her finger in a little way. She then started to slowly piston in and out of the girl’s cunt, building up speed as she did.

The combined effect of vagina and clitty stimulation had Ellie hammering the trolley cushion with her beautiful little naked bottom. Her breathing was coming in short snorts through her nose. Her orgasm, which had been going on gently for some time, suddenly went up a gear as she climaxed with massive contractions. Sandy, continuing to rub Ellie’s clit, pulled the finger out of her vagina. Everyone could now see the young girl’s cunt opening and closing, like a fish’s mouth, as the climax continued.

“Ohhhhh, nnnngggghhhhhh, yesssss, ahhhhhhh, ngggghhhhh,” shouted Ellie “fuck, but does that feel good, yes there, just there, yes, nngghhhhhh.”

Around the room, Terry could hear several reciprocating moans and grunts. The demonstration slowly came to a close, as Ellie settled down onto the trolley, and recovered. Sandy leaned over her and gave the youngster a big smile and a lingering kiss on her lips. Ellie reached up and hugged her instructor and whispered a “thank you.”

During the afternoon, the girls played various games. Some used the hydro-pool for a swim, others played board games, tag, or hide and seek. Typical games for children this age. Terry also noticed from time to time pairs would strip off and climb into one or the other's bed and try out what they had been taught earlier. He was pleased nothing was being done in secret. He wanted the group to be open with each other and if someone needed their sex urges assuaging, then he preferred it was done properly and openly, like any other task.

Several times during the afternoon, he was groped by different girls, wanting to 'cop a feel'. Whereas he enjoyed this, he let it be known that this was disrespectful, and if any girl wanted to do this to him or, for that matter anyone else, all they had to do was ask. As a result, he put on a pair of surgeon's scrubs, with an elasticated waist, so every few minutes, when a request was made, a hand could easily slip down inside and have a feel around for a minute. He took it as his privilege to also slide his hand inside the panties of the girl feeling him up. During the afternoon, he reckoned, at one time or another, he had had his hands on and in at least twenty five pussies or more, on several occasions, two at once.

He hadn't appreciated before he formed this group, just how varied preteen pussies could be. There were some that had mounds as rounded as a pool ball, which he particularly enjoyed cupping in his palm, and others as flat as a witch's tit. Some with slits that were short, while others that seemed to extend half way to their belly button.

There were clefts with clittys poking out, whilst others held their secrets well hidden. He noticed, as he ran his fingers along and through their young vulvas, that some parted immediately to his touch, while others needed more pressure before reluctantly parting to allow his exploration within.

The one thing he noticed though, that was common to all of these girls, was that they were all exceedingly wet to his touches. He also noticed, as he pushed his fingers down their tummies and underneath the elastic of their panties, how every girl grabbed his wrist to push his hand lower and applied pressure.

He had never thought about whether little girls could climax before, but that day he discovered not only that they could, but that age didn't seem to be a factor. From six year olds upwards, they all seemed to be able to enjoy the pleasures of being a woman.

The evening meal was eaten, and as there was no lighting, apart from the basic emergency lighting and a few lamps they had found in a cupboard, they decided they would all get to bed early. They not only had a long day ahead of them tomorrow, they also all looked forward to their nocturnal adventures.

Stacie, with her privilege as leader, would be Terry's bed warmer. She would always go to bed first with Terry. The 'nightly pair' could then join them a half hour later. No sooner than they were in bed, Stacie leapt onto him. She climbed on top, straddling him. In one movement, she reached under, grabbed his cock, lined it up and dropped his full length of six and a half inches into her. "Fucking hell, do I need this? Gees I am so fucking randy I have been climbing up the wall all day." She started to bounce up and down on him using him like a trampoline. She was a fit gymnast, of course, so exercise like this was nothing to her. Likewise, Terry had been in a high level of sexual tension for most of the day. He had done several 'examinations' as well as having had a feel between the legs of most of the girls at least once, some several times, this afternoon. Having twenty five little girls feeling and squeezing his cock had almost driven him crazy. Stacie was incredibly tight on his cock, and as she leapt up and down on him, she was pulling and pushing his cock while squeezing it in a vice like manner inside her exquisite love tunnel. He had hoped to hold out, but he knew within seconds that he was going to explode within her any time now. Just then Stacie started to clamp down on him. Her climax sucking on his cock in a fast rhythm. She howled at the ceiling in her ecstasy. His last resistance vanished, and his semen shot from his cock into the depths of her womb in spurt after spurt. His orgasm was just sensational. Still she bounced, still she climaxed, still she howled. Her fingers were holding on to the hairs on his chest, pulling some of them painfully out, without realising it. Slowly, her pace quietened, she focused on him again, smiled her wonderful beautiful smile and fell down onto his chest and cuddled into him.

They remained like that until about ten minutes later, there was a gentle tap on the door. Two faces peered round, grinning. "Can we come in?" asked Lucy. Terry, still pinned down by Stacie, waved them over.

“Right you two,” he said, “as you know, no one has to do anything they don’t want to here. I understand you are still a virgin Lucy. How do you feel about this?”

“I feel like I need to have a kind man like you to take me my first time, make it feel special for me and show me how to make love. Other than that I can’t wait to get your cock inside me and have a great fuck.” Everyone laughed.

Stacie reluctantly climbed off Terry. As she did, there was a loud sucking sound and a quantity of cum ran out of her cunt and down his cock. Sandy, never slow on the uptake leaned over the bed and licked the dribble up into her hungry lips. She then took hold of his cock and angled it into her mouth and in one long slow sensuous movement, sucked it deep into the back of her mouth, almost nudging her throat. She ran her tongue up and down his cock, cleaning every inch of it ready for action.

Terry realised that although he had cum into Stacie only minutes before, he was still feeling very randy indeed. He already knew the serum had raised the girls’ libido. He hadn’t fully appreciated what it had done to his own, until now.

Lucy climbed into the bed, a little unsure what to do. But at the same time, the ten year old had a driving force inside her making this one of the most exciting things she had ever done. She couldn’t wait. Terry lay on his back, and asked her to lay on top of him, facing upwards. Once she had positioned herself, Terry started to run his hands over her body. His erection, now returned to full hardness, was sticking out between her thighs, just below her pussy. He then asked Stacie and Sandy if they would start to massage Lucy any way they liked. Immediately, four hands, as well as Terry’s two were working on making the young girl feel wonderful.

A thousand thoughts were flying round in Lucy’s head. She felt so horny. It was a feeling she had never felt so strong before. A fluttering wave kept wafting through her tummy and pussy. She really needed it to be quietened, and she passionately wanted Terry to be the one to do it. She had felt so bereft when her mummy, Daddy and big brother had died last week. She thought she was about to die too, then Terry came into her life. He had saved her life. He had saved and looked after all of the girls and now he was going to fuck her, and she wanted this more than she had ever wanted anything in her short life. She could feel wetness dribbling down between her bottom cheeks. She could feel several hands, their fingers probing and rubbing and massaging every sensitive spot she knew about and some she didn’t. Suddenly, she could feel Terry guiding his wonderful cock towards her vagina. “Oh yes,” she thought, “it’s mine, all mine, at least for the next few minutes.” Hands held her bottom, other fingers pulled her cunt gently open, Terry’s cock was now at her entrance. “Would it hurt?” she wondered, “I don’t care, I want Terry inside me, now.” She felt his cock head nudge her. A little pressure, then it eased, then a little more. She felt it slipping inside a little. The pressure eased, then inside it went a tiny bit more. The wide bit of his cock, seemed to pop inside her entrance. “Oh yes,” she thought, “he’s finally inside me, but I want it all.”

Stacie and Sandy watched, entranced as Terry’s beautiful cock slid in and out ever so slightly in Lucy’s virgin vagina. Each movement, they saw it go in a tiny amount further. He was so gentle with her.

At last, he paused. “Are you OK, Lucy? I am up against your hymen now. Let’s take this slowly.” Terry started to move in and out a little quicker, increasing his pace and depth of plunge. Lucy lay back, her head on his chest, her bottom on his belly, her feet either side of his knees. She felt so vulnerable, but at the same time, so safe in his hands. Deep inside her, she could feel the, now familiar, sensations building up. They were building up fast, she.....”ohh, ngggggg, hhhhaaaaa yessssss yessssss, nnnngggggg. Ouch,” she cried out with the pain which vanished from her mind immediately, washed away by the ecstatic feelings of her orgasm that overwhelmed her, given to her by the one she now loved most in the world. Terry had waited until she was climaxing and contracting onto his cock, before he pulled out slightly, and then slid right into her to his full depth.

Lucy’s pain had now gone, or almost. Her glorious feelings of heavenly sensations coursed through her lower body. Nothing mattered now. She had Terry plunging his wonderful cock into her hungry body. There was only one thing more she now wanted. She wanted to feel his seed pumping into her womb. She would then feel complete as a, now new, woman.

Terry continued fucking his cock into the ten year old. He couldn’t believe how much she seemed to be enjoying this. Her bum was pressing harder up and down into his belly. She moaned, her legs were

thrashing about and her arms were waving like a young bird trying to take flight. If Stacie and Sandy hadn't been there to steady her, she would probably have fallen off. Soon he felt the stirrings deep in his loins. He knew this one was going to be a big one. The surges pumped from his balls up his shaft and deep into the young girl. They were sensational. Again he felt the contractions of her, ever so tight, cunt clamping onto his cock all the harder, as he pumped his seed into her. He was aware she now seemed to change, as her climax overwhelmed her. She had been a wild thing on his body before, she now seemed to go up a gear. Her shouting and moaning and banging about would be heard all over the hospital. He had a smile to himself wryly. "It's enough to wake the dead," he thought.

Slowly, Lucy came back to her senses. This had been her first time. She would remember it for the rest of her life, and she wasn't disappointed. She loved Terry, and she knew she would now do anything he asked of her. The feelings deep inside her tummy felt just wonderful. She rubbed her belly just above her mound with her fingers. She could feel Terry's cock moving inside her. All too soon, she felt him shrinking a little, and so slipping out of her. She wanted it to last. "Still," she thought, "I am a supervisor, I get to fuck him every Saturday. It's only a week away."

After Lucy had finished, all four got into the bed and cuddled up together. They had a drink and chatted for a while. Lucy told them how she had felt and thanked them for making her first time so special.

Sandy sat up after a while and said "I've been thinking. What I really want is a really hard shag, doggy style. No pussyfooting around. A fucking good hard shag." She looked at Terry out of the corner of her eye. "Do you think you're up to that, old man?" She smiled. A week ago, Terry knew he would have been drained for days after Stacie and Lucy, but even now, he felt the growing lust in his cock, at the thought of what this eleven year old had just asked of him.

"Right then," he said, "what we need is a pile of pillows. Stacie, could you get them from the other bed, please? Make the pile as high as you can." The pillows arrived and were duly piled up. When Sandy knelt and then bent over them, her arse was at the perfect height. Terry positioned himself behind her. He noticed she would need no lubrication. Fluid was pouring from her wanton cunt. He positioned his cock, still slimy from Lucy and his own juices, and shoved all the way in, in one thrust. Sandy gave out an "oooofff" sound, and a sharp intake of breath, before moaning with a long "mmmmmm". She was incredibly tight on his cock, despite her obvious experience. She was after all only eleven years old.

Terry knew this wasn't going to take very long. Sandy was experienced. How, he neither knew nor cared. He slowly pulled back, and thrust back in forcefully, out and slammed in again, out and this time as he ploughed in, there was a slap as his balls hit her clit and their thighs met with force.

"Harder," she demanded, "do it really hard."

Not needing to be told twice, Terry upped the pace and thrust. A steady slap, slap, slap, now turned into a smack, smack, smack.

"Go on, fuck me harder," she grunted through clenched teeth. Sandy's concentration was focused entirely on her cunt. She was loving this pounding he was giving her. She was aware that Terry was now hitting her quite hard each time he bottomed out. She could feel the tip of his cock nudge her cervix every thrust. She knew she would be sore after this, but she also knew she would only get Terry once a week. She felt his cock enlarge as his pace increased. It pulsed slightly inside her. His cock might not be as big as some she had had at the parties her mother used to take her to, but it felt much nicer. This time was for her pleasure. Then it had been to help Mum earn money.

Sandy felt her orgasm start, as it always did, slowly, building up to a crescendo. She wanted to make this last, so she tried to hide her climax as long as she could. Eventually, she felt her own contractions clamping down on Terry's cock as his pubis slammed yet again into her bruised vulva. She was loving this. She was on Terry's inner circle of supervisors, and she intended to stay there if it meant getting this once a week. Just then, she felt Terry explode into her. His ejaculation forcing itself deep into her womb. He pulsed and pulsed. She had thought he would be spent by now, but she realised he had more to give than any of her previous men, but then he was thirty or forty years younger than most of them had been.

Terry lay down between the other girls, after his wonderful third fuck of the evening. His breathing settled and a feeling of calm spread over him like a blanket. Sandy was cuddled into him on one side, Lucy on the other. Stacie, who was out of the bed, sorting pillows and bedding. She looked at the situation and smiled.



She simply climbed on top of Terry, a knee either side of his hips and lay her face on his chest. Her open, wet pussy was just resting on his now deflated cock. She decided she may have to wait for her "seconds". Perhaps when he was asleep, she'd have to see. They were all asleep in minutes.

In the morning, Terry woke a little later than usual. He was busting for a pee, and it took a minute or two to extricate himself from the tangle of arms and legs in which he found himself enveloped. As he stood relieving himself, he thought over the past twelve hours. It had been quite a night. Each girl had been fucked twice. He was a medical man, and knew a fair bit about reproductive systems. What amazed him was not just how the girls now seemed to have a limitless appetite for sex, but that his own ability and stamina had increased sufficient to meet that demand. He had fucked to orgasm six times, and even as he stood here, he was feeling the pangs of desire stirring again in his cock. He was red raw down there. How was his little friend going to keep pace? "Well," he thought, "I have had some problems in my time, but this one I am going to enjoy working out a solution to."

He wandered down the corridor to the Hydro-pool and sank into the water gratefully. He was washed in a few minutes. He was about to climb out, as he heard the door open. In came a young girl of about seven, possibly eight. She wasn't particularly pretty, more homely, but Terry thought she looked cute never-the-less. The girl hadn't seen Terry, as his head was almost hidden by the side of the pool. The girl was crying, Terry noticed. She slipped out of her nightwear and walked down the steps into the pool, sitting on one of the lower steps, the water just covering her waist.

Terry moved towards her and she suddenly saw him and looked at him a little startled. She sniffed, and wiped her nose with the back of her wrist. "Hello," said Terry, "What's your name and why are you crying?" The girl looked at him like a rabbit into the headlights. This was Doctor Terry. She had been told she couldn't speak to him unless she was told it was alright. She had been told that he had saved her life and that if she didn't do as she was told, he could make the disease come back and she would die. She was in awe of him, perhaps slightly frightened of him.

Recognising the fear in her face, he shushed her. "There, my darling," he soothed, "there is nothing to be frightened of. What's the matter. You can tell me." He smiled at her reassuringly.

She looked at him, thinking what a kind face he had, and that those things she had been told couldn't be true. If he hadn't saved her she wouldn't even be here. She suddenly trusted him more than any man she had met. "Oh, Doctor Terry," she stuttered between sobs, "I am so unhappy, no one loves me anymore. My Mummy and Daddy and brother all went away. The illness took them, I was told. I was lost in the streets, before the nice people from the navy found me. Then I came here." She sobbed a few more times, catching her breath. "I was the last to arrive yesterday, and so I haven't got a pair to look after me. All the others had someone to sleep with. I was all alone, I'm always alone." She sobbed again, tears splashing into the pool.

"There, there, don't cry, what's your name darling?" Terry repeated.

"Alison," she replied, "no one loves me." She burst into inconsolable sobs again. Terry moved over and sat beside her, placing his arm around her shoulder. She immediately hugged into him, like her life depended on it. Terry rubbed his hand up and down her back. After a minute or two, the sobbing subsided.

"I love you," said Terry, thinking his bland comment sounded a bit trite.

"How do I know that?" asked Alison looking intently at him, "you're just saying that."

"Well," he answered with reason in his voice, "you are one of my girls, aren't you? You are part of my team. If I didn't want you, you wouldn't be here. Come here and, give me a cuddle."

Alison looked up at him, hope in her face. She wiped away the last tear and stood up. Her eyes were now level with Terry's. She looked intently into them, like she was trying to read something from within his soul. She blinked and looked again. She frowned, then finally smiled, as if satisfied he was telling the truth. To his surprise, she suddenly sat on his lap, leaning against his chest, her feet, not being able to reach the steps hung down either side of his shins, her bottom resting on his pubic mound and thighs. He quite naturally put his arms around her waist and hugged her into his belly.

They chatted for a while. Alison told him about school, her friends and family. Her hands rested on top of his. She already knew she loved Terry. She had a gift. She could look into people's eyes when they were off guard and know the person they were. She felt she had read deep into Terry's soul. It wasn't quite mind reading. Her mother had had the same gift. She now trusted him entirely. She also suddenly felt that feeling deep down inside her which she had only felt for the first time yesterday.

As they chatted, Terry became aware that Alison was pushing his hands down between her thighs. He waited to see what she did. He didn't feel it fair or right to frighten or upset this girl in any way. As they talked, he felt her push his finger into her slit, and ever so slowly and gently rub it up and down against her clitoral hood, which although small, felt firm to his touch. As Terry felt her start a slight rocking motion, he took control, and started to masturbate the child himself ever so gently, running his finger all the way from her clit through her vulva, running across her vagina entrance across her perineum and over her anus and back.

His cock started to rise, and soon it nestled between her arse cheeks, the top of it poking out just beneath her pussy. Considering the night he had experienced, he was surprised at both the strength of his erection and the amount of pre-cum he could see seeping from his tip. He bent his cock back, and ran the end through her slot, ensuring there was plenty of pre-cum inside her inner folds. He then placed his finger back inside her vulva, sinking his fingers into the nest between her lips. He found the entrance to her vagina, and gently applied some pressure, while at the same time massaging his finger back and forth. Slowly it sank into her passage. He felt her barrier, and pulled back a little.

He reached around with his other hand, and started to diddle Alison's clitty with the finger of one hand, while he massaged her vagina with the other. Very soon, Alison was rocking about in his lap. Judging from her breathing, and clamping of her cunt on his digit, she was already cuming. Terry was moving into her as far as her hymen before reversing out and back again, continuing his ministrations on her clit simultaneously, he was trying to make this most unhappy child feel as good as possible, even if just for a while. Alison's hands were still gripping his own. She unexpectedly tensed, pulling her knees apart. He paused, uncertain what had happened. She suddenly pulled his hand upwards, into her. His finger tore straight through her cherry. He froze. She went ridged for a couple of seconds, whimpered once, before encouraging him to continue, by pulling and pushing his hand with hers.

After a minute or two, Alison started to really clamp on his finger with the contractions of her inner cunt muscles. Her legs clamped together, trapping both his hand and his cock between them. She was now bouncing around on Terry's lap, the affect on his cock was entirely predictable. Just as she came yet again, he erupted. His semen flew into the air. The first hitting Alison in the face, as she looked down to see what was happening. The second and third landed further down her immature flat chest, leaving a trail running down her tummy, pooling around her bald pussy mound. A small circle of pink water expanded on the pool's surface around where they were sitting, diluting Alison's vaginal blood.

Alison's mind had been in a whirlwind these past twenty five minutes. She had woken alone, unhappy, unloved and uncared for. Her family was dead. She had then arrived here yesterday, and nobody had taken any notice of her. She had decided to come to the pool. No one would notice her missing. They didn't know she couldn't swim. It would look like an accident. It would only take a minute and her unhappiness would end. Instead, she had met Terry. He had saved her life again, even though he didn't know it. He had been there for her. He had not forced her in any way, yet he comforted her and made her feel wonderful. She knew she would now do anything for Terry. Whatever he asked. She would give her life for him, because he had saved her twice.

Terry sat there cradling the young girl for a few minutes. He continued to cuddle her, as he slipped down into deeper water to rinse her off. He didn't know what had brought all of this on, but he knew by instinct that this very unhappy child was now healing a little, and if cared for and loved would be a wonderful person.

"I want you to do something for me, Alison," he said. "I want to give you a little job. A secret job though." She looked hopefully at him. "He needs me," she thought.

"I would like you to be my eyes and ears with the very young girls. If anyone is unhappy, or there are any problems with the rules or the supervisors, I want you to let me know. This is very important, so if you think you can't do it, just say." He smiled down at her.

“Oh thank you Doctor Terry, I would love to help you, and yes I understand it must be kept secret. I will do it.” She hugged him.

“The important thing, Alison,” he went on, “ is no one, but no one must know you are doing this for me, do you understand?” She nodded seriously. “By keeping this secret, and you play your important part, I will know if anyone is really unhappy and so I can do something about it, before it becomes a problem. Every week, I will need to see you when no one is around, and you can let me know what I need to know. If there is an emergency, and you need to tell me something urgently, come and find me and make some excuse, like ‘Oh sorry, I didn’t know you were in here I was looking for something.’ Then use a codeword, let me see, I know say you are looking for your hand cream. If you like, I will give you a little special reward at the same time.” Her pussy gave a little jolt of anticipation at the thought. She decided to play dumb.

“I’m not sure what you mean, Doctor Terry, could you show me?” Terry smiled at the young girl’s rather unobvious way of getting some extra ‘attention’. She was now sitting across his lap. He had one arm around her back, holding her to him, the other across her thighs. An unspoken communication took place and as he moved his hand up her leg, her thighs parted and her pussy opened to receive his ‘attention’. She was already very slick, although sore inside where her cherry had torn. She didn’t care. This was Doctor Terry and she loved him touching her. His fingers gently probed the seven year old clitoral hood, between the folds of her lovely cunt lips. It hardened as his circular movements stimulated and engorged it. Her bum started to rock on his lap, making his overworked cock stiffen under her bottom. He realised though that Alison was going to cum in a matter of seconds. He had only been masturbating her for perhaps twenty seconds, when she started to moan and wriggle. “hhhhhaaaaaa, nnnnnngghhhhhh, hhhhaaaahaaaaa, yyyeesssss.” Terry could feel the entrance to her vagina opening and closing as her contractions accompanied her hip movements and moaning. She clung onto him as though her life depended on it. She couldn’t explain to him how she felt about him. So she just cuddled and cuddled him.

Alison left the hydro-pool a very happy girl. In twenty minutes, she knew her life had changed forever. She had found love and she had found purpose. Terry didn’t know she had a gift which would enable her to do his job extremely well.

Terry walked back to his room to get dressed. Entering, he found Stacie and Sandy sitting working out a roster for something or other. Lucy was lying on the bed reading something, so he couldn’t see her face. What he could see was her wide open cunt, because her feet were drawn up either side of her bottom, but she had flopped her knees apart. She seemed oblivious to the salacious view she was giving him. Did she know? Did she care. Looking closer, he could see she was red raw inside, where her cherry had broken the night before. It looked a little sore. He thought about taking her again, so aroused did this vision make him, but there was a lot to do today and they needed to get on.

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## Chapter 6

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The morning was going to be warm, dry and sunny. “A good day to move base,” thought Terry. Breakfast was simple, and there was plenty for all. The girls were moving around getting things to eat and drink, then sitting back with their pairs and new friends. They were all becoming far more casual with their dress code though. He noticed that quite a few were wearing only panties, some not even that. He wanted them to feel that the group, wherever it happened to be, was their new home, and people should feel comfortable at home.

During the night, three more young girls had arrived at the hospital. They had seen Stacie’s posters. All three were poorly and needed Terry’s injection immediately. They had been on a camping trip with their Brownie pack, so hadn’t become ill sooner. One was seven and the others both eight. The youngest was called Katia, with a surname Terry couldn’t pronounce. Polish extraction he assumed. Despite her condition, Terry could see she was a beautiful girl. She was blond with green eyes. The others were identical twins Zoe and Abi Redlock. They had blazing red hair and pretty faces. All three were still wearing their Brownie uniforms and desperately needed a wash.

Terry suggested to Stacie that she should pair Katia with Alison. They were both seven. The twins were already a natural pair. He told her they needed to rest on the journey, as although they only had the early stages of the illness, they would feel weak for a time. Terry was relieved later, when he saw Alison’s

beaming face, as Stacie introduced her to her new pair. Alison, her face now radiant, glanced across at him and mouthed a silent "thank you." Her pathetic gratitude touched his heart. He realised his relationship with Alison was going to be special.

Everyone got into the ambulance bus. It was overcrowded. Some had to sit on the floor, others doubling up on the limited seating, but they all got in. Terry had left a note on the front door saying they were heading west. He also left some serum in a protective container with instructions on its application. There was a small place called Newtown outside the city, where he said forwarding directions would be left.

It only took about an hour to arrive, Terry had an idea he was following up. There was a large leisure complex located on the outside of town. It was built like a hotel, but with a gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis courts and many other facilities. He wasn't sure if the place would suit, but it was worth a look.

They pulled up outside the main entrance, and entered. Immediately it was apparent, from the smell that they were not the only ones here. Terry called Stacie and her four supervisors together. They were instructed to search the building quickly and thoroughly. The bedrooms fortunately were locked with mechanical, not electrical keys. Terry looked for the master keys, which he found in the manager's office, and issued one to each of them, keeping one for himself. They needed to locate and remove any bodies here quickly.

Soon, they found out that most of the rooms were occupied. Terry knew there was a folding trolley in a compartment of the ambulance bus and went out to get it. They started on the top floor. Soon it became apparent that this was not going to be a quick and easy job, as the bodies would have to be carried down two flights of stairs.

He thought for a minute "Right Stacie, I am going to see if there is a generator here. I would think a place like this might have one. Let's see if we can find it, start it and get the lift working." Moving round to the back of the building, he soon found what looked like a maintenance yard. He was surprised his master key even fitted the doors in this area. There was a generator. It looked quite new as well. Diesel powered. nearby was a large tank of fuel, which also supplied the heating and hot water boilers. Terry realised he had struck gold though when he saw a control panel marked "Ground source water pump and filtration unit". Five minutes later, they had the generator running and the boiler rumbling too. He then switched the water pump system on. Walking back, Terry noticed in the garden maintenance shed, apart from all the usual equipment, a miniature backhoe digger and small tractor and trailer. He started the tractor up and took it round to the front door.

Returning to the reception, he found on pressing the button, the lift was now working. This made the unpleasant task of moving the bodies so much easier. They worked as a team, removing the bodies from the rooms, bringing them down on the trolley, in the lift, through the front doors and into the trailer. After the other girls had got over the shock, they started to help where they could, to finish this job as soon as possible. The tractor and trailer was driven to a corner of the property, well down wind of the main complex. Terry decided he would organise a burial party later.

With the unpleasant task of clearing the bodies from the building completed, they could now concentrate on making the place a home for them all.

It was coming up for 12 noon, and he wanted to speak to John at the naval base to see if there was any news. Terry called all the girls together, so they could hear. On the dot of twelve, John called them up. After the usual identification call signs, the talk became casual.

"Hi Terry how you doing down there? Where are you guys now? Have you moved yet, you said you might soon?"

Yes, John," Terry replied, "we arrived at our new home this morning. We left lots of notices about, directing people here, if they need to join us."

"OK, well done," came back John. "By the way, you've really caused a stir. You are not just a national hero, you are an international hero."

"What are you on about John?" asked Terry.

"Well I might as well be the first to congratulate you my friend. It looks like you may have saved mankind from extinction," said John, "What's left of The World Health Organisation have been trying to get hold of you for the past couple of days to thank you. It seems you sent them a communication with your serum formula, just before your lab shut down for good. So they didn't know if you were OK or not. I told them we had seen you. Anyway, they replicated your formula and transmitted it to everyone they were still in contact with. The bottom line is the disease has been halted. They wanted to know if you had tested it for side effects?"

"Didn't have time, John, the only test was when I jabbed myself and survived to tell the tale, why?"

"Well, it would seem that it has had an interesting effect on interpersonal relationships. Or, to put it another way, it has sent the survivor's sex drives through the roof. Not that anyone has lodged a complaint yet mark you. Leave me alone Lisa, don't do that, can't you see I'm on the radio..... Sorry about that Terry."

"That's ok John, sounds like you are enjoying being alive." He chuckled. Terry then went on to ask how many people had survived on the base and if anyone had any idea of the overall mortality.

"Too early to say really, Terry," John replied, "I think we were lucky, because although there were a lot of people sick here, at least a third survived. In the general population, we think mortality could be over 95% in cities, perhaps less in isolated communities. Almost all of those are young girls up to the age of puberty. Now that a cure has been found, we have radioed all our ships and they have made up the serum and injected all crew immediately, so they don't become infected on return. Interesting point though, It has been noticed that those without the disease are not finding their sex drive altered after they have had the jab. They all think the rest of us have turned into perverts. Any idea why it affects some and not others?"

"Not really, Oestrogen is an essential ingredient to the serum. The retrovirus, in combination with it and the perniciousness of the virus itself must in some way have this forceful side effect, but beyond that, without a lot of research, I just don't know."

"OK Terry, well great job, the world owes you it's thanks. Can I speak to your second in command? Who is it by the way?"

"You met her yesterday," Terry said, "She is called Stacie. Although she is young, she is a great organiser. I will hand you over to her. I will sign off, until tomorrow. Goodbye."

Terry gave the handset to Stacie, who was slightly uncertain what to say.

"Hello? Is that you John, Stacie here."

"Hi Stacie, good to hear from you again. How are those three girls we left with you getting along?"

"Oh, they are fine," she said, "Alison, Janet and Sophie have all settled in really well, thank you."

"The reason I wanted to speak to you Stacie is this, I need your help with a little job. Would you make sure Terry cannot hear what I am saying?"

Terry was shoed out of the room by half a dozen girls with big grins on their faces.

"OK," said Stacie, "he's out of the room. The rest of us can hear you though."

"Good, I have been asked by some very senior people here to recognise what Terry has done for the World. The World Health Organisation's Sasakawa and Kuwait prizes will be his. He will also get the Lasker-Bloomberg Award. This is awarded for outstanding medical research. We already know the President is going to award the Medal of Freedom and the Brits, realising he was born and raised over there are going to fast track a knighthood."

"So what do you want us to do," asked a rather bemused Stacie, "we already knew he saved all our lives and it's good to know others know it now?"

"Well Stacie, he is a very special man," said John seriously, "we want your group to think of some way of celebrating what he has done, for all of us. I don't know, have a party, put on a stage show or do something to really make him feel appreciated. You'll think of something. One day he will get the recognition owed to him, but for now, we are relying on you to do that for us." Stacie looked around the group. She saw many grinning faces, a few tears and many looks of pride in knowing the man who had saved the world.

"OK John," she mused, "I get the idea. We will think about this and sort something out. A party sounds good fun. I will let you know what we decide on."

"Good girl," beamed John, "I know you'll do him proud. Anyway I have to go now. I will call again tomorrow. I am signing off now, I think Lisa needs me for some reason, out." Stacie switched off the radio, and cuddled it to her cheek.

"Well," she scanned around the group, "what do you think to that girls? I knew Terry was special, but not that special. We need ideas OK? Let's think of things we can do, and when he's not around, say sometime tomorrow, we will talk the ideas through and decide on something."

Terry was allowed back into the room. He was confused with all the smirks and grins he met. He knew something had gone on. "What?" he asked.

"None of your business," several voices chorused together. Terry, seeing the expressions on everyone's faces, knew there was no point in pursuing this, besides, there was work to do.

"Right girls," he said, "I am glad we're all together, as there are one or two things we need to sort out. We need all the rooms cleaned, aired, beds changed and evidence of the previous occupants all removed. But first, we will allocate rooms. Stacie, would you write down all the room numbers on squares of paper, please? We will draw lots to see who has which room. Shall I draw first?"

"Here are the room numbers for you Terry," said Stacie, as she put all the numbers into a pot, "but I think I speak for all the girls if I say you should have the presidential suite. You need the extra room anyway and sooner or later, everyone gets to use it." There were nods of agreement around the room, so Terry conceded and thanked them.

"I need to see the three new girls, Katia, Abi and Zoe for their medical inspection half an hour after this meeting. Alison, where are you, oh yes over there, as Katia is your pair, would you explain to them what will happen, and bring them along for me? Thank you. Make sure you all have a shower before you come up. The water should be working now.

I am going to organise the grave digging for the previous residents. Does anyone fancy using a mechanical digger?" A dozen hands shot up. Not because they wanted to bury the dead, but because Doctor Terry had asked. "OK, let's go and dig a hole. Meantime, Stacie, could you and your assistants organise the room cleaning programme, please? I would like you to place all their personal belongings in a box, and put them in the manager's office."

Terry and his helpers found a spot under some trees, overlooking a small lake. They brought the digger down in the trailer and soon worked out how the controls operated. Terry realised he wasn't needed, and left the small group to dig the grave. Returning to the main building, he went upstairs to look at his suite of rooms. It was spacious. There was a large lounge with armchairs, settee, coffee table, dining table and chairs and panoramic views over the lawns and lake, from the balcony outside the bi-fold doors making up one whole wall of the main room. The bedroom suite was cavernous. The bed had to be ten foot wide, the carpet inches thick, and the bathroom was a complex of it's own, with Jacuzzi, walk in shower room, two side by side toilets and bidets, quite apart from a massive bath in the centre of the room which would hold half a dozen people, at least.

A knock came from the door, and Alison entered, holding hands with a nervous looking Katia. The twins followed. He couldn't get over just how beautiful Katia was. Although only seven, with her long blond hair and emerald green eyes, she could have once modelled anywhere. Her beauty was a great contrast to Alison's plain looks, but whose personality instead shone through, somehow making her seem beautiful too. He noticed Alison blush whilst watching him closely as he thought this. The twins were a much more down to earth pair. They were supposed to have washed, but Terry could see they were still grubby, and an odour followed them around. They had blazing red hair and very pretty faces. They could be lovely girls, he

thought, but so far spoiled by obviously not having been brought up very well. He told them to go into the bathroom, and have a really good bath or shower. He would attend to Katia.

“Hello Katia, it’s nice to see you. There is nothing to be worried about this is just to make sure you don’t have any illnesses and that there are no after affects from the disease.” He turned to Alison. “Have you explained to Katia what we will be doing?” he asked. She nodded and smiled. Katia was already warming to the great man she had heard about. She had been told she had to do exactly what he said, or she could be sent away. Alison had been kinder though, and told her she loved him. She trusted Alison and now she was beginning to see why. Doctor Terry asked her nicely to take her clothes off. She sat on the end of the bed and started to undo her blouse. Alison helped by taking off her shoes and socks.

In a few moments, she was sitting there in just her panties. Katia couldn’t help herself, but she suddenly realised she was feeling very strange deep in her tummy, and between her legs. She had never felt this before and it worried her. When he rubbed her nipples between his fingers and thumb, she thought she would faint. She realised it was Doctor Terry that made her feel like this. She felt very wet between her legs. This was very new to her.

Alison had seen enough into Terry’s mind to understand how he now felt about little girls. Perhaps even more than he himself realised. She had explained to Katia what she had to do. Her love for him was so strong, she knew she would help him in any way she could. If he wanted to do anything to her, she would make sure Katia submitted to any desire he had. Secretly she hoped that Terry would enjoy feeling Katia’s seven year old body, as she wanted Katia to please him. She’d seen the lust building for her in Terry’s mind. But Allison had seen what some of the girls had done to each other and wanted to try it too with Katia.

As Terry’s hands roamed over her chest and back, legs, arms and head, checking her over, Katia felt weak inside. He was really lovely and she wanted him to do more. He checked her ears, eyes, nose and throat, before saying she seemed very fit and well. She was pleased he approved of her. Then he asked her to take off her panties and go onto her hands and knees on the bed. He wanted to look inside her bum. She thought she should feel embarrassed, but she realised she wanted him to do this. She took up the position, and made sure her knees were well apart. He put something which looked like jelly on his finger, and then felt him press it to her bottom hole and gently feel inside. He told her to push like she needed to poo. As she did, his finger went all the way up her bottom. She realised she had pushed against him and even moaned, but it was from pleasure. A jolt went up between her thighs, she felt strange, but nice strange. She was disappointed when he took his finger out. She rolled onto her back when he asked her to do so, and spread her legs apart as she was instructed. He touched her couchie. Suddenly, the most wonderful feeling shot through the whole of her body. There were waves of pleasure flowing through her. She didn’t know what was happening, all she knew was that she loved it, and wanted it to go on and on.

Realising what had happened to the seven year old, Terry felt he should let the young virgin enjoy her climax. Her bum was bouncing up and down on the bed. She was panting in small breaths and her cunt was contracting rapidly on his finger, which had only entered her vagina as far as her hymen. All he had done was touch her once and her orgasm was immediate. He asked Alison to come over.

“What I need you to do,” he said, “is to rub Katia gently where I am touching her now. She needs to come down slowly, but I need to go and check out the twins in the bathroom for a while. When she is finished, she can get dressed and you can both go when you are ready. Would you do that for me?” Terry could have asked Alison to fly to the moon and somehow she would have done it for him. She was so besotted with him. He kissed her quickly on the lips, but before he could pull away, she had thrown her arms around him, kissing him in return, to show him how she felt about him. Katia smiled, she felt safe and she felt happy. She knew with Terry and Alison in her life things would be OK, and besides, she’d heard Dr. Terry ask Allison to rub her couchie again. A thrill had passed between her thighs, when she heard that.

Terry entered the bathroom, and found the twins playing a game of I Spy, while sitting on the two toilet seats. They were still dressed in their Brownie uniforms, and certainly unwashed.

“Why haven’t you two done what I asked?” Terry enquired, “I only asked you to get cleaned up and here you are, messing about.”

“We were waiting for you. Daddy Dick always used to wash us at home,” said Abi, or was it Zoe? Dick, he found out was their step father, or at least the man who had lived with their mother.

"Well I need a shower myself," said Terry, "I tell you what, as the shower room is so big, we can all go in together. Come on then, get undressed." So the three of them stripped off and stepped into the huge shower room. It had three overhead shower heads, as well as several wall mounted ones. There were large dispensers on the wall for shampoo and shower gel and Terry enjoyed his first proper shower for several days.

He noticed the girls were just standing there watching him. One of them was picking her nose, while the other scratching between her legs. At least the shower was doing some good. He realised he was going to have to wash them.

After several applications of shampoo, the water became clear and their hair took on a stunning colour even more lovely than he had appreciated before. Becoming business like, he washed down their bodies, using copious amounts of gel. They were identical in every way he could see. They even had a little birth mark on their arse cheeks, Zoe's on the left and Abi's on the right, (or was that the other way round)?

Legs arms torso clean, he moved in for the interesting bits. He asked them to both bend over, feet apart, and hold on to the long hand rail running along the wall. With his left hand on one girl and right on the other, he massaged the soap into their bum cracks. There was a gritty feel there in both of them. "Hmm, not very clean there girls, feels like dried shit," he thought. He continued to apply several applications of gel, until the skin took on a smooth feel. Sliding his fingers into their rectums, he felt resistance at first, then as he moved passed their sphincters, he slid in all the way. There was a "hmmmp" from each of them, but they stayed in position. He removed his fingers, and washed further down over their perineums and vulvas. Using yet more gel, he pushed his fingers between their lips and up towards their clits, which he found to be rock hard. He twiddled them for a moment, feeling them both undulate to his motions. Sliding deeper, he found their vaginas, and gently pushed into their cavities. Both girls pushed back against him, sucking his fingers into their cunt holes. He noticed two things immediately. Firstly, neither of them were virgins and they were no where near as tight as the other girls in the group.

While he moved his fingers in and out of their cunts, Terry asked them, "How long have you two girls been fucking?"

Abi looked over her shoulder. "Well, Doctor Terry, Mummy, HmMMM, told us not to say, but as she is dead I suppose, it doesn't matter now. Daddy Dick has lived with us for, UUgghhhhh, about a couple of years now, since we were about six. Before that Mummy used to get callers to our house, and, hhaaa, sometimes she would ask us to help her with her work. We quite enjoyed it after a while." Both girls cunts were now spasming onto his fingers. They were rocking back and forth, eyes screwed shut. Their moans were now constant.

Terry realised these two were experienced in a very adult way. He was under no illusions what their mother's line of work had been. He guessed there was probably nothing about sex they weren't intimately familiar with. By now, Terry was feeling extremely randy. He wanted to fuck these two immediately. As far as he was concerned, this one was for him. He switched the water flow off and passed them each a large fluffy towel and told them to dry off as quickly as they could and join him in the bedroom. He went through to make sure Alison and Katia had left already.

Abi looked at Zoe "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" she asked her twin. "He seems nice, and his willy looks big enough. Shall we show him how we did it with Daddy Dick?" It was a rhetorical question.

The girls came into the bedroom. They each picked up a chair, and brought them to the bed side, placed about three feet apart. Abi, climbed onto the bed and lay down, so only her back was supported. Her bum was over the edge of the bed, with one foot on each of the chairs. Zoe then climbed on top of her twin, also lying face upwards. She rested her legs over her sister's. Their knees were so far apart, their thighs almost made a straight wall of flesh, with their pudenda the centre of attraction.

Terry stood there open mouthed. Clearly this was a well practiced manoeuvre, so quickly had they positioned themselves.



“Are you going to stand there all day, or are you going to come over here and fuck us?” said Zoe, “There is a house rule though, we like you to do us both at the same time. You have to come out of one, then into the other and back again, do you understand?”

Terry nodded. He walked silently over, standing between the chairs, he saw their lascivious looks, as both twins looked down their bodies at him. He could see Abi’s cunt was exactly at the right height, if he bent his knees just a fraction. Zoe’s was only three inches higher. He held his cock, and rubbed the end of it up and down the two cunts spread out in front of him. So much pre-cum and little girl juices were pouring out, it was running out of the girl on top, down her cunt and arse slots and dripped onto her sister’s where the pearlescent fluids doubled up and flowed on like a running tap down on to the floor. Positioning his straining cock against Abi’s entrance, he gently pushed into her. There was no resistance at all. He slid in all the way to full penetration. She was tight, but no tighter than many women he had fucked, more than twice her age.

Withdrawing from her, he lifted slightly and lined himself up with Zoe and entered her in the same way. They were identical twins, he couldn’t tell the difference. The inside of their cunts felt exactly the same to him. The only difference seemed to be that on one he felt a muscular spasm to the left and on the other the same thing to the right. It was like they were mirror images of each other. Coming out of Zoe, he squatted slightly and re-entered Abi, then out and back into Zoe, out and in, up and down. Quickly, he picked up the pace. His aim got better, so his thrusts became faster too. Soon, he was pistoning in and out of the two girls almost as fast as if it had been just one of them. This was fantastic. He didn’t know, or care, how they had learned this little trick, but he was going to enjoy it to the full. He already knew he wanted this regularly.

The twins had both started to cum almost from Terry’s first thrust. They had a silent way of communicating that some twins have. When one felt something, the other seemed to feel it too, so as Terry’s cock slid in one sister, the other felt it too, or so it seemed. Neither felt they were only getting half of Terry’s attention. The twins were silently comparing Terry with Dick and agreed that Terry was by far the best fuck they had ever had. They loved his urgency and his gentleness, his size and firmness. Their climaxes had been continuous and intense. They would remember this fuck for years to come. So would Terry.

All good things cum to an end, and Terry, now moving in and out, up and down at great speed, felt his loins stirring. It wouldn’t be long. His first ejaculation erupted just as he bottomed out, deep inside Abi. His timing was excellent, because the next occurred deep inside Zoe, then back into Abi, both getting equal measure. His and their orgasms seemed to continue for several minutes, before he was eventually sated. It had been one of the most stunning fucks of his life. They had known exactly how to push his buttons. He had enjoyed it immensely, clearly they had too. If there were a world fucking championships, these two would make the finals. It was just a shame their social graces were so lacking. That was something he decided would be put right.

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## Chapter 7

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The rest of that day was spent in finishing cleaning up the rooms, changing bedding and running the washing machine. Some mattresses had needed changing. Stacie was a born organiser. Everyone was set to working at making the place clean and homely. Terry asked all the girls to attend the funeral service. Some words were said over the thirty bodies lying in the mass grave, covered in their own bed sheets, before the earth was pushed over them.

“I think we need to go shopping,” Terry said to Stacie, “We will need some food soon and with so many girls only wearing their hospital gowns and the others needing their clothes washed, we should stock up.”

Terry hadn’t had much contact with the other two supervisors yet. As they were his “guests” tonight, he thought it would be a good idea if they came along to give him a hand. He asked Stacie if she could ‘mind the shop’ while he was out. She suggested he should also take three or four others to carry whatever they “bought”.

The two supervisors were both aged ten. Their names were Nicole (always called Nicky) and Samantha (or Sam). They had an air of authority about them. Terry could see why Stacie, who had an eye for these things, had chosen them. They all climbed into the bus and set off for the city. Terry had noticed a large shopping

area just the other side of Newtown. There were a couple of malls as well as major supermarkets dotted along the road leading through the area.

Terry had brought along some tools should they need to break into the shops. He had found a battery powered reciprocating saw with a metal cutting blade in the workshop, as well as a sledge hammer. Gaining access into the shops, though proved to be easier than he feared, as most of the shop doors were unlocked.

Splitting into three teams of two, they divided up the shopping list and set to. After about an hour and a half, they had got what they had come for. There were clothes of every size, shape and pattern. He couldn't help noticing though that there were a lot of labels from Victoria's Secret. Some of the panties looked as though they wouldn't cover much at all. The other thing he noticed was a large box labelled "Lovehoney re-chargeable vibrators - small."

The food was OK, although most of the frozen goods had now defrosted. Finding fresh food was going to become an increasing problem. He would have to think about that.

On the way back, he chatted to Sam and Nicky, who sat in the front seat beside him. Sam was probably the tallest girl in the group. This was accentuated by her having a very long neck and tall thin face. She was quite thin, perhaps underfed, although she said she had eaten enough since joining the group. She had shoulder length brown hair, with pointed facial features and brown eyes. Terry noticed her fingers looked long and slender. She had a graceful look, full of poise. She seemed to always consider carefully what she said before speaking.

Sam was wondering what tonight would be like. She had always been brought up in a very demure way. Her parents had never discussed sex with her. Everything she knew was from her friends at school. Certainly she had never had a boyfriend, and until this week, with her new 'feelings', she had never touched herself 'down there'. Nicky, her wonderful new friend, had taught her much in the past two days. And as a result of her kind coaching, she was now looking forward to tonight. Terry would be her very first.

Considering that, although supervisors, they were also paired, Nicky couldn't have been more different. She was short and rounded. She wasn't obese, she just had plenty of puppy fat. She had a naturally rounded face and features, with grey eyes and very long blond hair, the end of which she could sit on. Nicky chatted constantly. Perhaps it was nervous chatter, as if she didn't like silences. Both girls were pretty in different ways. Perhaps their natural charm. As a pair, they somehow complemented each other. Terry thought Stacie's genius in matching the pairs, showed again with these two.

Nicky had been looking forward to tonight. So when Stacie asked her to join the foraging group with Terry, she jumped at the chance. She felt she now knew him a little better. She had really enjoyed teaching Sam a few things in bed the past couple of days, and instructing her in what to expect tonight. Her older sister had shown her many things which she had enjoyed, but it didn't compare to the anticipation she had in not just having a man for the first time, but that man was going to be the great Doctor Terry. For saving everyone's lives, she idolised him. But only slightly less than she wanted his cock. She definitely wanted to know him better, in every carnal sense.

Everyone was tired that evening. They had eaten well, and it had been a long day. Terry had decided he would permit the girls to drink alcohol. As long as taken in moderation, it was a pleasure he didn't see he should deny them. He told them that if they would like, if they all got ready for bed quickly, they could come down and watch a DVD together and have a nightcap.

All the girls were back downstairs in minutes, scrubbed and wearing night wear. Most had little short, brand new nighties on, one or two wore pyjamas. They all settled down and watched the movie, Hotel Transylvania. Some were lying on the floor, some scattered around on chairs.

Terry offered them various drinks, ensuring they only had a reasonable amount. Most liked the alchopops, which although 5% strength, tasted just like fruit juice. He was an advocate for responsible drinking. Besides, he was rather fond of his Scotch Whisky.

About half way through the movie, the relaxed atmosphere was very pleasing to Terry. He had seen most of these girls near death a few days before and now they were just like any children enjoying themselves. They

were so relaxed, counting around the thirty odd girls there, he could see over twenty pussies on display, with the way they were lounging on the floor and seating.

Terry and Stacie went up about half an hour before the movie finished, telling Nicky and Sam to shut everything down when it finished, and usher the girls to their rooms. Some needed to be nudged awake to go upstairs.

As they climbed into bed, Terry congratulated Stacie on her fantastic organisation. She had made his work so much easier. He was still extolling her virtues as she climbed on top of him in what she already knew was going to be her favourite position. Sinking down over his rampant cock, she was cuming almost before he was fully inside her. What ever this serum and disease had done to her, it had made her as randy as hell. She loved it. She couldn't get enough of Terry. She couldn't imagine how the other girls were going to manage.

Sam and Nicky came up to Terry's room at the appointed time. Terry noticed they were both holding glasses. It was their first time, why not. Sam's drink had been champers. He wasn't surprised. Nicky on the other hand had wanted beer.

"Well girls, come and have a cuddle with us," Terry suggested, "we were just saying how well everyone has settled in, and in no small part it's due to Stacie and you four supervisors." Stacie got out of bed, to use the bathroom, so Sam and Nicky cuddled into Terry, one each side.

"What would you like to do girls," asked Terry, "as you know, there is no coercion here. Am I right you are both virgins, so, it's your choice."

Sam looked a little nervously at Terry. "Would you mind if I think about it for a few minutes. Perhaps Nicky could go first."

"Yes of course, Sam, you don't have to do anything until you are absolutely ready," said Terry.

Nicky, by now was beginning to run her hands over Terry's muscle toned body. She was aroused to a height she had never experienced before. She was breathing in short pants, her heart going ten to the dozen. She simply couldn't wait. She was pleased to go first. Terry's cock felt stiff as a pole. She felt it's shaft was a little sticky to the touch; she assumed from Stacie's cunt juices. She didn't care, as long as she got this inside her as fast as possible. The tip though, she thought, had enough pre-cum to ensure it would slide smoothly into her. To make sure, though, she rubbed it up and down a few times to milk the nectar out so she could spread it all over the end.

By now, Nicky was being driven by an animal instinct inside her. Nothing was going to stop her now. She straddled Terry, catching him a little by surprise. He had expected much more foreplay. She lifted herself over him, grabbing his cock and lining it up, wriggling a little as she located it into her very slimy entrance. She then simply dropped down onto his thighs. His cock shot straight into her virgin hole, tearing her hymen away immediately. She gasped, froze for a fleeting second, then started to lift up and drop back, lift and drop. She had felt a momentary stab of pain, but nothing to the pleasure that now swept through her ten year old body. She increased her pace, like a car going through the gears. She felt the wonderful feeling as his cock end bumped into her cervix. This was just fantastic. She had to have more. Faster she went and still faster. Despite the thickness of his cock feeling huge to her immature vagina, stretching it to the limit, she wanted yet more. Her pace now was as fast as she could manage. Terry helped by pumping his hips up and down to reciprocate her movements. Nicky had been cuming gently almost since he entered her, but she knew something much greater was cuming. Nicky's hair, as long as it was, completely surrounded her head. It was hard to see her face. It fell down over her flat titties and the ends rested on Terry's legs behind her and belly in front. Terry started to feel his orgasm approaching, and as his cock started to throb as his climax arrived, Nicky went into orbit. His semen shot and spurted into her womb, finally tipping the balance. Her screaming could be heard all over the building. She had never felt anything like it. Neither had Terry. Her cunt was clamping down on his cock so hard, it hurt. She spasmed and spasmed on him. Suddenly her eyes glazed over and she went limp. He caught her fat little body just as she started to fall forward. She had passed out. He lowered her down onto his chest.

After a minute or two, she still hadn't come round, so Terry, hanging on to her rounded body, rolled over on to his side with her still facing him. He slowly withdrew from her. Grabbing some tissues, he mopped

between her legs, catching quite a large amount of pink coloured semen. Shortly, he heard her start a rhythmic snore. She had a lovely smile on her face.

All this had only taken ten minutes. Stacie, having had a quick shower, had come out of the bathroom just as the lovemaking reached its grand finale. She helped to move Nicky sideways across the huge bed, so that Sam and she could now cuddle into Terry. Stacie looked at Nicky's spread-eagled body with Terry's semen flowing from her in a pink ooze.

Stacie licked her lips in anticipation. She knew exactly what she wanted to do a little later. She enjoyed fucking Terry. She liked and respected him. She also knew her privileged position had allowed her to have him every day. She had realised though that she had developed a taste for young girls herself. She had decided helping Terry was certainly going to give her every opportunity to indulge her new found passions of fucking him and over time, molesting every girl in the building. And shortly she would indulge herself between Nicky's thighs. That strap-on dildo, which Nicky had brought back from the mall as a joke, looked interesting. And, as it turned out, as the days and weeks passed, every one of the girls got to know that strap-on intimately. Life was looking up.

Sam knew that it was now her turn. All her upbringing had taught her that fucking was what a man and wife did after marriage. Her mother's attitude had been that sex was for having children, not for pleasure, so the fewer times it happened the better. Sam was beginning to realise there was more to life. She was shocked by what she had witnessed Nicky doing a few minutes ago, but at the same time it had turned her on in ways she had never felt before.

She knew she wanted to experience the pleasure her body was demanding so strongly, but she wanted it to be gentle to be loving to be passionate. Before she knew it, the words had tumbled out of her. She had talked about sex to a man! She had never done that before.

Terry understood the girl's conflicts of emotion. He wanted her first time, like any of his girls, to be special.

"Doctor Terry," she tentatively said, "what I would like is to lie on my back, and for you to make love to me, carefully, kindly, gently and slowly. Would you do that for me?"

"Of course I will," he replied, "let's start by some mutual touching. Perhaps Stacie can help us with this. She is very good at helping girls feel good."

Sam felt Terry's hands run across her chest. She had small cones topped with raisin size nipples, which were rock hard just now. He massaged one of them gently, while Stacie did the same the other side. He licked it and sucked it carefully, echoed by Stacie. He ran his fingers up and down her chest. Her ribs could easily be felt individually. His fingers moved down into the valley that was her belly. He looked up at her pretty face. She was just allowing the pleasure of this to overcome her reticence. His hand finally found her mons. As she had no fat on her, he found it hard to the touch. It was very prominent, perhaps the size of half a tennis ball. It fitted neatly into the palm of his hand. There was not a hair or even peach fuzz on her mound. Her skin was as smooth as gossamer. She was exquisite.

His fingers moved a little further. Sam was lying there, feeling every touch of Terry's hands as though they were magnified, she felt so sensitive. She loved him passing his fingers over her mound. She wanted him to move down now, and finally he did. Without realising it, she parted her legs. Her pussy lips had peeled apart just a little, enough that when he ran his fingers over her, her clitty hood just felt his finger tip. She shuddered. He ran his fingers so slowly and lightly over her slit, it made her want more, she wanted him to press harder. She opened her legs further, inviting him in.

Sam was breathing harder now. She had closed her eyes, feeling every touch to her body. She felt so sensitive now. Suddenly, she became aware of Stacie placing her fingers either side of her pussy lips, and gently opening her up. She could also feel Terry's breath down there, he was going to, he was actually going to, "Ahhhhhh," she sighed, as his tongue licked her clitty, just poking out of it's hood. Her orgasm hit her instantly. It was like a dam being released. Wave after wave passed over her in ripples of pure pleasure. She had never felt anything like this in her life. She could feel wetness running down through her bum. She must be very, very wet down there.

Just as she thought she could feel nothing better, she felt Terry's finger probing into her vagina entrance. He was gently feeling his way into her, peeling apart the walls of her passage as he went deeper. If she could have moved her legs further apart, she would have done, she wanted him inside her; of that she was now certain. His finger was moving gently in and out of her. She could feel it nudging her barrier. Oh, why couldn't he just push in through it? She needed him now. Another finger started to massage her clitty again. Was it Stacie's? She felt herself rising.

"Oh Terry," she uttered, "please, please fuck me now, I can't stand it any longer, please just fuck me." She felt the next orgasm approaching like a breaking wave on the beach. The surges of pleasure returned in a heightened form. In the distance, she was aware of a sharp pain for a fleeting second, washed away by the exquisite feelings which continued. Terry's finger had been removed from her pussy, but Stacie's wonderful massaging of her clit kept her on the pinnacle of her climax. She was aware of him moving over her, but hadn't realised it's significance until she felt his cock sliding into her. It felt oh so tight, but at the same time so fulfilling. He gently moved in and out of her, penetrating deeper each thrust. She felt him bottom out and then start to fuck her properly. She had dreamed of this all her life, and now here it was. She couldn't have asked for a better first time. Terry was making this very special for her, and she loved him for it. She had loved him from the time they first met, but now she loved him in a new way. She was one of his girls, and he was hers.

Sam's climaxes had not stopped since the beginning. She didn't know about multi orgasms, she simply knew this was the best feeling she had ever experienced in her life. Then, something changed, she could feel Terry swelling inside her. She looked down and put her fingers over her tummy button. She could see and feel the end of his cock pushing up against her fingers from underneath. She could also feel his spasm as his orgasm hit him. She even felt the surge under her fingers, as his semen shot into her ten year old womb. She suddenly felt complete. She lay there just wanting to feel the pulsing of his orgasm deep inside her, until the end, savouring each throb, feeling his seed filling her up inside. She wanted to hold onto this memory forever.

But, all too soon it was over, and so the four of them were lying side by side. Nicky was snoring loudly. Her beautiful long blond hair framing her face and chest. Terry was dozing, slipping slowly into a deeper sleep. Sam cuddled into his side. She noticed Stacie had crept between her friend's spread legs and was licking her out. She wondered what it tasted like. She might try that another time, she thought. She wanted the most out of tonight and now she knew her desires and needs better, she intended to get it.

Sam had laid there cuddling Terry for about an hour. By now everyone, including Stacie were sound asleep. The bedside clock displayed twelve midnight. She had played with his cock most of that time. She now knew every ridge and ripple of it. She had pulled his skin down and even slid down and gently licked it to see what he tasted like. His heavy breathing told her he was in a deep sleep. His now erect cock told her she might be able to take advantage of the situation. Carefully, trying not to wake him, she lifted her long leg over him, lifting her lithe body above his, until she was on hands and knees over him. She carefully moved down, until she just touched his cock end. Adjusting her position slightly, so he was lined up better, she slowly pushed against him. At first, she didn't think this would work. Then she felt his cock parting her cunt lips. She needed her hands to support her weight, so had to wriggle herself further onto his cock. This proved frustrating to her, as it took several minutes until suddenly, she felt his tip up against her entrance.

Sam undulated against him carefully and slowly, gradually increasing the pressure, until she felt the head of his cock pop through her narrow entrance. She sucked in a sharp intake of breath. She was quite sore there, but beyond it a need was building, a primeval demand for so much more. She stopped, not wanting to wake him. She was enjoying this in a purely selfish way and didn't want to spoil her fun. Earlier she had multi-orgasmed, and was disappointed when it finished. She wanted more. She intended to have it.

After a few seconds, she gently moved up and down, feeling his cock working it's way back where it belonged, deep inside her. She was still slippery from his earlier ejaculation into her. Each movement was deeper and slightly quicker. It didn't take long before she felt that new, but also ancient craving deep inside, start to well up. Her contractions then started gently, but grew quickly. Ripples of exquisite pleasure coursed through her body. Her nipples tingled, her pussy was contracting, the surges of her orgasm washed over her, like the surf on a beach, again and again and again.

Sam moved carefully up and down Terry's cock, trying desperately not to cry out or move in any way that might spoil this. The intensity of her cuming ebbed and flowed, but it continued on and on. Sam thought she

would eventually feel satisfied and the orgasm would end. Somehow as she moved up and down on Terry's wonderful cock, her desire seemed to increase. She yet wanted more. Her orgasm built in it's intensity, until she found that with the smallest of movement, she was enjoying the most sensational feelings of her young life. Her movements were now almost insignificant, but her pleasure went on and on with the same high intensity. Whatever this serum had done to her, it had given her a wonderful new pleasure and the opportunity to enjoy it.

She thought back, and wondered what her mother would say about her behaviour. She smiled to herself. She knew it wouldn't be complimentary. As for her father, well that was another matter. He hadn't realised that Sam was usually awake when he had sneaked into her room at night, and ran his hands under the bed clothes and inside her night wear, to feel all over her body. How sometimes, he'd lifted the bedclothes completely off her and pushed her nighty up and panties down, then rubbed himself against her until he squirted over her naked body. She remembered how he'd always muttered to himself afterwards: "Oh my god, what have I done, as he'd wiped her clean with a damp cloth, both of them knowing it would be repeated in a few day's time. She certainly hadn't been aroused, at the time, by what he did, on the contrary, rather revolted. She had said nothing at the time, knowing to have done so would have caused big problems of another sort, had her mother found out. And yet, now, here she was doing things to another sleeping person, without their knowledge, for her own gratification. Perhaps, now she could understand her Dad a little better. Had her Mum been different, maybe he wouldn't have needed to do it.

The orgasms continued. Sam had no intention of bringing this to an end any time soon. She glanced at the clock. Two o'clock. In it's dull light, she could make out the forms of her friend Nicky snoring away and Stacie, who had fallen asleep, between her thighs. She smiled to herself. Once she would have been very shocked. She realised she had been enjoying herself alone for over two hours. She went back to the job at hand. She had found that by really concentrating, she could feel more and so her pleasure increased. Sam laid her head on Terry's chest. She could hear his heart beating it's steady rhythm. Her movements now were almost non existent, but her pleasurable, intense orgasm just went on and on.

Finally, Sam felt sleep enveloping her in it's arms. She was annoyed knowing she couldn't just fuck the whole night away. The clock showed it was a little after three, as her eyes closed. The next thing she was aware of was a throbbing deep inside her. Terry's orgasm had been so intense, it had woken her. It was now dawn, six o'clock and Terry was thrusting deep inside her. She lifted her head off his chest and squinted with her sleepy eyes into his and smiled. Her orgasm returned. However, as Terry's movements slowed, he soon shrank within her. She was cross with herself. If she had woken sooner, she could have enjoyed the whole fuck.

Nicky stirred as she felt the movement of her friend Sam rolling off Terry. She remembered the previous evening, but not how it ended. She was happy she had now had her first fuck. She had really enjoyed it, and was already looking forward to next Sunday with anticipation. She was puzzled why Stacie, who was also just waking, had been sleeping between her spread legs. Sam crawled across the bed. She needed to go to the bathroom. As she moved, Nicky couldn't help but notice her friend's vulva and vagina looked incredibly red and sore, with a large dribble of pearlescent fluid seeping from it.

"Are you alright Sam?" Nicky asked, "You look like you might have overdone it last night."

"It was well worth it," replied Sam with a smirk, "fuck, was it worth it." She limped across to the bathroom door.

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## Chapter 8

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Breakfast was followed by the morning briefing. Terry had decided that if they were going to stay here long term, they needed to establish reliable sources of supply for food, both fresh and storable, as well as clothing, education, fuel and transport. He realised there would be a 1001 things they were going to need moving into the future, some of which needed to be thought about now.

"Right girls, there is a lot to get started on today," he said, "Does anyone know how to drive?" A hand went up from a girl with tanned skin and dark hair. Her name was Erica.

"My daddy was a farmer," she said, "I learnt to drive on the farm using an old car we had."

"OK Erica, that's really helpful," replied Terry, "I want to organise more transport, so could you help me today, please?" she nodded. "Outside in the car park, there are about twenty residents' cars. I want everyone to learn how to drive them. The keys will hopefully be in the box in the manager's office. Stacie, could you ask one of your supervisors to see if they can find which key fits which car, please?" A few seconds later Terry noticed Lucy moving off, with four other girls, towards the manager's office.

"I want to organise an educational programme," said Terry, ignoring all the groans from around the room, "I think it is important. First though I want a keep fit class. Who is expert at gymnastics?" Several hands went up including Stacie's and Sam's "And who considers themselves," continued Terry, "to be an expert swimmer?" A similar group of hands went up. "Right, I would like Stacie and Sam to set up Gym and swimming sessions for everyone. I want to keep everyone fit. We have a gym and pool, let's use them. Every day I think we should exercise for an hour either in the gym, or the pool or cross country running, tennis, or even a ball game like soccer." Terry, in past years, had lived near a pool and had swum every day as his main exercise.

A hand was raised. "Doctor Terry, we don't have any swimming costumes or gym leotards," she stated.

He looked across at her and smiled, "Who needs either?" There were grins all round the room. "OK, let's all go and learn to drive." They all trooped outside into the car park, where Lucy's team had managed to find keys for nearly all the cars. Terry explained to Erica what he wanted. They took half the crowd each and went through the basics of gears, brakes, accelerators, safety and so on. Giving each an accompanied lesson, around the huge front lawn, they then allocated each 'pair' a car to take turns in practicing. After a couple of hours, everyone could drive to a basic level. Certainly they would never have passed a test, but then they would never need to.

Terry called everyone together again. "I want each pair to take a car," he said, "I then want each car to pair up with another car. If there is a breakdown, you will have someone with you to help out. So we will have eight groups going off, sixteen cars in all. Each group can drive around the roads for a while learning how to drive properly. Stop at 'Stop' signs. Keep to the correct side of the road. It would be stupid to hit another car. Have fun and be back here by twelve for the radio check in." They moved off in their pairs of cars. An hour later they were all back, chattering away about their little adventures.

The radio was brought out, it had been on charge, and switched on. At the strike of twelve, they heard John's now familiar voice calling them up. "How you doing Terry?" he asked, "settled in yet?" The conversation went back and forth for a while as snippets of news were exchanged.

"I have some interesting news about the disease, Terry," said John, "you remember I said yesterday how the people who had not had the disease, just the serum, had not become sexually supercharged and thought the rest of us were perverts? Well, most of those have since come into contact with the disease, and although the serum stopped them becoming sick, their sexual behaviour has changed. All of a sudden they don't think we're perverts anymore! It would seem that it is a combination of the disease and serum which affects behaviour." Terry thanked John for the information. He was beginning to understand a little more about how this worked.

"Well, unless there is anything else, I will sign off. Is Stacie there, Terry, I would like another private word with her if that's OK?"

After Terry had been shuffled out again, Stacie said "Hi John, how you doing?"

"Great thanks Stacie. In fact if it weren't for Terry we wouldn't be chatting at all. Have you had any ideas about a celebration for him yet?"

"Well John, we have got some ideas together. We were thinking of putting on a concert or cabaret show. You know singing and dancing. Do you think he would like that?"

"That sounds fantastic Stacie. You girls look after that man for us. You are doing the world a great service. Well I'll be off again now. Speak to you tomorrow."

During the afternoon, Terry sent small groups out in the cars in different directions to find supplies for the future. He was concerned about fuel for the generator, fresh meat, vegetables, milk, bread and so on. What they had with them would only last a couple of days.

After their return, a lot had been achieved. The local fuel distribution depot was only a couple of miles down the road. There were loaded tankers in their yard some containing petrol (gas) and others diesel and heating fuel. Terry would arrange to collect them. Another major find was a national distribution centre for frozen foods, which was located in one of the nearby industrial estates. It was a temperature controlled warehouse of enormous size. The good news being, though, that it had a generator which automatically cut in when power went off. It was still running. They now had a source of frozen foods.

Returning to the main building, Terry could see Stacie organising a group playing tennis on some of the outdoor courts. As he approached, they were just finishing.

“Time for a swim now girls,” she instructed them, “I will join you shortly.” She wandered over to see how Terry had got on. He filled her in on the good news. They walked together down to the pool area, holding hands. Life was settling down at last and maybe things would be OK.

In the pool were twenty five or thirty naked girls all swimming, playing games, splashing each other or throwing a large plastic inflatable ball around. There was a lot of shrieking and laughter. Morale was rising. Terry couldn't help watching Sam, who was on the high board. With her graceful, naked body and elegant poise, she performed, what to Terry's untutored eye, looked like a perfect dive it was called a Twist Dive, consisting of 2½ forward somersaults, plus 1 twist in the Pike Position. Whatever, he was impressed, as were several others watching her.

Terry and Stacie picked up a towel each from the stack, and placing them on one of the plastic chairs around the pool, undressed and jumped into the pool. Heated with solar panels on the roof, the water felt quite warm. Terry, an experienced swimmer liked to swim lengths and spent ten minutes enjoying the exercise. It wasn't long though, before the girls had other ideas for him. He found himself surrounded by a dozen or more of the little minxes, all grinning. Someone shouted “now” and they all pounced on him. He was lifted off his feet and carried around the shallow end of the pool like a trophy. He could feel wandering hands everywhere. “Two can play that game,” he thought. His hands were soon busy sliding over bums large and small, feeling little chests that were flat or with small cone shaped titties. When his hands managed to find a pussy to feel, legs parted instantly at his touch. He had an erection like a periscope sticking out of the water.

Before long, every girl in the pool was involved. The giggling and laughter, groping, and feeling went on and on. Terry even noticed some of the action was girl on girl.

The tone of the game altered after a while. The girls had stopped moving around. The laughter quietened. They held him up on the surface of the water. His hands were pressed against anonymous pussies, which were alternated every few moments for other ones. Fingers were pushed into his bum crack and his balls were gently fondled by three or four hands. His cock though was being felt by about eight hands, all competing for position. He was being worked up into a high state of arousal. The piranhas were circling him. The water turning to foam. He soon exploded in a spray of water, foam and semen shooting into the air. A combined cheer went up deafening Terry as his orgasm went on and on, while he saw several mouths skimming the water surface, trying to gulp in the floating evidence of his ejaculation.

As quickly as they had ambushed him, the girls went back to playing their little girl games as if nothing had happened.

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## Chapter 9

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The evening was very relaxed. They enjoyed a leisurely dinner of beef accompanied by a glass or two of Argentinean Malbec, followed by a DVD played on the super wide screen in the main lounge.

“Who's on the list for tonight?” asked Terry, leaning over to Sandy, who had drawn it up.



"As you know, it was drawn by lot, so there is no order," she replied, "tonight is a pair from my own group. They are Emma and Joanne, who likes to be called Jo. They are only seven."

"What are they like Sandy," asked Terry in a low voice, "do you think they are too young? I mean, seven!"

"Well I don't know about that, it depends on the girl. I was seven my first time, my mum made five grand that night." She slapped her hand over her mouth. "I didn't mean to say that Terry, it just came out."

"Your secret's safe with me," he said reassuringly, patting her knee, "what happened before the disease is ancient history, besides, the way you knew the ropes on Saturday, I guessed you had been round the block a time or two. So back to Emma and Jo."

"Well they are opposites," she said deep in thought, "Emma, who is big, jolly, clumsy and forward, leads the two, but it is Jo who is the reticent, small, quiet, pretty one with the real brains. They both work hard, they really pull their weight here. They are no trouble at all and although I probably shouldn't say it, they idolize you. You could ask them to walk on water and they'd do it for you." Terry blushed.

"Why would they think that," he said, "they hardly know me."

"Don't be silly, Terry," she smiled at his self effacement, "you saved their lives and the lives of all their new friends, sorted out what they needed to do next, you fed them, gave them shelter and in their new highly charged, newly discovered, sexual state, the prospect of their first fuck. What more do you need to know? Terry, if you don't close your mouth, a bird will fly in there and build a nest." She giggled at him.

Terry sneaked off with Stacie half way through the movie. He asked Sandy to tell the Emma and Jo if they wanted to come up, to do so at ten o'clock, but if they didn't want to, he would understand. She gave him a look suggesting he was deranged.

In their room, Terry gave Stacie the longest cuddle to show his appreciation for all she had done. "Couldn't have managed without you darling," he said, "looks like we make a damn good team." She loved his praise almost as much as his cock and her newly discovered lust for little girls. Terry was never mean on the compliments. Another reason why all the girls were besotted with him. They went into the bathroom, and ran the bath with lots of bubbles added. Sinking down into the warm water, they cuddled together enjoying the feel of each other's bodies.

After some time, Stacie straddled him and they continued their cuddle. Slowly, she slid down his body, until her vulva was nudging his cock. She wriggled herself over his end, until it started to penetrate her young body. She still found him incredibly tight inside her. It was as if he filled her whole being, as well as her pussy. They gently made love. It was slow, loving, and exquisite. They each came quietly. It surprised them both, considering the events of the past few days. They drifted off, still in their loving embrace, into a calm sleep.

Emma and Jo knocked on the door at ten o'clock on the dot. Hearing nothing, they quietly entered, peering around the door, they saw the room was empty. They wandered in. Silence. They walked around the room to the bathroom entrance, and poked their heads around the open door. They could see the back of Doctor Terry's head just over the edge of the tub and the top of Stacie's head, her face resting on his chest.

"Can we come in?" asked Emma quietly. No reply, so they walked in, one either side of the huge bath. They could see Stacie and Doctor Terry were both asleep. Emma pointed down into the water, where they could see Terry's half erect cock still inside Stacie's pussy. Emma leaned over, and ran her finger along the base of it. She could feel where they were joined. Even in his half erect state it felt very thick to her. She shuddered in anticipation.

"Shall we undress and get in too?" asked Jo, "After all, it is our night isn't it?" They grinned at each other and silently dropped their clothes in two piles. As carefully as they could, they stepped into the bath, trying not to make too many waves, and slowly sat down in the lovely warm, bubbly water. Not sure what to do now, they sat looking at each other for a while. Emma reached over, and placed her hand under Doctor Terry's balls and started to feel around them. It made her tingle deep down in her tummy. Jo followed her lead and ran her fingers up and down Terry's cock and around his ball sack. Her scope for movement was limited, as he was still embedded in Stacie's vagina. She felt her heart start to race. She had never felt like this before, and

was a little worried. The two girls continued to feel Terry's balls and cock with one hand, and started to rub themselves with the other. Emma reached over to her friend and pushed her hand out of the way and started to rub her pussy. Jo quick on the uptake leaned across and did likewise.

After a few minutes, the two seven year olds were becoming quite excited, feeling things within themselves they hadn't felt before. Neither had ever experienced an orgasm, so neither was prepared for what 'came' next. They did. Emma and Jo suddenly, simultaneously, felt an incredible sensation of pure pleasure rushing through their lower bodies. Both were unaware that they were calling out, bucking their bums up and down, and that both Terry and Stacie had woken to see the two water nymphs in the final stages of their climaxes. Terry and Stacie could see each had their fingers in the other's pussy, eyes screwed shut, taking short breaths clearly enjoying this to the full.

"Well I hope you two enjoyed that," Terry chuckled, "it looks like you started without us." Emma and Jo's eyes shot open. They looked a little contrite. "Don't worry girls, I was only teasing you. The rule here is, when it is your night, you can do anything you want, OK?" They nodded, now grinning, still a little embarrassed.

The four of them climbed out of the bath and quickly got dry. Terry chatted to the youngsters, trying to put them at their ease. He was asking them all about themselves, what they had done at school, their hobbies, how they had settled in here. They relaxed and without instruction, climbed onto the bed, waiting to see what happened.

Stacie said "I will go and tidy up the bathroom, I suggest you carry on without me. I'll be back soon." In fact, conscious that Terry didn't want to frighten these youngsters, she thought she should let them have some time to themselves with Terry. She knew she would have her fun with their little bodies in good time. After they fell asleep if needed. She had been very aroused watching them bring each other off in the bath.

Terry climbed into the huge bed, in between them and spread his arms out. They accepted his invitation, and cuddled, one into each side of him. To him, they were so small, even though their shoulders were under his armpits, he could reach down and run his fingers over their bum cheeks. So for several minutes he did just that.

Eventually, he slid his fingers further down, and into the cracks of their bottoms. They each lifted their upper leg onto his hips, to ease his access.. Terry pushed his fingers up and down through their bums cracks, lengthening his stroke each pass. He pushed a little into their anuses, feeling a slight rocking motion commencing. Moving further, their vaginas finally came under his touch, He could feel they were very slick. Almost by telepathy, he felt two hands moving over, from either side, and down his tummy, through his pubic hair, seeking out his cock to explore, feel and become familiar with it.

Terry now was masturbating the girls with his fingers finding their cunt juice sufficient to provide enough lubricant for him to slip between their vulva lips. Their tiny clitties were poking up, getting stimulated by his fingers as he probed further into their depths, moving towards the entrances to their vaginas.. Their cunts felt incredibly small and tight on his now slimy fingers. He couldn't see how he would ever be able to fuck them, surely they were just too small. He found their little hymens firm and intact. The two girls felt different. This heightened his excitement.

Jo lay with her naked body up against Doctor Terry's side. She had been quite nervous about what would happen. Some of the girls had told her that it was up to her to please Doctor Terry. She had to do anything he said. If he wanted to fuck her, she must do it however much it hurt. Everyone worshipped Terry, and if she didn't please him, she would be letting everyone down. Despite this, she realised two things. Firstly that he was gentle, kind and considerate, that he would never force her, and secondly, that she felt she herself wanted to do more with him. There was a force between her legs making her want to do more. She wanted to see if she could get it inside her.

She had never felt like this before. Doctor Terry's fingers were still inside her pussy. She loved the feel of him there. She could feel him as he pressed against something inside her. Emma had said it was her cherry. Anyway it was stopping him going in where she wanted his finger to go. When she had been in the bath, she had felt good when Emma had rubbed between her legs. She had 'cum'. The girls had told her what it was called. It was lovely, but now, she knew something greater was on the way.

She also had another feeling, she realised she too loved Doctor Terry, and he was touching all the right bits, and she felt strange, but nice strange. She started to shiver, then shake. The feeling was coming back, it was..... it was..... "nnnnngggggghhhh, oooooohhhhhh, yyyeesssssss, aaahhhaaaaahhh" blinding lights flashed around inside her eyelids she felt ecstatic, it was the most wonderful feeling she had ever had in her life. "Oh it must go on and on, forever, please," she thought. But it slowly came to an end. She heard strange noises from Emma on the other side of Doctor Terry. It sounded like she too was enjoying herself.

In her hand she could feel Doctor Terry's willy. Every girl in the building said that they wanted this inside them, and yet here she was with it in her hand. She could feel his juice running down his willy and over her fingers. Suddenly everything became clear to her. She now knew what she wanted. Before, her friends had all told her what she must do, but now she knew what she herself wanted. It might hurt, she might even bleed, but she was going to get him in her tonight.

Jo heard when Emma had calmed a little, rolling onto her back, still panting. Jo wasted no time. She swung her leg over Doctor Terry's body, and straddled him. Her legs were too short, so her knees were not taking her weight. Undeterred, she wriggled down him until she felt his lovely willy, or cock as he had called it, pressing between her bum cheeks. Already, she felt his dampness in her bottom. She reached behind her and pushed his cock further down, through her pussy lips until, yes, it was nudging her vagina. She wriggled further down, trying to work it into herself. It was so big. She really didn't know if it was possible. Whatever, she would try. She pressed down, she wriggled she put more pressure. Nothing, it wasn't going in. She paused, and rested her cheek on his chest, his hairs tickling her nose. His cock was pressed hard up against her entrance. She would lie here and enjoy it the best she could. She lay for perhaps a full minute. What she didn't know, was her cunt was dilating. Suddenly, she felt movement. He had slid in just a fraction. She pushed down a little more, it moved in a tiny bit more. As she dilated, so he slid into her little by little. She was caught by surprise though when his cock head suddenly popped into her entrance. The pressure eased a little. He was in her. Only just, but he was in.

Waiting another full minute, Jo concentrated on relaxing her muscles. The sore tightness of his, what seemed to her, huge cock eased just a little. She moved up and down. It was a tiny movement, but she could feel his cock sliding a fraction inside her. There was pressure of a new sort deep in her now. She realised it was her cherry, which Doctor Terry had been pressing with his fingers earlier. She continued to move up and down him. The thrusting getting a little deeper and faster. The lovely feelings were beginning to well up inside her again. She was,.. ohh,.. yesss.... The blinding lights behind her eyelids returned. She felt she was spinning. Everything felt wonderful. She had gone to heaven. Wonderful pulses of liquid pleasure washed through her very immature body. She had never felt such exquisite feelings in her short life.

All too soon, Jo realised she was still on earth, but the after glow of her climax was still buzzing in her ears. She was still panting, her heart still beating 120 to the minute. Her little nipples on a chest flat as an iron, felt hard as iron too. Doctor Terry's cock was still inside her, but it was, it can't be, it was right in her, all the way in. She lay against him, hugging his chest. He was still moving in her. She liked that, it felt nice. She hurt down there though, but she didn't care.

Her Doctor Terry liked her enough to want to put and then move his cock inside her. Every girl in the building wanted to be where she was right now. She could feel it as he moved, he was trying not to hurt her, his moves were so gentle, so considerate. She knew he was trying to make her first time special for her and she loved him for it. He could have had any of the other girls, but here he was with her. She wanted him to cum in her. That would make it special.

She started to move up and down, just a little. Ouch, yes, she was sore. She could feel Doctor Terry's cock react to her movement, it seemed to pulse a little, grow and recede. Suddenly, she felt him clench, he breathed in short pants, his arms were enveloping her, she was all his, and he was hers, even if just for this moment. She felt his spasms deep inside her; the flow of his wonderful semen right up to the top of the inside of her tummy, or so it seemed. He throbbed and throbbed in her. It felt just wonderful. Then calm fell over them.

She waited, as his cock slowly shrank inside her. She almost felt she was losing something, as if he was going away from her. Finally, he slid out of her. She could feel warm wet fluid running out of her. She didn't want to move. She was a little surprised though when she realised Stacy was licking her pussy. It felt nice

though. Stacie had come out of the bathroom sometime ago. Jo hadn't heard her. Oh, it was sore, but nice sore. Jo just lay there as Stacie attended to her.

Stacie had come out of the bathroom soon after she had gone in. She quietly sat in one of the chairs to watch what was happening. She had watched as the young girl, having been brought off by Terry, seemed to become another person altogether. She had watched as the seven year old had climbed onto him, and almost forced herself over him. Terry had looked appealingly at Stacie. He was clearly worried about the youngster hurting herself. Stacie had shrugged. She didn't care. In fact she was excited and wanted to see how this worked out. Let things run their course she thought. Jo had pushed and pushed, and the impossible seemed to happen Terry had entered her part way, and during Jo's orgasm, which broke her hymen he had slid all the way into her. Stacie had enjoyed what she saw. The vaginal blood added something extra to her excitement. She hadn't masturbated herself much recently, but she did now and her orgasm coincided nicely with Terry's. After his cock had come out of Jo's cunt, she could see there was a lot of blood mixed with the semen. More than with the other virgins in the past couple of days. Perhaps she was torn inside. She fetched the flannel, but on her return, she couldn't help herself and dived in to taste the wonderful fluids that ran from the seven year old's cunt. Licking out little girls was becoming addictive to Stacie. After a few minutes, using the flannel, she cleaned her up the best she could. Jo seemed to be happy, and not at all worried about her pain. She certainly looked sore.

Emma had been cuddling into Doctor Terry's side all this time. She had been the leader of the pair, but she knew Jo had the brains. She was surprised therefore when she felt Jo climb on top of Doctor Terry. She was enraptured with what followed, and a little frightened. She had enjoyed the feelings that pulsed through her pussy the whole time though. Doctor Terry had never taken his finger out of her. He had played with her clitty and pushed his finger a little way into her. She had started to cum, and from the way he moved his finger, she realised that with her contractions on his finger, and undulations of her hips against him, that he knew just how high she had climbed up the hill of pleasure.

Emma started to cum continually as it became clear what was happening to her friend. She grabbed hold of Doctor Terry's hand, and started to pull at him. Her orgasm was almost overwhelming. In the past few days, she had played with herself, as well as letting Jo do it, but she had never felt this good. She started to buck into Doctor Terry's hand, pulling him into her. Her breathing had become ragged. The world had ceased to exist, all that mattered now was what was happening between her thighs. She pulled and pulled him into her. She was unaware that his fingers had broken her cherry. She was unaware he was deep inside her, she was only aware of the surges of pleasure sweeping through her over and over again. When Jo had finished, Emma became aware of things calming down, and her own climaxes slowed and finally stopped. She too felt a little sore, but it was a nice sore. It had been worth it. She looked down, and saw a little blood on Doctor Terry's hands and fingers. More was on her thigh. She didn't care. Stacie had handed her the flannel, still pink from her friend's vaginal bleed, and wiped herself. She wondered if she could keep it as a souvenir.

During the night, Terry had been woken a few times. Jo had been restless, and gone to the bathroom a couple of times, but had said she felt OK. Emma had said she didn't want to fuck this time, but asked if she could climb on top of him and for him to rub her with his cock. He had been so kind in trying to make her feel good. She had positioned herself so that his cock was pressed through her vulva, along her perineum and through the crack of her bum. She was so small, it stuck an inch or two above it. He had undulated his cock up and down her recesses, occasionally pulling it right down to spread plenty of pre-cum through her cracks. She felt him push a hand between them, and start to massage her clitty. It was when she felt him push a finger into her anus that she started to cum again. She had never thought about her bottom in that way before.

Her orgasm went on and on, as it had earlier. She just loved the feeling. She knew that none of the girls would ever be able to make her feel this good. She needed and wanted Doctor Terry, and knew the three week wait until her next 'turn' would be torture. At last, she knew Doctor Terry must be enjoying it, because she felt his movements become more insistent and rapid. He pulled his cock down, and pushed it into the entrance to her vagina. He pressed quite hard. Despite telling him she didn't want him to fuck her, she thought he was going to force her. This wasn't his plan though. His cock head was pressed hard to her entry, and suddenly he came. His semen shot deep into her vagina. The seal between them was so tight, not a drop was spilled.

As Emma lay on her back afterwards, she couldn't help herself from running her finger in and out of her cunt, rubbing Doctor Terry's lovely sperm filled semen into her clit, making herself cum again, before she drifted off into a deep satisfied sleep. Her only regret was she wished now she had asked him to fuck her properly.

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## Chapter 10

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The following day, Terry was busy organising their fuel supply. He didn't expect the girls to drive a truck, so got Stacie to drive him to the fuel depot, where he spent some time breaking into the offices, finding the keys and working out the controls to the vehicles. He drove a diesel tanker back home. He smiled as he entered the gates. Someone had found some paint and changed the name on the sign to 'Amazonia'. "I hope they don't adopt all the ancient Amazon customs," smiled Terry, in thought, "especially the ones where they either enslaved or killed their men." He never knew just how close that idea came to being a reality a few days later.

Half an hour later, he returned with the petrol tanker. There was enough fuel to keep them mobile for many months. He then took a third tanker down to the food warehouse, and filled up the tank of the generator, ensuring the food was kept fresh.

At twelve o'clock, they made their routine call to John. There was little news other than Terry had been invited to go over to the naval base, where they had a high powered satellite transmitter. The World Health Organisation wanted to speak to him. It was also intended to be a conference call with the interim governments of several countries that had managed to organise such a thing as a government. They wanted him to come over the following morning.

The afternoon was spent in enjoying a tennis "doubles" competition organised by the supervisors. It was great fun. The rules were that the younger the team, the more they were allowed on their side of the net. So the ten and eleven year olds had two, the eight and nine year olds three and seven year olds four. Everyone agreed this made it an even match.

The winning team was allowed an hour in the sauna with Doctor Terry. It was one of the teams of eight and nine year olds which won, and the three winners were more than a little hot and steamy when they came out of the sauna. No fucking had been permitted, but plenty of other energetic exercise had taken place. Terry, with a mixture of sweat and little girl cum juice pouring down his face, was heard to mutter something about "I'll never stand the pace," as he limped out.

That evening, the two girls allocated to join Terry were Beth and Jenny, both seven years old. Terry remembered them both. Jenny had passed out when she came during her examination, whilst Beth was short and dumpy, and had farted in his face. Terry didn't fuck either of them. His experience of the previous night had worried him about damaging one or more of them. He decided that unless they were big enough, and were determined to do it, he would not encourage it with the seven year olds. He and Stacie played many games with them. What did surprise him, though, was that it was obvious Jenny was experienced at oral sex. She didn't let on that her Daddy had taught her, but then it didn't matter. Both he and the old morality were things of the past. Beth tried not to fart too much. She had always had a problem with flatulence. She had gained the nickname "Beetle", because she gave off more emissions than a Volkswagen.

Anyway, regardless of their history, obesity or odours, these two girls were here for a good time and that's just what they got. Jenny amazed Terry, when after an hour or so of various activities, she quietly took his cock in her hands, and again licked and sucked him. But this time, she bowed her head, and pushed down forward. Without any gagging or choking, she swallowed, and in doing so, took his cock all the way into her throat. For the next ten minutes or so, she gave Terry the most masterful blow job of his life. He had never experienced anything like it. Stacie and Beth both sat there open mouthed with amazement. When he came, Stacie could see the little lump in her throat bobbing up and down, as she swallowed every last drop of the huge orgasm he fired into her.

Beth waited for Terry to settle down, before having her turn. She asked Terry what he could suggest they should try. She wanted to do something none of the other girls had done, so she could talk about it. He asked her if she had ever tried cunnilingus.

"Cunny what?" she asked.

"Cunnilingus," he replied. "It's when a man licks you in your pussy." Her cunt gave a jolt at the very thought. She decided she had to try this. Terry told her to straddle his face, and position herself so she could lower her pussy onto his mouth. Quickly, she was in position. As she settled on him, Terry remembered she had the fattest cunt lips of any young girl he had ever seen. With her obesely fat excess, as she lowered onto him, her cunt enveloped his mouth. He started to lick as far into her as he could, and she started to respond by moving forwards and backwards over his face. It wasn't long before Beth started to feel the tingling feeling deep inside her, approaching fast. It hit her like an express train. Several things then happened all at once. Firstly, she squirted a large amount of little girl cum juice straight into his mouth. She tasted surprisingly sweet. He quite enjoyed it. Secondly, in her uncontrollable orgasm, she pressed herself down onto him to increase the pleasure she was deriving from him. This meant he couldn't breath. Thirdly, with her contractions, she emitted the loudest, longest and smelliest fart of the evening. Both Stacie and Jenny had to move away from the bed and open a window. They were holding their sides they were laughing so much.

In pushing her up and getting his breath back, Terry found he was inhaling copious, noxious gasses. It made his eyes water. He had this cartoon image of being surrounded by green fumes. Not only had this completely and abruptly spoiled her orgasm, Beth was beside herself with embarrassment. Stacie and Jenny were still falling about with laughter. Terry suggested another position.

This time, he positioned Beth astride his cock, which was laying up along his belly. He ensured she was very slick with his pre-cum, and as she sat over him, his shaft settled right into the depths of her fat cleft and arse crack in the classic sausage in a hotdog bun position. His tip was just poking out in front of her clitty.

Beth started an undulating movement forwards and backwards over Terry. She soon realised this was a position she was going to enjoy. She had an image of herself riding a bucking bronco. Certainly she liked the feel of the saddle.

The movements along his slick cock started to increase in pace. Beth knew she would soon cum and this time it would be a big one. Her hands were on his chest, her eyes screwed shut, she was biting her lower lip. When she came, she started to emit an animal growl.

By now, the slickness between them was such, she was sliding over him with almost no resistance. She applied more pressure, his cock now right inside her fat vulva. She must have altered her angle slightly, for on the next backward movement, his cock slid into her vagina. Her cherry was popped in a blink of an eyelid. She froze. His cock was about a third of the way in. It was so tight, it hurt a little. Beth tried rocking slightly, with his cock impaling her. she didn't want it any deeper, but she did like what she felt.

Soon her orgasm returned. She was away again. Her animal growl sounded again. Terry could feel that despite her fat cunt lips, she had the smallest, tightest cunt he had yet penetrated. Certainly he didn't feel he could go deeper. As it was, his cock hurt and he thought the life blood was being squeezed out of it. At the same time, it felt fantastic to him, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he blew his load into her.

When he came, he could feel the pulses of his cock as though it was a creature in bondage trying to escape. He spurted and spurted. The pressure on his cock was such that his orgasm went on and on for what seemed like hours, although most of it was dry heaving.

Beth was loving every second of this. She had expected to cum, she had expected to have Doctor Terry play with her, and she expected to enjoy it, satisfying her new addiction. She hadn't expected a fuck and she hadn't expected to feel this wonderful feeling inside her, as his semen pumped it's way into her. She could feel it flowing deep within her. She clasped her lower belly. It felt warm. She was in heaven, and it was only slightly spoiled when she farted again to her great embarrassment.

In the end, Beth had to lift herself off Terry. His cock made a sucking sound as it came out and was followed by a pool of his cum, tinged with the red of her vaginal bleed, dripping and flowing all over his belly. Seeing

the mess, Stacie went into the bathroom to get a flannel. She licked Beth carefully between her thighs first, before cleaning Terry up with the flannel.

All four cuddled up together, as they drifted off to sleep. They were all sated, they all loved one another. They didn't even wake from their sleep, as a dreadful smell came out from under the covers, as Beth's digestive system had the last word.

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## Chapter 11

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The following morning Terry was up early. He had showered and eaten, before any one else had risen. He sat at one of the tables they used in the dining area and got together his research files and made a few notes on a pad. He was looking forward to going over to the base. Stacie came in, rubbing her eyes. She seemed oblivious she was naked.

"What time is it," she yawned.

"Seven o'clock, sweetheart," he answered, glancing up from his notes. "Will you be able to manage the shop while I'm gone for me?" She gave him a sideways glance.

"Who do you think's been running the show from the start? By the way, have you got time for a quickie before you go? I've got a particular itch I need you to scratch."

"Sorry, darling can't just now, I have to be off. I will make it up to you tonight." He smiled at her, gave her a kiss, squeezed her pert little bum, picked up his case and piece of toast and was moving off.

"Oh, by the way," she called after him, "I don't want you picking up any strange women, so I have left you a little present in the car." He smiled again gave a little wave as he moved off.

Terry walked out of the front doors and over to the car park. He had been using a Toyota Landcruiser. Since arriving here, and found it suited his needs. Climbing in, he immediately noticed what Stacie had in mind. Sitting in the front passenger seat were two young girls. Both with blond hair. One had a round smiling face, the other a thinner taller face. They were both aged perhaps nine. Terry remembered them, as they were in Stacie's sub group. Terry couldn't recall their names immediately though.

"Hello," he said, "what are you doing here? I'm trying to remember your names. Susanne isn't it and Tracy?"

"Suzy," the first corrected him, "Stacie thought you might like some company, Doctor Terry, and we drew the short straw. You're right, my pair here is Tracy". She didn't explain that the competition had been stiff to go along, and a ballot had indeed been held in the end. Neither did she explain the ballot had been rigged and Stacie had allowed the two to win in return for services rendered. Stacie had been quite demanding of and dominant to them for the hour they'd agreed on. Both had had to perform some quite depraved acts on Stacie

Terry set off. He found it peculiar that the satnav was still working, but then it was automatic, and located in space, why wouldn't it work? The journey estimate was 90 minutes.

"Tell me about yourselves," asked Terry "how did you end up in the group?"

Suzy explained that she and Tracy had both lived in a small town a couple of hours from the city. They were the last in their class at school to become ill. Suzy's and Tracy's mothers had died a week or so before, and a teacher at school had taken them in before becoming ill herself. The last thing she had done for the girls was to get them to the hospital, before dying there herself.

They chatted away for twenty minutes telling him about their lives and likes and dislikes, the school politics and the boys in their class. The usual young girl stuff.

Tracy surprised him, when she unexpectedly asked, "Doctor Terry, you know we have to be respectful an' all when we want to do things, well would you mind if I undo your zipper and play with your cock while we drive along?" He had to smile to himself. She might have been asking how long their journey was going to take.

"If that's what you would like to do Tracy," he smiled across at the nine year old, "that's OK. But I'm going to an important meeting, so I don't need you to make a mess on my trousers. Do you know what I mean?" She smiled at him in her butter wouldn't melt way, nodded and leant over to unzip him. She put her hand in and felt around, and carefully drew out his, now expanding, cock. She rubbed her hand up and down him a few times, gauging how firm to grip him. To her he felt so strong and powerful. She could feel his blood pulsing in him, as his erection built.

Tracy, holding Terry's cock like a trophy, looked over her shoulder at her friend and wiggled it towards her. Suzy knew she would get her turn, Tracy and she shared everything in this brave new world. As he felt his cock being waved around, Terry felt the pre-cum seeping from his end.

"Careful Tracy," he warned, "remember what I said about my trousers."

The young girl looked at his cock, and decided there was only one thing for it. She placed her lips over the end, and started to suck the slimy fluid off him. She rolled it around her mouth and decided it tasted alright and swallowed, before going back in to get the rest. Her tongue explored every nook and cranny.

Tracy quickly learned that pulling his foreskin down a little released a bit more of his pre-cum. She had listened very carefully to Jenny, who had related to everyone how she had given her blow job to Terry, and gone on to explain how to do deep throating. Tracy knew she couldn't do that yet, but wanted to try sucking Doctor Terry off. Besides, they weren't on the roster until the end of next week, and that was too long to wait.

Tracy started to take Terry's cock deeper into her mouth. She bobbed up and down a little, trying to remember everything Jenny had explained. Slowly, she allowed him to slip further into her mouth. She was trying not to gag, and when they hit a pot hole in the road and his cock thrust deep into the back of her mouth, she thought she would be sick.

Terry now on a stretch of wide straight road, leaned back and enjoyed the ride with a smile on his face. He reached over, and ran his hand down Tracy's flank. He started to pull the hem of her short dress up, but it was caught on the seat belt. Suzy came to his rescue, unclipping the belt and lifting the hem for him. He ran his hand over the tight muscular globe of the young girl's bottom, not encumbered with any panties. They had planned this he now knew. His fingers ran down into her bum crack. She clenched on him as he touched her anus. He delved further and soon found her vulva was so slick, there was no resistance whatsoever. Her pussy opened to his touch, and in a moment, his finger slid into her vagina. Her unconscious response to the sudden intrusion deep within her made her clamp onto his cock for a moment, but her teeth soon lifted away from his sensitive skin.

His finger went deeper. She had no hymen. Terry was puzzled and glanced across at Suzy.

"We want to enjoy our first time next Friday with you Doctor Terry," she said, "so we thought we would use those new vibrators to help us along. Is that OK?"

Terry thought it bit strange having this conversation while driving a car at the same time as getting a terrific blow job.

"Well, would you pass the word round to the girls," he told Suzy, "that I like taking girls for the first time and that their virginity is very special and shouldn't be thrown away, so if it's all the same, leave it be. After it's gone, they can use the vibrators all they like." At that moment, Tracy started to buck under his hand. She was having problems in not clamping down on him. Her breathing went into a pant and she started to snort. At the same time, her suction on his cock went up another atmosphere. Terry knew he was going to cum any moment.

"Get ready Tracy," he warned, "here it cums." Immediately, the first surge shot out of his cock and hit Tracy's tonsils. She was just able to swallow as the second did the same, and the third. She had to concentrate very hard, not made easy by the intensity of her own climax making her head spin. After a minute or so, things



settled down and Tracy could feel Terry starting to shrink. She had sucked every last drop of cum from him and knew he wouldn't be cross with her for messing him up. She reached behind her, and the ready prepared tissue was placed in her hand, with which she wiped him dry, before zipping him back up again. She then sat up and asked in a matter-of-fact way: "Are we nearly there yet?"

The naval base was extensive, with repair yards, administration, docks, barracks, accommodation and so on. There was no longer the need for a guard on the gate. As Terry pulled up, a young, attractive woman in naval fatigues was waiting for them, saluted, smiled and after checking who they were, climbed in to the back of the car and directed them to the main administration building.

"Hi," she said, "I'm Maggie, are you really THE Doctor Terry Anderson? I've heard so much about you. Thank you for saving my life. I was very ill last week and your cure arrived just in time." She chatted away, not giving the others a chance to reply. "If there is ever anything I can do for you, and I mean anything, just give me a call." She escorted Terry and the girls in through the main entrance and up a wide curved staircase. They entered a huge room with panoramic windows overlooking the docks.

Maggie leaned over and whispered into Tracy's ear "You've got what looks like dried up cum in the corner of your mouth on your lips. Did he taste nice?" Tracy blushed red, licked her lips and wiped them with her sleeve.

She looked up at Maggie, smiled and nodded. Maggie moved away, savouring the idea that a nine year old had just admitted to enjoying sucking off the great Doctor Anderson. She knew she should have been outraged. Her once moralistic and feminist views would have had him arrested. She found the idea now very exciting. She even had a little thrill thinking about the little girl and what she had done.

A few moments later, John entered the room, followed by a couple of senior naval officers, a vice admiral and a captain. Introductions were made, hands shaken. John, who was the communications officer, said the conference call was scheduled for 12 noon, giving them time for coffee, or soft drinks for the girls. It was the first real coffee Terry had drunk in a couple of months. He just realised how much he had missed the taste.

Three screens came to life, as John adjusted some controls. The president of the W.H.O. appeared in one. He was in the head office in Geneva. In the next screen was the Oval Office, showing an empty desk and the third was the unmistakable figure of the UK Prime Minister, his dark suit strangely out of place in today's world. Right on time, the President appeared on screen, and the admiral introduced Terry. Thanks and congratulations were made and smiles all round reassured Terry.

The President started by saying the world owed a debt of gratitude to Terry, which it could never repay. In the nick of time, he had single handedly found a cure to the disease which was otherwise poised to put mankind into extinction. For his part he was delighted to confer the Medal of Honour. In addition, he wanted Terry to know he was henceforth exempt from all taxes and in addition entitled to a modest pension for life of \$1m a year. His present location in the leisure complex had been acquired by the government and was with immediate effect transferred to Terry by a grateful nation. A ribbon with the Medal was hung around Terry's neck by the admiral. A round of applause rang out from the crowd who had quietly entered the back of the room without Terry noticing. While the President had been talking, Terry wasn't sure, but for a fleeting moment he could have sworn he could see the back of a woman's head, behind the desk, moving in the President's lap.

Next, the Prime Minister smiled and announced Terry had immediately been inducted as a knight Commander of the order of the Bath, and would henceforth be entitled Sir Terry. In addition, as his achievement was in science, he was awarded the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. The Queen had invited him to attend his induction when travel was possible at some point in the future. A pension of £500K per year was also granted.

Finally, the president of the W.H.O. spoke and informed Terry he had been granted the unique privilege of being awarded both the 'Sasakawa' and 'Kuwait' prizes. These probably meant more to Terry than the other awards, as they were conferred by fellow scientists. In addition, he explained that he had heard from Norway and the Nobel Committee were almost certainly going to make a unique exception by awarding him a double prize of the 'Peace' as well as the 'Physiology or medicine' prizes. He was to be in no doubt the magnitude of his achievement. Simply put, he had saved mankind. Cities, towns and schools would be named after him.

Further applause and cheers from behind. Terry turned, to see all the girls from "Amazonia" standing at the back of the room grinning away. They had left a few minutes after him, at a request from John to attend as a surprise.

A very informal lunch was enjoyed by everyone, during which John came over and had a chat with Terry. He explained that during their patrols around the district, they had accumulated a number of other young girls, who although now fit and well, were not at all happy living in this adult, military environment. John asked if Terry's organisation could take care of them. It was no place for children, given some of the adult activities now going on openly here. There were about twenty five in all. Terry glanced at Stacie, who was now standing beside him, gripping his arm in a glow of pride. She gave an acquiescing nod. He could see she didn't think it a terrific idea.

The return journey was a riot. They drove in convoy. Somehow, flags had been fixed to the car. This time, Tracy offered to drive, while Suzy kept the newly knighted "Sir" Terry 'company' in the back. She decided that next week was far too long to wait for 'her turn', so she was going to take advantage of having him to herself for over an hour.

Quickly, she shed her clothes and started to unbutton Terry's shirt, followed by his trousers. Having got him naked, she leaped on him and straddled him. There wasn't a lot of room in the back of the car, but enough for what she had in mind. As she had popped her cherry a few days ago, she didn't need to waste any time on being "broken in".

Suzy was now becoming frantic with her sexual tension built up over the past few hours of anticipation. She wanted her pound of flesh. Reaching between her thighs, she found her pound of flesh in the form of Terry's, now rampant, cock. She lined it up against her cunt and dropped her full weight onto him getting immediate full penetration. It took her breath away. It had hurt more than she expected, but she was already feeling the tingling deep inside her, demanding release. The practice with the vibrator over the past few days had helped her passage to accept this rough treatment. She eased up and dropped down, and up again. She used her hands on Terry's chest to push herself up. Suzy knew she was going to cum in a matter of seconds. Over the past days, she had changed from a typical, shy nine year old girl you see anywhere, to someone she barely recognised. She thought about sex all the time. She wanted it constantly. Tracy had helped her a lot. Without her giving regular attention to her pair, Suzy would have found things very hard to stand. But now, Suzy had the great Doctor Terry inside her. Her orgasm hit her unexpectedly like an express train. Her mind went blank, she saw stars. All she could feel was the most wonderful sensation from her belly button down to her knees. It washed over her like a pleasure waterfall. It felt better than anything she had ever experienced in her life before.

Unbeknown to Suzy, they were on the middle lane of a three lane highway, and the other cars in the convoy came along each side of Terry's car. They all saw Suzy's naked body bouncing up and down on Terry and her screwed up facial expression indicating she was having the ride of her life. They all sounded the car horns. Suzy never heard a thing. Her orgasm had gone up a level and she was only aware of the overwhelming sensations coursing through her immature body. Her breathing was ragged. Her pulse over 150. She suddenly felt Terry cumming inside her. She could feel the warm wetness of him shooting deep within her. She clasped a hand to her belly. She could feel him pulsing against her palm. Her orgasm now reached such a height, nothing else registered in her mind, just the amazing feelings which felt so wonderful. Everything in her body tingled, like she was electrically charged. Slowly she was aware that things were calming down. She was still cumming, but not with the intensity of before. She opened her eyes, brushed her long blond hair out of her face and looked down at Doctor Terry, who had been quite concerned for her, and was looking up at her with a lovely smile on his face.

"Welcome back to Planet Earth, Suzy," he said, "did you have a nice trip?"

She smiled back at him. "Oh yes, Doctor Terry that was the most wonderful feeling. It was better than I had ever thought possible. Are we nearly back yet?"

"No, darling, we'll be another half an hour yet."

"Well in that case, I had better make best use of the time I have left." At which point, Suzy started her undulating motions again on Terry's still very hard cock. Stacie's price for allowing Tracy and Suzy to go in the car with Terry had been high. She now wanted her reward.

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## Chapter 12

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They got back to Amazonia early in the afternoon. After a quick drink and snack, the girls went about their daily tasks, including exercise classes, swimming, tennis and so on. Terry was working on a schedule of education classes. He felt that to neglect the girls' schooling would in the long term be irresponsible, although he also knew it wouldn't be popular. He and Stacie were working on a timetable, when Alison came into the room.

"Oh sorry, I didn't know you were in here I was looking for something. Have either of you seen my hand cream? No? Oh well, I will go and look in my bedroom then." Alison closed the door behind her.

Terry and Stacie carried on working on the timetable. After about five minutes they had more or less completed it. Terry asked Stacie what she was going to be doing that afternoon. Not wanting to let on she was organising the concert, she said she had some things to do in the store room behind the stage.

Responding to Alison's emergency code words, Terry hurried up to the top floor and went to the end of the corridor, knocked on the door and entered. Alison was waiting for him.

"I am glad you have come, Doctor Terry," she started, "something important has happened, which you need to know about."

"What's that Alison?" he replied.

"Well," she hesitated, not quite sure how to phrase this, "you know we picked up all those extra girls at the Navy Yard this morning? Well, on the way back, there were a lot of questions from the new girls on how this place runs. When we got back here, Sandy said she would re-write the lists for chores and also who was with you each night. Well some of the girls realised that if the list was re-written, then they wouldn't get to be with you every three weeks, but every four or probably five. They said it wasn't fair. Three weeks was already too long, they said, and they were going to do something about it. Doctor Terry, they were really angry and I think they will make trouble."

"Thank you for telling me this, Alison, this is really important. I need to nip this in the bud. How many of the girls are involved?" Alison looked a little uncomfortable. "You can tell me, darling, no one will know who told me that's a promise and that's why I needed you to do this job for me. I promised I would reward you, and I keep my promises."

Alison licked her lips. "Well," she continued, "it is more or less all the new girls, and about half the others, except the supervisors. They still get to see you every weekend. What are you going to do Doctor Terry? Can I help in any way?"

Terry thought for a moment. "No darling, we need to keep your part in this an absolute secret. You must do nothing. I will think about this, but I need to do so quickly. The driving force of the serum combined with the virus is stronger than I thought and it seems to be getting stronger. If I don't do something very soon, our discipline here could end and that might mean our whole group could break up. That could be very dangerous especially for some of the youngest girls."

Alison, realising there was no more to be said, sat on the edge of her large bed. "Doctor Terry, could I have my reward now, please?" she looked at him as though she was just asking for an ice cream.

"Of course, sweetheart, what would you like me to do? Rub you with my fingers or my tongue, you know, make you feel nice like you felt in the pool that day?"

She looked embarrassed, and shuffled a little, but plucked up the courage to say, "If it's all the same to you Doctor Terry, I would like you to fuck me. I know it's not my night with you yet and I am still a virgin, but I feel I need it so badly, would you mind?"

Terry smiled to himself. He couldn't believe this nearly eight year old virgin was asking if he minded fucking her; as if it was a chore she was asking him to perform. A couple of months ago she would have had him arrested for even suggesting such a thing, and now it was her asking him if he minded doing it. He nodded. She beamed a smile from ear to ear, and shuffled back onto the middle of the bed. Although her hymen had broken in the pool, this would be her first time and so he would need to take this carefully. She lay on her back, and speedily unbuttoned her blouse, unzipped and pushed down her skirt taking her panties at the same time with her thumbs, leaving just her shoes and socks on. She spread her legs apart in invitation to him, her tiny pussy almost winking at him. Terry smiled again and moved over to undo her shoe straps and pull them and her socks off. He glanced up at the trusting face peering down over her naked body. He couldn't resist reaching up and giving her mound and slit some gentle attention. He noticed her clitoral hood emerge like a miniature erection, which in a way it was. He noticed a trickle of liquid was running from her pussy lips. It had a look like diluted cream. She was very, very turned on. Terry realised this problem with the girls wasn't going to go away. He needed to deal with it immediately. Alison was looking into Terry's eyes. Their faces just inches apart now. His fingers were massaging her vulva, and in particular her clitty, which had now also poked out. She was rocking to his ministrations.

"That would work," Alison said, "that might make the girls settle down."

Terry blinked not sure what she had meant. Did she mean doing what he was now to them all? That wouldn't work. Before he could say anything, Alison spoke again.

"No silly, have a morning and afternoon sex clinic. That way lots more girls get to see you and they wouldn't have to wait so long. What do you think?"

Terry couldn't believe it. This girl had read his mind, or very nearly. He had realised she had a sensitive awareness of people's feelings. But not mind reading.

"No, I can't read minds," she said, "well, not as such, but if a person is relaxed and I can look them in the eye, I can understand the general thoughts they are having and yes please, I would like you to fuck me with me underneath, nice and gently, it being my first time."

Terry smiled again, that thought had just crossed his mind. He had been removing his clothes, and now rolled over the young girl, resting his weight on his knees and forearms. His cock had a mind of it's own these days, and acted like a guided muscle, finding it's target unerringly. It definitely had a new, seemingly insatiable, taste for very young cunt. Terry knew he was becoming addicted to a limitless supply of incredibly tight pussy.

He pressed gently, applying increasing pressure. Alison grimaced slightly, but nodded him on when he paused and looked enquiringly at her. The head of his cock suddenly seemed to slip through Alison's slick entry without any difficulty. It was as if her body had decided to invite him in and opened the door. He felt her incredibly tight passage clamping down on him, and was wondering how to do this as she said, "Don't worry, just push, but gently."

Terry pressed his hips towards her, and felt his cock penetrate her passage ever so slowly, all the way in. He could feel every ripple in her vagina, as her passageway peeled slowly apart. It was exquisite. He pulled out slightly, and pushed back in to full depth. As he reached bottom, his cock felt it was home, like a perfect fitting shoe does on a foot. Her vagina, although incredibly tight on him, was the best he had ever fucked. He already knew she would always be one of his favourites and fucking her would always be one of his greatest joys.

"I'm glad you like fucking me, Doctor Terry, and I will always love you too," she muttered.

Alison had been hoping and praying for this moment ever since she had met Terry the other day in the pool. She worshiped the ground he walked on and because of her special role, she needed to pretend she was just another of the girls. She felt his wonderful cock sliding in and out of her. The feelings inside her were building up. The climax, when it came, even caught her by surprise, it was so intense. Her breathing became

ragged, she started to snort through her nose, although she was unaware of it. She felt suddenly very hot and clammy, but that cock in her was just so wonderful to feel sliding in and out, pulsing, throbbing, giving her everything she wanted: these fantastic feelings throughout her little body.

All too soon, it came to an end, but not before Alison felt a contentment deep within her she hadn't felt before in her whole life, and certainly not since her family had died. She loved Terry so much. He loved her too, she knew. The sad thing though was, he didn't know it just yet. She knew that time would come though. She knew he had loved fucking her. It gave her a glow of pride inside.

Terry dressed and left Alison sleeping in her bed. She had fallen asleep almost as soon as she stopped cuming. Certainly well before he had withdrawn from her. Her orgasm had lasted many minutes, before she suddenly drifted quickly into an exhausted sleep. In fact she was already asleep when he unloaded his orgasm into her. He really enjoyed fucking her. She was extremely tight but yielding, giving pleasure as well as taking. Yes this one was going to be on his favourites list. He was going to have to make excuses to visit her privately regularly from now on.

It wasn't just the fact that he liked her or that she knew exactly what he was thinking; or even that she was bright and smart and had warned him about something important. But she was a fantastic fuck. She was so tiny and yet she had wanted and insinuated him into her. Each time he had slid into her, she had been pushed up the bed and then as he came out, his tightly impaled cock dragged her back again, her vulva almost turning inside out, as it clung onto his cock. To him, this was little girl sex as good as it got. He hated to admit it, but she was the best fuck he had ever enjoyed, and that included Stacie, and his old girlfriends over the years. Unbeknown to to him, Allison already knew all this. It was why she felt the way she did.

No he realised quite apart from her personality, which he adored, there was something about her pussy. It simply felt tighter and more sensuous on his cock than any of the others. He already knew he was going to want her every couple of days or so. He didn't know how he would manage it without anyone knowing, but somehow he would.

Returning his thoughts to the new problem at hand. He had noticed all the girls' libidos had been increasing steadily over the past few days, hence this new crisis. What he was now becoming aware of was his own capacity to meet that demand had not only increased, but exceeded it to the point he realised he needed more girls to fuck. He had just had the best fuck of his life and yet here he was already looking forward to the next. This new driving force in him was something he would keep to himself.

He made his way downstairs. No one had seen him leave the room. Good. He enquired after Sandy, and found her in the manager's office, working at a desk.

"What are you up to Sandy," he asked innocently, "anything special?"

She looked up, her elbow on the desk, her head supported on her hand.

"I am struggling to work out a new roster with the new girls. There are so many more to include. I just don't know how it can be done. Any ideas?" She glanced up at Terry a look of hope on her face. He had worked miracles up to now, but she saw no way out of this mess.

"Well," said Terry, "I have been thinking myself that the new arrivals would cause some, shall we call it, administrative challenges. Anyway, I have had an idea. What we will do, is have a sex clinic." He smiled at her quizzical look. "Every day, unless there is a special event on, I will see a pair of girls on the list an hour before lunch, and the next pair following lunch. That way I can, shall we say, 'look after' four more girls a day than before. Two dozen extra every week. By my reckoning, every girl will have a turn once a fortnight now, rather than once every three weeks, which was the case on the old list and would have been nearer five weeks with the new intake.. If you are careful with the list, you can ensure their turns alternate between the daytime sex clinic and a full night in bed."

Sandy's face had long since lit up. She was beside herself with relief.

"Are you sure you can manage it, Doctor Terry? I mean four more times a day, six times in all. Oh, seven including Stacie." She looked concerned at Terry.

"I have given it a little thought," he mused, "you leave that little worry to me. Oh and one other thought." She looked up at him enquiringly. "I would like you to leave a couple of places spare a week, say on Friday."

"What's that for Doctor Terry?" she asked intrigued.

"Well, I am going to start school classes soon. If girls don't work hard, I will use the cane on their bare little backsides. But if they work hard, I will reward their efforts. The top two girls can each have a Friday slot and the bottom two the cane on their bare bums. What do you think?" She was stunned at the simple logic, and said she thought school might be more appealing than everyone had previously thought.

Doctor Terry's brilliant idea of the daytime sex clinics had saved her, and everyone's, bacon. He didn't know how close they had all been to some very unpleasant scenes. She knew there was to be a confrontation that evening and that wouldn't have been good. She knew sides had been drawn, and gangs were a distinct possibility. There had even been talk by a small number of newcomers, of holding Doctor Terry captive and using him just for the pleasure of the privileged few. Terry had somehow saved them yet again. How had he known? Surely not just instinct. She kept her thoughts to herself.

She thought about the return to school. Well, the Friday incentive might make them see it differently. She had doubts about the use of the cane though. She already knew several girls who would probably flunk their work in order to allow Doctor Terry to beat them on their bare bottoms with a cane. In fact, the thought even fluttered through her own mind!

Sandy needed to pass the word though on the Sex Clinics as quickly as possible, so as Doctor Terry exited the door and turned left, she was fast on his heels, turning right to calm the storm before it broke. She knew the other supervisors would be mightily relieved. But damn, how did he know?

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## Chapter 13

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Early in the evening, Terry became aware of an excitement in the air. He wasn't sure why, but he could feel the anticipation building. He was sensible enough not to ask questions. So when he was invited into the theatre he went along without asking questions. The theatre was really part of the main lounge, but at one end, there was a stage, so the open space could be used for seating.

There was to be a show, it was explained to him. Songs, dancing, comedy sketches; a little of everything. And he was to be guest of honour. Seats had been set out in the main area, but all the girls were going to be on stage for at least part of the show, so there would be comings and goings where the audience became the performers. Terry was placed on a very comfortable chair in the centre of the front row. Two seats were on each side of him. Other than these, the other seating was in uniform rows behind him. They were filled with smiling faces, all looking at him with glowing expressions.

Word about the sex clinics had spread like wildfire and had doused the ugly atmosphere, replacing it with one that was relaxed, be it highly sexually charged. The crisis was over almost before it had begun.

The music, played using a karaoke machine through a large amplifier, was a piece from a musical Terry had once seen, the curtains opened and on to the stage entered two of the new girls. Terry wasn't sure of their names. They were introduced in the programme, though, as Vicky and Vari. They wore singlets of sparkling red material. Terry wondered where they had found the costumes. The intro was quite long while they did a little dance act. Their voices, when the singing started were lovely. These two had obviously been trained and their harmonisation of the piece was delightful. The end was greeted with a huge round of applause. They performed another couple of songs equally well received and they exited.

Next, the seven and eight year olds came on and performed a little dance routine. What it lacked in coordination, it made up for with the simple charm that these little ones displayed and their enthusiasm to please their Doctor Terry.

Following this a couple of girls performed some gymnastic routines. This was not unusual, except they wore nothing but some very sheer panties. Terry's cock started to stir. Next the nine and ten year olds entered in a long line, they performed several dances, but the finale was a tiller girl dance. Terry was impressed how

high they could kick their legs. They were coordinated and in time to the music. The thing which was thrilling him most, though was they had no underwear on. Their pussies appeared and disappeared in perfect time. As they swung their legs up and out, their pussies all opened then closed in a choreographed movement.

In between there were a couple of comedy stand ups and some slap stick fooling around in clown costumes. Terry noticed a couple of hours had passed which had seemed as many minutes. The grand finale came. All the girls disappeared from the auditorium and went back stage, Terry was handed his favourite drink, a large Scotch with ginger together with some nibbles to eat and told the act would start in a few minutes.

After a couple of minutes, Janet and Sophie, the nine year olds that Terry and Stacie had taken care of when John and Lisa had handed them over in the park the first time they met entered, together with seven year old Jenny. They all wore towelling robes from the swimming pool. Janet sat on one side of Terry and Sophie the other. They positioned their chairs so they faced towards him at 45 degrees. There was a gap between them so Terry had an uninterrupted view of the stage. In this gap squatted young Jenny on the floor.

A drum roll, music and lights came up, the curtains parted and in a moment, Terry could see every girl, other than the three with him were on stage. The dance started as a three steps left and three steps right, forward back, kick routine with a song they all knew. It was one which could be continued with choruses as long as needed.

Suddenly, Terry noticed the dance was turning into a really cleverly coordinated striptease. As they moved left garments flew left, as they moved right the same. Finally the girls were all stark naked, but the dance continued. Terry had never seen anything so sexy in his life. This was not sordid, it wasn't smutty. It was tasteful, good natured and fun. Everyone had broad smiles on their faces. They were really enjoying themselves.

Suddenly, the music changed, and the mass formation broke up into 5 smaller groups of about 10. Each group started it's own routine, so now there were 5 choreographed dances on stage to the same music simultaneously. Quickly they all moved into routines to provide Terry with the most salacious views possible. Where ever he looked, there were open legs, girls bending over showing as much as they could. As one girl straightened up, another bent over, or backwards, or lifted a leg into the air. This was sensational. Terry was nearly cuming in his pants.

He hadn't noticed before that Janet, Sophie and Jenny had now slipped off their towelling robes. Jenny turned round and started to unbuckle Terry's belt and trouser fasteners. He lifted up to allow her to slide them and his boxers off. As he settled down again, he felt his hands being taken by Janet and Sophie, who had moved their seats as close to his as they could, flanking him on either side, little Jenny still between them. Each of his hands was pressed in between the open legs of one of the girls. Instantly he felt the wetness there and on the seat cushions. His cock now rock hard was waving in the air.

On stage the dance had become one large group all in step again. One moment they danced left, then right, lifted a leg or turned and bent to hold their ankles. The choreography was brilliant. This had been well rehearsed. He couldn't think when though.

Janet and Sophie were now seated on their chairs facing him, legs apart, sliding back and forth over each of Terry's up turned palms. His fingers finding their cavities warm, wet and inviting. He had two fingers inside each girl and as they moved back and forth, he felt deeper and deeper into them. This was just so, so sexy. Feeling movement, he looked down just as Jenny slipped her mouth over his cock. Her deep throat the other day was still fresh in his mind, as his cock, in one movement, went straight down her tight throat until her nose was up against his pubic bone, he realised this was going to be just as special.

Back on stage, the lascivious dancing went on and on. Now, they were all standing with their backs to him in a line. Alternate girls bent down, their hands pulling their pussies and arse holes open for his viewing. They held the position for a couple of seconds and then straightened up. At the same moment, their neighbours bent in the same position, giving a continual movement of opening and closing pussy.

Terry knew he wouldn't be long now. Jenny's sucking increased, her swallowing motions ran ripples along his cock and soon the old familiar sensations started to run through him. He gave Jenny a couple of second's warning.

“Cumming now Jenny,” he croaked, “any second.”

As the first spurt shot down her throat, she raised a hand. It was a signal. The entire cast instantly lay on their backs, legs high in the air, feet as wide apart as possible, hands under their thighs, holding their cunts as wide open as they could. Terry noticed some vaginas were opening and closing like fish mouths. It suddenly dawned on him they too were enjoying cumming on stage!

A funny thought suddenly flashed through his mind as his orgasm continued. Wasn't it Noël Coward who penned the song “Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington. He had a point, look what they might get up to! Terry's orgasm went on and on. Jenny swallowed and swallowed. Her throat muscles massaging his cock in an exquisite way. Her cheeks moved in and out as her sucking pulled every last drop he could deliver from his cock end. Glancing up, he could see all 50 girls, lying open legged on their backs, still holding themselves open for his benefit and pleasure. They were staring out at him from between their naked legs. Finally, he stopped throbbing and the tension went from him. Jenny's hand went up again, and the cast, as one all stood up, faced him, and bowed. Terry had to pull his fingers from the two, now desperately orgasming, girls in order to applaud the magical performance. So it didn't sound silly, everyone started clapping and cheering.

Terry saw movement over his shoulder out of the corner of his eye. At the back of the hall was Lisa bent over a chair, her long navy uniform skirt thrown up over her back. John, still in full dress uniform, medals and all, was standing behind her in the final throws of pumping his sperm filled semen deep into her. His pants round his ankles. They too were clapping and cheering madly. Stacie must have invited them over when they were at the base. Terry was glad they were clearly enjoying their first visit to Amazonia.

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## Chapter 14

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The following morning Terry noticed there seemed to be a few sore heads and sleepy faces. The night before had been a spectacular success. After the show had ended, the cast seemed to just melt into the stage spread out like a living carpet of young naked flesh. Terry had seen nothing like it. Hands, tongues, toes, pussies, bottoms and limbs all seemed to be rubbing against each other under the glare of the stage lighting. Moans, grunts and sighs were continuous. It was like pictures he had seen of a Roman Bacchic orgy, without the wine.

Jenny had scampered away to join the fun with her pair, Beth, on stage. Janet and Sophie, still seated facing Terry, though, looked, grinned and nodded to each other. They weren't on the roster for a while, but they realised if they played their cards right, they just might get a bonus fuck. They had taken one of Terry's hands each, still sticky with their own pussy juices, and tugged him towards one of the side doors, and up to his suite.

There they settled Terry onto his bed and asked him to lie down on his back. Being already “dressed for the part”, they didn't need to strip and just climbed onto him. Sophie sat astride Terry's chest looking into his eyes, with Janet riding pillion over his hips. Almost immediately, they started a synchronised undulating motion. It seemed to Terry as if they were on a fairground ride moving up and down, forward and back together.

Terry was aware that Janet had got hold of his cock, now tumescent, and was, as far as he could tell, rubbing her pussy with it. With Sophie sitting astride his chest, he couldn't see. He knew these two were both virgins. He wanted all of his girls to have a wonderful first time, but it seemed to him this one was out of his hands.

“Ah fuck it”, he thought, “they know exactly what they want, and it's what I want too”. There was plenty of lubrication back there. He felt some downward pressure, as she lowered herself onto his shaft. She started to gently rock back and forth on him, slowly increasing the pressure. He felt her vulva bulge out, her labia spread apart as his cock head found her entry. The pressure and undulations increased. Finally, he felt a moist, tight grip start to move over his cock, as her tiny vagina entrance dilated, parted and popped over his



flared end. She was very tight. Just the way he liked it these days. Janet seemed frozen in that position. Perhaps she was allowing herself to adjust to the huge intrusion into her nine year old body.

Meantime, Sophie had shuffled forward. She had lifted her knees over Terry's shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides, and settled her wet clitoris onto his lips. Terry knew exactly what she expected his tongue to do. He didn't waste a moment. Her fluids were running freely and Terry found her taste quite intoxicating. She was sweet, tart, salty, slimy and warm all in one heady mixture. Definitely little girl flavour. He knew he would never taste a grown woman in preference again. Sophie recommenced her rocking motions. Terry could see her large mons seemed to settle over his mouth. His chin was firmly between her buttocks, while his nose entered her cleft, as she moved forward. Then as she moved back, his stubbled chin rasped through her labia, her clitty dragging along his tongue.

Janet had started to move again and Terry became aware of his cock starting to enter her. He felt her hymen pressing on his end. She tested the feel of it against him. Suddenly, she gave a sharp gasp, it gave way and the walls of her passage reluctantly parted, as she slowly slid down his length. Her movement stopped for a moment, she lifted a fraction, gaining more lubrication, before continuing her downward journey. Down she moved. Terry knew he would hit her cervix any moment, but it didn't happen. Before he knew it, he could feel her bottom pressing on his balls and her pubic bone pressing against his. He was fully six and a half inches inside a nine year old.

Sophie by now was approaching her climax as her forward and backward movements increased to a blinding pace. She was leaning forward, holding the head of the bed. Her big mound pressed hard down onto Terry's nose, making breathing difficult. His mouth was wide open, his tongue well into her cavity. Her movements abruptly stopped. She paused, and Terry could feel her spasm. Then the unexpected happened, she squirted directly into his mouth, but immediately, it was followed by a small flow of urine. Terry had never experienced it before, but it aroused him no end. He knew he would blast his load any moment.

Janet by now was climaxing on Terry's cock, her movements up and down taking his full length in each cycle. Swallowing the tart fluid, Terry took a gasp of air, and erupted deep into Janet's open uterus. His orgasm was like an explosion. The two nine year olds were pounding away on top of him like the gymnasts they were, enjoying every moment of their first time with Terry. Their sweat and his mingling with the other body fluids soaking the bed sheets.

Later, the two girls had swapped positions. The only difference this time was that the girls faced each other. Terry had thought they might like a change of position, but they clearly knew what they wanted from this night. Terry realised they had sneaked in an "extra fuck". He had seen the roster, and knew they were scheduled with him in a couple of days time. Because of the concert, no one was listed tonight.

Sophie had found a lot of difficulty in getting Terry's cock into her. Janet had helped as much as she could, leaning down to guide him in. Her anus had pressed hard onto Terry's nose, her buttocks nestled to his cheeks and the lips of her labia enveloped his mouth. He couldn't breath! He struggled to lift her, gasping for air. They all laughed.

Finally, after about ten minutes of wriggling, Sophie had dilated enough to slip over his cock head. It wasn't lack of lubrication, there was plenty of that. She was just small and very, very tight. To him, she felt like one of the seven year olds. In the end though, he felt the familiar sensation as she slipped down over him, the pause as she nudged her cherry against him, some gentle rocking before pushing down, her grunt as her hymen parted, allowing him to penetrate deep into her. Her orgasm hit almost immediately. Her clit dipped, as it was drawn in hard against his cock as she pressed down. Terry could feel her spasms clamping hard onto his cock as her ripples of pleasure coursed through her body. She was so tight, when he came, it hurt him. It seemed his semen had no where to go. After about the third pulse though, it was as if the dam burst, and he felt his ejaculation pulse deep into the nine year old. The relief was immediate.

No, as Terry stirred his coffee, he thought that the evening had been a stunning success. John and Lisa had stopped over, and set off early. They had to travel to another city a couple of hundred miles away, to visit a community of survivors who had made contact the day before. John had said that there were about a hundred people in all there, and he needed to go over and assess their situation. Terry had noticed John coming out of Nicky and Sam's room as he came down for breakfast. He had no doubt that John had been

well looked after by the two supervisors. Terry had been a little worried about what John may think of the blatant underage sex going on in Amazonia. He now knew there were no such worries on that score.

Lisa too had enjoyed her stay, or so he found out later. Stacie had spoken at length with her after the party. They had had an animated conversation, with both of them pointing to various girls around the theatre. Eventually, Stacie nodded and went over and spoke to a couple of eight year olds called Liz and Elsie. Stacie walked back to Lisa hand in hand with the youngsters, before the four of them had left together for the little girls' room.

Certainly it was only in the morning had Terry realised Stacie hadn't joined him in bed. He hadn't worried though, he had plenty to keep him occupied, as he now realised she had too.

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## Epilogue

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Over the next few days, a number of changes took place.

The sex clinics started. It seemed a strange name really, because all they amounted to was unadulterated fucking. The girls certainly seemed to need it desperately. Terry noticed that the sex drive in nearly all the girls, regardless of whether they were six or eleven, was increasing constantly, so he thought perhaps "clinic" was the right word, as it seemed to be good for their health. They might all be pre-teens, but their needs were most certainly adult. Terry's stamina somehow kept pace. Sex, six or seven times a day didn't cause the problems he had worried about. Sandy had managed to arrange the rota such that the virgins were given priority in sleeping with Terry at night. That way, it ensured their first time was special. The midday sessions were a different story. The pairs arrived in his room, each expected, demanded almost, and got right royal shagging. There was no passion about it.

Another change happened when Stacie had told Terry that she would prefer to sleep in her own room. He quickly realised that it wasn't that she had gone off him, or even lost interest in her daily fuck, but more to do with her new found obsession with very young girls. They came to a little arrangement, whereby she found time with Terry early in the day, but was able to experiment and develop her new found passion. In return, Terry was allowed to choose who the first in his bed would be each night before the nightly pair arrived. He used it as a sort of reward for work or favours well done. Suddenly all the girls were constantly trying to please him.

Terry found ways and means to give himself a little recreation. Alison began to take a bigger role in his life. He had become very fond of the seven year old. There was no question about it, she was by far and away the most satisfying fuck in the whole building. Terry couldn't believe how much he enjoyed the feel of her incredibly tight vagina as he penetrated her. He liked her personality, spirit and humour too. It was as though they were soul mates, and he just loved it with her. They had got into a routine whereby Terry would walk past her, look her in the eye and just by thinking where and when they could meet, she understood. They managed it most days. The other little bit of recreation he enjoyed on a regular basis, was the "Terrible Twins" as he now called them. He found their double act most addictive, and he found time to ream them as often as possible.

The other major change that took place was a few days after the concert. John and Lisa turned up on their way back to the base. Only this time, they were travelling in a bus. Inside with them were a large group of about forty children. They were all girls, of a similar age to the existing group, six to eleven year olds. When Terry greeted John, he noticed he had a tired look in his eyes.

"You wouldn't believe what I've been through in the past couple of days, Terry," said John, rolling his eyes. "I am glad I can leave them with you."

Lisa was giggling behind him. It was obvious she had found John's discomfiture really amusing.

"You have to be kidding, John," replied Terry, "I've got enough on my plate already, without taking on that lot." Terry had a funny sort of haunted expression on his face.

“Look on the bright side, Terry”, said Lisa, “we have found a large group of about a hundred survivors up in the hills west of here. They lived in an isolated community and escaped the plague. There are men, women and children of all ages in the group. They said they would like to come down here and join you and help you run this place, if that’s OK with you. The only thing is, they won’t be able to get down here for about three weeks. Do you think you can manage until then?” She burst into more giggles, the tears running down her face. She pushed passed Terry, chatted to Stacie for a moment before they moved towards the stairs leading to the bedrooms. A few minutes later, Terry noticed Liz and Elsie casually going up too. He hadn’t had a session with them yet. Stacie and Lisa must have found them very enticing to be inviting them up for a second time.

Still Terry had work to do. There were forty odd new medical inspections to be done. “No time like the present”, he thought.

He looked around for John, who was sitting at one of the tables sipping a cup of coffee.

“Do you have any plans for this afternoon John?” he enquired.

“Yes Terry, get some sleep”.

“That will be the day,” smiled Terry, “I can’t imagine the girls of Amazonia allowing a man to sleep my friend, you’ve got work to do”.

His laughter could be heard around the building, as he moved off to organise the newcomers for their medicals.

The End

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