TITLE: Nine Times Two

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WARNING: This story contains explicit sex scenes with a minor. If this is likely to offend you, please close this file of click BACK on your browser now.

SYNOPSIS: Pete is the gardener at the Vandenberg's family estate. It's a large space for such a small family; just Mr and Mrs and the young twins, Lucy and Amber. Pete's one guilty pleasure is pre-teen erotica; he loves to read stories of the sexual awakenings of young girls with bodies just beginning to go through the changes of puberty. The bottom garden is a perfect place to wile away an idle hour reading and masturbating; it's very private and very tranquil.

But the twins know about Pete. They know where he goes and they know what he does. They don't mind; they like to watch ... and it feels nice to touch themselves while they watch. When Pete catches them, he knows what he ought to do, but then he sees how aroused they are and he just has to find out how far their curiosity will take them.

DISCLAIMER: The characters and events depicted in this work are fictional; and resemblance to actual people or events is entirely coincidental.

AUTHOR’S NOTE: This is a work of fantasy. Although many men may think and act like the character Pete, young girls do not think and act like Lucy (or Amber). Her highly biddable and sexual nature is a fantasy that does not exist; in fact, it would be dangerous to believe that it does. If you enjoy this type of fantasy, I encourage you to ready the story; it is very erotic, very graphic in its detail, and very enjoyable. If you have trouble distinguishing between the fantasy of Lucy and the reality of real girls then you need help; I recommend discussing the problem with a medical practitioner.

# Nine Times Two

by Fygero

*“Sophie could feel the tip of Brad’s cock touch her soaking entrance; her soft folds opened to embrace the tip of his shaft, coating it with her lubrication as she waited breathlessly for him to push inside and steal her virginity.”*

This was shaping up to be the best erotica Pete had ever read. It had been a long, slow burn up to this point and his balls were aching for release; 12-year-old Sophie, so young and sweet and innocent; her lithe ballerina’s body beginning to show the onset of puberty as the straight lines and angles of her little girl’s body softened into curves and the first signs of breasts began to swell beneath the soft pink points of her nipples.

Pete could relate to the Brad character too; a 21-year-old – about his age – who collected his baby sister Rebecca from ballet every night and found himself arriving earlier and earlier to watch Sophie dance; his cock swelling thickly in his jeans as he watched her move and studied the soft curves of her pussy and the tiny puffs of her breasts encased in the tight leotard.

At first, Pete was horrified to discover that Young Teen and Pre-Teen erotica was even a valid literary genre. The thought of mature men stalking and grooming young girls and then exploiting their fear of adult authority as they stroked or fucked their tiny pussies was frightening. But then he discovered something that rang true for him; as these young girls matured and their bodies flooded with hormones, some – not all, but some – were curious about their sexuality and wanted to discover what latent pleasures were hidden in their tiny forms. This story was like that; Brad didn’t set out to seduce Sophie, but when she sought him out, he couldn’t deny her; he was helplessly horny from imagining how her hairless pussy lips would feel under his tongue, and how her tight, virgin entrance would yield the first time he slid his thick cock into its silky depths.

Pete checked the progress on his eReader; 85%, so this was going to be the final scene, virgin Sophie, bent over the barre in the ballet studio and wearing nothing but a white tutu and a pair of six inch spike heels to bring her tiny pussy high enough for six foot Brad, standing behind her with his hands on the burgeoning curve of her hips and eight inches of thick cock poised at her glistening opening.

Probably another ten minutes or so of the story; he could cum right now; it was certainly tempting with the mental image of little Sophie up on those giant heels, crying out as Brad’s cock broke her hymen and drove into her tight, silky hole. But this story had held nothing back so far; Brad wasn’t wearing a condom (really, who does in erotica?) and he knew that Sophie was going to get a gigantic load of thick, hot cum delivered deep inside her virgin slit; it was this inevitable moment to which Pete wanted to synchronize his own orgasm.

He had been out here reading and masturbating in the bottom garden for over an hour; he was so hard and so worked up that he knew – if he did it right – he could stoke a double or maybe a triple orgasm out of his cock over the course of maybe two or three minutes. He reflected jealously that this was an impossible achievement when he with a woman or watching porn; he was thankful if he could last fifteen minutes on those occasions, and even then his balls would only pump three or four times before he was spent.

Erotica – especially pre-teen erotica – was a guilty pleasure. His initial revulsion and reluctance had melted away after reading his first story about a 12-year-old discovering the joy that her tight, hairless pussy could bring to both her and her adult partner. On that occasion he had come after thirty minutes; just half way through the story, and after five and then six strong jets of come, his cock was still as hard as forged iron and his balls still had that building sensation like before an orgasm. Because it still felt so good, he kept straining his pelvic floor and stroking and to his amazement – he didn’t even know this was possible for a man – a second orgasm erupted about thirty seconds later, pumping out another half a dozen strong jets of cum.

Since then, Pete had taken to coming down to the bottom garden every couple of days to read about the sweet, forbidden pleasures of pre-teen pussy. As the gardener on the private estate, he felt perfectly safe here almost a quarter of a mile from the mansion and walled in by hedges; the house staff never entered his outdoor domain and the Vandenburgs only used the estate gardens for parties, preferring to use the enclosed tea-garden outside the sitting room if they needed a dose of the great outdoors.

The only real danger was the twins, and they could be heard giggling and laughing the moment they left the house; not that they’d ever come down here, but if they did then Pete felt confident he could get dressed again before they found him … heck, he could even stroke out a quick climax if he felt like it.

Thoughts of Lucy and Amber came to him now with increasing regularity. Although a bit younger than the pre-teens he liked to read about, at just nine years old they were already striking in their burgeoning beauty. Blessed with strong genes from both mother and father, the girls’ bodies were a wonder to behold; standing at a little over four feet tall, they had naturally small, round bottoms and shapely hips that were normally the harbingers of puberty for girls a couple of years older. Pete had worked on the estate for two years and the twins had had those pre-teen curves even at seven, but they still showed no signs of developing breasts so he guessed they had always been that way.

Like their father, the girls had naturally tanned skin that contrasted stunningly against the thick, golden blonde hair that they inherited from their mother. Except for when Mrs Vandenburg had them on the under-10’s beauty pageant circuit, the twins both wore their hair up in a pony tail, high on the back of their head. Pete had had occasion before to hustle the girls away from the weed sprayer or the mower tractor, and often sent them on their way with a touch to the tops of their heads, marvelling at the thick, golden rope of their hair. Lying in bed at night in the gardener’s cottage, he sometimes imagined what it might be like to plunge his fingers through Lucy’s silky locks while her tiny mouth closed over the head of his thick cock.

But hardest of all to ignore were their delicate girlish features; soft downy skin, tiny noses and rosy cheeks that at nine years old were soft and a little fleshy but would harden and stretch with the onset of puberty. With full pink lips and all of their adult teeth visible when they smiled, they were an intoxicating blend of youth and beauty that Pete found it increasingly easy to bring to mind as he lay in his bed at night.

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Rolling over onto his left hip, Pete wiped the pre-cum from the tip of his erection and prepared for the final vignette in the story; his heart now beating a little faster as he anticipated the imminent sweet release.

He looked up; what was that sound in the hedge? He scanned the dark shadows, expecting a bird or a small animal; he waited in silence for a few more seconds and then dismissed it, finding his place easily again on the page with Sophie’s lips opening like a flower for Brad’s manhood. His balls groaned with the need for release as he saw sweet, beautiful Sophie in his mind’s eye; knuckles white as she gripped the barre, her tiny body teetering on the spike heels when she threw her head back, long brunette hair brushing the skirt of her tutu as she cried out in mingled pain and ecstasy when Brad broke her open with his first slow stroke into her silky love canal.

Hearing a giggle in the hedge right in front of him, he froze, heart pounding and cock straining in his fist. That wasn’t a bird of an animal, it was the twins. He scanned the dark shadows but still couldn’t see them. Replaying the giggle in his head, he knew it was close; close enough that he knew he had been seen. *Don’t panic; that would be bad.* Played right, he could come out this and keep his job; the important thing was to stay in control, he was the adult and adults were in charge.

Best to play the ‘nothing to see here’ angle. What he was doing was perfectly normal; all grown-ups did it, but kids weren’t supposed to see. It would be bad for everyone if Mom found out.

“One, two, three home on Lucy and Amber in the hedge,” he called, parodying a hide-and-seek game the twins played. “Come on out, girls!”

Two shadows coalesced in the hedge as they crawled out through the foliage. Pete was about to begin the spiel that had half-formed in his head when they stood up and froze his words in his throat. They had been to pageant rehearsals this morning and were still in full costume. Pete had only ever seen photos of the twins in costume; at their age, their mother did their hair and make-up at the last possible moment at the auditorium to avoid them ruining it, and they had previously always changed and washed up as soon as arriving home. He had glimpsed their backs from his place in the front garden one day when they ran from the Jaguar to the front door, but nothing like this; front on and close up.

He felt short of breath and haltingly swallowed a lump in his throat. They were … beautiful, sublime … no, *exquisite* in their tiny perfection; golden blonde hair styled and curled in gleaming spirals down to their shoulder blades; bright blue eyes flashing with long black lashes, pencil and pale pink eye shadow; full, soft lips parted in surprise at their discovery and painted fire-engine red to match their nails.

And the costumes: tiny metallic red and silver bikinis, cut high over the hip with a narrow sheath at the front stretched tight over the delicate curves of their pubis. In a few years they would have to shave to wear a costume like that, but now the golden skin shone smooth and hairless in radiant beauty.

In silent fascination, Pete drank in the naturally soft curves of their naked thighs and marvelled at how their hips, even at nine years old, angled fetchingly into their slim waists. Looking closely at the half-cup bras, he realised that they had tiny implants to give an impression of the weightless perfection of pre-pubescent breasts; soft but firm and just enough volume to describe a gentle arc at the bottom.

Pete completely lost the thread of his proposed speech. Still holding his throbbing cock he said, “Have your two been to rehearsals?”

They looked at each other as if to silently agree their response and then nodded.

“Why are you still dressed up?” he asked.

“Mom’s making us new costumes,” Lucy said.

“We wanted to do dress-ups when we got home,” Amber continued, “and Mom said we could leave our make-up on and play in our old costumes.”

“Did she say you could play outside in them?” Pete was beginning to get the upper hand, but he kept getting distracted by the perfect Cupid’s bow of their lips and the illusion of their soft breasts.

They shook their heads, looking worried.

“Are you going to tell her that you came down here?” he asked. The answer to this question was critical.

They both shook their heads; no need to confer on that one.

“Well I won’t either then,” he said, bringing smiles to their beautiful red lips. “Unless you think I should?”

“Please don’t tell, Pete”, Amber said.

“We just wanted to come and watch you do it,” Lucy finished the thought, as they always did for each other.

“Do what?” Pete asked stupidly, knowing full well what they meant.

“We want to see you make your thing spurt,” Lucy said, not a sign of embarrassment in her voice.

“You’ve been down to watch me before, have you?”

They nodded.

“How many times?” Pete asked.

Amber shrugged. Lucy held up a hand with four fingers, “I’ve been counting”, she said by way of explanation, then she looked at the hand and then held up the thumb. “And today.”

“Lucy gets a funny feeling in her bagina,” Amber said. “She made it bleed the first time, and now slippery wee comes out when we watch you.”

*Oh, bull-fucking-shit! I have NOT been flogging myself to pre-teens while a couple of gorgeous little pre-teens have been rubbing one out watching me!*

“I’ve got a thing in my bagina that makes it feel nice”, Lucy explained. “But Amber doesn’t have one. That’s why she doesn’t have slippery wee.”

“So I rub Lucy’s instead,” Amber finished.

Pete looked again at Lucy’s bikini and was surprised that he had missed it earlier; there was a crease running up the middle where she had pulled it into her young slit and a darker stain where her juices had run and pooled on the fabric. *This gorgeous little nine year old was hot for his cock! She and her sister had been taking it in turns to rub her clit while watching him jerk off.*

“You have one too,” he told Amber, his voice sounding much more stable than it felt. “It’s just hidden.”

Amber shook her head. “Nuh uh. They’re different. Look.” She looked at Lucy and some silent agreement passed between them; watching my throbbing cock closely, they came over and sat on the soft grass beside Pete. Amber lay back and lifted her hips, peeling off her bikini bottom before she sat back up cross legged.

Pete literally could not look away. Her soft, hairless labia were pink from the gentle but unsuccessful masturbation and sat open a tiny bit, although he could not see inside. Her beautiful, soft pussy didn’t look anything like the sexless little-girl vaginas he had seen on cousins and friends’ little sisters in his childhood; her round hips and angled waist made her look more mature, but the entrancing thing was how her mons pubis curved inwards to from the top of her pelvis to the beginning of her slit; utterly unlike the flat, unsexy pelvis of his expectation.

He may have sat there and looked at her tiny crevice – barely more than an inch long – all afternoon; but then Lucy rocked back onto the grass with her slim, curvaceous legs in the air and peeled off her bikini with her thumbs. As she got them over her feet, Pete drank in the sight of her little round bottom and shapely thighs framing the heart-stopping miniature perfection of her sex. Unlike Amber, Lucy’s labia were red and engorged, flaming with the heat of probably thirty minutes of masturbation in the hedge. They were opened wide and the glistening pink entrance to her tiny, silken canal was sitting proudly inside the ruby-red wings of her inner labia.

Lucy rocked back up onto her bottom and crossed her legs like her sister; her soaking entrance directly facing Pete, inviting him to touch it, to press inside with his finger and feel the hot walls of her sex close down tightly with delicious friction that only could be overcome by the sweet, lubricating nectar running so freely from her heart-shaped opening.

“Jesus Christ,” Pete whispered under his breath, as his cock bucked and bulged in his fist. If she bled the first time she watched me jerk off, Pete thought, then the odds are good that she got a finger inside and broke her hymen. Did she finish it off? Or was it just a superficial tear? Looking at her sitting wide open and ready like this, he estimated the size of her opening from top to bottom at about half an inch, maybe three-quarters if he was generous. Reluctantly tearing his eyes away from her pre-pubescent slit, he studied his cock; a good length at just over seven inches and not as thick as the well-hung Brad of his all but forgotten erotica. About an inch and a half diameter, give or take, he figured.

Too big to fit inside Lucy? Sure, her little nine year old twat couldn’t take seven inches of cock, but could he get three or four inches in? Maybe fuck her deeply and stretch her to five? It all depended on the diameter; obviously girls can stretch, that’s how they have babies; but Lucy was nine; could her little opening stretch to twice its size, or maybe three times if he was rounding hers up and his down. With his cock in his hand, filled with now more than an hour of tantric stroking and desperate to finally cum on or in these two flawless young pussies, the opportunity to step back and take the sensible road had long since passed.

“Do we look pretty, Pete?” Amber asked, breaking in on his thoughts.

He looked back at her, blue eyes wide open and questioning as she fingered the spirals of golden hair spilling over her shoulders.

“Yeah, sure!” he said. “You look really grown up. Did your mom make those costumes?”

“Uh huh,” Amber confirmed.

“She gave us the boobs, too,” Lucy said, fingering the inserts in her shiny red and silver bra.

“They’re not real, though”, Amber continued. “But Marcy’s are! She’s in the pageant too.”

“Mom says Marcy’s doing four moans,” Lucy explained. “That makes real boobs grow.”

Hormones? Fuck, what’s wrong with these people? They should have their kids taken off them.

“Well, yours sure look real,” Pete complimented them.

“Nuh uh,” Amber shook her head and lifted both cups of her bra to show Pete the little pink points of her nipples. “See?”

He looked over at Lucy; the deep décolletage of her chest smooth and golden and flawless, her nipples only just hidden behind the half-cup of her bra. She saw him looking and lifted her bra as well.

“Same, see.”

Pete’s heart skipped a beat; they weren’t quite the same. Lucy’s nipples were studded with goose bumps around the areole and stood out hard and proud like bullet heads. Breathing in short gasps, Pete felt himself leaning forward to take one between his lips before he realised what he was doing and had to let go of his cock to stop from toppling over.

The twins watched amazed as his throbbing erection slapped back against his pelvis and then bucked and reared with imminent need. Watching it intently, Lucy ran a finger and thumb through her soaking slit and rubbed her nipple with the juices, twirling her fingers around the hard point and pinching it to an angrier shade of red.

The movement attracted Amber’s attention away from his shaft and she watched Lucy pleasuring herself.

“See!” she told Pete. “There’s Lucy’s thing, right there.” She pointed at the coral pink heart of Lucy’s tiny opening.

“I can’t see it,” Pete lied, leaning closer, staring raptly at the hard nub of Lucy’s little clitoris.

Amber touched it, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from Lucy’s bright red lips. Pete had a moment to wonder what they might look like wrapped around the head of his cock and then the point of her pink tongue stole out and licked them, making them glisten with wet promise.

“Oh, there it is,” he said. “But you have one too, Amber.”

She looked down at the smooth lips of her own pussy and then held them open with fingers of both hands. “Nuh uh. Lucy looked, too, but it’s not there.” She sounded disappointed.

“It is in there”, he repeated. “It’s just hiding.” Then, with his heart in his mouth, “Can I show you?”

Previously resigned to the fact that she would not experience the pleasures that Lucy had described, Amber’s blue eyes lit up at the news that she might have a clitoris after all.

She nodded vigorously, golden curls bouncing on her shoulders as she scooted closer to Pete.

*Last chance Pete,* he thought to himself. *Once you touch her pussy, this is all over. It goes where it goes, but there’s no more backing out and no way to mitigate the consequences.*

There was really no question at all; in actual fact he had made the decision by not covering himself up when the girls came out of the hedge. Everything that had happened since then was leading to this: his first touch of a pre-teen pussy.

Pete thumbed a large bead of pre-cum from the head of his cock and moved his hand to within an inch of Amber’s pussy; he watched her face for signs of reticence or fear, but all he saw was excitement and anticipation in her sparkling blue eyes.

“Go on,” she encouraged him.

That was it. He was now completely invested in this. There was no way he was going to rape them or do anything that made them uncomfortable, but he would answer all of their questions and do his best to satisfy both their curiosity and their pre-adolescent sexual urges.

Holding his thumb on a downward angle, he touched it to Amber’s tiny slit, his lubricating pre-cum transferring and spreading like quicksilver down the length of her crevice. The softness under Pete’s work-hardened thumb was exquisite; he wanted to explore her wonderfully tender pussy flesh some more but not wanting to waste any lubrication on the outside, he unfolded his fist so that he could stroke her soft, virginal lips with his fingertips.

“That tickles, Pete,” she giggled, wriggling her bottom but not pulling away.

Unable to abandon the wonderful softness, Pete settled for holding his fingers still but kept them positioned on her pussy. Pressing gently, Amber’s outer labia opened easily beneath his slick thumb and he slowly moved it up and down, coating her with lubricating pre-cum. Moving with agonising slowness, he stroked to the bottom of her crevice, his heart pounding in his chest as he felt the folds of her tiny opening beneath the pad of his thumb, knowing he could use the lubrication to press inside and break her fragile hymen. Stroking back upwards, he felt the soft hood over her clitoris pass beneath his touch, but he kept going to the top of her slit, touching and titillating the sensitive inner edges of her soft lips, trying to imagine how they would feel under his tongue.

In an agony of reluctance, he removed his hand from the heavenly centre of her sex to re-lubricate. The act of masturbating this beautiful little princess had taken his state of arousal to new levels and his cock was openly leaking a thick stream of clear lubricant. He thumbed the large bead on top again as well as mopping up some of the stream running down his cock and returned his attention to stroking delectable, nine year old Amber.

With the extra lubricant she was now not just slippery smooth, but soaking wet and glistening like her sister, who was watching with rapt attention and ministering to her own soaking pre-teen pussy.

“You have slippery wee like mine,” Lucy observed.

“Uh huh”, Pete agreed. “And Amber will too. She just needs to learn how to get it started.”

“Will Amber bleed too?”

“No”, he assured her. “That only happens the first time you put something inside.”

Lucy nodded sagely, probably recalling that she had done exactly that in her first watershed masturbating session.

Pete set back to work stroking Amber; moving his thumb in slow circles over her opening and then around the hood of her clitoris. After a minute of gentle, frictionless stimulation, he was overjoyed to feel Amber’s clitoris harden.

“Does that feel different now?” he asked.

“Uh huh!” Amber breathed excitedly. “It feels all tingly. A little bit like I want to wee.”

“You won’t wee,” Lucy offered in learned tones. “It feels like that but you won’t. It just gets tinglier.”

Pete added a bit more pressure and he felt her entrance yield beneath his touch, so he moved to concentrate on her clitoris, circling it and teasing it out from its hiding place. When Amber’s breath began coming in ragged gasps, he eased back and returned to her tiny hole, probing delicately with the point of his thumb to open her up, vigilant for any sign of resistance that might indicate he had reached her delicate hymen.

With an enormous act of will, Pete removed his hand from Amber’s sex. As much as he would like to, he couldn’t continue touching and masturbating her; the urge to enter her was becoming too great and would soon overcome him. He was willing to take her virginity; but only if that was what she wanted; and even then, only after he had extracted every other possibility from this extraordinary encounter. He couldn’t risk the girls shying away now because of some pain and some blood; not when the promise of their painted red lips, willing hands and Lucy’s shining, open sex remained untested.

“You try,” he told Amber.

Tentatively biting her bottom lip, Amber looked down at her open pussy and then, as she pulled at the top of her pussy lips, she beamed ecstatically to see her little clit standing proud and hard above the pink wings of her opening. She moved three fingers into her slit and rubbed experimentally, feeling the foreign texture of the pink flesh that Pete had revealed inside her entrance.

“It’s not slippery anymore,” she said sadly.

“Do you want some more of this?” Pete asked, holding his beading cock and suppressing a smile as he realised the double entendre of his offer. *Is it still a double entendre if both meanings are lascivious?*

Amber looked nervously from Pete’s eyes to his bulging cock, unsure whether she should touch his throbbing member.

“I don’t mind if you do,” he said. “But it’s okay if you don’t want any.”

From the greedy way she eyed the slick steam of pre-cum weeping from his cock, he knew she wanted his cum, he just needed to be patient.

At last, Amber reached towards his cock, and with one last look at Pete’s eyes to confirm she wasn’t doing anything wrong, she spooned a huge drop off his knob with her fingertips.

She turned her smiling face to Pete, “Your thing feels funny,” she giggled.

His heart had leaped when she touched him and he struggled to withhold the urge to pump his cock until after Amber had removed her hand, but now she had caught him of guard and he laughed along with her.

“Why is it funny?” he asked.

“Because it looks really hard,” she explained, “but it’s really soft.”

Seeing an opportunity, “It’s only soft on the tip”, he said. He opened his hand and tested the iron of his shaft with his fingertips, “but it’s hard everywhere else. See?” He offered it in Amber’s direction. “Feel for yourself."

Her next move would decide the direction of this meeting; he might just get to touch their pussies some more, and if that was all then he would accept it and be thankful. But if he could interest them in mutual masturbation then the sky was the limit. Hardly daring to dream that he would ever sink his cock into Lucy’s sweet little cunt, Pete could easily see a possible future where he fingered the twins while they wrapped their tiny hands around his cock and jerked him to a series of shattering orgasms.

It all depended on what Amber did next.

Pre-cum dripping from her fingertips, Amber eyed the proffered shaft warily and then looked at Lucy to get help her make the decision.

“Bwarrrk, buck, buck,” Lucy teased, making chicken sounds.

“I dare you to do it,” Amber countered.

“Darers go first,” Lucy parried.

Thwarted but game, Amber really only wanted group consensus, and she had it … at least in the politics of nine year olds. She scooted closer to Pete’s hip and with more excitement than reluctance in her sparkling blue eyes, she reached out with one hand and took hold of Pete’s cock around the middle while he held it steady at the base.

Seeing Amber’s tiny hand on his thick manhood, her fingers barely more than half way around the girth, was maybe the sexiest thing Pete had ever seen; except possibly for the last time he glanced at the coral heart of Lucy’s glistening opening. He could feel her squeezing with her soft fingertips and Pete applied all his will to keep it from bucking and frightening her until she had gotten used to the feel.

“If you hold with the other hand too”, Pete said, “then I’ll show you a trick.”

Amber had to get up from her cross-legged position to reach with both hands and awkwardly squatted by his hip, nearly losing her balance.

“Sit here if you like,” Pete offered, patting his thighs.

He didn’t dare dream for a better outcome than this. Amber could have ignored him and knelt beside him instead; she could have sat on his knees with her feet planted on the ground; but instead she swung a leg over his thighs and straddled them with her knees on the ground and her soft pussy close enough to his cock to be resting on his balls. If she rocked forward just a bit then she would be nestling the base of his cock between her lips.

“Are you holding on tight?” he asked, his breath catching with the strain to suppress the pumping reflex.

She looked up from the thick cock in her hands to his face and nodded, her eyes burning with excitement as she imagined what was about to happen.

Pete let go of the base and let Amber take its full weight as it strained at an angle towards his stomach. Taking care not to trigger an orgasm, Pete allowed himself a single strong pump, making his cock rear and strain in Amber’s grasp while his knob swelled to twice its resting size.

“Coooool,” Amber breathed, struggling to hold on.

“Let me have a go,” Lucy chirped excitedly, jumping up and straddling Pete’s stomach opposite Amber, giving Pete a new perspective on her pussy and planting the seed of a fantasy for fucking her from behind.

Lucy took hold with both hands below Amber’s and Pete gave a couple more strong flexes, making his knob bulge and veins stand out on his iron cock.

“It’s trying to get away!” Lucy giggled. “Hold it tighter, Amber!”

They squeezed mercilessly with their tiny hands, laughing and giggling as Pete made it buck and throb against their grip. It was difficult for Pete to comprehend but he found Lucy even sexier from behind; naked except for her bra and with her legs spread wide apart straddling his stomach, the natural curve of her hips into her narrow waist was accentuated into an enticing slim hourglass. From behind he was able to imagine that her bra was supporting a perfect little pair of pre-pubescent breasts; just enough volume to rest on a single fingertip with soft button nipples that he could lick and suck into hard peaks.

The twins were now playing their own game with his cock; discovering the way the skin glided smoothly over the hardness underneath, they had moved all four hands to the base so they could deliver long upward strokes, describing to each other how the hard ridges and veins felt under their grip. His own hands free, Pete took a chance and placed them on the curve of Lucy’s hips; his thumbs over her kidneys and fingers closing around the front of her pelvis, close to where she would one day have pubic hair. She didn’t seem to respond to his touch positively or negatively, so gaining confidence, he stroked up to her waist, delighting in the feel of her flat stomach beneath his fingers. Further up, he stroked over her bra, surprised by the realism of the fake breasts, which he paused to circle and gently squeeze.

Wanting to feel the real thing, he slipped his fingers beneath the half cups and found her nipples, hard little nubs poking into his fingers. Circling around them, he discovered the surrounding flesh wonderfully soft and pliant, just a whisper of the sweet little breasts that would develop in a few years’ time.

Far from shying from his touch, Lucy arched into his fingers, pushing her nipples into him as she ground her open pussy against his abdominals, her juices making her slide around deliciously. Pete encouraged her with firmer pinches and gentle tweaks, eliciting soft moans of pleasure as she handled his throbbing cock with fast developing confidence and skill.

Seeing Lucy’s mounting arousal, Pete could feel himself losing control over his cock; his long build up meant that he could stretch out the process of his orgasm, but he could feel that process beginning right now. He only had a minute at most before he began spraying the twins with cum; Lucy was utterly horny and completely in the moment and Pete realized he could go further – a lot further – but he didn’t have long to do it.

Reluctantly leaving her nipples, he moved both hands down to her little bottom; each cheek smaller than the palm of his hand, he squeezed and lifted them, peeking underneath at her wet pink lips, sliding and grinding on his abdominals. He tried reaching underneath to stoke its pink perfection, but she was all but suctioned to his stomach and he couldn’t manage it.

His orgasm finally ascended; after an hour of build-up and finished off with this erotic four-handed hand-job and two tiny pussies so wonderfully wet and close to his cock, Pete strained against it, prolonging this impossible fantasy for a few extra seconds. When he could hold it no longer, he let go and pumped once, straining as long as he could to build pressure and then he blew; over Lucy’s shoulder he could see it arc into the air, both girls crying out in awe and following the path of the main volume of the jet. It sprayed over Amber’s hair and left a long stream down her stomach and over her bra while the second jet sprayed across her chest and face from a different angle, some of it into her mouth.

Squealing in excitement from this development, the girls redoubled their efforts, pumping Pete’s cock furiously, pointing it at Lucy, the weaker jets coating her breasts and flat stomach while Amber licked cum from her face and tried to catch more in her mouth.

“I swallowed some!” Amber giggled uncontrollably, licking more off her lips.

“I want some, too!” Lucy said, just a statement, not petulant or complaining.

The first wave of cum had stopped but Pete could feel the pressure still building in his balls.

“There’s more,” he gasped at the twins. “Keep going.”

Having trouble believing that things could improve, Pete’s balls surged afresh as Lucy scooted back onto his chest, laid over his stomach and put his straining cock in her mouth to suck the cum seeping from the tip. With her ruby lips around two inches of his cock and her tiny hands milking the remaining five, Pete strained to build the pressure back up in his balls. With Lucy’s thighs spread wide on his chest, he could see her tiny twat opening and closing less than foot from his face as she flexed and braced in her efforts on his manhood. Unable to resist the lure of her glistening centre, Pete touched his finger to the soft pink flesh and pushed gently inside. Lucy cried out with pleasure on his cock, sucking down tight and working him with her tongue as she writhed her hips on his chest. Pete pushed deeper inside her pussy and then began fucking his middle finger in and out, revelling in the way that Lucy’s tight hole clung to him each time as he withdrew.

His second orgasm just about to crest, Pete thumbed Lucy’s clitoris and crossed his first two fingers, fucking her up to the second knuckle with them both before she would stretch no further, while she bucked and screamed with his cock deep in her mouth. The second wave crested and Pete let go again, firing more strong jets of cum into Lucy’s mouth, which silenced her screams but didn’t stop her from sucking and milking his thick cock, swallowing each hot load of cum with satisfied but muffled moans of delight.

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As his orgasm waned, Pete returned to just one finger in Lucy’s pussy and stopped stroking her clitoris. Given her reactions to his fingering, he thought that it was possible to make her come, but he knew that he would be hard for her again in a short time and didn’t want to finish her off before he had given her every opportunity to let him fill her sweet little Barbie-doll cunt with cum.

“That’s all there is for now, Lucy,” he said, withdrawing his finger completely and stoking her hair softly to let her know that this part was over. With a final stroke and suck of his wilting cock to milk the last of his cum, she disengaged with a satisfied smack of her lips and hopped off Pete’s chest onto the grass beside him.

Pete had come prepared with moist wipes and began using them to clean his cum of the twins.

“How did it taste,” Amber asked as Pete tried to remove gobs of cooling spunk from her hair.

“Hot and salty,” Lucy answered with a smile. “Like chowder, but yummier.”

“I only got a little bit,” Amber said, sounding excited and disappointed at the same time. “I didn’t really get time to taste it.”

“Can we do it again, Pete?” Lucy asked as he wiped up the cum that had almost dripped down to her hairless pussy. “For Amber?”

Pete was in a quandary; never in his wildest dreams did he imagine himself turning down a blow job – especially from a sweet, innocent virgin like Amber – but even completely spent, he was still unbelievably horny for these girls and the temptation of their tight pussy lips was killing him.

“We need to wait a little while for it to get hard again,” he explained non-committally.

“Oh? Okay!” Lucy said, looking at his swollen but drooping cock. “Are you going to read your book again to make it hard?”

Pete though that it would be nice to finish the story of Sophie and Brad; probably just what he needed to perk back up again. “That’s a good idea, sweetie.”

“Can we watch?” Amber asked, rubbing her clitoris in anticipation.

“Sure,” he said, keen to keep them interested … and watching them finger their little pussies would help speed things along in the recovery department for him, too.

“But there’s no more slippery wee,” Amber observed, checking the blond spirals of her hair and hoping to find some cum that Pete missed.

Pete had a moment of wicked genius. “You could always do it like big girls,” he suggested.

It was like he had invoked the name of Christ the Saviour. “How do Big Girls do it?” they asked in unison, the capitalization obvious in their captivated voices.

“With their tongues,” Pete said, holding up two fingers and tickling the crevice in-between with the hard tip of his tongue.

Amber looked down at her pink opening, craning her neck forward.

“How can they reach?” she asked incredulously.

“Not that way,” Pete laughed helplessly, “you lick Lucy and Lucy licks you.”

The twins looked at each other nervously; clearly very interested in being Big Girls – especially if it meant having their pussies pampered in a new and exciting way, but just as clearly they were reluctant to put their mouths and tongues somewhere so foreign.

Pete made himself wait a heart stopping three-count before he delivered the closer, “Go on,” he urged. “I dare you.”

“Darers go first!” Lucy wheeled on him, delighted to invoke the playground equivalent of Papal Infallibility twice in one day.

Pete had been hoping that Amber would challenge him; in his mind, the plan was to lick Amber’s pussy and fuck Lucy’s. He wasn’t prepared to risk Amber’s virginity; if he hurt her then his chances of ever getting his cock anywhere near Lucy’s hole dwindled to zero, and then he could shut the door on his ultimate fantasy; a deep penetration to see how much dick she could really take.

Replanning on the fly, he considered the consequences of going down on Lucy; looking at the soaking, swollen state of her pussy; he was becoming more and more convinced that he could make her come. But should he? Even if he got his wish of slipping her some cock and she *could* climax, there was certainly no guarantee that she *would* climax; and he didn’t think that Amber would even be able to have an orgasm. Playing the long game, he surmised that his best chance of an encore performance in the future was to make one of them come today, and the odds-on best way to do that was to eat Lucy’s pussy.

“Oh, you got me, Lucy,” Pete smiled. “Come around behind,” he beckoned to the grass behind his head as he lay back down.

With all of the practicality and gracelessness that only children possess, Lucy duck-walked around behind him on her knees.

“Come closer, sweetie,” he said. “Kneel over the top of my head.”

As Lucy was positioning her pussy above Pete’s face, he caught Amber’s eye. “You can sit here if you want to watch up close,” he suggested, patting his lap.

The scent of Lucy’s pussy was intoxicating; sweet and fresh and overlaid with that indescribable perfume of *femme-chaud*; the smell of a horny woman just begging to be fucked. Excited by the prospect of tonguing Lucy’s little slit, Pete’s attention on Amber waned and he didn’t notice what she was doing until she straddled his lap as directed; her pussy planted right on the base of his cock. Just a few minutes since his last orgasm, still Pete felt his balls surge as she wriggled to get comfortable and nestled his cock between her soft pussy lips.

Wishing himself hard again, Pete reluctantly forced his attention away from the delicious hot-dogging of his swollen shaft and returned to Lucy’s pussy, now poised open and wet just inches above his eyes.

He took her by the hips and gently guided her to his mouth, tipping back his head and lovingly kissing her open sex, feeling the heavenly softness of her moist lips against his. He wanted to dive straight in and open her up, but he took the time to bask in her sweet innocence, touching and tasting her virginal pussy all over, marvelling that he was probing and licking where no tongue and no cock ever had before; the very first to sample her young perfection.

Placing his lips over her heart-shaped opening, he teased the hot, sensitive flesh inside her entrance; tasting her juices as he repeatedly probed at her core with the hard point of his tongue. Lucy gasped with pleasure as Pete touched her molten centre and she fell forwards weakly, using her arms to prop against his chest while she rested the remainder of her weight on Pete’s lips.

Picking her up easily by hips, Pete held her pussy gently to his lips and tongue so that he could control the pleasure that he was delivering to her tiny hole, sucking to draw her soft labia into his mouth and laying his tongue long-ways down her slit and tickling around the clitoris with the tip.

When Pete brushed directly over the hard nub of her clitoris, Lucy stiffened and cried out softly, arching her back and pushing her young pussy onto his insistent tongue. Excited by her reaction, Pete felt an early swelling in his cock, still lovingly held between Amber’s soft labia. Focusing his attention on Lucy’s clit, he sucked it between his lips and gave it three slow but firm flicks, each one eliciting a spasm while tiny Lucy vocalised her passion.

Pete thought she was getting close and the idea of this little angel bucking and coming on his face made his cock swell again, now noticeably harder and forcing Amber’s lips wider, causing her to wriggle and grind her clitoris against his rising erection.

With Amber exciting his passions, all thoughts of withholding Lucy’s orgasm fled his mind and he focused all of his concentration on bringing her to climax. Positioning his tongue in her entrance, Pete pressed into her core and felt her open easily, stretched from her earlier fingering and masturbation. Lucy cried out as he entered her, her little girl’s voice rising and breaking with the erotic moan of a grown woman. She tried to pump her hips against Pete’s face, but he held her steady, probing forwards at his own pace and using the muscles of his tongue to open her wider.

Fully erect again, he felt Amber’s weight shift as she did something with his cock, but he was so fully absorbed with tonguing tiny Lucy’s hairless, nine year old pussy that for perhaps the first time in his life he ignored what his cock was telling him.

Forcing himself as deep as he could into Lucy’s hole, he twisted and flexed his tongue, stretching her tiny, pink pussy lips in every direction while she writhed and bucked in his unyielding grip, the unmistakable signs of her very first orgasm becoming obvious in her breathless moans and shaking legs. He was amazed at the pliancy of her little slit; he had her opened up so far now, he had no doubt that he could push his thick cock straight into her girlish little cunt and ram it all the way to her cervix in a single stroke.

Pete felt Lucy’s entire body go taut as her orgasm began and he immediately withdrew from her hole and sucked the hard nub of her clitoris between his lips. Her slim thighs closed tightly against his cheek bones as she cried and thrashed in grip, sent into paroxysms of ecstasy from his merciless tongue, flicking fast across her little love button.

Pete’s cock surged with the eroticism of the moment. Although he had frequently fantasised about sex with a pre-teen, the actual act was unlike anything he could have imagined. The sublime softness of her hairless pussy and the way he could almost close his fingers around her tiny waist; these things were exactly as wonderful as he had imagined. What he never expected was the raw, erotic power of a child bucking and squealing in orgasmic ecstasy, driving her virgin cunt onto his tongue as she unexpectedly discovered the untapped sexual potential of her young body.

When her maiden orgasm finally abated, Lucy slipped forward off Pete’s tongue and lay straddling his chest. With her spent and stretched young cunt lying as an open invitation before him; Pete’s thoughts returned to his own needs, namely: how to go about filling Lucy’s sweet little hole with cum.

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Pete could tell that Amber was no longer sitting and hotdogging his cock between her pussy lips; leaning up to look over Lucy’s prone body, he could see her somewhere between squatting and standing over him trying to push the tip of his cock between her young cunt lips. The sensation of her hand on his shaft and her virgin pussy teasing his cock – although lovely – was nothing compared to the eroticism of watching this delectable little nine year old trying to stuff that monster in her tiny hole.

Pete felt conflicted; he desperately wanted her to continue, but he also realised that the pain and blood if she succeeded would certainly bring an end to the afternoon’s fantasy; and he wasn’t ready to finish just yet. While he watched, trying to decide what to do, he slowly realised that he was mistaken; Amber wasn’t trying to fuck him, she was using his cock to masturbate! If anything, this was even more erotic. These girls almost certainly didn’t even know what fucking was; Amber had just been using his pre-cum as a lubricant, spooning it from his cock to her pussy with her fingers, but now she had found a way to cut out the middle man.

Awkwardly crouched over him, Pete watched entranced as Amber pumped her tiny hips, sliding his slippery cock head through her slit, swirling it over her little clitoris and around her virgin entrance, occasionally overbalancing and using his thigh or Lucy’s shoulder for support.

Part of him wanted her to go back to the hotdogging and have her tease and please his entire seven inches, but the thought of cumming inside her glowing slit rather than over his own stomach was too enticing. As these competing fantasies wrested for control in his mind, a new image appeared unbidden in his head, so perfect in its raw erotic possibilities that he was powerless to deny it.

“That looks tricky, sweetie,” he said to Amber. “Do you want us to hold it for you?”

“Huh?” Amber looked up, surprised out of her own concentration.

“Sit up Luce,” he said, closing his hands around Lucy’s chest and lifting her into a sitting position straddling his waist. “Let’s give Amber a hand.”

Showing Lucy what he wanted her to do, Pete guided her to lie back on top of him, clasping his cock between her legs and snuggled into the wet crevice of her swollen, pink pussy lips. Closing her legs over him, Pete could feel the wet warmth of her cunt and the tight squeeze of her thighs around his cock and almost came. Such was the wonderful heat and pressure, he had to forcibly remind himself that he wasn’t actually inside the burgeoning paradise of her sex.

Lucy’s thighs were just a bit thinner than the length of his erect cock and his purple head projected less than an inch from between her sweet, wet, pussy lips; looking for all the world like a monstrous, erect clitoris. With Lucy in place and his cock leaking pre-cum down his knob and over her pussy, Pete guided Amber to straddle both of them and lower herself onto his knob, secure in the knowledge that there wasn’t enough there for her to actually break her hymen.

As Amber’s lips closed over his cock head, the loop was complete; perfectly sandwiched in the triangle of Lucy’s thighs, pussy lips and Amber’s soft entrance, Pete felt like was balls-deep inside these little angels and struggled to control a reflexive urge in his balls to cum again. As it was, a small white stream tricked from Amber’s pussy and onto Lucy’s and Pete realised how close he was, the force of the cum building up in his balls had forced that little bit out and almost tipped him over the edge.

There was no time to regather though; Amber began pumping her hips again, sliding his cock head through her slit, crying out softly as it passed over her clitoris and then returning it to a point over her entrance, pushing down and teasing her swollen inner folds open before returning to stimulate her love button again.

It may have been the real life fantasy of having pre-teens use him as a sex toy, but Pete didn’t think sex had ever felt this good. As wonderfully soft and warm as it was inside a woman’s pussy or mouth, this was all that and more; Lucy’s thighs were so tight that it felt like he was actually inside her tiny pussy; and the fact that she was still hot and ready after her orgasm and trickling her sweet cunt juice down his cock simply added to the illusion. But what made this experience transcend regular sex was the combination of sensations; as Amber slid her open lips back and forth over his knob, the edge of her virgin entrance would catch and grind his length against Lucy’s soft, open sex; providing a double-fuck experience – similar to, but far nicer than – a combination blow job / hand job.

Amber was now groaning and pumping his knob with mounting intensity and Pete was forced to re-evaluate his earlier belief that she wouldn’t be able to come. Watching this innocent angel grinding against his cock head and her sister’s cunt, trying to open herself further and crying out rhythmically as she alternately stretched her virgin hole and then pinged her clitoris, Pete realised that she was showing all of the signs of an impending orgasm.

The idea of tiny Amber coming on his cock so soon after he had tongued Lucy to her first climax made Pete’s heart race; he closed his hands around Amber’s waist and helped her to bear down on his cock as he strained upwards though the embrace of Lucy’s thighs. As he throbbed with impending release, Lucy’s trickling juices gave him the lubrication he needed to squeeze a tiny bit more cock through the gap for Amber. She noticed the difference immediately. With mounting shrieks of desire, she pushed down with renewed vigour; and with an icy surge of adrenaline, Pete felt himself begin to enter her straining hole.

Pete couldn’t believe what was happening and lost all restraint, so desperate was his need to fuck Amber. Lucy added her hands to Pete’s, not only forcing Amber down onto his cock, but also using her to grind the length of his shaft into her slit. Pete felt his balls take a deep breath and he strained against the climax for the last few moments. Pinching his eyes closed, he crunched from the hips and pulled his cock down through Lucy’s tight, wet thighs and then pumped back upwards, making both twins scream in ecstasy as he rode Lucy’s clitoris and drove the tip of his cock into Amber’s tiny cunt. Straining against his orgasm, he thrust again and again until he couldn’t hold and longer, and then with one final hard thrust, his cock surged and bucked, finally breaking Amber’s cherry with a scream of mingled pain and release, and pumped jet after jet of cum into her tight cunt, filling that tiny, unexplored space with his seed until it spilled from her entrance and over her sister’s open sex.

As Amber fell away exhausted, Lucy’s hips bucked with the spasms of another imminent orgasm. Maybe it was the excitement of Lucy getting ready to come on his cock, but Pete strained off the last few pumps and managed to maintain his erection with the promise of yet another orgasm fluttering in his balls.

Lucy opened her thighs to grab Pete’s cock and rub it over her open sex, smearing herself in cum. Inevitably, her thrusting brought his cock-head to her entrance and before Pete realised what was happening, his straining shaft slid thickly into the heavenly embrace of her nine-year-old pussy. With a scream of ecstatic discovery, Lucy fed his throbbing meat deep into her soaking cunt, convulsing and milking the final drops of cum from his previous orgasm with her hot vaginal walls.

The pressure of Lucy’s tiny pussy wrapped around his straining cock was enormous. She had fed his dick into her silky canal so quickly and unexpectedly, Pete lost any remaining inhibitions and succumbed to the desperate urge to fuck her. Tipping Amber off his legs, he wrapped Lucy in his arms and rolled on top of her, burying his face in the sweet-smelling blond spirals of her hair.

With the soft pads of her buttocks pressing into his pubis, Pete pushed his thick, throbbing cock all the way up to Lucy’s cervix, driving a passionate gasp from her lungs. Straining against the second orgasm and cradling Lucy’s body in his arms, he reflexively thrust into her clinging pussy half a dozen times, stretching her with every stroke and burying his cock deeper and deeper until he was almost all the way inside her.

Pulling her up into a doggy position, Pete wrapped his fingers around her tiny waist – his fingers and thumbs almost meeting in the middle. Lucy was crying out inarticulate encouragement as every thrust bottomed out against her cervix, releasing a shuddering moan of passion as Pete drove in harder and deeper.

Crying out through gritted teeth, Lucy finally tipped over the edge of her second climax. With one last, desperate push, Pete pulled her hips and finally felt her soft, hairless sex touch against the base of his cock. He looked down at the tiny, writhing girl in his hands; the ridges of her spine standing out beneath her flawless skin as she strained through the throes of her shuddering climax.

Time seemed to run in slow motion. With Lucy’s tiny pussy contracting and sucking wetly on his cock, Pete finally released the hold on his orgasm and gave himself permission to cum. The pressure was unbearable; instead of coming in spurts, he just felt his balls swell and as he released his muscles, he emptied a single, continuous stream of spunk deep into Lucy’s pussy. For three, four, five seconds, cum poured into her; and coming down from her climax, Lucy released a slow, ululating cry as she filled to bursting with liquid heat.

Pete held his manhood deep inside until they were both finished and the unrelenting tightness of Lucy’s young pussy started to squeeze out his leaden cock.

Wanting a mental snapshot to take home, he leaned back and looked at the point of their coupling; the soft, hairless lips of Lucy’s young sex spread wide and her tiny pink opening stretched almost white and bloodless, yawning around the thick base of his cock.

Holding her steady, he pulled slowly out, marvelling as her tiny sex – as if by magic – disgorged inch after inch of his still swollen shaft. Reluctantly, he pulled his cock head very slowly and gently from her lips, allowing them to close over the tip.

As Pete stared longingly at Lucy’s glistening, pink slit, she squeezed her secret muscles and a thick bead of cum trickled out, coating her tiny entrance and clitoris with glistening translucence. Thinking that this couldn’t get any better and taking care not to spoil the perfection of Lucy’s cum-soaked slit, Pete stroked her smooth outer lips with his fingers and tried to remember their sweet softness in case this never happened again. Sighing happily at his touch, Lucy arched her back downwards and wiggled her bottom up at him. She squeezed again, this time a longer ribbon of cum tricked from her entrance and over Pete’s fingers before tracing a lazy river over her pussy lips and down to her stomach where it dripped onto the grass.

Lucy rolled onto her back, spent and breathless, smiling up silently at Pete through slitted eyes.

Amber came to sit beside her.

“It’s my turn now,” she said, her eyes wide with wonder.

“We need to go back to the house,” Lucy said. “But Pete can do both of us next time. Right Pete?”

“Right Luce,” he smiled. “See you both next time.”

THE END