

## Amy's Summer Vacation



## Introduction

Little Amy Thompson was not a happy eleven-year-old. It seemed that her father had lied to her again. Let me explain.

Amy's parents had divorced four years previously. Not because they were incompatible, or out of love, or because of any of the other normal reasons a couple would divorce for today. Instead, they divorced, because her father, Frank, was offered a huge promotion at his work, an architectural office, and his wife, Helen, refused to move across the state so that he could accept the position. So he divorced her. Simple as that.

Except that young Amy, then aged seven, was thrown right in the middle of it. Now, instead of one happy home, she had 2, in different parts of Ohio. Life with her mother, was pretty stable, when compared to before the divorce. She still saw a lot of her, even though her mom was also pretty busy, as a nursing manager of a local hospital.

Her father on the other hand, was a different story. According to the terms of the divorce settlement, Amy was required to spend one weekend a month with him. Except he was so busy with work, that he usually hired a neighbor's high school aged daughter to watch her, while ignoring her himself, for the whole weekend.

The same happened every summer. Two whole weeks together, and they probably spent less than 20 hours of quality time together.

Yet this summer was supposed to be different. This summer, she was supposed to travel to a luxury resort, in the French Riviera, just herself, and her daddy. Twelve days of just the two of them, frolicking on the beach, shopping, movies, shows, shopping, touring. Real time together. At least that was what she thought. Reality was completely different, because. . .

This spring, Frank had been given a huge assignment at work. The design for a large addition to a major Posh French beach resort. A promotion and bonus would follow if he landed the contract. Another promotion and a huge pay raise to go along with it. Plus bonus' if the project, which he would personally oversee for his employer finished according to the contract.

That meant that on the first-class flight to Paris, Amy was left to entertain herself, while Frank reviewed his initial presentation. Thank God for her IPOD.

The two days in Paris were the same. She was stuck in the hotel, with a provided "chaperone", aka known as a babysitter, while her father attended several financing meetings. A last-minute meeting on Friday, then the Friday evening train ride to Toulon, was more of the same. Amy reading, or staring out the window at the passing French countryside, while her father stood in their train compartment rehearsing his presentation. Only a quick dinner in the dining car to break the monotony.

She did insist upon sitting on his lap, for the "limo" ride from the Toulon train station, to their hotel. Since the car was quite full with their personal luggage, and the materials he needed for his meetings and his work, there really was no choice in the matter. Every square inch of space was taken up with his work. And since it was almost midnight, local time, when they arrived at the Toulon Station, there really was no choice. It was the only ride available to their hotel.

They arrived at the hotel around 1:00 am, Saturday night, Sunday morning, and the hotel night-staff was very helpful. Amy was asleep, and couldn't be woken up upon their arrival. Leaving her in the Car, Frank checked in at the front desk, while the bellhops loaded all their belongings onto small carts. He returned to the car, picked his daughter up, and with the hops leading the way, proceeded to the elevator, then to their suite.

Being pointed to the smaller of the suite's two bedrooms, he carried Amy to the bed, and deposited her gently. Turning to the hops, he then provided a handsome tip, and asked them to carefully place all their luggage in the corner of the suite's sitting room, and his architectural materials in the corner of his bedroom.

After they left, he returned to his daughter's room, and staring at her, he marveled at her innocence. Realizing that he had no wish to try to find her a nightgown in the mess that was their baggage, he ignored the entire idea, and simply removed her shoes, socks and sundress. As he undressed his daughter, he slid her over to the side of the bed. Frank let down the bed. He lifted his daughter, carried her around the bed, and laid her down, clothed only in panties and an under-vest, and covered her up, tucking her in snugly. He turned out the light, and proceeded to his own room where he undressed, showered, and went to bed himself.

## Day One Sunday

Given that their two days in Paris were insufficient to overcome their jetlag, both slept in “late” the next morning. As it was Sunday, no one cared. At eleven, Frank awoke, and rising from his bed, he completed his morning routine. Wearing only his boxers, he left his room and headed for the luggage by the front door. He found his main bag, and carried it into his bedroom, setting it on the dresser. Fumbling inside, he found his toiletries bag, and was able to finish his morning grooming.

He then dug into his bag, pulled out a casual outfit, and dressed. Entering the main sitting room again, he picked up the phone and inquired from the operator the dining room schedule. He then went to his daughter’s door, and opened it slightly, not looking in, but listening to see if his daughter was still asleep. Her steady breathing told him she was still out, so he closed her door, and sat down in a comfortable chair with the remote. If she did not awaken by noon, he would wake her, and they should still have time to hit the Sunday brunch buffet. Meanwhile, he would see if he could find something interesting on the television. Work could wait until after lunch.

Amy awoke a little after eleven thirty. She opened her eyes, and when they had become accustomed to the light, she looked around at her surroundings, despite a need to pee. Not recognizing where she was, she climbed out of bed. She looked down at herself, and saw that she was in her underwear. She looked around, trying to find her clothes. They weren’t there, her father having taken them out with him the night before.

She turned around again, searching for doors. Noticing three, she ignored the largest two, and hoped that the smallest would be a bathroom. It was. With great relief, she peed, and after washing her hands, she noticed that there, hanging off a hook on the door, was a bathrobe. Gratefully, she put it on noticing that it was not an

adult's robe, but a child's, and only slightly larger than what she needed. Big and soft and comfy, she fell in love with it as she slipped it on, and then, leaving the bathroom, she went to a double door, that she hoped would lead to her father.

Unfortunately, this door, was the entrance to a rather large closet. She closed the door, and went to the third. Opening it, she found herself staring into another room, and there sitting on a chair, was her father, reading a paper that he had earlier remembered would be waiting outside his door, every morning.

“Daddy.”

“Yes Pumpkin?”

“So are we here?”

“Yes.”

“What time did we get here?”

“Around one am. Would you like some breakfast?”

“Yes!” She jumped a little as she said this, only now realizing that the novelty of her surroundings, and the relief of finding a bathroom, had masked a ravenous hunger, showing itself at the mentioning of the word “BREAKFAST”!!

“Ok. Hurry up, and shower and we'll head downstairs to the restaurant.”

“Daddy, where's my bags?”

“Over there in the corner.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes pumpkin?” He knew what she would be wanting.

“They’re kind of heavy. Could you bring them into my room?”

“Go start your shower. I’ll bring them in as soon as I’ve finished this article.”

“OK.” She skips back to her room, and enters the bathroom. Regretfully, she slides out of her robe. She removes her underwear. She heads to the shower, and turns on the flow of water, waiting, adjusting the flow until it reached the “perfect” temperature.

After shutting off the water, she reached her hand towards a bar that held several large towels. Taking one, she proceeded to dry off her little pre-pubescent body. Letting the first towel fall to the floor, she reached for a second small towel, wrapped it around her hair, then bent over to pick up and put on the robe that she had previously worn.

Walking out of the bathroom, closing the robe around her body, she had only just covered herself, and started to tie the sash, when she noticed her father turning around to face her, having just placed her last suitcase on the floor, at the foot of her bed.

“Sorry sweetie. It was a long article.”

“That’s ok daddy. When’s breakfast?”

“You mean lunch.” He pointed to an ornate clock sitting atop a television in the corner of her room. Showing 12:15, he continued, “We need to be downstairs in another 15 minutes.”

“Ok. I’ll be ready in five.” Although he didn’t believe it, she was serious. With him leaving the room, she immediately dove towards a smaller bag, laying it on its side, she opened it, and pulled out a



pair of panties and some matching socks. Donning them, she then went to a second bag, where she pulled out a light-blue sundress, she liked sundresses. With that on, she dove into a third bag and removed a simple pair of sandals. Carrying them with her, she headed back to the sitting room, also carrying a comb.

“Daddy, would you do my hair while I put on my shoes?”

He didn't say anything. He was in too much of a shock realizing that she was almost ready, and only in 5 or so minutes. So he simply reached out and took the proffered brush, and started to remove the tangles from her hair.

In only another 5 minutes, both were finished, so Amy stood up, and holding out her hand for her father to grasp, they headed to the door, and went to the main hotel dining room for brunch.

“Breakfast was not normally a long affair. Both usually ate only a light one. But since neither had much more than a snack for dinner last night, and it was after noon, both were famished. The smell of the food awaiting them awoke a hunger in both that would take a while to satisfy. Bacon, eggs, toast, French toast, waffles, fruit, pastry, croissant, they sampled everything. When they had both eaten their fill, it was only then that they bothered having a real conversation.

“So what are we doing today daddy?”

“I have work to do. So I suppose I should see when the au-pair I had requested is available.”

“Daddy, don't you think I'm a little old for a babysitter?”

“You're only eleven.”

“Almost twelve!”

“But not for another five-six months. And we’re in a completely foreign country. You need someone local to make sure you’re properly taken care of.”

“But daddy. I thought”

Frank cuts his daughter off, knowing where this was heading. “My mind is made up. The hotel has arranged for a girl to be with you and that is that.”

“But Daddy”

“If you ever want to leave this room . . .”

“OK.” So here she was. Thoroughly unhappy. Amy and Frank headed down to the lobby, to inquire about Amy’s au-pair. Unfortunately, things at the desk, were not nearly as efficient.

“What do you mean?” Frank was not happy himself. It seems that the desk clerk was having difficulty in telling him that the hotel was not able to find a local girl to take on the position, that none could be brought in, since she would have to be housed on-premises, and the hotel was booked full as is, and none of the regular staff was available to do the job for the whole of their stay.

In short, Amy was in danger of being stuck in her hotel room, for ten days. Although she would have liked to spend any time with her father, she knew it would be pointless sitting around all day, staring at him as he worked on his architectural drawings.

“Daddy?”

“What Pumpkin?”

“I don’t have an au-pair?”

“No sweetie. The hotel had ‘problems’.”

“But daddy, does that mean I’m stuck?”

“I don’t know.”

“I don’t want to spend ten days in my room! I won’t have anything to do!”

“I’m sure we can come to some arrangement. Let’s go to our suite and discuss it.”

Now Amy was no fool. She was in a position of ‘moral right’. As long as they were in public, she had an upper hand. One thing she knew of her father was that he abhorred public scenes. As long as they stayed downstairs, and if she remained calm, and logical, she knew that she would win. “Let’s just sit down over there.” pointing at a pair of chairs in a corner of the large, spacious lobby.

“I want to discuss this upstairs.” Frank stated firmly.

“I think we can settle this quicker if we start right now, over there.” pointing back to ‘her’ chairs.

Frank knew he was beaten. Either his daughter would throw a tantrum in the lobby over not wanting to go back to the room, or he could ‘force’ her into a tantrum over whether she would be allowed to leave the suite unattended. Either way, he would lose publicly. He had no choice but to actually discuss this, impartially.

Admitting defeat on the seating issue, he heads over to the chairs, motioning his daughter to follow. When seated, “So what do you have in mind?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t want to be stuck inside all day.”

“I do have to work you know.”

“I know that you never told mom when arranging this little trip that you had to work.” Kid one, dad zero.

“So let’s be reasonable about this. Morning and evenings are out of the question. But I suppose, a few hours in the afternoon. If I have some idea of what you were doing.”

Instantly, Amy began to brighten. Hours of freedom in the afternoon! This was better than she had hoped for in an opening proposal. And almost what she had expected to get in the end. But she couldn’t agree, that quickly. “That sounds good. But I would expect to be able to eat with you. And maybe one or two evenings out.”

“Meals we can play by ear. Breakfast, probably. If you actually get up at a reasonable time in the mornings. Lunch and dinner? But I will promise one meal eaten together, every day. NEGOTIATED DAILY.”

“Agreed. Subject to further negotiations later.”

“Agreed.” With that Frank put out his hand. His daughter accepted it.

“So I can do what I want to in the afternoon.” A statement of fact, not a question.

“Yes and no. You have to let me know what you have planned. And you have to let me know when things change.”

“How? You may be in a meeting, and I won’t know where to find you?”

“I have an idea. I have to pick up some drafting supplies that I forgot. I’ll come up with something.”

“Shopping?”

“Yes.”

“Can I come with you?”

“Quality time, or do you just like shopping?” He knew that that question would hit home.

“A little bit of both.” was delivered with a blushed face. She knew she had basically won. But she’d risk losing ground if this continued.

“Well, I’ll be leaving in about 20 minutes. If you want to come, that shouldn’t be much of a problem.” A smile lights up the child’s face. “Are you planning on buying anything? Or just going through the motions?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never shopped in a foreign country before. Do dollars work here?”

Laughing, Frank realizes that the child is in earnest. Pulling out his wallet, he asks, “Do you have any money with you?” Knowing full well, that he would have to be doing this anyway, so the child could have some “pocket money.”

Now like I said, Amy was no fool. Her mother had given her 5 \$20 bills as “spending money” the night before her father picked her up. But one could never have enough when shopping? Could one? “Mom gave me \$40 before I left. For emergencies!”

“No problem.” Frank stood up and motioning his daughter to follow, headed to the hotel’s concierge desk.

“Excuse me sir, would you know where I could exchange some money into Euros?”

“How much and in what specie? Sir.”

“American dollars, and whatever will get me 200 euros.”

“Will that be cash, room debit, or separate credit card billing? Mind sir that many American card companies do not charge a conversion fee, so direct billing would probably be best?”

Frank reaches into his wallet and pulls out a card. Handing it over, asks, “What about these crooks?”

“No problem sir. \*\*\*\*\* does not charge a conversion fee. Would you like cash sir, or a prepaid card?”

Frank thinks a moment. Realizing that some cash is a good thing for incidental expenses, and also realizing the child would have problems with the local coinage, opted for convenience. “150 euros on a card, the rest in cash please.”

“That will take about half an hour, sir. If you would just sign this authorization, we can have it ready as quickly as possible.”

“No problem. I was headed upstairs to change. Would you happen to have a directory, of local shopping?”

“Anything in particular, Sir? Or just ordinary tourism purchases?”

“I need some art drafting supplies. Something with consumer electronics. And the kid here probably wants some clothing.” He smiles down at his daughter, as she looks up at both men, nodding her agreement.

“Nothing touristy, just stuff like local kids would wear.” she responded, in agreement with her father.

“No problem sir. I can have a specially printed listing for each of you when you return for your funds.”

“That should be fine. Just one other thing. Are these shops here, and are they open on Sunday?”

“I’ll put each list on separate pages listing what’s open today, and what’s not. Also, most shops in town open on Sunday from 2 to 7.”

“Excellent. Thanks for the assist. Come dear.” he reaches his hand down for his daughter’s she grasps his hand, and as she is led towards the elevator, she turns around, waves, and whispers a thank you to the Concierge.

“Charming child.” He mutters to himself as they walk away. He immediately puts in the request to the hotel’s financing office for the card, and the Euros. He then begins to prepare the promised for listing of local shopping.

In the elevator, Amy is excited. Daddy is going to give her 50 euros. Not knowing about the concept of fluctuating currency values, she assumes that they are the same as U.S. dollars. Fifty bucks can go a long way, shopping for clothes.

Waiting in the room for her father to change is an eternity. Anxious to get going, she watches the clock religiously. She knows that Frank is in his bathroom, enjoying a shower. Ten minutes before they were expected back in the lobby, she pesters her father.

“Daddy, it’s almost 2:30. We can go pick up the money now!”

“Let me get dressed. I’ll be out in 5!”

Frank and Amy have visited the concierge, and picked up their money, and shopping guides. Not trusting his daughter's sense of responsibility, Frank held onto the funds. Heading out the hotel's front door, the concierge had also arranged a cab for them showing their lists to the driver, a decision is made to take them to a small shopping district, where they would be able to visit different stores for all their needs. They settled back for the 10 minute ride, following a Mediterranean coastal highway.

Being dropped off in town, they proceeded into a traffic-free shopping district. Looking at their maps, Frank noticed that there was a children's clothing boutique on the way to his stationary store. As they approached it, Frank stopped suddenly, "Sweetheart, does this look like it will be satisfactory?"

Amy looked at the store's front edifice. A single door stood in between two large display windows. Just like back home, child-sized mannequins sported a sample of the selection available inside. Dresses. Swimwear. Shorts outfits. Shoes. Accessories. Just about anything.

"Yeah. It should be ok."

"Good. I think I'll leave you here. I'm just going down the street to the stationers. I should be back in about an hour. Will that be enough?"

"Plenty." Then she came to a realization. "Um, daddy?"

"Yes sweetheart?"

"You promised me some money?" The pleading look into his eyes were unmistakable.

Now Frank did feel a little bad about how things had come about. He realized that his daughter, or his wife for that matter, were



never told about the working aspects of the trip. In fact, he originally had never intended to bring her along, it was just that this time was more convenient for his ex-wife. In other words, when they got back the kid was heading to summer camp, and the trip fell smack in the middle of the only time she would have been home from school, and needing of supervision.

“Yes. How, um, stupid of me. Here.” With this, he reached into his wallet, and pulled out the prepaid card he had gotten from the Hotel. “Will 150 be enough?” He smiles as he says this, “At least for the time being?”

“Thank you daddy!” This as she is holding the card, and hugging her father. Kissing him on the cheek, she heads for the storefront door.

Amy let out a small gasp of excitement, as she opened the door. It was the kind of store you simply would never see again back in America. Although the center was filled with rack upon rack of clothes, the walls, the floor, the smell all led to a sense of wonder. This was easily explained when the store’s owner appeared from the back room, summoned by the little high-pitched jingling of a small brass bell, attached to the front door.

“Bonjour!” she said, in a slightly grandmotherly voice and tone.

“Um. Hello?”

“Anglais? Eeenglissh?”

“Excuse me?” Amy didn’t know how to respond to question she didn’t understand.

“No! I think,” a slight pause, “American? Oui?”

“U.S.?” A nod in response. “Yes. I’m American.”

“Bon. Now that we have that settled, how can I help you?”

“I’m looking for a dress. Maybe even a new swimsuit if I can afford it.”

“A oui. Yes. I can help you with both. Tenue de cérémonie or robe décontractée?”

“I’m sorry. I don’t understand.”

“I’m sorry. I forgot you only speak English. How do you say, fancy dress, or every day?”

“Do you mean formal or casual dress?”

“Oui. Formal or casual dress?”

“Um. I’m looking for something nice to wear for dinner at the Hotel Sol E Mar.”

“The main dining room?”

“Yes.”

“I think I have, how do you say? ‘Just the thing!’ Let me look at you. Turn around please.”

Amy complies with the request, making a slow turn of her body.

“How many are you?”

“I think it’s just me?”

“No. NO. No. I mean how many ans?”

“Ans?”

“Age. Oui! Yes. What is your age?”

“I’m eleven. I’ll be twelve in November.”

“A yes. I think I have just the thing. Perfect for the Hotel.” with that she heads over to a far wall. A large storage cupboard. She returns a moment later, triumphantly displaying her selection.

Amy thought it was the most gorgeous dress she’d ever seen. A light shade of blue, with little silver threads, woven into the fabric below the bust, and around the lower hem. More important, it was strapless, with a band of elastic around the chest and waist. A silver colored ribbon was attached around the waist, tied in a small bow at the left hip.

She reached out to touch it, as if even thinking of such a liberty was un-allowed. She was mildly surprised when the matron let her have it. The feel of the material was soft and silky. That was explained when she looked at the dress’ tag. Silk!

“Can I try it on?” she asked pleading with her eyes.

“Through there.” the matron pointing to a curtain set into the back wall.

Amy entered the changing room, surprised that it was nothing like the ones in America. It was simply a room, about twelve to fourteen feet a side. No partitions. Simply a number of benches both spread out in the center of the room, with a few along the walls. Also, along the back wall, in each corner, was a triple mirror set up.

“What happens if more than one person needs to change?” Amy asked herself. Then she realized the answer. It was a children’s

clothing store. The adults really didn't care about modesty. Boys and girls would strip down and try on clothes in front of their mothers, and in front of everyone else, for that matter.

Amy was certainly glad that the shop was dead that day, as she reluctantly began removing her summer dress. She made a point of listening for the jingle of the front doorbell, as she hurried to try on her dress. When she was finished, she headed over to the triple mirror, and looked at herself. She liked what she saw. The dress fit perfectly. But unsure of herself, to make such an important decision, Amy headed for the curtain. She was grateful when she discovered the matron on the other side patiently waiting for her.

“What do you think?” she asked.

“I believe,” a slight pause, “that with the right ribbon for your hair, and maybe a little pearl pendant around your neck, and you be the most beautiful girl in the whole dining room.”

Amy knew the dress was perfect. But she had forgotten about accents. She just smiled. Now she had to ask the painful question. “How much?”

“The matron walked over her, and although she already knew the answer, she made a point of checking the card. Now the dress was normally 120 euros, but it only cost 75 from her supplier. And the dress looked so perfect on her, she made an instant decision. “Let's see. With tax, about 98 euros.”

The cost almost caused Amy to go into shock. Never in her young life had she spent so much on a single dress. Not even when her mother was paying. But the dress was perfect. And it was a special occasion. And her father was paying, wasn't he?

“Ok. I'll take it.”

“Excellent. I was hoping you would say that. It is almost as if the dress was originally designed, just for you!”

“Really?”

“Yes. Really. And now I believe you also mentioned that you need a new bikini?”

In the excitement over the dress Amy had completely forgotten the new bathing suit. The woman had specifically said ‘bikini’. Amy wasn’t used to wearing them in public. Yes, she’d had one each summer for the last couple of years, but she only wore it in the back yard, usually alone. Maybe when sunning with a close friend from the neighborhood, or school. But never with a boy around. Could she wear one on a public beach?

Still wearing her dress, she was led over to another rack. Moving to one specific side, she found herself facing two steel bars, one above the other, with dozens of hangers, each with a brand new bikini swimsuit attached.

“Do you have any tank suits?” Amy asked.

“Tank suits?”

“One-piece? From here,” pointing to her crotch, “to here?” pointing to her chest.

“No. I’m sorry. There just isn’t a need for them around here.”

“So everybody wears bikinis?”

“Well, not the boys.” both laugh at that, and then she continues, “and not all the girls

“What do you mean?”

“Well, many of the girls just wear a bikini bottom.” She reaches over and grabs a hanger, containing just what she had mentioned. A string bikini bottom. Pink with a yellow bow on the waist. And yes, no top.

“I don’t think I could wear that. Not without a top piece.”

“It’s not a problem. Many of my bikinis have tops. Let’s see what we can find.”

With that statement, the matron starts combing through the rack. Amy chucks in as well. The matron shows off selection after selection. Each is rejected, until, when Amy had refused almost an entire bar off the rack, she spotted the perfect bikini. Yellow, string, with a triangle top. And featuring the face of, yes, you guessed it, Spongebob.

Amy’s selection signified that although she was trying to be treated, like the woman she felt herself becoming, there was still a kernel of little girl still present.

“Adorable!” a comment designed to make the sale, and not to display an actual emotion. “But bikinis are two for one today. So let ME select you another!” With that she herself dives back into the rack. In truth, if you purchased a Spongebob swimsuit, another bikini was free every day.

She had a problem ever since word got out that she inventoried those damn bikinis. It seemed that they were all that the girls wanted. Leaving her stuck with a huge overstock of unwanted swimsuits. So using sound business practices, she had jacked up the price of the Spongebob suits by the average of her cost of the other suits, and gave one away every time she sold one. In this way she had managed to unload about half of her selection.

While Amy didn't know any of this, she was holding the sponge up to her body imagining what it would look like on her. Impatiently waiting for the woman to make a selection. Inside of a couple of minutes, she came up in triumph again. This time holding a hanger containing a cute little black two piece. "Here, take this too, and try them both on."

"Ok." Amy heads into the changing room. Carefully removing her new dress, she sets it aside. Stripping off her panties, she put on Spongebob. It was a boy-shorted suit, with a picture of the sponge on the back, and just a print of his facial features on the right-front hip. The top was a triangle, string style, with Spongebob's eyes printed in the center of each. Coincidentally, the pupil of which was centered right over where her nipple was. But being only eleven, the child never came to this realization. She just thought it was cute.

And since it fit perfectly, she was only concerned with the bottoms, in that the triangles would slide along the tie, and there was plenty of extra tie to ensure a fit. She then tried on the black suit.

Removing Spongebob, she picked up the black suit, removed it from the hanger, and realized that she had a problem.

Although the top was again no problem, two black triangles, smaller than on the other suit, but still capable of adequately covering what she really didn't have, the bottom was a complete mystery.

IT, consisted of two triangles of cloth, connecting through the crotch, with a single, long tie that started on the one side that would completely loop around her body, holding the two pieces to her, and then the two ends of the single string being tied on one hip. But which hip. Which was the front, and which was the back. She stood there, examining it carefully. Either way, whichever way

she chose to put it on, the front would be ok. She was worried about how well it would cover her in the back.

“Not very well, no matter what I do. But still it is nice. Could I wear it in public, or only at home?”

That question was immaterial. She took a closer look, and realized that one of the two triangles had a small tag hidden on the inside. Guessing that this was the back side, she made up her mind to try it on with the tie being on her right hip. This she does, and then looks at herself in the mirror.

She looked fabulous. She also realized that she had guessed correctly. Looking at herself in the rear, she saw that it only covered about half of her butt, yet the front was perfectly covered. In fact, that once it was tied on, the strings were riding high on her hips, then descending around the curve of her stomach, lowering in a smooth sweep until it passed under her naval, at which it began to swing back up. If she had tried it on the other way around it would have showed off as much of the sides of each cheek, and also a nice length of her butt crack. Meanwhile, with it in front, it played on the curvature of her body, perfectly, following perfectly the roundness of her abdominal muscles, framing them exactly.

She thought that she had guessed right, but she wasn't perfectly sure, so summoning up her courage, she walked out of the dressing room. She carried her evening dress with her and handed it over.

“I'll take the dress, and the Spongebob bikini, but I'm not so sure about this bikini?”

“What is your concern?”

“It looks nice, and I think I look good in it, it's just, well”

“Yes?”



“Do I have it on right?”

“Turn around.”

Amy did so, and she didn't wince as she felt the matron's fingers feeling around the openings of her legs. “Yes. There. You have it on correctly.”

“How can you tell?”

“The tag is in the rear.”

“But it really doesn't cover, very well. Back there?” Amy couldn't believe that this was a child's suit.

“No you have it on perfect. That is just the trim of the suit!”

“Do you want it? I could always select another. It would only take a minute.”

“No. Except for the rear, I like the suit. Is this really what kids wear over here?”

“Like I said, they often wear less.”

“I'll take 'em. How much for the set?”

“Those two suits are another 35 euros.” She smiled as she said this. The suit she had selected had been hanging on the rack for almost three years now. She had almost reached the point where she despaired of ever selling it. She was even considering giving it to one of her own granddaughters, except that she knew what her daughter (in-law) felt about such things.

“So my bill is how much?”

“I’ll knock a little off because the dress was made for you. It should be 133 euros, but I’ll accept 130.”

“130!” Amy was a little put out. “About how much would that be in American money?”

“Dollars? Just over 100.”

“100 for a nice dress and two bikinis. Can I go change before you ring me up?”

“That would be acceptable.” The sheer innocence of the question amused her. Did the child honestly think she would allow her to leave the store dressed in only a flimsy bikini? It may be suitable attire for the beach, but not for the shopping district.

Amy went back into the changing room, and was just putting her panties on, when she heard the brass bell on the front door ring. She recognized who was entering, immediately.’

“Excuse me miss, is my daughter still here? Blonde, about this high?” He held his hand up in front of him, about six inches lower than his daughter’s actual height.

She had just finished boxing up the dress as he entered. “A dress and bikinis?”

“Possibly?”

“She’ll be out in a minute. Were almost finished. How do you say in America, I’m just adding her up now?”

“Ring her up?”

“Yes. Ring her up. We should be done in five minutes or so.”

Amy hurriedly put on her panties and her summer dress. She's grateful that he didn't get here until she was back in the changing room. Would she be embarrassed if her father saw her in "that" bikini, or did she just not want to get into an argument with him over her being allowed to buy it? Taking a moment, she checks that her hair is ok, before she looks into her pocket to see if she still has the card. Holding it in her palm, she heads towards the sales desk. She looks over and sees her father standing. Waiting patiently. A rather large, bag sitting on the floor next to him.

"Hi daddy! When did you get here?"

"Not soon enough by the looks of it."

"Daddy!"

"How much did we spend?"

"Not much the bikinis were two for the price of one."

"How much?"

Trying to fake him out, she said "Fifteen." but failed to mention that that was for each suit, not combined.

"And the dress?"

"Dress?"

"The one I saw her place in the box, she just slipped your new suit into."

"Oh. That one." She knew she was caught. Dare she tell him?"

“It was a summer clearance item. Very reasonable. Only 90 euros.” The matron chimed in. Amy winced as she spoke, not knowing if her interference helped or hurt her.

Frank knew that this store was going to cost him, and was only putting on a show. “I want to see you in it when we get back to the hotel. If it isn’t one hell of a dress, I’m sending you right back to return it, young lady.”

Amy winced as he spoke. The matron looked shocked that a father could address his daughter in such a harsh manner. No less over something as trivial as the price of an evening dress! The matron immediately decided to complete the transaction as quickly as possible, if only to get Frank out of her store. Holding her hand out towards him, “Your card sir?” with the sternest face she could muster. All smiles now gone.

Frank motioned towards his daughter, “She has it.”

Amy proudly handed the card over. The matron ran it through the reader, and when it was approved, she tore off the receipt, pairing it with a pen, held them both up to see who would move to sign it.

“Go ahead sweetie, it’s your money.” Smiling as he said this.

Instantly the matron’s smile made a brief reappearance. Had he been joking with his daughter about bringing the dress back?

Amy steps forward and proudly signs the slip. The matron tears her credit receipt from the reader, and hands it back to the child, along with her card. Frank collects his bag and they head for the door. As they exit the store, Amy looks back at the kindly old woman and smiles.

They walk back towards the entrance to the shopping area. A few blocks further down Main Street, they enter a second, this time it’s

in search of an electronics store. The whole time, Amy, still not sure if she'll get to keep her dress makes it the sole subject of conversation.

Turning into another side street, similar to the one with her dress shop. In front of a store that sells small appliances and other smaller consumer goods, he puts a halt to her chattering about the dress.

“Now we come to the important business. I want to be able to find out where you are, at any time.”

They head into the shop. Walking around, Amy has no idea of what he has in mind. It is only in front of a display of prepaid cell phones that he stops, and starts to seriously examine the merchandise.

Talking to his daughter in English, a clerk walks over to help, but instantly retreats when he hears them talking. He approaches a coworker, and relays a request. The second clerk approaches.

“Excuse me?” asked in English. “Can I assist you?”

“You speak English?”

“Yes, I spent a summer working in Canada right after graduating from what you would consider high-school.”

“Good. That should make things easier. What can you tell me about these?” pointing to the phone display.

“There follows a ten minute conversation in which the various virtues of several popular models are discussed. In a short time, a partial decision is reached. Several models are placed on the counter. Amy is instructed to select one. Choosing a purple one, that looks inexpensive. Her father takes a stylish finished one.

“Now these are prepaid phones?”

“Yes.”

“And I can purchase additional time from anywhere?”

“Even though they only work anywhere in Western Europe, you can purchase more time from their website. It’s all in the instruction manuals. All you have to do is make sure you don’t let your phone expire, but that shouldn’t be a problem. They will e-mail your phone status. Just follow their directions.”

“Frank purchased the two phones, and minute cards for each. While he did so, Amy had a question.

“If it only works here, can I still call anywhere?”

“Back to the states?” Frank winced as he asked this, wondering if she’d be calling her friends.

“Mom did want me to call her.”

“You can only call out from over here. But the instructions will tell you what foreign countries you can call, and how to do it. It will also tell how others can call you from back home as well.”

“Thanks.” Frank muttered. “Now she’ll be calling everybody she knows.” a little more quietly. The clerk heard all and was amused.

“I’m sure that the child will show discretion.”

“Really, you didn’t see how much of my money she just blew on a dress.” He picked up the bags, added them to his bag, and they exit the store.

Standing by the main road, Amy is hopping excitedly. Two new swimsuits, a fancy dress, and a cell phone. All in one day!

Yeah the phone was only good in France, but that didn't mean anything did it? Could she use this as an excuse to get a real one when they got back home?

Another cab ride, and they were back at the hotel. Returning to their suite, Frank drops his packages on an easy chair. "Ok young lady, lets see that dress."

"Amy puts her box on the coffee table. Carefully removing the lid, she hurriedly slides the bikinis out of the way, as she reaches for the dress. Holding it up in front of her, she tries to show her father what it really looks like.

"Do you like it?"

"I think I need to see it on you."

With that, he sits down in his chair and reaches for the phone bag. While he starts reading the instruction booklet, thankfully there is a large section in English, as well as French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, Italian, Greek, and what he thought was Portuguese.

Amy takes the whole of her purchase back to her room. Hiding her bikinis in a bottom drawer, she undresses, and slips into the dress. She leaves the bedroom, and not saying anything, she simply rests her head on the back of her father's chair.

It takes him several minutes to notice that she has returned. He has almost figured out how to put the batteries in. He looks at his daughter.

"Step back. Let me get a good look at you."

Amy circles around to the side of his chair, stepping backwards as she does so. Without any instruction, she twirls her body, showing off the dress.

“So? What do you think?”

“The only thing wrong with it, is where should I take you, and did I pack anything fancy enough?”

“Amy knew then and there that the dress was hers to keep. Running to her father, she hugs him. He reacts by almost dropping the phone he was holding. Catching it in time, he asks:

“Do you have the right shoes, and um, other items to go along with it?”

“Other items?”

“Socks. Underwear?”

“Underwear? Daddy.”

“You know, bras and stuff.”

“Yeah I’m good. I have some sandals that should go perfect with it!”

“And your hair?”

“I have a nice beret that should work well.”

“So everything is good to go?”

“Yes daddy. Can I change now?”



“I suppose so. We don’t want anything to happen to it before dinner tomorrow.”

“Dinner? Tomorrow?”

“If you promise to behave yourself, I have a business dinner tomorrow night. I see no reason why I shouldn’t bring you along. Besides, you look so beautiful, you might distract them enough for me to win a point or two on the contract!”

“Daddeeee!”

“Go, I have to figure these damn things out.”

“I’ll help you after I’ve changed.” Within minutes, her dress is hung up in the closet, she’s back in her summer dress, and she is sitting Indian style on the floor, reading the phone instructions.

Now Frank is a brilliant architect, but electronics are a completely different matter. When he was his daughter’s age, the height of technology was the commodore computer. It took him months to figure one of them out.

Amy on the other hand, within five minutes, had batteries installed in both phones. They were both plugged into the wall with their chargers, and she was just starting to read about their activation.

Reading the instructions twice, she realized that the easiest way was just to call up the provider, and have them do it. She hurriedly ran towards the room’s cordless phone picking it up, she grabbed the time-cards and walked towards the phone, dialing as she went.

It only took half an hour with customer support, once she found one that spoke decent English, to activate the two phones. She also had her prepaid card out, and purchased extra time, which she had placed on her phone.

Meanwhile, Frank seeing that the phone situation was in good hands, had started to unpack his art supplies, and was beginning some rough sketches based upon the meetings he'd attended back in Paris.

After finishing with the two phones, Amy, noticing that her father was hard at work, settled into the couch, with one of the books from her school's summer reading list, and her IPOD.

Dinner was a light fare, after which Amy spent time watching television while Frank continued working. Not really speaking the language, she did have some problem following things, but she finally found a movie which didn't seem to be too boring.

Half-way through, she realized that maybe the lady in the shop was right. The movie centered around two kids, both around her age, and the trouble they got into, running around a small French coastal town. In this scene, in the middle of the night, the boy snuck out of his house, to the girls'. She joined him, and they walked around town talking. Eventually they ended up back at her house, where she snuck him into her bedroom. She helped him undress, while she undressed herself. Both nude, they were in her bed, not touching, just talking. Reveling in the intimacy of the situation, which is until her father arrived home.

The boy hid under the bed, as the father came in to kiss his daughter good night. Still nude, she covered herself with a blanket, but did not resist as he lowered it to reveal her bare chest. After a moment, he released it, and she covered herself. After a few more words, he got up to leave, and was almost out the door when he noticed a second coat on the child's coat hook. Assuming the worst, he checked under the bed, and yes, discovered the nude boy hiding. Grabbing him, hauling him out from under the bed despite his resistance, and that of his daughter, he threw the boy to the ground. Both children still screaming, the boy was struggling to

put his clothes back on, and flee the scene, all the while the daughter was arguing with her father.

A latter scene, had the two kids running around town again. This time, they end up in the apartment/studio of a “professional?” photographer. Stripping off their shirts, they pose topless, at first just sitting there, then embracing, and finally kissing, all the while, the photographer is continuing to snap pictures of the two young “lovers”. The scene ended, leaving it to the imagination of the viewer, if things went a little more seriously.

In the end, Amy wondered about the film. She was grateful that her father was engrossed in his work. If he’d seen it, he probably would have insisted on changing the channel, and there really was nothing else on. Besides, the film made her think. If this is what was acceptable for television, maybe what she was told about beaches was true? Maybe girls did spend their day at the beach, wearing only bikini bottoms like the nice lady had shown her. But still, Amy doubted that she could do that, even if it was ok.

It was ten o’clock after the movie finished, and Amy decided that she should probably go to bed. Especially since she was tired. The excitement of the new clothes, the new phone, and learning that French people did not care as much about people being naked in public, had exhausted her.

Kissing her father goodnight, she changed into her pajamas, this case an extra-large t-shirt that went down almost to her knees and a pair of clean panties, white with little hot-air balloons, that created a rainbow pattern on the cloth. As she lay in bed, trying to drift off to sleep, she certainly had much to think about.

End of day one - Sunday



## Day Two - Monday

It is the first afternoon Amy is allowed out on her own.

The elevator doors opened, revealing a small hallway. Amy stepped out, and quickly headed left into the main hallway of the hotel's recreation facility. Since all the signs are in French, she has a minor problem. Stopping, she looks then turns to her left. She reaches the end of the hallway, and only discovers the hotel's luxury spa, and the men's and women's locker rooms.

Backtracking, she passes the elevators, and reaches the end of the right hallway discovering only an indoor tennis court, 2 racket-ball courts, a basketball court, and the staff entrance to the kitchen for a luncheonette.

Back down the hall, she heads back to the elevators, turns into them, passes them, and discovers that a large door, marked "LE PERSONNEL MET EN COMMUN ET L'ENTRÉE DE PLAGUE"

Not speaking French, and therefore clueless, she decides to open the door, and luckily, she finds that it is a service counter for the pool area. The attendant looking behind himself, sees her head peeking through the doorway.

"L'entance à la piscine est par les vestiaires."

"I'm sorry. I don't understand."

"The, um entrance is through the room of lockers?"

"Ah. The locker room!"

"Oui!"

She retraced her steps, and headed to the locker room she had found before. Entering the door with the silhouette of a woman in a dress, she headed for the opposite side of the room. Passing several women changing into bathing suits, she found a door along the back wall. This door, in turn, leading to a second door, opened out onto that which she had been daydreaming of all morning.

The pool area was huge. Two acres at least. And the pool itself was about the same size as the public swimming pool she occasionally visited with friends back in Cleveland.

Arranged around the pool were dozens, maybe even as many as two-hundred chaise lounges. Those nearest to her were already occupied. Looking to the far side of the pool, she noticed an area where more than a dozen, still remained empty. Walking around the pool, she successfully dodged running kids, stationary chairs, and waiters bearing trays of cool refreshing drinks

She selects a lounge and drops her beach bag beside it. Pulling out a large beach towel, she carefully drapes it across the plastic surface. She then sits down, and crossing her arms, she grabs the hem of her cover-up and raises her arms over her head, removing it from her body.

We can now see that she is wearing her new Spongebob bikini. She had thought of wearing her new black one, but since she had never worn a bikini in public before, she decided to take it slow.

She places the cover-up into the bag, at the same time as she removes a plastic water bottle, and her IPOD. After putting the buds into her ears, she turns it on, and sets it to the latest Hannah Montana album. Laying it down on the lounge, she slides the player under her leg to keep anyone from stealing it from her. At the same time, the water bottle is placed at her side, ready for use if she becomes thirsty. With these preparations, she is now ready for

an afternoon of sunbathing. Keeping in mind that her father had covered her in sunscreen before she left the suite.

Settling back to enjoy the sun, and the latest Hannah Montana album, she was half-way through “I Got Nerve” when she was disturbed by a commotion, right on top of her. Loud and annoying, she preferred to keep her eyes closed, pretending that they didn’t exist.

“There aren’t any more together. This is the best we can do.” A man’s voice.

“But we won’t be together.” a woman protested.

“There’s two here, and one on the other side. We’ll be close enough.” The man again.

“We could ask her if she’d be willing to move?” A question from the woman again. Obviously a husband and wife, or maybe boyfriend and girlfriend. Amy was too young to understand the concept of lovers.

“The child is obviously asleep.” The man again.

“Do we have to be here? There are still a couple of lounges over in that corner, over there!” A new voice. Young? Probably male?

“I want to be over here, close to the bar. Any further away, and we’d never get any service!” The woman again.

“Then in that case, I think we’re stuck. You will be ok? Won’t you boy?” The man again, addressing the third voice, his son perhaps?

“I’m only one chair over. What problems could I get into with you two still ten feet away?” The boy, the couple’s son perhaps. And if so, how old? They spoke English. Could they be American? They

could even be English. At least they spoke it. If she could stay still long enough she might even be able to find out, without letting them know. And if the boy was young enough, maybe she would have a companion? At least it was possible.

“He’s still only thirteen years old. I think he should be right beside us.” The woman again.

“He will be dear. Just one lounge over. Would you pester on like this about him, if the girl was our daughter?”

“No. Because she’d be over here, beside me, while you were next to Davie!”

Davie! David! That would be his name. And he was thirteen years old. Older than her. But only a year and a half or so. Could they be friends? Possible since he was obviously an only child like herself.

Whoever they were, it took them until the end of “The Other Side of Me” before they were settled, all the while, the woman was complaining about her husband’s refusal to ask Amy to move one lounge over, so they could be together. But finally, they settled down.

All through “This is the Life” and “Pop Princess” Amy felt like she was being watched. She didn’t know if it was actually real, or if she was just being over sensitive to the fact that she was wearing a bikini, in public, for the first time ever. But she didn’t feel that way before the loud family arrived? Could it be that Davie was looking at her?

Finally, by the end of “Shining Star” Amy had summoned up enough courage. She turned her head, to face the boy’s lounge, at the same time as she opened her eyes.



David, caught off guard, hurriedly turned his head to stare face up. Amy just lay there, staring at him. He risked a couple of quick looks out of the corner of his eye, but unfortunately, his peripheral vision was not good enough to let him see in her direction. In the end, he turned his head back towards her.

“Hello, Davie!”

“Um. Um. Hello? How do you know my name?”

“Your mother, I believe, said the name “Davie” so I naturally assumed that was you.”

“Ah, right. I’m afraid I don’t quite know your name?”

The question was actually phrased as a statement of fact, but Amy knew what he wanted.

“My name is Amy, Amy Thompson. From Cleveland, and Toledo.”

“You’re American?”

“Yes. And you are?”

“I’m from Columbus. But how can you be from Cleveland and Toledo, at the same time. Did you just move?”

“Nah. My parents are divorced, so I pop back between the two cities all the time.”

“That sucks. If it was anywhere but Cleveland and Toledo.”

“I know. I try to make the best of it.”

“It cannot be easy.”

“At least I get to go on vacation a couple of times a year. Except, when I’m with dad, he’s usually working.”

“Is he working now?”

“Yeah. He’s in our room, working on some sort of architectural something-or-other, for some big presentation.”

“Sound boring.”

“Yeah. And to make things even worse, he actually wanted to hire a babysitter to watch me, while he worked.”

“So where is she? Did you skiv her?”

“Nah. The hotel couldn’t find us one, so I’m on my own.”

With that pronouncement, David rose up. Twisting his body around, so that he was now facing her, sitting on the lounge chair.

“So you are out here, all alone?”

“Yes. And no.” He looked puzzled. In response, she reached into her bag and pulled out her phone. “He has to know where I am going, if anything changes, and be able to call me when he remembers I’m here.”

“Has he ever called you yet?”

“No.”

“How long have you had the phone?”

“About a day.”

“Oh. Neat idea

“Maybe I could get my parents to agree to something similar. My mum refuses to accept the fact that I CAN take care of myself. I am 13 after all.”

“Really. My daddy trusts me, even though I’m only 11. But I’ll be 12 in a couple of months.”

“When?”

“November. And I think he only agreed because he was stuck.”

“Stuck?”

“Yeah. After mom dumped me on him, he asked the hotel to arrange for a sitter, but they screwed up. So he had to come up with some way to let him feel “comfortable” with letting me out in the hotel. Otherwise I’d just get in his way.”

“See, my mum refuses to let go. She actually wanted dad to wake you up, and ask you to move over 1 lounge.”

“I know. I just pretended to be asleep. Please don’t tell on me?”

“I won’t. I think it’s funny. She can really be unreasonable at time.” He looks up at his mother, to see if she heard. With her eyes closed, oblivious to the world, David hoped she was napping.

“Personally, I’d talk it over with your father. He seems more reasonable. Besides, it didn’t cost much, and it is security. And peace of mind. I think? At least that’s what daddy says.”

“I might just try that.”

Silence hangs in the air. Both kids are trying to decide if they should hook up and hang out. In the end, Davie decided to

continue the conversation. Amy represented a hope for freedom. Freedom for himself, from the constantly watching eye of his mother.

“So you’re from Cleveland. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not that bad. It’s not like I live downtown or anything. The suburbs aren’t that bad.” Amy decided she had given enough information. It was now her turn to pester. “So why are you here?”

“Two weeks rest, after visiting with family back home.”

“Back home in Columbus?”

“No. London.”

“You’re from England?”

“Yes.”

“So why are you living in Columbus?”

“Ohio State University.”

“Your parents like football that much?”

“No. Dads a surgeon. He and some of his buds back home, London, developed some new procedures. So dad is over here teaching your people how to do them, while someone from OSU is in London teaching us some of theirs.”

“Neat. So how long have you lived here?”

“Three years. It was only supposed to be 2, but dad started working on some other ideas he had, that he couldn’t back home, and well, he can’t leave just yet.”

“Wow. That sounds neat. So you came back to London to visit, and now you are on vacation?”

“Yeah. My parents need a week or so after every trip, because the family is such a pain in the arse.”

“I can imagine. Even dealing with my mother is a big enough pain in the arse. Ass?”

“Yeah. I know how you feel.

This conversation continued to slowly evolve over the next several hours. Each child telling the other their life’s history.

It all came to an end around 4:30.

“I have to go now.” Amy starts packing up her gear.

“Really. So soon. My mum will be disappointed that she didn’t get to meet you.”

“Is she still asleep?”

“Yeah out cold. So what do you have planned for tomorrow?”

“Probably coming back here. I’d like to go down to the beach, but daddy won’t let me. Not without supervision.” Everything is in her bag, so she puts her cover-up back on and wraps the towel around her shoulders.

“We’re doing the beach tomorrow. Would you like to join us?”

“I don’t know. My dad might not approve.”

“Just tell him it’ll be Ok. Besides, if anything goes wrong, you’ll have a famous heart surgeon standing by.”

“That might do it. I’ll ask.”

“Leave a message for room 652, David Martin. And if you can, we can meet over by the tables over there, by the stairs. Ok?”

“Sure. Sounds fine. Hopefully, I’ll see you then.”

Amy heads back towards the elevators. Once on her floor, she walks down the hall rummaging in her bag for her keycard. Finding it, she opens the door. Her father does not even notice that she’s back. He is just finishing a phone conversation as she crosses the room. She sneaks up behind him, waits for him to hang up, and then kisses him on the cheek.

“Hello daddy.”

“Hello pumpkin. Have a nice afternoon?”

“Yeah. I think my tan did pretty good.”

Looking at his daughter, “Yeah. I think it did pretty good. Anything else exciting happen?”

“I met a boy.”

Frank’s world came crashing. With those four words, the peaceful existence he had been living ceased. The end he’d been dreading had finally arrived. His little girl had met a “boy”.

“A local?”

“No. Believe it or not, but he’s from Columbus. And he may be the only English speaking kid in the place. Besides me.”

“O.K. So how old is he?”

Amy could have told the truth, but she knew her dad would never let her hang around with a boy two years older than her. So she simply said, “I think he’s twelve. And, he invited me to go with him, and his parents, to the beach tomorrow.”

“I’m not sure I like the idea of you going to the beach, alone. The pool is bad enough, but at least there’s people there. The beach is much more, private?”

“Daddy. His parents will be there. Besides, his dad is some kind of doctor, or something.”

“So they’re here on vacation?”

“Yeah. Resting. After school let out, they headed back home to England to visit family, and now they’re resting up before going back to Ohio.”

“So they’re from England?”

“Yeah. His dad helped create a surgical something, so now he’s at Ohio State, teaching it to people.”

That bit of news was an eye opener. Anyone who was invited to a foreign country to teach in a medical school, had to be trustworthy. Besides Frank appreciated higher education. A medical school professor rated high in his book. He decided to let the kid go.

“After lunch, and you have to be back by five.”

“Right. Tomorrow, and back home around five.”

Now Frank distinctly remembered saying “by five” but he wasn’t going to argue the point. A near definitive curfew was enough. Besides, he didn’t even know what time it was now.

Now the reason Amy had to be back today though, was she and her father had a 6:30 dinner appointment in the main dining room with the hotel’s owners, to discuss the preliminary ideas for the hotel’s new addition.

Amy went into her room, and undressed. In the bathroom, she showered and shampooed her hair. She put on one of the guest robes she had grown to love, and sat at a small dressing table in her room to brush, and dry, than re-brush her hair. When it was done, she put on her socks and shoes, and wearing the robe, headed into the main room to try to get her father ready for his meeting.

“Why should I get ready, when you aren’t?”

“Silly. I don’t want to get my dress dirty. It will only take a minute to slip it on. Everything else is done. Do you like my hair?”

Her hair was usually worn in a ponytail, halfway down her back, but tonight she decided on something different. Her hair was accented with a cheap little plastic headband, a shade of blue, almost exactly the same color as her dress. It flowed over her shoulders, spreading out, and making her look, so she thought, more like a young woman, than a little girl.

Her father stared. He really had no idea how to respond to questions like this. So he simply said, “If you were any prettier, I wouldn’t get anything done tonight.”

The child beamed. Her smile reflecting her glory.

Frank finally stopped working, and headed to his room to shower. When Amy heard the water running, she looked at his work table.



Turning over papers, she really didn't understand what they were. But, she assumed that her father did, and that the men they would be eating with that night, would too.

When the water stopped, Amy gave it another five minutes then headed to her room. Going to her bed, she looked at her new evening dress. Imagining herself another Cinderella, she removed the robe, and carefully slipped into the gown. Back at the dressing table, for a last, final hair brushing and she was ready. She headed back to the suite's sitting room to wait for her father.

When he came out, Frank was dressed in one of his best business suits. His hair immaculately groomed. Face perfectly shaved. Shirt, actually tucked in. Shoes polished to perfection. He was carrying a couple of small parcels with him as he entered.

“Honey.”

“Daddy?”

“Seeing you in that dress yesterday, well it made me realize that you were growing up.”

“Daddy.” Amy hated it when her father embarrassed her like this.

“I have a few things for you.” Standing next to her, he placed the packages on a side table, then brought to her one of the smallest. It was a jeweler's box, and when it was before her, he opened it. Her scream of delight said it all.

Inside was a small necklace. A simple silver chain supporting a small diamond pendant. Also inside the case were two, small, matching diamond chip ear rings.

“You do have pierced ears?”

“Yes.”

“Then allow me.” Without asking permission he removed the necklace from the case as his daughter maneuvered her hair out of his way. Wondering how and when she’d learned to do that, he realized that she had been watching her mother dress for formal occasions for years. When the necklace was in place he then removed the ear rings. Attaching one to each lobe, it took him a little effort to get the pins into the small holes. But he finally managed.

“Stand up sweetheart.”

Her excitement overflowing, the child stood up, and twirling slowly, showing herself off to her father.

“Almost perfect. Those shoes do not do that dress justice.”

With that announcement, he grabbed the second parcel, opening it to reveal a pair of girl’s blue dress shoes. But this pair was also high heeled. The heel was almost an inch of rise, and the rest of the shoe was a series of straps, that created a style, if not substance. A small buckle at the ankle served to finish the look.

The child was delighted, but her father had more.

“Anyone who wears shoes like these, does not wear socks!”

He reached into a small bag and produced an item that puzzled her. When he reached in again and pulled out a pair of light blue, silk stockings, she knew. She had never worn a garter before, but she had an idea of what went where. But she still wasn’t certain. So instead of taking the items into her room, and putting them on there, she handed the garter to her father, and raised them hem of her dress up, so he could put it on her.

A little taken aback, he asked the simple question. “You want me to help you?”

Her nod was her only response, so kneeling down, he raised the dresses material further out of his way, revealing her panty-clad pelvic area to his gaze. Ignoring this, he wrapped the belt around her torso, and fastened it into place. Then motioning her to sit, he rolled up the stockings, sliding them up each leg, and attaching it to the garter belt.

When the shoes were properly installed, the look was mesmerizing. A small, white wrap, over her shoulders completed the ensemble.

“Princess.”

“Yes daddy?”

“I never really realized, until today, how much you resemble your mother. When we first met, she was almost as beautiful as you.”

“Daddy.” The child blushed, but embraced him in a total body hug that said it all. Taking her hand, and helping steady her, for her first real walk in high heels, they exited the room, and rode the elevator to the ground floor.

Evan though they were early. Their hosts were still ahead of them, having just walked in the hotel’s front entrance. They were just walking towards the restaurant’s entrance, as Frank and Amy emerged from the elevator.

Walking quickly, they joined their hosts as the maître d approached. Frank introduced Amy to their hosts, as the Messieurs Napier. Tomas, Tom, the older brother, and Stephan, Steve, the younger. Seated at the table, Amy was grateful. Although it was exciting, walking through the lobby, looking so grown up, and

beautiful, she was still a little unsteady on her feet. She was a little embarrassed, as the maître d pulled a chair out, and motioned her for her to sit.

All the men remained standing, none moving to sit down themselves, until she was seated. She blushed slightly at the attention, but as the room was a little on the dark side, no one noticed her embarrassment.

The Maître D then took her shawl. She was comfortable at the table. The men occasionally directed questions at her, to keep her from becoming bored, and she was quite surprised when she was asked if she was enjoying the facilities.

When they saw how much she was enjoying her stay, they informed her that she had a free run of the hotel, as their “guest” any service she desired, would be granted, and covered, no charge. Just give her name as Miss Thompson, and her room number, and it would be taken care of.

She immediately determined to take advantage of all the amenities of the Hotel’s activities. She had wanted to have her hair done, and maybe have a facial, her first ever, but didn’t quite know how to approach her father with the request.

But then things went a little sour for a moment, when a waiter appeared, and placed in her hands a menu. Written in French, it might as well have been written in Greek. Her father noticed her frustration, as she was actually biting her lower lip.

“Is there a problem, sweetheart?”

“The menu is in French.”

“Yes.”

“I don’t read French.”

Their host, Monsieur Kellerman, laughing at this revelation, and realizing that the child had probably never eaten at a gourmet French restaurant, took charge of the situation.

“Perhaps, mademoiselle, since I am familiar with the language, and am familiar with the Chef d Cuisine, perhaps you would give me the pleasure of ordering for you. I will be conservative. You will enjoy the meal. No eels. Or anything disgusting. I promise!”

The child smiled, and graciously agreed, thanking him.

When the waiter arrived, her meal was ordered first. She realized this, when several questions were asked of her father.

Soon the waiter returned, and her first ever gourmet French meal started.

At first she was served a small glass of orange juice. The men were all served mixed drinks from the bar.

Then, a short while later, the waiter arrived and placed before her something she had been served on a previous occasion, and loved. A large, jumbo shrimp cocktail. The men were served small slices of what looked like the inside of a hotdog, but shaped like a small slice of meatloaf. Amy looked at her father, and as they all enjoyed their amuse-gueule.

Then the waiter brought the table their “first entrees”. Amy was served a small dish, with little grey dumplings, in a sauce that looked like butter, and smelled of garlic and herbs.

All the others at the table were served the same. Frank, though looked puzzled. He recognized the contents of his plate, but the presentation puzzled him.

His host addressed the issue, in French. “I had the kitchen prepare the escargot in such a way that she wouldn’t know what it was. I thought it prudent, that we should all be served similarly, so as not to spoil the effect. Brilliant. No?”

“Oui. Brilliant.” With that settled, they proceeded to enjoy their meal.

Whatever they were, Amy couldn’t figure out, but with all the butter, herbs and garlic, they were delicious.

When they had all finished, the waiter removed their plates, replacing them with small dishes of lemon sorbet.

Amy, thinking that the meal was over asked, quite innocently “Desert already?”

The men all laughed. Frank answered for them “No sweetheart. A spoonful or two of sorbet will prepare your palate for the next course.”

“Why does my, PALATE, have to be prepared?”

“Remember all the garlic in the escargot?”

“Is that what we just ate?”

“Yes.”

“Yeah. There was a lot of butter and garlic in that, whatever they were. What are escargo?”

“A major French delicacy. Were they good?”

“Delicious.”

“Good. Well anyway, what you are about to be served may be cooked with an entirely different style. You won’t want the garlic from the previous course flavoring the next? Do you?”

“No.” Amy was puzzled, but was willing to trust them on that issue. “I don’t think so.”

“Good. So finish your sorbet, and then the waiter will bring your next plate.”

Amy was still kind of puzzled at having desert between courses. But as she was still hungry, she attacked her lemon sorbet. Before she was done though, the rest of the table had finished theirs, and the waiter had arrived with the next course. He removed the sorbet cups, and then placed in front of her, a plate with a small piece of poached fish, covered in a sauce, with three pieces of asparagus wrapped in what looked like thinly sliced ham.

Since she liked fish, and this looked like salmon, she had no questions. Taking the fork on the extreme left of her setting, just like her father, she cut off a piece of salmon, dipped it in the sauce, and upon tasting it, wished her mother could cook like this. The butter, wine and other seasonings was fantastic. The asparagus, well, she’d eaten better. Clearing her plate, she politely waited, as the adults finished theirs, continuing their conversations on plans for the hotel.

The waiters cleared this round of plates, and then the sorbet returned. Amy took three spoonfuls this round, and then politely waited for the next surprise.

When the waiter removed the cover to her plate, she discovered chunks of beef, cooked in a red wine sauce.

“Boeuf Bourguignon” Monsieur Kellerman responded. “Beef, cooked in red wine, with onions, herbs, and other seasonings.”

It sounded harmless enough, so Amy took a bite. It wasn't the best thing she'd ever eaten. She would have liked another serving of that salmon dish she'd just finished. But it was pretty good. The meat was tender. But it tasted a little too much of wine for her. Especially since as she finished the bite, the sommelier poured her a glass of wine.

Yet she finished the beef, and she definitely finished the wine, before her father realized that the waiter had made a mistake, and given her a glass. That he knew all along, never entered her mind.

A salad followed. It wasn't bad, but Amy would have preferred a French dressing. She also wondered why it was coming now, and not before the main course like in a “normal” restaurant.

After this was finished, the waiter brought each of them a small plate. Since it only contained a small selection of crackers, she wondered what it was for, until he placed on the table a wooden board, with small chunks of different cheeses, and a second plate with fruit, namely grapes, apples and pears, and a selection of in-shell nuts. Next to her plate was also placed a small knife with what looked like fork tines on the end, along with a nut cracker.

The fruit and cheese were passed around. Since Amy liked cheese, she took a small sampling of each, including one with small blue lines running through it. She thought it was an American bleu cheese, which surprisingly, she liked. Even though it smelled terrible, and all of her friends thought she was crazy.

And then it was time for desert. Crème Brule! The custard was smooth and creamy. The caramel topping was rich, and crusty. And it was served with a fruity sauce made with different berries,



sugar, brandy, and which, at the last minute was set on fire by the waiter, right at their table.

The sommelier came by one last time, this time with a desert wine. Sweet, and fruity. And Amy was surprised as again, a glass was poured for her. Since her father had said nothing about the first glass, she sipped this one more slowly, as she finished her desert.

And when she was done, the meal ending, the business discussion was concluded with the messieurs smoking cigars, as all three men drank coffee. The younger Monsieur Napier asking if she wanted any, she said no. With the evening ending, her father rose, and she got up as well. She had to endure one more round of compliments, again grateful that no one could see her blushing. They exited the dining room, to the main lobby. There they separated, with the messieurs reminding her that the “Hotel and all of its facilities” were at her disposal.

Frank stated that “she would, but within reason, take advantage of their generosity!”

They separated, and Frank and Amy headed towards the elevator, Amy holding onto her father’s arm, since she wasn’t all that experienced in heels, and she had had two glasses of wine. When they got to their room, Amy headed towards her bedroom. The dress came off, and was immediately hung up in the closet. Then, she stood in front of her mirror, examining her body.

Evan though she had not yet started developing breasts, she still thought that the garter helped make her look “older”. The little girl panties didn’t help though. Reluctantly, she removed her shoes, then the silk stockings. How was she going to explain them to mom? She’d worry about that later. The garter was next. Staring at herself in the mirror again, she ran a couple ideas on how she could talk her mom into more “adult” underwear.

Still, it wouldn't be long before she'd be needing a bra. Perhaps then. Perhaps when she started filling out, she could convince her mom into letting her have a thong? Perhaps reality would turn the Eifel tower upside down, before that would happen.

She put on her pajamas, tonight a Spongebob Squarepants dorn shirt. Heading out to the sitting room, she climbed up onto the couch with a paperback of the latest "H---- P-----" novel.

"Sweetheart, shouldn't you be getting to bed?"

"Daddy, it's only eleven o'clock."

"Yeah. Way past your bed time."

"It's summer vacation. I don't have a bed time."

"But we have to get up in the morning."

"Why?"

"I have some shopping to do, and you have to come with me. And we have to do it early if you're going to meet up with, what's his name, David, for the beach.

"Where are we going?"

"That's a surprise." Frank was not interested in letting her know what was planned. She would just have to wait. "Get your butt into bed, and maybe you'll find out in the morning."

Amy knew when she was beat. Without another word, she slinked her way to her room, climbed into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

The end of Day Two - Monday

## Day Three - Tuesday

It was around 9:00 am when Frank awoke that morning. Cursing to himself, he left his bed, and proceeded to the bathroom. After finishing his “business”, he proceeded to slip on a hotel robe, since he was only wearing a pair of boxers, and headed to the sitting room.

Since his daughter wasn't watching television, he headed over towards her bedroom door, and listening for a moment, he opened the door, peered in, and seeing his daughter still asleep, knew that he was right about forcing her to go to bed “early”.

He closed the door, and walked towards the phone. Picking up the receiver, he dialed room service, and placed an order. He also asked a few more questions, and made a second request. He made a second call, which only took a minute or two. Then he went back to his daughter's room, and entered.

Amy was lying face down on the bed, her head no longer on the pillow. She had always been a “roller” in bed, and it looked like she hadn't yet grown out of it. The bed's duvet had worked its way down to the foot of the bed, and the hem of her nightgown, had ridden up.

He stood there, looking at her, admiring her body. He admired the shape of her small, to him, frail little body. He admired the way her little girl panties conformed to the shape of her body. Her perfectly sculpted body. His mind was a jumble of conflicting emotions.

Thinking:

“I helped to create this.” contemplating all of the responsibilities he had assumed, and fulfilled, as her father.

“Damn her for discovering boys.” This, despite the fact that he knew it was inevitable.

“How can she be so grown up, when she’s still so young?”

Even more went through his head, but he knew he couldn’t stand there forever. He reached forward, and brushed his daughters arm. She didn’t respond. He moved his hand a little higher, and gave her shoulder a slight shake. Still she remained motionless. He finally woke her with a series of gentle caresses of her head, namely her cheek, her chin and her forehead.

She rolled over onto her back, her hands wiping the sleep from her eyes.

“Morning pumpkin.”

“Morning Daddy.”

“Are we awake yet?”

“Almost.” Then she attended to more important issues. “What time is it, and what’s for breakfast?”

“Almost 9:30, and fruit, pastry and drinks should be here any moment now.”

“Good.” Then she remembered why she went to bed “early” last night. “Daddy, where are we going today?”

“Let’s see. You have to meet this boyfriend of your, when?”

“One o’clock or so.”

“Actually, I talked to the boy’s father yesterday afternoon. He’d already asked about you’re going to the beach. Of course I said yes.”

“So then why did you give me such a hard time about going?”

“I’m your father. It’s my job.” His face broke out into a smile. “Probably the most enjoyable part of the job, at any rate.”

“Daddy. That’s mean!”

“That may be, but it’s too bad. It is, after all, the reality of being a father.”

“It’s still mean.” She knew she had lost the argument, which really wasn’t an argument. She still had one last card to play, though, to turn things around in her favor. As she said it, she started one of those little girl, puppy dog, pouting sessions.

“Is it also mean to change your schedule?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, since they were treating you to a day at the beach, I decided that the least I could do was to offer to cover lunch. After breakfast, we have to go down to the kitchen and pick up the hamper prepared for you.”

“A hamper?”

“That’s what they call a picnic over here.” Then you all meet up for the 10:30 boat!”

“Daddy!” She jumps up, and gives him a hug. The act of rising off the bed, lowered her nightie, before she could realize that her panties were on view.

“Hurry up, and get ready. Breakfast should be here by now.” As he said this, there was a knock on the suite’s front door. Frank went to the door, opened it, and motioned the waiter to wheel in the trolley.

Signing the receipt, he left a generous tip, and rolled the cart over by a bay window, so they could watch the ocean as they ate.

Amy, meanwhile, was rummaging in her luggage. She had found an appropriate sundress, and had also grabbed some underwear to change into, when she realized that there might not be anywhere to change at the beach. She went over to her dresser, and pulled out the black bikini from underneath her sock stash. Dare she wear it today? David had already seen her in her Spongebob bikini. Should she wear something else?

Finally, she decided yes. Slipping out of her dorm shirt, and her panties, she took a nail clipper, removed the tags from the suit, and slipped it on. She covered it up with a modest sundress, a bright yellow one, matching the flip flops that she slipped her feet into. Grabbing a couple of towels from her bath, she put them into her beach bag, on top of the underwear, and the tanning lotion, book, and magazines that she planned on taking with her.

She left her room, depositing her bag on a large chair by the front door, then headed towards her father. Picking up a plate from the cart, she filled it with freshly cut fruits and melons, and several croissant, with butter and strawberry jam. A large glass of juice waited for her, Frank was drinking coffee. She curled up on the couch, being careful not to spill anything as she devoured her meal.

“Slow down sweetheart, there’s plenty.”

“I just don’t want to be late.”

“Their meeting us by the pool around 10:15 and the kitchen will have your picnic ready long before then.”

“I just don’t want to miss the boat.”

“And if you do, there’s another at 11.”

“But that’s a whole half hour of doing nothing.”

“Like you plan on just laying out on the beach.”

“That’s different.”

“How?”

“Doing nothing is much more fun on a beach, than sitting on some old dock, waiting for a boat.”

“True.” With that, he left his daughter alone to finish. As soon as she was done, she went back to the bathroom, one last time, then carrying her bag, she and her father headed downstairs.

The kitchen had their hamper ready, and after Frank signed for it, with each grabbing one of the wicker basket’s handles, they headed back towards the elevators. Frank had to carry the whole basket himself to get it through the locker rooms.

When they arrived at the dock, they waited only for a couple of minutes before the Martins arrived. The kids took the initiative of introducing their parents to the others. Frank and Amy thus were introduced to Francis and Jeanine Martin. After the usual round of pleasantries, they were interrupted as the coastal taxi arrived. The children, the adults and all their paraphernalia were safely loaded aboard, and just before setting off, Frank left and then waited on the dock as the boat pulled away, waving until it was almost out of sight.

Amy was fascinated. The boat took almost twenty minutes to travel to the nearest tourist beach. All the while, Amy sat at the rail, looking out over the water, at the land that quickly passed them by. Then all too soon, they arrived at the beach. Several

hotels used this facility, along with other numerous locals, so there was a small dock on one end. This the boat pulled up to, and it was only a couple of minutes before the foursome gathered their belongings, and themselves, and disembarked for a day of fun in the sun.

Leaving the dock, they headed on down the beach. They walked almost the whole of the length, before David's parents agreed that they should stop. Setting down the hamper, and their bags, the adults proceeded to set up camp, while the kids, who had decided that they should strip down to their suit's the minute they arrived proceeded to undress.

David didn't hesitate a second. His flip flops flew through the air, as his hands reached for the waist of his shorts. Pulling aside the elastic, it was only seconds before they were down around his ankles. Stepping out of them, it was only a couple more seconds before his t-shirt followed. Clad only in a speed, he was ready for a day at the beach.

Looking around, he was slightly surprised to find that Amy had only managed to slip off her flip flops. His look kind of said it all.

Now that she was there, Amy was hesitant. She stood there, with her hands on her dress, poised to gather it up, and slide it off, over her head. Yet she just stood there for a full minute, delaying the inevitable. Staring at the beach around her, and at David as he slipped out of his clothes.

Finally, she had no option. It was past the point of delay. When she saw David looking in her direction, she knew she had to. Her hands grasped her dress, pulling the fabric up her body. When she had pulled up enough, that she was able to grab the dresses, lower hem, she raised it above her body, her head popping out of the neck. She dropped the dress to the sand behind her. And not acknowledging anyone, she just stared out over the water.



It was at that point that she realized that the world had not come to its tragic end. She had not died. And when she again, looked at the world around her, no one even cared that she was standing there, in a swimsuit so skimpy, that she might as well have been naked. The beach was deserted. They were the only ones there. David and his parents didn't care.

David's only response was a quick, "Finally. Wanna grab a quick swim before lunch?"

"Sure! Race ya to the water."

The two kids bound down to the water's edge. Without stopping, they ran into the surf and started splashing each other like the youthful idiots they were bound to be.

Swimming a little further out, they progressed to trying to forcibly dunk each other under the water. This went on for half an hour or so, until Mrs. Martin called for them "to come eat something!"

Reluctantly, the kids swam the short distance back to the shore. Running up to his mother, David had only one question.

"What have we got?" He ignored that while in the water, a large umbrella had miraculously appeared.

"Let's see." With that Jeanine opens the lid to the large lunch basket. Inside they found several Tupperware containers. One contained sandwiches, ham, beef and turkey. Another contained olives. A third contained other cut up veggies. Also, there were fresh grapes, apples, pears and peaches. A couple of batards of French bread and a sizable chunk of locally produced artisan cheese also revealed themselves. Two bottles of water for each of them, and two, still chilled, bottles of white wine.

Amazed at the selection, they spread out on a large beach blanket, lounging under their umbrella. Each helped themselves, there was plenty. Amy was surprised that the Martins let their son have a glass of the wine with his meal.

“Why so surprised dear? Here’s a glass for you too.” With that, Jeanine handed the girl her own glass of the wine. No one cared. They all just enjoyed the food, and the wine, responsibly.

After lunch, Francis declared that he was ready for a nap. His wife decided to join him. Admonishing the children not to disturb them, they began removing their clothing, just like the kids had done before lunch. Amy wasn’t surprised to see that Mr. Martin was wearing a speedo. He was, after all, fairly well built. And David was wearing one himself. Mrs. Martin on the other hand was a different story.

“Um, Mrs. Martin?”

“Yes dear?” She stopped applying suntan lotion on herself, and turned towards the child.

‘Um. What happened to, where’s your, ah?’

“Come out with it child.

“Your bathing suit. It’s missing...”

“Yes?”

“Where’s the top to your swimsuit?”

“There isn’t one.”

“What?”

“This is all there is!”

“You mean, you bought it like that?”

“Yes. Cute isn’t it?”

“But, your, um, are, um...”

“I know. I don’t mind. And I assure you, no-one on this beach, except probably you, cares.”

“But it’s not decent?”

“Back in the states, maybe. But here, everyone, well almost everyone, is like this. A lot of kids your age, are wearing even less. And no one is worrying about it. Just look for yourself.”

Amy looks around. In the hour and a half since they had arrived, the beach had begun to fill up. All the men, and half they boys were wearing swimsuits. But a lot of the kids her age, and younger, were wearing nothing at all. Almost all the women and girls, were not wearing any kind of a bikini top, and again, almost all the girls her age and younger, were nude. In fact, of all the people on the beach, the suit she was wearing, which she actually thought was so small, was actually the most conservative on the sand. She even saw a number of girls her age, and older, wearing thongs!

“Davie!”

“Yeah mum?”

“Do you have a problem with your mother showing off her bits on the beach?”

“Nope. It’s OK. I almost wish I was still 12 again meself.”

“See dear. There’s nothing wrong with it. Besides, before you leave here today, you may be doing the same.”

“I don’t think I could.”

“Don’t knock it till you try it sweetheart. It’s really not that hard. All you have to do, is take it off, and then forget for the first five minutes, that you’re half naked. Once you realize you’re still alive, it won’t matter anymore. Here, let me show you.”

“I’m not sure I should. I don’t think daddy would like me to...”

“Hush. Sometimes, what your daddy doesn’t know, is what’s right for you!”

“Now lie down.” Amy lies on her back. She is not sure if she wants to do this. But she is even more sure that she has to do it. She can feel Jeanine’s hands as they move towards her neck. A slight tug, and the knot around her neck comes undone. Another tug, and the knot at her back is also undone. “Rise up a second dear.” Jeanine instructs her.

Amy complies with the command, and in a moment, with her head turned upwards, she can see that she is holding her bikini top in her right hand. Amy almost wishes she had it on still, but now that it’s off she’s relieved. She still hasn’t exposed her bare chest to anyone yet, but the decision to remove the top has been made, and acted upon, and it wasn’t her fault!

“Now whenever you feel like it, just forget that you’re not covered, and roll over onto you back. Pretty soon, you won’t even care!”

“People do this all the time here?”

“You saw for yourself. You were probably the most overdressed person on the beach. Funny thing. Once you noticed all the others,

you were probably more self-conscious about being covered, than you will be, being uncovered!”

“I don’t think so.”

“You may surprise yourself. Funny thing how the mind works. Most people are more concerned about conforming to the group, than they are with conforming to their beliefs.”

“You sound like a psychiatrist.”

“I am one dear. So I know what I’m talking about.”

With that she steps over to her son. David is busy applying lotion to the front of his body. His mom helps him with his back. Soon, he is sufficiently covered to insure against sunburn. Amy however isn’t, and Jeanine is aware of this. She whispers some instructions into David’s ear, then heads over to her towel, to begin a very important nap.

David walks over to Amy. Kneeling in the sand, next to her, he fills his palms with suntan oil. Warming it up, he then leans over, and moves to apply it to the young girl’s body. Too absorbed in her own concerns to pay attention to what was happening around her, Amy is startled as his hands first start touching her bare back.

“What are you doing?”

“Mom said you needed some sunscreen.”

“Oh. Ok I guess. Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it. Just stay still for a few, ok?”

Amy complies with his request. Within moments she is completely enamored of his soft, gentle touch. It seems that a former sitter had

taught Davie how to massage a girl, to maximum effect. Something his mother learned several years after the fact when after moving to America, she came home from work, exhausted, and David had given her the best neck massage of her life.

David treated Amy to a nice selection of his massaging skills. Soon, she was so relaxed, that she was again not paying attention to the world around her. She had also managed to completely forget that she was topless.

After five minutes or so, David needed her assistance. “Roll over please.”

“Ok!” Without even thinking, Amy rolled onto her back, exposing her little girl chest to the wild world for the first time.

David proceeded to cover the front of her torso with lotion. Amy was enjoying the experience so much, she never even thought about him covering her scant breasts. His hands moved in circles. Alternating slow, then fast. There wasn't an inch of her exposed body that he did not caress. Even her arms and legs submitted themselves to his ministrations.

When he was done, he didn't say a word. He just stood up, grabbed his towel and spread it out on the sand next to her. He spread himself out, laying on his stomach. And before closing his eyes to the world, facing his friend, he lowered his right hand onto her chest. His finger just brushing against her tiny nipple.

The two laid there, side by side for over two hours. After a while, they began alternating rolling over, in an instinctive pattern to ensure that they did not burn.

Francis was the first to awaken from the family's communal slumber. “All right you lot. It's time to get up.” With that

announcement, he roused his wife with a kiss to the cheek, and a hand caressing her breast. “Come love, it’s time.”

After the usual round of moans and groans of protest, she was awake. Francis shifted his attention to the two kids. At first it didn’t dawn on him, but after a moment, he realized that Amy was topless. Looking back at his wife, his faced asked the question for him.

“She could have put it back on any time she’d wanted. It’s lying right next to her!”

Francis looked down, and sure enough, her top was sitting on the towel, next to her miniature body.

“Wake up you lot!” and with that announcement, he leaned over, and placed a well-aimed swat on each of their upturned behinds.

Both kids gave out a little yelp. David rose immediately. Amy quickly followed. It wasn’t until she saw her top still sitting on the towel, that she remembered she was topless. Her hands moved to cover her chest. And she just stood there for a full minute, trying to gain the courage to lower her hands so she could physically reach down, grab it, and put it on.

But then the futility of the idea finally hit her. Here she was, topless for the last couple of hours. No one made a fuss, and despite a small amount of lingering embarrassment, she changed her mind, and chose to remain topless.

This decision was pointless, for Mr. Martin instructed the kids to help pack everything up. They put their clothes back on, and picking up their parcels, now much lighter after lunch, they headed back towards the boat landing.

The landing had a locker service, so depositing their belongings, they were now free to walk into the town overlooking the beach for some shopping.

Bypassing the usual junk shops, they soon entered an area with some more conventional shops. The men decided to hit a small bookstore, while the girls went into a boutique next door.

This shop catered to beach goers. Rack upon rack of swimsuits filled every corner of the display room. Jeanine couldn't resist the urge to splurge. After all, she was on vacation. She even offered to buy Amy another suit or two, provided she got to pick the first. Amy wasn't stupid. She immediately agreed, without thinking about the consequences.

Jeanine immediately headed towards a children's section. Selecting a rack, she realized that it contained suits for kids older than Amy. She moved over to another, and checking the tags, motioned Amy to come join her. Each of them chose one suit for Amy to try on.

She grabbed the second suit from Jeanine, and headed towards a changing room. This one was more conventional, in that it had a number of individual stalls, but with only a curtain across the door.

Amy stripped off her sun dress, and bottom, and tried on the suit she had picked out for herself. This one was a one-piece, bikini bottom, pink with a small yellow daisy on each hip, where it would have been tied if it had been a string bikini. It fit fine, so Amy slipped it off, and reached for the second suit. This one was a pale blue. But when she took a close look at it, she was actually quite surprised, at first.

At first, she thought it was another bikini bottom suit, like she had just tried on, but this one was quite different. It was actually a two-piece suit, yet, it mainly consisted of strings. It was a thong suit, with only a small triangle to cover her genitalia. But it was the fact



that this triangle was actually smaller than the two triangles that would cover her nipples!

She didn't know if she dared to even try it on, but since it would probably offend Jeanine if she didn't, she shrugged, said "Why not?" and proceeded to try it on. It took her two tries to get it right, the small triangle piece on the bottom slipped as she was tying the thigh strings. She finally got it right, then headed to the showroom to check with Jeanine.

"What do you think?"

"It's perfect! It's like it was made to fit you."

"I don't know. I don't think daddy would appreciate it."

"You must understand dear, when in France, you must act French."

"But I shouldn't have even tried it on! It's too revealing!"

"But it looks so good on you. Besides, how often would you even wear it back home? But think of how it will feel hiding in your drawer?"

"I suppose I could show it to mom and promise only to wear it in the back yard."

"You could even wear it once or twice over here without him even knowing?" This question asked with a raised eyebrow.

"But what would your husband think?"

"He really doesn't worry about such things. But if he'd actually say anything, it would probably be to say that I should have gotten one for myself!"

“You wouldn’t? Would you?”

“I have found one that’s kind of close. An even bigger question is what would David say?”

“He’d probably offer to apply sun screen every hour or so!”

“He is at that age, isn’t he?”

“What would happen if he was wearing something similar, and I made the same offer?”

“Somehow, I think he would take you up on it. But I would insist on giving his cute little bottom a slap before you were done!”

“But they wouldn’t make something like this for boys? Would they?”

“Not exactly. Over here, thongs seem to be the purview of women. But I’m sure they would have something similar!”

“What would they say if we got them each one?”

“Better yet, buy em, then hide their other suits.”

“You’re mean.”

“No, payback is just fair play. You find something for David. I’ll worry about Francis.”

“Ok. But I gotta change first. What’s his size?”

Jeanine tells her “Age 13/14, or somewhere in the area of 155 centimeters.” And remember, light blue.”

“OK.” With that, Amy heads back to the changing room, while Jeanine continues to search for herself. When Amy is again, properly dressed, she grabbed her 2 new suits, and took them to the front register.

She then heads over to the boy’s department. It takes her several attempts to find a rack with his size. Jeanine is also now looking for a suit for her husband. Amy is successful first. She pulls out a simple, blue suit for David. It is two toned, with a dark blue, inch wide elasticized band around the waist. Suspended from this, the front looked like it wasn’t big enough to do its job, while the back would nicely show off his cute little buns. Only 3 inches wide, it might even ride nicely up into his crack. Clearly it wouldn’t show as much of his body, as the thong bikini would show of hers, but it would show it off quite nicely!

She waited until Jeanine had found one for Francis. They then headed towards a cashier, and Mrs. Martin paid for the purchase. Amy’s went in a small bag, while the other three went into Jeanine’s.

They were just coming out of the store, when they noticed the men walking back down the street.

“So did you ladies find anything interesting?” Francis asked his wife.

“One or two things.”

“Anything I’d be interested in?”

“Maybe. Plus something for each of you gentlemen!”

David, stood next to Amy. “I can’t wait to see what you bought.”

“Yeah. I can’t wait to see how you look in yours!”

They began moving, continuing their conversation as they meandered their way down the street. They passed a number of interesting shops, finally stopping in front of a store that specialized in lingerie! Jeanine was all for stopping here, but Francis didn't think it would be proper, considering that Amy wasn't their daughter.

“I don't mind. Besides, I'm glad you want to go in. I was wondering how to ask about it myself.”

Jeanine looks at her. “You need some things?”

“No, not really. But it can't hurt to look.”

David takes the lead and opens the shop's door. They all enter. Jeanine is immediately entranced with the store's selection. Francis is interested as well. Walking past displays, wondering what his wife would look like in each item. Getting harder every minute.

David on the other hand, having not been in a store like this since he was a young boy, was thoroughly mesmerized by what he was seeing. The display mannequins were making him hard. He never stopped to think about Amy in any of the garments. She just followed behind, stopping once in a while to ponder what some of the more interesting items were.

The kids were soon separated from the adults. Jeanine was fascinated by what she was seeing. Soon, she had a small selection of items, and was wondering where she could go to try them on.

She inquired of a clerk who pointed her to a wall that had several curtains. Three were drawn open, so going to one, she looked inside. The room was small, a little larger than a prison cell. One corner held a tri-paneled screen for modesty, while the other corner contained a three-paneled, full body mirror. The room also

featured a comfortable chair. She motioned her husband to enter, placed her garments on a table, and instructed her husband to get comfortable, she'd return in a minute.

She went back out into the sales room. She found the kids, they were at one of the side walls, looking at a display of stocking clad mannequin legs. She showed them where they would be, explaining she was in the dressing room. The kids, guessing what was going to happen, stifled some snickering.

When Jeanine was gone, the kids wandered some more. Soon, they came to a display of some shockingly skimpy bras and panties. The panties were barely lace panels in the front, and thongs in the rear, while the bras would only cup a breast from underneath, leaving the nipple, almost fully exposed.

Searching through the display, Amy discovered a set that was labeled 12 ANS. She realized that it would probably fit her. With this discovery, they back tracked to several other displays that had caught their mutual interest. Surprisingly, most contained sets that were in Amy's size as well.

Taking several with them, they soon had a handful of samples as well. They wondered if they dared. If David's parents could use a changing room, and Amy had decided she wanted to buy something here as well, couldn't they use a room themselves? There was still an open curtain next to the one occupied by Francis and Jeanine!

The headed over, stopping at his parent's curtain, David knocked. His dad poked his head through the curtain, and David told him where they'd be. Then he followed Amy into their salon.

Jeanine, when she found out what was happening laughed at the kid's boldness. Neither believed that the girl was actually serious about making a purchase, but the child had made up her mind. She

was insistent that she would go home with some “grown-up” underwear!

Amy headed behind the screen and undressed. She selected the first piece they had picked up. She put it on. She smoothed the material out over her body, and then, summoning her courage, she stepped out from behind the screen. She walked over to her friend, and once there, stood a moment, before turning around.

David’s eyes almost blew themselves out of their sockets. The ensemble was perfect! After completing her turn, she simply stood in front of him, waiting for him to respond to her body. His hand reached up of their own accord, caressing the curves of her body. His hand reached around her, caressing the flesh of her hip, the small of her back, her ass, and finally the back of her leg. The feel of his hand upon her, awoke an excitement in her she had never felt before!

All too soon, she stepped back behind the screen and removed the bra and panty. Before setting it aside, she looked at the price, and decided that she could afford it.

She then proceeded to try on other outfits like she had the first. Each showed off her body well, but not as well as the first. And with the last, she tried one last bit of daring. Remembering that she had been topless for most of the early afternoon, and that he had seen her topless, she simply removed the skimpy little bra she was wearing. She turned before him, one last time, before she went back behind the screen to remove the thong she was wearing. She put her bikini bottoms back on, then the sundress. She left the items she wasn’t buying on a table in the room. The two that she was buying, the first one, and a sheer fabric, shorty nightgown, with a thong panty, in yellow, she took up to a clerk, who finished her purchase, and let her put the items, and her receipt in the bag she had gotten at the Bikini outlet.

The waited patiently for another fifteen minutes before the adults finished their little peep show. Jeanine came out with three garments which she purchased for herself. As they left the store, Jeanine asked Amy “if she had found anything she liked?”

“Kinda, but I think David likes it more than I do!”

With that both kids, David having overheard her, started laughing, so that nothing else could be gotten out of either of them.

Since it was almost four o’clock, Francis suggested a quick pastry as a snack before heading back to the boat. All agreed, and entered a small pastry shop. They split two presses of coffee, the children splitting a press of decaf. They also had a sample platter of fresh pastry, the names of which they didn’t know, but which were delicious.

After their snack, they returned to the dock, where they collected their beach supplies. It was only a ten minute wait before the boat arrived. The short trip back to the hotel was over quickly. The two kids chatting away about nothing, while the two parents were discussing their plans for the next day. Jeanine had an idea that she broached to her husband who readily agreed.

When they arrived back at the hotel, the two ladies took the personal items back inside while the men took the picnic basket back to the kitchen. While in the elevator, Jeanine asked Amy a question.

“Tomorrow, we have an appointment at a Euro-spa. Would you like to join us?”

“A what?”

“A Euro-natural, health spa. You know, Jacuzzis, saunas, massages, wraps.”

“Really? I had heard about luxury spas before, but never thought I’d get to go to one!”

“You just ask your dad about it tonight, and then give us a call. It’s an all-day thing, so we’d have to collect you before 8:00.”

“I’ll ask, and let you know after dinner. Is that ok?”

“That shouldn’t be a problem dear.”

By this time, the elevator had reached the 5<sup>th</sup> floor, so Jeanine exited, and Amy continued on to the 6<sup>th</sup> floor. When she arrived back at the suite, she found her father, still hard at work on his designs. Sneaking up behind him, she planted a quick kiss on his cheek.

“Hello pumpkin. Back so soon?”

“So soon, I’m half an hour late.”

“Really. I was so busy, I hadn’t noticed. Good thing I told the Martin’s there was no set time back, otherwise I might have to be mad at you.”

“Daddy. You tricked me!” In truth, she had kind of dreaded her return. She was almost half an hour late, and she knew it. She feared some type of grounding, or worse. Instead, it seems that her father had abolished a curfew, and forgotten to tell her.

“So how are your drawings coming?” She was a little jealous of his work. He, after all, seemed to pay more attention to it, than he did to her.



“Are we really interested?” He asked this, because normally, whenever she showed interest in his assignments, it was usually because she wanted something.

“Well, if you get the job building the new wing, we can probably come back here, can’t we?”

Ah. Could his daughter be enjoying herself? If so, it was probably because of her new friendship with the Martins. He was a little happy about this. His daughter was chaperoned. And after all, they had seemed to be a decent set of people. Their son, Daniel, or whatever his name was, seemed to be a good kid too.

“Yes. I would have to spend a considerable amount of time here. Although if that were the case, they would be getting me an apartment.”

“With a room for me?”

“I’d probably have to pay extra for that amenity myself. But I think that could be arranged.”

The child started jumping in place in her excitement over that announcement.

“Although.”

That brought a halt to her excitement. ‘Althoughs’ usually did not mean anything good.

“Flying you over here would be an expensive proposition.”

The child was almost crestfallen.

“But on the other hand, I do have a large number of frequent flyer miles just going to waste. So a couple of trips a year, wouldn’t be that expensive.”

The jumping resumed. She hadn’t really expected to be flown over every weekend. That wouldn’t have been reasonable. But several trips a year, usually around major school holidays, and over summer break was what she was hoping for. Wouldn’t her classmates be jealous over her spending her summers for the next couple of years on a French Riviera beach?

Another huge hug and a swarm of kisses soon followed.

“Easy pumpkin! You’ll mess up my drawings.”

“Sorry daddy. Hey daddy?”

“Yes sweetheart?”

“What are we doing tomorrow?”

“I have more work to do. I have to have the bulk of these rough plans sketched out by Tuesday before the ‘Comité de Directeurs’ comes and I’m out of a job for losing my boss a very,” with this he plants a quick kiss on his daughter’s forehead. “very,” another kiss, “very,” a final kiss, “big client!”

“Oh. So would you mind if I went with Mrs. Martin tomorrow?”

“What?”

“Do you mind if I go with Mrs. Martin tomorrow?”

“I heard you. I meant to say where.”

“Oh. Some kind of spa.”

“A spa?”

“Yeah. You know, facials, wraps, perms, spas? A ‘ladies day out of pampering’ she calls it!”

“Ok. That shouldn’t be a problem. So just you girls?”

“Yeah. I think so. I guess she decided it would be more fun to go with someone she knows.”

“Ok. Let her know, and find out what time you have to be ready.”

“Oh. I already know. 8:00. We have to take a train at 8:37.”

“Oh. So this is to be an all-day thing. Wait. I seem to recall there being a spa in the hotel.”

“This one is bigger. And I guess better!”

“Ok. I’ll have you ready.” Amy hugged her father once again.

“Enough of that. Go get cleaned up and we’ll go somewhere in town for dinner.”

“Ok!” With that pronouncement, Amy heads off to her room. She cleans herself up, and comes out wearing a shorts outfit, pink bottom, pale blue blouse, with white sandals and ankle socks. A barrette in her hair completes her look. But she is sentenced once again to spend an hour or two, watching television, waiting for her father to finish up his work so they could eat.

This time, she wanders onto a promotional cable show that outlines activities and services for tourists in the area. She watches in the hopes that maybe she could find an idea for something to do over the weekend.

She's kind of surprised, after half an hour, when the television screen features a group of people sitting in a hot tub. The women are topless. This doesn't worry her, but then the camera focus' on a woman as she exit's the tub, and then it shows her being given a massage. In both shots, she is completely naked, with the camera framing her rear end, quite nicely. The screen then goes to show other things like a sauna, mud bath's and other things she doesn't recognize. She wonders if the place she and Mrs. Martin are going to tomorrow is anything like this place. It finishes with the shot of the outside of a building that looks like a large marble palace. She decides not to worry about it, and concentrates on the show, but for the rest of the program, it is nothing but beaches and high-end shopping.

Her father finally finishes, and after cleaning up himself, they head out of the hotel. A friendly cabby takes them a short ways down the coast, and the end up having dinner at a small beach-front café where they both have a dinner of omelets, with Swiss cheese and mushrooms, and then finished up with a nice salad and dessert, tiramisu. Amy thought it funny to have eggs for dinner, and then a salad, but she made the best of it, and afterwards she admitted to her father that dinner was actually, "pretty good!"

All through dinner, the two sat at their table, staring out over the water at a number of boats passing in front of them, the local fishing fleet was setting out for a night's work. They talked about many things, many of no consequence, just a typical conversation between a father and his pre-teen daughter. Every time the conversation seemed to steer towards something of importance, namely David, he always managed to deflect it towards another direction. He just couldn't admit that his little girl was growing up.

They followed dinner with a stroll down a sidewalk bordering the beach, headed back towards the hotel. When they return, Amy is exhausted, and Frank finally ends up carrying her piggyback through the hotel, into the elevator, and then to their room. Once

inside, he deposits his daughter on her bed, and instructs her to hurry up and change, so he can tuck her in.

Amy, still exhausted, goes over to her dresser where she grabs her new sheer nightgown. She puts it on, not thinking that her father will be returning momentarily. She climbs into bed, and covers herself partway with the duvet. She lays back, and waits for her father to come back.

Within a couple of minutes, Frank returns, knocking on the door before entering. He enters the room, and sits on the edge of the bed. There is only one light on in the room, on a small table on the other side of the bed, so the room is almost dark. So Frank has to check his brain twice when he realizes what it is that his daughter is wearing.

Although he doesn't make a point of the nightie, he resolves to discuss the issue with her mother when they get back home in another week or so.

He kisses his daughter on the forehead, and on the way out, he is questioning himself about whether he liked seeing his little girl in such a provocative outfit. In the end, he reminds himself that it's his daughter, and to punish himself, he goes back to work.

He works for another couple of hours, completing a rather large drawing of a concept for the front, roadside edifice of the proposed building. He decides that he has had enough work for the day, and calls it a night. Before he goes to bed that night, he calls down to room service to request a 7:30 am breakfast and a 7 am wake up call.

The end of Day Three

Day Four - Wednesday

The phone rang at 7:02 the next morning. Frank was awake by the time of the third ring. He answered the phone, and thanked the operator for the call. The operator in turn asked if he wished her to put through his breakfast order. Frank thanked her, and hung up the phone. He rose out of bed, and spent the next ten minutes on the toilet. When he was finished, he put on a robe, and headed towards his daughter's room.

Frank knocked on the door. No answer.

He knocked on the door a second time. Still no answer. Since Amy was a rather sound sleeper, it was simply a matter of his having to go in, and physically awaken his daughter.

When he approached his daughter, he noticed that again, she had kicked off her covers. Her nightie was fully visible. And since she was now lying mostly on her stomach, he could see that she was wearing a thong panty. This shocked him.

He had no idea that his daughter had matured to that point. The idea of his little girl wearing one of those things was abhorrent to him. He made a mental note to go through her things, while she was out that day, to see what else she was concealing from him. In the meanwhile, to avoid confrontation, and the inevitable argument, he simply took the duvet, and recovered his daughter. When she was covered, he then woke her up, by shaking her bared shoulder.

“Morning pumpkin.”

“Morning daddy.”

“Wake up, breakfast is almost ready, and you have to be out the door in 45 minutes.” He heads back out the door, and closes it. He

wondered over his reasoning behind that. Was it to preserve the child's modesty? Or was it to continue the charade of him not knowing about his daughter's wardrobe?

Amy meanwhile gets out of bed. When she realizes what it is she's wearing, she stops, shocked. Does her father know? Probably not. Either way, she needs to be more careful about her wardrobe. He may have bought her some sexy underwear, and some real diamond jewelry, but that was to be worn with only 1 dress, and nothing else.

She undressed, and went over to her dresser. Another sun dress, this time a shade of lime green. A yellow ribbon in her hair, and green socks with white tennis shoes completed her outfit. She had put her black bikini bottom on, under her clothes, instead of underwear, a full set of which she put into her carryon bag, and decided that she'd take her bikini top with her in the bag as well.

She headed out into the main room and grabbed some breakfast. Her father seemed a little distant, but she was so excited about her day's planned activities, that she really didn't think much of it. When Mrs. Martin came to collect her, she grabbed her bag as she and her father talked for several minutes.

Frank got a little background about the spa, but Jeanine was smart enough to leave a few details out.

They headed to the elevator. When they got to the main lobby, Amy was a little surprised to find Francis and Davie there was well.

“Where are you two off today?”

“We're off to the spa with you two.”

“Oh. Where’s all your stuff?” She was a little shocked to find out that they would be going along as well. She didn’t think there would be any problems, but the thought of that spa on television last night had made her think. Would they be wearing anything at the spa they were going to?

“We have a bag over there.” Francis pointed to a small duffel sitting on one of the lobby couches. They headed off towards the front door, and Davie picked up the bag as they passed. A cab was waiting outside that took them to the rail station. They arrived with ten minutes to spare, so they had a minimal chance to settle in before the train started moving.

They rode for a little over an hour, the children staring at the countryside out the window. Two stops at small stations interrupted their observations. After the second, they got bored with the scenery, and so they settled back into their comfortable seats, and chatted about nothing. Their conversation ceased as they finally arrived at their destination

They left the train, and walking through the station, Amy noticed the name of the town they were now in. XXXXXXXXXXXX sounded familiar. As they walked through town, it bothered her that she had heard that name before. It was only when they approached the spa itself, that she recognized the building, and realized why she recognized the town. It was the same spa that was on the television last evening!

“Mrs. Martin. What’s the name of this place?”

“XXXXXXXXXX”

“I thought so.”

“Why do you ask dear?”



“I saw it on television last night. Is it true that the people who go through here are naked?”

“Yes. This is what you call a natural spa.”

“A natural spa?”

“Yes. Everything is natural.”

“Do we have to be naked?”

“Only if you want to be here dear.” By this time, they have entered the building. Large and ornate, everyone is dressed. They head over to a reception desk. Mr. Martin gives their name, and paid for the spa treatment. The receptionist asks each of them when their birthday is. Each of them is then handed a card on which is printed their name and a number. She explains that that is their locker assignment, and that the combination for the electronic lock is their birthday. That they should just slip their card into the slot on the front of their locker when they are done undressing.

The men are then directed one way, the two women another. Amy follows Mrs. Martin through a doorway. Inside is a large locker room. The two women head over to their lockers.

Amy sits down on a bench. Mrs. Martin has already started undressing. She makes it to her underwear, before she notices that the child sitting next to her is still fully dressed.

“Sweetheart?”

“Yes ma’am?”

“Is there a problem?”

“Nobody ever told me I’d have to get naked.” She was almost in tears, but not quite.

“Honey,” she moves over to the child, “surely you realize that you’d have to be naked sometime?”

“We’ll, yes. But I didn’t know that there’d be boys here!”

“And you’re worried that they’ll see you naked?”

“Yes.” this said with a slight snuffle.

“Did you consider two things?”

“What 2 things?”

“One. That we are here kind of early, so the place won’t be that busy. See, hardly any of the lockers here have cards attached to them.”

Amy looks around. She’s right. Only a couple of lockers have cards identifying them as being used. If it was the same in the men’s locker room, there couldn’t be more that 20-25 people in total.

“What’s the second?”

“If Davie can see you naked, you’ll also be seeing him naked as well!”

Amy pondered this for a minute, as Jeanine finished undressing. In a minute, she decides. Amy starts removing her own clothing, placing each item carefully in her locker. Jeanine waits for her patiently, until she’s done. Once Amy’s locker is filled with her clothes and other effects, she closes the door.

Jeanine holds out her hand to the child. Amy takes it. They head towards the door leading to the spa area. It is then, that Jeanine makes a last announcement that stuns Amy.

“Now just relax dear. The enema’s they start you with may not be comfortable, but they won’t hurt.”

“Enema.”

“Yes.”

“What’s an enema?”

“They insert some liquid into your rectum to help clean you out.”

“You mean they...?” The child couldn’t complete the question.

“Yes. The stick a hose into your behind, and pump in a cleansing solution.”

“And it doesn’t hurt?”

“Have you ever had one before?”

“No. I don’t think so.”

A smile crosses Jeanine’s face as they pass through the door and into the next room. Amy is unsure after being told about the enemas. She’s even more unsure, once she sees the room.

Everything in the room is ceramic tile. It’s a long affair. An aisle running down the middle, with five stalls on each side. Each stall contains two basic elements, a padded area to kneel on, with the actual enema apparatus, and a toilet.

Amy almost recoils in shock. Jeanine motions for her to enter a stall with her. She assumes a kneeling position, and in a moment, an attendant arrives. The attendant frowns momentarily, then proceeds to administer the enema. When she sees what is involved, Amy is no longer as worried as she was, she's terrified!

She heads over to the next stall. She assumes a kneeling position. The attendant comes in. Since everything is happening behind her, she cannot see what the attendant is doing. She is nervous, but calmer than she once was. Surely, since Mrs. Martin didn't react to...

She felt the nozzle enter her ass. Jeanine was right. It wasn't painful, just a little uncomfortable, at first. Then the pressure began to build up within her. She began to cramp up. Suddenly, she felt the nozzle being removed from her ass, and the attendant helped her to her feet, over to the toilet. She relieved herself, and cleaned herself up. She felt glad when it was over, and was mortified, when the attendant motioned for her to re-kneel on the pads.

"You want to do it again?"

The attendant held up two fingers. The meaning was unmistakable, she would have to endure two more enemas before she was released.

They proceeded like the first, and soon, the attendant sent her on her way. As she left the stall, Amy noticed that Mrs. Martin's curtain was still drawn.

"Mrs. Martin, are you done yet?"

"Not quite dear. I still have two more to go."

"How many are they giving you?"

“Normally, they do three, but I’m a little clogged, so their giving me two more. No extra charge!”

The joke was a little lame, but at least she was still in a good mood.

“Should I wait for you?”

“You must be feeling uncomfortable. Why not grab your shower? I’ll meet you in there. Ok?”

“All right.” For the moment, she forgot that this was a multi-gender facility. But fortunately, this was not yet a problem, since the shower rooms were not.

The room was large, maybe 30 feet to the side. She entered through a doorway, with a second door in the wall opposite. Obviously the exit to the next station.

A small table by the door held several baskets. She went to it, and grabbed a small bar of soap, like the ones they give out in hotels. She also grabbed a small bottle of what looked like shampoo, and a washcloth.

Amy then headed over to one of the walls and selected a shower nozzle. Turning on the water, she adjusted the temperature until it was warm enough. She got under the spray, allowing the water to cleanse her body. She stood like that for several minutes, before she remembered why she was there.

With her hair already wet, she opened her shampoo bottle, and squeezed the contents into her hands. Lathering up her hair, she was a little surprised when she was interrupted. She was even more surprised, when she realized who it was!

“Is anybody in there?” A young male voice inquired.

It took her a few seconds to realize who it was. “Davie, is that you?”

“Yes.” a pause. “Dad wants to know what’s taking you two so long.”

“Well, your mom had to have a few extras, in the other room, and I’m just doing my hair.”

“Hurry up. Dad and I have been in the Jacuzzi waiting for you for 5 minutes now.”

“I be out in a couple!” This was more of a plea, than a statement. Amy desperately wanted to delay going into the next room until Mrs. Martin caught up with her. But that wasn’t to be. Mrs. Martin was taking a long time with her enemas.

There was no turning back now. She has finished her shower, and walking towards the exit doorway, she drops her shampoo bottle, and soap into a waste bin by the door. Her washcloth into a hamper. And walks through the door, down a short hallway.

At the end of the hall is a turn. Staring around the corner, she looks tentatively into a large room. In each corner of the room is a rather large Jacuzzi pool, each capable of accommodating 20 or so persons. The pools, are separated from view by planters. A central tiled walkway cuts the room in half, joining with a walk coming from another door, 20 feet to Amy’s left, obviously from the men’s area.

Amy has put her head around the corner, and taking this all in, she immediately retreats back into the safety of the hall.

The only persons in the room, besides David and Mr. Martin, are a couple older women in another pool, and a woman in a white uniform, obviously the room's attendant.

Summoning up her courage, Amy heads towards the door, determined to meet her fate. Without looking around, she points her head, and her body, straight ahead. Each step firmly planted. Her whole body turning down the central aisle, her head remaining rigid. Anyone in the room is ignored. Her focus is completely centered on reaching the protection of the pool, occupied by her friends.

She reaches the pool, and without hesitation, she grasps with her left hand, the rail next to the pools steps. A tentative testing of the water's temperature with her foot, proves that the water, while still hot, is not necessarily uncomfortable.

Slowly, she steps down into the pool. With each movement, she is one step closer to the perceived protection of the pools bubbling waters.

She settles in on a ledge, opposite the two men. Mr. Martin, for the most part, has ignored her, as she ascended into the pool. David, on the other hand, was in a position, that with just a slight movement of his head, he was able to see every second of her supple little body's descent.

Finishing his conversation with his father, he gets up, and heads over towards Amy.

The two children start talking. Mr. Martin, ignoring the commotion, settles back, his eyes closed, forcing peace of mind into his surroundings.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Martin appears. Finally released, she enters the pool, and luxuriates in the water's warmth. The two adults,

relaxing, smile as they watch the two kids, enjoying themselves in their natural environment.

All too soon, the attendant steps over, and tells them that they should be moving on. Reluctantly, they leave the pool. This is the first opportunity for Amy to look at David's nude form. His young boy penis, hanging between his legs fascinates her. But her view is all too brief, as she follows him up the steps, and without drying off, heads towards the room's exit.

Another short hallway, and then a turn, and they have arrived. This time, it's another short stretch of hallway. A small alcove in the wall holds a large selection of fluffy towels.

The hallway's attendant hands them each a single towel. She also hands each of them a plastic bottle of mineral water, from a small cooler next to the towels. She escorts them to a door, and opening it, ushers them in.

The sauna, is modest in size. About fifteen feet, by ten, the room is taken up by a triple row of benches on two sides of the room.

The two adults have stepped in first, and selecting the right side of the room, they lay their towels down on the wooden benches, and unashamedly lay on top of them. Their bodies on full display. The two kids are relegated to the left benches. David goes first, selecting an upper bench, and following the lead of his parents, is soon lying on his stomach. Amy, on the other hand, is forced to use the lowest bench, immediately below her friend. She, in a spirit of independence, elects to lay on her back, her feet pointing in the direction of her friends head. All he has to do is look downwards, and her entire body, in all its magnificence, is on full display.

They luxuriate in the sauna for half an hour. There is no concern that someone else will barge in on them, as it's a private affair.



Talking. Sipping their water. They luxuriate in the steam-filled box that is sweating the poisons from their systems.

After half an hour, the sauna attendant knocks on the door.

“Excuse me,” she knows they speak English, “but it is time to move on!”

Reluctantly, the foursome rise from their benches. They use their towels for a last swipe of their bodies, to remove their sweat, and then proceed on.

The next stop is a rather large room. Fully open, it is divided into twenty cubicles by simple cloth dividers, like you would see in a doctor’s office. Each cubicle contains a table, with numerous tubes and bottles. And the centerpiece of each, is a large, leather covered bench, covered with cloth.

Amy sees this and is worried again.

Mr. Wilson, seeing her apprehension, speaks to her.

“This is the massage room. One of the ladies, is going to give you a rub-down, and then you will feel a lot better.”

“OK.” Amy knows what a massage room is. And now that she is no longer fearful of something worse than the enemas they started with, she relaxes. They choose four cubicles, two on two, facing each other. The two adults facing each other, the two kids likewise.

They stand for several minutes, and then the masseurs arrive, and take them in hand.

Each is motioned to a table, and Amy starts to worry a little.

“Do you speak English?”

“Just a little.”

“Could you go easy on me please? This is my first massage.”

“No problem. I just give you the basic!”

“Thank you.”

Although she was expecting an easy job, that was not what she got. Her whole body was manipulated. There wasn't an inch, including her genitals, that weren't abused by the strong hands of the amazon working her over. All the while, at least while on her stomach, she watched her friend David getting the same treatment. But no matter how bad she was abused, it looked to her, that he was getting it worse, especially considering all the moaning, coming from his cubicle.

After 45 minutes of having her body tortured, she was pronounced “FIN”

Rejoicing over her new-found freedom, the others soon were finished as well. Then they moved on. This room was not as fun as some of the others.

It was large, as many of the rooms were, completely bare, with a door in the opposite wall, again. A large pool was situated in the center of the room, with no way to walk around it. To continue on, one had to pass through it. No one was lingering, and Amy soon discovered why.

The men were first, then Mrs. Martin. All exclaimed at the coldness of the water. Amy was shaking as she slowly lowered herself in.

“Just do it!” David shouted. “The sooner in, the sooner done, and we can move on!”

Amy decided that he was right. She just plunged herself in, and upon surfacing, her teeth started chattering, heavily.

No one lingered in this pool, like they wanted to in the Jacuzzis. Climbing out of the water, they grabbed towels from a table, and walked to the next room, as they dried themselves off.

The next room, was smaller than the massage room, but was laid out much the same. A number of small gurneys, heavily padded lined one of the side walls. Covered with thick, canvas pads, they looked quite comfortable. A large, glass fronted cabinet contained large, fluffy blankets.

They weren't blankets though. Amy discovered this almost immediately.

As they entered, two attendants greeted them. Pulling four gurneys forward, they laid one of the blankets on each.

When Amy climbed onto hers, she discovered that the cabinet kept the blankets, just out of the dryer warm. Yet they weren't blankets. They were made of large sections of sheep's skin, with all the wool attached. As she laid there, the sections of skin were folded around her small body. Safely cocooned, she was then rolled, through a large cedar door, into another room like the saunas from earlier, but not quite as hot, and not steamy. In fact, the air was almost dry.

They lay there for over twenty minutes, napping, and then without a word, the attendants wheeled them out, and back into the previous room. There, their sheepskin coverings were removed, and they jumped down. Then it was on into the next room of Amy's adventure.

This room, was the mud room.

Two-dozen small, jet-black pools, filled the room. Four rows of six pools, each row of a different size. The attendant asked Mrs. Martin a whispered question.

“Du, Two, I think.” Pointing her finger at herself and then her husband, she responded “Un!” She did the same pointing at the two kids, alternatively.

The attendant understood, and proceeded to the left side of the room. Reaching the end, she pointed to two pools, side by side. The two adults lowered themselves into one. David lowered himself into the other. Amy stood there, uncertain of what she should do.

“Come on.” David called to her. His hand raised out of the muck, and motioned the girl to join him. Resigning herself to her fate, Amy shrugged, and stepped in.

It wasn't as bad as she thought it would be.

The mud itself was warm. Similar to regular body temperature. (It was actually kept at a continuous 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

And although it felt a little slimy, it didn't feel too badly on her skin. She lowered herself in completely. Only her face above the surface. She settled herself in comfortably. The bottom of the pool was actually contoured to fit the human body. And even though it was designed for adults, it was still fairly comfortable.

David lay right next to her. Facing the opposite way, so they could look at each other as they talked. And in the privacy afforded by the mud, this station went to a completely new level.

After five minutes or so, Amy was startled when she felt something brush against her right foot.

“What was that?”

“What was what?”

Something brushed up against her again. “That!”

“David lightly grasped her foot. “This?”

“Yes. What is it?”

“Me. Just relax.” With that instruction, he begins to rub her foot. Soon he moves up her leg. He is disappointed though. Given the lay of the pool, for his seated position, he cannot reach up much past her knee. He wants to go further, but he doesn’t know if he could risk it, in public.

Throwing caution to the wind, he leans forward, and slides himself forward. Still grasping her leg, he moves forward, as his hand moves forward. Slowly, but ever so quickly, getting closer to her crotch.

‘How far will he go?’ Amy wonders. He goes all the way. His hand is soon resting on her genitalia. His fingers, rubbing every inch. Soon, the tip of his finger penetrates her. But only the tip. He is too courteous to do more, or scared since his parents are just in view. If Amy should say something, all was finished. But she remains silent. He moves his other hand towards her. Searching through the muck, he soon finds her right hand. Moving it towards him, he maneuvers it towards his crotch.

His hand soon reaches his own genitals. He brushes the back of her hand against it. The feel of it, instantly causes him to feel aroused.

Amy knows what he is doing, and is fascinated by it. But by his, as well as her own daring!

She finally takes the hint, and grasps his penis with her hand. She doesn't stroke it, rather she just gives it a series of squeezes as they wait to leave the little mud pool.

Soon, their excess is ended by another attendant. This time, they are helped from the pools, and motioned towards a door. Inside is a small square room, with shower faucets lining the walls. They grab soap, shampoo, and wash cloths. And no longer worrying about modesty, shower in each other's presence. Mr. Martin volunteers to do his wife's back. David, seeing this, makes the same offer to Amy. Both women accept the offer, and soon, the men's hands are running up and down the women's backs.

Soon. David's hands leave her back, and start washing her small ass. His hands are all over her. Without even thinking. She soon turns herself under the water, and he washes the rest of her torso. She is not even sure she cares, when she feels his hands brush against her miniscule breasts. She jumps though, when after moving down the length of her torso, she feels his hands, washing between her legs. He rubs her the length of her slit, but does no more. Gone are the liberties that he'd taken, within the anonymity of the mud bath.

When she is clean, she automatically moves to wash him. Her hands range over his body. Not an inch of his torso is left unexplored. Reciprocating on what he had just done to her, she also spends an extended amount of time washing him down. His ass, and his small, boyish prick, receiving extra attention. The two parents would be commenting on this, except they are busy doing the same to each other.

All too soon, the shower is over. They had lost track of the amount of time they had spent in the shower room, and were a little

surprised when another couple entered, mud-covered, and dripping like they had been only a few minutes earlier.

All too soon, their session at the spa is over. The mud bath then shower are the last elements of the experience.

Mrs. Martin pronounces herself ready for lunch, and the four are trying to decide what to do next, when she complicates things even further.

“I could do with a good waxing, while I’m here. How about you dear?”

“A what?”

“A waxing. Ever have one dear?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Then we’ll take care of that immediately. Why don’t you fellas go have some lunch? We girls have one last thing to do!”

The short hall they are walking down ends suddenly. Two doors are at the end. The boys head through one, Amy follows Mrs. Martin through the second.

They are back in the locker room. Amy heads in the direction of their lockers, but Mrs. Martin tells her to wait. She hands her a robe, and the two women head towards another door.

This room is the reception room for the spa’s beauty salon. The receptionist takes their waxing order. They are taken to a room, and there they are each given a couple of Advil as a hedge against the pain to come. They are asked to remove their robes, and an ointment is applied to every inch of their body, that they want

waxed. The technician then informs them that it will be a 45 minute wait for the actual waxing to begin.

They two girls decide to have a quick lunch, so they head out to the spa's café. They order some ham sandwiches and a pitcher of juice. After lunch, they head back, and their treatment room is ready. They are escorted in. They are taken to a room with two tables similar to those found in a doctor's exam room.

They each hop up onto a table, and recline back. In a minute, their waxers arrive. The robes are removed. And the procedure is begun.

Their bodies are covered in talcum powder. Then narrow strips of wax are applied to the areas of their bodies to be waxed. When it is time to remove the wax, Amy tenses up. She expects a massive amount of pain, but is surprised when she only feels a mild discomfort as the wax, and her hairs, are forcibly ripped from her small body.

It takes over an hour for the complete treatment. Amy is embarrassed as the waxer works around her vagina. Although she doesn't know it, the waxer is actually crafting her future pubic hair growth. A little tuft of hair above and below her slit, and a narrow width to either side. In the future, it would not matter what she wore to the beach, if the pattern was followed in the future, she would always be properly shaven. Amy knows nothing of this, however. Simply speaking, she is quite relieved when it is all over.

As they head back to the locker room, Amy has only one question, "People actually go back and have that done a second time?"

"Yes. Many woman do. I myself go in about once every other month or so."

"I don't think I wanna ever do that again!"



“The good news is that the first time, is the hardest. After this, it won’t be so bad. Plus, at your age, a couple more times, than you might never have to do it again!”

“You mean, forever?”

“Well, maybe once every two to three years, just for maintenance.”

Amy looks at one of the waxers, “Is she telling me the truth?”

“Oui! Deux à six fois, à intervalles de deux mois. Vous serez sans cheveux pour la vie!”

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand.”

“Je suis désolé. I’m sorry. Two to six times, at two-month intervals. You will be hair-free for life!”

Amy was ecstatic. Some of her friends at school were already shaving various parts of their bodies on a regular basis. As far as she knew, she was the only girl in her grade, who had waxed! And to learn, that in just a year, she might be able to avoid both, for the rest of her life!

It would be the argument from hell, dealing with her mother, but this one, she knew she would win. She just had too. And then an inspiration hit her. It would work. He didn’t know any better.

The two girls headed to the locker room. Dressed. Back out on the spa’s terrace, Mrs. Martin texted her husband, letting them know they were ready. There was plenty of time. The next train back to their hotel wasn’t for another hour. Fifteen minutes after texting her husband, the two showed up. Each was carrying a brown-paper shopping bag. No label, and neither would admit to what they had bought.

The train ride back to their hotel was much less talkative than the ride out. Amy was deep in her thoughts as to what this day meant to her. Finally, they arrived back at their hotel. Before heading back to her room, Amy hugged Mrs. Martin and David. But she didn't know what to do for Mr. Martin. She finally gave him a hesitant hug. Then she returned to her room.

Her father was working at his desk, as usual. And as usual, he never even heard her come through the door.

And as usual, under these circumstances, she deposited her bag on one of the big sitting-room chairs, and sneaking up behind her father, she planted an affectionate kiss on his neck.

“Hi daddy!”

“Hello pumpkin. How was the spa?”

“A little weird. But after a while, I got to liking it.”

“What was so weird?”

“Well, first they made me have something called an enema. Then everybody was walking around without clothes on. And the bikini waxes over here hurt more than they do at home!”

Now her father, may be something of a simpleton when it comes to women, even after having been married for the better part of a decade. But he could not help wonder about the truth of her last comment.

“Surely her mother doesn't go in for that sort of thing!” and “What was Mrs. Martin thinking? Taking an eleven-year-old, not even her daughter, to a bikini wax!” and “If this is true, her mother is going to kill me!” all raced through his head simultaneously.

“You have had these, ah, PROCEDURES before?” he asked offhandedly.

“Once or twice.” the child responded.

Dare he bother to check it out with his wife, or should he ignore it entirely? Questions were racing through his head. He decided to let the matter drop, and see what the web had to say on the issue. Maybe, with the way society was now, pre-teen bikini waxes were actually normal? He hoped not. His little girl was growing up too fast already. Especially since the divorce. “Was that his fault?” he wondered. Not for the first time. And certainly, not for the last.

Amy looked at her watch. It was after 7:00. Suddenly realizing that she really hadn’t had much to eat since breakfast, she decided that she was actually hungry. Daddy, when can we go eat?”

“How hungry are you?”

“VERY!”

“What were you thinking? In or out?”

“Isn’t there an Italian place in town?”

“I think I saw one on Sunday.”

“Can we go get a pizza?”

“Sure. Go grab a shower. I’ll be at a stopping point in about 20 minutes.”

Now Amy was speaking truthfully when she said that she was starved. But she realized that when her father was on a roll with his designing, he couldn’t be dragged away, period. She knew it was going to be longer than half an hour, so she decided to have a hot

bath instead. The memory of the Jacuzzi, and how wonderful it felt, was still with her.

She went into the bathroom, and turned on the water. Adjusting the flow to as hot as she could tolerate, she activated the stopper, and the tub started filling. Since it was going to take a while, she left the room, and headed back into the sitting room to ask her father a question.

“Daddy.”

“Yes pumpkin?”

“I had such a good time today. Can I ask David to join us for dinner?”

Frank thought a moment, and decided that that would probably be nice. If the Martin’s didn’t have anything specific planned, it would probably be a nice gesture on his part to give the two a night out alone. He even went so far as to reproach himself for not coming up with the idea in the first place.

“All right. Give them a call and see if he’s available.”

“Whoopie!” Amy skipped over to side table and grabbed the cordless phone. She took it with her back to her room. She went back to the bathroom to check on the water, but the tub, since it was so big, wasn’t even half full yet.

Ignoring the tub, she punched in the number for Davey’s parents.

“Mrs. Martin?”

“Yes.”

“It’s Amy. Are you guys doing anything tonight?”

“Well, Mr. Martin and I haven’t decided yet. Why?”

“Well, daddy and I are going out for pizza in a little bit. And we were wondering if Davie might come with us?”

Mrs. Martin was no fool. An evening away from their son was a godsend. The two of them could go out on the town. WITH NO WORRIES!”

“I think that would be lovely. Did you say half an hour?”

“Something like that. Nothing Definite. Are you sending Davie down, or should we pick him up on our way out?”

“I think we can trust him enough to find your room, all by himself. When did you want him?”

“I’m about to take a bath, so maybe half an hour is a good idea?”

“No problem dear. We’ll send him down.” With that accomplished, Amy put the receiver down on her bed. Suddenly remembering the running water, she rushed to the tub, but everything was ok. The water was actually, just at about the right height!

She slipped out of her clothes, and slid into the warm water of the gigantic bath.

“I wish we had one of these in my bath at home!” she thought to herself. “If we did, maybe mom wouldn’t have to argue with me as much to bathe.”

As she washed herself, she couldn’t resist the urge to feel her skin, where she had been waxed. Her legs, stomach, chest, back, neck, parts of her face. Even feeling the length of her butt crack. She

remembered almost screaming when after one of the more painful strips was ripped from her back, feeling the hand of the waxer, and feeling the warmth of the hot wax on the skin inside her crack!

Mrs. Martin had quieted her, telling her that it was all right, that it was normal. That they would be doing much more besides.

And then, laying in the water, she started rubbing herself, between her legs. She almost didn't let them do it there, but when she realized what they were doing, and before she could say or do anything, they had pretty much already started around her vagina. And there was no turning back. And then, a little later, she remembered listing in the bath at school, of older girls talking about this. And then she was proud of herself. SHE WAS THE FIRST GIRL IN THE SIXTH GRADE (probably) TO GET WAXED LIKE THIS! All of a sudden, she felt more grown up than she ever had, during her entire life.

All too soon, she decided that she had been in the tub long enough. She rose up, out of the water, and started the tub draining. She grabbed one of the big fluffy towels off the bar by the tub, and started drying herself off.

On impulse, she used her towel to wipe down the surface of a full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. As she continued to dry herself off, she admired her young body.

Thoughts ran through her head. She was ashamed that physically, her body was so immature. Even before the waxing that afternoon, she hardly had any hair, down there. Her breasts hadn't really started forming yet. All said, she was still, at least physically, a little girl.

Thinking back on the events of the day, she was proud of herself. She had overcome her shyness, her modesty, managing to be naked, in public, for the first time in her life.

She had proudly displayed her body for all, at least the Martin's and the occasional additional patron, to see. Only two weeks ago, she would have laughed in the face of anyone even suggesting that this would have been possible.

Mentally, she felt herself to be a woman, even as her body betrayed her. Looking at herself, she wondered why it was that David, 13 years old, was interested in her, barely 11.

That she was one of the few kids in the entire place, near his own age, not to mention probably the only one that spoke English, never entered into her mind. That he was attracted to her, physically, was a dream. Only time would tell, if dreams would become reality.

Now finished with drying off her body, she grabbed a clean towel and wrapped it around her waist. She decided that she no longer cared about how dressed she was, when she was alone, or with just family. For the time being, she wasn't ashamed with being topless, she didn't think she could purposely be completely naked in front of her father.

She left the bathroom, and not knowing how fancy this place was, she continued drying her hair, as she went to find her father.

“Daddy?”

“You were in there a pretty long time.”

“Yeah. That big tub is awesome!”

“You were in there for so long I was wondering if you had died, or if I was going to have to argue with you to get you out of there. Davie here just said to let you take your time.”

It was then, with her father pointing to a chair looking out over the water, that she noticed her friend. At the same time, Frank noticed that his daughter was standing there topless. He also realized that his little girl, who a couple of weeks ago, would have thrown a fit at the situation, now did not care about her state of near undress.

And when she just stood there, not running back to her room, he knew that things had changed forever. When she was five, she wouldn't have cared. But around the age of 9 or so, she had suddenly declared that she started needing her privacy. He'd laughed at this, but it saddened him as well. It saddened him even more, to realize that his little girl was growing up. Realizing that nudity, in public, was acceptable, under certain conditions.

“Where had she learned this?” he asked himself.

But before he could begin answering himself, his daughter interrupted his thoughts.

“DADDY.”

“Yes pumpkin?”

“How long was I in the tub?”

“Almost an hour.”

“My GOD!” she thought. Grateful that for some reason, she didn't look like a prune, she then asked, “What should I wear?”

“What?”

“How dressy is this place?”



David answered, “If it’s the place I’m thinking of, mum and dad and I ate there last year. It’s mostly a local’s place. Jeans and a plain shirt would be fine.”

“OK.” and with that, and without any shame, or embarrassment, she heads back to her room. She slips on a pair of her new panties, one of the thong one, and then a pair of jeans. Her shirt, is a simple pink blouse, with the IZOD lizard, or whatever it was, on the front. A pair of sandals completed her dress, so she quickly brushed her hair, grabbed a small purse, even though it was empty, and headed back out to the boys.

“I’m ready.”

“About time. I’m starved!” David exclaimed.

“Excuse me for being a girl.”

Frank, fearing for an argument, broke things up, “All right. Relax you two. I wouldn’t have been ready to leave until ten minutes ago, anyway. So it’s no one’s fault. Now let’s get going!”

He picks up his light jacket, and heads for the door. There, he has problems deciding if he’s amused, or saddened that his daughter has taken David’s hand in hers, and they were walking along, like young lovers. “DON’T EVEN LET THAT THOUGHT GO ANY FURTHER.” He admonished himself.

They walked to the Italian place. Once there, the dinner rush was long over. And even though most of the tables were filled with groups of youngsters, drinking local or Italian wine, there were still a number of tables.

Frank simply asked if they sold pizza. Relieved when told yes, he asked for a pepperoni large enough for the three of them. Then he surprised the two kids, when instead of ordering them cokes, he

simply ordered a bottle of Chianti and a bottle of water, with three wine glasses. The kids muttered to themselves, scarcely hoping. Frank just sat there, unmoving.

The beverages arrived first, and the kids were a little disappointed when he opened first the bottle of water, and poured some into two wine glasses. Then they were ecstatic, when he filled them up the rest of the way with wine. Placing one in front of each kid, he didn't even comment. He simply poured himself a glass of wine, and then started up a conversation in which he gave David the third degree.

When the pizza arrived, it was found to be quite large, and surprisingly quite delicious. Each of the three had more than enough. After they had eaten their fill, Frank emptied the wine, some into each of their glasses. This time, he didn't even bother diluting the kid's wine with water.

When they left the restaurant, they went for a walk down the beach. There were a few people about, but for the most part you could say that the three of them were alone. It was a slow walk. Full of the same conversation from within the restaurant. Every once in a while, one of the kids would exclaim at a particularly interesting shell, high tide had begun to ebb just before the went into the restaurant, leaving behind a new wealth of interesting shells scattered about the sands.

All too soon, they were back at the hotel. They got off the elevator at David's floor, since Frank decided it would be appropriate. And since he wanted to thank the Martin's one more time for their generosity towards his daughter. But when they arrived at the door, they discovered that David had forgotten his key-card, and that the two parents had not yet returned from their evening out.

There was nothing for it, but to return to the lobby, and after requesting another key from the desk, they returned to David's

floor. This time, though, David headed off alone. Frank and Amy had exited the elevator, but did not move down the hall. As the elevator door closed behind them, the two kids said their goodbye's for the night. Each was reluctant to leave the other, and it was only when an elevator appeared, opening its doors, that Amy gave David a little peck on the cheek, then rushed towards the elevator.

Frank ignored all of this, accidentally on purpose of course, and headed for the elevator himself. As the two entered their suite, Amy for once, did not argue with her father, but simply said,

“Good night daddy.” then headed for her bedroom.

Frank watched as she departed, and simply said, “Good night sweetheart.” and then, as the door closed behind her, rolled up his shirtsleeves, and proceeded to continue with his drawings.

Amy, alone in her room, was tired from her day's activities, but she was not yet ready to fall asleep.

She removed her clothes, carefully placing them on a chair so she could re-wear them tomorrow. She hadn't worn a bra to the restaurant, so she was only wearing her thong. She grabbed a simple t-shirt, with the picture of a single kitten on the front, out of a drawer, put it on, and then climbed into bed.

Turning out the light from a switch at the side of her bed, she lay in the darkness. Thinking about the day's events. Thinking about how it felt to be naked all afternoon. How it wasn't too bad. Almost fun! How it felt to have David's hands running across her nude body. How it felt to do the same to David. How it felt to hold him in her hand, how it felt to be holding onto his 'thing'. How it felt to have him feeling along her slit.

She didn't notice her hand moving to her crotch, as she thought about these things. She didn't notice her hand as it slid beneath her panties, her fingers running along her slit. She didn't notice the tingling sensation she experienced as her fingers moved faster. It wasn't until she began her orgasm, that she realized that something was happening. She had never experienced one before, so at first she didn't realize what had happened.

And then, the understanding hit her! She had had her first orgasm! She was a WOMAN!!!

She went into the bathroom, and cleaned herself up. And then, after changing her panties for another thong, she went back to bed, excited with her maturity. Basking in the glow of the memories of these new experiences, until finally, exhausted, she fell asleep.

After several more hours, Frank decided that he'd had enough work for the day. In fact he'd had enough work for a while. He looked through what he'd accomplished so far, and deciding that he deserved a break, he thought he should take the next day off, and spend it with his daughter.

He went to bed that night, conflicted in his own emotions. His little girl was growing up. He would now have to really start worrying about her.

He fell asleep, resolving to do his best for her.

The end of Day Four

## Day Five - Thursday

For the first time, since the morning after their arrival in France, Frank had not needed to get up that morning. Sleeping in, it was after 10, when Amy began to stir. Looking at the clock, she was rather surprised when she noticed the time. Without even thinking, she climbed out of bed. After a quick stop in the bathroom, she headed out to the main room. Her father wasn't working yet, so she silently crept over to his bedroom door. Opening it a crack, she could hear the sound of his breathing. Closing the door, she decided to take things into her own hands.

She grabbed the phone off its cradle and dialed up room service. Ordering them a simple breakfast of fruit, pastry, juice and coffee, she left instructions that they should just deliver the food, since she was going to take a bath, and her father was still asleep.

She then raced towards her bathroom. Turning on the water, she remembered that she had a small bottle of bubble bath in her luggage. She searched through her toiletry bag and finding it, she opened the bottle, and poured a steady stream of the liquid into the water.

It was then, looking at how low the water level was, that she remembered how long it took to fill the tub, she then removed her panties and shirt. Waiting for the tub to fill, began to feel like it was taking forever. She then remembered how she felt last night, after she had realized that she, well, she was playing with herself.

So she decided to see if she could re-create the experience. She lowered herself, to the bathroom floor, and since she was already naked, she reached down with her hand, and started to rub the exterior of her slit, with two of her fingers. She began to visualize David doing this to her. That it was the fingers of one hand stimulating her, while with his other, he explored every other inch of her young, developing body.

Soon, she began to get those feelings again, and it was only a few more seconds before she felt the waves of pleasure coursing through her body. This caused her to start rubbing her slit faster. And the faster that she rubbed, the greater was the strength of her second ever orgasm. As it began to diminish, she slowed down. And soon, it was over, and Amy was laying on the floor, trying to catch her breath.

The sound of the water, reminded her of the filling tub, and she check to see that it wasn't overflowing. The water level was pretty much perfect, as was the temperature. She climbed into the tub, and lowered herself into the refreshing water. Relish the warmth now flowing around her body, she hid herself in the bubbles. Closed her eyes, and humming songs from the latest Jonas Brother's CD, she completely forgot the world.

Meanwhile, Frank had woken up. He finished his morning routine in the bathroom, an wearing a comfortable pair of slacks, and a polo shirt, he headed out of his bedroom, passed through the sitting room, since he noticed that his daughter wasn't out yet, and headed for his daughter's bedroom door.

Opening it a crack, and calling out her name, he notices that his daughter wasn't in the room. He enters the room, and heads towards her bathroom door. Knocking on it, there is no answer. He knocks a second time. When his daughter hasn't answered after the third knock, he opens the door and peers in. For all practical purposes, the room is empty, but then he hears some light splashing from the direction of the tub.

He walks over to it, and looking down, he sees his daughter, covered in bubbles.

“Hello pumpkin.”

“Daddy!” the child is truly surprised. She takes the washcloth that she has, and covers her crotch, and then uses her arms to shield her chest from his sight.

Frank, seeing her alarm, wants to laugh, since just the night before, she was also topless, and David was in the room at the time, and she had just acted like it was perfectly normal. Now here she was, reasonably covered, and she was panicking about being naked, in the same room as her father?

Frank immediately turned around, and faced the door.

“I’m sorry sweetheart!”

“Why didn’t you knock?”

“I did. Three times. You never answered.”

“Really?”

“Yes. REALLY!”

Amy began to realize that maybe it was her fault. She was after all, daydreaming. And often times, when she was daydreaming, she was totally unaware of what was going on around her.

“Ok. What do you want?”

“You need to hurry if you wanna grab some breakfast.”

“It’s okay. I ordered some pastry, fruit and coffee from room service. It should be here by now?”

“Really? I didn’t sign for it. Did you?”

“No. I told them I was going to take a bath, and just to bring it in. They’re going to leave the bill at the front desk, so someone should sign it, before too long.”

“Oh. Ok. Well, don’t spend too long in there. I have a surprise for you.”

“Really? What?” At the mention of the word ‘surprise’ Amy was so excited, she almost rose up out of the tub, right there. But then she remembered, so, lowering herself back into the water, she said “What is it”

“Finish up in here, and then come out to the sitting room. I’ll tell you over breakfast.” Frank starts walking towards the door, but is unable to make it, before his daughter challenges him.

“Daddy. Tell me now.”

“Over breakfast.” With that, Frank is safely through the door, and then he turns, only enough to look back into the room, as he closes the door. His daughter is still in the tub, but he knows that she’ll start hurrying as soon as the bathroom door is closed.

Sure enough, the intrusion of her father upon the privacy of her bath, woke Amy up. Rising from the water, she unstopped the tub, and was rewarded with the soothing sound of the water draining from the tub. Stepping out of the water, she dripped on the bath’s carpet as she dried herself off. Wrapping herself in a towel, she headed to her bedroom. Grabbing a clean pair of panties, this time a pair of the little-girl style that she now looked down upon, she slipped back into the same clothes that she had worn to dinner the previous evening.

Exiting her room, she entered the living room to find her father absorbed in a cup of the hotel’s exquisite coffee, a croissant, heavily buttered, and the morning paper.



She heads over to the room service cart, and helps herself to two croissants, which she butters lightly, one of the small bowls of cut fruit, and a large glass of orange juice from the full carafe that had been sent up by the kitchen. She thought about trying a cup of coffee, but since she had never drunk it before, she declined.

She settled down in a comfortable chair, and dug in greedily. It was only after she finished her first croissant, and a large part of her fruit, that she felt sated enough to ask her father about today's surprise.

“Daddy. What did you want to tell me?”

“Just that over the last couple of day, I think I have been working too hard, and ignoring you. So I decided to take the day off, and spend it with you. If you had nothing planned.”

The child jumped up and down in delight. A WHOLE DAY WITH DADDY! “What are we gonna do?” She asks.

“Whatever you want. It's your day sweetheart.”

“The Beach! Can we go to the beach?”

The request was so innocent, and so surprisingly inexpensive, that Frank would have been a fool to refuse it. Besides, what could be more relaxing, than spending the day, laying out on a golden sandy beach, without a care in the world?

“OK. The beach it is. Go put your suit on. We leave,” he checked his watch. They had just missed the 11 o'clock water taxi. “We leave in 20 minutes!”

Amy ran to her father, kissed him on his cheek, then turning around, she ran to her bedroom. Closing the door, she was out of

her clothes, faster than could be thought possible. She opened up a drawer of her bureau, and rummaging, she pulled out her black bikini. The same bikini that she had worn to that same beach, only a couple of days previously. She slipped the bottom on, and then covered it with a pair of shorts.

She grabbed the waist hem of her shirt, and was in the process of raising it up, to remove it, when she realized that since she wasn't wearing a bra, she need not remove it at all. Only two days previously, she had spent the day, at the same beach, mostly topless. Sure. Today her father would be there, but what of it? Why should she be embarrassed to be half-naked in front of her father, when over the last two days, she was topless, or naked in front of dozens, or hundreds of perfect strangers. And even in front of the three Martins.

Resolved, she placed the triangle top back into the drawer of her bureau. A pair of pink flip-flops, finished her ensemble. She grabbed a beach bag, and put in it, the two towels from her bath that morning, a large beach blanket, some sun block, a book from her school's summer reading list, and her IPOD. Back in the sitting room, it was straight to the mini-bar, where from the fridge, she removed 4 half-liter bottles of water. When her preparations were complete, she relaxed in a chair, waiting for her father.

A couple of minutes later, her father appeared. Wearing a pair of blue swim trunks that looked just like a pair of shorts, a white polo shirt, and a pair of sandals. Seeing his daughter was ready, he smiled.

“Up you go kiddo. We have 10 minutes to make it to the water taxi?”

Amy stood up, grabbed her bag. She held it out for her father to grab, and although he was at first inclined to say no, he held out his hand, and took the burden from her.

His other hand, he held out, and she placed her hand in his. They headed to the door, and towards the elevator.

Passing through the lobby, the girl fairly preened in front of the other hotel patrons. Out the door, down the path, towards the Mediterranean Sea.

Upon reaching the dock, they looked out onto the water, and a minute later, they saw the water taxi clear a headland right next to the hotel. The taxi approached the dock, and pulled in to its berth. They waited for a minute, as the boat was secured to the dock. When it was safe, they boarded, nodding to the several passengers already on board. They seated themselves, and after several minutes, the boat prepared to embark for its next stop, the child's excitement rose.

The boat sped on towards its next stop. Not necessarily flying over the waves, its top speed was only 25 km/h. They followed the coastline for almost 20 kilometers, across a small bay, until they reached the village of La Ciotat. There they disembarked, when the water taxi pulled up to a dock. Just like Tuesday, Frank and Amy walked down the length of the beach. It was only now starting to get crowded. So they had to walk maybe a mile or so before they came to a more sparsely populated section.

It was here, that Frank received the first of several surprises on this excursion. After dropping her bag on the sand, Amy pulled the beach blanket out of her bag. Flopping it though the air, she spread it out on the sand. Then, grabbing her bag, and stepping into the middle of the blanket, she dropped it down, with an air of finality. She then slipped out of her flip-flops.

Frank had settled himself down on the edge of the blanket. He removed his sandals, and threw them on top of his daughter's flip flops. He removed his polo shirt, and threw it on top of his sandals.

He turned his head. His daughter had begun to strip down to her bikini. She had removed her shirt. And with her back turned towards her father, she was sliding her shorts down her legs. When she straightened back up, her father was looking at her, and it was then that he noticed that there was no strap from a bikini top, running across his daughter's back. Thinking that she would be putting one on momentarily, he made nothing of it. But as she stepped out of her shorts, bending over to pick them up, along with her shirt, she made no motion to put on a top, after dropping her clothes on top of her fathers.

“Ready for a swim daddy?”

“I am. Are you?”

“What?”

“Where's your top?”

Now the irony of the situation was not lost on the child. Only two days ago, she had had this same basic conversation with Mrs. Martin. Now she was having it, from the other point of view, with her own father.

“Daddy, I'm not going to wear one!”

“Excuse me?”

“Daddy. I didn't bring one.”

“You plan on spending the rest of the day like that?”

“I don't know. I might change my mind. For now, this will do.”

“I'm not sure I'm comfortable with you running around, dressed so, well, so undressed.”

“It’s perfectly ok.”

“I’m afraid I don’t agree.”

“Daddy. Look around. How many women and girls do you see wearing tops?”

Frank looked around. It was then that he noticed, just like his daughter two days previously, most of the women and girls on the beach, were in fact wearing only bikini bottoms. Many of them almost non-existent. Before he could respond, his daughter hit him with another question.

“How many kids my age, do you see running around completely naked?”

Frank looked again. Of the hundred or so people in view, about half were children. Most of them, were his daughter’s age, or younger. And many of them, were indeed, completely nude.

“I think that for a kid my age, I may actually be overdressed!”

“But you shouldn’t be running around like that. It’s not proper. It’s not right.”

“Why daddy?”

“Because,” Here he had to think a moment. So many reasons, and only one chance to prove his point, “your mother would kill me.”

“Mom’s not here. And I can always say it happened at the pool, while you were working.”

“She’s still gonna wanna kill me!”

“But she won’t”

“Why wouldn’t she?”

“Because, all I have to do, is explain it to her the right way, and she’ll never know the truth.”

Frank was wavering. “So what are the rules, on this?”

“Twelve and under, anything goes. Over twelve, boys must wear trunks, and girls have to wear at least bottoms. Other beaches have different rules. I guess. But that’s the way it is here.”

“So legally, you could even remove,” he couldn’t bring himself to say it, so she answered for him.

“If I want to. When I want to, I can even go nude.”

It was then that he realized the implications of her earlier statement, ‘I might change my mind. For now, this will do.’ “But you won’t? Would you?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

Frank knew he was beaten. His daughter had the habit of making up her own mind. If everyone else was doing something, she would do it, or not do it. It was her decision. And if everyone was doing something, and she decided to join in, no amount of argument would change her mind. He didn’t like this situation, but he was stuck with it. He had to accept it.

Then Amy made a statement that kind of struck a nerve, “I wish they had a beach like this back at the hotel.”

Frank then realized that the child was right. Well, maybe not right about going topless at the beach. But definitely right about the hotel needing a beach.

Frank put that thought into the back of his mind, and admitting defeat he asked his daughter “How about a quick swim?”

“Sure!” With things settled, she jumped up and started racing towards the water. “Last one in is a rotten egg!”

Frank quickly followed. And soon the two of them were splashing in the water.

They enjoyed themselves for about an hour before Frank had to admit that he was starting to tire. “Sweetheart, I’m done. How about we head back to shore?”

“OK daddy.” The two wade back towards the shore. When they reach dry land, they discover that their antics in the water had caused them to move about fifty or so yards further down the coast. They walked back towards their blanket, dripping water as they did so. When they got there, they quickly dried off with the towels that Amy had brought, and then Amy suggested working on their tans. Frank was agreeable.

Amy offered to apply some lotion onto his body, so standing there, he allowed her to rub her hands over every square inch of himself, that wasn’t covered by his trunks. When it came time for Amy to get some sun screen, Frank was a little more squeamish. Amy took advantage of his hesitation to lay down on the blanket. To lay down on her back. With her front fully exposed to her father’s gaze, she just laid there for two minutes, while Frank was both motionless, and speechless.

“Daddy, put some lotion on me before I start burning.”

“There was nothing for it. So Frank dropped down on his knees. He applied some lotion to his hands, and started to rub them all over the front of his daughter’s body. Starting with her face, and moving downwards, he would have been surprised if he knew how he was affecting his daughter.

With every motion of his hands, Amy started to get more and more aroused. Even though this was her father, the reactions of her body to the feel of his fingers on her bare skin, could not be denied. She felt her nipples harden, and a tingling sensation gradually began to develop between her legs. And she almost went over the edge when she felt her father’s fingertips start to run circles around the outside of her small, young-girl nipples.

All too soon, he was finished. His hands were massaging her feet, and then he was done. Amy, still in a daze, took a minute before she realized this, and then she rolled over, onto her stomach.

Her father continued his sun massage. Starting with her legs, this time he worked his way up. He spent a little more time than necessary on the insides of her upper thighs, but that didn’t matter. At least to her. Frank on the other hand, when he realized what it was he was doing, wanted to punch himself.

He resisted that urge. Instead, he paid more attention to his actions. He methodically, and professionally, finished with his daughter. A playful smack on her perfectly rounded ass happened before he even realized he was doing it.

“Daddy!”

“Sorry pumpkin. I guess I couldn’t resist.” With that, he again admonished himself, that such behavior towards his daughter, while perfectly acceptable when she was five or six, was no longer appropriate. Ashamed with himself, again, he settled down on his half of the blanket. Lying on his stomach, resting his head on his



arms, he settled down. Not quite sleeping. But not paying attention to any of the things going on in the world around him.

Amy, still angry with her father over that last-minute swat to her butt, glowered at her father, as he settled himself down. Still mad, she settled mostly down, and began to think about how nice it would be to take a nap here on the beach.

They were both quiet for a short while. Frank, although he had promised himself that he would ignore work for at least one day, found that if he didn't think about it, he would instead start thinking about how his daughter's body was affecting him. Not even wanting to think about going in that direction, he found an escape in working out ideas in his head.

It wasn't long, though, before his mind began to wander, just a little bit. The beach was calling to him.

"You know, it is beautiful here."

"What daddy?"

"This beach. It really is beautiful."

"I know. I just wish that the hotel had one."

"Why?"

"You lose an hour just getting here. The pool is ok. But it's awfully crowded. And laying out on sand, is much more comfortable than cement, or those lounge chairs!"

"This is rather nice." He was beginning to think like his daughter. There just wasn't any specification for a beach on the instructions he had been given.

“Daddy?”

“Yes pumpkin?”

“Why can’t the hotel have a beach?”

“Because there is no room for one.”

“No room? Don’t you just have to throw some sand against the cliffs and call it a beach?”

“It’s not that easy sweetheart. The reason there is no beach there, is because the currents won’t allow for one to form there. Any attempt to make a beach there would only mean all the sand gets washed away.”

“So you have to build something to protect a beach?”

“Yes. Simply put, yes.”

“So build something.”

“I can’t. The developers didn’t put anything like that in their wish list.”

“So put it in anyway.”

“It’s not that simple sweetheart. Put in too many things that they don’t want, and you lose the contract!”

“Forget the contract! Have they ever stayed in their own hotel? There really isn’t all that much to do.”

“Not that much to do? It seems to me, you’ve been pretty busy every day since we’ve gotten here!”

“Yeah. I’ve been busy, but not there. Mostly we had to leave the hotel to do, well, anything except for the pool.”

Frank was thinking. He did have some ideas. The list of features he’d been given to include in the new designs really didn’t have much to do, but lounge around the pool, hang out in the salons, eat in the gourmet restaurants, shop in luxury boutiques, and gamble in the casino. If you expect to fill rooms, you have to have a reason for people to want to book them.

He sat up. “Maybe!” He turned himself around, and started to rummage into his daughter’s beach bag. He found the notepad and pens that he had put in there before they’d left the hotel. He started to write things down. Momentary pauses to think, than short periods of frenzied writing.

Amy, having heard her father stirring, turned her head to see what he was doing. Seeing him, she knew that her father’s day off, had just ended. Considering how focused he was on his work, she knew that he would be oblivious to everything around him. The perfect opportunity!

She rolled over onto her back, and sat upright. Shifting her weight, first from one side of her butt, to the other, she gradually lowered the bottom of her bikini from her ass, to her legs. Moving it down the length of her legs, bending them at the knees, soon it was at her ankles. Sliding her feet out, she reached down, grabbed them, and placed them into her beach bag. Grabbing the bottle of sun screen, she spread some on her hands, and then proceeded to cover her crotch. Rolling over back onto her stomach, she had soon covered her hips, butt cheeks and crack as well. Ignoring the rest of the world, she laid back down, to enjoy her freedom of total anonymity.

For the next several hours, nothing happened. Frank, when he wasn’t making notes, jotting down ideas, he was on his cell phone,

calling for facts and figures. In two hours, he had a rough outline of what he was thinking.

Amy, simply laid where she was. Alternating between lying on her back, and stomach.

Although there was a trace of a bikini line around her waist, the whiteness of her skin had greatly diminished. While not a true tan, the skin was decidedly darker. Her chest, after her topless sunbathing on Tuesday, was almost as consistently tanned as the rest of her young, supple, prepubescent body.

4:30 soon rolled around. Although the sun, wasn't exactly setting, it was beginning to settle in for the night. The greatest heat of the day was now past. The breeze was changing direction. And Frank, having completed all that he could do, in the middle of a beach, suddenly found himself to be famished.

Since breakfast was late, and lunch skipped, he decided that an early dinner might be in order.

“Sweetheart?” He turned himself around, facing his daughter for the first time in several hours. It was then that he noticed his daughter's full nudity. But before he could make a point of it, Amy answered him.

“Daddy.”

“Um. Aren't you missing something?”

“I don't think so.”

Frank, not wanting to create a scene, made no more of it. He wouldn't have gotten anywhere, anyway. Instead, he asked the question he had originally intended to ask.

“Are you hungry? We could go get an early dinner?”

Amy, suddenly realized that she was famished. “OK.”

“Get dressed, and we’ll see what we can find for dinner.” He had no idea what was going to happen next, but at least his daughter would be dressed again!

Amy rose to a kneeling position, totally unashamed of her nudity. It was a miracle what change could come over a person’s beliefs in just one short week. She bent over, looking in her beach bag. She grabbed her bikini bottom. Should she put it back on? No! She decided to leave it off, and just put on the shorts outfit she had worn over it in the first place. It wouldn’t be like anyone would ever know. But her father knew. He saw her put something back into her bag. Something that looked like a ball of black material, and he instantly knew what it was.

She then reached over, and grabbed her clothes. She put it on, and then, she stood up, and slipped her feet into her flip-flops.

Frank, had been busy re-dressing himself. When he was finished, he turned around to find his daughter waiting for him. He walked over to her, and grasping her in a bear hug, he twirled her around.

“So where do you want to eat pumpkin?”

“What do you want daddy?”

“Anything is fine, so long as I can get lobster. Today was a good day, and I have to celebrate!”

“Do they get lobster over here daddy?”

“Med lobsters are some of the best on earth!”

“OK. Let’s go find you some lobsters.”

Amy is deposited back on the ground, and the two pick up their bags, and head off to dinner. Walking further down the beach, they come to a stair running up the face of the town’s break wall, leading to the town’s commercial center.

Passing several restaurants, it only takes the reading of four or five menus, before they find live lobsters in a tank, in a restaurant’s front window.

Frank selects 2. One large one for himself, one moderate sized one for his daughter. Ever the kid, she has hers with fries. He, elects for a large stuffed baked.

The lobsters are served, along with a bottle of a white Chablis. The talk over dinner, was a continuation of their conversation on the beach. Amy, listing all the things a child like her would love to experience, in such an environment.

Knowing his daughter, like he thought he had, Frank already had planned for many of these. Problem was, she soon began listing a few, more “adult” activities like a larger spa, hair studio, and better facilities for arranging activities outside of the hotel.

“Like what?” her father inquired.

“Horseback riding! Or maybe mountain biking on overland trails! Fishing charters! Historic sites! Wineries! Specialty foods!”

The list was impressive. Frank would have instantly expected, and in fact assumed that horses would be on the list. But the other activities did surprise him. It would have surprised Amy as well, but she simply rattled off a list of activities that she had seen the other night on the travel show. The one that had given her a preview of the spa she’d visited with the Martins.

“The hotel doesn’t have any of these things.”

“Yeah. This place IS missing a lot.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes pumpkin?”

“If you can’t have everything, keep the horses!”

Laughing, “I will sweetheart!” Amy had always loved horses. At least ever since she outgrew an obsession with cats.

Dinner proceeded much the same. Mindless small talk, and little girl chatter.

After dinner, they decided to spend the evening walking through town, window shopping, then along the beach.

“Sweetheart?”

“Yes daddy?”

“This morning, when you were in the tub. You panicked when I walked in?”

“So?”

“But today, on the beach, you were just as naked, but you didn’t care?”

“What’s your question?”

“How could you panic about being naked in the bath when your father walks in on you, yet not care about being naked in front of me, and the rest of the world?”

“Simple. When you saw me in the tub, I was naked. On the beach, I was nude.”

“Now I don’t understand!”

“In the bathroom, I was naked, because even though I chose to be undressed, I didn’t choose for you to see me there. On the beach, I was nude, because a lot of other people were nude also, because we chose to be.”

“So the difference between the two, is you deciding if you want to be seen?”

“Yes. If I don’t mind being seen, I’m nude. If I do mind, then I’m naked.”

“I still don’t think I understand!”

“Daddy, it’s. . . “

“Hold on. I said I don’t think I understand. Not that I don’t accept your opinion. It’s just that, as your dad, can’t you understand, I really don’t care for you to be naked in public?”

“I was never naked in public!”

“Yes you were! I saw you when we were leaving the beach!”

“No. I was NUDE in public! There is a difference.”

“I still don’t understand.”



“Maybe I just understand ‘Europe’ better than you do?”

“Maybe so. Maybe so. But do I have to like it?”

“No. Just deal with it.”

“I’ll try.”

A short wait, and they were aboard, with the added luxury of watching the sun set over the Mediterranean. They enjoyed the beauty of the view, in silence. Savoring the moment. Each other’s presence, the only company they needed. Frank, still trying to come to grips with his daughter’s maturity.

Back at the hotel, they separated, each to their own devices, in the relatively confined space of their suite. Frank changed into casual clothes and immediately began to put the outlines of his new ideas for the hotel down on paper.

Amy, went into her bedroom. Deciding that she needed a bath after her day at the beach, she headed to the bathroom. Again, she was faced with the joy of luxuriating in an envelope of bubbles, until she realized that she had used up her supply of bubble bath that morning.

Dejected, she turns on the water, she goes back into her bedroom, and it is then she notices the basket on the dresser, next to her television set.

A large wicker basket, decorated with tissue. Inside, a selection of plastic bottles, sponges, pouffes, tubes of oils, scents. EVERYTHING a young girl could ever hope for, in terms of luxuriating baths.

She reached for a card that had been carefully placed on top of the parcel. Opening it, she read:

“To a wonderful little lady, whose company at dinner was such a delight. We apologize for the delay in presenting this, but there was some disagreement as to the appropriateness of the gift. We hope this helps you to truly enjoy your time here.

Sincerely,

The Messieurs Napier”

The child can't believe her eyes. Here she was, all sad because she had used up all of her bubble bath, and now here, out of the blue was a basket with several jars of adult's bath crystals. She pulled out of the basket, a large bottle, filled with purple crystals. She opened it, and the strong scent of lavender filled her nostrils. She decided this was the right jar, and hurried into her bathroom, where, with the tub, not even half full, she poured a generous amount of crystals into the water, near where the spigot discharged.

Almost immediately, she could see bubbles forming in the churning mass of water. The scent of lavender, faint at first, quickly permeated the small room. Testing the water, the temperature was just perfect, so she quickly undresses, and then lowers her small, young body into the caressing waters, reclining in perfect luxury.

Soon, the water level is up over her shoulders, the level of bubbles on the surface is soon to cover her chin. Reluctantly, she reaches over, and turns off the flow of the water. Settling back into a reclining position, she closes her eyes, and immediately, the world around her ceases to exist.

In the sitting room, Frank is busy working. At first he fails to hear a knock at the door. But a moment later, a soft pounding gets his attention. Putting his design implements down, he gets up and

opens the door. He is only slightly surprised at the sight that awaits him.

Young David is standing, dressed not unlike Frank, in a pair of dress slacks, one of those shirts with the little lizard in the front, and new tennis shoes.

“I see you’re back! Is your daughter in?”

“You’re here to see Amy?”

“Yes sir.”

“I think she’s in her room watching television. You knock and see if she’ll let you in.”

With that, Frank proceeds to return to his work. Completely ignoring the child knocking on his daughter’s bedroom door. He knocks moderately, several times, and thinking that maybe she was asleep, and not wanting to wake her, or disturb Frank again, he opens the door and peers inside. Seeing that the lights are on, and no one is in view, he opens the door wider. He then steps inside, and still seeing no-one, he wonders where she is.

He then hears splashing coming from a doorway he knows that it is her bathroom. Now, knowing what has happened, he approaches the half-open door, and again tries to get her attention by knocking.

There is no response. He knocks again, this time a little louder.

Still no response.

Summoning up the courage, he opens the door, and walks in.

He sees his friend, in the tub, completely covered in lavender scented bubbles. Knowing what her nude body looks like, he sees

in his mind what she looks like, just lying there. He takes a couple steps backward, away from the tub. His penis, starts to harden a little as he tries to capture the child's attention.

“Are you alive in there? Or have you drowned?”

“David!” in a low shout, “What are you doing in here?”

“I came to see you.”

“Come any closer, and you'll see all of me.”

“I won't even respond to that accusation.”

This time, the child is so covered in bubbles, that she doesn't make the first move to cover her body. Does she like the idea of being naked, with him in the room?

“What do you want?”

“Tomorrow, me, mum and dad are taking a horseback tour of a winery. Wanna come?”

“Sure. I have to ask dad though.”

“You want me to close my eyes so you can get out of there?”

She thinks for a moment. She had seen him naked. And he had seen her naked. Did it really matter? The question excited her. She decided not to make a point of it. “No. Just hand me a towel. David turns and reaches for a fluffy bath towel as Amy rises out of the water. Bubbles continue to cling to her body. But it seems that they are conveniently ignoring her private areas.

David turns back to her, and takes in her whole body, as he hands her the towel. Unashamed of her nudity, she carefully opens it, and after quickly drying herself off, she wraps it around her body.

Still dripping a little, Amy, followed by David, heads to the sitting room where the issue is put to Frank, who smartly decides that given the horse element of the excursion, he had better give his permission. All the details are worked out, and Frank, ignoring the 2 children, is immediately refocused back onto his work.

The 2 kids head back to the bedroom. David is the first to speak.

“It seems a shame.”

“What?”

“It seems a shame, now that your bath is done, to waste all that water.”

“Who says that I was done?”

“I just assumed, that since you got out, well.”

She pulls the towel from around her body, holding it loosely in her hand. “I was planning on going back in. What seems a shame is that you have to leave.”

“I can stay? If you want me too?”

“IF, you wanted to, you COULD stay and keep me company!”

“It would seem kind of pointless though. You in there. And me out, here?”

“Yeah, that would be kind of stupid.” This observation in as nonchalant a manner as possible.

“I could come into the room with you?”

“You could, but than that wouldn’t be fair.”

“How is it not fair?”

“Me naked, in a tub full of vanishing bubbles.”

“So I should leave?”

“You could join me, if you really wanted to.”

“You mean, in the tub?”

“Yeah silly.”

“But your father?”

“If we keep quiet, and,” to herself, “if I remember to lock the door,” “we should be ok. Besides, once daddy starts working, it’s really hard to get him to notice anything else.”

“So, it wouldn’t be, a, um, a problem?”

“Only if you think it would be.”

The sight of the girl’s nude body clinches it. David can feel his young cock growing harder at the very thought of taking a bath with the girl.

“I should call my mum and let her know I’m staying down here a while, to visit. “ Amy motions towards her phone, and David makes the call. He informs his mother about Amy being allowed to join them tomorrow. David then is given permission to stay out

“late” since his mother knows where he’ll be, and he mentioned something about playing some cards.

Replacing the receiver, he turns, and follows her to the bathroom door, and once inside starts peeling off his shirt.

Amy closes the door, and locks it. Picking up the boy’s clothes, she gently folds them, laying them on the counter, next to the sink.

When both are nude, Amy enters the tub, and settles down on the outside edge of the tub. David is forced to cross over her, affording her an unobstructed view of his genitalia. He settles himself into the water. Once comfortable, there is a momentary silence, as each child tries to decide what they want to see happen next. In the end, David decides the matter with the simple expedient of grabbing the girl’s hand, and at first, holding it.

She flinches when she first feels him touch her, but she soon settles down again. Ten minutes later, he decides to move things further. He takes her hand, still in his, and moves it towards his crotch. Releasing it, he grabs her wrist, and moves her hand so it is brushing up, against his penis.

He does nothing else. But in a moment, she takes the hint, and grabs his young cock with her young hand. She does nothing with it. There is no stroking, no feeling, no anything else for that matter. She is simply holding it in her hand.

She again flinches a moment later, when she feels his hand brushing up against her thigh, as it moves towards her crotch. But again, nothing happens. He simply covers her vaginal opening with his hand. There is no rubbing, or penetration, feeling, or anything. It is simply there.

With this, the two children, again relax, close their eyes, and ignore the world.

An hour later, the two kids are still basically motionless.

Frank can hardly keep his eyes open any longer. Deciding it was time for him to go to bed, he get up from his desk, and before he heads to his room, he goes towards his daughter's, to "tuck her in!"

Opening the door, he sees the lights on, but no one there. Knowing his daughter obsession with her tub, he correctly guesses that she is still lounging in her bath. He heads over to the door, and finding it locked, he knocks.

The first tap of her father's hand suddenly shocks the two kids into an awareness of their situation. Although David's parents wouldn't have minded, Frank definitely would.

Motioning for him to keep quiet, Amy answers, "Daddy?"

"Are you still in the tub pumpkin?"

"Yes daddy."

"Haven't you had enough?"

"I could never get enough of how I'm feeling right now!" Looking over at David, both kids work hard to suppress their laughter.

"We'll, you've been in there long enough. I'm ready for bed, you should be too!"

"I'll be out in a minute." Amy stands up. Completely unashamed of her nudity, she opens the drain to let the water out, then closes the shower curtain, surrounding the tub, to hide her friend. She dries off quickly, using the same towel as before, and then putting on the big fluffy bath robe, she likes so well, she summons up her courage to unlock the bathroom door.



As she leaves the bathroom, she is finishing donning the robe. Closing it around her body, she flashes her father. This provides enough of a distraction, that it discourages him from looking into the bathroom, as his daughter closes the door.

Frank looks at the young woman that is now his daughter. So mature, mentally, and every day, more physically. Even so, to him, she is still his “little girl” so she fulfills her duty to him, by giving him a swift kiss on his cheek, and letting him caress her head in his hands, as he kisses her on the forehead.

“Now hurry up and get ready for bed. It’s almost midnight, and you have to be up by eight for a big day tomorrow!”

“I will daddy! Good night.”

With that, Frank leaves the room. Heading to his own, he closes the door. Only the faintest sound of motion can be heard by him, coming from his daughter’s rooms. Noises that he incorrectly believes are his daughter getting ready for bed. Instead, it is the sounds of David, redressing in the bath room, “supervised” by Amy. She almost laughs as, before he puts on his underpants, his little penis swings around as he moves towards his clothes. But soon, he is dressed.

After ten minutes or so, still in her robe, the girl first looks into the sitting room. Seeing that it is clear, she heads towards her father’s door. Holding her ear against the door, she is rewarded with the unmistakable sound of her father snoring. Knowing that it is now safe, she goes back to her room, and leads David to the suite’s front door. Opening it, David checks his pocket for his room key. Finding it safe, he looks at his friend, trying to decide if he should say something, or just kiss her goodnight, or both.

Since both are new to this whole experience, Amy simply gives him a peck on the cheek, and says, “I had a good time tonight.”

“Maybe we can do it again. Some time.”

“Maybe.”

With that, he turns his back to her and walks down the hall. Amy goes to her room. She puts in a call to the front desk, and then she moves to her dresser, where, after removing the robe, she simply slips on a pair of her “little girl” panties, turns out the lights, and falls to sleep, dreaming of her friend’s NUDE body.

The end of Day Five

## Day Six - Friday

The phone next to Amy's bed starts ringing two minutes before the time of her scheduled wake-up call. She answers and thanks the operator, and puts in an order for breakfast. She looks at the bedside clock. 7:30. She rolls out of bed, heading for the bathroom. When she's done, she goes back into the bedroom, wondering what she should wear. Riding a horse all day can be fairly stressful on the human body. Protection was always a necessity.

She decides upon a pair of jeans, over a pair of her "little girl" panties. A pale blue t-shirt with a cute brown teddy bear for a top, and simple tennis shoes, since she doesn't own a pair of boots. A baseball cap, with a picture of a flower on the front, finishes her outfit.

She heads out into the sitting room, and flips on the television. Ignoring what's on, since she has trouble speaking French, she heads over to her father's desk. She leaves him a note, saying that she's up, and has left on her trip. She remembers to thank him for letting her go, before finishing it.

Soon after, breakfast arrives, only for herself. After she is done eating, she grabs a lightweight waterproof jacket and a small backpack, filling it with some snacks, and bottles of water, and heads out the door.

She meets the Martins in the hotel lobby. Francis and Jeanine were both, to her surprise, wearing jeans, just like their son. All three, much to Amy's embarrassment, were wearing matching, western style, plaid flannel shirts. The only good thing about it was that her joining them was so last-minute, they didn't have one for her.

At 8:30, the car that Francis had ordered arrived, they all piled in. It was cramped. Two adults, two kids, backpacks loaded with a picnic lunch for the four of them, plus cameras and other assorted

paraphernalia. By 9:15, they had made it to the winery. By 10, they were leaving the stables. It was not a guided tour. They each had a copy of a map, and Francis had a battery powered GPS unit that would tell them where to turn, and when, along with providing them with an “EMERGENCY RETURN” option.

They set off.

They rode for two hours, zigging and zagging their way around the vineyards that supplied the winery. Tens of thousands of acres supplying the dozen or so area wineries.

Around 12:30, with the sun at its highest, they spotted a small woods a little to the right of their path. They decided to head for it, hoping for some cool shade in which to enjoy their picnic lunch.

The woods was everything they had hoped for. Cool. Refreshing. And early enough in the summer that the bugs were not too numerous. And what few there were dissuaded from bothering them by the massive amounts of bug spray that each of them was covered in.

A small stream, flowing through the woods, showed on the GPS display. They decided to head for it, thinking that a picnic along its banks would be more enjoyable. Besides, this would provide the horses with a place in which to water as well.

They quickly found it, but there really was no convenient place in which to set up lunch. Since they were close to the area in which the stream flowed out of the woods, they headed upstream, looking for something better.

They were amply rewarded.

A small clearing, overlooking a point on the river in which the water fell from a small waterfall, only three or four feet in height, fed a pool, out from which the river flowed.

The pool was small, barely the size of the shallow end of a residential pool back in the States. But as hot as they were, it appeared as if it was sent by Heaven. In reality, Francis had been informed of this picnic spot by the stableman that had prepared their horses for them. They had set the GPS unit to guide them there, in time for lunch.

After taking the horses a short way down stream, they discovered that this must be a picnic area that was pretty popular. A small paddock had been built, complete with a corner where the river ran through it, supplying the horses with water, and small bins for the feed that each rider carried in a saddlebag for the horse's "lunch".

After unpacking the horses, and feeding them, each rider spent a half hour brushing the horses down. Then they picked up their gear, and headed for their own lunch.

The parents, being the responsible ones, began setting out the lunch, while the kids headed for the stream. Flopping down on the ground, they dangled the upper parts of their bodies over the water, splashing each other a little, to cool themselves off, bemoaning that they hadn't thought to bring their bathing suits with them.

After a few minutes, they headed towards the blanket that had been set out, and on which the two adults were lying, nibbling on slices of bread, cheese, olives, while drinking white wine from small plastic cups.

The kids whined about not being able to go swimming and cool off. Francis put an end to this by simply telling them it was ok for them to strip down and jump on in. Amy, however, was a little concerned about that suggestion.

“What if someone were to see us?”

“Who, darling?” Mrs. Martin responded.

“Someone else might just come along, stopping here for lunch?” the child reasoned.

“Not likely,” Francis replied. They guys at the stable said we were the only ones scheduled to go out today. We have the whole area to ourselves.”

“You mean, we could go, like, skinny dipping?” David inquired.

“Sure. Your father and I might even join you, after we’ve finished our snack, of course.” Mrs. Martin responded.

Neither child needed to be told twice.

They both rose to their feet, stripping off their clothes. When they had undressed, they literally ran to the water’s edge. They threw their little bodies into the water, relishing its cooling comfort on their heat-abused bodies. Splashing and trying to dunk each other, the two adults were glad that they had decided not to go in right away themselves. They contented themselves instead with munching on ham sandwiches, olives, olive oil-marinated mushrooms, and drinking a refreshing Chardonnay, still chilled, thanks to the insulating sleeves in which the bottles had been packed.

Soon, the kids had almost exhausted themselves. Tripping their way out of the stream, dripping wet, they headed over towards the two adults.

“Not on the towels, dears. You’ll get everything all wet!” Jeannine admonished.

The kids collapsed on the bare ground. The grass in the clearing, while not necessarily short, was not tall either. At around 8 inches or so, it conveniently concealed them, as they lay on their stomachs.

Jeannine politely puts a plate of food in front of each child, along with a single glass of the wine. The kids eat their lunches in silence. The adults eat theirs as well, but occasionally all four burst out in fits of laughter as one of them feed their partner either a mushroom or an olive, placing it in the other's mouth.

The kids laughed at the adults, the first time they witnessed this, but then decided that it looked like fun, and tried it themselves.

Lunch over, David continued lying on his stomach resting his head on his folded arms. Amy rolled over onto her back, letting the warm sun bathe her body.

The two adults, finding that there was still the better part of a bottle of wine left, debated how to enjoy it in the most romantic way possible, despite the presence of the two children.

The two kids had their eyes closed, as they digested their lunch, contemplating naps. So the two adults took the opportunity to slip away to the stream. Without the children noticing, they undressed themselves, divided the last of the wine between their two glasses, and walked into the water, dropping the bottle on the stream's bank.

Things got a little romantic as they made their way over to the waterfall on the upstream side of the pool.

Kissing madly, most of the wine was spilled as they explored their love, protected in the cold of the streams water. Soon, they were surprised to find themselves making love to each other. The sounds

of their penetration, the orgasmic shouts of ecstasy disturbing the peace of the children, who looking up, and seeing the adults in the water, quickly concealed themselves as much as was possible in the grass, watching David's parents as they celebrated their marriage.

Quickly tiring of the show before them, Amy again rolled onto her back. David, was able to ignore his parents by focusing on his friend's body instead. He soon found that his hand was caressing her. Cupping her breasts. His fingers exploring every inch of her young sexuality. When they heard the parents finally enter into their climax, and then settle down, they decided to join them in the water.

Their prompt arrival embarrassed the two adults. The fact that they knew that the kids had to understand what had just happened was plastered all over their faces, as the kids approached them. The kids just smiled. Ignoring the situation, they just sat themselves down next to the adults, enjoying the water flowing over their bodies, letting their limbs float mindlessly in the water.

All too soon, their time at the stream had to end. They headed back to land, nearest to where their clothes could be found. The two adults were able to dress right away, the kids had to collect their clothing from where it had been thrown as they had run to the river.

It was quite comical, watching them as they struggled their way back to the picnic blanket. Trying to slip their clothes on as they walked, David nearly tripping as he bent over to collect his shirt, while his underpants were still down below his knees. Neither Francis, nor David could help themselves, sneaking a look at Amy, as her chest became visible between her legs, when she bent over to pick up her panties right in front of them at the river's edge.



Soon they were dressed, and packed up. The horses had evidently enjoyed their brief rest, for when they were all loaded up and heading off again, the horses set an almost brisk pace, which their riders were hard-pressed to keep under control.

Mr. Martin again made use of the GPS unit, programming an easy course intended to return them to the stable by 6:00. Every fifteen minutes it let out a small beep. Checking it, Francis knew if they were traveling too quickly, or too slowly in comparison to where the unit showed him where they were supposed to be at that time.

Amy was tearful, as they rode into the stables. After sliding out of the saddle, she wrapped her arms around the animal's neck, saying goodbye as the grooms came to take it back to its stall. The stable van ride back to the hotel was fairly quiet.

It wasn't until they arrived and had split up for their rooms, that Frank's success that day had any effect on them.

While all this was happening, Frank was having a fairly good day of it, himself. An early afternoon meeting with the Brothers had given him the go ahead to expand upon his new conceptual ideas.

Realizing the potential that he was opening up for them, numerous calls were made all afternoon. A meeting was set up for Tuesday morning with the board members of the Hotel's parent company, to discuss the prospects of the new ideas. A meeting set for nine in the morning. A meeting in Marseille. A meeting necessitating an overnight hotel stay, since the first west-bound train in the morning didn't leave St. Raphael until 8:15.

Things became even more complicated later when thrown in were a couple other sessions Monday afternoon and evening. All the plans were arranged for, when a last problem was revealed, what to do with Amy.

The brothers were willing to make arrangements to watch the child, but Frank would have none of it, if he could help it. He decided to impose upon the Martins. If they would agree to watch over the kid while he was gone, things would be perfect.

When the four “cowboys” returned Friday night, Amy showed up back at their suite to clean up. Frank decided to treat everyone to dinner that night. While Amy was in the tub Frank called down to the Martin’s room.

“Yes. I think we can make dinner. Is 8:00 sufficient?”

“8:00 is fine. Shall we meet in the lobby?”

“8:00 in the lobby is perfect.”

Frank headed towards his daughter’s room. Knowing that she was probably having a bath after her day on horseback, he knocked on the bathroom door. Amy was excited about the five of them having dinner together. She asked to be told when it was 7:30, so she could spend as long as possible, luxuriating. When she was finally forced out, she dried her hair, fixing it in a ponytail, and then donned a simple summer dress, bright yellow, with a matching hair ribbon.

Dinner went well. Half way through dessert, Frank made his announcement.

Amy was a little disappointed in that her father would be leaving her overnight. But overjoyed in finding that she would be rooming with David.

It was agreed. Although no specific plans, or decisions were made, Amy was covered for Frank’s absence.

Through the rest of desert, the two kids made eyes at each other, hoping that the parents wouldn't notice.

Dinner ended. Instead of separating, and going back to their separate rooms, they decided to go for a walk along the cliffs. Frank and the two Martins in front, discussing basic points of his presentation. What would be moved. What would be blasted away. What would be built where.

The children followed at a discreet distance. Holding hands, Stealing kisses. Forgotten by the chaperoning parents, they were able to play out the roles of the 'young lovers' that they thought they wanted to be.

When they returned back to the Hotel, the two families separated for the evening. Frank and Amy headed for their suite. Amy, after such a long day, decided that she needed to go to bed early. Frank, who would have liked to spend some time alone with his daughter, was a little disappointed, but then one of the most important duties of a parent is to consider the well-being of his children. Kissing his daughter on the forehead, he bade her to have a goodnight. As she settled into her room, he called room service, and requested a pot of decaf.

The delight of enjoying a press of perfectly brewed coffee was destroyed with a swift knocking on the door. Frank, grateful that he had at least put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, instead of stripping down to his boxers for the night, answered the door to find the Brothers Napier standing patiently.

"We've had an idea!" Tom announced.

"Where's the little one?" Stephan inquired, "This requires her input as well."

A little confused, Frank inquired about what they meant.

“The charming girl. We just assumed that making the place more kid friendly was not all your idea.” Tom announced.

“And if that is the case, we don’t think we can trust you to make all the decisions.” Stephan interjected.

“You can’t trust....” Frank couldn’t finish the question.

“No. No. No. You misunderstand. It’s not that we don’t TRUST you. It’s just that you are not a child.” Tom defended their point of view.

“Yes. Amy on the other hand would be an invaluable source of opinions and ideas!”

“We were thinking, there’s a number of facilities in the area. If the four of us went on a little expedition, maybe we could all come to some agreement on what would keep the little bastards happy.”

Frank couldn’t believe this. “You want to entrust this whole scheme to my eleven-year-old daughter?”

“No.” Stephan replied. “My brother and I will still make all the necessary decisions. We just want some input on what we should be considering.”

“I don’t necessarily consider my daughter to be an expert on the entertainment needs of today’s youths. In fact, in school she’s actually a little bit of a loaner. Probably a result of the divorce. I don’t quite know.”

“Yes, we can understand that. Be neither of us has any children. We need to get some specific ideas on paper now, before we meet with the board. And your daughter just happens to be the only child available to provide input.” Tom responded.

“I suppose she’d be willing to help out. But it would depend upon knowing where we would be going. She’s not exactly all that interested in museums. Never has been in fact.”

“Well, there is that amusement park/water park near Antibes.” Tom replied.

“And don’t forget the disco in Cannes.” Stephan added.

“You want to take my eleven-year-old to a disco?” Frank couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“No. No. Not a regular disco. Just a nightly, chaperoned dance for the kids. They do one every week when summer’s out. It’s something one of the local middle schools does to help parents out in the summer. Cheap babysitting. Privileges to be denied for bad behavior. Whatever.”

Hearing it put like this, it did sound like a fairly reasonable idea. Take his daughter out to be wined and dined, kid fashion. He knew his daughter wouldn’t refuse.

“So you want the two of us to be ready to join you when?”

“You misunderstand again. We don’t mean for you to come alone.” from Tom.

“You’ll be too busy working on the proposal.”

“We will phone you as the day progresses. But it will just be the three of us.”

Frank had an idea. “It could still be the four of you.”

The brothers were intrigued.

“My daughter has made a friend over here. A young boy, thirteen or so. Maybe he could come along as well. I’m sure his parents could use a day alone.”

“That would be perfect. Would it be possible?”

“Let me check.” Frank heads for the phone. He asks for the Martin’s room. When they hear the idea, David’s parents are overjoyed at the prospect of a day alone together. Arrangements are made as to when and where the kids should meet up with the brothers in the morning.

Not wishing to intrude any further Thomas and Stephan make their goodbyes, and leave Frank alone to enjoy what’s left of his coffee.

Seeing that it is cold, he throws it down the mini bar sink. Frank punts in a call for a 6:30 wake up, and heads to bed.

End of Day Six.

## Day Seven - Saturday

The call came five minutes early. Today Frank only ordered breakfast for his daughter. After he'd gotten her out of the way, he was planning on going back to sleep for another hour or two before he'd start his day for real.

He put on his robe. He was still a little worried about the issue of nudity around his daughter. Was it acceptable for him to see her nude? Was it ok for her to see him? The robe let him put the issue off until a later time.

He crossed over to his daughter's room. When he entered, he looked at her, as she lay in her bed.

Looking at her, he realized that sometimes questions are answered for him. The child had tossed around in her sleep. The blankets had slipped from her body, and Frank stared. Her body was concealed only by a pair of thong panties. He at least assumed that they were a thong, since the panel that covered her crotch barely concealed her little pussy. In the peace of her sleep, her nipples flat against her chest. Her thighs perfectly tanned, without any trace of anything like a tan line. His wife, when she saw this, was gonna kill him for that one.

He reached down, and grabbing the edge of the sheet, he covered his daughter before waking her, preserving her modesty.

Looking at the bedroom window, she was not happy to see that the sun was only just then coming out. She had expected to be able to sleep in that morning.

“Daddy. What the hell did you wake me for?”

“You have a busy day planned. You need to be downstairs by 7:30.” He starts heading for the door.

“Big day. Last night when we went to bed nothing was planned for today.”

He stops and turns his head around before answering, “No. Last night when you went to bed, nothing was planned. When I went to bed, you were fully booked.”

“So where are we going?”

“The brothers need your help today. They are expecting you downstairs in 38 minutes. You, sweetheart, are spending the day working as a technical expert. As soon as you are out the door, I’m headed back to bed.” He leaves the room, leaving the door open behind him.

“That’s not fair.” she announces loudly.

“What’s not fair?” he shouts back.

“Me working, and you going back to bed.”

“I have a sneaking suspicion you won’t think that when you find out where you’re going.”

“And where am I going?”

“Some amusement/water park about an hour away from here.”

“YOU...ARE...KIDDING?” She jumps up out of bed.

“What? Me kid you about forcing you to go to an amusement park?”



Amy grabs her robe, and rushes out the door, even as she's slipping it on. "So exactly why am I going with the brothers, to this whatever park?"

"They just want to ask you questions all day about why something may or may not be fun to a kid."

"Oh."

"Oh. One other thing."

"What's that?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Martin said that David could go with you."

That news had the child jumping down like a stupid little schoolgirl. Which by coincidence, and despite the fact that it was summer vacation, she was.

"And afterwards, if you still have the energy, there's a children's disco at one of the local schools."

She'd never been to a real dance before. The idea excited her even more, if it were possible, then spending the day at an amusement park. **AND TO BE GOING WITH DAVID!**

"Listen. You won't be going anywhere if you don't finish your breakfast, and get dressed."

She wolfed down her pastry, and drank a glass of grapefruit juice, then ran into her room to get dressed.

She made it to her dresser, where she paused to think. What should she wear?

Peeking her head back through her bedroom door, "Daddy."

“Yes pumpkin?”

“Didn’t you say something about there being a water park too?”

“Yes. Wave pool, slides, lazy river. Everything.”

“OK.” Amy closed the door. She went to the bottom drawer of the dresser. This is where she’d put her new underwear. It also contained her new swimsuits.

She pulled out her entire selection. Holding them in turn, she looked each of them over. She couldn’t make up her mind. Going with the brothers, she didn’t want to wear anything too revealing. And with David, she didn’t want to wear anything too “little girl”. She finally decided upon the black 2-piece that she’d bought her first day here. It was a good compromise suit, considering the situation. Sexy enough to keep David happy, yet it wouldn’t show off too much of her butt, AND it had a top to it!

She slips out of her robe. She slides her panties down her legs. Stepping out of them, she picked them up and looks at them with a degree of disgust.

“Pathetic.”

She slides on her bikini bottom. She puts on the top. Going to the bathroom, she looks at herself in the mirror. Trying to catch a glimpse of her ass, she likes what she sees. It covers a little over two-thirds of her ass, showing just enough curve to keep any boy, David (?), looking at her, interested.

Going back out into the bedroom, her next decision is harder. What to wear to the park?

Rummaging through the other drawers she soon decides upon a shorts outfit. Blue-green, almost like the Mediterranean, shorts and a matching pink polo shirt with trim around the neck and sleeves the same color as the shorts. Pink socks and tennis shoes completed her outfit for the day. Now for the dance. This was easier. She took a quick look at the dress she'd worn to dinner the night before. With no stains, she could wear it to the dance. She found the yellow ribbon she'd worn in her hair, and rolled them up. She looked through her drawers again. She found the bag from the bikini shop she'd been to on her third day, and slipped the dress, and the pair of yellow socks she'd worn last night, into it. She put the bag, along with a pair of white sandals, and some other necessities for getting ready for the dance in a backpack. She slipped the bag over her shoulder as she headed out the door.

“Daddy. How much time do I have?”

“You have to be downstairs in 15 minutes.”

“Good. Then I have time for two more things.”

“And what might they be?”

“I just wanted to really know what I'm supposed to be doing today?”

“That's easy. Neither of the brothers has kids. They just want you two to be honest and tell them what you think kids coming here would like to do.”

Amy had a couple answers to that one. But how could she tell her father that she's perfectly happy to “run around naked with boys all day, doing things her mother would never ever let her do?”

“Ok. I think I can handle that.”

“And what is the second thing you have to do?”

“Thank you for saying that I could go.”

“To be perfectly honest, I don’t think that I had much of a choice. The brothers are really serious about this. A lot of money is going to be spent redoing this place right. We all want to make sure it’s spent wisely. You and David are important assets, in making this happen.”

Amy wasn’t so sure that she liked being referred to as an “asset”. She knew what that meant. But then she had another idea that was more important, “Does this mean that we’re getting paid a consulting fee?”

Frank was a little shocked at that one. His daughter was growing up! He thought a second, then came up with an answer guaranteed to annoy her. “Yes, but a few expenses will have to be deducted from your pay.”

“Expenses? Like what?”

“Transportation, admissions, food, miscellaneous, the brothers time for purpose of babysitting, Federal tax, social security, Medicare, Ohio income taxes. You may actually end up owing money.”

“I’m sorry I asked.”

“Welcome to adulthood sweetheart.” Frank walks over to the child, and wrapping her in his arms, kisses her forehead one last time before she leaves. “You had better get going. Don’t want to be late on your only day of work!”

“Gee dad, you sound like your mother.” Amy is passing through the door.

As she closes it, she pauses when he shouts back at her “Don’t tell her that. We don’t want her finding out that she may have been right all of these years!”

She laughs as she heads towards the elevator.

Frank fulfills the promise he’d made to himself. He’s asleep almost as soon as his head hits the pillow. He doesn’t wake up until almost 10 o’clock.

Amy waits in the lobby for five minutes, before she hears the elevator doors open, and sees David walking towards her, also with a backpack on his shoulders. He drops the bag on the ground next to hers, and throws himself down on the couch next to her.

“So what the hell’s going on?”

“My dad hired us out as technical advisors on the new hotel.”

“So I have to work all day, and my parents, MY PARENTS loaf around shopping?” He starts laughing at this. Soon both children are laughing. Truth is, the only one really working that day is Frank. At least he will once he wakes up.

There only waiting a few minutes when the hotel doorman comes into the lobby. Walking towards them, he politely inquires of them, “Miss Thompson, and Master Martin?”

“Um. Yeah.” Amy answers, never having been formally called “Miss” before.

“Yeah, that’s us.” David adds.

“The Napiers, and your limo, have arrived.”

“Neat!” “Cool” Chime the two kids. They believe that the brothers would be picking them up, but don’t believe that they would be traveling in a limousine.

Their belief is corrected when they pass through the door, and see a black stretch limo, the driver holding the door open, waiting for them. They run towards the open door, their excitement overcoming any sense of proper behavior. The driver starts to laugh as the kids pour through the door, as he closes it behind them.

They are met inside by the two brothers, each dressed for a day of outdoor fun. The kids settle in as the driver starts the car, beginning their journey.

“So the two of you know what’s expected?” Stephan asks.

“Yeah. We’re supposed to tell you what we think is fun?” Amy asks with a little hesitation in her voice.

“Something like that. We’ll be asking you questions about different things all day. Just be truthful in your answers.”

“And please, try to answer with something more specific than ‘just because.’” adds Thomas.

“Yes. We need to know the why of things so that we can properly decide on things.”

“We’ll try not to let you down.” David answers. “So where exactly are we going?”

“Antibes. It’s a little coastal town about an hour west of here.”

“Ok. But what are we doing there?”

“We’ll, there’s a history museum, complete with a medieval fort.”  
Stephan informs them

“That sounds like fun.” Amy responds.

“But that’s before dinner. We also have to take a quick walk through an amusement park, and a water park. Hopefully we’ll have time for the nature preserve!” Stephan finishes.

Both kids are a little disappointed. They had been expecting bumper cars and roller-coasters. Lazy rivers and waterslides. Not something that is educational.

“BUT, I think that since this is supposed to be a discovery of what’s fun, we can skip the educational shit today.” Thomas corrected.

Both kids’ faces lit up at that announcement. They grew even more excited as one of the brothers produced a couple brochures, complete with maps, of the amusement park, and its attached water park.

Their destination was only 35 kilometers or so from the hotel, yet the trip took just over an hour. Traffic was not yet a problem, even on a Saturday. It was just a case of the two brothers requesting that the driver should pull off the road at some scenic point in the road, to stare yet again at the open expanse of the Mediterranean Sea, or look down upon some historically important village built in some out of the way cove or on some cliff, or at some important watch tower, that saved some village from pirate raiders in a year that the kids did not really care about.

They did stop, and get out of the limo for several minutes though, as they passed through Cannes. The limo paused in front of what the children were informed was the ‘Grand Théâtre Lumière’ a large building, kind of resembling a wedding cake in its design,

that they were informed was the primary location for the Cannes Film Festival.

When the car started up again, the discussion turned to something more 'professional' than the conversation the two kids were having. An argument really, they couldn't decide which of the park's coasters to ride first.

The brothers, tiring of the argument, decided to start the day's fact finding.

"So what do you two think of the hotel, as it stands now?" Thomas inquired.

The kids stopped their discussion, and thought that one over for a moment.

Amy began by answering, "It's ok I guess. The rooms are nice, the pool is ok."

"But that's about all there is for kids to do there, hang out by the pool." David added.

"Why didn't you guys ever put in a beach?" Amy asked.

"Yeah. Beaches are much more fun than pools. I'd spend the whole trip at the beach, if mom and dad would let me."

"There never seemed to really be the need for one." Stephen explained. "When we took the place over three years ago, everyone seemed perfectly content with the pool."

"It certainly is crowded enough." added Thomas.



“But that’s the problem.” David put in, “It’s always so crowded. Sometimes there are so many people in the water, you can barely move.”

“And trying to find a lounge chair out there can be impossible!” Amy complained.

“So we just started going to Saint Raphael whenever we wanted to go swimming. Not as crowded.” David continued.

“At least the boat ride was always fun.”

“But it takes too long.”

“Yeah. I’d rather spend more time on the beach myself.”

“Yeah.” David finished.

“Well we think we can manage a beach. The question is, how big?” Thomas inquired.

“Bigger than what you can get.” Amy responded immediately.

“Yeah, people like to spread out a little.” David chimed in.

“We can probably only manage a gravel beach. Is that a problem?”

“Well, for the little kids, maybe some sandboxes would be a good idea. But if people are just gonna lay out, gravel is ok I guess.”

“Sandboxes? Stephan inquired.

“Yeah,” David answered, “someplace where the little kids can build sandcastles. You know, get dirty.”

“Your father had already had mentioned something on that line.”  
Stephan said.

“He probably would. Back when I was little, we had a big sandbox in the back yard. They had to fight to get me out of it, some days.”  
Amy remembered.

“He was thinking of an area about the size of a regular hotel’s pool deck. But instead of a swimming pool, a couple of foot deep, cement pit filled with sand.” Stephan responded.

“But we still have the problem of drainage?” Thomas interrupted.

“Nonsense. Jean,” an engineer associate of theirs, “called up yesterday and said it was doable. Something about using the same technology as they use in filtration tanks in water purification plants.”

“So it is doable?”

“And at a cheaper cost than putting in a swimming pool. No filters required.”

“The little kids would love it.” Amy announced.

“We could even put in a snack bar featuring foods that younger children prefer.” Stephan pronounced.

“And even more important, you could use it for contests and stuff.”  
David added.

“Contests? What kind of contests?” Stephan asked.

“You know? Games and stuff for the older kids too.” David was disappointed that they wanted him to get more specific. He wanted

to say “Sandcastles” but thought it would be too embarrassing to say it.

Amy saved him though when she answered, “Sandcastles, and I’m sure there are some other types of beach games, like volleyball that we can make games up for.”

“I think a year or so ago, I was watching a documentary on the training programs Australia has for “Junior Lifeguards?” Thomas said. “The kids had a whole series of drills they had to pass. Almost like a competition.”

“Drills?” David asked.

“Yes. Tough ones it looked like. There was one like a sprint. The kids had to lie in the sand. At the blowing of a whistle, they had to jump up, and sprint to a finish line. Timed I think?”

“If they weren’t fast enough, they lost out?” David wondered.

“Something like that. Yes. Something like that would definitely be possible.” Thomas decided. “What else about the beach do you like?”

“I can tell you one thing I don’t like.” David responded immediately. “At least now.”

“And what’s that?” Amy demanded to know. She thought that David loved the beach. She couldn’t imagine that there was something he didn’t like.

“I’m thirteen years old.” David answered.

“Ah!” Stephan and Thomas both answered immediately. Amy realized it as well. “Oh!” She added. Now she remembered. His mom had mentioned it the day she first went to the beach with

them. 12 and under could go nude on the beach. Over the age of twelve, you had to have some appropriate covering on.

“Is that a problem?” Thomas asked.

“Not if you like tan lines.” David answered.

“Really?” Stephan was a little shocked. He knew that most European kids had no problems with nude beaches. But both of these kids were from America?

“We’re from England, originally.” David informed them. “Mom and dad have been raising me clothing optional ever since I was in diapers.”

“I know dad was angry with me on Thursday.” Amy announced. “He came close to punishing me right there on the beach.”

“You mean you were nude, and he didn’t like it?”

“No. Not really. At first, I was just topless.”

The brothers almost started laughing at this. They had several reasons to do so. The almost indifferent way she described herself as being topless, in contrast to the personality of her father. The idea that Frank was having trouble dealing with his eleven year old daughter being topless on a public beach. The possibilities of where this story could go. Then the real shock came.

“Later, when he noticed that I didn’t have my bottoms on anymore, he actually tried to yell at me.”

“He didn’t take it very well? Did he?” Thomas inquired.

“Not at first. My not having a top on disturbed him a little, but he let it slide when he saw that almost everybody else was the same way. I would probably have been ok with if I’d stopped there.”

“Then what happened?” Stephan asked.

“Well, we’d had a swim. We finished lunch, and had just laid out. We were talking. He wanted to know how I was doing here, just like you wanted to know. I complained about the hotel not having a beach, or anything else, really for kids to do. Then he went crazy. He grabbed a notepad from my bag, took out his phone, and started making calls, and writing down a lot of things.”

“So he completely forgot about you?” Asked David.

“Yeah. So, after a little while, I realized that our day together was over, so after thinking about it for a while, I decided to take off my bottom, and sunbathe nude.”

“Now why did you do that?” Thomas asked in an accusing tone.  
“Trying to get back at your dad?”

“Maybe. I don’t really know. I know I just wanted to get a tan!”

“Maybe, you were just trying to let him know that he shouldn’t have ignored you?” Thomas pushed. He wasn’t about to let her off the hook on this.

“Maybe.” Amy included. She didn’t say anything else for a while. No one did.

David was thinking about the roller coasters at this Wonderland Park. Amy, didn’t want to admit to anyone, or even herself, that she had gone nude at the beach to purposely get her father angry. The two brothers, after learning of the clothing optional tendencies

of the child in front of them, were secretly imagining what the child looked like, on the beach, without a suit on.

Surprisingly, they were not necessarily thinking about Amy, more accurately, David. In fact, the brothers were not actually brothers at all. They were lovers. For the sake of their business interests, they hid their homosexuality from the world, by posing as brothers. The anonymity this created, allowed them to operate in a business world, where if their leanings were known, would cause them to lose everything they had gained.

Fortunately, for the kids, they had no intention of doing anything to jeopardize this. As much as they would have liked to see the children naked, mostly David, they would not do anything themselves.

The two children sat in silence, each lost in their own thoughts. The two “brothers” were talking between themselves, throwing ideas at each other, based upon what the kids had just told them.

They did take the liberty of interrupting the kids several times, with questions that the children answered thoughtfully.

A large sand play area was mandated. The “family friendly” clothing optional question caused them troubles.

They had already decided on a “couples” optional deck area on the roof of the eastern wing, the side of the hotel that would cater to young couples, more interested in romance and “fun” than anything else. Maybe something along similar lines would be appropriate for the families. Stephan was obsessing on the issue of liability. Thomas said that was nonsense. He was of the opinion that the parents should be held responsible for the safety of kids under these situations. Keep it simple.

They were still arguing things over, when the limo pulled off the road, and into the Adventureland parking area.

The kids were surprised to see that there were only five or six cars there.

“It’s not even nine o’clock yet,” Thomas informed them, “the park doesn’t even open for another hour yet.”

“Then why are we here so early?” David asked, thinking that he could have slept in for another hour.

“Because we are the personal, special guests of the park’s manager!” Stephan announced. “VIP treatment the whole day.”

The kids wanted to ask how they had arranged this, but Thomas answered their questions before they even had a chance to say anything. “He’s one of the partners in the hotel. We should already be cleared to enter the park early.”

“And when we stop off at his office, our VIP passes should be ready.” Stephan concluded.

“VIP passes?” David questioned.

“You don’t feel like standing in line do you?” Thomas asked/

“Not really.” David responded.

“Not if they’re too long.” Amy clarified, as if the idea of butting in front of everyone else in the park bothered her.

“Exactly. Straight to the head of the line. All day long.” Thomas confirmed.

“And when we go to the water park, we even have a cabana reserved for us.” Stephan concluded.

“A cabana?” Amy asked, not knowing what they were.

David answered. “Cool!” in the direction of the brothers. “They’re private cottages or shelters, where we can relax without having to deal with everybody else.” the last to Amy.

By this time, the limo had pulled around to a special section of the parking lot reserved for busses, RVs and other larger vehicles. A park employee was walking towards them as they were exiting the car. The kids in such a hurry, that they forgot to wait for the driver to come around and open the door for them.

The kids were just standing there, as the brothers were trying to climb their way out of the limo. Their park chaperone ignored the kids, heading straight for the two adults.

“Morning Masseurs.

The “brothers” were informed that the park GM was sorry that he couldn’t meet them personally, some issue had come up. They were escorted to the GM’s office though, where his secretary handed over a folder containing not only printouts of some information that had been requested by Frank, but a set of wristbands that were immediately fastened to the two kids, the brothers, and the driver’s left wrists. Also included were five plastic cards on neck straps that designated the wearer as a park VIP, with an outline of the benefits that the designation entailed, including free food at any of the parks restaurant facilities, not including alcohol, preferred access to the rides, no standing in lines for them all day, and the ability to pop back and forth between the water park and the amusement park, without the need to present any other identification than the bar code on their wristbands, which would



be scanned by a park employee anytime that they took advantage of their status.

They still had some time to kill, before the park opened, so the chaperone took them on a tour of the park, describing in detail the history of each ride that seemed to impress the kids, or of anything else that interested any of them. By 9:50, the park was in final preparation for opening. The ticket booths had been busy for a while, and there were about 3000 or more people standing behind barricades waiting for the park's day to officially begin. At exactly 10:00, over the park's loudspeaker system, there played "**La Marseillaise**"! As soon as the last note was over, the barricades were removed, and the crowd began to stampede its way to the larger, more popular rides, trying to beat the long lines.

The kids watched in fascination, glad that because of their VIP status, they didn't have to worry about competing against the crowds all day. In fact, until about 2:00, they casually strolled around the park, with their guide, looking things over, commenting on how certain park attractions seemed to be more fun than others, then riding them, with reports of any re-evaluations of their original opinions.

At 1:00, they stopped and grabbed lunch. A quick affair, they dined casually on personal pizzas, burgers, and ice cream. After lunch, the guide encouraged them to relax for a while, so he guided them to one of the park's theatres, where they watched a show of a bunch of cartoon characters, dancing and singing to reworked lyrics of popular songs. Geared to small kids, the two brothers sensed that this was a waste of time, and ushered the kids out, as soon as a resetting of the stage's sets allowed them to leave without disturbing the other guests.

Disappointed with the waste of time, it was decided to immediately head over to the water park. This was the part that the kids were clearly the most excited about.

They exited the main park, crossed over to a small tram that took them around a 1-mile track to the entrance of the water park. Their VIP passes got them inside, and the guide showed them how to get to the cabana that had been reserved for them. A park host met them at the cabana, and as soon as Thomas had handed over a credit card, the “brothers” were able to order a bottle of wine, which arrived rather quickly, along with a selection of canned Coke products, that being the official soft drink of the park, for the kids. Before they headed out into the water park, the guide did explain a few safety rules that the park would expect them to follow, despite their VIP status.

The kids listened attentively, and when he was finished, David asked for permission for them to change into their suits. Thomas gave them permission, and while the two adults struck up a conversation with the guide about water park operations and safety, David began to undress. By the time he’d completely removed his clothing, Amy was stripped down to her bikini, even as David stood looking through his bag, nude, trying to find his bathing suit. At last he was successful, and to the brothers’ disappointment, and without the kids noticing this, David slipped his speedo suit on, and the two kids, followed by the three adults headed out to see what damage they could cause.

For two hours the brother tried to keep up with them. It would have been much easier if the kids had decided to start in one spot, then gradually work their way around the park. Instead, no sooner had they done one slide, or lazy river, or the 25,000 liter bucket spill, then they had to head over to the other side of the park for something that was much more important than anything that they were actually near, only to head back to the very same spot as soon as the second slide had been conquered. Soon the brothers simply gave up, declaring themselves “finished” the kids were told to report back to the cabana by 6:30. That neither of the kids was wearing a watch was not noticed by either of them.

The two brothers settled themselves in chaise lounges in their cabana, enjoying more wine, pumping their guide with questions. They were even joined by the park's GM, who apologized for not being able to be with them sooner, due to a maintenance problem on the park's largest coaster, which would require it to be down for 2 weeks until the replacement parts could be fabricated and shipped.

After much discussion, their day at the park was rapidly coming to an end. The two "brothers" having gotten an idea on most of what they wanted to know concerning the water park, decided that it was time to leave and get something for dinner, before taking the kids to the dance.

They set out looking for their charges. Since the kids had been allowed out on their own for several hours, and the park covered almost 75 acres, it took a while for the search to succeed.

"Hey you two!" Thomas shouted out as Amy and David were running around a larger group of kids, each group headed in different directions.

Since they were the only ones in the whole water park who were English speaking, they knew the shouts were for them, otherwise they would have been likely to continue their sprint to the next slide.

Instead, they stopped running, almost crashing into an older couple, with a couple of kids around 5 years old or so, probably their grandchildren.

They apologized for the accident they almost caused, then turned around to see who was shouting.

Seeing the two “brothers” approaching them, they knew their day at the water park was coming to an end.

“There you two are.” Stephan admonished them.

“We’ve been searching everywhere for the last half hour.” Thomas added.

“What’s up?” Amy wanted to know.

“We need to get going. You two need to get dressed so we can get some dinner before the dance.” Stephan informed them.

The kids were disappointed. The water park was incredible. They didn’t want to leave. They would have been perfectly happy to forget about the dance, if they could have stayed for a couple more hours. But the brothers were insistent upon visiting the dance, and more importantly to them, having dinner first.

“Move. Run back to the cabana, grab your clothes, and go to the locker rooms so you can change.” Stephan instructed.

The kids ran off, shouting “OK.” and “See you in a few minutes.” as they disappeared from the brothers’ sight.

They had intended to do as they were instructed, but they were a little winded when they arrived at their cabana, and really didn’t feel like walking all the way back to the locker facilities.

“You know, we could just change right here.” Amy suggested.

“What about the brothers?” David asked.

“What about them?”

“They’ll be back in a minute.”

“So?”

“They’ll see us changing?” David was stressing the word see.

“We’d better hurry up then, shouldn’t we?” Amy stated.

“Shouldn’t we shower first, I mean, before we get dressed?” David wondered.

“We’d have to go to the locker rooms for that.”

“No. No we wouldn’t. There’s a shower over there in the corner.” David’s observation has Amy really looking at the cabana for the first time. The side walls and roof are made of a tent like canvas. But the back wall was made of cement blocks. The left-side corner of the wall had a showerhead and faucet knob coming out of the wall. She looked at the floor, and right in front of the wall was a floor drain. There even was a little shelf, probably for soap and shampoo.

Amy then looked inside her bag. “I forgot to bring soap or shampoo, or anything for a shower.”

“How did you forget that?” David demanded.

“I don’t know. I just did. It’s not like I knew what was happening today when I was packing. Dad didn’t tell me, well, anything!”

“You packed a dress for tonight? Didn’t you?”

“Well, yeah. Dad did tell me about the dance.”

“And you wore a swimsuit under you clothes?”

“Yeah. So what?”

“Well, you knew we’d be using a pool, then going dancing after dinner, and you forgot to pack soap and stuff?”

“I wasn’t thinking. It was 6:30 after all.”

“You have a point there. You could share mine. If you wanted to?” David’s offer was a suggestion.

“Somebody could walk in on us?” Amy didn’t want to walk all the way over to the locker rooms for a shower. But she wanted to shower at the cabana even less.

“Only the brothers.”

“Would we be showering at the same time?”

“If you want?”

But before they could go any further, that issue was settled for them. The two brothers came around the corner, entering the cabana’s sun deck area.

“Shouldn’t you two be at the locker room by now?” Stephan asked, a little angry.

“We were thinking it would be faster, if we showered here.” David responded.

“Whatever you feel comfortable with. Just get changed. Thomas want’s his dinner.” It was, after all getting near to seven o’clock.

Amy looked over at David, “It would be faster?”

“It’s ok with me. You’re the girl here.”

“Let’s just get it over with.” With that pronouncement, Amy moved her hands to the back of her neck, and undid the knot of her bikini top. She then reached around her back, and undid the lower knot as well. She laid the top down on one of the deck’s chaise lounges, and then slid her hands into the waist of her bottoms, sliding them off as well. Standing there, in her nothing, she then watched David as he slipped his speedo off as well.

David reached into his bag, and grabbed a bottle of body wash, his shampoo, and a bath towel he had liberated that morning from the hotel.

The two of them headed over to the shower, and David turned on the water flow. When the water was right, they began to wash themselves. Soon, it was only natural that they began to wash each other.

Stephan and Thomas, meanwhile, had settled themselves down at the deck’s patio table. They had watched the two kids strip. They were relatively indifferent to the girl’s nudity, but they both began to feel their cocks start to harden when the boy slipped his suit off.

They watched the two kids bathe. It amazed them that the two kids were comfortable enough, not only to be nude in front of them, but to bathe themselves, then each other was well. To the kids, it only seemed natural to start cleaning each other’s backs. Lathering each other up, then “supervising” the rinse-off. The “brothers” nearly blew their loads into their pants, though, when Amy, to their surprise, dropped to her knees, and in front of everyone, and to David’s obvious delight, began to thoroughly clean his young cock and balls. The look on his face was magic. The look on each of the brother’s faces, wishing it were themselves washing the child, was comical.

All too soon, the children felt themselves to be sufficiently showered, soaped, shampooed, rinsed, they now began to dry

themselves, and each other off, with the one towel 'liberated' from the hotel. With only the question of how was it appropriate to dry off the genital and rectal areas of their bodies with one shared towel, the kids were soon finished.

They headed over towards the chaise lounge on which they had piled their backpacks. Rummaging through hers, Amy had soon grabbed the yellow dress with her accessories rolled in it, and her shoes. David grabbed a pair of casual slacks and a dress shirt, with a tie.

The "brothers" watched the two kids as they dressed, It amused them that Amy, after putting on her panties, chose to put on her socks then sandals, before putting on her dress. They smiled, when like a real 'adult' couple, Amy asked David to do the zipper on the back of her dress.

When the kids were dressed, Thomas called for their driver. He had been spending the last couple hours enjoying, albeit alone, the offerings of the amusement park. He'd been told to be ready to leave, any time after 7:00, so he was ready and waiting to pick them up at any of the park's gate, closest to wherever they were at the time of the call.

He picked them up at the water park's main gate. He followed their instructions to find a nice, quiet seafood place down on the waterfront. After dropping them off at the restaurant's entrance, he left to park the limo in a public lot several blocks away. Then surprised the two children by joining them at their table at the restaurant.

The five of them enjoyed a seafood dinner, beyond reproach. The brothers, dined on steamed Mediterranean lobsters. The kids, dined on prawns, broiled in a garlic-butter-wine sauce. The chauffer enjoyed calamari. The five split several bottles of a local white. And the conversation flowed steadily, yet for the first time that



day, none of the conversation in any way dealt with business matters.

After dinner, it was off to the dance. After fetching the limo, the driver drove them to an area of town that, although not affluent, was decidedly middle class. The local school, was all alight as the limo pulled into the parking lot. The four passengers were let out, and as the chauffer drove towards the back of the lot, they entered, and were directed to the school's gymnasium facilities, where the dance was already under way.

The kids were told to go and have fun, while the adults went in search of a Madame Friere, the organizer of the night's festivities.

After introducing themselves, the brothers accompanied her around the school, as she attended to numerous last-minute details. Insufficiencies in the amount of soft-drinks delivered, and at the last minute to boot, a small scuffle among two small groups of kids that sought to bring outside disagreements into the dance, not to mention an insufficiency of chaperones showing up.

The two brothers were a godsend, readily agreeing to help however they could. All to better get an understanding of how such an event worked. They were even able to get the limo driver to help as well.

The night went on well. Most of the issues that arose, were handled without widespread knowledge of the fact that the issues had even occurred in the first place.

Things were settling down. Most of the children had left for their homes, the band was winding down on its last set, and the mothers were beginning to pack up the food and beverages.

The brothers made their thanks to the organizers, saying that they had learned much from the night's forays, and seeing the kids still

dancing the night away, headed off to collect them for the ride back to the hotel.

The kids would have been reluctant to leave, had they not seen that the dance was winding down. They collecting their chauffer from his task of keeping an eye on the restrooms, and headed off towards the car. The driver was silent up front, as the ‘brothers’ grilled the kids on what they thought of the dance.

“I thought the dance was fun.” Amy announced, “Except I really didn’t know any of the music they played.”

“Was it all local stuff?” David chimed in.

“I believe so.” Thomas answered. “Was that a problem?”

“A little. It’s always more fun to know what the band is singing about.” Amy complained.

“How would we go about finding a band that can perform in a multitude of languages?” Stephan wondered.

“You might not be able to.” David said.

“So what can we do? A children’s dance every week or two, was a cornerstone of our new program.” Thomas almost cried as he admitted this fact.

“What about Karaoke?” Amy wondered.

“What?” Stephan asked desperately.

“Karaoke?” David asked.

“Who says you have to have a band for a dance. It could be almost as much fun to dance to karaoke machine as it would be for a band or D.J.” Amy stated, matter-of-factly.

“One of those machines that lets people from the audience sing along to music?” Stephan demanded.

“Yeah. You only need one person to run it.” Amy informed him.

“I’ve been in bars where those machines were running. Annoying as hell. Do people actually like them?” Thomas said.

“Why not.” Amy defended her idea.

“Aren’t people afraid of embarrassing themselves with one of those things?”

“Not really. Making a fool of yourself is half the fun. Besides, once you go back home, nobody will ever know you were even there.” Amy explained.

“Besides, someone is sure to come along after you and make an even bigger fool of themselves!” David added.

“So people actually expect to make idiots of themselves?” Stephan wondered.

“Like I said, that’s half the fun. You’re supposed to make an idiot of yourself!” Amy said.

“That could be possible.” Thomas decided. “Is there a place in town that does Karaoke?”

“I don’t know.” Stephan answered. “Maybe the driver would know.”

Inquiries were made of the driver. He informed them that a local bar did karaoke until 2:00 am. It was decided that they would go and check it out, after dropping the two kids off at the hotel.

The limo pulled into the hotel drive, stopping in front of the main entrance. For the first time that night, the kids waited for the chauffeur to open the door for them, before exiting. He followed his instructions to see that they make it safely to the elevator, at which time he heads back to the car, to drive his bosses to his favorite karaoke bar.

When they get there, he is greeted warmly by the other patrons, who ignore his bosses. They are delighted to find that not only is it a decent enough place, the clientele behaving decently, but that it was also a gay bar. To keep their secret, they acted a little put out at that fact, pretending surprise that their driver was gay. But secretly they decided, that if the guy currently on stage was any indicator of the quality of talent in the bar, it might not be all that bad.

It is only when the driver, after performing twice himself, insists that his bosses give it a chance that they agree to go up on stage. They are quite successful at embarrassing themselves, but since the bulk of the audience is drunk, no one really notices.

Realizing this, they decide that maybe Karaoke can make regular appearance at the hotel, even before construction on the new facilities begins.

The kids, meanwhile, have headed up to Amy's floor, bypassing David's, since he insisted upon seeing her to her door. Standing there, she fumbles in her backpack for her room key, since she doesn't know if her father is still awake.

David takes the last opportunity of the night. She has just inserted the card into its slot, and was about to pull it out, when he grabs

her, embraces her, and French kisses her for the first time. Amy, not knowing what is happening, resists for the first seconds, but as their lips come into contact with each other, and his tongue forces its way into her mouth, she realizes what is happening, and submits to him, willingly.

They remain there, kissing, for over five minutes. Since it is late they are lucky, no one interrupts them. Finally, they break off the embrace. They look at each other, and then, without saying a word, Amy turns around. She pulls the card out of the slot, but nothing happens. She tries again, and this time, since there is no delay, the lock clicks, and she opens the door. The room inside is dark, except for one light in a corner. Her father is asleep. She turns around, and before either David can walk away, or the door can close, she whispers to him, "I LOVE YOU."

"Me too," David states for the first time. They kiss again, in the open doorway, until Amy breaks it off, turning to walk towards her room. David watches her. And when her bedroom door closes behind her, he closes the suite's door, and head back towards the elevator. All the time, muttering to himself, "I think I do."

End of Day Seven.

## Day Eight - Sunday

It had started to rain, early that morning. Amy awoke a little after 9:30, the sound of raindrops hitting her bedroom window disturbing her sleep.

Looking about the room, Amy was depressed. In her mind, refused to leave her bed, with the weather so bad. What was the point of getting up, if it was raining?

But all too soon, her need to pee, forced her to admit that she finally had to get up. Rising, she finished in the bath, and then went out into the sitting room. Her father was not yet awake, so she settled down on the couch, staring out of the picture window.

The view was spectacular. The wind, whipped across the surface of the sea, generating huge waves. She looked out, watching as sea birds, flying against the wind, struggled to remain aloft, desperately searching for fish upon which to feed their young chicks, hidden somewhere nearby.

She was kneeling on the couch, leaning against the back, watching the struggle, fascinated, oblivious to all around her. She did not care that her pink panties were clearly visible, peeking out from beneath the hem of her short dorm shirt. Nor did she hear her father awaken. She was surprised when, after walking behind her, her spoke, "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"I feel sorry for the birds."

"How so?"

"It must be awfully hard to keep flying like that." She turned around to look at her father.

“I’m sure they are used to it. Are you planning on getting dressed today?”

It was then that she noticed he was already dressed. Casual slacks, matching polo shirt, and comfortable loafers.

It was only 10:00, Amy had no idea why the hurry to get dressed.

“There’s no hurry. We only have to meet the Martins at noon for the champagne brunch.”

So I have plenty of time to get dressed.”

“And how are you going to spend it. You can’t stare out the window all morning. It’s such a crummy day, it isn’t healthy.”

“I don’t know. What is there do. It’s raining out?”

“You have to ask me how to kill an hour?”

“I could take a bath?”

Knowing how much his daughter loved the large tub in her bathroom, her responded, “You could probably kill the rest of the day?”

“Would you let me know when I need to get ready?”

“11:15 or 11:30?”

“11:15. Please.”

“No problem pumpkin. I’ll let you know.”

“Thanks daddy.” Amy walked towards her father, and hugged him. He wrapped his arms around her, and picking her up off the floor,

he spun her around the room, settling her down in front of her bedroom door. He kissed her forehead before letting go of her.

“Have a nice bath, pumpkin.”

“Yes daddy.” Amy walked into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. She slipped off her nightie, and wearing only her pink panties, walked into her bath. Filling the tub, she adjusted the temperature of the water, until it was satisfactory, then she turned on the water jets that kept the water heated, and turned the bath into a Jacuzzi. She slipped the panties off, and climbed into the warm inviting water.

She lay there, prostrate in the water, as the tub slowly filled, the water slowly covering her body. As soon as it was almost completely covering her, she rolled over and retrieved the bottle of bath bubbles she had placed on the edge of the tub. She poured in a generous amount, and soon, the lavender scented water and bubbles had completely covered her. When the tub was sufficiently full, she shut off the flow of water, and lay prostrate, almost as if to take a nap.

She lay there, hardly moving. As time passed, she had completely forgotten the world, reveling in the peace and quiet.

At 11:10, her father knocked on the door. “Sweetheart.”

Nothing happened. The child was oblivious. Frank tried knocking again, “Pumpkin?”

Again, the child did not respond. Frank tried the door knob, it turned and the door opened. For the second time this vacation, Frank invaded the privacy of his daughter during her bath.

Her body was still covered with the bubbles, so she was not concerned about her nudity in front of her father.



“Pumpkin, you really should pay more attention, when in that thing.”

“Sorry daddy. Is it time for me to get out?”

“I’m afraid so. We have to be downstairs in 45 minutes.”

“Is it still raining?”

“It seems to be clearing up some. The sun should be out by 1:00 or so!”

“Good.”

“Why so interested in the weather, sweetheart?”

“David and I were going to see if we spend the afternoon at the beach today. If nobody had other plans.”

“I don’t know. I got a lot done yesterday, and I think I’m pretty well enough along that I could afford to skip work this afternoon.”

“And do what?”

“I don’t know. I’m sure there’s plenty to do around here.” In truth, he was thinking like an architect. The kids had spent all day yesterday at an amusement/water park, contributing ideas to his perspective employers on what should be built for the hotel. He had a few ideas himself, ideas of themes that he wanted to see the kids interact in. Just to see if they’d be viable themes for the hotel.

But, if his little girls wanted to visit the beach, again, he’d probably relent, and take her, if no one else was available.

In the meantime, he left the bath, and the little girl began to get ready for lunch. Letting the water out, she began drying off, then wrapped herself in her now-favorite bathrobe, while she blow-dried her hair. When her hair was sufficiently dried, brushed and arranged perfectly, it was time to think about what to wear!

Thinking that she would be successful in winning the beach argument, she decided to wear a bikini under her clothes, instead of her underwear. Rummaging through her clothes, she came across the little blue two-piece that Jeanine had bought her the first time they had visited the beach. She first thought to only wear the bottom piece, the thong with the “pussy patch” for a front. She didn’t know that that was what it was called. But there was every chance that her father would be there with her, or would show up eventually, and since he probably will through a tantrum over her owning a thong, she decided to put on the top as well, in the hope that it would help keep him a little settled in that she wasn’t there topless.

Over her swimsuit, she slipped on a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt with a picture on it of a 400 foot tall roller coaster from an amusement park back in Ohio. White socks, sandals, her hair in a ponytail, and her pink baseball cap, and she was ready to leave, with 8 minutes to spare.

Her father was amazed at her punctuality, her mother was never on time, was exiting his bedroom at the same time, so instead of just sitting around killing 8 minutes, the two decided to head for the lobby.

The Martins were actually five minutes early, and since the hotel was only marginally busy, their table was actually ready for them. All five sat down, so that a waiter could take their beverage orders. Frank ordered a press of coffee. The two kids ordered orange juice. And the elder Martins ordered champagne (this was a champagne brunch after all).

They went to the buffet, filled their plates, wondering at the selection. Ham. Bacon. Sausage. Trout. Kippers. Fried and poached eggs. Toast. French Toast. Pancakes. A waffle iron. Omelets cooked to order. Sliced tomato, fried in olive oil, and sprinkled with herbs. Everything and anything anyone could ever want to see on a breakfast buffet!

When they got back to their table, their drinks had been delivered. Not only had two glasses of champagne been left on the table for the Martins, but the bottle, in a silver bucket, was sitting in a stand next to where they sat at table. The kids' juice glasses were filled, and a carafe of additional juice was on the table between their places. And Frank had his coffee service, even down to the exact number of sugar packets he used. Room service was very thorough in keeping track of what kept their guests happy, and the main dining room was informed of all this.

After they had been eating for several minutes, and the mornings hunger somewhat curbed, the conversation began to flow. That is to say, the kids hijacked the conversation. Amy had warned her friend, as they walked to the buffet line, that her father, and maybe his parents had something educational in mind, and that if they were going to spend the day together at the beach, they had to take charge of the situation. Immediately.

Every time any of the adults made a suggestion, if it wasn't somehow beach related, the kids found a way to shoot it down. Some of their arguments were quite well reasoned. Some, were absurd, such as David's refusal to go to a museum that focused on French naval history of the Napoleonic era, complete with preserved ships of war that had seen service in the Mediterranean during the wars. "It was an insult to think that as an Englishman he should waste his time learning about how the French navy helped keep Napoleon in power, especially considering how many of his great, great, great, great, great (?) Uncles died in the wars.

When Frank inquired about this, David couldn't name any names, in particular, but to assume that some of his ancestors would have died in the wars was "logical". Finally, it was decided that there would be separation for the afternoon. The kids would be dropped off at the beach, and left to their own devices, while Francis and Jeanine did some more shopping. Frank was planning on touring the town with his camera, taking pictures of anything that piqued his interest, in an architectural sense.

By 1:15, the weather had cleared. The five of them met downstairs by the pool. Bags in hand, they headed down the stone stairwell that led to the water taxi dock. Safely on their way, they watched in silence as the shore swiftly passed them by. As they rounded the point of land that guarded part of the harbor of Saint Raphael

After leaving the boat, all five headed down the beach's boardwalk, looking for an area that was not too crowded. Three quarters of the way down, with the end of the beach in sight, they finally found an area that wasn't too bad. They climbed down a stone stairway to the beach itself, and crossed over the sand until they came to an area that was fairly open.

Everything they were carrying was dumped on a pile, and then before leaving, the parents gave the kids the usual final instructions regarding behavior and safety. The kids were grateful as they watched them walk away, relishing their freedom for the first time in days. The kids began to sort through what was left in their care.

They pulled out a large beach blanket, which they spread out on the sand. Then they piled all their parents' bags in one corner, claiming the rest for themselves. They stood, as they undressed.

What neither child could see, was that as they stripped out of their clothes, four people were secretly watching them. The three parents, had reached the seawall boardwalk, and were standing

there, talking, as they watched the kids settle themselves in. They chatted for five minutes or so, before heading off by themselves, Frank to take his pictures, the Martins to see what damage they could do to local store inventories.

What none of the five saw, at first, was the fairly obese man, about 20 yards from the kid's blanket, who was obviously eyeing the young girl.

He had been sitting, staring at the sea, as they had first passed by, looking for a spot to settle down. As they passed, he felt his cock harden, as he hoped they would chose a spot nearby. He was overjoyed when they settled so close! He was fed up. It was his third day in town, and his wife and two preschool sons were proving to be nothing but trouble. His wife constantly yelling at the two kids, or at him. As Frank, Amy and the Martins passed him, he plopped himself down on his blanket, lying on his stomach, facing in their general direction.

As the adults moved to leave, he closed his eyes, pretending to sleep. And after they passed, he opened them again, believing himself safe from discovery, by the short distance that separated him from the kids.

As Amy began to strip from her clothing, her back was to him. Her ball cap and hat coming off, caused no excitement, only disappointment in that she was covered, on a topless beach. Her jeans though, caused a different reaction. The sight of her near-naked, thong-covered ass caused his cock to swell to a size larger than anything his wife had inspired, since the birth of the twins. The perfect curves of her flesh, and the thin string down her crack resulted in his cock pushing harder and harder into the sand beneath him.

The look of pleasure on his face was the tell-all that Amy noticed, when she turned around, looking for her shoes. She decided to test

him. Without explaining why, she suddenly found herself walking towards the seawall that lined the beach. She walked over to it, felt its stones, than doing no more, she returned to the blanket, trying not to stare at the pervert on the next blanket. But as she walked back, she noticed that where before, his head had been ‘innocently’ pointing towards the blanket, now it was angled higher up, to look more in the direction of where she had gone.

She knew then and there, that he was attracted to her. She didn’t know anything about him. Who he was. Where he was from. What he did for a living. Nothing. All she knew was that he was staring at her. A fact that excited her, rather than angering her.

One question was soon answered, as she approached David, standing with a bottle of sunscreen in his hand, wondering what she was doing. The man’s wife soon started screaming at the two kids. “Oi. Don’t go into the water!” They were English. A fact that soon caused David to feel embarrassment for his countrymen’s rude behavior.

Approaching her friend, Amy had a mischievous look to her face. Grabbing the bottle from his hands, in a whisper she explained the situation to her confused friend, as she covers him in the sunscreen.

She starts working on his face, “That guy behind me.”

“The one with the loud wife?”

“Yeah.”

“What about im?”

“He was staring at me!” She had begun working on his chest.

“What?”

“He was checking me out!”

“But he’s married?”

“That doesn’t mean he isn’t allowed to be a pervert.”

“What do you wanna do about it? Move somewhere else?”

“No. Let’s have some fun with the little bastard.” She gets down onto her knees, starting to coat his legs.

“What do you want to do?”

“When I get done with you, you’re gonna do me. Right?”

“I guess so.” He knew he was, he just didn’t want to act like he was expecting to do it.

“Turn around. “ David does, and she begins describing what she wants as she works on the back of his legs, “Do my front first. My face, chest, stomach. Then when I turn around, do my legs. Before doing my back, I’ll spread my legs a little. Reach through them, and spread some of it on my pussy. Then do my back and neck.”

“You’re gonna give him a heart attack.”

“Nah. He’ll just get pissed because it’s you doing it to me, and not him.”

She added the last because the pervert’s wife was yelling at the kids again. Rather than getting up, and scolding the two five-year olds, face to face, she was yelling at them, from 40-50 yards away, and not understanding why the twin boys were ignoring her.

She stands up again. She begins working on his back. David has to know for sure, “Do you really want me to do that to you?”

“Why not? It will serve the fat asshole right. Staring and drooling over my body.”

“It could be embarrassing. Someone could see us.”

“I want someone to see us.” She is finished with him. “There. Done. Are you ready to do me?”

“I suppose so.” His feigned disinterest in what was about to happen.

With that, Amy, standing in front of David, with her back to the pervert, reaches behind her neck, and unfastens the tie of her bikini top. Letting the strings fall from her fingers, David is soon blessed with the sight of her nipples, peering out at him, above the strap from around her back. She pulls on the remaining string, rotating the material around her body, so that the knot is now lying in the center of her chest. Undoing the knot, she drops her top at her feet, falling onto the blanket.

Unknown to her, the pervert behind her is silently cursing under his breath, that she is facing away, her back to him. His cussing is more vocal, as he sees her reach to first her right hip, then her left, undoing the knots holding her bikini bottom to her. If only he could see her front. Immediately, as he sees David begin to apply sunscreen to her front, he cusses more, wishing that it was him tending to the young girl.

His hard on begins to pain him, as he sees the boy fall to his knees, and the girl turn around to face him. He struggles to not show a visible reaction as first he sees the boy move his hands all over her legs, then over what he can only assume is her perfect little ass. He shoots his load into his swim trunks, as he sees the boy reach his



hands between her legs, coping a feel of her perfectly bald pussy. The only thing he is grateful for, is that his wife, nor anyone else, has noticed what has happened on the blanket.

He settles down, when David's attention is moving to her back. He begins to breathe normally as David finishes. As the children, seeing that he is still facing their direction, are aware of what it is they have done to them. With satisfaction, they settle themselves down onto the blanket.

For some reason, Amy is lying on her back, while David is on his stomach. Each is oblivious to the world. Amy, has her IPOD in her ears, and the sounds of her favorite Hannah Montana album covers the sounds of the beach. David is almost asleep. Yet his left arm is draped over his friend's body, the hand resting on her firm ass, his fingers cupping its curves, fingertips in her crack.

Almost randomly, one or the other of the children rolls over, and immediately the other follows the example. The pervert, as soon as he thinks that the way is clear, rises up from where he is laying, and walks down to the water's edge, the ocean clearing away all evidence of the indiscretion of his thoughts.

Grateful that his lust has not been discovered, he lays himself out, and ignores the two kids. His thoughts roll back to the misery that is his life, a shrew of a wife, and two sons that will probably drive him to an early grave.

After several hours, the kid's peace is disturbed by the ringing of a cell phone. Amy cannot hear it, over the noise of her IPOD, but David is awakened. Finding where it was coming from, and realizing what it was, he shakes his friend awake. By the time she has pulled the phone from the bottom of her bag, and flipped it open, it had stopped ringing. She hit recall, and soon she was talking to her father, "You called daddy?"

“Yes pumpkin. Is everything ok with you two?”

“Yeah, were just laying here. Working on our tans.”

“Having a good time?”

“The best!”

“Because there’s no parent around, causing trouble?”

“Daddy.”

“Well? Am I right?”

“Maybe a little. Just a little.”

“I know pumpkin. Dads just get in the way, until you need the credit card. A momentary pause ensued, lasting for a full minute. Neither wanting to interrupt the silence. Finally Frank had to get back on task. “Pumpkin, I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself. I’m thinking about calling it quits. There really isn’t much to see in this town. Maybe I should have gone further down the coast?”

“So you’re coming back here, then?”

“In a little while.”

“You remember where we are?”

“Almost to the end of the beach?”

“Yes daddy. We’ll look for you.”

“See you in a little while, sweetheart.”

Amy hangs up on her father. Returning the phone to her backpack, she knows that she is going to have to put her bikini back on. David, hearing her conversation, knows this too.

“That sucks.”

“What does?”

“Your father coming back here so soon.”

“I know. I really don’t want to get dressed... But if he saw me now, he’d really be mad.”

“Yeah. I suppose so. Do you need any help?” An offer made not out of courtesy, but for one last chance to touch her body, in places he would normally not be able to.

“Na. I can manage. She gets up on her knees, and before he can complain of the change of affairs, she has the top on. It takes only a couple more minutes before the bottom is on as well. She looks down at herself. She knows that her father will not approve of a thong, but when he sees her front, he’ll really be mad.

“I really should have worn a different bikini.”

“I really prefer the one you have on.”

“I bought one that does a better job of covering me, but it’s a topless suit.”

“I wouldn’t mind that.”

“Sometimes I wonder if he’ll always act like I’m still only five years old.”

“He’s your father. If he wasn’t over-protective of you, he wouldn’t be doing it proper now. Would he?”

“I suppose so. It’s just that he gets in the way sometimes.”

“That’s his job. When well he be getting here?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think he knew how long it would take for him to walk here.”

“Oh. No use wasting this sun.” With that pronouncement, David settles himself back down on the sand. Amy drops down beside him. She comes close to yelling at him. If her father catches them, with his hand still on her ass as they lay there, there’s no telling how bad he’ll start yelling. But she says nothing. The feel of his hand upon her, is so comforting, that it’s almost as if she can’t do without it.

Meanwhile, on the seawall promenade, Frank had already closed his cell phone. Leaning against a tree, looking out over the beach, he watched as his daughter first spoke to her friend, then begin to redress herself in her bikini. That fact that she was there, naked on the beach, with a thirteen year old boy beside her, saddened him. His little girl, HAD finally begun to grow into a young woman.

He watched her as she slipped the bikini back on. He didn’t know why he’d called her. Doing so, had warned her that she’d need to get dressed. Maybe he’d just wanted to avoid a confrontation with her. Whatever his reasoning, it was done.

He almost jumped over the small guard wall when he saw that after lying back down, David’s hand was on his daughter’s ass. Yet, he did nothing. Standing there, staring at the two children, he wished that he could go down there, and confront them. But he knew that that was not possible.

After waiting fifteen minutes, Frank moved on down the promenade, heading for one of the break wall stairs that led to the beach. In less than ten minutes, he was standing above the two kids, staring down. He didn't say anything for a minute, just fumed as he watched the boy's hand as it made a gentle squeezing motion on his daughter's flesh.

The hand moved away rapidly, its owner knowing that he'd been caught, when Frank suddenly, purposely coughed.

“Daddy!”

“Pumpkin. David. Having fun are we?”

“Yes sir.” David answered. Refusing to look at him straight in the face.

“Good.” Frank again made the decision not to make an issue of the boy's apparent over-familiarity with his daughter's body.

He reached down and grabbed the bag that he'd left behind when they first arrived at the beach. He pulled out an inflatable lounge chair, the kind people often use in their swimming pools.

It only took about five minutes for him to blow it up, after which, he settled down, a large floppy hat on his head, reading a Tom Clancy novel that had just come out the previous December, but which he'd never had a chance to start reading.

The kids ignored him. They continued with their sunbathing, the only difference from before Frank's return being that David now kept his hands to himself.

The Martins afternoon had been pleasant enough, even if it was just as unsuccessful as Frank's. No new clothing boutiques caught Jeanine's attention. They were thinking about returning to the

beach themselves, when Francis noticed a bookstore just ahead of them. His wife agreed to their going in, her husband was as bad with books, as she was with designer boutique clothing. It wasn't a large store, and there wasn't much in inventory that was in English. One of the few books that they did purchase, was an index of French wines.

Deciding to head back to the beach, they passed a couple of small cafes, and decided that maybe it would not be a bad idea to stop in one, and see how accurate their new wine guide actually was. One promising little sidewalk café loomed ahead of them as they walked, and soon, after finding a table, they were sampling glasses of a number of local vintages, recommended by the book.

After an hour, and the equivalent of over a bottle of wine each, they slowly made their way, occasionally stumbling, back to the beach. Luckily, Frank had been looking up from his book, when they passed, or they might have passed them, and gotten into trouble.

When they arrived, the beach was beginning to thin out for the night. Frank, the Martin's not capable of making a decision, decided that they should return to the hotel. The kids would have argued, but seeing that David's parents were pretty much drunk, decided not to argue. The kids put their clothes on over their swimsuits, their gear was packed up, and they left the beach, having no little difficulty getting the two inebriated adults up the stone staircase.

Deciding that the water ferry back to the hotel would be a bad idea, Frank hailed a passing cab, and they all piled in. Fifteen minutes later, they arrived back at the hotel, and a couple of waiting bellhops assisted David in getting his parents back to their suite. Frank and Amy, wishing to avoid a scene, chose to take a different elevator upstairs, and when they got to their room, after putting

their bags on the floor, began discussing the next pressing order of business, what to do about supper.

Neither really wanted anything big, so Frank simply called for room service. At 9:00, they would be delivered a tray of ham and beef on croissants, salads, chips, fruit, and a few other items. Since it was only 7:00, what to do until then became an issue.

Having just left the beach, Frank was insistent that all traces of sand and sea needed to be eliminated. Amy announced that she was ready for a bath anyway.

Frank, wanting to discuss the child's growing maturity, made a rather startling request. "Pumpkin?"

"Yes daddy?"

"Your bath. Do you mind if we talk?"

"After I'm finished?"

"Not exactly." The child looked confused, "While you're in the tub."

"Oh." Now Amy wasn't exactly sure what to make of this. She had spent much of the last week nude, or partly nude. In both public and private setting. But never before had her father encouraged her, to be nude, in his immediate presence. "Why?"

"I would like to talk to you about a few things. I don't think we can wait."

"Aren't you going to take a shower too?" the child asked.

"Yes. After we're done talking.

It was then that Amy made up her mind. It had been two-three years since her father had stayed with her, as she took a bath. Twice in the last week, he'd had to enter her bath for a minute or two, but it had been years since he'd last been present for the entire bath.

It had been even longer, since she'd been allowed to actually bathe with her father. This was something that had never happened very often, but a couple of times a year, back when her mother still worked the occasional night shift, her father had consented to let her join him in the tub as the only way to get her to take a bath. If she'd been in too obstinate a mood.

Sometimes, she missed this intimacy between her and her father. She knew it was not because he no longer loved her, but because it was no longer appropriate for it to happen. Yet tonight was an opportunity. Perhaps a last one. Tonight, perhaps she could convince her father to join her in the tub, just one last time. And in doing so, test him to see if he truly was comfortable with her growing independence, and her developing of a sense of sexuality.

“Daddy, I think it would be better, if instead of you being in the room with me, maybe you should be in the tub.”

Frank was shocked. Was his daughter suggesting what he thought she was suggesting? He couldn't do that. It was unthinkable. She was too old for him to even think of doing something like that.

But he knew he would. His daughter was reaching out to him. Imploring him to be accepting of her new sense of her body. There was the possibility that she knew where he'd called from, when he phoned her at the beach earlier that day. Was she trying to confirm it?

Frank didn't respond to her question. He couldn't say anything. Instead, he simply walked towards his daughter's bedroom door.



He didn't go in. He just stood there for a moment until Amy took the hint that he wanted her to follow him. She slipped off her sandals as she walked towards her room.

When she'd passed through the door, he followed behind her, closing the door behind him. Amy was smart enough to know that he wanted her in her bathroom. He followed her in there as well. Not only did he close this door, he also locked it behind them.

Stepping around his daughter, he sat himself down on the edge of her tub. Turning on the faucet, he adjusted the water, until he hit upon a temperature he liked. Hot enough to know it was there, but probably not too hot, as to be uncomfortable or painful.

He sat there, watching the water fill the tub. Amy just stood there. Finally, she decided that the tub was full enough, she should start undressing. Crossing her arms, and lowering them to the hem of her top, she pulled it up, and off of her. She undid the canvas belt around her waist, and unfastening the clasp on the front of her shorts, soon they were on the floor as well. Standing there, in front of her father, in the skimpy bikini she'd worn that afternoon, only when he was present, she was hesitant to remove it.

Finally, she succumbed to the inevitable. She reached behind her neck, and untied the strings holding her top in place. Then, when the triangles covering her nipples had fallen over, she twisted the whole around her chest, until the knot of the lower string was roughly placed between her breasts. She undid this knot too, and as the cloth fell to the floor, she was again topless in front of her father, wearing only a thong bottom, that barely covered her mound.

This too, was destined to end.

She reached to her right, and undid the knot on her thigh. Then the same to the one on her left. The material of her bottom joined the

clothing on the floor, and now, there she was, standing in front of her father, wearing only her socks. She sat on the edge of the tub, alongside her father. In turn, she lifted each leg up, onto her lap, and removed the sock. As she did so, Frank got an even better view of his daughter's crotch. His cock began to grow, as he wondered if she was purposely showing off for him.

After she'd finished undressing, she reached behind her, and removed the bottle of bath bubbles from the ledge on the back of the tub. A generous amount poured into the water stream, soon caused a large quantity of bubbles to form on the surface of the water. When the bubbles were almost flowing over the edge of the tub, Amy shut off the flow of water, then stared at her father. Refusing to move.

Frank stood up. In front of his daughter, he first slipped off his shirt than his shoes. His pants followed quickly, then his socks. Standing there in front of his child, he allowed her a moment to stare at his now naked (nude?) body, as he had stared at hers. Then he climbed into the tub.

Before she entered the water, she walked over to the vanity and grabbed a washcloth and a bar of hotel soap. After she climbed into the tub herself, she handed these to her father. She settled herself down, placing herself so that, although she was sitting with her ass on the tub itself, she was between her father's spread legs, leaning back against him. She relished both the feel of him against her back, and the sensation of what she knew to be his cock, pushing against her.

He began to wash his daughter's body. Neither talked as he did so. Soaping up the cloth, he then rubbed it over every part of the front of her body. Her face. Her chest, with emphasis on her tiny nipples. Her stomach. Between her legs. Then she rolled herself over, so that she was lying on her stomach. She dreamed of what a penis would feel like inside of her, as she felt his push against her

stomach. She closed her eyes as he continued to wash her. First the back of her neck, then her back, then her tiny, pert little ass. When he was done with this, she again rolled herself around so that she was no longer laying against him. Instead, she was still on her stomach, but her head she kept out of the water, by resting on her upper arms, her elbows pushing against the tubs' bottom.

Frank had full access to his daughter's legs. He washed between her toes, and the bottom of her feet. His hands moving from one leg to the other, as he moved his way up. He pulled on her, to bring her closer to him, until he was again, finding his hands poised at her crotch.

Again, he cleaned her there, her ass as well. His trepidation at touching his daughter's private area, now overcome not with lust, but with a longing he would never have acted upon, on his own. He hadn't had sexual relations with anyone since the divorce. And all the pent up energies began to overwhelm him.

As he used his hands to violate his daughter, he became more, and more excited. Before he knew it, he felt himself stop breathing for a moment, his body tensing, as he spurted his load into the tub.

His daughter didn't know what was happening. As this was happening, he never stopped his hands as they explored between her legs.

After the last shot had escaped from him, he realized what had happened. Embarrassed with himself, he immediately decided that it had to stop.

He apologized to his daughter, as he found himself standing up.

Leaving the tub, his daughter's face a display of confusion as he grabbed a towel off the counter, and without bothering to dry off, he wrapped it around his waist, covering himself from his

daughter's vision. He picked up his clothing, and instructed his daughter to finish her bath, and to make sure she did her hair. That he would call her when dinner arrived.

Amy stayed in the tub, following her father's instructions. She did her hair, turning the hot water on, because her father didn't have it hot enough to suit her.

When the tub was again full, she lounged against the tub's side, relishing the tub's warmth, wondering what it was that made her father leave so quickly. All the while, not realizing that she was bathing in her father's cum.

Eventually, her father came back to her door, and announced that dinner had arrived. Reluctantly, she left the tub, and after drying off, she went back into her bedroom, and put on a pair of her little girl panties and one of her few training bras. Wearing only this, she walked out into the sitting room, to find her father sitting in one of the stuffed chairs, already digging into a plate of sandwiches and potato salad.

She filled her plate, and without saying anything to her father, she laid herself out on the couch, and began eating. They remained silent until dinner was finished. Then Frank surprised her.

“Amy.”

“Daddy?”

“What we did before. I don't want you to get the wrong idea. But what we did, was a mistake.”

“Why daddy?”

“Any number of reasons. You’re my daughter. Your age. I’m your father.” Amy still looked puzzled. “How about this. It’s been too long since...well since I’ve been with a woman.”

Amy was surprised that he’d used the word woman to describe her. She smiled as she realized this, as her father continued. “Something happened. Something that shouldn’t have.”

“What daddy?”

“Something happened to me while we were in the tub together. Something I’m not proud of.”

Only one question came to his daughter’s mind, “Did you pee or something?”

“No. But close.”

“What happened daddy?” Amy was really curious now. She set her plate on the table beside the couch, and walked over towards her father. Standing in front of him, her body completely available to him. To use if he pleased. She would not have been able to resist him.

“When a man and a woman get together. If they love each other, they do things together. And by doing that, the man has a reaction that will help the woman have a baby.”

“You mean he shoots his sperm into her?”

Frank almost lost it there. How had his eleven year old daughter learned about that? “What? Where? How?” He wanted to submit her to a full inquisition, but was so shocked, he couldn’t even utter a complete sentence. “Where did you learn this?” He demanded of his daughter.

“School daddy.” Amy wondered how much she should tell her father. The look on his face tells her, she hadn’t explained it enough. “They had a class last year in human development.”

Frank was incensed. What right did the school have to teach such things to his daughter!

Frank, again, chose not to get into an argument with his daughter. Instead, he continued with his explanation of events in bath. “Well, considering the way you were acting, I couldn’t help myself!”

“What happened daddy?”

“Just like a man shoots his sperm into a woman to make a baby, I accidentally shot some into the tub.” His head hung down in shame as he said this.

“You mean, in the water, your, um, sperm were floating around?”

“Yes sweetheart.”

“In my bathwater?”

“I’m sorry sweetheart. You may want to take another bath, and wash it off?”

Amy thought for a moment. She leaned forward, giving her father a hug. “It’s OK daddy. I don’t think I need another bath.”

“I think you should.” Frank insisted. He raised his hands so that they were grasping onto her arms. “I still think you should have a quick rinse-off.”

“There was a lot of soap in the tub. I don’t think anything is wrong.” Amy’s declaration surprised her father. He had expected his daughter to be grossed out when he revealed to her his shame.

Frank realized that his daughter wasn't going to re-do her bath. Instead he tried another tack. "I'm sorry this happened sweetheart. I never should have suggested that I help you with your bath. I should not have let it go so far."

"It's ok." She hugged her father even harder. "It was my idea that we should take our bath together."

"No sweetheart. I am the adult here. I should never have let it happen."

"Daddy, does it really matter?"

"If it doesn't it should."

"Why."

"I'm supposed to protect you, not take advantage of you."

"How did you take advantage of me?"

"I ejaculated at the very thought of you."

"But you didn't do anything to me?"

"Fortunately, no. Just near you."

"Then you didn't use me. We just happened to be in the same room, when for the first time that's happened in a while."

Frank didn't know what to say. His daughter, instead of being mad at him, didn't even feel as if he needed forgiving.

He gave up. His daughter just didn't see what it was that had happened. He couldn't hold himself accountable because of this.

So instead of continuing to beg his daughter for forgiveness, he reached forward, and hugged his daughter, holding her as close to him as he could. She just stood there, enjoying the feel of togetherness. They stayed motionless for over five minutes, not wanting the moment to end.

When the embrace did end, the child picked up her plate, took it over to the trash can by the mini bar, dumped it in, and headed to her room, stopping only long enough to kiss her father on the forehead, goodnight.

She went to sleep, still not knowing why it was that her father was so upset.

Frank continued with his meal. After cleaning up after himself, he spent a little more time adding some finishing touches to the presentation he'd be making the next afternoon. Having wasted most of his day, it took him until past three in the morning to have everything perfectly in order.

When he went to bed, himself, he was convinced that everything he needed for the next day was taken care of. As he fell into unconsciousness, he never realized that he'd forgotten 1 thing.

The end of Day Eight



## Day Nine - Monday

She awoke the next morning, on her own. For once, there was nothing scheduled, that required her to be awake and ready, by a certain time. So her father, letting her sleep in, had simply slept in himself.

She laid in bed. It was that glorious time each day, when a person awakens. When their body has said that it has rested enough, and there was nothing obliging it to begin its day. It was a time of laziness. Of relishing in the comfort of a room, slightly chilling, covered in some of the softest sheets and blankets a person would ever experience in their lives.

Running through her head was a list of things she had to do that day.

She had checked on her dress the night before, and all was well. Her underwear and jewelry were also in order. She had plenty of time to kill, before her two o'clock appointment at the hotel's beauty center.

She rolled over onto her stomach, and faced the table on the right side of her bed. It contained a small, digital alarm clock that informed her it was a quarter past ten. She was grateful for the opportunity to sleep in so late. Little did she know how useful this would be.

She finally got out of bed around ten thirty.

After ten minutes in the bathroom, she dressed, then headed towards the sitting room. Finding her father not there, she was surprised. He was due on a train at one o'clock. Two and a half hours from now! He was expected to meet the Messieurs Napier a little past twelve for the ride to the railroad station.

It would take him at least an hour to pack his overnight bag, and all of his diagrams, drawings, estimates, and statistics.

She headed to his room. She could hear him snoring on the other side of the closed door.

She opened it slowly, and entered. Walking, almost stalking, towards her father's bed, she noticed that he wasn't wearing anything. Only partially covered with the sheet, she looked down, and saw that the thin material simply emerged from between his legs, and crossed over his stomach, leaving him right below his left armpit.

She couldn't see his penis. She wasn't really interested in looking at it, but after seeing Davie's several times now, and his father's at the spa, and at the winery picnic, by the river, she was curious about the difference in sizes. She wanted to compare the size of her father's penis, to the other two she had recently become acquainted with.

She reached out with her hand, and gently grabbed the material. Slowly raising it from his body, she looked, and decided that her dad's wasn't all that special. Small, shrunken, almost nonexistent. Hardly worth her time at all. She lowered the material back down, covering his privates. She then turned her attention higher up on his body. She gently shook him, her hands connecting with the side of his chest.

“Daddy!”

No response as his father settled back into his original positioning as she released the pressure on his body.

Pushing again, harder, “DADDY!” Still no response.

Now continually pushing on his body. “DADDY! DADDY! DADDY!!”

Moving now. Reluctantly. “What... What is it pumpkin?”

“Daddy. It’s almost eleven o’clock!”

“Holy shit! I overslept!”

He moves to get up out of bed. He grabs the sheet and throws it off of himself. It is only then, after he is fully exposed to his daughter, that he realizes that he is naked! He panics, not realizing that his daughter had, just a couple minutes ago, been staring at his nakedness.

“Daddy. Are you naked?”

“Um! Um! I think so?” He reaches for the sheet to cover himself. “Um! Um! Thanks for the wakeup call, but could I have a couple of minutes to get dressed?”

“Sure. But just answer me one thing.”

“If I can?”

“Were you just naked in front of me? Or were you nude?”

“Um. I don’t know. Nude?”

“No daddy. You slept in the nude, but when I came in, and you uncovered yourself, you were naked, because I was here, and you weren’t planning on me seeing you. Now do you understand?”

IT was still way too early in the morning for him to even think about this. His response was the first word that came to mind. “NUDE?”

“No. You were naked. If you had walked out of here, undressed, and I had seen you, you would have been nude. But because I surprised you. Because I took the decision away from you, you are naked.”

With that, she turns around, and walks to the door. Frank is left scratching his head. He still doesn't understand things, but he thinks he's close!

As soon as the door closes behind his daughter, Frank pushes the sheet off of himself.

He rushes through his bathroom routine, there is time that he needs to make up. He should have been awake an hour ago.

Rushing out of his room, he heads over to his drawing table, and starts putting into his folio binder the drawings he'd been working on for the past couple of months, and days.

He was way behind. He only had forty minutes to get packed.

“Honey!” No response. “Amy. Pumpkin!”

“Yes Daddy?”

“Could you pack my overnight bag please?”

Amy couldn't believe it. Her father was asking for her help! “OK! I can do it!”

With that response she headed to his bedroom, while he continued organizing and packing his papers.

She went to his closet, and pulled out a small suitcase. She opened it up, after placing it at the foot of his bed.

First, since he was already wearing a pair of loafers, she put in a pair of dress, black shoes. Next, since she knew that the suit he wanted to wear, was draped over the chair of his dressing table, she went into his dresser drawers, and pulled out two, just to be safe, matching pairs of socks. She also took out two pairs of underwear, and two t-shirts. Putting them into the suitcase, she then went back to his closet. On hangers she found two pairs of casual-dress pants, and a couple of casual dress shirts. These went into the suitcase as well. On top of it all, she then neatly folded his suit. The dress pants and jacket were no problem. But missing was the dress shirt. She checked the closet again, and there, hanging up on hangers were a light blue, and a solid white dress shirts. Either would work. She packed both. With each shirt, she then selected an appropriate tie.

All this was finished but going into the bathroom, where she put into his toiletries bag all of his grooming supplies that were scattered throughout his bathroom vanity!

Before closing the bag, she went back into the sitting room.

“Daddy. You were planning on the dark-blue suit for tonight? Weren’t you?”

“Yes pumpkin.”

“Good. I packed a blue, and a white shirt for you!”

“That should be ok.” In fact it was fine. When he arrived in Toulon, and unpacked, preparing to dress for the dinner meeting, everything he needed was packed. She’s overdone it for the next day, but that was no big deal. All he had to do was iron a couple of things before he put them on. Luckily, the hotel catering to business travelers, provided irons in every room!

Meanwhile, soon after Amy had finished packing her father's suitcase, Frank had finished packing up all of his paperwork.

Looking at his watch, he was troubled to find that he only had five minutes to travel downstairs to meet his employers.

"Honey. Grab the suitcase will you, and come with me downstairs."

"OK Daddy." The child collects his case from the bedroom, and although it is heavy because she over packed, she can still carry it. She struggles her way to the door, as her father waits for her, watching her struggles with amusement.

"Did you pack enough?"

"I think so" He would have taken the case from her, but the look on her face implied that she wanted to prove that she hadn't over packed, by carrying it herself. Despite how much she had to struggle, to do so.

She was huffing her breath as she exited the room. She was puffing her way down the hall to the elevator. When they were close, Frank hurried ahead, and pressed the elevator's call button.

Amy showed up, still puffing, just before the elevator arrived. She had no chance to rest, as the doors opened, and she forced the bag into the elevator beside her. Frank pushed the lobby button, and the elevator doors closed, and began its descent.

All too soon, it reaches the lobby, and the doors open. Amy suffers as she carries the bag across the lobby. They reach the main entrance. The Brothers Napier were not yet there, so the two had time to say their goodbyes.

"Pumpkin, you will be good for the Martins, won't you?"

“Yes daddy.” What did he think she was going to do, purposely create chaos throughout the hotel? Besides, she had her ‘date’ tonight. She’d be spending most of the afternoon in the beauty salon. She reminded her father of these facts. With that, he knew that she would at least be occupied. So she should be ok.

He was still reluctant to leave, but taking her with him, simply was not possible. Leaving her with the Martins was really the only solution to the ‘problem’.

All too soon, the two Frenchman arrived. Amy hugged her father one last time. He responded by putting his hand under her chin, coaxing her to raise her head towards him.

He kissed her on the forehead. “Be safe munchkin. See you tomorrow.” With that, and since the bellhops had placed his bags and portfolio into the trunk of the car, he entered the Cadillac. And with the shutting of the door, the driver started the car and drove off. She watched as the car disappeared from sight. Then she remembered how busy her afternoon was going to be, and since it was lunchtime, she went back inside, went out to the hotel’s dining terrace, and ordered a shrimp-salad sandwich, served on a croissant, some chips and a bottle of mineral water for lunch.

After she’d eaten, it was back to the room. In her bedroom, she stripped off the shorts outfit that she’d been wearing. In the bathroom, she made the sad decision to forgo a soak in the tub, choosing instead, a quick shower. She knew she would have lost track of time, and not made it to her salon appointment.

Drying off after her shower, she was again naked in her bedroom, as she donned a clean skirt outfit for the afternoon.

She was ten minutes early for her appointment, but for once, that was not a problem. Since it was a Monday, the salon was its

normal dead. Monday was a travel day. It was the check-in desk that was busy today.

Since she had never experienced a European style beauty treatment, she was surprised when she was shown into a changing room and given a metallic basket. After being handed a robe like the ones in her suite, she understood. She undressed, and placed her clothes into the basket. When she had put on the robe, she handed the basket to an attendant who wrote her name on a slip of paper, and placed it in a slot on the basket's front, then placed it upon a shelf behind her counter.

Amy was then led into the first of several rooms she would be visiting that day.

A long padded table occupied the center of the room. The walls of which held a number of cabinets and drawers. The attendant motioned that she should remove the robe. Handing it to the attendant, she hopped up on the table and laid herself face down on the paper that covered it.

Within minutes, the masseuse was there. Amy was a little concerned. Since the spa a week earlier, she was no stranger to the idea of a massage. But that had been administered by a woman. Facing her today, was a man. It scared her a little to think that a strange man would have so much control over her body. But she had done so much this last week that she wasn't going to question the intelligence of his presence in the room with her.

The masseuse was very professional though. Thirty minutes later, she felt as if every muscle of her young body had been manipulated. But at no time did he attempt to touch her in any of her private areas.



When he'd finished, he took the liberty of giving her a quick smack on her petit, under-aged ass, uttering "Finished!" at the same time.

He headed to the wall upon which her robe hung from a hook, as the child sat up, and slid off the table. Standing nude in front of him, she showed no embarrassment over her nakedness. He held the robe in front of him. She easily slipped into it, with his assistance. He motioned her out the door, as she tied the sash about her waist.

He led her to the next room. The room looked the same as the previous room, but instead of a massage table, she saw a comfortable salon chair in the center.

The masseuse left her alone, and she climbed into the chair. Again only a few minutes passed, when another attendant entered. This time, a young girl.

Without so much as an introduction, the girl got to work. She pulled a small jar from one of the cupboards, along with a small sponge. Dipping the sponge into the jar, she then dabbed it on the child's face. Soon Amy's face was covered with a green, mud like, paste that was supposed to open the pores of her skin.

Next, the girl brought out a small book, each page covered with small colored splotches. Each color carefully numbered. Pointing at the child's hand and feet, Amy understood that she was to select a color for her nails. She looked through the book. Since her dress was a relative light shade of blue, she turned to those pages first. Starting at dark, and working their way lighter, she immediately skipped to the back of the blue section.

Working her way forward, on the fourth page, she found a shade that she thought matched perfectly. It was a light shade of blue, which almost matched her dress perfectly. What set this one apart

from the others, was the small amount of silver glitter in the polish! It would match perfectly with the silver ribbons of the dress!

Amy gave the manicurist a number, pointing to the color as well. The girl, looking over her shoulder, validated the selection, and then left the room. She returned two minutes later with a tray, carrying a bottle of light blue nail polish, and several other bottles, of clear liquid, as well as the required selection of cotton balls and other accoutrements necessary.

The attendant then placed a slice of cucumber on each of the young child's eyes. Amy leaned back in the chair, relishing in the luxury of the softness of the robe, and the sheer extravagance of a manicure. The attendant first trimmed each of her nails, then sanded them even and smooth. Next, she applied the layers of polish and varnish. And then the child was left alone as her nails finished drying.

Amy never moved a muscle.

Thirty minutes later, the attendant returned, verified the success of the polish, and then removed the facial mask. When she was done, she helped Amy up, and escorted her to the last of the rooms she would be visiting that day.

Inside, she found everything one would expect in a hair salon. No need to go into details. This time, the staff member spoke perfect English, so she and Amy got along perfectly. After describing the nature of her 'date' that night, and her dress, the attendant went into a cupboard and came out, a minute later, with a small selection of hair accents. Explaining each to Amy, along with showing her pictures of what each look entailed, Amy made her selection, and then placed herself at the mercy of the stylist. An hour later, when the final results were revealed, Amy was perfectly happy.

Her hair had been washed, combed, cut, rewashed, then dried. And now, when it was done, her hair was done up in a kind of pretzel-like bun, that her hair then seemed to flow out of, in waving rivulets of hair, resembling water swiftly flowing down a shallow stream bed.

A number of ribbons, all light blue, and all matching her dress perfectly, made this possible, by separating her long hair into a number of large strands, that when woven correctly, created the bun, and that as they flowed down towards her neck, required a little assistance from a curling iron, to create the look of the waves.

It was perfect! It definitely was not a ‘little girl haircut!’ It looked mature. She couldn’t wait to see what she would look like, when it all came together, in that dress.

Finished in the salon, it was only five forty-five. She had been in there for almost four hours! Fortunately she had allowed for more than that much time. David would not be collecting her for dinner until seven.

She slowly made her way back to the suite, pausing in the gift shop for a few minutes. Half-way down one of the aisles, she noticed the gift basket of bath oils, which had been left for her, several days before. She wasn’t surprised. She had always assumed that it was an ‘in-house’ purchase.

She was a little surprised, when heading back towards the shop’s entrance, she found herself in front of a display of first aid products. It wouldn’t have gotten her attention, except she just happened to be looking up, and in that direction, because hanging from the wall, above the shelves in the next aisle over, there was hanging one of the bath robes that she loved so much, with a small sign saying that the purchase price for one was 75 euros!

That’s only 60 bucks, she thought. She still had plenty of money left over from her shopping when she first arrived, plus her father

had given her more every couple of days. He had even remembered to slip her a small wad of cash, right before getting in the car for the train station, this morning. When she had looked to see how much it was, she was surprised to see that he had given her 200 euros! She could easily afford to buy one. Or even two!

She had lowered her head, to see how far down the aisle she would have to go, to cross over to the robe aisle, when she suddenly stopped. There, on one of the shelves, staring her right in the face, was a package of condoms!

Amy looked at them in surprise. They sold them in a place like this? Then she realized. This was a perfect place. People were always meeting up in a place like this. They probably sold as many of them here, as they did in the average drug store back in Cleveland!

When she continued walking, she was suddenly racked by fear. Would she and David be doing anything tonight? If they did, could she become pregnant? Could he give her some kind of disease? She had learned about all these things in her health classes back in Cleveland, but that didn't mean that she fully understood what she was being taught. But then she realized, being a doctor, if there was anything wrong with David, his father would have explained it to his son. And if so, David wouldn't let anything happen to her. He was that responsible. And as far as being pregnant, she was only eleven. She hadn't even had her first period yet!

Putting such thoughts out of her mind, she made her way to the next aisle. She stopped in front of a display of the robes, and was happy to see that although the ones provided in the rooms were white, here there was a selection of colors!

She looked and found the child's size selection, and discovered that these were only 45 euros! She thought she knew her size, but then noticed a sizing chart next to the shelves. She measured

herself, and discovered that she was right. She did fit into the largest of the three children's sizes. Since she liked the white ones, she grabbed one of those. And since her dress tonight was blue, she grabbed a light blue one as well. Then she thought of something.

She hadn't bought a present for her mother yet! She almost felt bad about it, until she realized that this would be a perfect gift for her. She selected one for her as well. Not a full length one, like the ones she chose for herself, but one that would only come down to her knees. But then she realized, half the joy in the things was the ankle-length comfort of the robes. So she put that one back, and got her mom a full-sized one.

She took her selection to the counter. She still had money on her credit card, so she handed that over first. The clerk ran it through, then informed her that she would still owe just under 120 euros. Amy reached into her pocket, and pulled out three 50 euro notes! The clerk was slightly amazed that a child that age would have so much money on her, but she only shrugged as she finished the transaction, and handed the child her receipt, change, and purchase!

Amy headed back to the elevator. When she got back to her room, she realized that it was just after six. If she finished dressing now, her dress would be wrinkled by the time David collected her for dinner.

Instead, she did what she did the first time she wore it out. She went into her room and undressed. Nude, she sat on her bed and fastened the garter belt around her waist. Then, she rolled the stockings onto each of her legs, attaching them to the garter's clips as she reached the top of her legs. Since she really didn't need one, and the dress wasn't made for one, she decided against a training bra. But this time, she did wear a slip, since she wasn't wearing any underpants either!

She decided against the high heels her father had purchased for her last week. She did have a pair of light-blue sandals that would match well with the dress. She looked in the closet, and not finding them, she realized that that pair had been put back in her shoe's suitcase when her father gave her the high heels. She pulled the case out of the closet, and leaving it on the floor, opened it, and there were the sandals. She pulled them out, and then slid the case back into the closet.

She then headed to her dressing table.

She didn't have much in the way of makeup yet. Her mother wouldn't allow it. She realized that she had screwed up. She should have asked to have her face made up as well! It was too late now to do anything about that, so she had to settle for the simplicity of what little her mom did allow her.

At one point, right after her eleventh birthday, she had talked her mother into two things. Although she refused to allow lipstick, she did allow lip-gloss, on the grounds that it would help protect her lips, when it wasn't appropriate for her to use something like chapstick.

At the same time, she was also allowed a limited selection of eye shadow. She had gotten good at applying this, over the last few months. But since none of the colors she had with her, matched her dress, she decided to do without tonight.

The last thing she did before putting on a robe, she would slip into the dress around ten till, was head into the bathroom, and applied more deodorant beneath her arms than was actually necessary. But since it was an odorless kind, it really didn't matter.

The robe went on, and then to kill time, she took another look in the basket that the Napiers had sent her. This time, taking

everything out, and actually inspecting each item, she realized what a haul it was.

Included were bottles of facial cream, moisturizer, hand creams, body lotions, three kinds of scented bath oils, but also a small box, containing 6 small, sixty milliliter spray bottles of different natural scent perfumes! Looking at the selection, she realized that it was not such a grown-up gift as she thought. Small pictures on the label showed the scent of each bottle. Strawberries, bubble gum, sugar with vanilla, chocolate, and two bottles with flowers that she didn't recognize.

The minute she saw the box of perfumes, she wanted to wear one tonight. But when she looked at the selection, she realized that most of them were just too childish. In desperation, she took the two flowered bottles, and opened one up. She didn't recognize the scent, but it was nice. If she didn't like the other bottle she would wear this one. But when she opened the second, she should have recognized the picture. The small purple flowers. LAVENDER!

She immediately screwed the lid back on, and sparingly sprayed herself, just like she had watched her mother, hundreds of times before.

Following the idea that less-is-more, she only used a little. She put the protective cap back on over the atomizer, and then decided that she would take the bottle with her to dinner. If she felt that she was wearing off, she could always excuse herself, and re-apply in the restroom.

She found her small white purse, put the bottle in, made sure that the room key was also in there. She clasped it shut, and put the bag next to her dress, already laid out on her bed.

Back to the sitting room, she curled up on the couch. The excitement of the evening was almost overwhelming. She didn't

stare out the window. The television was off. In fact, all she did was stare at a small clock, hanging above the couch. Curled up in a ball, her arms clasping her upper legs to her body, she just sat there, staring at the pendulum as it swung back and forth, a swing in each direction signaling the passing of another second. Thirty complete swings, back and forth, signaling the passing of a minute. Counting each and every swing. Trying to decide if the minute hand had advanced yet. Agonizing over every minute that still remained before she went back into the bedroom to slip on her dress.

Finally, ten till arrived. Amy hurriedly got up from the couch, and almost ran to her bed. The robe was off in an instant, and gathering up the folds of cloth, she slid herself into her dress. She was lucky in one regard. Since it was a strapless gown, she didn't have to worry about needing someone to zip her up in back.

A small, white, knitted shawl went over her shoulders. Her small, white purse in her hands, she headed back into the other room. This time, since she was worried about her dress wrinkling, she remained standing. Staring out at the Mediterranean, she patiently awaited David's arrival.

Finally, seven o'clock arrived. And David did not come. By five after, Amy began to worry. But then, and seven after by the wall clock, she heard a faint knocking on the door, that could only be her friend.

Walking to the door, she peers out the small peep-hole. YES! It was David. Taking advantage of a last minute of privacy, to make sure she was perfect, she looked herself over. Satisfied, she opens the door.

David is dressed in his Sunday best suit. Dark blue. In his hands, he holds a small box.



Although Amy moves to step outside, he maneuvers himself into her room. Startled, she follows him back in. And she is a little surprised when he closes the door behind her.

“Sorry I’m late, but I had to pick up something in the gift shop.”

“Um, that’s ok. As long as it was for a good cause.”

“I think you’ll approve.” With that, he opens the lid, to reveal a small wrist corsage, with an orchid flower, only a slightly bit darker than the dress she was wearing.

“I couldn’t tell exactly how blue your dress was, so the girl helped me choose this one. If it’s not the right shade, we can see if they have a closer match before we go in to eat.”

“No. I think this is just perfect. Put it on so we can go. I’m starving.”

David pulls the corsage out of the box. Then taking left her hand, he cradles it as he slides the elastic band over her fingers, and then to wrest at her wrist.

Amy, enthralled at his thoughtfulness, moves the adornment in front of her face, examining it from every possible angle. The gift is perfect!

“I love it. She we go?” She holds out her unadorned right arm.

David takes it, and with a large grin across her face, responds, “I believe we should.”

The two kids head for the door. David opens it, and steps back so that Amy can exit first. It closes behind them. They head for the elevator, and David presses the call button. In minutes, it arrives, and the two are soon on their way down.

Once in the lobby, the young couple cross over to the Hotel's main dining restaurant. It was the same one Amy had dined in with her father's two employers.

The Maître D' was waiting for them. Not waiting in a sense that they were late. Waiting because he recognized Amy as they approached. Waiting, in that her father had called the day before, making arrangements. Generally being an overly-protective father, who wanted to help his child have a perfect evening.

The two were seated at one of the restaurant's premiere tables. Private enough, that their conversations and actions wouldn't attract notice, or spark embarrassment.

Frank had not only made the reservations for that night, he had also made a few requests. Their waiter was the first. Of the innumerable members of the waiting staff, he probably spoke the best English. Heavily accented, it was at least still understandable. And more importantly, instead of the normal menus, in French, the children were provided with computer-printed menus, in English.

He took their order, quickly and efficiently. Educating and correcting each child through the ordering process, efficiently and courteously. Last week, Mr. Kellerman had ordered on her behalf. Tonight, she was on her own! With the waiter's assistance, she, and then David, both survived the ordeal.

Amy, couldn't remember everything that she'd eaten last time, but she did remember several things.

First, since she couldn't remember the name, and she couldn't recognize it on the menu, she tried to describe the escargot. The waiter, his name was Matthieu Rene, actually understood what she was talking about.

“Mademoiselle, do you mean escargot?”

“Escargot? Escargot. Yes! I think that’s what daddy said.”  
Matthieu wrote on his pad.

“Can I get a double serving?”

“If you wish.” writing that as well. “And the fish course?”

“Fish course? What’s a fish course? Wait. Stupid question. Was that the plate I had last time with just the, what was it? Salmon?”

“In a butter-wine-herb sauce? Or grilled with lemon and rosemary?”

“The butter-wine-whatever sauce. A piece about so big.” With that, she approximated the size of the portion, using two fingers on each hand to form a square.

“Oi. That was probably the salmon. One of Chef’s creations most appreciated by Monsieur Kellerman!”

“I really liked it. Can I get that as my main entrée, a larger portion?”

“Oi. Mademoiselle. What would you like with this?”

“Potatoes in the herb-butter sauce, and the green beans.”

“We still must settle on the fish course.”

“Do we have to?”

“Oi! Yes we do.”

“Can I have the salmon?”

“Lemon-herb grilled?”

“No. The one in the wine-butter-herb sauce.”

“Mademoiselle, you already ordered that for your entrée!”

“Can’t I have it twice?”

“It doesn’t work that way.” He said it in a tone that would have been sarcastic to any French man, but to the children, it was more like a mild scolding. Amy gave in on the issue, and started to re-read the fish selections on her menu.

David, recognizing her plight, leans over and motions to her. She listens to his suggestion, and her face lights up.

“Do you have anything resembling a shrimp cocktail?”

“We have prawns, broiled in garlic-butter.”

Amy looks over at David, and Matthieu misses him nodding.

“I’ll have that.”

“Very good. And for the young gentleman?”

David was a little more prepared, much to Matthieu’s relief.

“Can I start with the escargot too?”

Matthieu nodded.

“Then, could I have that her-butter whatever salmon thing you two were talking about?”

“That would be acceptable.” This time, it was hard to tell if he was being polite, or just French.

“Then over here,” he pointed at the lower part of the menu, “you have some kind of a steak?”

“Yes. Fillet mignon.”

“Is that the one that’s wrapped in bacon, then grilled?”

“Yes.”

“I’d like that. Can I get it medium?”

“Very good.” Matthieu makes more notes.

“Can I have the same sides as Amy, potatoes and beans?”

“That would be acceptable.”

“Then I think for desert, we could share a Crème Brulee.” He looked over at Amy who nodded in agreement.

Matthieu finished writing down their selections, then took the menus from them before heading towards the kitchen.

At the table, small talk was the order of business for ten minutes, then the food started arriving. Since the kids knew what to expect, and knew that they liked everything they were to be served, there really were no surprises this time. Matthieu knew exactly what was happening though with the fish course. After taking away the remainders of the small bowls of sorbet, the fish course arrived. The shrimp were placed in front of David, and the salmon in front of Amy. He simply winked at the two children, who quietly laughed at the fact that their deception had been figured out from the beginning.

There was one other surprise, however. With each course, the children were given a new glass of wine, appropriate to what was ordered. In each case, it was watered down, in their presence, by about half, but there was no denying that they each, by the end of dessert, had finished off the equivalent of 2 large glasses of wine.

Amy was a little tipsy as after dinner, and after she had signed the bill, the two rose to leave the restaurant, and head back upstairs.

David, ever the gentleman, even surprised his friend, helping place her shawl back upon her shoulders. They were discussing where to go to next as they left the table. There was some disagreement as to which of their two rooms they should go to. They finally settled on Amy's suite, since they would be spared embarrassment of having to watch David's parents return from a night of drinking and dancing.

They left the restaurant. One old lady, coming in through the main entrance, with her even more elderly husband, assumed that they were brother and sister, heading back up to the room, while their parents remained downstairs, continuing to enjoy their evening. The wife, assumed they were brother and sister. She had seen the two kids running around the hotel together several times. Once by the pool. She couldn't imagine that two children, so young, could actually be on a date, let alone, left completely unsupervised by their parents for the whole of the evening, let alone the night.

The four made their way back to the elevator, sharing the same car. The children behaved themselves, and coincidentally, both couples got out on the same floor. Where the kids headed to the right, after leaving the elevator, the older couple headed left. The old woman, looking over her shoulder as her husband activated the doors card entry, remarked that if she ever saw the mother again, she would comment on how well-behaved her children were. So polite! At

least polite enough not to talk while in the elevator, and to let her and her husband leave first when it got to their floor.

The kids didn't even notice them, once they were headed down the hall to Amy's suite. She opened her purse, and pulled out her key-card. Once inside, the good behavior suddenly came to an end, as soon as the door closed behind them.

Amy, without hesitation, immediately raised herself up on her toes, and kissed David, straight on the mouth. She had been thinking about this ever since they left the restaurant. David kissed her back. Now that they were alone, with little fear of discovery, any hesitation he had was almost non-existent.

Her arms were draped over his shoulders, wrapping around his neck. Her hands cradling the back of his head as she pulled it towards her. Soon, he wrapped his arm around her body, pulling her body towards himself. One hand, pushing her upper back. The other, almost on her ass. They kissed for several minutes, his body reacting to every moment that the kiss continued.

Within less than a minute, Amy could feel the pressure of his penis pushing against her body. She knew that she was causing it, and the knowledge excited her more. This excitement manifested itself in renewing the passion she displayed as they continued to kiss. Their heads constantly bobbing and weaving, as each sought to increase the passion of the kiss.

Finally, it had to end.

Amy broke off the kiss. As much as she would have liked for it to continue forever, she knew it had to end. If the love she was beginning to show for her friend, was to be taken further, they had to stop.

David acknowledged the end of their embrace, even before their young bodies had separated.

Desperate to continue, he resisted the breaking off of the kissing, pulling her body even closer to his. But she persisted, and soon, he released her from his embrace, and in a moment, there was several feet of space between the two of them.

“I think I’m going to my room, and change into something else. I don’t want anything to happen to this dress.” She walked towards the door. Each step increasing the anguish the boy felt for the end of their kiss. As she moved further and further towards the door, he almost wished that she would invite him to follow her into the next room, but he was disappointed when the door closed behind her.

He was even more disappointed when just before leaving him, she said, “Why don’t you get comfortable too. We have the whole night still ahead of us.”

David, realized the sense of this suggestion. He removed his sport coat and tie, after slipping out of his shoes, placing all three carefully on the counter of the mini-bar. He then undid the top couple of buttons on his dress shirt. Walking around, he couldn’t decide on what he wanted to do while he waited for his friend to finish changing. He looked around. He noticed that the room contained the usual things one normally found in a hotel suite. But if they were to spend the evening together, what would they be doing? There was nothing like board games present.

The thought that they would be spending the rest of the night making love to each other, never entered into his head.

Amy had different ideas. She knew that tonight would be the only one, in the short time that they had left, that they could truly be alone. She felt that she was in love with David. Or as close as a child could actually get to romantic love.



In her room, she didn't hesitate a moment to remove her dress. Carefully placing it on the hanger she'd left on her bed, soon it was back in her closet. The garter and nylons came next. When she was nude, she found herself walking towards her bathroom. Looking at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, she wondered if she was ready for what she was hoping, was about to happen. Not if she was emotionally ready, but would her body be able to handle the experience. That she wanted David to make love to her, that she was capable of making love to him was not denied. That she would physically be able to please him. That is what worried the child.

She removed a robe from its hook on the bathroom wall. Wrapping it around her body, and wearing nothing else, she headed for her bedroom door. She hesitated for only a second, before opening it. "Well, here goes." she whispered to herself as the door swung open.

She was a little disappointed, upon entering the room, to find that David hadn't fully understood what she'd intended. David, on the other hand, was surprised that Amy was in her robe. He'd expected her to come out, wearing a short or maybe even a skirt outfit. But a robe? He couldn't fathom what that would mean.

"I thought you were going to get comfortable?" Amy asked as she walked over to her friend.

"I did. That tie was really starting to bother me." David quipped.

"I don't mean like that. I meant like this." With that response, the room again became silent. Each child could only hear the loud inhaled and exhaled of their own breath, as Amy went down on her knees in front of David.

Reaching up, she grasped the buckle of his belt, and carefully loosened it. Opening it up, she was then free to undo the clasp at

the top of his pants, and then the zipper. Sliding down his legs, he was soon standing there with, what having just happened, the growing erection of his cock pushing the fabric of his white briefs forward.

She grabbed his left ankle. Sliding it out of his pants, she then removed his sock, dropping it to the floor. She repeated this, with his right leg, and then, after a last glance at his crotch, asking herself “should she remove his underpants?” she decided to let him have the chance to make that decision for himself.

She rose up, and then started to undo the buttons of his shirt. After undoing the last one, she raised her hands to his shoulders, and slipped the garment down his arms, to fall on the floor, all by itself.

She kissed him for the second time that night. A long passionate kiss. Her in just a robe. Him in just his underpants. She had opened her robe, to reveal to him that she wore nothing underneath. And now, that their two bodies were together, separated by only the fabric of his briefs, their kiss was even more passionate than before. But before things went too far, in the sitting room, Amy again broke it off.

Wanting to go back to her bedroom, this time she did not want to go alone. Holding his hand, she walked backwards, towards her bedroom door. Letting their arms extend to their full length before she actually began to pull him behind her. He took the hint right away, and so, after letting his hand go, she walked in front of him. When she was inside, she waited by the door, as he passed in himself. She then closed the door behind him, as he walked towards the center of the room. She flipped the knob, setting the door’s deadbolt lock. She didn’t want to be interrupted, with what she hoped was about to happen.

She walked over to David. She took his hands in hers, and again walked backwards, this time towards her bed. When they were in

place, she released him, took a step closer to him, and then, for the third time that evening, kissed him, while her arms entwined themselves around his body.

David responded with equal determination. This time, it was his arms that were rising. Rising towards her shoulders. He slid the material of her robe off of her. She released her arms from her body, one at a time to maintain the embrace, to allow the material to slide from her completely. As it piled on the floor, she stood proudly in front of him. Displaying every inch of her body to his gaze. Holding nothing back. And hoping, against all hope, that he would understand the intentions of her actions, and respond to them properly.

David, simply stood there for the next five minutes, kissing his wanna-be lover. Finally, Amy frustrated over his lack of ambition, decided that she would have to act. This time, to lower herself to her knees, she proceeded to kiss her way down her body. His neck, His chest. His stomach. Until again, she was facing his crotch. Her hands soon found themselves sliding into the material of his briefs, at the waist, as they began to pull them down from his body.

With her hands at his sides, the front of his briefs resisted. Catching on his now fully-erect cock, they grudgingly slid down the top of his cock, until finally, in passing over its head, they were down far enough that they would be able to go the rest of the way on their own.

Amy, though, was fixated on her friend's penis. This being the first time that she'd had the opportunity to examine it up close, she resisted the urge to take it in her hands, and hold it in front of her to better examine it.

Instead, she rose to her feet, and standing on raised toes, she whispered into David's ear "Take me. Make me yours, if only for this evening!"

With that instruction, she released herself from him, and climbed into her bed. Lying on her back, eyes closed, legs slightly parted, inviting him to use her as he wished.

David stood still. Staring down at her prostrate body. Part of him wanted to jump onto her, and fuck her like an animal in heat. But he knew that was impossible. As much as she wanted to make this night memorable for him, he knew that he had to do the same for her.

Several months previously, while on a sleepover at a friend's house, at 2 am, instead of sleeping, he and his friend were in the living room playing video games when his friend's older brother came home from a date.

The two younger boys knew what he had been out doing all evening, just not necessarily who. He had the reputation of being something of a ladies man. Most of the more popular girls in school, tended to want him. Most of them put out, just for the privilege.

He flopped down on the sofa, exhausted, without the energy necessary to go upstairs to his own bed. The two boys were discussing the possibilities of his exploits when he noticed that they were talking about him.

“You two little assholes don't know what the fuck you're talking about!”

“What do you mean?” Jacob, his friend inquired.

“You sit there, talking about all the cunts you're gonna fuck when you get into high school. Most of the girls won't even look at you next year. You two little fucks are scum!”

“How come you get all the girls?” David inquired. “You’ve been fucking regularly since I can remember. Even as a freshman.”

“As a freshman, I was after the girls in junior high. Some of those little bitches would open their legs for anyone in high school. Maybe even you two little assholes.”

“But how do you get the older girls?” Jacob asked.

“Simple. You wait.”

“Wait?” Both demanded to know.

“Yeah. You fucking wait. By the end of your freshman year, you can have your pick of the junior high girls, if you play properly.”

“Then what?” David demanded.

“Once they get to high school, they then start spreading rumors about how good you are, and then it takes off from there.”

“Wow.” “Cool.” “Wow!” Both boys said, simultaneously.

“But there’s still a couple of things you have to remember.”

“What’s that?”

“Basic rules. Rules that if you follow properly, will allow you to fuck any cunt you want by your junior year.”

“Wow.” David declared. “I don’t suppose you’d tell us about the? Would you?”

“Sure. Might be good for a laugh, watching you two suffer, thinking it might work for you.”

Both boys, their interest fully aroused, crowded around.

“First. The girl, whoever she is, is the one to finally decide if you’re gonna fuck her. No begging. No demanding. No lying. No tricking. If she decided to fuck you, good. If not, find someone else. The minute you start pressuring girls, you two are finished!”

“Second. If she does decide to fuck you, the only thing that counts is her. The whole experience is for her. Do everything in your power to make it the best sex she’ll ever have. Period.”

“Third. Once it’s happened, it’s between the two of you. If word of it gets out, it’s her decision. Start talking about your dates in the locker room, and all the girls will ignore your asses.”

“Fourth. Once it does get out, you say nothing. Don’t confirm or deny it. Anything to be said, let it be said by her.”

“Fifth. No comparisons. Never compare the girl you just fucked to anyone you’ve had in the past. And never, in the future, compare the girl you just fucked, to anyone you will fuck in future.”

“Five simple rules. Follow them to the letter. Follow them, and you will get fucked. In the good way!” This last, said as a joke.

With that, he headed upstairs to grab a shower before crashing in bed. The boys were left to themselves, wondering whether what they’d just been told was true or not.

Regardless, of whether it was true or not, each vowed to follow the advice. And now, here David was, with his first opportunity to test it out.

He looked down again, pausing in thought. Trying to decide what he would do. Half of him still wanted to rape her, then and there. But he could never do that to her.

He'd made up his mind. Walking slowly around the bed, his head constantly turned in her direction, he decided how he wanted to do it.

On reaching the other side, he climbed onto the bed, and on hands and knees, crawled towards his lover. Upon reaching her side, he moved his head towards hers.

“Is this really what you want?” Staring at her face. Her closed eyes. Her lips, slightly quivering in fear or anticipation. He couldn't decide which.

“Yes.” One word. Uttered in a whisper. The answer he knew she would provide.

David lowered his face towards hers. His mouth, closing in upon hers. He opened it wider, to encompass the whole of hers. And when they connected, he began to kiss her. She tried to respond, but as soon as she did so, he broke off the kiss, and moved his way down her face towards her chin.

He continued kissing her, as he arrived at her neck. From around the front, to the sides, he then positioned his mouth over her shoulder. And from there, it was only a short twist to the right, before she found that his mouth was focusing upon her right breast.

Evan though she had not yet even begun to develop her breasts, they were still, especially in her now stimulated state, reacting to his touch. Her nipples, seemed to firm up, and push out from her body. And the more he attended to them, first the right, then the left, then back and forth, time and time again, the more her body reacted.

She knew, and David knew, that her arousal was beginning to peek, when he felt a small shudder rush through her body.

At that point. He began in earnest.

He abandoned the teasing of her breasts, moving his head to the right, kissing his way down her abdomen. At the same time, his right hand raised itself over her, then lowering itself onto her right leg, just below her crotch. Even as his kissing of her body continued, his hand, snaked its way between her legs, and his fingers clamped themselves around her thigh. Pulling towards himself, he soon had her legs parted even more. Twisting his body on the bed, he crawled in between her legs, using his body to force them to open even wider.

Then, when she was at his total mercy, he lowered his head onto her cunt. Licking. Sucking. Teasing. Her body soon reacted.

His hands, resting on her thighs, were able to separate the folds of her pussy. Inserting his thumbs under his lips, he separated them like the petals of a flower.

His tongue was then able to penetrate into her more deeply, eliciting an even more powerful reaction from her body. And when he accidentally stumbled upon her clit, her reaction told him that this was where he needed to focus his attention.

Her body stiffened as his tongue lapped its way around her clit for the second time. Arching her body, to increase the pressure of his tongue upon her young cunt.

Increasing the speed and voracity of his tonguing of her, she soon responded with a mild orgasm. In no way near as intense as the orgasms she had induced in herself over the last several months, but this was the first time in her young life, that it was another person who had caused it! And a boy, no less!



As she came down from her high, David could have slowed down. Instead, he increased his pace, a little, and was soon rewarded with a second orgasm, much stronger than the first. Her whole body reacted. Every way of the orgasm sent her head whipping from one side of her body, to the other. It was so severe, that after a rather sharp intake of breath, she actually stopped breathing. Instead, she released some of it, every time the orgasmic wave swept through her body. Short bursts of “Ugn! Ugn! Ugn!” with every way of pleasure.

This only lasted for a minute or so, about the length of her second orgasm. For a moment, David had been worried enough that he was considering stopping. But as she settled down, he simply slowed down his licking of her vaginal flesh, and stopped, when it was obvious that it was finished.

He raised his head up, so that he could look at her. Other than that, he remained motionless for the almost fifteen minutes it took for the young girl to recover. All he did, as he waited, was to admire her prostrate form, imagining what it will be like, when his young cock enters her, for the first time

When she began to stir, he began moving himself, to the side of her body. Laying on his side, his left arm snaked under her head, the hand eventually cradling her left arm. His right arm lay on top of her. The fingers of his right hand, tracing their way around her abdomen with no apparent plan. His fingertips caressing the flesh of her chest and stomach, teasing her skin, keeping her aroused for what was yet to come.

“That was...”

“Fantastic?” he finished for her.

“I can’t describe it.”

“Has it ever happened before? To you, I mean.”

“Yes. A few times. And no, it was all me. No one helped. You were, are, my first.”

“I’m glad.”

“But why didn’t you...? I told you to do what you wanted to. Why didn’t you” a slight pause as she summoned up the courage to finish her question, “why didn’t you...fuck...me?”

“You said that I could do whatever I wanted to. Right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that’s what I wanted to do.”

“But wouldn’t it have been more enjoyable if”

David cut her off, “Yes. It probably would have been more fun if I’d fucked you proper like. But you wouldn’t have had as much fun. This way, we both got something out of this. Besides, who says were done?”

“I just thought that”

“You said I could do whatever I wanted to. Right?”

“Yes.”

“And you never gave a time deadline, did you?”

“No. But...”

“So, if I choose to, I can still have sex with you properly, right?”

“I suppose, but your pare..”

“Are probably still sitting in a bar, getting piss drunk, and won’t even think to check up on me, us, when they get back to the room. We have all night.”

For the first time since her orgasm ended, Amy moved her body. Turned it so that she was facing him. Turning so that they could kiss again. “So we still have all night then?”

“And probably half of the next morning as well.”

“I’m glad.”

“So happy that you enjoyed it, and when you’ve recovered a little, who knows, maybe we’ll continue this some more. But right now lay back and rest for a while. You’ll need it for what’s coming.”

Amy followed his instructions. Lying on her back, once more prostrate before him, her body was again his to use as he saw fit. This time, wanting to give her a chance to completely regain her energy, after the oral fucking he’d just administered, he contented himself, for the present, with simply stimulating her body. Doing nothing to drive her to orgasm.

He began by lying completely on his left side. His left arm, snaking its way under her body, his hand grasping her arm. Holding it fast against her body. Using his grip as a means to clamp their two bodies together.

His right arm, he draped over her body. The tips of his fingers, looping their way around the surface of her skin. Circles around the outsides of her areolas. Lightly pinching of the nipples themselves.

Amy lay there, allowing him to do as he pleased. As he had his way with her, a small moan of pleasure soon escaped from her lips. David, not wishing to do anything to drive her back to the edge, let alone over it, redirected his attention to the lower part of her abdomen.

Instead of caressing her, he began to lightly tickle her. His hands roamed around her stomach, fingers moving quickly across her skin, even as his hands moved slowly.

She began to laugh, and it was then that he knew it was time.

Pulling his left arm from under her, he shifted his weight, so that he was now straddling the right side of her. His leg forcing its way between hers, she having closed them due to his ministrations.

Once she was opening herself to him, he rotated himself even more, now resting the whole of his body on top of her, his left leg now assisting his right in opening her up to him.

And now, on top of her, he rests his weight on his left arm. His right hand, he feels for her vaginal opening. Then knowing where to find it, it moves to his own genitalia. Grasping his penis in his hand, he positions its head at her entrance. His hand assists in its forcing its way into her.

She is penetrated. The tip of his manhood is in her. He begins to force it further into her. Thrusting his hips forward. Each time, forcing his way further into her. Fighting its way into her, even as the walls of her vagina try to force him back out.

Soon, all too soon, he feels resistance. They are at the point of no return. She is still, legally, a virgin. Any further, and he's taken from her, that which she can only give once.

He lowers his face to hers.

“Do you still want this?”

“Yes.” accompanied with a small nod of her head.

“Are you ready?”

A slight pause. She swallows. Hesitation, but she answers him.

“Yes. Do it.”

Taking his instructions, he pulls out of her. Amy is about to yell at him. Protesting his abandonment of her plans. But before she can summon the breath, he thrusts into her again.

Hard.

The tip of his cock shatters her hymen. She begins to scream in response to the pain. But even as the first millisecond comes out of her mouth, his is clamped over hers. His mouth absorbing the sounds of her pain.

Except for their breathing, and her crying, neither of them moves. He is waiting for the pain to subside. Half of her wishes that he would just continue fucking her, believing the stories she'd heard at school about that being the fastest way for the pain to end. The other half of her grateful that he cares enough to slow things down, until she'd recovered.

Her sobbing has diminished. Her breathing is returning to normal. Before, he was only concerned with her pleasure. Now is his turn. David begins again. Pulling out, he immediately thrust himself back in. This time there was no warning. No asking for permission. He just did it. He pulls out of her again, and immediately rams himself back into her. This is repeated continuously. Soon, he completely ignores her, only concerning himself with his own pleasure. He no longer cares if his body is crushing hers. His arms,

which at first were supporting his weight, now move forwards, grasping her head. Each thrust causing her to gyrate her head back and forth.

Her ravaged body reacts to each thrust. Soon, her pain is gone. The hormones released by their copulation overcoming the discomfort she had been feeling. He begins thrusting into her faster. As his speed increases, so does the forcefulness of each thrust. Their fucking is now for him. If she derives pleasure from it, is inconsequential to him. All he is now concerned with is reaching his own orgasm. The longer it takes him, the more desperate he is for relief, the more forceful each thrust.

His needs are overpowering him. He no longer cares about Amy. He continues thrusting into her with all the force his young body can muster. He drives her towards her third orgasm of the evening. Her ravaged body gyrates wildly. When it ends, he continues. A fourth orgasm. His young body, new to sex, has the stamina to go on as if he was the energizer bunny.

Twenty minutes pass, and still he continues. Amy is approaching sheer physical exhaustion. She doesn't know how long she can go on. David continues thrusting into her. The bed is in complete disarray. Sweat is pouring from their bodies. David continues to abuse her. He cannot last much longer. If he does, Amy may pass out.

David begins to feel a churning in his balls. He's about to cum. The adrenaline rush this unleashes causing each thrust to be more forceful with her, then ever before.

Without warning, he explodes into the young girl. Spurt after spurt, shooting its way into her. He begins to slow down. Another dozen or so thrusts and he is spent.

He stops, exhausted. He's about ready to pass out from his exertions. His young cock begins to shrink inside of her. He pulls out, and using the last of his strength, he rolls off of her. Flat on his back, he passes out.

Amy, on the other hand, lays there. It takes her ten minutes before her breathing, again, returns to normal. She too is exhausted, but in better shape than he is. She doesn't move. Simply staring at the ceiling. The fluids from their lovemaking, slowly leaking from her.

After fifteen minutes, she gets up. She makes her way to the bathroom. She uses the toilet, her urine stream flushing her vagina. The walk from her bed has exhausted her again. It takes her another ten minutes to recover enough of her strength to walk back to her bed.

Before she climbs back in, she looks at her young lover on the other side of her bed. She's now a woman. He has made her so. Grateful for what he's done for her, she whispers a quiet "Thank you David." before climbing back into bed herself. She covers both of their bodies with the blanket, and then rolls over so that her body is almost wrapped around his. She closes her eyes, and falls asleep, wrapping him in her arms.

The End of Day Nine

## Day Ten - Tuesday

David was the first to wake up the next morning. Lying flat on his back, he looked at the ceiling, confused, because he recognized it, but couldn't remember from where.

His left arm arced its way across the bed, under the covers, stopping as it came into contact with Amy's body.

He immediately remembered where he was, and what had happened the night before. He smiled, as every moment replayed within his mind, in the course of an instant. He wondered what time it was. Was it early? Was it late? Would it be inappropriate to try and continue it again?

Unfortunately, a more urgent issue pressed upon him. Reluctantly, he left the comfort and peace of their bed, and headed to the bathroom. Finishing his business, he actually took the effort to wet a washcloth, and clean himself properly.

Returning to bed, he climbed in, and snuggled up next to his lover. She was lying on her left side, facing away from him. Her left arm was snaked under her pillow. Her right, strewn haphazardly on the mattress. Her hair was draped everywhere.

He brushed it from off her right shoulder, and planted a few light kisses upon it. His hand, brushed against her side, the full length of her torso. As he kissed her, his fingers teased the surface of her skin, trying to awaken her gently, so that they could resume their lovemaking.

But the previous night's exertions had taxed her young body too much. No matter how much he tried to stimulate her body to wakefulness, she remained asleep. After fifteen minutes, David admitted failure, and after draping himself over her body, he closed his eyes, waiting for sleep to overtake him again.



An hour later, he woke up for the second time.

When he awakens, he immediately knows where he is. He remembers who he is with. And he remembers what he wanted to do, before he went back to sleep. This time, Amy is lying on her stomach. Her face, is again facing away from him. Her hair, covers her body, a tangled mat, concealing that which needs no concealment.

His arm is still wrapped around her body. He moved his hand to clear the hair from her left shoulder, clearing a trail down her back, and tried for a second time to awaken his friend.

This time, he was successful. With the first caress of his fingers across her skin, she begins to react. A slight murmur escapes her lips. His fingers continue to tease her skin. He feels a slight shivering of her muscles, as his hand moves steadily down the length of her back. As his hand nears her ass, he would have stopped, but he is so desperate for another go, that he moves his hand all the way down. He caresses her ass. He fondles it. He kneads the flesh of it, as if it was bread dough in a bakery. His hand possesses her, forcing her body to his will.

Soon, she is reacting so responsively, that he feels she is now almost fully awake. He whispers into her ear. "Amy." She is awake, but not yet responsive. He tries again. "Amy?" this time accompanied with an especially well timed movement of his fingers down the length of her ass crack.

She stirs. "What?" For a moment, she cannot remember what has taken place. But then it comes to her. "David. You're still here?"

"Why would I leave you?"

"Your parents are probably worried sick."

“It’s only seven am. My parents are probably still out cold.”

“But when they got back to your suite, wouldn’t they miss you?”

“Only if they hadn’t been drinking. Many a times, I’ve stayed up at home, waiting for them. When they’ve been drinking, it’s straight to their bedroom, and then, you can hear them fucking, from any room in the house.”

“That’s disgusting.”

“It’s kind of funny really. They are so drunk, they completely forget I’m there.”

“I know. I think I’d be embarrassed.”

“Why/ It’s perfectly natural.”

“But it’s sex!”

“Something beautiful. Something you thought was beautiful, last night. Something beautiful, this morning?” This last, a double meaning, both a statement, and a question. A question Amy did not miss.

“I don’t know. It kinda hurts. Down there, I mean.”

“I’m sorry.”

“What for?”

“I did that to you.”

“We did that to me. I knew it would hurt. I knew I would be sore for a couple of days. And I know what you want to do, now. I’d like to, but I really think my body needs to recover, down there.”

“There are other ways...we...could...um....do it.”

“I know. I don’t think I want to do it with my mouth. At least not yet. The idea of doing that, well it’s disgusting?” She honestly could not understand how any girl, could let a boy use her like that.

“We, um...could do it a third way.”

“How’s that?”

“I think I could do it, in your bum.”

“My bum?” Amy had to think a moment, then realization hit her, “You mean, do it in my.....I don’t know. Do people really do that kind of thing?”

“Yeah. I saw it on the net once. A friend of mine, and I, were surfing, and we found some videos.” Then he realized how he sounded. His embarrassment hit him like a brick wall. “By accident of course.” He tried to explain. But he knew, that she knew he was lying. He just couldn’t admit it to himself, let alone to his friend.

He also had trouble admitting that he really did want to try to have sex, with a girl, in her ass. The idea of using her like that, besides being a safe way for him to have sex without worrying about getting the girl pregnant, somehow seemed dirtier. More unacceptable. More exciting,

"Do you really want to do that? Up my bum?" Amy wasn't too excited about the idea. Mainly, she was worried that it would hurt more than losing her hymen. "Would it hurt?"

"I don't think so. At least if we do it right."

He was now speaking with some certainty that it would happen. If she was asking questions, she wasn't refusing. If she wasn't refusing, she was considering. If she was considering, it will happen eventually.

"How do you do it?"

"The girl lies on her stomach. The guy, takes his fingers, covers them in something slippery, and inserts one in, forcing the hole to open. Once it gets bigger, he puts in more, until its open wide enough."

"Wide enough?"

"So he can put in his..." He couldn't say cock, penis, or us any other such word to describe his manhood. Not in Amy's presence.

"But does it hurt?"

"I don't think so? If done right, the girl is supposed to really enjoy it."

"You really wanna try it?"

"I wanna make love to you again, before we go back to my parent's room. But, if you hurt down there, it might not be a good idea to do it there."

"Does the finger hurt?"

"I think it's like getting your temperature taken."

David knew that Amy would still be under the care of a pediatrician, not a GP, just like he was. If hers was anything like his, during the exams, the temperature would be taken in the bum.

Luckily, for him, he was correct. Before coming to France, her mom wanted her to have a checkup. The doctor did take her temp that way. It was slightly uncomfortable, she remembered, but only for a second, as the thermometer was inserted.

After the events of the previous evening, this may have seemed weirder. But was it?

"I suppose we could." A slight pause, "We could try out using a finger. We could always stop, if it hurt too much. Couldn't we?"

David, if his cock hadn't been so hard at the idea of fucking her again, would have felt like a heel. But, the idea of fucking her ass, had him harder than he could ever remember, before.

"What do we have to do?" Her question, was laced with a slight tone of fear. She would do this, but only because she loved David. She trusted him. She knew that if it was too painful, he would call a halt. She hoped.

"Do you have anything slippery or soapy?"

"Shampoo?"

"That might work. Where is it?"

"Bathroom. Dugh."

David, pulling off the covers, rises out of the bed. In the bathroom, he spots a number of bottles on the vanity. Hotel miniatures, one was bubble bath powder, the second he picked up was conditioner. Holding it in his hand, he wondered if that would work. He

unscrews the cap. He wants to put some on his fingers, to see if its contents was slippery. The smell, almost by accident he had held it under his nose, ended any thought of that idea.

Picking up the third bottle, looking at the label, he saw that he was holding baby shampoo.

Deciding that that would work perfectly, he headed back to the bedroom. While waiting for her lover to get his ass back to bed, Amy had rolled her body around, so that she was lying on her left side, her arm supporting her head, staring at the bathroom door. As David walked out of the bathroom, his swinging right hand holding the shampoo bottle. His young boy's prick swinging back and forth with every step.

The girl would have been laughing, if it wasn't for what was about to happen. But the sight of him, and his swinging manhood, did lighten her tension, somewhat.

Climbing back into bed, David stopped, in a kneeling position, at the girl's side.

"It's time."

"What do I do?"

"Well. I think you need to kneel, right about here." He was pointing at a specific spot on the bed.

She rises up some, knee-walks to the spot he's pointing at "Here?"

"That looks good." He leans forward, and grabs a pillow, and puts it in front of her.

"What's that for?"

"Lean forward. Rest your head on it."

The girl begins to lie down. She's thinking that she's supposed to lie down flat.

"No!" David almost shouts. "Your... Your bum needs to be in the 'air!'"

Confused, she resumes a kneeling position. Then she leans forward, but because of her first failed try, she has to reach forward, and pull the pillow back towards her.

David moves behind her. Kneel-walking his way around her, he uses his legs, and his body, to force her legs apart, so that he's kneeling between hers.

"Are you ok?" He asks. "Are you ready?"

"I think so. What do I do?"

"I think it's all me. Just try to relax. Let me know if it hurts."

She had no idea of what he was talking about, let alone what's going to happen. All she knows, is that if it's hurting her, he will stop. She just nods her head.

Kneeling behind her, the boy reaches forward with his left hand, using his fingers to separate the globes of her ass. Looking at her asshole, he's picturing in his head what needs to happen. What he needs to do, and how to do it.

Letting her ass go, he uses his left hand to undo the lids of the shampoo bottle. Awkward is the only word to describe his effort to spread shampoo onto his fingers, without spilling any onto Amy or the bed.

He barely succeeded, getting a little off the outside of the bottle, when after getting the top back on, he dropped the bottle, so he could concentrate on the girl's ass.

His left hand again separated her cheeks.

The girl's body shuddered, when his index finger first began to slide across the surface of her ass-crack, then settling, and pushing into her ass.

She, or at least her body, is resisting him. He can't penetrate. His left hand reaches around her, embracing her, rubbing her thigh, in an attempt to calm her down some.

Finally, her muscles give in. His index finger penetrates. As it does, she lets out a soft grunt, as she feels it wiggling around inside of her. Although he was ready to try and force a second finger into her, he immediately stopped.

"Are you all right?" An element of concern in his voice. As much as he wanted to ass-fuck her, he didn't want to hurt her.

"I think so. Can you stop a minute?"

"Should I pull it out?" His finger starts to slide out slowly.

"No. Don't take it out. Just don't move it around for a minute."

He holds himself still. Now that he's no longer wiggling inside of her, he can actually feel her muscles expanding, and contracting. Trying to force his finger out of her ass.

In response, he pushes back a little. Not hard, just enough to keep the finger still inside her.



After two minutes, her discomfort had ebbed enough that she was finally able to say "Ok. I think you can start again."

You didn't have to tell him twice. Without any other word, he began wiggling the finger inside her ass.

It only took three or so minutes, with his other hand sliding over the back of her left leg, finally resting against, then rubbing along the length of her vaginal slit, for her to relax enough for David to insert a second finger.

Then a third finger only took another two or three minutes.

With three fingers rotating their way around inside her ass, the child began grunting again. David was so far over the edge, that he misunderstood them as being expressions of contentment, which they almost were. But only in reaction to the actions of his left hand.

Ignoring her, but deciding that she was open enough, he let go of her vagina, and shifted himself around behind his lover, his cock ready to be rammed inside her ass.

When he was ready, in a motion so smooth and quick, it might have been rehearsed, he pulled his fingers out, and with his left hand, rammed his boyhood into her.

Another grunt of pain, left her mouth. This time he heard it as pain. So again he stops, this time before she had to ask.

"Thanks!" Was all she said.

"Let me know when you're ready." He commands.

Again, it is only two minutes before she's ready to begin. David, feeling as if he might shrink, and pop out of her, was physically willing himself to stay stiff.

But once he was given permission, to start in earnest, there was no holding him back.

Grasping her by her hips, he was soon thrusting his way into her, much as he'd dreamed that ass-fucking a girl would be like. In fact, given that her ass was tighter than her cunt, he actually had to work, thrust, harder to push himself inside of her.

Even as his excitement builds, she is almost indifferent. The whole exercise is in no way stimulating her. She is experiencing no more pain, but she's not getting the same sensations, the same waves of excitement, the multiplicity of orgasms, she'd experienced just last night. From him invading her body, through her cunt. This morning, nothing. Discomfort, some. Pain, none. Pleasure, none. Orgasms, none.

What it's doing to him though, cannot be measured. Soon, every thrust into her, has him grunting, almost to the point of shouting. In only twenty minutes, he again feels as if he's nearing his time. When he finally climaxes, his grunting is louder than it ever was.

With the last of his thrust, he gradually pulls out of her.

When he's out, he falls to his side, and collapses on his back, his shriveled cock pointing upwards, covered in excrement.

Amy simply collapses, where she is. He ass upwards. She is out as quickly as she collapses.

It's an hour before she awakens. Still on her stomach, nothing covering either herself, or her lover.

Her sense of smell, is the first sense that awakens in her. The smell of her shit, still coating her crack, and his cock, prevents her from falling back to sleep.

Giving in to the inevitable, she slides her body to the side of the bed, slides her legs over the edge, and stands up. As she walks to the bathroom, she can feel leakage slide out of her hole, into her crack. She makes it to the toilet, successfully avoiding leaking anything onto the bed, or the carpeting.

Expelling what he'd deposited into her, wasn't easy. Her ass, well at least the muscles, were exhausted. She really had to push to force them open enough to poop. But when she was done, she felt much better.

After cleaning up her ass, she started the shower. Heading back to bed, she went around to David's side, and began shaking, then lightly slapping him, to wake him up.

When he finally woke up, even just barely, she slid him out of bed, steering him towards the shower. Following him in, she immediately started soaping up his young body. In moments, the warmth of the water, and the caresses of her hands on his body, had him fully awake.

He let her finish what she was doing, only smiling at her, every time her face turned towards his. Even when she was on her knees, scrubbing his cock, he never moved, except to put one hand on her shoulder, to help keep himself upright.

When he was clean, he reciprocated. She almost jumped out of the shower, when while doing her ass, he began rubbing his finger around her hole. She was scared to think that he might try to ass-fuck her again. In reality, he was just trying to see if she was 'OK' back there.

When she realized that nothing was gonna happen in the shower, she settled down, and let him finish. Although her cunt was a little sore, as he repeatedly teased her 'washing' it with his cloth covered fingers, her arousal clearly indicated she was ready for something.

When they were done, they exited the shower, and dried themselves, not each other.

When done, they just stood there for a minute, wondering what people would do next.

Laughing, the two of them raced back to the bed, covered themselves up with the blankets, and began cuddling under the covers.

They really didn't say much. David asked her how she was feeling, concerned about the effects of his ravaging two of her holes in the last nine hours.

She said that "She felt better." So he let that issue go. Then he asked "So what do you think?"

"I think I like sex!"

"I kinda figured that out after your third orgasm last night. I mean about this morning."

She knew what he was asking. She just didn't know how to respond. She didn't say anything.

"Did it hurt?" Another question. Probing for the answer. Concerned, after the fact, that he had been hurting her.

"No. Not really. It just felt... weird."

He couldn't respond to that, except to exhale in relief, that he hadn't injured her.

"I kept trying to push you out."

"Yeah. I could feel that."

"I didn't want to." She didn't say the truth. She actually did want to, push him out. Nor did she admit to herself, that she would have been happy, if she'd been successful. "I couldn't help it. My body just tried to do it."

"But I didn't hurt you?"

"You looked at me. Was there any bleeding?"

"No. It looked ok."

Silence for another minute.

"Did you have an....." He couldn't finish the question.

She was almost too embarrassed to answer, but she was able to say "No. No I didn't."

"Would you ever do it again?"

"Not really. I don't think I'd want to. Even though it didn't hurt, having your fingers in my...." Her face had a weird expression, not wanting to actually acknowledge verbally, that she had allowed him to stick his finger up her ass. "Was embarrassing. Did you have to do that?"

"If I hadn't, I might have hurt you." He didn't admit that he probably would not have been able to penetrate her, if he had not 'used' his finger.

"Oh. It's ok. Then. I guess."

She was excusing him. But she didn't promise that they'd do that, again.

A problem. After it was over. While showering together. When she was washing his penis, he'd decided that the whole experience WAS fun. That her ass, even though last night she WAS a virgin, was tighter than her cunt. His orgasm, fucking her ass, was better than what he had experienced, fucking her cunt. He definitely knew, that someday, he'd want to do that again.

The experience hadn't hurt her. The very idea did cause her some arousal. But she never came off. She never had an orgasm. And if she wasn't capable of getting anything out of the experience, she'd never willingly do it again. Even if it was the only way that she could satisfy a boyfriend, without having to worry about getting pregnant. AND keeping his thing out of her mouth.

David knew he had to act.

He also knew that he had violated everything he'd learned, during his sleepover at his friend Jacob's. She had suffered a small amount of pain. A large amount of embarrassment. And gotten nothing from the experience. He had to make it up to her, and fast. If not, he could kiss the concept of more ass-fucking her, goodbye.

She was already lying on her back. Under the covers, he couldn't tell how she was lying on the bed. He let his fingers do his searching.

Again, as he had done the previous evening, he rolled onto his side, and allowed his right arm to drape over her body. His hand, having a will of its own, was soon caressing every inch of her, which it came into contact with.

And just like last evening, she allowed him to have his way. This time, knowing where things were headed.

Soon his hand was between her legs. His fingers caressing the folds of her lips. Running up and down the length of her cunt.

Before she fully knew what was happening, Davie was under the covers, his mouth now assisting in the assault on her body.

Kissing his way to her cunt, he began with her tits. Licking first one, then the other. Progressing to sucking on them, even venturing to a little pulling on her protruding nipples, with his front teeth.

Then he kissed his way downward. Pausing only a moment, to pay attention to her naval, his mouth quickly relieved his hand of its responsibility of attending to her cunt.

She was close to an orgasm, even before his mouth became involved. When David's mouth was ravishing her tits, she was almost to the edge. It was only a minute, before his mouth on her cunt, threw her over the edge. In one minute, she was grunting, and screaming, as every upward and downward movement of his tongue sent waves of pleasure running up and down the length of her entire body.

For one full minute, he had problems keeping his tongue connected with her vaginal opening. Every lick up, had her gyrating one way, then the other. Each time, he had to follow. And each time, he had no clue what she would do next.

Then, he could sense her coming down off her high. Instead of stopping, or slowing, to bring her down slowly, he redoubled his effort, thrusting his tongue further into her snatch, and moving it faster.

Five minutes after her first orgasm ended, her second began.

Still he refused to let her off.

Picking up the pace even faster, he continued to ravage her slit with his tongue. A third orgasm resulted. Then a fourth. In less than thirty minutes, he had driven her over the edge no less than five times. Finally, he could tell, she was exhausted. In no way capable of continuing, without her becoming unconscious.

When she was settled, he too was exhausted, nowhere near as bad as she was, but he still had to force himself to get up out of bed. It was after ten. And eventually, their night of fucking would have to end. Just not immediately. But soon. And there were things still needing to be done.

A deadline was looming.

Not room service to make up the room.

Instead, David's parents were a concern.

By noon, they would wake up. And when they did, they would probably wonder where he was, if he wasn't present, in their suite.

Heading to the bathroom, he knew what would be the perfect end, to a perfect night, and a start for a new day.

Filling the tub, the water was hotter than they were normally used to. Slightly hotter than what they endured in the Jacuzzi at the spa. Into the tub he emptied the last of the violet-scented bubble bath. The same that had come in the gift basket from the Napier brothers.



It was only a short struggle to get her out of bed, and into the bath. Dragging her into the bathroom, he was concerned that he could hurt her, if he wasn't careful.

Finally, he prevailed, and the two of them were in the tub.

He was lounging against the side of the tub. His legs were spread, and she was sitting in front of him, leaning back against him. She was still pretty much out cold, so it was up to him to bathe her. Using only his hands, he was soon running them across the full surface of her body. Not an inch was spared. Her feet, legs (lower and upper) pelvic area, stomach, chest, shoulders, face, arms, back and finally ass area.

By eleven, he was finished. By eleven, she had recovered enough from her multiple orgasms, that she was able to take over for herself.

By eleven, they were both ready to leave, and head to David's Suite, to breakfast with his parents.

Dressing herself in a simple, plain white summer dress, with a printing of flowers around the bottom of the skirt area. He put on the clothes he was wearing last night, in the hope that his parents were not yet awake, so that he could change, before getting caught being out all night.

Sneaking into David's room, the door to his parent's bedroom was still closed. Tip toeing his way towards it, he put his ear to the door, and was relieved to discover that his mom, and dad were both asleep, since he could hear two distinct snores.

Amy joined him in his bedroom, and sat on his bed, as he stripped out of his dress suit.

Standing there, in his skin, rummaging through the drawers for something to wear, she suddenly stood up, walked up behind him, and wrapped her arms around him, kissing him on the cheek.

He actually slapped her arm, and admonished her, to wait until he was dressed. Then, they would order something for breakfast, for the four of them. Then, and only then, they could cuddle on the couch, until either breakfast arrived, or his parents woke up.

This was acceptable to her. The next thing she knew, they were headed into the sitting room, with David dressed in a pair of Khaki pants, a polo shirt, and barefoot.

He almost put on a pair of pajamas, to create the false impression that Amy had woken him up when she came downstairs, but Amy rejected that idea as too complicated.

With breakfast ordered, bacon eggs and toast for two, coffee for six, and juice for one, the two kids were free to start making out on the couch.

As luck would have it, breakfast was delivered, before his parents managed to wake up.

David finally pushed the issue, by sneaking into his parent's room, and leaving a coffee service on their dresser.

The smell eventually woke the both of them up. The two had been so drunk the previous evening, so before they even went to the bathroom, each had downed a cup.

The sound of running water, in the background, warned the kids that at least one of the two adults was taking a shower. The water was still running, when Mrs. Martin emerged from the bedroom, wearing one of the Hotel's signature bath robes, and drying her hair.

Mr. Martin showed up several minutes later.

It was no surprise to the two kids that neither adult was interested in breakfast, only the second service of coffee.

Talking softly, just not in whispers, after David finished calling room service for yet another pot of coffee, a conversation began about what to do the rest of the afternoon. At least after the parents had sobered up.

The decision made was an important one. Although the Martins still had until the weekend, Amy would be going to the train station, right after dinner, the next evening.

It was, her last full day, and night, at the resort. And both kids wanted to make the most of it.

The kids were all for the idea of hitting the beach. The adults had a different idea.

Except for a couple of trips to the neighboring town, by water taxi, they really had not spent any time on the Mediterranean itself.

Therefore, earlier that week, Mr. Martin had arranged for the “family” to take a chartered boat cruise, later that afternoon.

They only had to kill time until two o’clock, when the boat would be at the Hotel’s dock to collect them. That another surprise awaited the kids, was not even mentioned.

At ten to two, the boat arrived, tying up at the dock.

The family had been waiting, loaded down with “gear” since a little after one thirty.

When they boarded, the kids were surprised to find another family on board.

The parents knew that it was a “shared” charter. It was also at this time that the kids got their first surprise.

The Martins, as soon as the boat left the dock, were informed that they could undress down in the boats cabin. **IT WAS A NUDE BOAT CHARTER.**

The other family, undressed first. Then the Martins.

The fact that the other family consisted of a husband, wife, sons aged 14 and 9, and a daughter aged 11, meant that for the first time Amy had a girl companion, her same age, since she began this trip. That fact that her French was virtually non-existent, and the French girl’s (Arabella) English was just as bad, didn’t matter. The two girls were both content, to sit in the bow with the boys, kneeling on benches, or leaning against the rail, staring out at the water as it passed by.

The boat itself was a fast paced cabin cruiser, 27 feet long, traveling at almost 30 knots per hour.

They had been traveling for almost 2 hours, when the craft came upon a small collection of islands.

Twelve to fifteen in number, none was larger than one hundred acres.

The craft headed to the second largest, 82 acres of sand and trees, in the middle of nowhere, the nearest of the other islands half a mile away.

And here, the boat headed into shore, anchoring about fifty to sixty feet out.

At this point, both families were invited to swim ashore, for the rest of the afternoon, and a picnic. And during the return trip to the Hotel, etc., they would be able to enjoy one of the best views of a Mediterranean sunset available.

No one hesitated. In less than five minutes all nine passengers were ashore, and frolicking in the surf, or playing on the sand.

All five children formed a sort of a pack, playing together, and generally making the parents life a little harder.

The four adults spread out on a blanket, supplied by the skipper of the charter.

Light conversation, and champagne filled their afternoon.

The discovery, that they were sunbathing, nude, on a Mediterranean island, with a family of swingers, almost shocked them. The fact that the parents were swingers, was in itself, not disturbing. That their three children were active participants, was. None of the three, were virgins. And the daughter had had sexual relations with at least 100 men and boys, and 22 women and girls, since she turned nine, two years ago.

The oldest boy's record was even more impressive. And the baby of the family? He'd only been fully involved since shortly after Christmas, when he too turned nine. Given the nature of the parent's swinging group, the boys, just like their sister, were compelled to satisfy the needs of the men in the group, performing oral sex on whoever required it of them. Along with allowing their bodies to be used for anal sex, by any demanding it.

In effect, the parents exchanging or offering their children's bodies, for the sexual gratification of others in their group, to "pay" their "membership fees", within the group.

Yet the children were not resentful. They enjoyed the activities their parents arranged for them.

The boys may have resented being used themselves, but the opportunities to use other children or even the women within the group, more than compensated them.

It was hard for the Martins to believe this. They refused to believe, even after all three children were summoned, to describe some of their favorite experiences.

Stories of gang-rapes of the daughter, Arabella, many cases in which two or even three of her holes were used simultaneously.

Descriptions by the boys, Jean and Stephan, describing having men repeatedly penetrate their asses, before or even while the men's wives were being serviced by the boys.

Finally, the instruction was given to the children, to demonstrate the family's reality to their fellows.

Amy and Davie, sitting there, listening to the kids describe their sex lives, repeatedly shot quick, hopefully unnoticed, glances at each other.

The three kids huddled together, creating a scenario, looked around, and decided that it was possible.

Asking the other two to help them, soon all five were running along the beach, collecting larger pieces of driftwood.

After a few minutes, they returned to the adults, with many pieces, suitable in size.

Piling their horde in front of the adults, they sorted through, and found enough pieces of suitable length and size.

Then, the two girls, and the younger two boys began burying the pieces, so they jutted out of the sand, much like tent pegs. As they did this, Jean, the oldest boy, swam back to the boat, and grabbed a length of lightweight rope.

Returning to shore, the rope was cut into short lengths. At this point, Arabella, lying on the sand, within the square formed by the pegs, arrayed herself in a spread eagle position. At this point, her two brothers began tying her arms, then her legs to the pegs, until she was no longer capable of moving, any part of her body, more than a few centimeters.

Jean begins. Lowering his head between his sister's legs, his tongue is running its way up her slit before she's fully aware that he's begun.

His fingers pull on the folds of skin, of her vaginal lips. His tongue finds her clit.

Less than a minute into the exercise, she starts her first orgasm. Her whole body shudders. And her brother keeps up the pressure.

It is not until her third, that his mouth leaves her cunt, only to be replaced by his cock. Ramming hard into her, his balls slam into her ass on his very first thrust. Each of his strokes repeats the same level of intensity.

He's been wanting this moment, for most of the afternoon. The minute his sister began stripping, he'd been hoping and dreaming.

The first glimpse of Amy, coming from the cabin, after undressing, replaced the target of his lust.

As much as he loved fucking his little sister, at that moment he would rather have been fucking Amy. But that wasn't possible yet.

That was just too bad for his sister. His lust and disappointment needed to be worked out. And she was his only chance.

The end result was her fourth orgasm, after only three minutes of fucking. The fifth and sixth soon followed.

It was the start of her sixth that finally drove him over the edge.

The force of her cunt muscles, milking his cock, drove him over the edge. Seven. Eight more thrusts, and he was done.

Pulling out of her, he stands and walks away, heading towards the water. Hoping that its warmth will revive him, in time to take advantage of a second fuck.

All this time, Stephan, Arabella's nine year old younger brother, was busy as well.

His sister's breasts had always been his favorites, ever since his coming out, earlier that year.

His mouth, attending to her nipples, as his brother's works on the girl's cunt. He switches to her mouth, as his brother begins fucking her. His tongue invades her mouth. His hands abuse her chest.

He knows when his brother is finishing up. Seconds after Jean pulls out of her, Stephan is inserting himself.

Nowhere near as large and accomplished as his brother, still he manages to bring her over the edge twice, before his young, immature, untrained body goes through the motions of its own orgasm, but without the actual spurting that his brother has come to enjoy.



Arabella is then allowed a moment to recuperate physically, as Arabella's parents first invite, then cajole David into having a go at their daughter. For several minutes they pressure him, but he refuses. Finally, after five minutes, her father decides to take action into his own hands.

Positioning himself over his own daughter, he mounts her, penetrates her, impales her.

For fifteen minutes, he is pistoning in and out of her.

It is at this point, watching the other eleven year old react positively to what is happening to her, despite her helpless state, that Amy makes her decision.

Standing in front of Arabella's mom, being serviced orally by her elder son, as Mrs. Martin was being eaten out by the younger, and announced that "She wanted to do like Arabella." She also had a follow-up question.

"Did she have to fuck anyone besides David?"

No one would penetrate her cunt with their cock, besides David.

Jean immediately stopped working on his mom. Getting up, he knew that it would take too long to set up another set of pegs, to tie her down.

Instead, he had her sit in the sand, above his sister, her head pointing towards his little sister.

Her hands were fastened to the same pegs restraining Arabella's. Then, wrapping ropes around her ankles, Amy was puzzled about how her legs were gonna be restrained.

As he raised her feet in the air she got her answer. Each leg was manipulated so that they spread out sideways, then pointing in the rough direction of her head.

Her cunt was now fully on display, as well as a goodly portion of her ass as well.

Jean, when he finished, invited David to begin.

The boy didn't hesitate.

Both children were ready, physically. Amy's cunt was so moist, that her juices were leaking out of her, clumping the sand beneath her. David was harder than he'd ever been in his young life.

Forcing himself into her was no problem. And as soon as he started to actually fuck her, Amy had her first orgasm.

It was totally impossible to keep track of how many Arabella had. They were so frequent it was simply not possible to tell if one had ended, and another begun.

Her father had shot his load, her actual second, soon after David had begun with Amy.

Mr. Martin, watching all of this, and watching the nine year old working on his wife, was straining for relief as well.

As soon as her father had pulled out of the young slut, he positioned himself for the next turn.

His was the first cock to cause her pain. Even at its maximum erection, it was only seven inches long. That she could easily handle. But the width was nearly twice the size of her dad's. Clearly the largest, around, that had ever fucked her.

His first ramming into her, had her screaming louder than she ever had before, while fucking her parent's friends.

It was the first time, in the two plus years since losing her virginity that she begged the man fucking her to stop. To "Take it out." That "He was ripping her apart!" Even "Killing" her.

He paid no attention to her pleas. In the sixteen years since he'd married, he'd never been with another woman. Now here he was fucking an eleven, almost twelve, year old.

Totally ignoring the fact that a teenager was now doing the same to his wife.

Jean was now fucking her. And she was satisfied. What he lacked in size, he made up for in enthusiasm. She was on the receiving end of some of the fastest-paced fucking, it was ever her pleasure to receive.

Try as she might, she could not time her rhythms with his. Every time he changed his pace, she was thrown into another orgasm.

Arabella did not have that problem.

The savaging she'd received from Mr. Martin, had finally accomplished what none of the others had. She was unconscious. Blissfully, no longer aware of her being raped.

Mr. Martin continued pounding into her. Even after his wife had milked young Stephan of everything he had left, Mr. Martin continued to rape the young girl.

Even after David had finished in Amy, he continued fucking the girl. The charter captain, seeing from a distance what was happening, came closer to watch.

The minute Martin pulled out, the captain stepped forward, looking down upon the unconscious child.

Walking back to where he was preparing for a picnic supper, he returned with a shallow pan. Filling it with seawater, he returned to the girl. Half he dumped on the girl's cunt, washing it off. The rest he threw at her head.

Waking up, she could not remember who it was who had used her last. All she could do was to sputter out quick and repeated shout of "Don't let that motherfucker touch me again!" As much a plea as a command.

The captain paid no attention to her. His shirt was off even before coming ashore.

In one quick motion, he slipped out of his flip-flops, then his shorts. Before Arabella could recover enough to demand being released, he was in her.

And again, her young body was ravaged both by the man raping her, and the orgasms he was responsible for creating.

Gone was her one chance of ending her ordeal.

When the captain finished, Jean and Stephen were incapable of another round.

Arabella's father then took another turn.

Having cum once already, he lasted longer. But his previous round had tired him. He was not as forceful as he was his first turn. Neither was he as quick in his motions. The child's ability to orgasm had diminished. Plus sheer exhaustion was having its effect upon her. Despite her father's second turn lasting longer than his first, she only had one orgasm before he had his.

When he exited, Jean had one more go. He could have gone all the way, but his sister was just too spent. She was out cold, a second time, within minutes of being penetrated. As a result, her mother finally called a halt to the fun.

Jean, always obedient, recognizing her slap on his bare ass for what it was, slowed down, finally stopping.

After pulling out, she at least recognized how uncomfortable her interruption could become. Motioning to Stephan, he immediately obeyed. Crawling towards his brother, as Jean collapsed onto his back, the youngster was soon leaning over his brother, sucking the older boy's cock, in and out of his mouth.

When Jean climaxed, Stephan as expected, continued to work his brother, swallowing every drop of his brother's seed, until he was finished.

Jean, following the family's protocol, thanked his brother for helping him.

When he had recovered, everyone's attention turned to Arabella.

Amy had been released from her bondage. She had slid over to the other girl, cradled Arabella's head on her lap, and was running her finger through the unconscious girl's hair.

Mr. Martin, as a physician insisted on looking the child over, to make sure that she wasn't permanently injured.

In the end, he reported that her BP and respiration were both running high, but that was to be expected. Both would settle in time.

Slight tearing around the girl's cunt would heal within a week. The family should go easy on her.

Knowing that their daughter was safe, and would recover fully, both parents then began to oversee the task of getting everyone back on board the boat.

It took all three men to carry the unconscious girl back to the craft, and the two mothers to settle her in, for the return ride.

The three boys, and Amy made sure all their stuff made it to the boat.

The captain made one last check, and discovering that all was safely aboard, he returned to the boat, and proceeded with the trip back to the shore.

Once they were moving, he took a round-about route back. Passing, but not stopping at, numerous small islands, describing anything of interest, to those who were still conscious, or who bothered to care.

By dusk, all nine passengers were ready to call it quits.

Fortunately, they were close to the Hotel. Instead of retreating to the cabin to dress, all eight, still awake dressed right where they were. The two mothers took care of Arabella. When all were again, properly dressed, and the sunset was complete, the captain only needed ten minutes, to bring the boat back to the dock, from which they had departed.

The two fathers, exchanged e-mail addresses before Mr. Martin shepherded his flock off the boat.

No one really said much on the return trip. Mr. Martin had had some questions for his son, but didn't think it proper to ask them in front of Amy, or the others.

Settling the family into their suite, Mr. Martin proposed a walk with his son. David tried to refuse, but was over-ruled, forced even, to go with his father.

Back outside, overlooking the Med, he posed a question to his son. A question, David had to consider before asking.

“It was only once last night.”

“You and Amy had relations, last night?”

“Yes sir.” David usually wasn't this deferential to his father, but hoped that it would help keep him out of trouble.

“Do you love her?”

“I don't know. I may be falling in love with her, but I don't think I'm quite there yet.”

“You both care for each other?”

“Yes sir. With all my heart. At least I do. I think she does as well.”

“And you have plans to take this further?”

“Yes sir.”

“How/”

“What do you mean?”

“You live in Columbus. She lives in Cleveland. And any day now, I may be moving back to London.”

David hadn't thought of this. All he knew, was that ever since he'd met her, his life had changed for the better. “I guess we just have to see how things go, once she heads back home. We'll just have to work a little harder.”

Mr. Martin thought that one over a bit. He knew of some opportunities where, how he could help his son along. But he didn't know if it was his place to try.

In the end, at least for the time being, he'd give his son the benefit of the doubt.

“I think you need to escort your girlfriend back to her suite. Your mother and I, I think we'll head down to the lounge for a nightcap.”

David couldn't believe it. He wasn't in trouble. And to make things even more confusing, his father was instructing him to take his eleven year old lover back to her room, while his parents went out and got drunk again. The exact same scenario that had led to their having intercourse the previous evening?

The boy didn't argue the point. He simply responded, “Yes sir.” And kept his mouth shut after that. Returning to their suite,

Both knew what this meant. Frank would be returning the next day. His train, arriving in Toulon just before noon, meant that he'd be returning to the Hotel by one. Packing Amy up for her return trip to Ohio would have to be complete before dinner, as the return trip to Paris left Toulon just before ten. They would need to leave the hotel before eight.



Tonight, and tomorrow morning would be the last time the two kids would be alone, for an unknown amount of time. Mr. Martin hoped that that the two of them could make the most of it.

Returning to their suite, David collected Amy, from Mrs. Martin's ministrations. The entire time the two men were gone, she'd been attempting to coax out of the young girl, any questions she may have had about what had happened. In essence, she wanted to provide the child with the same advice that she believed that her husband was providing to their son.

Instead, David, supported by his father, simply collected Amy, and brought her out of their suite, into the hallway.

"Where are we going?"

"Your suite. My parents are gonna go get drunk again. We're on our own till tomorrow morning."

The girl immediately knew what that meant. One more night of sex with her boyfriend, before her father ruined it all, be coming to take her away.

They almost ran to the elevator, jumping up and down, in their impatience.

When it arrived, it could not get to Amy's floor fast enough.

And then, it was everything they could do to keep from running down the hall.

But once they were in Amy's room, everything was different. Everything was back to normal. At least for France.

First order of business. Both children felt, and smelt like crap, after their day's exertions. A bath was the first order of business.

Again, into Amy's bathroom, the water was turned on, along with the Jacuzzi jets.

And again, the two children stripped. No shame of discomfort from doing so, in front of the other. Not after what they had done to each other, over the last twenty four hours.

In the water, with plenty of bath beads, the two children soaked for a short while.

Then, after half an hour or so, David, getting impatient, began to fondle his girlfriend, beneath the cover afforded to him by the bubbles. Before the girl could truly respond. Even before the child could think to respond, his impatience overtook him to the point that he actually found himself climbing onto the girl.

Holding his breath, and coming up for air, he found himself attacking her chest with his mouth. Making love to her breasts, under the water.

Soon, the excitement was as much an issue with her, as it was with him. He had to have her. He had to take her. Immediately. He couldn't wait to dry off, and take her in her bed.

On top of her, he forced her legs apart, using his own body to do so. And then, as soon as he had access to her, he penetrated her.

He made love to her. He fucked her. He raped her. All at once, in that tub full of hot, lavender scented water.

And even though his use of her could only be described as harsh, she wanted it as much as he did. Never in her young life could she have imagined, dreamed of how enjoyable such a forceful night of passion could be.

As hard as it was to keep up with him, at first, by the time it was over, her lust, her urges, her needs had surpassed his. Rather than begging him to reduce the force of his lovemaking, she was begging him to fuck her harder, and faster.

And when it was over, he could barely roll off of her. He was so exhausted, that she had to help push his body off of hers.

Once he was on his back, he could settle down. And as his breathing returned more to normal, they finally were able to say to each other, what they truly thought of their relationship.

Lying there, still in the water, they professed to love each other until the end of time.

Distance would be overcome.

No matter what, they would live out their lives together, no matter what stood in their way.

They had to remain in the tub over thirty minutes, recovering from their lovemaking, before they had the strength to get up, and head to bed.

They didn't make love again that night. They were too exhausted.

Instead, they embraced each other, under the sheets. Their limbs wrapped around each other. Clinging to every last minute they had left. Dreading the coming of the next morning, and their forced separation.

The end of Day Ten

## Day Eleven – Wednesday

Surprisingly, it was Amy who awake first, that morning. It wasn't the case, that she was ready to wake up. Instead, it was mainly due to the fact that she had to go pee. The pressure on her bladder, was simply forcing her to acknowledge the inevitable.

After finishing up, she returned to the bedroom, to her bed, where she just stood there a moment, staring at the nude body, of her lover.

In her heart, she knew that she loved him. That he loved her. Yet, looking down at her own body, she found it hard to convince herself that this was indeed so. Her body was so small. So immature, that she simply could not believe that he was attracted to her. Despite all that had happened in the last thirty-six hours, she could not make herself believe that he was simply in love with her.

Climbing into bed, she longed to wrap her body around his. To share and embrace that would not only settle her fears, but make her lover commit himself to her for eternity. Yet, part of her was afraid to do this. That if she pushed the issue, he would refuse her. She would lose him for all time to come. SO instead of confronting him, forcing the issue, pulling the covers of the bed over both their bodies, she wrapped herself around him, with her right arm aiming itself for his young cock.

Grasping it, she began manipulating him, in the hopes that when he awoke, there would be one final fuck, before rejoining his parents. Before her father returned from Paris. Before she had to leave.

When his eyes began to flutter, and opened for the first time, that morning, her response to his waking up, was a simple “Good Morning.”

His response, was in no way expected. “I can think of a better way, to be woken up in the morning.”

She wanted to punch him. Here she was, masturbating him, trying to get his cock to a full erection, so that they could fuck again, and that wasn't a good way to wake up in the morning.

He cut her off, before she could respond.

“Unfortunately, I slept in, and now it's not possible. But I can make it up to you.”

With that, he grabs her hands, and pulls it away from his cock. He forces the girl onto her back. With his legs, he forces hers to separate, making it possible for him to ram his now fully-erect cock into her.

And before she can even say anything, they are fucking like they had never fucked before.

In less than a minute, she is experiencing her first orgasm of the morning.

In fifteen minutes, she has had three. And in three minutes, he is finished. Her body has milked from his young cock, the last sperm that he had.

Coming down from their shared sexual high, they lay there for a while, deep in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

All too soon, Amy notices the time. It was after ten. Her father would be arriving sometime after twelve.

Getting up, the children decide that before anything else, a shower was in order. They decided against a bath, since they did not have

the time. Even so, Amy did call room service, as David prepared for the shower.

Only ten minutes, or so, under the water, each thoroughly washing the body of the other, and they ended things there. Drying themselves off, they were only just finished, when room service knocked on the door.

Amy had only a moment, to wrap herself in her robe, before she let the waiter in. Signing the bill, he left them alone, all the while Davie was trying to keep himself from laughing at their situation.

When they were again alone, Amy slipped out of her robe, letting it simply fall to the floor. They ate their breakfast, in the nude. Cuddled up against each other on the suite's couch, struggling to keep their plates and glasses from spilling, as they ate their breakfast, feeding each other bites of toast.

When breakfast was over, they discovered another problem. David's clothing from the day before, all that he had with him, smelled like crap. They bore the scent of an afternoon's boating, and an early evening fuck.

Putting his clothes on would only necessitate another shower on his part, upon returning to his suite. Amy, ever practical, handed him her robe, as she went into her bedroom, coming out several minutes later, wearing a light-blue sundress, that she planned on wearing on the train that evening.

The two kids, with David in Amy's robe, hurried to the other suite, lest someone discover their evening's activities.

Once there, David was not surprised to discover that his parents were still unconscious.

David dressed himself in a pair of Khaki pants, and a white polo shirt, with canvas deck shoes, while Amy ordered coffee for six.

Then the two kids had a struggle, waking the two adults enough to head them in the direction of the shower.

They had only just succeeded, when room service arrived. Amy, had the inspiration to simply fix each adult a mug of coffee, and carried it into the bathroom, only to discover that the two adults were leaning against the side of the shower, still asleep.

Amy, realizing the emergency, slipped out of her clothes, climbed into the shower with the adults, and after lowering the water flow, she proceeded to wave the mugs in front of their faces, until each adult was awake enough to grab the mug from her hands, and down its contents.

When they were finally functioning on their own, Amy left the bathroom, carrying her clothing in her arms.

David was naturally confused to see his girlfriend leave his parent's room, nude. Carrying her clothes. She simply instructed him not to ask, before she started to get dressed again.

She had only managed to get her panties on, before David came up behind her. Wrapped his arms around her. Proceeded to kiss her from behind, saying only "It's too bad mum and dad are in the next room. I'd take you right now."

She was allowed to eventually finish redressing herself, and was just putting her hair back into shape, when the Martins appeared in the sitting room, dressed only in hotel robes.

When the rest of the coffee was consumed, Mrs. Martin, at least, was ready to begin the day's chores.

Amy's father, looking at her watch, would be arriving in less than an hour, from the train station. Corralling the child, the two women

headed upstairs to Amy's room, where the first order of business was to arrange every suitcase on Amy's bed.

One case, filled with nothing but shoes, was easily finished. Then it was time to sort through the girl's clothes. Any garment, not yet worn on the trip, was packed in one medium sized case. Everything else, all her dirty clothes, were packed in bags, and carried in two trips down to the hotel's Laundromat.

Sorting everything directly into separate washers, four were needed. Payment was simple, as the machines operated as room service charges, simply by swiping room keys through card readers on each machine. Detergent was provided in the same manner.

The only problem was Amy's blue dress, from her formal dinner with the Napier brothers. Dry clean only, it was too late to send out. At the same time, it would not travel well in a regular suitcase.

So, while the ladies waited for the machines to finish, to switch over to the dryers, the men were dispatched into town. The concierge directed them to a shop, where they located the perfect garment bag. Stiff sided, it would protect the dress admirably.

So, by two o'clock, the laundry was done, being folded and packed in suitcases right out of the machines.

Yet Frank had still not arrived. No one was worried, since he had called to say that his train had been over booked, and that he was forced to catch another. Yet it was still after four when he finally arrived, frantic at all that had to be done, before the hotel car picked them up at seven, for the ride to the train station.

Yet everything was just being finished when he arrived. The bags, were even in the bellhop's storage, waiting for the car to arrive, so most of the extra work was taken care of.



Relieved at not being forced to run around like an idiot, getting the child ready for her trip, Frank suggested an early dinner in town. Since no one had really eaten that day, all decided they were starving.

Dinner was lobsters and muscles, in a nearby restaurant, overlooking the Med. Amy was actually contented, that her last meal with the Martins had so nice a view. And in the end, she decided it was a perfect way for her to say goodbye.

Returning to the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Martin headed to their suite. David accompanied Amy and Frank to theirs. At six-thirty, the few remaining bags in the room were collected, and they headed downstairs.

Frank, may have been a little naive, but he wasn't an idiot. He knew what the two kids meant to each other, even in only a week. He settled the two kids in a lounge area in the lobby, and headed to the bar to have a glass of wine before leaving.

Alone, but in public, the two kids were forced to basically say their goodbyes in sight of everyone. Caring little for what anyone else might say, they began with an embrace, followed by a kiss that was not interrupted until the concierge informed them that the car had arrived.

In fact, the two kids were pretty much ignored. Hotel staff, knowing what reality was, knew that they were intimate since the previous morning's housekeeping crew had redone her bedroom, with his not even slept in the night before.

The only patrons to take notice, was the same couple that had accompanied them in the elevator two nights ago. This time, the wife decided that the two kids were definitely not siblings, at the same time she took great offense to their improper, public display of affection. Almost running over to them, her husband

successfully restrained her, and almost had to drag her back to the elevator. He spent a fairly horrific night, listening to her drone on about how ill-mannered children were these days. It was only later in the evening, after several reminiscences about the time when they were falling in love, that she at least settled down.

Meanwhile, once the car arrived, Amy went with one of the bellhops to fetch her bags, while David went to collect Frank. Once everything was in the car, Frank settled in the back, while David and Amy had one last embrace. One last kiss. He tried to ignore the fact that the boy had his hand upon his daughter's ass.

But alas, the limo driver eventually compelled the two kids to separate. With a lost look of longing, Amy slid herself into the car. As it drove away, David just stood there. Staring. Neither waving, nor moving in anyway, until long after it had driven out of sight. Refusing to accept that she was gone, after standing there for a quarter of an hour, he moved inside, back to their couch in the lobby. It was here, an hour later, that his father found him, after the concierge call him to let him know where his son was.

Mr. Martin came down stairs and collected his son. Rather than return to their suite, they took a walk outside, discussing noting in particular, until he broached the subject of his son's feeling for his new friend.

Questions were asked and answered. And the boy was almost on the brink of tears the whole time. But it was at that point, that the father made a decision.

Upon returning to their suite, the boy was sent to his room to change for bed. A husband had a frank discussion with his wife, concerning their son's sex life. And an agreement was reached.

The next morning, Mr. Martin made a few calls to London, and to Ohio. Things were set in motion,

The end of Day Eleven.

## Day Twelve – Thursday – And Beyond

The ride to the train station had been a quiet one. Amy, depressed over the prospect of never seeing her lover again, and a father not knowing anything to say that could make his little girl feel better.

In the end, hardly a word was said between the two of them for the rest of their time together.

On boarding the train, neither was hungry, so they settled in for the night.

First-class accommodation on the train was almost luxurious, compared to the second-class cars.

Their compartment was private. Only the two of them. The beds were already pulled down when they arrived. Amy simply stripped out of everything she was wearing, right in front of her father, instead of changing in the compartments bathroom. Wearing only a night dress, she climbed into the lower bunk, and wrapped herself in the blankets provided.

Frank, stripped to his boxers, and after taking a last piss, climbed the small ladder, provided, and settled himself in as well. Both fell asleep almost immediately, although Frank could swear that he could hear his daughter crying softly, in the bunk below him.

The next morning, the train attendant awoke the two of them, an hour from the station. Amy had time to have a quick shower, in the compartments unbelievably small shower. Frank, seeing the difficulty his daughter was having, since she had left the door open, chose to simply shave.

Once dressed, the two were able to grab a quick bite in the dining car, before the train pulled into Austerlitz Station.

Two redcaps, with carts, loaded all Amy's bags into a cab, and they were off to the airport.

A short line at the ticketing desk, to get Amy's unaccompanied minor clearance, and then they were at the gate for her flight.

When the gate attendant called for boarding, Amy reluctantly stood up. Frank, simply looked upon his daughter, and grasping her head in his hands, gave her a goodbye kiss on the forehead.

He would miss his child. They would not see each other again, until he returned home for Christmas. But then, he resolved, they would spend some quality time together. The office would be closed. He would be in North America. And for at least seven days, no one would interrupt him, least of all himself, as he attempted to rebuild his relationship with his daughter. Things could never be like they were before the divorce, but dammit, he would do everything in his power to become again, his little girl's "Daddie."

As she settled into her Air France, business-class seat, Amy was almost crying. The flight attendant had collected her from her father, at the terminal gate. Seeing them say goodbye to each other, she misunderstood the tears. There was no way for her to know that.

Her layover was in Charlotte North Carolina.

She had over two hours to kill.

Since it was only two o'clock, when she cleared customs, she decided that once she cleared into the domestic flight terminal, she'd grab something to eat, and call her mother.

She found a McDonalds, and settled down in a corner booth, and called her mother, just as she started eating.

She hadn't talked to her mom, since she had been put on her plane back in Cleveland.

The sound of her voice was a comfort. She hadn't realized how much she had missed her mother, while she was gone. She was also grateful that she'd remembered to buy her mother a gift. The child knew her mom would love her robe. So all was good.

But there was one little piece of news, that her mother teased her over, but wouldn't go into details, over the phone.

That got the child's interest. Despite all her pleading and arguing, her mother refused to relent. So the child was forced to wait.

At seven o'clock, mother and daughter were again reunited. When all the child's bags were collected, and loaded into the car, they left the airport. Twenty minutes from home, her mother pulled into the child's favorite restaurant.

After they had ordered, the child could no longer stand the suspense. Her mother broke the news.

Out of the blue, without warning, she had been offered a huge promotion in a hospital in Columbus. She had wanted to take it, but put the offer off for two days, until she could talk it over with her daughter. They had agreed.

When Amy heard that, she asked for the name of the Hospital.

She realized immediately what had happened. She had spent so much time, talking up her mom's accomplishments at work, that Mr. Martin had probably contacted someone, and suggest that they hire her. After all, it was the same OSU hospital, where he was working.

And she knew right away, that if she played her cards right, she might even be able to talk her mom into getting a house, or apartment close to David's.

Without going into detail, she immediately supported, and agreed to her mom accepting the new position.

The next day, she called back, said that she'd accept the position. The fact that it was almost double the salary she had been making, was all she was looking at.

Given the time frame involved, Amy's summer camp was cancelled.

Her mother put in her notice.

They had two weeks to pack up, find a new home, and move their lives to Columbus.

That weekend, they took a trip down I-71.

Immediately, when they saw the signs for the Polaris Mall, Amy knew what she had to do.

For some reason, she convinced her mother to get on the bypass. Then it was off at the first exit. And as luck would have it, traffic was light, so she was able to cross three lanes of traffic, and make a left hand turn into a housing development.

When her mother asked how she knew about the place, the child simply said, "I think God is talking to me."

Now that would have been a little flippant, except that the development was built right next to a Roman Catholic Seminary.

And she never told her mom that it was the same neighborhood where the Martins lived.

She kept her eyes open.

Watching the house numbers.

And when she got close, to the number of the Martin's house, she actually began pointing out the two or three homes that were for sale.

Now to be perfectly truthful, houses in that area were fairly expensive. But the 2008 economic crisis had hit hard. Several homes had been foreclosed upon. And the banks were willing to negotiate.

And, since the houses only got more expensive as you moved further back into the woods, the first house that they looked inot, just happened to be in their price range, and only a couple hundred yards from the Martin's home.

In the front door, and the two were greeted by the bank's sales agent. It had been a slow day. Foot traffic through the house was much lighter than what was hoped for.

In walking through the house, Amy kept her cool. She didn't do or say anything. Just walked at her mother's side, hoping that her mom would fall in love with the place. Amy was in fact completely ignoring the house, concentrating so much on reading her mom's face.

It was her mother who actually decided she loved the house. It was a much larger investment than what she'd been thinking of. Yet the price, for the house they'd be buying, was more than reasonable. Almost a steal. With the sale of their current home, houses in their



neighborhood were fairly steady, with her raise in pay, and with the currently low interest rates, they could easily afford it.

And, in looking at the living room, the kitchen, and the master bedroom, she did fall in love with the place.

It was a surprise, to her, that Amy almost seemed indifferent.

But, when Amy looked into what could become her bedroom, when she saw the size of the bathtub, she too fell in love with the house.

An offer was made, 25 thousand less than the asking price.

The offer was refused. A discount of five thousand was proffered by the agent.

That was refused. Twenty thousand was suggested. In the end, hands were shaken, on a price fifteen thousand less than the asking price. The agent was actually relieved. She had been authorized to accept offers up to 35 less than the asking price. She would have taken 25, but she knew. There was room. And in the end, everyone was satisfied.

Two hours after leaving interstate 71, they had a new home. Now it was off to the hospital. Amy was a little bored, as her mom had to have a number of quick interviews, then to wait while the contracts were printed. Soon her ordeal was over. By six that night, mother and daughter were back on the highway, headed back to Cleveland, for the last time.

Three weeks after returning home from his summer vacation in Europe, David Martin was riding his bike, with two friends, early on Tuesday. He was kinda surprised when a moving van came down the street. Now this wasn't exactly a rarity in the neighborhood. Nor was it unexpected.

He had seen, upon his return, the sold tag, on the for sale sign in front of the old Mitchell house. Chuck and Mike had been friends of his. Their father had lost his job. The family had lost the house, when they couldn't pay the mortgage. They had to move out of state to start a new life.

He missed his friends.

He still traded e-mails with them. Not often. Every once in a while.

But a new family was moving in.

He didn't see them yet, the van was just pulling in front of the house that the kids were expecting it to stop at. A car was in the driveway. The three of them turned their bikes into a driveway, a little ways down, and on the other side of the street.

The trio had not seen it arrive, so they didn't know who, or what kind of people were in it.

Pretty soon, they were joking.

Patrick, one of the other boys soon admitted to his friends, that he hoped there was a good looking daughter. And that if there was, he was going to beat every record in dating her. Before the end of summer, he might even get into her pants.

Neither of the other two saw David's jaw drop, when just as the van came to a stop, the front door opened.

A woman walked out, followed by a young girl. The boys were a little ways away from the house, so they really couldn't see too clearly what the two looked like. Except David, looking at the girl, recognized the haircut. He even recognized the shorts outfit the girl was wearing.

“It couldn’t be!” kept running through his head.

He slipped off his bike, and just let it fall into the grass beside the driveway. He walked forward. He had to know. With every forward step he took, he was even more sure that he was correct. But he still couldn’t believe it. One house away, and he was positive. It was her. Without a word to his friend. Without even acknowledging the girl’s mother, he walked up to the girl, raised his hands to her face, guiding her’s towards his.

He kissed her.

His friends were speechless.

Patrick, as soon as he saw the girl had begun to fantasize about her body, even before he could get a real look at her. But his friend, without a word, had walked right up to her, and French kissed her. Right in front of them. Right in front of the neighborhood. Right in front of her mother!

And she didn’t do anything. She didn’t yell. Or scream. Or make any kind of a fuss. She was kissing him back. Her mom, just standing there. In shock. The moving guys watching, and almost laughing at the sight, and at the mother.

“Is this real?” were the first words out of the boy’s mouth, when their kiss ended.

“Mom had an offer of a new job, the day I flew back.”

“Welcome to Columbus.” And with that greeting, the two kids kissed again.

The mother tried to decide whether she should separate the two of them. In the end, she decided that her daughter was not freaking

out. She would get an answer later. Meanwhile the guys in the truck were being paid by the hour. She immediately got them working, She ignored the kids, and took the movers through a quick run of the house identifying each room

David's friends just stood there.

Jack, the other boy, simply looked at Patrick, and commented, "I think he broke the record."

They knew they had lost their friend for the day, so they grabbed David's bike, moved it to Amy's lawn, and then resumed their ride through the neighborhood.

The movers came out, and started running furniture and boxes into the house.

The noise they made, broke the concentration of the two kids.

"I think we need to go inside and talk to mom."

David looked at her, and wondered if that was such a good idea.

"You may want to let your parents know that you'll be busy all afternoon."

"Why?"

"Helping us unpack, may keep mom from grounding both of us, for the rest of our lives."

With that they went inside to make their case with Amy's mom.

David called home, and was instructed to invite the two over for a light dinner.

And over dessert, within reason, everyone finally learned the full story of everything that happened.

The only details left out, were that Amy and David were no longer virgins. After all, why make waves?