**A Week in Cap-Martin**

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***Summary:****The story of a man who takes a vacation to the French Riviera with his niece, and the adventures they have along the way. Part travelogue, part sex romp (well, mostly sex romp), presented in the form of each part representing one day of their week-long holiday.*

**Introduction**

"So where are they sending you this time?" my sister asked.

"A town in France," I said. "Let's see..." I pulled out my phone. "Cap Martin, it's called. Roquebrune-Cap-Martin. It's a little sea-side village on the French Riviera, right near the Italian border. They want me to do some location scouting, a couple scenes from mountainside vineyards, that sort of thing."

"Wow, the French Riviera! How long are you there?"

"They're putting me up for four days. I sprung for the rest to make it a full week."

"That sounds wonderful, doesn't it, Frank?" Her husband nodded as he took a large bite of burger, staring up at the basketball game on one of the very conspicuous TV screens, apparently unaware of what she was actually asking him. "Frank and I've been trying to go somewhere romantic for a 'second honeymoon,’” she said to me. “Just today I got a text from our travel agent, she says there's a spot on a Caribbean cruise that opened up for dirt cheap."

"Well, that's nice," I said.

"Yeah, but it's this weekend. That's just too quick to make plans for Heather."

"Have you asked Mom? I’m sure she'll come down to hang out with her," I said.

"Yeah, I already asked her, she's got some church thing. If we could afford to fly Heather up there, we could do that."

"Well, that sucks," I said.

"I guess I'll have to text our agent back and tell her 'no.' She needs an answer tonight."

"I know!" my niece, Heather, piped up, joining in the conversation. "I'll go with Uncle Raymond to the French Riviera!"

There were laughs all around the table, well, at least from me and my sister. Her husband may have cluelessly joined in the laughter on the assumption that someone had made a joke. Or he may have missed it entirely, I don't remember.

"No, I'm serious," Heather said. She sat back in her chair and crossed her arms. "Why not?"

"Sweetie," her mother said, "we couldn't afford to buy you a plane ticket to France."

My niece looked at me, her face slightly down, her eyebrows up, her mouth in a little puffy-lipped frown. Her auburn hair cascaded around her angelic face. "I bet Uncle Raymond could buy me a ticket," she said. The frown changed just slightly to a smile. "For my birthday?"

"Heather..." my sister said to her in a scolding tone.

"Your birthday? Is it your birthday soon?"

"Well," she answered, "in two months. But still..." She gave me another head down, eyebrows up, look, with a little smile this time. "I'm turning fourteen you know, it's an important milestone."

"Fourteen is a milestone? I didn't know that."

"Of course it is. No one takes you seriously when you're thirteen. But when you're fourteen, you're practically an adult!"

The waiter stopped by. "Anyone want dessert? Or should I get you the bill?"

"Daddy," my niece said, "can I get the chocolate eclairs? Maybe Uncle Raymond will share them with me?"

"Yes, of course, Heather," the man responded absentmindedly.

I looked over at my sister. "So this cruise is a bargain, huh?"

"Oh yeah. Dirt cheap. Too bad it isn't going to work out."

"Look, you know I can afford a plane ticket for Heather."

I could see my niece's face light up; little freckles on her cheeks and nose accentuating as the pale canvas behind them mottled pink; the drab lights of this unremarkable sports bar transforming into fairy dust as they reflected in her wide green eyes. "Are you serious, Uncle Raymond?" she squealed, loud enough to turn the heads at nearby tables. Even her dad turned his head away from the TV for a moment. "You're gonna take me to the French Riviera?"

"Only if it's okay with your parents," I said.

"Of course it's okay with my parents! It's the French Riviera!"

"Well..." my sister said. "You sure you could afford it, Raymond? What's it gonna cost to get a ticket this late? A thousand bucks?"

"I don't know. Consider it a 'second honeymoon' wedding present. You guys deserve something nice."

"Whaddya think, Frank," my sister asked her husband.

He just shrugged his shoulders. It wasn't clear he had any idea at all what was going on.

The waiter stopped by with the eclairs. "These look yummy!" Heather said to him. "But I bet the ones that Uncle Raymond and me get in France will be even yummier!"

"France?" the waiter said.

"Yes," Heather answered matter-of-factly. "My uncle's taking me to France."

At that moment it was clear that the decision had already been made.

**Day One**

It was midnight, local time, when we finally got settled into our hotel in Cap Martin. I needed to get to bed, since I had a meeting in the morning with local officials to discuss the company's plans for the film. And even though our body clocks told us it was only late afternoon, despite what the midnight sky said, we were both exhausted; a four hour flight to New York to catch the red-eye to Paris, then five hours to play in the City of Lights before catching the train to Nice and from there, driving my rental--a sweet little convertible Italian number--along the spectacular coast of the Alpes-Maritimes, Heather a bubbling mass of excitement the entire time--"This is the best birthday present ever!" "Um, it's an anniversary present." "Whatever! It's the best!"

So we were both running on empty, second winds caught and gone, and we flopped down in our street clothes and fell immediately asleep, she in the spacious beautiful king-sized bed, me on the much less inviting couch. I'd offered to rent her a room of her own, but her mother knew that a week in the five star hotel that the film company had selected would set me back even further than the plane ticket, and Heather said that anyway she'd be scared and lonely in her own room and she didn't mind sharing a room with her uncle. So it was agreed that I would sleep on the couch.

When my alarm went off the next morning--the middle of the night by my body clock--Heather was sleeping like an angel and I slipped out without disturbing her. After a long and very fascinating meeting with local political and business dignitaries, during which I could barely keep myself from yawning, I returned to our hotel room to find my niece ready for an afternoon of driving along the coast and into the mountains. She was wearing a little denim miniskirt and a pink and white tee-shirt with the word "Angel" in sparkling letters across the chest. But if you looked close, you could see that the A of "Angel" had little horns just starting to sprout.

At that moment, I really couldn't help looking at Heather in a different light; my sweet and innocent niece, still an angel to be sure, but with her halo beginning to tilt to the side.

She gave me a smile, her cheeks showing just a little pink, aware I suppose that I was staring at her even though I was trying very hard not to.

"Do I look okay?" she asked.

"You look great," I said, trying hard to clear my brain of the inappropriate image of her that had suddenly appeared.

She smiled again. "Good!"

We climbed into the rental car, I took down the convertible top, and we were off. For her, it was a sight-seeing tour; for me it was work, scouting potential locations at vineyards up the mountainside. The drive took us past the sandy beaches on the east side of town, and Heather's reaction was pure excitement.

"Oh! Look at the beautiful beach!" she bubbled.

"Yeah, they call this the Côte d'Azur, the Blue Coast, because the water is so beautiful."

"Oh it is! It really is! Can we go swimming? Please please please?"

"Of course we can, silly, as soon as I'm done with my location scouting, okay? Maybe after dinner tonight?"

"Yes please!" she exclaimed. "Oh look, Uncle Raymond, some of the girls are topless!"

I looked. How could I not?

"Mostly young girls," was my somewhat disappointed reply.

"Well," my niece said, "I'm a young girl."

I smiled at her as I turned the car onto a little road that snaked up into the mountains. "I suppose you are."

"So I can go topless!"

"I suppose you can."

"You wouldn’t mind?"

"No, not at all." I shifted into lower gear as the road started getting steeper and the sharp curves challenged my driving skills.

"Would you want me to?"

“Huh?” I asked, uncertain that I understood what she meant.

“Would you want me to go topless at the beach? Would you like that?”

"Well..."

She grinned at me, leaning back in her seat with her face shining in the sun and her auburn hair flowing in the breeze behind her. "It's okay with me, if you want to see me topless."

"Heather..." I said, trying to sound grown-up and scolding, but more likely just sounding embarrassed.

"No, seriously!" she said. "You've been so nice to me, taking me on this trip and even buying me a plane ticket and everything. I owe you lots! So if you want to look at my boobs, it's okay with me."

"You’re crazy, girl.”

“I’m serious!”

“You don't owe me anything, Heather," I said. "It's a birthday gift."

"I thought you said it was an anniversary gift."

"Maybe it's both."

"Maybe," she said with a smile. "But regardless, I feel like I owe you. If you want to look at me without my shirt on, you can just tell me. I'll do it."

"Heather! Are you serious?"

She was nodding, grinning. "Yep."

The mountains vineyards were beautiful, luscious verdant terraced farms sometimes nestled into little valleys, sometimes sheer upon the stark steep mountainside. After many pictures, of the grapes and the homes and the views over the sea, we made our way back down to the hotel for dinner, and then to the beach.

The sand was soft, the sun lowering beautifully into an red-orange glow, and the girl, yes, she was topless, attracting the attention of all the men and many of the boys, everyone treated to the most adorable sight; she wore tight pink bikini bottoms and nothing else at all except her flip-flops and a pair of big tear-drop aviator sunglasses, whose primary purpose seemed to be to hide whether she was watching as the men all stared.

And I’ll confess, I was one of those men. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop staring. Her breasts were a bit bigger than I had expected them to be; I guess I hadn't noticed that the little girl I knew so well was becoming a little woman. Those beautiful breasts were taut and round, two firm little apples, with just a hint of a sweet shimmy to their soft pale flesh as she combed her hair in front of me, and a decided little bounce when she ran through the sand. Each of her adolescent sweethearts was topped with a wide, light pink nipple, standing out another half inch and ending in a thick nub.

So definitely, all the men were staring, much to Heather's amusement. Attracting attention seemed to be the primary reason she enjoyed being topless. And while she liked the looks from the strangers quite a bit, there was one man's whose attention she appeared to be most interested in attracting. She had a sweet pink-cheeked smile for me every time she caught me staring, which was far more often than I'd like to admit. But how could I possibly help it? Every time I looked, I had the lovely vision of her adolescent breasts to entertain me, and when we would play together in the water, I could watch those little tits shimmy and bounce as she frolicked in the waves.

We left the beach before sunset, since the film script called for a few shots of the sun falling into the sea and I wanted to get some pictures from the best locations we'd found earlier in the day. As we drove the winding mountain roads again, she looked at me with a very satisfied smile on her face.

"That was fun!" she said.

"Yeah, you sure seemed to enjoy yourself."

"So did you!"

"I guess I did, sort of."

"Sort of?!?” She giggled. “You loved it, I could tell!" Her green eyes sparkled teasingly with just a hint of a glance at my crotch. "So do you believe me now, Uncle Raymond?"

"Believe you?"

"Yeah! About how I'll let you look at me topless whenever you want!"

"Well, I definitely don't think I'll be able to get you to ever wear a top at the beach again."

"Not just the beach, Uncle Raymond. Anywhere, anytime you want."

I just looked at her and shook my head.

"You still don't believe me, do you?" she said. "What about right now? You want me to be topless again right now?"

"Heather!"

"There's nobody around," she argued. "No one would see." Then she added with a smile, "Well, except you."

"Yeah, but..."

"Come on, Uncle Raymond! I'm on vacation! I get to have fun! How often does a girl get to go topless in a convertible on a beautiful night like this?"

"Not often enough," I had to concede.

"You *do* want me to!" she said with a great big smile.

One second later, her pink and white Angel shirt was off, and my sweet angel niece was bare naked above her waist again.

I stared. How could I not? It was the loveliest damned thing I'd ever seen.

"This is awesome!" she exclaimed as she leaded back in her seat.

"It is," I had to admit.

She grinned big, looking out to the mountainside. "Shouldn't you be keeping your eyes on the road?"

I laughed, and she giggled which caused her little delights to shimmy some more.

A minute later a motorcycle came roaring up the road behind us. I didn't have time to warn Heather before they were already pulling around to pass. Both the driver and the passenger turned their heads and stared at my topless niece.

"They looked right at me!" she said as they pulled in front of us, the passenger's head still turned back at us. "Did you notice!"

"Yes..."

Suddenly she unbuckled her seatbelt and stood up, holding onto the windshield with one hand and waving to the motorcycle with the other, her naked little breasts bouncing away like they were insistent on attracting as much attention as possible. The passenger waved back.

"Heather..." I said as she sat back down, "you really should put your shirt back on,."

She made a thick-lipped pout. "I suppose you're right," she said, picking up her tee-shirt and slipping it over her head. "But seriously, Uncle Raymond, anytime you want a look, just ask and I'll show them to you." Turning to face me, she lifted the shirt again, up over her little breasts. "See?" she said. "I like to let guys look!"

"Yes, that's obvious," I said.

She grinned as she pulled the shirt back down. "Oh come on, admit it, you like it! I can tell"

"You can tell?"

"Yes, I can, Uncle. It’s pretty obvious."

By the time we finally made it back to the hotel, I was in a painful state from having been treated to the wonderful sight of naked adolescent breasts for several hours, and I was already plotting how I might have a moment to myself to relieve my aching balls. Patience isn't something a man has very much of when he's in such a state, but I had no choice but to wait, as my niece commandeered the bathroom even while I was still brushing my teeth, and made the situation yet more critical since she'd already changed into her nightgown--little more than a long tee-shirt whose bottom hem ended well up her pale thighs.

When she finally emerged from the bathroom, I was readying the couch for my bed.

"You don't have to sleep on the couch, Uncle Raymond," she said as she climbed into the bed. "There's plenty of room for both of us."

"Yeah... But..."

She gave me a big smile. "You're such a gentleman, it's so cute! I was sure you'd be all over me the second we got back, the way you kept staring at me!"

I gave her a helpless look. For a thirteen year old, she sure seemed to know a lot about how I was feeling.

She pulled the bedsheets back from the empty side of the bed. "Come on," she said. "Don't sleep on the couch again tonight."

Resigned, I climbed into the bed next to her. Once I'd slipped under the covers, she turned her head to look me.

"I'm not a virgin, you know, Uncle Raymond."

"Oh?" I said. I was unable to come up with any other response.

"Nope. Me and Mike, he's my old boyfriend, we had sex a couple times."

"Oh?" I said idiotically again.

"So if you want to, it's okay with me."

I just lay there, gape-mouthed and dumbfound. And oh god did I ever want to!

"You know I want to be nice to you, Uncle Raymond," she said, after waiting a moment to see how I would respond. "And besides, you're not the only one that got turned on when you were staring at me at the beach!"

"But..." I stammered. "...I don't have any condoms..." Oh god, why didn't I have any condoms?!?

"That's okay," she said. "You don't have to use a condom. I don't want you to."

"Are you serious, Heather?" I asked, my voice quaking.

She smiled and reached under the covers. She fumbled around for a moment, and when she pulled her hands back out, she was holding a pair of little panties. "See? Do you believe me now?"

"Oh god, Heather..." I groaned, my poor aching balls aching even more now.

"I know you want to, Uncle Raymond. And you can, it's okay with me." She turned, rolling onto her back, and I could see her spread her legs open under the bed covers.

Foregoing all foreplay, and ignoring the voice in my head yelling "Don't you dare you bastard!" I yanked my pajama bottoms off as quickly as I could and climbed on top of my thirteen-year-old niece. She reached down when I got in place and wrapped a cool hand around my aching cock.

"Oh my god, Uncle Raymond!" she said with glistening green eyes and a huge smile. "You're so big! Way bigger than Mike!"

I reached down as well, and together we directed my cock into her. She was already dripping wet, and I entered her easily, just a couple of pumps to stretch her open to accept my girth. And then the warm lips of her thirteen-year-old kitten were gripping the base of my cock in a wet kiss, the full length of my shaft sunk into her. I pulled back, feeling her tight flesh slipping down, then pushed back in, burrowing deep. My heart was pounding and my whole body burned, no thought in my mind except overwhelming desire.

I laid down onto her as I begin rocking my hips, and we held each other tight, not saying a word but only breathing in rhythm together while we made love. I kissed her on the cheek and she turned her face towards mine and our lips met and we kissed, tongues in each other's mouths.

Eventually, after five minutes of incredibly passionate and loving sex between an uncle and his dear niece, her pussy tight and warm, my cock soaking wet and burning hot, I had to slow down before I exploded inside her. I could tell that the girl knew why I was slowing down, and she broke our kiss.

"You should cum, Uncle Raymond," she whispered.

"Oh Heather!" I whispered back, unthinkingly speeding up again. "I'm so close!"

"Please, Uncle Raymond, please cum inside me! I want to feel it!" Her face was red and shaking.

"Oh Heather!" I moaned. "Oh my beautiful baby!" I felt my orgasm overwhelm me, hot and thick, and I unleashed the first pump of my seed deep inside my thirteen-year-old niece.

"Ooooh!" the girl moaned with me, arching her back. "Ooooh!" I continued fucking her, slamming her hard, firing pump after pump of cum into her little kitten.

We lay together for a minute in silence, basking the beautiful afterglow. Slowly my head began to clear of the passion and I started wondering, what the hell did I just do? I just had sex with a thirteen-year-old! With my thirteen-year-old niece! How many laws had I just broken? And how many moral codes? And I came inside her! Jesus Christ, what if she gets pregnant? What kind of horrible man am I? Don't I have any self-control?

As I began to feel panic washing over me, my niece turned to me.

"Thanks, Uncle Raymond," she said.

"Thanks?" I said back, with audible confusion. "*You're* thanking *me*?"

She gave me a little grin, her face still red. "Yeah. Both times me and Mike had sex, he wore a condom, and I didn't really like it. I really wanted to know what it's like to do it without one, and now I do!"

"Oh? And... did you like it?"

She smiled big. "Yes! I loved it! And not just the condom thing, you're way better at it than Mike!"

"Yeah? Like, how? What was better about it?"

"I don't know... You just *fuck*, you know what I mean? You just took control and *fucked* me. I really like that." She gave an embarrassed little smile. "I guess that makes me sound kinda dirty, huh?"

"No, not at all, lots of women feel that way. But... about the condom thing... You know you could get pregnant, right, Heather?" I could feel my sense of panic returning.

She smiled at me. "You know the 'morning after pill' or whatever they call it, right?"

"Oh, right." I said, glad that the girl had her wits about her more than I did. "Maybe we can find somewhere around here to buy one."

"We don't have to," my niece said. "My friend Janet, she had an older boyfriend, like, he was in college, and they had sex all the time, and he bought some of those pills for her. They just broke up last week so I asked her if I could have some. And she gave them to me!"

"Really? What, were you planning for this to happen all along?"

"Well, maybe hoping more than planning."

"Wow," I said, overwhelmed by the idea of the young girl plotting in her mind to have sex with me.

"And don't worry, Uncle Raymond, I didn't tell Janet anything about you. So, you see? You don't have to worry about anything!"

I nodded, amazed at this girl that used to be my innocent little niece.

She grinned. "And Uncle Raymond?"

"Yes?"

"For this whole vacation, you can have sex with me whenever you want."

"Heather..."

"I'm serious, Uncle Raymond. You know I want to be nice to you for being so sweet to me. Whenever you want, you can just tell me, and I'll let you do it. If you want to do it again right now, I'll let you!"

"You don't have to do anything for me, Heather. You don't owe me anything."

"I know. I just think it would be fun! I’m on vacation, you know. I want to have all kinds of fun on this vacation.”

I shook my head in stunned amazement. "If that's what you really want, sweetie..." I said.

"It is! So, do you like the idea?"

I smiled and shook my head some more. "Sure, of course I do."

"Yay!" she said with a big smile. "I was hoping you would! But I was worried you wouldn't like it." She paused for just a moment before continuing. "And Uncle Raymond?"

"Yeah?" I asked, wondering what the hell the girl could possibly say next.

"You can do anything you want. Just tell me what you want to do, and I'll let you do it, okay? If you want to use my mouth, or... or something else... I'll let you do whatever you want."

I just smiled and shook my head. Her words had proved an inspiration for my happy cock, who was already stirring with new-found excitement at the possibilities he saw before him. "Well, I think I'd like to use your mouth right now."

"OK..." She started sliding down under the covers, but paused and looked up at me. "I should probably warn you, though, Uncle Raymond. I'm not very good at using my mouth. I only did it once--well, twice, I guess, with Mike and one of his friends. And it didn't work very well. They both said I wasn't very good at it."

"That's pretty shitty of them," I said.

"Yeah, I guess. But it was true."

I put my hands on her head and stroked her soft auburn hair. "A girl just needs a little coaching," I said.

She smiled sweetly up at me. "Will you be my coach, Uncle Raymond?"

I smiled just as sweetly down at her. "I'd love to be your coach."

"See, Uncle Raymond? This is exactly what I want to do on this vacation! You have lots you can teach me, and I want to learn everything! Boys my age... they can't teach me anything, you know?"

"That's right," I said. "You need an experienced man!"

"I do! I need you! So will you tell me what to do with my mouth?"

I started pushing her down. "Just open your mouth really wide. You don't want your teeth to touch my cock."

"Yeah," she said, her voice muffled under the covers now. "Mike and his friend complained a lot about my teeth."

"You shoulda bit them!"

She giggled. "Yeah, I should've!"

"Don't bite me, though!"

"No way, Uncle Raymond! I'll do exactly what my coach tells me, I promise!" These last words were accompanied by the feeling of her warm breath on my once-again rigid cock, as she arrived at her destination down deep under the covers. Then I felt her mouth wrap wetly around my head.

She pulled off. "Like that, Uncle Raymond?" she asked from under the bedsheets.

"Exactly like that!" I groaned.

"I can hardly fit it in my mouth, it's so big," she said.

"Just open real wide. And suck it while you do it."

She wrapped her wonderful lips around my cockhead again and gave a suck.

"Now," I instructed the girl hidden under the covers, "start sliding your lips back and forth over my head, and keep sucking."

My little niece did exactly what she was told, lips tight, but no teeth; warm soft tongue sliding along the bottom of my head as she bobbed on and off of it.

"Oh my god, Heather!" I moaned. "Those guys were full of shit! You're a natural at this!"

She pulled off again. "It's because I have a good coach!"

"Now use your hands," her coach continued. "Wrap one of them around my cock, and play with my balls with the other one."

One of my little niece's cool little hands wrapped around my shaft, and the other one started gently petting my balls.

"You can hold my shaft really loose and let it slide through your hand..." I had to pause to groan for a second as she started doing what I told her. "And use lots of spit, get my cock real wet, as wet as it gets when it's in your pussy."

I could feel spittle sliding down my cock under her loose fingers.

"Ooooh Heather!" I groaned, breathing hard. My fingers almost involuntarily wrapped into her soft hair, and I started moving my hips in rhythm with her sliding mouth and hand. "You can also grip my cock tighter, and jack it while you suck. Oh god!" I groaned again as her fingers tightened and she started sliding my loose skin over the stiff flesh beneath.

"Oh god Heather!" I moaned, my fingers tightening into fists that clenched her hair, my hips moving with more authority now. I felt my orgasm boiling from deep within me. "Oh fuck you little whore! Take my cum!" I shouted into the heavens, and as I shouted, I exploded into her mouth. Although my balls had been well-drained not long before, the first shot was still more than the young girl could take and I felt her head shake with surprise in my hands. I quite graciously allowed her to pull off, but then held her in place while I finished, spurting several shots of semen onto her face.

It was a long pause while Heather just lay there and I held her head in my hands. Then she giggled.

"I made you cum, Uncle Raymond!" she said with a obvious sense of pride from underneath the covers.

"You did, sweetheart, you did!"

"I'm sorry I didn't get it all in my mouth," she said. "I tried, I swear I did!"

"That's okay, Heather," I said, stroking her hair. "You'll get it all next time."

"I will! I promise!"

She climbed back up out of the covers. Her beautiful face was shining with pride and excitement, and splattered with cum. "I did swallow everything that got in my mouth, Uncle Raymond," she said, "because I know that good girls are supposed to swallow."

"You did great, Heather," I said.

"And Uncle Raymond?"

"Yes?"

"You called me your little whore..."

"Sorry, I..."

"Is that what you want? Do you want me to be your little whore?"

"Well..."

"I want to be your little whore, Uncle Raymond, all vacation long. You can call me that whenever you want. And thanks for being my coach. You're a really good coach."

"It was my pleasure, believe me."

She giggled. "Well, I hope you have lots of other things you're gonna teach me on this vacation!"

"Maybe a few things," I smiled.

"Good." She yawned. "I'm sleepy, I think I'll go to sleep now, OK?"

"Aren't you gonna wash off your face?" I asked, looking at the streaks of cum that were slowly drying on her cheeks.

"No, I like it! I like having your cum on my face. It reminds me of your cock and how much fun it is to suck it!"

I grinned and shook my head with disbelief as she lay down on her pillow with a happy smile.

**Day Two**

The next morning provided me with my first real opportunity to find out if she actually meant it, when she said I could have sex with her whenever I want. And, yes, I was more than willing to put her to the test.

The dear angel was still sleeping soundly when I awoke, a serene smile on her soft face, her freckled cheeks pale with just a hint of blush as they were bathed by the morning sunlight that shone in from the balcony and illuminated our bed in a pleasant glow.

Stepping softly so as to not disturb her peaceful sleep, I opened the doors that led out to the veranda of our hotel room. It was a spectacular morning, warm and sunny, and the veranda looked out over the Côte d'Azur and the many yachts and sailboats moored beyond. Laptop in hand, I sat at the little table on the balcony and began typing up a report for the film company of my findings so far. The report was long since sent when Heather finally stirred. She opened her sleepy green eyes and squinted out at me, them climbed out of the bed and walked gingerly to the bathroom.

When she returned, I was already standing in the room on the other side of the open balcony doors. "Good morning, sweetheart," I said.

"Good morning, Uncle Raymond," she responded. "I'm sorry, I had to go pee." She sat down on the bed, rubbing her eyes.

"How'd you sleep?"

"Great. How about you?"

"Like a baby," I answered. "The sleep of a satisfied man."

She have a soft little smile. "Good, I'm glad."

"Are you hungry? We can go have breakfast in a minute. I hear the breakfasts here are spectacular."

"Yes, please," she said.

"But first..."

She gave me the prettiest, sweetest smile you could ever imagine. "You wanna have sex again, don't you?"

I'm sure she already knew the answer, but like she says, I am a gentleman, so I gave her the opportunity to turn down the request. "Only if you're up for it. If you're too sore, I understand."

"No, I'm not sore, Uncle Raymond. I feel fine. And besides, a little whore doesn't get to say no, right? I'm never gonna say no to you all vacation, I promise." She paused, then grinned. "I'm the girl who never says no."

I walked to the bed, kicking my pajama pants off as I advanced on her. She was staring right at my cock when I arrived at the edge of the bed.

"Look at you, Uncle," she said. "You're already so hard! I can't believe how big it is. I can't believe it fits inside me!"

She lay down, then lifted her nightie, revealing that she'd never put her panties back on last night. Slowly, she spread her thin pale legs open.

This was the first time I'd actually seen her little kitten, and I was instantly and forever in love. I've seen plenty of pussies in my life, including a few that were pretty young, but I'd never seen anything as beautiful as this and I'm sure I never will again. Sweet little auburn curls graced chubby lips, the skin a pale cream that gradually deepened in color into a most inviting pink as they met together in a tiny slit. Similarly pale, the hood of a little clit stood out adorably from the top of the slit. Just a few stray strands of the same auburn hair were starting to sprout above those beautiful baby lips.

I knelt between her open legs.

"Spread your pussy open, Heather," I said.

She reached down and hooked her index fingers inside her lips and pulled them open wide, revealing dark red flesh, her little inner labia leading down from the bulb of her clit, spreading now to offer up the glistening darkness of her vagina.

"Do you like my pussy, Uncle Raymond?" she asked.

"She's beautiful," I answered reverentially.

She ran a finger through her inner labia, teasing it over her clit. "I wish I'd still been a virgin last night," she said. "I wish you'd been my first."

"It was probably better that you weren't."

"I suppose. But you were so much better than Mike, when he did it, I know it would have been way better if you had been my first. But you're such a gentleman that you probably wouldn't've popped my cherry even if I asked you to, huh?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

"And then I couldn't ever be your whore!"

"True!"

"Will you fuck me now, Uncle Raymond?" she asked, her fingers still spreading her lips open wide. "Will you fuck me like you did last night?"

I directed my cockhead down. From my vantage point, as I sat up on my knees and she kept her pussy spread, I had the perfect view of my thickness disappearing into the tiny opening of her vagina.

She gave out a breathy moan. "Oh my god, it's so big, Uncle Raymond!"

I pulled my hips back and pushed a little further into her warmth, watching her red inner labia slide along my shaft.

She let out her breathy moan again. "I love how it stretches me open!" she said.

As I pulled slowly back again, I could see a sheen of wetness that her pussy coated onto my cock, as her lips slipped back up to the crown of my head. I continued pulling back and watched my crown emerge as well from between her succulent folds.

"I have a perfect view," I said. "I can see my cock sliding in and out of you."

She sat up on her elbows and looked down. "Does it look good?"

"It looks fucking great!"

By now I was gliding into her easily, the little kitten nicely wet and ready to please her man.

"Oh!" she panted. "I love how you fill me up so full!"

"You're so tight, Heather!"

"And you're so big! So thick!"

"We're perfect for each other, Heather!"

"We are, Uncle Raymond! We're a perfect match!"

By now I was moving freely, pussy wet and open and offering full access. I lifted her nightgown, up and over her small soft breasts, watching them shimmy up and down as I thrust into her. Then I took her knees in my hands and pushed them towards her until they were on either side of her face, leaning over her and holding her down with all my weight. As I did, I moved my head down and took a nipple into my mouth, tasting, feeling, biting gently. She moaned and I moved to the other nipple, tasting and feeling and biting again. And then I lifted my head, held her legs tight down to her face, and started slamming in and out of her.

"Oh, fuck me, Uncle Raymond!" the little hussy shouted, loud enough that surely anyone outside could hear her through the open doors to the veranda. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!!!"

"Where do you want me to cum, little whore?" I asked, a vision of quiet restraint in comparison to her.

"Cum inside me! Oh please please please cum inside me!" I was hoping there really were people outside listening to this. They would be enjoying it, for sure!

But instead of cumming, I pulled out.

"On your hands and knees, Heather," I commanded as I climbed off the bed.

She wasted no time in turning over and I grabbed her hips and pulled her to the edge of the bed, so that her ass was directly in front of me. I gripped her beautiful round pale cheeks, holding her tight, and slid my cock into her kitty again.

"Oh my god Uncle Raymond!" she groaned. She dropped down onto her elbows and reached a hand back underneath her and started stroking my balls as I rammed my cock into her, hitting bottom almost instantly upon entering her, forcing her tight vagina to stretch open to accommodate me. "Oh my god!"

I lifted a hand from an ass cheek and brought my palm down. Slap!

She exhaled loudly, then looked back at me as I continued to fuck her hard. "Are you spanking me???"

"Yes!" I brought the hand down harder this time. Slap!

"Oh my god Uncle Raymond!" she shouted with great enthusiasm. "Spank me! Spank me and fuck me and cum inside me!"

Whack!

I could feel her body start to shake. "Uncle Raymond! I'm cumming! Cum inside me while I cum!"

Obviously I couldn't turn the girl down on that offer, so with two or three more expert strokes inside her, accompanied by two are three more hard slaps on her buttocks with the palm of my hand, I brought myself to orgasm, and she shook and moaned, and I shook and groaned, as the two of us came together.

When I pulled out of her, she rolled over onto her back, her legs spread wide, her pussy open and distended, a drop of pearly cum emerging from her battered opening.

She was red in the face and panting hard, a big smile eventually emerging.

"God, I love having sex with you, Uncle Raymond!" she said.

Breakfast was indeed the gilded affair that I'd been promised it would be, with delicious dainty pastries and boiled eggs with crusty bread. Heather made a point of getting an eclair.

She was dressed more conservatively today, at my request, wearing a gray pleated skirt that hung to her knees and a white blouse buttoned up to her neck, because this morning's plans included a drive up to a mountain monastery where my company was hoping to film a handful of scenes. The girl looked exquisite, and remarkably sexy, her outfit speaking at once of a business-like demeanor and, contra-wise, of a sex-crazed schoolie, the latter vision accentuated by the fact that her face still sported a reddish hue on her freckled cheeks from cumming hard an hour earlier. It's hard to imagine my beautiful niece looking any more beautiful than she did right then.

It was a fine mid-morning when we turned up onto a mountain road, the top down on the car, my niece leaning back and smiling with her aviator sunglasses covering her bright green eyes. Thankful, she kept her shirt on today. Or, perhaps, disappointingly, I suppose.

The old monastery was ancient and beautiful, and the dean more than helpful, especially when I didn't balk at his rather exorbitant fee; while I met with him, Heather wandered the building and the grounds, making friends with all the brothers who quickly took a great liking to her. We left with promises to return to dine with them that evening.

Back down the mountain, I suggested that we might spend the afternoon at the beach, which was met with most enthusiastic agreement from my companion.

But first...

Back at the hotel, I led my niece out onto the veranda and took her into my arms and we stood there in the sunshine and kissed, tongues flirting, my cock growing with excitement at the coming possibilities.

"Heather," I said, "your coach thinks you need a little more practice with your mouth."

She grinned. "Practice makes perfect, right, Coach?"

"Yes, indeed it does."

"So, right here? Outside?" she said softly. I could see her cheeks pinkening.

"Sure. It doesn't look like there's anybody around."

"No," she said, standing up on her tiptoes and kissing me again. "But I wouldn't care if there was."

"No?"

"No! I mean, it's okay if other people watch, isn't it? I guess maybe you could get in trouble, but other than that, it's okay, right? If they want to watch, why not?"

"I think you're a bit of an exhibitionist, Heather," I said with a smile.

She grinned and blushed some more. "I guess... I think maybe I am! So what should I do? Get down on my knees?"

I nodded, and she knelt, and I stood before her like her lord and master as she reached out timid hands to unbuckle my pants. Soon, there in the warm sunshine on our hotel room's veranda, overlooking the beautiful Côte d'Azur, she pulled my trousers down, then gripped the waistband of my boxers and pulled them down as well.

Now with wide green eyes staring at my cock, and with hands less timid though no less reverential, she gripped my semi-erect shaft and gave him a few gentle two-handed tugs. He grew to fullness in her fingers.

She raised her eyes to look up at me. "I love your cock so much, Uncle Raymond," she said. "It's so warm, and so heavy!" She leaned in and gave the tip of my head a kiss, still holding him with both hands. "I swear it's my favorite thing in the whole world."

"You are such a sweetheart, Heather."

"I'm totally serious, Uncle Raymond! I totally am!"

"Now, before you start sucking, a bit more coaching," I said.

She smiled up at me. "Yes, Mr. Coach?"

"Before you suck a cock, you need to kiss it, all over. Every inch."

"Yes, Mr. Coach."

She leaned in and started covering my shaft with gentle kisses, sending brief jolts of electric excitement through my body each time her lips touched my skin.

"And lick it," I managed to say after catching my breath. "Remember last night, how I had you get my cock wet with your spit?"

She nodded up at me from under my cock. "Yes, Mr. Coach. You said to make him as wet as he gets in my pussy."

"Do that now with your tongue."

"Yes, Mither Coath," she said, already licking, the brief jolts turning into sustained pulses now.

Breathing hard, I put my hands on her head. "And my balls, Heather. Lick them, and suck them, too. Good girls suck balls!"

She slid underneath and kissed my scrotum. "I want you to know what a good girl I am!" I reached down and lifted my shaft so I could watch as her pink tongue flowed from her lips and over my balls. "Mr. Coach, should I get your balls all wet, too?"

"Yes, little student," I said, all breathy. "When I fuck you and your pussy is gushing, my balls get soaking wet."

"That thounds nithe." Her breath as she spoke cooled her spittle on my balls, causing my sack to tighten.

"It is nice, believe me. So you see, little student, you must soak a man's balls as well as his shaft before you suck him."

"Yeth..." *lick* "...I thee..." *lick* "...Mither Coath..." *lick* *lick* *lick*.

"Now little student, it's time for you to be a ball sucker. Open your mouth wide and take a ball in."

I held my shaft up and watched her, staring up at me with her bright green eyes as she took one of my balls into her mouth and gave it a suck.

She pulled off, still looking up at me from beneath my cock. "I like being your ball sucker, Mr. Coach! But your balls are so big I can barely fit one in my mouth." She looked down at my scrotum, hanging right in her face, so close that she was forced to cross her eyes. Then she leaned in and gave it a little kiss, then moved to the other ball that had thus far been neglected by her new-found ball-sucking skills. "You must make a lot of sperm in these big balls." She kissed the neglected ball. "I can see why you were worried that you'd get me pregnant." Then she opened and sucked the ball in. As she sucked, she let out a little moan which vibrated around my cock, and then she reached down and lifted her skirt and pushed her hand down her panties.

"Is it okay..." she panted, pulling off my ball "...if I masturbate? I'm just so turned on!"

I grinned. "Of course it is!"

And she went right back to sucking the ball again.

Finally I pulled back, my shaft slapping against her face as I let go of it. "It's time to make me cum, Heather," I said.

She looked up at me, her eyes glassy, panting hard. She nodded as she instantly opened her mouth wide. I grabbed her head, fingers wrapped in her hair, and shoved my cock in her mouth. I pulled back, shoved in, back and in again. With her one hand still buried in her panties, she lifted the other one up to do with it what she'd been taught, but I grabbed hold of her wrist and, with my other hand still on her head, I lifted her arm and pushed her back, pinning her against the railing at the edge of the veranda.

Her hand was working fast and hard in her panties, and I was holding her tightly in place and fucking her mouth nice and hard. I had a good view now over the railing and down to the parking lot three floors below, and after a couple minutes enjoying the pleasure of her warm mouth while she petted her kitten with a vigor matched only by my own, I saw car pull up and a man step out. His attention was immediately drawn to the activity on our balcony above him, and he stood there looking up at us with a wondering expression.

"There's a man in the parking lot, watching us!" I said.

"Ggguuuhhh," she gurgled.

"Oh fuck Heather, show him how you make me cum! Show him how you catch it all and swallow!"

She nodded as best she could, her face dark red and her body shaking, and I clenched her wrist tight and her hair even tighter, holding her hard against the railing. A moment later, I unleashed a torrent of pent-up passion into her mouth.

She did indeed catch it all, though I can't really say that she had much choice in the matter, and she shook and quaked and moaned as she took her load. When I pulled out, she continued digging in her panties, her mouth open with my semen foaming into bubbles around her lips, her body still wracked with quaking orgasm, now gradually decreasing. Eventually she pulled her hand out of her panties.

"Is the man still there? Should I show 'im?" she asked, cum dripping from her lips and down her chin while she spoke.

I grinned and nodded. "Definitely."

She lifted herself up and poked her head over the railing. The man stood below, his mouth open in amazement. She opened her mouth wide, then closed it and swallowed, then waved to him. He waved feebly back.

She turned back, giggling, and sat down on the floor of the balcony, her back against the railing. "Do you think he noticed?"

"Oh I think he did!"

"Do you think he liked it?"

"I think he did! Men love to see cum in a girl's mouth."

She grinned broadly. "I can't believe I made you cum with my mouth again, Uncle Ray--I mean, Mr. Coach!"

"You did great, little student. One last lesson; after you swallow, you need to show the man that your mouth is clean so he knows you drank it all."

"Okay, Mr. Coach!" And she opened her mouth wide. I used a finger to wipe a dollop of cum from her chin and stuck it in her mouth and she sucked the cum off and swallowed that, too, then opened her mouth to show me again.

"So remember, little student: When a man cums in your mouth, you always catch it all, you always show it to him in your mouth, you always swallow it, and you always show him that you swallowed."

"Sounds like there's gonna be a quiz!" she said with a giggle.

"There'll be lots of practice, that's for sure."

"Good!"

"Now, let's go to the beach!"

"Yay!"

The beach, the Côte d'Azur, for the rest of the afternoon. Heather was topless almost the entire time, only donning her tee-shirt when we ate sandwiches at a beach-side cafe; even then, the view was spectacular, little thirteen-year-old breasts naked under thin cloth, nipples poking out, the shimmy and bounce of her adolescent titties quite apparent, especially when she laughed.

Worried that the hot afternoon sun would burn her delicate skin, I stopped into a pharmacy and bought some sunblock, as well as something that I hoped to use later in the day. I insisted that whenever she was topless, she must put the sun lotion on.

"Only if you rub it on me, Uncle Raymond," was her giggling response as she sat up with her shoulders back and her naked breasts pointed right at me.

"Heather..."

"Oh I suppose you're right, that wouldn't be good. It'd be fun though!"

"I'll gladly do your back, but you'll have to do the front."

"OK, but only if you promise to watch while I do it."

I wasn't the only man watching, that's for sure. She spent an awful lot of time rubbing that lotion onto her sweet breasts. I wasn't sure how pinching and pulling on her nipples helped keep her from getting sunburned, but she sure did plenty of that while she rubbed the lotion in. And, my only concern being that she wouldn't burn, I insisted that she apply the sunblock regularly throughout the day.

More than once, while I was doing my part by rubbing lotion onto her back, when I was certain no one was looking, I slipped my hand under her arm and gave a little breast a squeeze, much to her giggling delight.

We went straight from the beach to the monastery for dinner. Heather began changing back into her business-horny schoolie outfit in the car as we drove up the mountains; she pulled her tee-shirt off first, then her bikini bottoms, and she sat back for a moment and basked naked in the sun. Her fingers graced lightly over her skin, cupping her breasts and playing with her nipples, then settling between her legs at her little hairy kitten.

"Do you like watching me masturbate, Uncle Raymond?" she asked when she caught me looking.

"Yeah, it's very hot."

"I like to think about your cock while I do it."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Can I look at him right now?" she asked, reaching over, not waiting for an answer. She unzipped my pants and fished my dick out. She made a little fist and started jacking me while she rubbed herself with her other hand between her legs.

"He's so big," the naked girl said as I hardened in her hand. "Ooh!" Her legs twitched along with her finger-rubbing. "Ooh, Uncle, I'm gonna cum! I got so horny at the beach when you played with my titties, right there in front of everyone! Ooh! I wish you'd been naked, I would have played with your cock all day!" Her legs were shaking now, her face shining, smiling, bright red. "Ooh Uncle I'm cumming! Ooooh!"

Nor missing a beat, still orgasming, she leaned over and took my cock into her mouth. It was all I could do to pay attention to my driving as my sweet naked thirteen-year-old whore gave me head, right there in the beautiful sunshine in our convertible on that pretty mountain road. She had her hand loose, sliding along with her mouth as she bobbed and sucked, and I could feel her spittle flowing down. It took a while for her to work me up, but she kept at it with diligence and determination, and finally the dear niece got her uncle off, bringing me to wonderful orgasm in her mouth.

She sat up. She opened her mouth and showed me the cum pooled on her tongue. She closed, swallowed, then opened it again.

Now she smiled, a big, proud grin. "I made you cum with my mouth twice today, Uncle Raymond!"

"You did!"

"And I did exactly what Coach told me. I caught it all, I showed it to you in my mouth, I swallowed it, and I showed you that it was all gone!"

"You did! What a good student you are!"

"I have a really good teacher!"

It seemed only with great reluctance that she finally pulled her clothes on that beautiful sunny afternoon.

We arrived at the monastery a half-hour early for dinner, and the brothers were busy preparing the food, so Heather took me on a tour of the place, both indoors and out. She bubbled with excitement the entire time.

"Brother Francois says this wall was built by the Romans," she said when we were in the garden. "It's a thousand years old, can you believe that? And that tower over there, Brother Michael said it used to be the bell tower, 500 years ago."

"Wow, that's so cool!"

"I know. Are you guys gonna film here? They really need the money you know, and they're such good people, they do so much good stuff! You really should film here, Uncle Raymond."

"It sounds like you really like it here," I said.

"Oh I do!"

"Maybe this is your calling! Maybe you should become a sister!"

"I totally would, except one thing."

"The vow of abstinence."

She grinned and nodded. "I've found out on this vacation that I like sex way too much to ever go without."

"That's my sweetheart! The girl who never says no!"

She was smiling big now as the dinner bell rang. "Your little whore!" She stood up on her tiptoes and have me a kiss on the cheek, and we hurried off to the dining room.

Dinner was roasted pork, simply presented but lovingly prepared. I sat at the left of the dean, but Heather was at his right, the place of the most respect. It was clear that even the elderly dean found he liked her company quite a lot, and she didn't disappoint, chatting all evening about how much she loved France, and the Riviera, and the monastery.

"I just know Uncle Raymond's company is going to film here, right, Uncle Raymond?"

"Well..."

"I mean, how could they not? It's so beautiful here!" All the brothers nodded in agreement.

We stayed well into the night, drinking wine that the brothers made themselves there on their estate from their very own grapes, grown for a thousand years. The dean told us, with a merry laugh, that a bottle of their wine sells for more than a hundred dollars in America. "And yet we drink it like it is water here!" He raised his glass to Heather, and she raised hers, for of course the brothers had no problem with pouring their wine freely for a thirteen-year-old, especially one as beautiful as my niece. "So it is," he said, "that some say riches are what you have at hand. I am a poor man living a vow of poverty, and yet I drink hundred-dollar wine!"

"And you live in such a beautiful place," she replied. "I think heaven must look just like this."

That brought a rousing salute from all the brothers.

We talked politics, and theology, and sang songs; I was impressed at how well my niece could carry herself in the company of such learned men, and they were certainly impressed as well. As the night wore on and the wine was poured, I'm sure I'm not the only one who felt that the girl might be getting a little flirty with the men. They clearly loved it, even the old dean, and so did she; imagine Heather in a room full of sex-starved, horny men! I swear, if protocol had allowed it, she would have stood on the table and danced for them.

As it was I led her out eventually, five or six of the glasses of wine in her now, to the often roared goodbyes from the brothers and promises to come back soon and often. I was only glad that the parting kisses were limited to the cheek; I was a bit worried that she might start giving each of them some tongue.

The drive home was blessedly uneventful, other than Heather's constant chatter. "They are so nice! You have to film there! If you do, will you bring me along? I want to see them again!" Rather than making her sleepy, the wine seemed to have awoken something quite excited and wonderful inside her.

"What are we doing tonight, Uncle Raymond?" she asked, the moment the hotel door was closed behind us. "What will you teach me tonight?"

Remember my thought of her up on the table dancing for the brothers at the monastery, I sat down on the couch and patted the top of the coffee table, looking at her.

She eyed me quizzically. "You want me to stand on the table?" she asked, already climbing onto it.

"I want you to dance for me."

She stood now on the table, swaying her hips delightfully to an imaginary beat. "And take my clothes off while I dance?" She was already unbuttoning her blouse.

I leaned back, hands behind my head, my fingers interlocked, a big grin on my face.

"I like this idea!" she said, three buttons down already. "Anything special, I should do, Unc--I mean, Mr. Coach?"

"Just take your time, and turn me on."

Five buttons, six. "I don't think that would be very hard, Uncle," she said.

"Oh, don't worry, it's getting hard."

She giggled, undoing the last of the buttons and opening her shirt, showing her little bra underneath.

I took out my wallet, fished out a ten Euro note, sat up. "Lean over," I told her.

She giggled some more as I stuffed the bill in her bra.

The shirt off entirely now, she bent down on a knee, then the other, unbuckling her black suede maryjanes. She stood up and lifted a leg in my direction.

"Will you help me take my shoes off, Mister?" she said.

One hand on her calf, I pulled the shoe off, then slid my hand down to the frilly top of her white ankle sock.

The other maryjane off, she lifted the first leg again. Looking down, with her eyes up and a little pout on her lips, she said, "And my sockies, too, Mister?"

That was when I decided that the girl was really, really good at this.

Barefoot and only her little bra above her waist, my ten Euro note still poking out of one of the cups, she spent a little time just dancing, arms out, hips swaying, slowly turning in a full circle. Facing me again, she pulled the bill from her bra and looked at it, wondering what to do with it once her bra came off. Then she smiled, folded it in half, and slid it under the waistband of her skirt, down further and into her panties. She reached around her back and unhooked her bra, then danced in a circle, hips swaying and bra unhooked. As she danced, she slipped her bra straps over her shoulders, and when she turned back to me, she wrapped one arm over her breasts and pulled the bra off with the other.

Still covering her breasts with her arm, she looked at me with her little pout again. "Do you want to see my titties, Mister?"

I nodded.

"Good! 'Cause I like to let men look!" And she slowly dropped her arm, teasingly revealing her beautiful breasts for me again, soft and cubby, her wide pink nipples standing up and tapering to thick teats.

"Do you like my titties, Mister?"

I nodded again.

"What do you want me to do? Should I play with them while you watch?"

"Make them bounce."

She smiled. "I'm not sure they can bounce. They're too little." But even as she spoke, she hopped, and they shimmied.

"Did it work? Did you like that?"

"Pretty good!"

Looking down at her chest, she stood up on her toes on the little table, then brought her heels down quick and hard. Her titties rose up, then fell down, a little quake vibrating through them as they settled back into place.

"There we go!" she giggled. "Did you like that?"

"Oh yes!"

She did it again, her titties thumping, quaking; she did it again.

"You like it when my boobies bounce, don't you, Uncle Raymond?"

I nodded. "I do."

She just stood there, hopping up and down on her toes, her sweet little chubbies bouncing.

I pulled my wallet out again and took out another ten Euro note. Heather grinned, I indicated with a motion of the bill that she'd get it once she pulled her skirt down. She well understood what I wanted, and unzipped the skirt and shimmied it down over her hips and it fell to the table. Then she stuck her pelvis out towards me, pink panties with the first bill stuck inside them right in front of me. I reached out and stuffed the second bill in with the first, taking a moment to rub her kitten while I did.

She danced a little more. "I bet you want me to take these panties off, don't you, Mister?" she said.

"Yes ma'am, I do."

"You think an innocent girl like me should show her pussy to a man like you?"

"Definitely."

She reached in and took the bills out, held them in her mouth, then hooked her fingers in their waistband. She pulled the backside down first, turning around to show me her sweet pale ass, then faced me again.

"Well, I guess if you want to see, I'll let you." And she slowly pulled them down until her little auburn-haired kitten was exposed. Then she let them fall to her ankles.

"Do you like my pussy, Mister?"

"Oh yes. She's adorable."

She looked down. "Do you think I should shave, Uncle Raymond? Lots of my friends shave theirs."

"No. I love your hair."

"Mike and his friend said I should shave. They said they didn't want to kiss my pussy because I wasn't shaved."

I lifted my arms up to her and she climbed off the table and sat down naked on my lap. "I'm really starting to hate this guy Mike," I said. I reached my hand between her legs and she spread them open and I started petting her kitten.

"So you understand why I wish I'd saved my virginity for you?"

"I do, baby," I said. "And let me tell you, I think you have the most kissable kitten I've ever seen."

"Kitten?" she said with a little smile.

"Yeah. Your pretty little kitten."

"Meow," she said.

I put my hands on her waist and lifted her up. "Get up on your knees, Heather. I want to kiss your little kitty."

"I've never had my kitten kissed," she said as she got up on her knees, her pussy right in front of my face. "Meow?"

I leaned in and gave the little curls of hair on her pubic mound a kiss. "I'm glad to be your first."

"My kitten's a kiss-virgin!" she giggled. "Will you take my virginity, Uncle Raymond?"

I kissed again, a little lower. "Yes!" I reached around and took her ass cheeks in my hands, them flicked my tongue out, over her clitty.

"Oh Uncle Raymond!" she moaned.

"You taste so good!" I whispered, licking more. "I'm in love with your kitten, Heather."

"Oh Uncle Raymond!" she moaned again. "I'm in love with your cock! And... and Uncle Raymond?"

"Yeah...?" licking...

"Ooh!" she said in the sweetest little soft, high moan. The girl started grinding her hips. "I think... I think maybe I'm in love with you."

I pulled away and looked up at her. She kept grinding her hips, against nothing now. "I think I'm in love with you, too, Heather." I went back down and she ground hard against my tongue.

"Do you think it's okay?" she asked. "I mean, we're related, and..."

"I thin' it's o'ay," I said, my tongue buried in her pussy.

"Ooh!" she moaned, high and soft, "Ohhhh! And... Uncle Raymond? You know how I'm your little whore on this vacation, right?"

"Yeah?" She had her hands on my head now, grinding hard.

"Do you think I could be your little whore when we get home, too?"

"Yeth!"

"Oh my god Uncle Raymond!" she said out loud, her legs starting to shake. "I wanna be your little whore forever! I promise I'll never say no, never ever! Ohhhh! I promise! I promise I'll be the girl who never says no! Oooohhhhhh!"

She climbed off, panting hard, and sat down, trying to catch her breath.

"That was a hell of an orgasm, Heather," I said.

She had a big grin on her wet red face. "It was! Thank you for kissing my kitten, Uncle Raymond. Thank you for taking her kiss-cherry! And Uncle Raymond?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"I meant everything I said, Uncle Raymond. Everything."

"I did, too."

She just smiled.

"Now," I said, "one more thing before bedtime."

"Yeah," she said. "You haven't had a cum yet."

I stood up and reached my hand out to her. She took it and I helped her stand. I led her to the desk and pushed her down from behind, so that she was leaning face-down onto it, and I opened the drawer and took out a tube of lubrication that I'd bought at the pharmacy when we were at the beach. I spread her sweet pale ass cheeks open and exposed her little rose-colored anus, then squeezed a big dollop of lube right onto it. I rubbed it in circles with a finger, and when I pushed my finger in, she lifted her head a bit and looked back at me.

"Uncle Raymond?" she said in a wavering voice. "Are you gonna fuck me in the ass?"

"I want to," I said, my finger deeper now, up to the second knuckle. "But only if you want me to."

She closed her eyes. "I told you I'd never say no. Never ever, no matter what you want to do." I started pulling my finger in and out, and circling it, stretching her tight little hole. "It's just," she added with a breathy moan, "I'm worried it will hurt."

"If it hurts, I'll stop."

"I don't want you to stop," she said. "It's okay if you want to hurt me."

"I don't ever want to hurt you, Heather."

"I know. You're a gentleman. But I want to learn everything you can teach me. And if you stop because it hurts, how will I learn?"

I pulled my finger out and dropped my pants. I squeezed a big dollop of lube on my cockhead, then spread her cheeks again and positioned my cockhead at her tiny opening.

She opened her eyes again and looked back at me. "I guess you're gonna take my anal cherry tonight, too, Uncle Raymond."

"I guess so!"

She gave me an uncertain smile. "Please fuck me in the ass, Uncle. Please?"

She let out a little low groan as I pushed my cockhead in. I watched my crown disappear into her, her sphincter clamping tight. "Does it hurt, sweetheart?"

She groaned again. "Don't stop, Uncle Raymond. I don't want you to stop. It's okay if you hurt me."

I petted her bare back as I pushed in further. "Just relax, baby," I told her. "Just relax your anus, don't fight it."

She had her eyes squinted shut tight, and I saw little tears willing. But she nodded. "I'll try, Uncle Raymond, I promise."

I was sliding back and forth now, her anus a vice grip as it slid along my shaft, her insides so warm! "Oh baby! It feels so good! It's so tight!" Her groans turned to grunts as I penetrated deeper and started moving faster. "Oh my god, Heather! Oh my god!"

I was balls deep now, and driving hard. I knew it was hurting her, probably hurting her bad, but I knew she didn't mind. I knew she wanted this. And so her ass was my fuck toy, her anus and her insides fiery hot as I ravaged her, slamming in and out. She groaned and groaned as I extracted my pleasure from her.

It's not that I liked hurting her, well, not exactly. But I liked knowing that she *wanted* me to hurt her. *That* was an amazing turn-on. And as a result, my whole body was on fire, my heart was racing and I was shaking. I'd never felt like such a man as I did right then. That's what sweet little Heather did for me! That's what a good girl does! She makes you feel like a man!

By this point, my orgasm was almost an anti-climax. Cumming in a girl is partly so enjoyable because it fills you with a powerful sense of masculinity, but I didn't need this now, Heather had made sure I felt like a total man already.

But I did cum, regardless, exploding inside her.

When I pulled out, I helped her stand. "Are you okay, sweetie?" I asked her.

She just nodded, then walked to the bed and climbed under the covers. I climbed in with her and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm sorry if it hurt, baby," I said.

"It's okay Uncle Raymond," she said, very quietly. "I liked it, lots. I'm just kinda sore now."

"We should probably clean you up, sweetheart," I said.

"I'll go to the bathroom in a little while," she said. "I just need to lay here a bit."

"Okay, sweetheart," I said.

She turned and looked at me. "And Uncle Raymond?"

"Yes, baby?"

"I love you."

I smiled, big. I was so happy to hear her say that after what I'd just done to her! "I love you too, Heather, and I always will."

She smiled, too. "I'm glad."

**Day Three**

At breakfast the next morning, dining by myself while Heather slept in, I saw a man sitting at a table nearby whom I recognized. The man who had watched Heather and me on the balcony the afternoon before.

Heather had begged off breakfast when she'd awakened, complaining of a headache and an upset stomach, and no doubt other sore parts as well that she left unmentioned.

"You drank too much wine, sweetie," I told her, mostly to alleviate my lingering guilt at what I done to her the night before.

"I think so," she said.

"Sleep it off, baby," I said. "And drink lots of water, it's mostly dehydration that makes you feel sick. I'll go out on my location scouting, and come back to pick you up and we'll spend the afternoon at the beach."

"Sounds perfect, Uncle Raymond," she said.

So, sitting at breakfast by myself, I made eye contact with the man who'd watched us the day before. He nodded to me, and when I nodded back, he stood and walked over to my table.

"Bonjour," he spoke to me in French. "My name is Jacques Bonheur." He extended his hand in greeting.

Suspicious, I stood and shook his hand. "Raymond,' I introduced myself, not willing to divulge my surname as well.

He gestured to the spare seat at my table. "My I?"

Not entirely certain whether it would be better to be polite or tell him to fuck off, I nodded to the chair and we both sat down.

"Your girlfriend, from yesterday," he said. "I saw her, and you, on the balcony of your room."

"Yes."

"She is very cute."

"She is."

"I hope you will not mind my being so forward, but I am curious. Is she a prostitute?"

"No."

He nodded. "She seems quite young. Your daughter, then? Or similar?"

"Something like that," I answered.

"May I ask how old she is?"

"She's eighteen." I was getting very nervous about this conversation.

He smiled, knowingly, it seemed. "I'm sure, Raymond, that you think I'm with the police, or child services. However I can assure you that I am simply a man with similar tastes to you."

"Oh? And what tastes are those?"

"An admiration of the talents of a young girl. I know you said she is not a prostitute, but if you would do a favor for a kindred soul, I would gladly pay."

"That doesn't seem very likely."

"No, I suppose not. You don't seem like a man who needs money. But you do seem a generous man."

I just stared at him, unresponsive.

"And she seems a generous girl."

I stared some more, but I nodded. "She is."

"I like to think that such generosity is worthy of sharing. Indeed, I'm blessed to have a girl like yours in my life. Perhaps we can work out a mutual arrangement?"

"I'm not particularly interested in another girl," I said.

"Ah! But you have not met my girl! She is not as talented as yours, though perhaps all she needs is more practice."

"A girl does need plenty of practice," I said, smiling at the man for what I think may have been the first time since we met.

Bonheur laughed. "Yes, indeed! And I think she would benefit as well from observing your girl!"

"Yes, well, Heather does like to have an audience."

Bonheur laughed again. I found that his was a genuine laugh, eyes shining with delight; I've always felt you could tell a lot about a man from his laugh, and this was not what I had expected, I suppose. This was not a lecherous laugh, nor a condescending one. It was simply a laugh of pure amused delight.

"Yes," he said, "I can see that she does!"

I have to admit, I'd warmed to the man by now. And his offer of a "mutual arraignment" did pique my interest. I also knew, in my heart, that the decision about his proposition lay with Heather as much as with me. She did want to have fun on this vacation, after all. I felt like I at least owed it to her to tell her about his offer, and let her decide how far she wanted to take it.

No doubt he could sense the change in my attitude. "Well, I at least would like to meet your 'Heather.' Perhaps the two of you would join me for dinner, here, tonight? No strings attached at all?"

I nodded. "That sounds like an excellent idea."

"Seven thirty?"

"Perfect."

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" I said to her upon returning from my work that morning. She was dressed and sitting cross-legged on the bed, staring down at the screen of her phone.

She smiled up at me. "I feel great, Uncle Raymond! I'm texting with my mom."

"Oh, how are they doing?"

"Good. It sounds like they're having a blast!"

"Sweet."

"How was your morning, Uncle Raymond?"

"It was alright. I had an interesting conversation at breakfast, with the man who watched us yesterday from the parking lot."

"Really?" Her phone buzzed, and she looked down at the screen. She typed a quick answer, then looked back at me.

"He asked me if you're a prostitute," I said.

She grinned. "Did you tell him I'm your little whore?"

"No, that didn't seem quite proper."

"I guess not. But he thinks I'm a prostitute? He thinks I have sex with you for money?"

"I guess."

"And he wants to have sex with me, too?"

"He does."

"Do you want me to have sex with him?"

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to do what you want, Uncle Raymond. If you want me to have sex with him, I'll do it."

"Well, I know that you want to have fun on this vacation. It's important to me that you have as much fun as you'd like. And if that means you want to have sex with other men, I'm certainly not going to stop you."

"But..." she said, "it doesn't seem like you want me to, Uncle Raymond."

"Seriously, I want you to do whatever you want to do. We made plans to meet for dinner tonight, I hope that's OK? Maybe we can just see where things go from there."

She smiled. "Good, I want to meet him! And maybe... Maybe I'll just give him a blowjob? That's kinda fun, and you wouldn't mind too much if I did that, would you?"

"Of course not. Not at all. And I think it would make him very happy."

She smiled. "Guys do like to get blowjobs, don't they?"

"They sure do!"

"But Uncle Raymond? I think I need more practice if we're gonna do that."

"Practice makes perfect!"

"It does!"

She started unzipping my pants.

"But I'm worried, though, Heather," I said. "What if he's bigger than me? What if you like his cock better than mine?"

She fished my dick out of the fly off my boxers. "No way!" she said, leaning in and giving my head a little suck. "This will always be my favorite cock in the whole world. He took my anal cherry last night!'

"Yeah. How do you feel? Is it still sore?"

"Maybe a little, but that's okay." She was stroking my cock and giving my head little kisses. "If you want to do it again right now, you know I'll let you. You know I won't say no."

"I know, sweetie."

"I know you think I didn't like it, because it hurt. But that's not true. I really liked it. I don't mind it if you hurt me." She took my head in her mouth after she said this, giving me a warm, wet suck.

"Is it weird, Uncle Raymond, if I kinda liked that it hurt?"

"No, I think a lot of women feel that way about anal sex."

"I guess that makes me a masochist? Because I kinda like it when it hurts?"

"I suppose it does."

"I know you don't like hurting me, Uncle Raymond. But..." She was licking my head, all over, and beating gently on my shaft. "...if there's anything else you want to do, but you're worried 'cause it might hurt, you should do it anyway. I want you to."

"There is one thing."

"Oh?"

"Well, so far you've only taken my head in your mouth. But we could go deeper."

"I'll do wherever you want, Uncle Raymond. I won't say no." She took my head in her mouth, letting spit flow out. Right then her phone buzzed again. She picked it up, not taking my head out of her mouth. She sucked as she read the message, then typed an answer.

"What would my mom think," she said, pulling off and giggling, "if she knew what I was doing while I texted her?" I laughed, too. "I have an idea, Uncle Raymond. This guy, the guy who watched us before and wants to have sex with me, do you think he might want to watch you and me again? You know, watch us having sex this time?"

"He might."

"I think I'd like it, too."

"I think you would!"

She smiled at me. "I'm an exhibitionist!"

"You are!"

"Now you said you want to go deeper?"

"I do, baby."

"And you think it will hurt?"

"Maybe, in a way."

She smiled. "Good!"

Once again, the exquisite feeling of a man, being with a girl you know wants you to hurt her. I'd gotten a few throat jobs in me life, but never one like this. I just grabbed her head tight and shoved my cock in deep, not caring at all if she resisted. My head forced its way down the back of her mouth and I felt her throat tighten around it as she began to gag. I pulled back, and off.

"Are you okay?" I asked her.

She squinted her eyes, pausing, then swallowed and took several panting breaths before she looked up at me and nodded.

"Did it hurt?"

She nodded again, then opened her mouth wide.

I shoved into her again, this time all the way, my head burrowing down her throat, my balls against her chin. She had her eyes shut tight and was making gurgling, gagging sounds, but I didn't care. I held her firmly in place as I fucked the little thirteen-year-old's throat. It was an amazing thing, tight around my head, warm and wet. It was near instant orgasm, and I pulled out and fired my cum on her face.

"Oh my god," she whispered hoarsely when I'd finished, "you fucked my throat!" She was covered in cum; I'd plastered her completely with six or seven shots. She reached a hand up and wrapped it around her throat, rubbing it.

"Does it hurt?"

She nodded.

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. "Do you like how I look, with your cum on my face?"

"I do. You look beautiful."

"I'll wear it as long as you want. I'll wear it outside if you want."

I felt a little self-conscious as we walked through the hotel lobby, Heather's beautiful soft cheeks and little nose dripping with semen. But she had a big smile the whole time.

"I am curious, dear Miss Heather, how old you are," Jacques Bonheur asked in a halting but otherwise fluent English. "Your uncle would not divulge this information. Well, at least he gave me an answer to the question that I did not believe was true." He smiled over at me.

Heather looked at me; I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm thirteen," she answered. "But I'll be fourteen in two months."

"Thirteen. A fine age. My own daughter, Juliette, is twelve. Perhaps you two will be friends? She arrives tomorrow."

"Oh! How fun! Can she come to the beach with us?"

"Indeed, she loves the beach, and unfortunately I am mostly here for business and must often leave her alone, unless she comes along for boring meetings with my colleagues. I have no doubt she will much prefer to go along with you."

"Do you hear that Uncle Raymond? I might have a French friend! And she might go to the beach with us!"

"That sounds great," I said between bites of fettuccine in truffle cream.

Not too many minutes later, we were in our hotel room; having noticed that he and Heather seemed to be on friendly terms, I'd suggested he come up to our room for a snifter of cognac. Heather was in the bathroom, Bonheur and I sat on the couch, wine in hand. She emerged a moment later, wearing her little denim miniskirt, a pair of hightops, and football jersey of the French national team that we'd just bought her that afternoon. As she approached us, she stepped up onto the table in front of the couch.

"I thought maybe you guys might like it if I dance for you a bit," she said. "I know Uncle Raymond would like it, how about you, Mr. Bonheur?"

He gave her a smile. "That would be delightful, Heather."

The sweet little thing started swaying her hips and tugging at her football jersey. She'd barely been dancing for a minute when the shirt came off. As she danced in her bra, I took out my wallet and she leaned towards me so that I could stuff a bill in a cup, copping a feel as I did. Bonheur nodded approvingly and took his wallet out as well; Heather turned and leaned to him and he slid his hand in a cup and felt her breast for a moment before leaving his tip.

Not too much later, she'd removed the bra, her little boobies bouncing as she hopped on her heels like she knows I like. Bonheur grinned with delight at the sight. I took out my wallet again, but he waved me off and took out his. Holding a 50 Euro note in his hand, he waited while Heather shimmied the little skirt off, then stuck her hips out in his direction, so that her panty-clad pussy was right in front of him, the first two bills we'd given her already stuffed inside. She reached down to the waistband of her panties and pulled the front open to give him easy access for his tip. He took full advantage, sliding his hand down and getting a good feel, while Heather giggled.

Once he had taken his hand out, she reached in and grabbed the bills and held then in her mouth as she slowly pulled her panties down, right in front of him.

And now she was wearing only her high top sneakers and her socks, which apparently she didn't intend to take off at all. She danced naked for another minute, twirling about directly in front of Bonheur. Then she sat down.

As Bonheur stared wide-eyed, the sweet thirteen-year-old spread her legs wide, right in front of him. Then she reached down with both hands and, hooking her fingers inside her pussy, pulled her lips apart. Bonheur literary licked his lips, starting right at her sex. He lifted a hand, index finger out.

"May I?" he asked.

"Of course!" Heather answered, still holding her pussy open for him.

He slid his finger into her. "Uggghhh," he groaned hungrily at the feeling of her warm kitten, and he began finger fucking her. As he did, she reached out to the fly of his pants and unzipped his pants, fished around inside until she gripped his cock, and pulled it out.

"Oh Mr. Bonheur! she said, pumping her little fist on his dick. "You're so big!" The two of them played together with each other's sex for a little while, and then Heather said, "So, Mr. Bonheur, Uncle Raymond and I think you might want to watch us fuck."

He laughed his genuine laugh of amusement and delight. "That would be nice."

"I'd really like it if you'd watch," she said. "Uncle Raymond says I'm an exhibitionist."

"I also believe you are."

She giggled, then turned and looked at me. "Uncle Raymond, will you fuck me now while Mr. Bonheur watches? And maybe I can give him a blowjob afterwards." She looked back at Bonheur. "Would you like that?"

"That would be very nice."

"I think so, too. I really want to suck your big cock."

I stood and started unbuttoning my pants. "Get up on the bed, on your hands and knees," I ordered her.

"I like it on my hands and knees," she said to Bonheur, reaching down to between her legs, where the man's finger was still buried in her pussy. She pulled it out, then lifted it to her mouth and sucked her wetness from his finger. "Sometimes when I'm on my hands and knees, Uncle Raymond spanks me while he fucks me." She stood. "Do you like to spank naughty little girls, Mr. Bonheur?"

"I do!"

"Maybe Uncle Raymond will let you spank me before I give you a blowjob."

"I'd like that," he said.

"So would I," she answered.

She climbed onto the bed, facing him as she knelt, then dropped down to her elbows. She let out a breathy moan as i entered her.

"It's okay if you masturbate while you watch, Mr. Bonheur," she told him. "I'd like to watch you masturbate." As I began sliding my dick in and out of Heather's thirteen-year-old kitty, he started jacking on his cock, still sticking out of the fly off his trousers. "Don't you dare cum, though," she said. "You can only cum in my mouth."

I was fucking her quite hard now, slamming in and out, and I raised my hand and brought my palm down on her ass, Whack!

"Ohhhh!" she moaned. "Spank me, Uncle Raymond! Spank me!"

Whack! Whack!

"Mr. Bonheur," she moaned, "will you please come over here, so I can lick your cock and make it all wet, just like Uncle Raymond's cock is all wet in my kitten right now? Please?"

The man stood up from the couch and walked to her. "Take your pants off, Mr. Bonheur, so I can lick your balls, too!"

She soaked the man's cock with spittle, head to base and all over his balls. By now, she was rocking her hips in rhythm with my aggressive thrusts, and we were both breathing hard. "Mr. Bonheur," the girl said in a breathy voice, "will you fuck me in the mouth? I want you to fuck my mouth while Uncle Raymond fucks my kitten! Please? Please?"

Bonheur grabbed two fistfuls of auburn hair, then shoved his cock in her mouth, and my dear little thirteen-year-old niece was double-teamed, mouth and cunt, spitroasted. He was aggressive, even violent, and I could tell that he was down her throat from nearly the first moment her was in her. I was sure glad right then that I'd done at least a little throat training with the girl. While Bonheur drove his cock deep in her mouth, I brought my palm down hard on her ass, Whack! Over and over, i slapped her bare red cheeks, Whack! Whack! Whack! My cock was bottoming out, repeatedly battering the end of her vagina deep inside her, while Bonheur just kept shoving his cock down her throat, pulling out almost completely, then ramming it in deep, over and over.

And Heather, well, she was cumming hard, her whole body shaking. I knew this was paradise for Heather, and I just kept spanking her the whole time she came, until my own orgasm exploded. Bonheur came at the same time me and the two of us filled the girl, front and back.

She collapsed onto the bed and lay there silently for a moment, before she managed to look up at him. Then she opened her mouth. She turned to look back at me with her mouth open, so I could see his cum, too. Then, still looking at me, she closed, swallowed, and opened again to show me it was gone. She turned back to Bonheur to show him her empty mouth, too, then collapsed onto the bed again, panting.

Bonheur and I had another snifter of cognac, chatting, while the hard-used girl just lay there naked and panting on the bed.

"That's quite a wonderful niece you have," he said.

"She's something, that's for sure."

"I only wish my daughter Juliette were half as dirty as her."

"Give her time, she's young."

"Yes, or... Perhaps you and Heather might be able to teach her a thing or two? For you see, she sucks my cock when I ask her to, and even seems to enjoy it, I believe, but she doesn't do it with nearly the enthusiasm of Heather."

I had to laugh at that. "Yes, Heather is very enthusiastic, isn't she?" As we spoke, I walked over to the bed and gently covered the naked young girl with a blanket.

"Thanks, Uncle Raymond," she said, looking up at me with a little smile and sleepy but sparklingly happy green eyes. "And I'm glad you think I'm enthusiastic. I never say no, right?"

I mussed her hair a bit. "The girl that never says no."

"That's me! And Mr. Bonheur, as far as teaching Julliette, Uncle Raymond is a very good teacher."

"You would be a good teacher, too, I think, Heather," he said.

"You want me to teach her to be the girl who never says no, just like me for Uncle Raymond?"

He gave a big laugh. "That sounds very nice, Heather. But Juliette is still a virgin. I am not sure she and I will never have sex. It might be too much for us."

"I bet we could convince Uncle Raymond to pop her cherry for you, Mr. Bonheur. Or you could always fuck her in the ass."

The man laughed. "True! Perhaps I should. Do you think she would like it, Heather?"

"Oh yes," she said dreamily. "I love it when Uncle Raymond fucks me in the ass."

Bonheur grinned and looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, I look forward to meeting Juliette," I said. "Perhaps we should go to the beach tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes," he said, drinking the last of his cognac. "I have my business to attend to then, and I'm sure she would love to have someone to spend time with, other than my colleagues."

"Then it's settled. Shall we plan for lunch together? And then I take the girls to the beach?"

"Perfect!" He stood, then walked to the bed and leaned over and kissed Heather on the cheek. "Thank you for a most wonderful evening," he said.

"Thank you, too, Mr. Bonheur," she said. "I'm sorry you didn't get to spank me. Maybe next time?"

"Certainly!"

**Day Four**

Juliette proved to be a bit more timid than I had expected, although the fact that her English was not very strong may have been the main reason for this. We'd met them for lunch after Bonheur had picked her up from the Nice airport, and Heather and I spent the morning hiking around some of our favorite spots up the mountains, and he was off to do his business until dinner. I spoke with Julliette at first mostly in my own halting French, but Heather knew no French, while Juliette's English was limited, and that left the two girls at something of a linguistic stalemate. Gradually, though, as kids will do, they worked out a language of gestures and facial expressions, and words their languages shared in common, and the conversation between them began to flourish.

She was small, surely not five feet yet and well under 100 pounds. She might have been only a year younger than Heather, but at this age, the variation in physical maturity can be striking, with Heather further than most along the maturing curve, and Juliette with barely a curve at all. She was blond, and a little mousy, but not in an unpleasant way; her large brown eyes shone out darkly, with a look that wavered between curiosity--even delight--at her surroundings, and a restrained caution. This gave her a captivating, almost mesmerizing, quality, accentuated by that delightful aspect of many girls her age, where they have no idea how much attention they are capable of attracting, among anyone, but especially among those of the opposite sex. At twenty-four, those giant brown eyes of hers will be exquisite tools of pure seduction, catching every man they encounter in their trap; at twelve, she'd barely began to conceive of such a notion, and certainly had no idea that she had the perfect tools at her disposal.

The girl was as excited about the beach as her father had predicted, and both Heather and Juliette insisted that we leave immediately after lunch. The younger girl wasn't fazed in the least when Heather took off her top, although Juliette herself kept her bikini on. Nonetheless she was a pretty sight, in a tiny baby blue two-piece that was the perfect color to compliment her pale skin and the perfect shape to show off a body on the verge of adolescence. I, along with all the other men nearby, found great enjoyment in watching the two of them frolic in the waves.

When we returned to the hotel several hours later, Juliette's father was still out, so Heather immediately invited her up to our room to watch some television. As the girls sat on the bed, watching some dumb French cartoon and eating ice cream straight from the carton that they'd bought at the hotel commissary, I went out on the veranda to download some site photos from my phone and start work on my final recommendations for the film locations.

A few minutes later my niece appeared on the balcony, her ice cream carton in hand. She scooped out a spoonful and lifted it upside down into her mouth.

"Whatcha doing out here, Uncle? Want some ice cream?"

"Sure."

As she walked over to me, I couldn't help looking at her legs. Well, mostly I was looking at her thighs, and thinking about how I wanted to be nestled in between them. Juliette was fine company, but right now I was wishing that Heather and I had the room to ourselves.

She pulled back the little table that my laptop was on, so that she could sit on my lap. As she scooped some ice cream out and held it to my mouth, I inadvertently put a hand on the unfathomably soft skin of one of those sweet thin thirteen-year-old thighs. I'm sure she could feel my instant reaction. Her little smile said it all, not to mention the way she ground against me with the pink bikini bottoms she still had on.

"What are you doing out here, Uncle Raymond?" she asked. “You should come in and hang out with us!”

"Meh, I’m working on my final report."

"That's so boring, Uncle. Come in and hang out with us!" She feed me another scoop of ice cream. "We miss you." She paused, have me a little face-lowered smile. "Juliette misses you."

"All you're doing is watching cartoons," I said. "Besides, I have to get this done at some point."

She squirmed in my lap. "We're only watching TV 'cause there's nothing more exciting to do."

She stuffed a spoonful of ice cream in her mouth, looking at me with a pouty frown. I leaned into her and kissed her. "What, you want to have sex? Right in front of Juliette?" From the corner of my eye I could see that the girl had sat up on the bed and was watching us through the open veranda doors.

"Uncle Raymond, you know that if you want to fuck me, you can just tell me, and I'll let you do it. No matter what. No matter who's around."

"Yes, but... Seems kinda rude to do that with Juliette right there, don't you think?"

"We're supposed to be teaching her, Uncle Raymond. That's what Mr. Bonheur said. And you act like she doesn't want to watch. But I know she does."

"Well..." I slipped my fingers under the bottom hem of her tee-shirt, slid my hand up her soft belly. "How 'bout we compromise?"

She grinned with her standard face-down eyes-up look, as my fingers tickled up her stomach to her ribs.

"How about you give me a blowjob right here, right now?" My hand found the pillowy flesh of the underside of a breast. "Juliette's watching, so you should be happy about that. You can show her how a little whore gives a man a blowjob."

She grinned some more and nodded. "I think that's mostly what Mr. Bonheur wants us to teach her, anyway," she said. "And if we do a good job teaching, maybe she'll be a little whore for him someday. Or maybe even for you."

"Me?"

"Of course you. She's hot for you, you know, Uncle Raymond. Can't you tell?"

"Don't be silly."

She shook her head. "Guys can be *so* clueless!"

"Whatever. Anyway, she's watching right now, so you need to give her a good lesson. Show her how it's done."

"Yes sir!"

I gave the adolescent tit a couple squeezes, then pulled my hand out and put it on her head, standing as I pushed her down to her knees. Not that the girl needed any encouragement; there's nothing Heather likes more, I've found, than an audience, and this was practically a panorama, with Juliette staring at us from the hotel room, and the possibility of other witnesses in the parking lot below as well. 360 degrees, a veritable theater in the round.

She had my shorts down to my ankles in an instant and started kissing. Kisses all over my cock, down under to my balls, back up with her tongue out now, soft and wet and warm, licking every bit of me. From inside, Juliette watched with fascination as my niece finally took my head in her mouth, bobbing, sucking, lifting her hands to stroke my shaft and pet my balls.

Juliette and I made eye contact, her big bright dark eyes wide, staring at me for a moment before dropping back down slightly to watch Heather working her magic on my cock.

My little thirteen-year-old cock sucker had my dick soaking wet now, and her lips were locked tight, sucking hard. When she heard me start taking deep, audible breaths and felt me put my hands on the top of her head, she knew just what to do, and she tightened her grip on my cock and jacked with amazing skill and enthusiasm.

"Oh, fuck, Heather," I whispered. She lifted her beautiful green eyes to look up at me, and that was all it took to send me over the edge to bliss. My legs shook, my cock thickened and stiffened in her mouth, my balls clenched in her little fingers, and I exploded.

As I pumped semen into my little niece's mouth, I managed to look through the open doors at Juliette. Staring in amazement, she lifted those dark eyes to mine.

When my orgasm was complete, Heather opened her mouth to show me my cum, then turned and showed it to Juliette as well. As the younger girl watched, Heather, still facing her new friend, closed her mouth and gulped it down, then opened again to show Juliette that she had swallowed it all.

We dined that evening with the Bonheurs in the hotel restaurant, the young girls excitingly telling Juliette's father, in both English and French, about what a grand time they'd had at the beach that day. We parted with full agreement to do the same the next day as well.

Back at our hotel, I told Heather I had another lesson for her.

"Yay!" she said, bouncing excitedly on the bed. "What're we gonna do?"

"You're gonna ride my on top tonight, Heather."

Her eyes went wide and her green eyes sparkled. "Awesome. I've always wanted to know what it's like to be on top!"

We kissed as we undressed each other, mouths enjoying each new part that was exposed. I pushed her down to her back when she was naked and kissed her from the top of her head, down, until I had a nipple in my mouth, tasting her sweet candy flavor, nibbling gently on her thick, excitedly stiffened teat. Then I moved down, chest, belly, to her kitten. She mewed and cooed as I licked her lips and suckled on her little clit.

I sat up, then turned and lifted a leg over her chest, leaning down to kiss her sex while my cock hung in her face.

She giggled. "This is nice, Uncle Raymond!" she said, her warm breath caressing my balls.

"It's called sixty-nine," I said, "where we kiss each other's sex at the same time."

"I like it!" she responded, her words accompanied by many sweet kisses to my balls, swinging before her.

My tongue dancing over her pussy lips, I lifted my hips up, so that my cock was aimed at her face, and she wrapped her sweet warm mouth around it. I started pumping as I sucked her clit into my mouth, and she moaned. I drove my cock in deeper until she swallowed my head, her whole body quaking as she took me into her throat. I fucked her then, my balls thumping against the bridge of her nose, and as I did, I lifted her hips a bit and moved my tongue down from her pussy to her anus, licking her bottom hole thoroughly, and she groaned with enthusiasm as best she could while my cock hammered in and out of her throat.

I pulled out, not wanting to cum just yet, planting a big kiss on her asshole. She groaned again.

"Do you like having your asshole kissed?" I asked her, giving it another lick.

"Uh-huh," she said, lifting her head and kissing the bottom of my scrotum, then my taint, then kissing my asshole. Her warm wet little tongue came out and licked, and licked.

"Oh Heather," I whisper-moaned, licking her as well.

Then uncle and niece gave each other rim-jobs. Anal sixty-nine.

Eventually, after the girl had shook and moaned through sweet little ass-inspired climaxes, I climbed off and lay down on my back.

"Okay, climb on!"

She grinned wide. "This is so much fun, Uncle Raymond!"

As she straddled my waist, she reached behind and directed my cock into her. "Ooooh," she moaned as I entered her easily, her pussy already soaked and ready.

"What do I do now, Uncle?" she asked.

"Just ride me. Like you're a cowgirl. Sometimes they call this the 'cowgirl' position!"

She giggled as she started lifting herself up on her knees, then sliding back down. "I like that! I'm a cowgirl and you're my stallion!"

I watched with a big smile as her sweet chubby little breasts thumped up and down in rhythm with her sex. My cock was already on fire inside her, her pussy so hot, her lips so loving as they slid up and down me, leaving their trail of sweet sticky wetness. When she reached bottom, those lips seemed to want to take my balls inside her as well, splaying around them in a warm, welcoming kiss, inviting them inside. When she pulled back up, I could feel her pussycum dripping down my scrotum.

She rode me for fifteen minutes at least, her hands on my chest, mine holding to her little adolescent breasts, squeezing them together, and letting go and watching them as they moved with her gyrations.

Eventually, I grabbed her hips and flipped her over, onto her back. Her eyes went wide with delighted surprise as her stallion rode her hard now, cowgirl become a filly, just one more minute of hard and anxious sex until I came, firing cum into her thirteen-year-old womb.

I lay on top of her afterwards and we kissed, tongues deep in each other's mouths, until I slipped out of her, soft and very satisfied.

**Day Five**

We all breakfasted together in the morning, the Bonheurs and us, Heather still glowing from the sunrise sex we'd just completed a few minutes earlier with the veranda doors wide open, her on her hands and knees, me slapping her ass as I rode her from behind, playing filly and stallion again.

Bonheur announced that sadly, he once again had business to attend to that day, and since my work was mostly completed, I suggested that the girls and I should spend the morning sight-seeing along the coast.

"And the beach in the afternoon!" Heather insisted, Juliette nodding in agreement.

"Okay, but I do have to finish my report at some point," I said.

"Boooor-ring" Heather said, amongst much giggling. "So can we go to Monaco?"

"That sounds like a good idea."

"Can we go to the Monte-Carlos?"

"You mean the casino?"

"Yes!"

"That doesn't sound like such a good idea."

"Well then," she said, sitting back and crossing her arms defiantly, "why go to Monaco at all?"

"Because it's pretty? They have a good aquarium there. It was founded by Jacques Cousteau."

"Who's Jacques Cousteau?" my niece said.

Bonheur and I shook our heads.

"Some famous dude," was all I said for an answer. "And they have the Prince's Palace, which is supposed to be nice. Or we could go east, to Italy, or further west to Èze."

"What's Èze?" she asked.

"I don't know, I've heard it's nice. Let's find out."

We stopped at the Prince's Palace, home to the royal family of Monaco and a strangely modernized medieval fortress. The girls enjoyed the short tour, or at least they pretended for my sake to not be too bored by it, though in truth I'm quite certain that they enjoyed the drive down the coast in the sun much better. The aquarium, the Oceanographic Museum of Monaco, was more interesting for them, and we spent a couple hours looking at the sea life and learning the fascinating story of how the museum inadvertently created an infestation of invasive tropical seaweed in the Mediterranean from their water discharge, and how the effects of this have not been dire as was once thought. At least not according to the propagandists of the museum.

From there we continued on to the village of Èze, a medieval hilltop village, where we wandered the narrow streets and admired the spectacular views. Well, I admired them, and so did Juliette I think, though Heather contended that the views from the mountains around Cap Martin were just as beautiful, "and much closer to our beach," she added, with emphasis.

And so, after a stop at my insistence at the Jardin Exotique with its astounding collection of cacti and succulents overlooking the bright blue sea, we grabbed some sandwiches at a little cafe and turned the car back to "home."

Heather again wore her little pink bathing bottoms, and nothing else, and Juliette her sweet baby blue bikini, as they played at the beach once again. I mostly lay in the sun, tired already from five hours of sight-seeing down the coast, drinking a local chilled sweet wine and watching the two girls as they attracted the attention of everyone nearby.

I eventually managed after at least three hours in the sun to convince the girls to head back to Cap Martin, insisting that I must finish my last report for the film company and put a capstone on a highly successful scouting mission. They agreed with great reluctance, but seemed to cheer up quickly as they sat together in the backseat of the rental, fast friends already even though they'd only known each other for a day and a half, the two of them whispering in conspiring tones amid much giggling. After a bit, Heather sat forward with her arms crossed over the headrest of the passenger seat in front of her.

"Uncle Raymond, me and Juliette are gonna go shopping in Cap Martin while you write your dumb report, 'kay?"

"Sounds like a good plan. You need some cash?"

"I got a little, but I was thinking of buying some clothes. So maybe I could earn some more!"

"I'll gladly give you some."

"But Uncle Raymond," she said with a smile, "I'm your little whore, and you haven't had a cum since morning! And I saw how you looked at us at the beach, you must be feeling awfully horny!"

Both of the girls giggled heartily.

"I'll survive," I said, trying to sound matter-of-fact about it despite my own grin at their giddiness.

She let out a heavy, exaggerated sigh. "Uncle Raymond," she said. "Juliette told me she wants to watch me give you a blowjob again. We're supposed to be teaching her, remember?"

I looked in the rearview mirror at the twelve year old, still wearing only her little baby-blue bikini and nodding along with a smile.

"Well, I won't turn that down, then," I said.

"I know you won't," Heather replied with a big grin.

Back at the hotel, my niece took both Juliette and me by the hand and led us out to the veranda. There in the beautiful afternoon sun, with the Mediterranean spread out in its full glory before us, my dear niece knelt before me and untied my swimming trunks. Her green eyes glistened as she pulled then down, smiling at my already half-hard cock.

"See?" she said to Juliette, who was sitting on a deck chair nearby. "Now you can see it good. I told you he has a big cock!" The younger girl was staring with her dark eyes in focused concentration, smiling as she watched me twitching to fullness.

Heather leaned in and gave my head a kiss. "First thing you have to do," Heather said, my student turned instructor now, "is kiss it and lick it all over." She demonstrated, quite adroitly, I must say. "You want to get it totally wet, just like when it's in your pussy. Well, you don't know what it gets like in your pussy yet, 'cause you're a virgin, but believe me, it gets totally wet!" This made Juliette give an adorable giggle.

My shaft was soon thoroughly soaked, and the thirteen-year-old moved down and kissed my scrotum. "You also have to kiss and lick his balls, and get them totally wet, too." She started licking.

After a bit of quality cock-licking, sending delectable shivers up and down my spine, Heather sat up and looked over at her new friend. "Do you wanna try?"

Juliette pursed her lips for a moment, those big dark eyes wide, then nodded. She slipped off of the chair and down to her knees next to Heather.

"Lick it all over," Heather told her, and I stood above her and watched as the diminutive twelve-year-old bathed my cock with her little pink tongue. "And you know what's really fun?" Heather asked. "Sucking his balls! Here, I'll show you!" She nudged her friend aside, opened her mouth wide, and pulled a ball in between her lips. She gave it a couple of sucks, then pulled off. "You try," she said to the little girl.

Juliette opened her mouth around my other ball and sucked it in.

"Look at how much he likes it!" Heather said with sparkling green eyes. I'm sure I was groaning as I watched her little friend sucking ball for the first time. "I think the poor guy needs a good cum now, don't you?" She nudged the girl aside again and opened her mouth, wrapping her lips around the crown of my head. She started sliding a hand over my shaft, bobbing, Juliette watching closely from only a few inches away.

"I like to keep my hand loose around his cock until he's about ready to cum," she played the instructor some more, "and then tighten down right before he cums. You like that, don't you, Uncle Raymond?"

I could only nod.

"You wanna try it a bit?" Heather asked Juliette.

The twelve-year-old smiled, starting right at my cock, and nodded.

"Open wide, no teeth," the student-instructor told Juliette as the young girl moved into place. "Use lots of spit, make it really wet!" The girl took my head in her little mouth and wrapped a hand gingerly around my shaft. "Oh, I almost forgot, you also have to pet his balls!" Heather herself reached a hand out and cradled my nutsack while the younger girl began bobbing on my head.

"One more thing," I said from above the two girls. "You have to look up at a man when you suck his cock." I translated this instruction into French as best I could as well, not entirely sure how much the girl was understanding of our English. Suddenly those big dark eyes of hers opened wide and turned up to look at me. I felt a surge at the sight of it. She quickly pulled off, a confused look on her face, and smacked her lips. A dribble more of precum oozed from my hole.

"Ooooh, he likes that!" Heather exclaimed.

Juliette opened wide again and went right back down on my head, staring up at me with big wide eyes as she sucked and bobbed and slid her hand along my shaft. It was a fantastic thing to behold, looking down from above into those beautiful brown eyes. It was like I was getting a blowjob from a little Parisian street urchin.

I was breathing hard. "Tighter now!" the student-instructor said, reaching her free hand up and wrapping it around Juliette's. "He's gonna cum! You have to catch it all in your mouth!"

I groaned as both girls' hands gripped hard and jacked, and a second later I exploded. Little Juliette, my poor little street urchin, did her best, although she did have to pull off in the presence of my torrent of semen and take most of it on her face.

A couple hours later, the girls busted through the hotel room door, where I was enjoying a rare moment of downtime, quietly sipping a cappuccino and listening to some French folk music on the radio. My niece was wearing a new beret and carrying several shopping bags; Juliette was carrying one.

"Oh Uncle Raymond!" Heather bubbled loudly. "It's so awesome here! Why didn't we go shopping before? We should have done nothing but go shopping here the whole vacation! You should see the dress that Juliette bought! It's so beautiful! Do you want us to show you everything we bought? We can model for you! Did you finish your dumb report? Juliette's dad texted her and said he has to go to dinner with the people he's meeting with and I was like 'Then you're coming to dinner with us, Juliette!' I knew you wouldn't mind. She can wear her new dress! You should put on your new dress, Juliette! I know my uncle will just love the way it looks on you! Oh Uncle Raymond, it's so awesome here! Can we move here? Can we live here forever? When can we come back?"

"Yes, I did," I answered but one of the questions she'd asked in her bewildering cascade of excitement.

"You did? Good! Does that mean you're all done with your boring work? You want us to model for you? Juliette, you should put on the dress!"

Although in the face of Heather's whirlwind, the poor French girl hadn't managed to say a single word since entering the room, she was nonetheless smiling brightly, her big eyes twinkling with as much enthusiasm as Heather's. Shopping bag in hand, she disappeared into the bathroom.

My niece, meanwhile, upended her bags onto the bed, spilling their contents about. "What should I model for you, Uncle? Oh, I bought this special just for you!" She held up a little black lace bra. "They had matching panties but I couldn't afford both of them and Juliette and I thought you'd like the bra better. I can go and get the panties if you want, but you'd have to give me more money. Should I put it on? How about this?" She held up a pink satin blouse. "Or this?" A little string bikini. "You know I won't wear the top until we get back home but it's so cute! Oh, and this!" A little yellow dress.

A moment later, Heather's tee-shirt was over her head and her hands reaching behind her back to unfasten her bra. I watched her with bemusement as she slipped the bra off and revealed her naked breasts, which jiggled, as they are wont to do, along with the girl's excitement. She strapped the black lace bra on and stood tall with her chest out, grinning at me. "Do you like it, Uncle Raymond?"

"I do!" I said.

"Good!" She put the pink blouse on, then pulled down her shorts and her panties. I had but a brief moment to look at the sweet curly auburn hair of her adolescent love toy before she found a pleated black miniskirt in the pile of new clothing and pulled it on. "How do I look, Uncle?"

"Beautiful," I answered. "Stunning."

She grinned and her cheeks reddened. "Just wait until you see Juliette in her new dress! She's so cute, you'll die!"

On cue, the girl emerged from the bathroom, and I have to admit, my heart stopped. The dress was baby blue, which does seem to be her favorite color, and it clung to her little preteen body like a sock. She had no bra on underneath, and it showed; the contours of delightful budding breasts perfectly revealed, standing up no more than an inch above her chest, the dress stretched across them such that their puffy little nipples were on display for the whole world to see. My eyes moved instinctively down, admiring her flat belly, and lower still to the rise of her pubic mound, which the dress hugged tightly like a new lover never wanting to let go. The dress ended well above her knees, perfectly displaying her pale coltish legs.

"Doesn't she look perfect, Uncle Raymond?" my niece bubbled. "I told her not to wear any panties, because the dress is so tight you can see them if she does. You should turn around, Juliette," she said, circling a finger in the air, "let him see your backside!"

The girl's face was red, and her big eyes down a little, but she had a sweet smile. She turned on Heather's instruction. Her ass was a vision of preteen loveliness, just like her budding breasts; narrow hips, soft little globes.

"So, Uncle Raymond, won't you love taking us to dinner tonight?"

I raised my eyebrows and nodded, smiling.

My niece reached down and lifted her skirt, showing off her sweet auburn curls . "It's okay if you want to play with my little kitty first, before we go to dinner," she said. "Juliette won't mind. She wants to watch."

I looked over at Juliette. "You sure you don't mind? You want to watch?" I asked her, in French.

She nodded, eyes wide.

I reached my hand out to Heather, who stood with a smile while I fingered her wet little fuckhole. It was quite a lot of fun to be fingering her while sweet Juliette just stood there watching with her big brown eyes.

Heather was soon breathing hard, and she stepped back from me, then turned to the edge of the bed. "Fuck me, Uncle Raymond," she said as she sat down and spread her legs open. "Show Juliette how a man fucks a girl." She lay back, onto the pile of her new purchases that she'd dumped on the bed, then lifted her legs and hooked her hands under her knees, her hightop sneakers up in the air.

I dropped my pants and knelt before her, directing my cock into her. The warmth of her sweet kitten lips enwrapped my head and she let out a little moan, even a coo. Then she looked looked up at me with a beautiful smile, green eyes twinkling with delight, and said, "Meow."

"Little kitty-cat," I said.

"Meow," she said again.

As I began moving inside her, sliding deeper into her tightness, I reached out and unbuttoned her blouse to reveal the black lace bra she'd bought for me. I took her breasts in my hands, my cock all the way inside her now, rocking back and forth. Then I looked over at Juliette, interested in the young girl's reaction as she watched the two of us mate. She was staring, fascinated, red-faced.

"Come closer," Heather said to her, noticing that I was looking at Juliette. She gave her a finger-curling gesture to beckon the young girl to us. "Uncle Raymond wants to touch you while he fucks me."

Juliette walked timidly forward until she was standing next to the bed, and I reached out and set a hand on her skinny belly. She set both her hands on mine and our fingers interlocked. I gave her a reassuring smile, and she smiled back, and my hand began to move up to her chest. Although she had both hands on mine, she didn't resist my exploration, and soon both of our fingers were dancing together over her little buds. I was amazed at how soft they were to the touch! Especially her nipples, small but engorged nonetheless with preadolescent sexual awakening. Soon her little nubs had stiffened under our mutual touch, quite visible through the tight fabric of her baby blue dress.

Heather was sloppy wet now, from sex, and even moreso from watching her uncle touch her friend. She joined us in our touching, letting go of one of her knees and reaching to the bottom of Juliette's dress. She pulled it up, revealing the young girl's pale, hairless sex.

"Look at her pussy, Uncle Raymond," Heather whispered with breathless adoration. "Isn't she beautiful? Don't you just want to fuck her?"

The sight of Juliette's preteen cunt brought me to the edge of paradise, and when Heather slipped her hand down and started fingering her friend, I lost it, unable to take a second more.

"Oh Heather!" I shouted. "Oh my god!"

"Cum inside, Uncle Raymond," my little niece said, not taking her eyes off of the other girl's pussy. "You can pretend it's Juliette's kitty, I don't mind. You can pretend you're cumming inside her."

My hand clenched tight to one of the young girl's budding breasts, and she clenched tight, too, her eyes as wide as I have ever seen them before as she watched me explode inside her friend.

"Oh my god!" I shouted as I pumped cum deep into Heather's womb.

When I pulled out, Heather smiled at me, still fingering her friend. "Did you pretend you were cumming inside Juliette?" she asked me.

"I did," I admitted, feeling a little sheepish about it.

"See, Juliette?" she said up to her friend. "I told you he wants to fuck you, didn't I?"

The young girl nodded, her face even redder and her eyes even wider than before. Then Heather slid off the bed and onto her knees in front of the girl, leaning down and burying her face between her legs. Almost unthinkingly, the once-timid girl stood up on her tiptoes and spread her legs as best she could, and I just stood there gob-smacked, watching while my niece brought Juliette to a sweet little knee-shaking climax with her tongue.

At dinner a couple hours later, I was certainly the luckiest man in the restaurant, two lovely young girls as my companions, both of them looking as sexy as you could possibly imagine in their new dresses, Juliette in her baby blue, and Heather in her yellow. And it's hard to say whether their remarkable beauty or their incessant giggling, aided by a fine bottle of wine that they both enjoyed with me, attracted more attention from our fellow patrons. But whatever the cause, they certainly paid a good deal of attention.

Back at the hotel, Juliette said her goodnights and went to her own room, and Heather and I went quickly out onto the veranda of our room, to enjoy the warm evening and the lights of the harbor. After we'd kissed a bit, I excused myself for a moment and went back into the room and gathered up a few items--the lube, a towel, a pair of her panties, the terrycloth belt from one of the hotel's bathrobes.

Back out on the veranda again, I took her by the arm and turned her around, then began tying the terrycloth belt around her wrist.

"Uncle Raymond," she said, a bit breathlessly, "you're tying me up?"

"Yeah." I grabbed her other wrist and pulled it behind her back. "Is that okay?"

"Of course it is, Uncle!" she said, with enthusiasm. "You know you can do anything you want to me!"

Her wrists secured, I took the towel and flipped it over a bit to form a blindfold. I wrapped it over her eyes and tied it behind her head.

"You're being very naughty tonight, Uncle Raymond!"

"I am!" And, as if in response to her comment, I led her to the railing of the veranda and pulled her dress up, and up, until her baby breasts were exposed for anyone below to see.

"Are people looking?" she whispered.

"I think so," I said. "There's a few men in the parking lot, lookup up."

"I hope so! I hope they can see that I'm blindfolded and tied up! Then they'll know that I'm your little whore, Uncle Raymond!"

Letting the dress fall back down, I turned her to face me and pushed her down to her knees. She immediately opened her mouth wide.

My pants were down a second later and my cock was in her mouth. "Swallow it," I said. "Take it in your throat."

She nodded, and I drove deep.

My little niece gurgled and gagged, rocking her head back and forth. After thirty seconds of throat fucking, I pulled out and picked up the panties that I'd brought, crumpled them into a ball, and stuffed them in her mouth. No doubt her eyes, beneath her blindfold, had gone quite wide at this! I pulled her to her feet by a handful of her pretty auburn hair, turned her backside to me and gave it a nice hard slap, then led her to the little table. I pushed her face-down and lifted her dress, exposing her sweet ass to the pale moonlight.

When I spread her cheeks and applied a big dollop of the lube, she let out a sweet little moan through her panty-gag. She knew just what was going to happen now, and oh yes, she wanted it! My thick cockhead pushed into her tiny anus and I started sliding it in and out, forcing her tight muscle to give me head, the sweet girl groaning and writhing in response. Eventually I went deeper and commenced to fucking her ass there in the warm sea breeze until I came, the amazing and powerful orgasm of a man who could do whatever he wanted with his little fuck-toy.

**Day Six**

"So tomorrow is your final day with us?" Jacques Bonheur said to me over breakfast the morning of the sixth day of our vacation.

"Sadly, yes," I answered.

"Well then, I have a treat for you!"

"Oh?"

"My colleague, Ritter, has a boat here in the harbor of Cap Martin. And he has suggested an outing tomorrow."

"Really?" I knew that Heather would love to go out on the sea in a boat; it's hard to even imagine how much she would enjoy something like that! "But I'm sure he wouldn't want a couple of strangers like Heather and me along."

"Oh, as for that, I asked him if my American friends might join us, and he was most accommodating. He is a good man, you'll find."

"Well, that's mighty nice of him, and mighty nice of you, too."

"Perhaps, but I feel in great debt to you and your niece." Bonheur had a smile and his eyes shone merrily.

I raised my eyebrows, a bit surprised to hear him say this. "A debt? That's absurd!"

"I find that my request of the two of you, that you might be able to give my Juliette some advice and encouragement, has paid off well."

"Oh?"

"Yes," he said, lowering his voice a bit. "For you see, I returned quite late to the hotel last night, and Juliette, unprompted entirely, climbed into my bed with me."

"Nice..."

"She gave me fellatio then, and again this morning. Without me even asking! That has never happened before. And it was not just that she did this, but she did so with such skill and enthusiasm! Surely this is the influence of your dear Heather?"

"Could be," I replied.

He gave a kindly laugh. "So you see, I feel I must thank your niece, most heartily, and what better way than a little cruise along the Côte d'Azur?"

"Yes indeed, it'll make her very happy."

"Nothing warms my heart more than a girl who is happy!" Bonheur said.

We both laughed, the laugh of new friends enjoying fine conversation, fine coffee and fine breakfast. "And I think it also made Heather quite happy to play the instructor for Juliette," I told him.

"And I find she is a very good instructor! A good teacher always cares most about her student's happiness, and Juliette seems joyous about her new-found skills. She did things... well, you can imagine, for you have the pleasure of Heather's mouth every day."

"Yes, indeed." Grinning, we clinked our espresso cups together in salute to our fine young women.

"And what do you and your niece have planned for today?"

"I'll take her up to the mountains again, one last time, to pay a monastery we love a final visit. I have good news for the brothers there that I want to deliver in person. And Heather'll certainly want to go to the beach again, she bought a new swimming suit... A very tiny one."

"Sounds wonderful!"

'And shopping. Apparently she loves shopping."

Bonheur laughed heartily. "They all do, these girls, don't they? Well Raymond, if I might impose one final time on your hospitality and generosity; I must meet again with my colleagues for lunch. Could I beg you to take Juliette along with you? I understand fully if it is a burden, she will be fine by herself."

"Are you kidding? We'd love to have her!"

"Good! And then allow me the honor of showing my thanks by taking you and your niece to dinner this evening at Juliette's and my favorite local bistro."

"You owe us nothing, but that sounds wonderful."

And so it was that Heather and Juliette were in back seat of the car again that morning, the bright sun shining merrily down upon us as we turned up the mountain road to the monastery one last time. I had important news to share with the old dean and the good brothers; the film company would indeed rent their grounds, even at their steep price, and film a few scenes indoors as well. Lawyers were drafting the contract and would have it couriered to them soon. And of course, my niece and I wanted to say our final goodbyes, and Heather to introduce the brothers to her new best friend, and to give Juliette a personal tour.

And so we were all in quite fine spirits as we pulled onto the mountain road.

"Uncle Raymond likes it when I'm topless in his car," Heather announced to Juliette, who giggled in response. "Don't you, Uncle?"

"I'd venture that you like it more than me," I replied.

"Oh you! Don't pretend you don't like it, Uncle! Whaddya think, Juliette? It's such a beautiful day! Should we take our shirts off and get a little tan?"

I watched the young girl in the rear-view mirror. She was looking over at Heather and nodding, with a big pink-cheeked smile.

Heather was already unbuttoning her blouse, her new black lace bra underneath. Juliette watched her intently until the older girl had taken her shirt off entirely. Then the younger started doing the same. She had a little cotton bra on, and soon both girls shirtless, in only their bras, and both were giggling.

"Okay!" Heather said. "Should we take our bras off, too?"

This time Juliette caught my eye in the mirror, and her cheeks flashed with even more blush now.

"What do you think, Uncle? Bras off, too?"

I stared at Juliette's big dark eyes, and they started back at me. "Whatever Juliette wants to do," I answered.

"Oh come on, Uncle Raymond!" She turned to Juliette. "Of course he wants you to take it off! He's just being a gentleman." As she spoke, she reached around her back and fumbled with the latch of her black lace bra.

In the mirror, I could see Juliette watching Heather as she unlatched her bra and took it off; then she looked back to the mirror and made eye contact with me. She dropped her eyes demurely, reached up, and pulled her little bra off.

I had to strain my neck to get a decent view in the mirror, but there they were, sweet Juliette's sweet budding breasts, which I had touched already but had not yet seen. Lovely, tiny, pale; her nipples the lightest shade of coral pink that could ever be conceived.

"Oh, poor Uncle Raymond," my niece said. "He's driving, so he can't get a good look!" The girls giggled at my plight. "Well, we'll just have to go topless at the beach this afternoon, so he can look all he wants." They giggled some more.

They were topless in the back seat for the rest of the drive that morning. When a car drove by, as happened fairly often, Juliette would slink down in the seat to hide, but not Heather. Oh no, certainly not Heather! She would sit up even taller, chest out, little breasts bouncing, and wave when she saw them look.

It wasn't until we'd nearly reached the turnoff to the monastery that the girls finally donned their bras and shirts and made themselves respectable again.

The dean was quite happy to hear the news I'd brought, and the two of us made many toasts to our future successes together, finishing off a new bottle of their fine wine even though it was not yet eleven in the morning. While we talked, the girls hallooed about the ground together, admiring brothers chasing behind. Like everyone, they took as quick a liking to Juliette as they had to Heather, the two of them quite different in many ways, but equals entirely in their ability to attract the love and attention of all whom they meet.

Over a lunch of bread and cheese, the dean invited us back for dinner again that night, an offer I had to respond to with regrets; already engaged. "Then you must come back the next time you are in town," he insisted. "As soon as possible!"

"Yes!" my niece exclaimed. "And he absolutely must bring me along! And Juliette, too!" I raised my eyebrows and smiled, while all the brothers laughed merrily at their favorite demanding America child and her poor beleaguered uncle.

The goodbyes, as we loaded in the car, were not necessarily tearful, but they were heartfelt indeed, kisses on cheeks that seemed longer than entirely appropriate, and we were off for an afternoon at the beach.

Back at the hotel, Heather and I went to our room to change into our swimming things, and Juliette to hers.

"So," my niece asked, when we were alone together in our room, "are we gonna have a great big orgy tonight when Mr. Bonheur is done with his boring work?"

"Well, he and I didn't discuss it. But I imagine he will be amicable the idea."

Heather giggled as she started undressing. "Maybe Juliette and I should strip for you guys? Mr. Bonheur liked it so much the last time! Will you have sex with Juliette?"

"A striptease is an excellent idea! As for the sex, I suppose that's mostly up to Juliette."

"Oh come on, Uncle Raymond, I keep telling you she wants to!" Her shirt was off now and she was pulling down her skirt. I joined her in undressing.

"Yeah, but still, I want her to know that it's her choice."

She smiled teasingly at me. "You're such a gentleman!" In just her underwear now, she reached back and undid her bra.

"What about you?" I asked her. "Are you gonna have sex with Bonheur?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"I think you'll make him very happy if you do."

"But what about you? Would you rather I keep my kitten just for you?" As she spoke of her kitten, she dropped her panties, and I stared with a smile at her little auburn curls once again.

"I don't want to hold you back."

"You're not holding me back. I'd be quite happy if I belonged only to you. Besides, I sort of think sex should be for when you're in love."

"But we weren't in love when we first had sex."

"Maybe you weren't," she answered.

"Are you saying...?"

She nodded as she stood fully naked in front of me. "I think I have been for a long time now, Uncle Raymond."

"Wow," I said, stunned. "But..." stammering... "but what about me and Juliette? You seem to want us to have sex so badly, but we're not in love."

She lowered her face but raising her eyes provocatively.

"What? You're crazy. You think she's...? We just met two days ago!"

She kept that provocative look, raising her eyebrows as well. I'd undressed completely now myself, my cock already hard from the sight of my beautiful niece's naked body. She knelt down, and looked up at me. "Maybe Juliette doesn't see it the same way as me," she said. "Maybe she wants her daddy to fuck her..." She leaned in and kissed my cock. "...but she knows he won't pop her cherry so she wants you to do it instead." She gave my head a suck. "Or maybe she just wants lots of cock!"

Kisses, licks.

"Maybe," I said.

Kisses, licks. "But maybe it's different for guys than girls?"

"Different? How?"

"Maybe guys just want to cum, but girls want something more? That's what it was like with Mike, I think. He just wanted to cum."

"Do you think that's what it's like with me?"

She smiled up at me. "Well, you do like to cum, Uncle Raymond." She gave my head another suck. "But I like that. I like helping you cum."

"But I do love you, Heather," I said, wrapping my fingers in her soft auburn hair.

She locked her mouth around my head; sucking, her hand around my shaft; sliding.

This changed the tenor of the conversation; no longer forming words, her mouth was now intimately discussing the topic of our love affair in another manner with the head of my cock.

She'd learned her lessons well: where there was once an eager student, there was now a skilled practitioner; once a fledgling, now a graceful bird; once an uncertain child, now a woman. My woman.

Her hands and mouth did all that they knew to do, and she coaxed my orgasm from me with ease, joyful sparkling eyes locked with mine as she held my head tightly in her mouth and I pumped my cum into her.

And of course, she caught out all, showed it to me, swallowed, and showed again.

"I love you too, Uncle Raymond," she said as she stood back up, smiling sweetly at me.

Hours and hours of bliss at the white sand beach of the Côte d'Azur again. Heather wore her new string bikini--well, she wore the bottoms; of course she didn't wear the top. Her naked breasts were beautiful bouncing handfuls of adolescent joy, and Juliette's, the girl finally brave enough that she was also topless today, were mere tiny buds, just awakening, flowering before my very eyes and the eyes of every other man lucky enough to be at the beach that day. They were so small that they almost seemed to be imagined rather than real, except for her pale nipples, which stood out an inch at least above her breasts and were quite entirely obvious for all to see. She knew I was staring endlessly at her, and while it made her blush, she did not mind my stare. She seemed to like it. She simply smiled and sat before me, looking at me with those huge dark lamps of hers while I drank in the sight.

It was a remarkable vision, the two of them, as they played together in the bright blue of the sea. Youthful exuberance, unrestrained happiness, and above all else an utter and complete sense of the *now*; new friends for life, together, not forever but for *now*. Today, at this moment, they play in the beautiful waters of the Côte d'Azur, of the Coast of Blue. Tomorrow, or the day after, who knows? Tomorrow is a lifetime away. A millennium away. Unconceived. Unthought. Today, *now*! we play in the Côte d'Azur!

At dinner that night, Juliette wore again her new blue dress, tight to her skin as if she were nude. Heather wore her new dress as well, yellow, not as tight as her friend's but just as lovely, showing the world her more womanly curves.

We ate scallops, pasta, green salads with delicate vinaigrette, an unimaginably delicious meal, accompanied by the finest wine of the region, which the girls enjoyed as much or more than the men. Dessert, with espresso, was chocolate eclairs, Heather laughing heartily at the joy of sharing eclairs with her uncle, just as she had once proposed, not but two weeks ago back home the day we conceived of this vacation. It may have been only two weeks ago, but it seemed to us to be a lifetime past.

Afterwards, Bonheur and I sat on the couch in the hotel room, the doors to the veranda open wide to let in the soft evening breeze and the glow of the harbor beyond, sipping cognac once again as our two lovely concubines danced for us, Heather behind Juliette with her arms around her waist, swaying hips and blushing smiles. Slowly, Heather gathered the fabric of Juliette's dress into her fingers, lifting, lifting, until the younger girl's pantyless virginal sex came into view. We men on the couch stared in rapt attention as Heather slipped a hand down and began to stroke her fingers over Juliette's pale pussy lips, and as she stroked, she kissed her friend's cheek, and Juliette turned her face to Heather's and their lips met, while the older girl's other hand continued lifting, lifting, exposing a thin white belly, gathering fabric and lifting more until Juliette joined her, pulling the dress over her head, and she was naked. Red-faced, smiling at both Bonheur and me between their kisses, and completely nude, her tiny pale buds heaved with deep excited breaths, soft coral-hued nipples standing out at least as far above her breasts as the breasts themselves stood out above her chest. Both of Heather's hands now stroked, one petting pale little pussy lips, the other petting pale little nipples, while their tongues touched, explored, flirted.

Then Juliette turned to Heather, but rather than undress her friend as Heather had done to her, instead she knelt and lifted the skirt of Heather's dress, exposing for just a moment the also-pantyless little auburn kitten-curls of Heather's beautiful sex. And then she leaned in, and kissed. And kissed and kissed and kissed. And Bonheur and I beheld the child as she tasted another girl's pussy for the first time in her life.

Heather smiled at their audience on the couch while her friend made sweet love to her with her mouth, then pulled her dress off and unhooked her black lace bra.

"Do you know what sixty-nine is, Mr. Bonheur?" Heather asked, reaching down and helping her little friend to her feet.

"I do indeed," he answered.

"Uncle Raymond taught me what sixty-nine is. He's such a good teacher!"

"He is!"

"But I've never done it with a girl. Would you like to watch me and Juliette do sixty-nine?"

"I would, Heather," Bonheur answered.

Heather helped her friend to lay down on the bed, then lay down herself, in the opposite direction of the girl. They lay on their sides, legs lifting then wrapping around each other's heads, faces buried into each other's sex. As they kissed and licked, I heard Bonheur exclaim in French several expressions of approval, to which i nodded in agreement.

"Your daughter is very beautiful," I said to him as we watched the wonderful spectacle before us.

He nodded. "As is your niece."

"Heather says that Juliette would like me to have sex with her."

He nodded again. "I believe she would. If you are asking for my permission, you have it, my friend. Indeed, you have it. I ask only that you allow her to make the final decision on the matter."

"Oh, of course! It is ultimately her decision."

"Yes, indeed," he said, sipping his wine and gazing at the girls, who were by now writhing about together on the bed, rolling over onto each other, first Heather on her back and Juliette above her, then Juliette below and Heather above. "I wonder, my friend, if Heather will do me the honor of allowing me the same privilege with her?"

"Well, we discussed this earlier. I of course gave her my blessing for whatever decision she might make, but she asserted that she would like to save her sex for me."

Bonheur nodded, watching the naked girls gyrating on the bed, muffled moans and quaking loins. "I suspected as much," he said. "Well, you are a lucky man indeed, but I am not without my luck as well, for a young girl with a willing mouth is in many ways as good or even better than a willing cunt."

"Definitely. And perhaps Juliette's cunt will be more willing soon, as well."

"Perhaps!"

I'm not sure if the girls could hear our conversation, or even if they could, if they were in any position to take note of it. Regardless, several climaxes having passed now between them, they finally stood, pale skin red, and they walked unsteadily on still-shaking legs to us. Juliette knelt before her father, following the lead of Heather, who had knelt before her uncle. They undid our pants and pulled them down, then together took each cock into their mouths, hands slipping over shafts, spittle flowing down. After a bit the two naked girls stood and crossed, and knelt and sucked the other man's cock. While Juliette practiced her new-found skills with me, starting up with big dark street-urchin eyes, I reached down and fondled her little buds, marveling at the softness of her nipples between my fingers.

Then she stood and gave me a red-faced smile, turned and walked over to the bed. Heather watched her as she lay down on her back and spread open her legs.

"It's time now, Uncle Raymond," my niece said quietly. "She wants you to fuck her. You know she does."

I stood and undressed quickly, my cock a raging hard-on, dark red with lustful desire. I knew with no doubt that I wanted the little girl. I wanted to be her lover and her friend and her teacher. And, yes, I realized as I walked to her, that Heather was certainly right, it was obvious that the child wanted this as well.

Bonheur and Heather both watched as I knelt on the bed between the girl's spread-open legs. Her eyes were as wide as I had ever seen them before, dark soul-catchers, and I was hopelessly caught in their snare.

"Are you sure about this, my cheri?" I asked her in my broken French.

She nodded. "Oui, monsieur, oui."

I leaned over her, kissing her, then holding myself above her with one hand and reaching down with the other, between our legs. We both took in a sharp breath when my head pushed up against her lips. First contact.

I spent a moment sliding up and down her tiny slit, rubbing against her clit, and as I did, I leaned down further, to her chest, and took a swollen nipple into my mouth. She moaned and arched her back, pushing her tiny breast to me. Hungrily, I twirled my tongue around her soft nipple like a child with a favorite treat, sucking it in, relishing the flavor of her candy, my tongue in tactile exploration, memorizing every bump and nub. Her first nipple thoroughly enjoyed, I moved to the other, my now-leaking cockhead still rubbing against her clit, her legs shaking in response.

I lifted my head and smiled reassuringly at the sweet young child, then slipped my cock down to her opening, and entered. Her eyes were wider still, she was breathing hard, but as I pushed in, she squinted and stopped her breath, then shut her eyes completely.

I missed them. I missed her eyes. Her eyes were my lovers and I wanted to see them again. She seemed to know this, because as I felt the tight membrane of her virginity began to give itself to me, she opened them again and stared right into my eyes, into my soul. Tears welled, then trickled down her cheeks, as I pulled back and pushed in and her hymen tore away.

My cockhead inside her now, I leaned down and kissed away the tears.

"Are you okay?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui."

And so I began to make love to her, sliding carefully, gingerly, taking the necessary time to allow her to stretch open inside to accept my girth. It was a full minute, at least, before I had burrowed into her enough to find her deepest parts. Once there, our copulation truly began, large cock and tiny pussy united both physically and with mutual purpose: sex; climax; ejaculation. And I began pumping my hips, sliding my cock in and out of her. I had never felt anything so tight before, her insides gripping to me like a fist, holding fast like they would never let me go.

At some point during this, Heather and Bonheur joined us at the bed, Heather kneeling on the floor on one side, Bonheur kneeling on the bed on the other, Heather sucking on his cock as it stood out proudly right above his daughter's face. Juliette lifted her head and kissed her father's scrotum, delicate little kisses at first, then licks. Sweet pink little tongue licking Daddy's balls.

After a minute of this, Bonheur pulled his cock from Heather's mouth and pushed it into Juliette's, and he fucked his daughter's beautiful face while I fucked her little cunt.

I came first, an incredible explosion of passion inside the child, pumping shot upon shot of cum into her immature womb, while she continued to suck her father's cock until he exploded as well.

When he had finished, she opened her mouth and showed his cum to him, and then turned and showed it to me.

"Wait! Don't swallow it yet!" Heather said as she quickly climbed up, then leaned over and kissed the younger girl. They kissed for a moment, giggling as they did, then both of them opened their mouths to show Bonheur and me that they had shared his cum.

We all sat together afterwards, naked, Heather with her head on my lap, licking my cock to clean it of the remnants of sex. Soon the hussy had me hard again and Juliette and her father held each other and watched with smiles as I mounted Heather from behind and fucked her hard, slapping her ass until I filled her full of cum as well.

After our guests had left us, Heather started pulling the sheets and bedspread of the bed.

"What the heck are you doing, Angel?" I asked her.

"Come on, Uncle Raymond, help me!" she said as she dragged the bedclothes out to the veranda. "It's so beautiful out! Tonight I want to sleep outside!"

**Day Seven**

I was dreaming of water. Warm, comforting, motherly; bathing me with glorious love, the love that the elements of the natural world provide to us mere mortals. I didn't want the dream to ever end: The water was so sweet! Its touch so tender!

And yet, I awoke. But what disappointment I might have felt at the fading of the dream was quickly displaced by the morning sun showering me with golden warmth. I blinked, my confused and foggy brain remembering that Heather and I had slept, naked, outdoors on the veranda the night before.

And then I recognized another sort of warmth, as well; for my young niece was on her knees between my legs, lips around my cockhead, spit flowing from her mouth and soaking my cock and balls.

I closed my eyes, remembering, and enjoyed again, the warm and comforting water of my dreams.

A minute later, Heather let go of my cock, carefully setting it down prone against my belly and giving it a little pat. I opened my eyes just slightly and watched her stand, look over the railing to see if anyone might be watching, and then, with a little smile and a wave to someone below, she straddled me, kneeling, one knee on either side of my hips. I quickly closed my eyes, hopeful that she'd think I was still asleep, as she leaned over and very gently set her hands on my chest and lowered her torso down until her kitten-lips splayed over the base of my cock, giving me another sort of wondrous warn bath. At the same time she lifted one of her a hands from my chest and reached over to my hand, carefully raising it to her breast and rubbing my fingertips over her nipple.

She let out a long and satisfied sigh and she dragged her wet lips up the length of my cock. When she reached my head, she smothered it a glorious pussy-kiss, momentarily letting me slip inside her lips before leaving it unfulfilled in its desire for penetration and sliding back down, all the way to my ballsack, then up to my head again.

Soon she was on the edge of climax, panting hard. "Oh Uncle Raymond!" she moaned out loud, even though I was still pretending, probably rather unconvincingly, to be asleep. "I'm gonna cum!"

She lifted her head in the air and let out a long, full-voiced groan. Her whole body quaked, and certainly whoever it was that she had waved to in the parking lot below could hear, and could see, the orgasmic girl cumming, and cumming hard. Her pussy was gushing now, soaking my belly; I felt my cock begin to throb under her gyrations and I came myself, pumping cum onto my chest and belly.

She climbed off of me when both our orgasms were complete, and, leaning over and looking up at me with green eyes sparkling in delight, she licked my semen from my stomach.

She smiled at me. "Thanks for breakfast, Uncle Raymond," she said. Then she leaned down and licked my cock clean of her pussy cum as well.

The harbor of Cap Martin was crowded, like it always is, choked with people on shore, and with boats in the harbor. Boats of every size and shape, huge yachts and sail boats, and speed boats that looked like they were ready for the grand prix. Ritter's boat, however, turned out to be a bit more cozy of an affair, big enough to be sea-worthy, but still modest enough to imagine that it's owned by someone other than a prince of the Saud royal family.

Ritter himself proved to be a handsome and distinguished man several years older than Bonheur and me; I could tell he took an immediate liking to Heather. And he was not the only one; his son, a high-spirited lad of nine, was obviously smitten as well, pattering away in French as he led both of the girls on a little tour of the boat, Juliette translating the boy's excited words for Heather while his father carefully steered us through the crowded harbor and out to the open sea. Eventually we were free of the other boats, and Ritter turned us east, to explore the shores of Italy.

Ritter's wife, Marie, rounded out our little party. She was a lovely and buxom young woman, much younger than her husband, and was dressed in a bikini that, if possible, was smaller even than Heather's new swimming suit. The woman's ample breasts fell out of the tiny bikini top in a most delightful and enticing manner. It was difficult for me to avoid staring rudely at her chest when we were introduced.

After their tour, the children settled down in the prow of the boat, and I must admit I was not in the least bit surprised when Heather asked Mrs. Ritter if it would be okay for her and Juliette to sunbathe with their tops off.

Marie laughed joyously at the girl's question. "Oh, oui, my child, of course! I rarely wear a top myself once we have left the harbor!"

And so shortly, all three of the women on the boat that morning were bare above the waist, the girls sitting on the cushioned bench in the prow with a very interested, and visibly excited, nine year old boy standing nearby, while Marie and her bountiful bare breasts asked Bonheur and I if she might mix us a drink. When she returned with cocktails, her husband gave the wheel to Bonheur, explaining that he wished to take a few pictures of the coastline. The "coastline," in turns out, meant mostly Heather and Juliette posing topless, with the shore perhaps visible, though mostly ignored, behind them. And "a few pictures" meant many dozens.

At first, my uncle-instincts led me to be concerned; after all, the man might post these pictures on the internet for the entire world to see. But then I realized, as I watched Heather thoroughly enjoying the man's and his camera's attention, that she wouldn't be bothered in the least if her bare little breasts were on the hard drives of every man in the world for their masturbatory pleasure. In fact, she would probably be delighted by the idea.

"Wait," she said, as Ritter took picture after picture of her and Juliette. "Henry, here, join us!" She scooted over, freeing up a bit of space on the bench between her and the younger girl, and patting the cushion. The boy squeezed into the open spot, a huge happy smile on his face as he draped his arms over the shoulders of his new girlfriends and his father took several more pictures of the three of them, with the beautiful mountains in the background.

Interestingly, Ritter's wife seemed entirely unconcerned with her husband's penchant for taking pictures of topless youngsters; in fact, she was quite amused by it. As we stood together by the wheel, watching the man and the children and sipping our late-morning cocktails, she laughed at her son's excitement while the boy climbed between the girls, then gave instructions to her husband as to how to make sure he had the best pictures.

"Raymond," she said to me, "you and Monsieur Bonheur will want copies of these pictures, yes? Frederick will put copies on memory cards for you, won't you, Frederick?" she said to her husband.

"That would be most appreciated," I said. It suddenly struck me as odd that I hadn't taken any vacation photos of Heather without her shirt on. I'd certainly had many opportunities! But Ritter's pictures would be the only ones that I would have. So yes, indeed, it would be most appreciated!

"Papa," the boy said in French, after the latest series of pictures had been taken, "can we go swimming now?"

Ritter, smiling as he paged through the pictures in his camera, looked up at the children. "Yes," he said, looking about for a moment, "this seems like a fine place for a little swim!"

My niece asked Juliette what it was the two were saying, and when Juliette provided the translation, Heather immediately jumped to her feet, her little joys giving all of us a wonderful bouncy treat.

"Yes! Swimming!" she said with her usual bubbling excitement. "Come on, Henry!" She reached her hand out to the boy. "You, too, Uncle Raymond!"

"I'm afraid I didn't bring my swimming suit," I said.

"Oh! Well then, we can swim in the nude! Right?" She directed the question at Henry's mother.

Marie laughed and nodded. "Yes, of course!" she answered.

Without a moment's hesitation, Heather dropped her swimming bottoms. "You, too, Henry, come on!" she said.

The boy, having stood now, was all grins as he also pulled his swimming bottoms off. His cock was small and hairless, but quite stiff, a state it had clearly been in since at least when the girls had doffed their tops, if not earlier.

"Come on, Juliette! Come on, Uncle Raymond!" Heather said as she took the boy's hand and the two of them walked, completely naked, to the rear of the boat.

Marie was laughing amusedly. "Your niece," she said to me, "she is a free spirit!"

"Yes, she certainly is."

"She reminds me of myself, when I was young. Now," she said, smiling at me, "shall we join them?"

A moment later, the woman's bikini bottoms were on the floor as well, and I had a fine view of her pubis, shaved smooth. She stood, smiling, waiting for me to undress as well. I hesitated, somewhat sheepish, given the current state of my little johnnie, which was by now at least as stiff as Henry's and of substantially more girth. But if course I had no choice but to disrobe. Marie grinned, eyebrows raised, as she admired my engorged cock. Then she took my hand as Heather had done with Henry, and led me to the back of the boat where the children were already splashing in the water.

"Come, Frederick," she said to her husband, "and Jacques! Join us!"

Her husband had by now killed the boat's engine and set the anchor, and it was rocking lazily in the gentle swell, and he and Bonheur joined us in the water as well.

The water was as pure as you could imagine, the color of pale blue crystals. Its salinity gave us a wonderful buoyancy, and we floated dreamily on the undulating water between bouts of water fights initiated by the children, who splashed each other and all of us. And then, occasionally, a grown-up might engage in a sneak attack, and set off a new salvo.

Eventually, Ritter climbed back into the boat and opened a bottle of wine, and the grown-ups sat, naked in the sun on the platform at the back of the boat with our feet dangling in the sea, sipping the delicious red and watching the children play. Marie had retrieved a bottle of sun lotion, and after applying it liberally to her well-tanned skin in a manner quite reminiscent of how Heather did the same at the beach, paying an inordinate amount of attention to her breasts and nipples, she then applied it to each of the men, rubbing it onto our backs, then our chests, and then onto our legs, giggling delightedly as her fingers massaged our inner thighs and caused our cocks to swell again.

I must admit, I liked this woman. Quite a lot.

One bottle of wine gone, and a second well on its way, the children finally climbed out of the water, giggling and slapping each other on their bare rumps in retaliation for shots taken during a final round of the splashing wars. Marie, playing the mother hen, insisted that they allow her to apply the sun lotion, and as they sat on a padded bench along the inside of the back of the boat and she stood above them, rubbing the lotion in, Ritter went to work with his camera again.

While Marie applied the lotion thickly to Heather's chest, the woman's ample breasts swaying in front of the girl, Heather said to her, "Mrs. Ritter, you shave your pussy?"

"I do," the woman answered. "Frederick likes it. I think he likes to pretend I am a little girl."

Both of them giggled at this. "Uncle Raymond says I shouldn't shave mine," Heather said. "He thinks it's cute."

"He is right, ma fille, it is adorable."

Heather blushed and smiled. "What do you think, Henry?" she asked the boy. "Do you like it the way it is? Or do you think I should shave?"

The boy's mother translated the question for him, and he grinned and nodded and voiced his approval.

"He likes it just the way it is," Marie answered for him.

"Good! And you, Mr. Ritter? What do you think?"

The man was busy with his camera, taking pictures of the naked girls. Heather's response to this was to spread her legs open, so that he could take a picture of her auburn kitten-curls. He took several.

"Well, I guess we know his answer!" Marie said, and they both giggled again.

Hoping for a better look himself, Ritter's son stood up from the bench, and turned, and stared down between Heather's open legs.

The girl smiled at him, then reached down and spread her pussy lips, showing the boy, and all of us, the delicate pink inside her petals. Ritter responded with a flurry of more pictures.

"Have you ever put your finger in a pussy before?" Heather asked the boy.

His mother translated for him again, and he shook his head, still staring reverentially. Heather reached out to him, and he reached out to her, and she took his hand in hers. She peeled his index finger out, then directed it down, between her legs, and let out a breathy moan when his finger touched her.

"Push it in," she said softly, helping him to find her opening. "Go deep."

His mother translated, and with Heather's assistance, his finger disappeared into her sweet pink flesh.

"Do you like it?" she asked him, pulling back on his hand so that his finger slid out, then pushing in so that it slid back in again.

He didn't wait for his mother to translate her question; he knew what she had asked even if he didn't understand her words. And he nodded vigorously in response.

"Good!" Heather said. Then she reached her hand out to his little boner and wrapped her fingers around it, and as he finger-fucked her kitten with the assistance of her other hand, she began to stroke him.

"You're so hard, Henry!" she said. "Oh my god I love your cock! Do you think I could kiss him?"

Marie, eyes twinkling with delight, translated what she said. The boy's eyes went wide and his face red, and he nodded vigorously again.

Heather pulled the boy's finger from her pussy, lifted it to her mouth, and sucked her wetness from it. Then she slid off the bench and onto her knees in front of him.

There's nothing Heather likes more, I've come to find, then an audience, and now she had all of us enraptured as we watched her kiss the boy's nine-year-old cock, all over his shaft and pulling back his foreskin and kissing his pale little head. Then her sweet pink tongue slipped from her lips and she gave his peehole a lick. She looked up at him.

"I can taste your precum," she said. "It tastes good."

While his mother translated her words for him, her tongue slid down, gliding over the pale skin of his hard-on until it was thoroughly soaked. Then she crouched down and began licking his little pink ballsack, eventually taking his entire scrotum into her mouth and sucking his boyish balls.

When she let go of his testicles, she leaned back, opened her mouth wide, and dove right down onto his skinny erection, her nose pressed against his hairless pubis. She pulled her head back, then dove down again.

The boy groaned, and within no more than fifteen seconds, he came, his legs shaking and funny chortling sounds bubbling up from his spasming throat. Whether or not he actually produced ejaculate wasn't clear, but since Heather did not show him what may have been in her mouth, I don't think he did.

"Mrs. Ritter," Heather said to Marie when she'd pulled away from the young boy's satisfied cock, "Mr. Ritter looks really hard now. Would it be okay if I gave him a blowjob, too?"

"Oh, oui, ma fille," Marie responded with a glowing smile. "I will enjoy watching!" I realized then that the woman and the girl would be friends for life!

"Thanks!" Heather said in her sweetly enthusiastic manner. Then she turned to face the man, who had stepped over to her the moment she'd made the suggestion.

And now those gathered together on the boat that day got to see the girl suck a grown-up cock. Ritter's was certainly more of a challenge for a young girl than was his son's, but Heather was more than up to the task, covering his man-sized shaft in sweet little kisses, then broad soaking licks. After sucking each of his big balls in turn, she commenced to giving him head, bobbing and stroking up and down.

As we stood and watched, Marie turned to me. "And what about you, Raymond?" she asked with a little smile. "Your cock seems to be in great need of attention. Will you be getting a blowjob today as well?"

"I'm not sure that Heather will be up for giving a third in a row," I said.

"I suspect that she could more than handle it," the woman replied, "but if you think she would not object, I will be glad to help."

"I don't think she'd object at all. But what about your husband? Won't he object?"

Marie looked back at her husband, with my niece on her knees in front of him, bobbing on his knob. "He won't mind at all," she said. "And besides, he is not in a position to complain!"

"True!"

The woman was not quite as adventuresome with her mouth as Heather, but far be it from me to complain, and as she sucked my head, Bonheur stepped up, understandably wanting some attention himself. Marie took his cock in her hand and began to stroke, then pulled off of me and turned to him and gave him some head, then back to me again. And so all three of the men on the boat that day were given pleasure at the same time by the two older of our female companions, leaving only Juliette and Henry currently unengaged.

But that, of course, would shortly change. While I stood with my hands on the head of the woman who was currently sucking with great passion on my cock, I saw Juliette doing something that quite surprised me: She reached out to the boy and drew him in to her. She spread her legs and helped him to kneel between them. Then, with his little stiff willie in hand, she spread her pussy lips and directed him into her. I had a perfect view of his pale pink cockhead disappearing into the young girl's flesh, where my own much larger head had been only fifteen hours earlier.

Once the boy had entered her, Juliette put her hands on his hips and helped him to find a rhythm, and the two children began copulating, with Ritter, Bonheur and I watching with close attention.

Noticing that the men she was pleasuring were staring with great interest and approval at something over her head, Marie turned to see what was attracting our attention.

"Oh god," she moaned as she watched her nine year old son find his rhythm and begin merrily rutting away inside the girl. The woman then turned to me and grasped my cock, her eyes glassy with lust at the sight of her only child losing his virginity right in front of us. She collapsed down to the floor of the boat, pulling me by my cock so that I fell on top of her.

There was no need for words between us; permission was fully granted as she spread her legs wide underneath me and I slid into her shaved cunt, my cock a heat-seeking missile that found his target with experienced ease.

"Oh!" she hollered aloud, attracting the attention of her husband and my niece, as I pulled back and drove in deep. "Oh my god! Fuck me!" She arched her spine and rolled back onto the top of her head so that she could watch her son, who was oblivious to all around him, focused solely on the tight twelve-year-old vagina that was gripping to his skinny cock, hungrily milking him of whatever cum his little balls might be able to feed her.

Heather grinned as she watched me grab Marie's bountiful tits and dive my face down in between them, an act I'd been dreaming of doing since I first laid eyes on those fantastic mammaries back at the harbor in Cap Martin. The woman's pussy was spasming around my driving cock, pulsing like a fist that gripped me tight as I pulled back, loosened to allow me in, then gripped tight again. Heather returned to Ritter's cock with renewed enthusiasm, while he himself watched with apparent enjoyment as another man fucked his wife. Bonheur knelt next to Marie and began jacking off; she tried to suck him but couldn't bring herself to stop watching her son, and so he simply aimed his cock at her face. The moment that the boy moaned and shook and orgasmed inside Juliette, Bonheur unloaded while Marie simply stared at her son cumming inside a girl, so focused on the children's copulative success that she displayed no response at all to the torrent of seed spurting on her cheeks and nose.

I finished soon after Bonheur, a fantastic huge orgasm that filled the woman to overflowing, and at about the same time, Ritter shot his load into my niece's mouth. Heather, of course, showed him his cum, then turned to make sure that the rest of us saw before she swallowed.

The men of the party thus thoroughly satisfied, for the time being at least, Ritter filled glasses of wine all around, and the ladies sat down together on the bench, naked, Marie between the two younger girls. Ritter's camera was soon put to work again.

"Look at him," his wife said. "Still horny!" The girls giggled. "Men, you know? Never satisfied!"

"Oh I know!" Heather said. "You should see how often Uncle Raymond needs to cum! It's unbelievable!"

"Well then, he's lucky to have a girl like you in his life!" Marie said, and Heather beamed with pride. "Now," the woman continued, "perhaps we should give the cameraman a good show?" And she spread her legs open, her shaved pussy dark red from our sex; used, open, distended.

Heather grinned, then spread as well. The two of them wrapped their nearer legs together, and Juliette did the same on the other side. The camera whirred, and Marie reached her hands down to the younger girls' kittens and began petting them. The girls did the same for her, and the three of them sipped their wine and chatted as they masturbated each other, and themselves, cumming together several times.

Back, eventually, to Cap Martin, Bonheur and I both gave each of our girls plenty of spending cash, and Marie took them shopping, with poor Henry in tow. Although I rather doubt the boy minded much; he was thoroughly smitten with the girls and especially now with Juliette. While they were gone, we men found a nice establishment for a few more drinks, although only after Ritter had copied his pictures to memory cards for Bonheur and me.

"When do you leave tomorrow, Denalsky?" Bonheur asked me as we enjoyed a glass of whiskey.

"It's an evening flight from Paris," I answered. "The train from Nice leaves at noon."

"I suppose you're hoping for a quiet final evening tonight, then?" he said.

"Yeah, today wore me out, I have to admit. But I imagine Heather would like nothing more than one more evening with Juliette."

"Then perhaps we should order food to be delivered, and watch a movie?"

"Perfect," I answered, and then we made a series of toasts, to a fine day, to a fine boat, to fine ladies, and especially to the Côte d'Azur.

The girls sat together on the bed watching Disney movies after we had eaten our dinner out on the beautiful veranda as the sun slowly set over the harbor and the seagulls entertained us with their noisy antics. Eventually the second movie of the evening ended, and it being quite late already, Bonheur and I dissuaded the girls from starting a third. Bonheur seemed a little anxious about something as well.

"Papa?" Juliette said when the credits for the second movie rolled.

"Oui, ma minette?"

"Papa," she said again, "I know you want to go to bed soon. But I was thinking... Do you think we could do it here instead? Now? I would like it if Heather and her uncle were with us."

Heather's beautiful green eyes went wide and she bounced up onto her knees. "Yes! Oh yes!" she said excitedly. "We would love to be here when you do it, Mr. Bonheur, wouldn't we, Uncle Raymond?"

Bonheur looked at me questioningly.

"Perhaps they would like their privacy, Heather," I said.

"Oh baloney!" Heather responded. "We're like a family, right? We're so close! We share everything! "

"We are!" Juliette said. "We are a family, aren't we, Papa?"

"We are, my love," Bonheur answered.

"Then can we do it now? Please?"

"Of course can, mon amour."

"Yay!" Heather said, bouncing excitedly on the bed.

Bonheur rose and walked to the girls. They both sat up, moving to meet him. As Juliette placed her hands gently on his chest, Heather started unbuckling his pants. Father and daughter began to kiss, while Heather pulled down his trousers.

"Look at his big you are, Mr. Bonheur," my niece said with glowing adoration as she massaged at the bulge in his briefs. After a bit, she pulled his shorts down, and his erection sprang free. "Oh what a beautiful cock!" she said, wrapping her hands around it and giving him skillful strokes.

Bonheur, meanwhile, began undressing his daughter without breaking their kiss. Soon little twelve-year-old Juliette was naked, and she lay back onto the bed and spread her legs, her big dark eyes wide once again. Bonheur climbed onto the bed, between her legs, leaning down and pressing his face into her sex. He stayed up on his knees, so that Heather could continue stroking him.

The man spent a great deal of time kissing his daughter's pussy, and she quivered and moaned delicately in response. Eventually he rose up and moved forward above her.

The hands of three people--Heather, Juliette, and Bonheur--helped his cock to find his young daughter's opening. Heather watched as best she could, enthralled, as the man's thick head, shining wet with precum coaxed out by Heather's soft and expert hands, slipped into the folds of Juliette's welcoming pussy. And so began their carnal act; a sin, some might say, but it's impossible for me to think this about such a beautiful and loving thing to behold.

As Bonheur's cock slowly and careful entered deeper into his daughter, Heather turned to me. I knew from the look in her shining green eyes, and the blush on her freckled face, just what she wanted me to do.

She lay on her stomach, smiling at the red-faced Juliette, who smiled back at her, shining with great joy to finally have her daddy's loving cock inside her. I entered Heather gently; Bonheur was being so kind and cautious with his love-making that it seemed it would be untoward of me to fuck my partner any other way than kind and cautious well. Heather was as wet as I have ever known her to be, pussycum flowing out onto my balls immediately upon my entering her. The girls kissed each other, moaning sweetly together, as their men made gentle love to them on that beautiful French evening.

We lasted for a very long time, often taking breaks from the sex, pouring wine while the girls kissed and played together, then resuming in new positions, Juliette up on her hands and knees with her father fucking her from behind, Heather on top of me; then another break for wine, then Heather sucking Bonheur's cock while I took my turn inside his daughter's little toy. She was fully open now, but so tight, so warm, so wet. It was the third cock the little twelve-year-old had taken that day. Sweet Juliette, an innocent when we had first met only a few days before, was now transformed: a little French slut for her father and his friends.

After an hour at least of love-making, Bonheur finally lay down on his daughter completely, holding her underneath him and fucking with aggression now, growling as his orgasm built. I did the same for Heather, I knew she wanted me to finish, and finish hard, and I slapped her ass as she lay face-down and moaned into the bedsheets. Juliette moaned from underneath her father as well, shouting out "Oh Papa! Oh Papa!" and we two men drained our balls into their happy little cunts, both of us, at the same time, slamming in and firing our our sperm deep into their tender wombs.

There were kisses all around, and tearful goodbyes and promises to IM and Snapchat every day, and demands that the four of us return to paradise, to the Côte d'Azur, as soon as ever we could.

And so our wonderful vacation came to a beautiful, though bittersweet, end.

**Epilogue**

It is inevitable, that at the end of a vacation, no matter how wonderful that

vacation is, the excitement of new friends, and new scenery, and new routine--or no routine at all--gives way to the eventual recognition that the mundane ways of home have a certain comfort and appeal as well. And so the traveler is overcome with conflicting desires, both clinging to the dream that the vacation will never end--that the now will last forever!--and looking forward to a return to normality; to a comfortable old bed, a coffee shop that what you are so accustomed to, neighbors you know well and a neighborhood where everything is exactly as it was before you left.

One week is perhaps too short a time to reach this point, but I suspect that for a thirteen-year-old girl who has spent that entire week having sex multiple times a day, no matter how willingly she took part in it, the vacation's end must be a welcome relief, even if she doesn't want to admit the truth of it.

So after a peaceful sleep that night, the sleep of the very satisfied, we awoke to one final act of love, kissing each other's bodies head to toe and then missionary sex, my heavy frame weighing her down as I found my pleasure in her auburn kitten one last time on the French Riviera. And then we made the long return to home.

"When do you think we'll get to have sex again, Uncle Raymond?" she asked.

"I don't know," I answered honestly, "but I think you need a little bit of a break."

"I don't want a break," she pouted, her face down and her green eyes up, like she likes to do.

"Well, then, let's make sure we find the time, as soon as possible."

She smiled a bit. "Let's do," she said, sounding wistful.

I put my arm around her. "Heather, you amaze me."

She smiled at me. "You amaze me, too, Uncle Raymond."

"Add Heather?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you too, Uncle."

And she snuggled her head against my shoulder for a long flight home.