**Abduction**

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**Part 1 - Schoolgirls?**  
  
Little Celia and tall, dark, Natasha could do nothing without instruction from the grey haired, seemingly genial old man they had so foolishly taken to be a teacher. Celia desperately needed to wee but could say nothing - neither ask permission nor release the pressure in her bladder. Did Natasha perhaps feel the same?  
  
It was not as if she and Natasha had been bosom buddies or even friends. Natasha was in her class at uni. Celia certainly spoke to her, admired the way the tall girl moved, spoke and dressed, they had been at the same parties but they were not close. They were not intimate.  
  
Not 'bosom buddies' - that was just so the wrong phrase and now simply not true. 'Not intimate?' It was absurd to say they were not that... now.  
  
It had all happened so suddenly. Perhaps it had not been planned. Perhaps she had been caught up in something she should not have been involved in; perhaps it was another girl they had been after and not her: or was it Natasha that had been accidently involved?  
  
The university had seemed so secure. Uniformed security personnel patrolling the grounds, CCTV cameras watching, yet one moment walking through a familiar short cut between buildings, one she had used many times before, the next...  
  
The next, the next indeed. She had come from a lecture with Melia and Rollo but they had peeled off for a different class and Natasha had caught her up. Not, as she remembered, to speak but simply because her legs were longer. They had turned as one into the short alley; they had started talking a little before and had been walking together and to one side, to pass a white Transit van just at the end when...  
  
The only other person in the passage - and it was not as if it was a narrow passage - was a grey haired old man whom she had taken to be a teacher, a lecturer, just standing holding a walking stick. What had been odd, so strange in retrospect was the way he seemed to be half looking beyond them, perhaps looking for others as he had smiled pleasantly and then tapped on the van door... Perhaps it had been the smile that had fixed him in her mind or what happened next - and of course later.  
  
Celia knew about chloroform. Had seen it 'used' in the movies. The pad over the mouth, the brief struggle and then the collapse into oblivion.  
  
It had been rather like that. The doors banging open, the pads and then... nothing. Presumably she had collapsed. She did not remember anything after the brief, the very brief struggle.  
  
Celia had woken, groggy at first. Unsure where she was, disorientated. A nurse, she thought it was a nurse had asked her if she was "OK." Celia had answered in the affirmative. Again looking back it was hardly likely she would have said anything else. Not at that point. Not just when coming to her senses.  
  
It was the nurse opening her mouth, dropping in what she took to be a pill - only it was too big, applying what she took to be toothpaste - only who squeezed toothpaste all along the teeth and not on the brush, followed by a feeling of something being tied around her wrists, perhaps a hospital name band - only that would be only to one wrist. It all helped to rather focus her still befuddled mind.  
  
Even so, it took Celia a little time to realise she was not in hospital, was not wearing her own clothes and things were most definitely not right. Not right at all, not with the thing in her mouth seeming to be getting even larger and finding she was unable to spit it out. It was not that her jaw was not working or her tongue but she could not separate her teeth.  
  
The long white socks, the sensible shoes, the pleated maroon skirt, the white blouse, neat tie and woollen jacket was not at all what she had been wearing. Not the sort of thing she had worn since sixteen at school. As her eyes cleared there too was Natasha in a matching uniform smiling in a rather toothy way at her. Her long hair no longer free but tied in plaits either side of her face.  
  
What was she saying? Celia tried to ask but found it was surprisingly difficult to talk with teeth glued together and something rather large in her mouth. It came to her that Natasha was not so much smiling in a pleasant way as trying to talk with stuck together teeth.  
  
Celia made to get up but the ropes around her wrists which were tied to the bed prevented her and as she tried to kick her legs she realised there were ropes around her long white socks, tied around her ankles holding her down.  
  
Her next conscious thought was being on a train. She could not remember how she got there but there she was, sitting with her hands neatly folded in her lap, sitting next to Natasha, both in their mock school uniforms. Celia tried to rise but realised she was tied. Her hands were not so much resting on her lap but bound together under a coat, seemingly, casually thrown across Natasha and her laps. Her feet were neatly together - yet, again, she could not move them apart. She could not see if they were bound or perhaps in some way the shoes were hooked together.  
  
Again Celia tried to rise but was gently pushed back into her seat by the very same old man she had seen in the alley way at the university.  
  
"Sit still, my dear, we have a long journey ahead of us. You can't need to go again already."  
  
He turned to the man sitting next to him. A man smartly dressed, clearly a businessman.  
  
"I don't know. Have you daughters? These are my two granddaughters... yes I know - don't ask - it was, how might I put it? A mixed marriage. They do so like their drinks, their Cokes and 7-UPs but these fizzy drinks do go through them so."  
  
The old man's chatter caused the man's eyes to flick from Celia's face to Natasha and back again.  
  
"Don't they look so smart in their school uniforms?"  
  
To Celia it seemed the business man had been given permission to cast his eyes all over the girls and he did. Celia had the distinct feeling of being mentally undressed.  
  
"I'm taking them south for the holiday. Their parents take time away and they come to stay at my old beach house. Have done for years. They do so love it there. The sand and the sea you know. I'm fortunate. It's such a lovely place and so private. Such happy days on the beach. Every year; I do so look forward to it and I know the girls do. Sand and sea - they have a lovely time.  
  
You know, I'll tell you a bit of a secret, I don't think it will embarrass the girls if I say the place is so private we've never had to bother with swimming costumes. It all makes it so much easier than having to pull things on under towels and so on. Don't you think?"  
  
The business man looked surprised, more than surprised.  
  
"Of course they are getting bigger but I can't imagine they will want the bother. Would you?"  
  
The man seemed almost tongue tied. Celia rather thought he was imagining running after a naked Natasha and herself across the sands to the sea. Playing with the girls and not with a bucket and spade either. Bother? No, he probably would rather not 'bother.' She could barely move but she did not miss movement in his trousers. The man's thoughts betrayed. But could he not see they were not schoolgirls?  
  
Celia thought it a good time to really try and move but again a firm push from the old man.  
  
"Emily-Sue! Sit still or it'll be the hairbrush on your backside later."  
  
He turned back to the business man. "You have to be firm you know. There's no point in being lax. Don't you think?"  
  
"Oh, um, no," replied the man, staring at Celia, "no a firm hand is the best policy."  
  
'Or a firm something else,' thought Celia. It was just so obvious what the man was thinking - a firm spanking and then a firm... She turned to Natasha who was now seeming a bit more animated as if waking from some sort of stupor. She looked into Natasha's eyes and smiled, a rather toothy smile but there was nothing else she could do.  
  
Surely the man must realise they were not schoolgirls but, instead, young women dressed as schoolgirls, or did he just think girls grew up rather fast these days?  
  
Why were they on a train? Why such a public place if they were being - or rather had been - abducted? Why were they not travelling in a car or locked up in the back of a van? Why the strange pretence of them being schoolgirls on the way to the beach and apparently expected as 15, 16 or was it 17 or 18 year old schoolgirls to be happy to frolic naked whilst building sandcastles and swimming with their aged grandfather?  
  
And was it not so risky with the two girls however tightly bound and gagged to be in a public place - just him and them? It was then Celia noticed the two big men dressed in identical dark suits sitting very close by and seeming to be watching Natasha and herself through dark glasses. Were they in on the act or just men interested in observing rather well built schoolgirls?  
  
The old man seemed happy to engage any one in conversation. Even the ticket collector who seemed a little unsure whether really Celia and Natasha should be half price fares.  
  
A young woman sitting nearby was quizzed on her own school days having, Celia thought, made the mistake of commenting on the neat uniforms. The old man seemed to take a surprising delight in finding out what the young woman had worn at school and was more than delighted to find she had been in the forces until recently. Her army uniform was asked about. Celia was amazed, and the woman clearly a little put out, when the old man began discussing under garments. How the girls wore matching maroon knickers and asking whether she had worn matching navy blue knickers at school and whether the army issued khaki panties for the women service personnel. He had even made a rather excruciating joke about privates for privates. It had rather terminated the conversation but not before he had elicited the information that there had indeed been navy blue knickers.  
  
"Not too long girls. Emily-Sue and Tabitha, you sit still now. We'll soon be there and you can go to your room and change and visit the bathroom. Yes, it's still the big old bed."  
  
He turned to the man sitting next to him. "They do like sleeping in that big old bed together unless... Sometimes if it gets stormy and there is thunder and lightning when they do come to my room and creep into bed with me. They get a little frightened and want a cuddle."  
  
The man's eyes bulged and the young woman looked most disapproving.  
  
Celia could not really believe the strange perverted pleasure the old man seemed to get from discussing Natasha and herself. Could the man or the woman really believe she and Natasha would get into bed with the old man in a thunderstorm and cuddle up to him? The business man, surely, would be imagining what it would be like - the difficulty with one girl perhaps either side of avoiding either girl realising there was something very firm and unusual in his pyjamas! She could imagine he would so like them to find the hard thing and play with it.  
  
All of a sudden both Natasha and she gave a start - in unison.  
  
"Now sit still now."  
  
That was not at all easy. With all the tying up, the thing in her mouth and the stuck together teeth, Celia had not noticed there was something intimately within her. She was now very aware of it. Something had been inserted in her vagina whilst she had been unconscious, something that was now vibrating away to itself in a very teasing, stimulating way. It was evident Natasha was similarly installed. Her eyes, her movement, her wriggling gave it away.  
  
Celia could not help herself; her hips seemed to have a mind of their own; they just would not stay still. If only she could extract the little machine, or for its batteries to run down, but with her hands tied there was nothing she could do. Onwards the train rattled and she just had to sit there feeling the little machine doing its worst - and all the time the old man was watching, watching the movements she and Natasha were making. The little squirming movements in their smart school uniforms. And he was not the only one watching.  
  
"Sit still girls. You are annoying the other passengers!"  
  
She knew she was not. Far from it. Men were looking at Natasha and Celia with undisguised lust. She knew for a certainty; could not see it being any other way that all the men - the old man, the man sitting next to him, the probable minders and a few others - were erect within their trousers; just loving the sight of the squirming schoolgirls.  
  
"Girls!" The old man's voice was cross now. "We are nearly there. You are not to wet your panties!"  
  
Celia could not help it. It was as if the phrase. 'wet your panties' had just pushed her over the edge. Her orgasm came strongly and, remarkably, it seemed the same thing happened to Natasha as well.  
  
"Girls I told you not to. I really did. Too many fizzy drinks. I do hope you haven't..."  
  
His hand under her skirt; his hand forcing itself between her thighs; his hand inside her skirt whilst the man and, indeed, other passengers watched in disbelief; the old man's hand touching her, touching her so intimately. Celia realised she was not in fact wearing panties - maroon or otherwise.  
  
"Look. Look!" He said, holding up his hand and waggling his fingers. They were wet. "Look what the naughty girl has done. It'll be the hair brush for you, young lady, as soon as we are in. Both of you, indeed. As soon as we are in, it's up to your room, those wet things off and the two of you bending over the tailboard of the bed. It'll be a sound thrashing I can tell you!"  
  
Could the business man not see it was not wee? Could he not know the scent in the air, the scent of an aroused young woman? He did seem very flustered.  
  
Natasha and Celia sat still. The buzzing had ceased as quickly as it had started. The train rattled over points and began to slow.  
  
"Well, it's been nice talking to you. I think this is the end of the line."  
  
The business man said some pleasantries as he stood up but he was clearly unsettled. Another glance - no more than that at Natasha and herself - perhaps trying to fix their image in his mind. She could not miss - at her eye level - the bulge in his trousers. So obvious to her that he was strongly erect.  
  
The old man seemed happy to let the other passengers get off first.  
  
"Come girls..."  
  
But Celia's last image was of the two dark suited men standing and moving towards them.  
  
Celia awoke. Slowly she came to her senses. No longer in uniform, no longer in any clothes but tied. Just lying on a bed next to Natasha. Next to tall, beautiful, naked Natasha. Tall, beautiful, naked Natasha and the old man - the old man from the train - also naked and crouched over her. Such a creepy thing to awake to: but the worse for Natasha.  
  
The man was literally dragging it. He was not holding his sexual organ at all, just letting it rub gently against her flawless brown skin - the silk of her skin against the smoothness of his knob. Crouched over her he let the organ just hang away from his body. Not at all as you usually saw the penis, neat against the pubic hair. The tidy model of the classical statue. No, this was the unusual view when it was hanging, as if both penis and balls were suspended on a stalk beneath the man. He was on all fours over Natasha, his penis hanging like an animal's and he was just gently stroking her with it.  
  
The penis did, though, rub very softly because the skin was so very smooth.  
  
It was not as if it was erect or even anything like it but there was no question his action was sexual. His flaccid penis, his flaccid uncut penis, was gently, ever so gently being rubbed over Natasha. None of her skin was exempt. It seemed all must be touched.  
  
There appeared to be no hurry on his part. The man just moving slowly, pulling his penis over Natasha's body. There was nothing else for Celia to do but watch. She seemed to have no volition over her own body. She was sure Natasha was the same.  
  
Celia stared at the little trail the penis had begun to make as if a snail had slid over the so brown skin. The contrast of the white penis and the black skin. The trail so clearly made. Would it be her turn next? The man was literally dragging it.  
  
There was nothing Celia could do but watch. She could not move without permission, even if she had been untied. She knew that. Could feel something had been done to her mind.  
  
It was only then, as she watched the old man's slow progress across Natasha's smooth skin, that Celia realised the true import of the man's actions. He was not impotent in the true sense of the word but was unable to maintain or achieve an erection. His pleasure was in a flaccid sex. Not vaginal intercourse for him but an epidermal intercourse - an intercourse between himself and the whole woman. The snail's trail the indication: the man evidently fully capable of producing seminal fluid.  
  
He was a patient man; there was no hurry in his action; seemingly as happy to rub his penis across Natasha's shoulder as her bottom. He moved everywhere leaving his little trails of silver.  
  
Celia watched with fascination the way the old man rubbed himself against Natasha's breasts, the careful circuit his soft glans made of the areolae, the evident excitement he got from wrapping, no, rolling his long foreskin over each of her nipples in turn, taking them into its folds. Such an intimacy, such a wrong, a so wrong, yet so delicate an act. The soft touch seemed to have an effect on the nipples. He left them wet and sticky with his oozing semen but standing nonetheless.  
  
It was no surprise the old man left Natasha's sex until last. No surprise when he took the ropes securing her ankles and eased her legs gently but firmly apart. Not roughly, not in a violent way: yet it was just so obscene the way he opened her but, at the same time, fascinating and arousing. Yes, arousing! Celia could not believe the sudden surge of wetness between her legs at the very moment Natasha was so visibly exposed. Celia had never really had much to do with Natasha but now was seeing the tall black girl not simply naked but with her sex open, exposed and seemingly wet. What a pretty mons! Celia was surprised at herself. She had never thought of the sex of a woman in such terms but now, seeing Natasha's, her thoughts were different; the dark, dark hair lying flat across the flawless skin of her pubis - not curly but just so straight. It ran to left and right from her slit forming a dark triangle and it was almost as if someone had combed it and given it a parting right where her slit was. Perhaps someone had. A stronger growth at the slit and then running on downwards on her labia major. Peeking out through the slightly swollen lips was her little brown clitoral hood and the soft fold of her labia minora; the pulling apart of her legs had slightly parted these and between them it looked more than a little damp. Celia noted the detail.  
  
The man's silver trail, his snail trail up Natasha's soft brown thigh fascinated Celia. She watched his snail - no, his pink slug - making its way closer and closer to Natasha's exposed femininity. Natasha was struggling, her body and head shaking from side to side, despite the bindings, but still the pink slug slipped gently over her brown skin. Was it in protest or in pleasure? Celia watched fascinated. She would have thought protest, but the touch of the man's penis was so gentle, might well be so teasing. Celia wanted to touch Natasha. Touch her sex.  
  
Celia could not see how the old man could penetrate, how he could finish the act. But still closer he came until, finally, he was rubbing, rubbing his penis against Natasha's outer lips, rubbing, making a slow circuit, crossing the valley twice. And then he was sort of 'in,' with his penis pushing aside the dark fringed labia minora, first one and then the other, and exposing that oyster shell of soft wetness girls have. The man was not in her vagina but in the soft wetness of her sex.

Celia watched, wishing she too could touch Natasha there - it looked, and would be, so soft and delicate - how would it feel compared to her own sex?  
  
The man was moving his penis head within the lips, pushing against her entrance and then rubbing where her clit would be - was it perhaps standing? Could the old man feel its hardness through his softness. Was the little button giving a little extra pleasure to him?  
  
Celia could hear the delicate wet sounds the man was making as he flicked his penis head faster and faster against her, clearly taking the greatest pleasure in the delicate sensations. After a little while it proved not just a pleasure but proved a sufficient pleasure. Finally the old man gave a grunt of satisfaction and the white of his semen began to appear, running out of his soft penis head and onto Natasha's sex, mixing with her own secretions. A strange flaccid ejaculation but seemingly very enjoyable to the old man. It, the white semen, was not inconsiderable.  
  
Celia was relieved. She had been spared the old man's ministrations.  
  
Spared the old man's attentions but not his semen. Celia had not noticed the two dark suited men in the background who had been watching the whole proceedings. A nod from the old man and Celia was lifted and her legs too spread and she was brought not face to face, nor breast to breast with Natasha but quite the other way around as an 'X,' at right angles to the girl, sex to sex, not simply their mons touching but really together, her wet pudenda pushed right up against Natasha's, their bodies at 180 degrees to each other. The touch intimate, the connection intimate. The two open sexes pressed together.  
  
A smile from the old man. "You can move now."  
  
Both Natasha and she registered protest. Their heads shaking but then they were tied closely. Never had Celia been so close to another woman, the intimacy closer than she could have imagined. Their struggling was moving them against each other; their sexes being intimate; their sexual entrances facing and touching each other; as intimate as a man and woman could be but Natasha and she were women; Celia could feel Natasha's soft wetness on her own and she knew the wetness was not just from Natasha but the old man's semen was being rubbed from Natasha to herself and back again.  
  
What made it even worse was Celia was liking the intimacy, was finding the touch of the other woman exciting, the feel of Natasha's wet sex on her own surprisingly pleasant - no erotic. She could feel her own clitoris brushing against Natasha's soft wetness. It was standing. It was erect.  
  
Their struggles and protests were to no avail. They were ignored. The lights were turned off and the girls left to their own devices in pitch darkness.  
  
Celia stopped struggling and lay quietly, still with the feel of Natasha's long smooth legs against her - one to her back, one to her front. Beneath her own naked feet, Natasha's back and her soft breasts. She could feel the girl so warm, so alive against her. She could hear Natasha's breathing, even feel her pulse through her own skin.  
  
They lay still for a time and then it started. Celia was never sure if it was she who started the movement, or Natasha, or both: but there was movement. Almost imperceptible at first but a gentle or tentative rubbing together of wet pudenda nonetheless - and it got stronger. And as it got stronger the wetter they seemed to become. Celia could not help it. She had not wanted to become aroused, did not think that she could become aroused in such a situation, still less with a woman but she had - big time.  
  
The girls' rubbing became desperate, a remarkably intimate and wet rubbing; lips caressing lips, clits perhaps even stroking together. In the silence of the room there were little wet sounds from their rubbing sexes. Moans from the two girls. Their bodies becoming damp with their excitement; an added tactility to their skin.  
  
Natasha came first; Celia could feel the shuddering pleasure of her orgasm but Natasha did not stop rubbing, did not deny Celia her pleasure. She too felt the build and overflow of orgasm.  
  
Moaning together, their bodies sweaty, the scent of girl strong in the air - the girls had truly come - and then they lay still, Celia rather appalled at what she had done, what they had done: perhaps Natasha felt the same. It was not like her - not one little bit. She had never... It was a shock. Not just their present predicament but now - this!  
  
A low chuckling revealed to the girls they were not, after all, alone in the darkness. Celia had thought the men had left; had been sure they had left; there had surely been no one but Natasha and herself when the door had closed.  
  
The sudden stab of torchlight in their eyes, an undoing and redoing of ropes leaving the girls as helpless as before but not now tied intimately together: in fact quite the opposite, tied separately but with their legs very spread. The stab of the torchlight moving now from their faces to their sex; their glistening, no doubt messy pudenda floodlit for the delectation, no doubt, of the men. The torches illuminating and highlighting. Fingers touching.  
  
Celia realised it was about to happen; what she had been expecting since her awaking from her abduction. The old man had not touched her - not like that - but now...  
  
The room light switched on and there the two minders in their dark identical suits. One of them carefully wiping his fingers on his handkerchief.  
  
"Mr Levinson has had his pleasure, you have had yours and now..." Again the chuckle, "it is our turn!" A shared smile between the two.  
  
There was nothing Natasha and she could do. No longer paralysed but so tightly bound; bound in a way giving the man full and easy access - access to female sexes running with the wetness produced by their own actions; vaginas so slippery and so ready prepared for coitus. The men would have no difficulty slipping into them. Celia knew what an enticing sight they would look to men - two young women bound and prepared for intercourse.  
  
Like their master the two men did not rush their pleasure. No zipping down of flies and a quick penetration. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am. No, a careful removal of clothes. Jackets not simply cast aside but carefully laid down; ties removed and neatly curled; shirts carefully unbuttoned and folded; shoes untied, socks removed. It was the removal of the trousers which gave Natasha and Celia a very clear indication that the sex was going to be different from that with the old man. There was no flaccidity of penes in their pants: quite the opposite.  
  
As one, the pants came down and, as one, the penes released from the material sprung into the air. They were not small.  
  
These were not puny men but well built men; strongly muscled and toned. Their bodies not feminine in any way; not the modern slightly androgynous look of the over well groomed, soft skinned and depilated male; rather the men were hairy and muscular. And their penes rose strongly from thickets of wiry curls. Each perhaps a good eight inches long, upwards pointing and both with big acorn shaped knobs. It was clear they meant business. Semen was about to be spilt or, more than a little likely, injected.  
  
Celia just stared. There was nothing she could do; nothing she could do to prevent the men doing things to Natasha and herself. She just looked up at them from her spread-eagled position as they stood erect, so very male and completely in control over Natasha and herself.  
  
If only they would get on with it. Seeing the men staring down at the girls, guessing at their thoughts but them not doing anything seemed torture. The hardness of the penes clearly indicated their thoughts were sexual; the girls' position was sexual - sex was going to happen. There was no let up in their hardness: their thoughts were clearly pleasurable.  
  
It was actually a relief to be touched. The waiting had been worse. Fingers on breasts, fingers toying with nipples, fingers pulling and pinching. Fingers touching other parts of their bodies. Fingers between their legs, fingers in their sexes, each man with fingers in each vagina at the same time. Men enjoying touching girls, men enjoying free access to young bodies, men enjoying playing together with aroused women.  
  
Like the old man they crouched over the girls, their penes hanging free but not to drag their glans, snail or slug like, over the skin. No, they were brought to hang over the girls' faces. It was obvious the men wanted the girls to take them into their mouths, to fellate them.  
  
The girls were unable to move, unable to prevent the men hanging their genitalia over them, unable to prevent them bringing their knobs to touch and bang against the girls' mouths but they were able to prevent access. Celia's lips were firmly closed. The man or the men might be about to insert their large penes in her vagina, one after the other - and there was nothing she could do about that - but she was not going to suck them. No!  
  
She turned her head away towards Natasha as she did the same and they just stared at each other trying to ignore the hanging penes. Difficult to ignore - they were very big.  
  
"Silly, silly girls," said the man hanging over Natasha, "come on Tabitha, you need to suck."  
  
"My name's not Tabitha and I don't want to..."  
  
Celia's eyes grew round as Natasha's full lips, pursed to say the last word slowly widened and closed around the man's knob.. It was not that the man had pushed in: rather Natasha had positively sought the penis and was now actively moving her lips - her so pretty lips on the organ. Natasha's lips looked just so good wrapped around a big penis. Such kissable sweet but full lips - pretty even whilst sucking on a penis. Celia had never seen another woman suck a cock before. Why had Natasha voluntarily done that?  
  
"You too, Emily-Sue."  
  
Celia turned from Natasha having watched what her pretty mouth was doing. There, hanging inches from Celia's mouth, was a penis bigger than she had ever seen or handled before. Engorged and with skin stripped back to show the bulbous head. She was surprised - surprised at her reaction, at how simply lovely it looked: the big soft acorn head with its bifurcation; its eye, the little slit which produced that lovely cream, seemed to be watching her - it all looked just so suckable - there on the end of its long stalk. She could not help herself. With a deep sigh Celia's head moved forward and her lips closed on the wonderful big plum.  
  
"Mmmm." It was lovely.  
  
And so there they were, the two girls, sucking away. Two girls who had just made each other come, Celia surprised at her reaction to Natasha and now her reaction to the penis - the big thing in her mouth. What had the old man done to her? One moment rejecting the penis and trying to avoid it, the next...  
  
Celia sucked away happily. Lovely to feel the big knob in her mouth, so smooth, so rounded. Her tongue explored, her lips moved, her cheeks hollowed. Wouldn't it be so nice if it came, if it ejaculated the man's cream and she could let it slip, silkily, down her throat. Sort of like a warm oyster - delicious and salty. Even with the penis in her mouth she shook her head as if to clear it. What was she thinking? Her eyes again glanced at Natasha; such a pretty girl and so nice to see her thick lips sucking away.  
  
The men pulled away.  
  
"Phew! Mr Levinson does choose 'em! I nearly..."  
  
"Me too."  
  
They grinned at each other and waggled their erections at each other. It was obvious to Celia they were used to working together - working on girls.  
  
The men moved down the bed and once more stood looking down at the girls. The girls bound, just lay and looked up at the men, the naked and erect men: the men looked down at them, at the two helpless girls, the naked and spread girls.  
  
With the removal of the penis from her mouth Celia had come a little back to her senses. She did not want to be fucked by one of the men - she did not want to be fucked by both of the men. She was wet from her intimacy with Natasha, she was wet from her pleasure in penis sucking - there would be no difficulty for the men but she did not want to do that. It was clear Natasha did not want to be fucked either.  
  
"Leave us alone."  
  
It was just such a pointless command and the men so knew it. They were in total control.  
  
"Quiet Tabitha. Little girls should wait until they are spoken to. And my colleague is hardly going to leave you alone, is he now? Hardly! You just need to look at him. Big and swollen isn't he? He clearly needs a girl or the special bit of a girl." The two men looked at each other's erections and smiled.  
  
The other man moved forward, once more climbing onto the girl but it was obvious to Celia watching that, this time, his penis was not going into Natasha's mouth: no, it was going to go in where Celia had so recently been rubbing.  
  
Natasha turned to her and they stared into each other's eyes. Celia could not see down to Natasha's sex; could not see the moment the big knob pushed against her soft and wet folds and entered her body but she knew the moment, saw Natasha wince and her eyes widen. It could not have hurt her. It was a big, thick penis with a lot of diameter to it but the knob was properly rounded and, wet as she knew Natasha to be, the act of penetration could not have been uncomfortable, or even painful. It was just unwanted.  
  
Celia tried to show sympathy. "It won't last long," she whispered.  
  
A chuckle from the men. "How do you know?"  
  
How did she know? And then she felt it. The second man's penis against her own sex. It was about to happen. Spread as she was, wet as she was, defenceless as she was - there was just no difficulty in entry but it was undoubtedly the thickest penis that she had taken. It simply felt big as the knob pushed into her. A despairing look at Natasha and then she turned. And there was the man with his face, his lips close to hers. Of course he was there. He was a man lying on her body in the classic missionary position and as his penis slid up into her he had the effrontery to kiss her on the lips.  
  
"Oh - that is nice!"  
  
"Fuck you," Celia hissed.  
  
"Yes," he said.  
  
Both Natasha and Celia wriggled, fought against their bonds but to no avail. Bound to the bed and speared by the men. They were completely helpless. The men just rode the sudden passion; held on and simply enjoyed the wriggling; they were both fully engaged and, with their members so far up into the girls, the male/female connection so thoroughly made, they were not going to be dislodged.  
  
The girls lay back, panting and exhausted and the men took it as their cue to begin to fuck. The traditional bottom rising and falling movement as the girls lay still and unresisting.  
  
But they did not leave the girls alone: they did not simply come and then go, letting the girls sleep. Instead, after a time, they withdrew and swopped over. The slippery withdrawal from her vagina and then hearing the words:  
  
"You try Tabitha now."  
  
But not straightway back into their vaginas; once more the men came up the bed, their penes hanging, just as firm as before but this time to a different girl; and this time the penes were not dry, not a bit of it. They were fresh from a vagina - not from the particular girl's vagina but her friend's.  
  
Hanging before Celia's face, clear in all its detail was the other man's genitalia; not the man whom she had sucked and been fucked by but the other man. There was his knob with its bifurcation, perhaps already leaking but that was difficult to see because it was covered both by Natasha's secretions and traces of the old man's semen. Inches from her mouth, the big plum on its stalk and, beyond, hanging rather pendulously his balls. If only she was free, if only she could knee him or worse: but she couldn't and as she stared at the genitalia in front of her face once again the desire to suck came.  
  
The man seemed happy to wait for her, wait as she found her lips parting, her tongue running over her lips, her desire to suck on the thing growing and growing. Celia glanced sideways. Natasha had already lost the fight. She was sucking with gusto on the other man's penis, sucking on the penis that had so recently been deep inside Celia. Celia stopped fighting and with a sigh of satisfaction sucked the sticky plum into her mouth. It smelt delightfully of girl, it tasted of man and girl - but it was very male!  
  
There was more swopping, the men seeming happy to spend a lot of time enjoying the girls' bodies but not actually coming. Eventually the men decided to finish it. It was a discussion between them. A discussion about which girl. A discussion about their different attributes. A discussion which was personal and intimate but completely ignored the presence of the girls - even that they might have a say in it.  
  
Perhaps she could avoid the final thing - "Please don't come inside me."  
  
The men turned to her and chuckled.  
  
"Sssh, don't talk." And like Natasha she no longer could.  
  
The bottoms rose and fell. It was not to be in the girls' mouths. Incredibly the girls had actually liked that; would have been very happy to accept and enjoy the twin ejaculations - at least whilst the penes were in the mouths. They did not want the men coming in their vaginas but more than clearly that was what would happen.  
  
The bottoms rose and fell and the thick penes slid to and fro - squelching, sucking noises in the quiet of the room. Celia could do nothing as she felt the man at work on her. All she could do was lie there, a captive, an abducted student. Where was she? It was so quiet but for the men's breathing and the sexual noises they were making. Who were these people? What was to happen to Natasha and herself? Why had she been so accepting of the penes in her mouth? What had been done to her mind?  
  
The men's motion was getting faster and then a sharp stabbing motion from her 'rider.' Inside her she could feel the sudden spurting. The man was completing the sexual act. It was the emission of seed.  
  
There was neither a 'thank you' nor a 'good night.' The men just got off the girls, picked up their clothes, switched the light off and left them tied down, spread-eagled and freshly fucked. Sleep actually came quite easily.

**Part 2 - Playing on the beach**  
  
The morning came and Celia came to herself. Her position had not mysteriously changed during the night. Both she and Natasha were still bound, still spread-eagled and still in exactly the same position. The difference was the grey haired, old man had returned and was standing down at the foot of the bed and looking, looking between their legs. Behind him were the two men, once more dark suited and impassive.  
  
Celia felt paralysed as if she could do nothing without instruction from the old man. Of course she desperately needed to wee but she could say nothing - neither ask permission nor release the pressure in her bladder. Probably Natasha felt the same. It would perhaps have been good to release a stream of urine at the men and shown what she thought of them. But they might actually have liked that and joined in. Not a good prospect, but the prospect for the day was probably not good in any case.  
  
"I see you were busy last night." He was not addressing Celia or Natasha  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"You seem to have done well."  
  
"Thank you, sir. We tried."  
  
Could the old man see? Could he see a leakage between their thighs?  
  
"Well, yes; good morning girls," he turned to them. "I think, having had a good sleep, it is time for you to have your bath and then we can have breakfast on the veranda. Then, perhaps, you can both go and play on the beach."  
  
Their bonds were loosened. Celia happy to stand and hide what was between her legs from the men. Natasha was hopping from one leg to the other. It was clear what she needed to do.  
  
"Come," the old man said, taking each by a hand and leading them to the bathroom. Celia found she could move, could do what the old man said.  
  
It was a lovely bathroom, big, tiled and very well appointed. But what really caught her eye - and Celia could see Natasha's as well - was the lavatory. The need to wee was almost excruciating.  
  
The old man reached, put the plug in the bath and turned on the taps. Water gushed from the taps and gurgled into the bath. The sound of running, rushing hot and cold water. Just not what girls or, indeed, boys want to hear when 'desperate' - not at all! Celia was surprised, the way, Natasha was still hopping from one foot to the other not to see a sudden release - a wetting of the floor. But like her, it seemed Natasha could do nothing. The old man had not said they could sit on the lavatory or anything.  
  
The water splashed on into the bath. It was agony.  
  
"Right girls, go and have a wee. I know how you girls like to do that together.  
  
He turned away towards the wash basin. Natasha looked at Celia and she signalled for Natasha to 'go' first, Celia had not really meant to but her eyes just followed Natasha across the room and saw even before her bottom hit the seat the thick stream of wee rushing from her. The relief on Natasha's pretty face a delight.  
  
The man appeared to be getting his shaving things but Celia could see he was actually watching, watching Natasha in the mirror.  
  
It was not easy waiting for Natasha - she seemed never to stop but then, at last, it was her turn; Celia's turn to flop down on the lavatory and empty her bulging bladder. Such a relief even if the old man was watching her. Such a relief.  
  
The bath half full and steaming.  
  
The old man turned off the taps and beckoned to the girls. "In you get and I want to see proper washing not just playing. Tabitha, you wash Emily-Sue and Emily-Sue you wash Tabitha. Properly mind and front and back bottoms. Tabitha - you can sit at the plug hole end today."  
  
Celia stood. She felt so much better. So much better for emptying her bladder but now she had to wash her friend. Ordinarily she... but this was anything but ordinary; ordinarily she would not have dreamt of being in a bath with another girl but now... now she rather liked the idea of running soapy hands over Natasha's pretty black skin and washing her. Natasha's eyes caught hers and her hand came up to help Celia into the bath. The touch was something special. They were moving from being acquaintances to friends. A shared adversity is always a bonding experience. They had already shared adversity but also a surprising intimacy in the dark. Celia could not forget she had rather liked it - did Natasha feel the same? Their eyes held for a moment or two and then they both stepped into the bath.  
  
At the washbasin the old man had divested himself of his dressing gown and was preparing to shave. The mention of the 'beach' brought back to Celia the conversations on the train. Was the old man continuing the ludicrous fantasy of she and Natasha being grand-daughters or was it nieces or perhaps daughters of friends coming to stay at the old man's beach house and him not noticing they had grown somewhat? A fantasy, though, only part of the time. You did not tie up you nieces or your friends' daughters nor allow your colleagues to... do things. Nor did you join young girls in the bathroom naked and watch them pee.  
  
He turned to them, his face covered in shaving foam and his genitalia exposed for them to see - just hanging there in front of him, "Come on girls get on with your washing."  
  
Celia looked at Natasha and they sat down in the water, their legs alternate. The water was lovely - and so was Natasha sitting there in front of her. Such a pretty face, such lovely hair, such rounded breasts with her dark, dark nipples. Celia's eyes dropped to Natasha's mons with the dark hair so straight. She could see it all beneath the water and her slit just so clear. She looked up and realised Natasha had been watching her and knew where Celia's eyes had been looking. Celia was embarrassed.  
  
Natasha picked up the soap and began washing Celia's feet. It was nice both feeling and watching her brown fingers at work. Her leg was lifted, soapy hands were on her calf and then knee. A lovely soft feeling. Gentle hands on her skin. She caught Natasha looking between her thighs. Her leg a little lifted and parted and Natasha so clearly looking not at her leg but her sex. They had already rubbed their sexes together but were now about to touch each other intimately with their fingers whilst washing. All of a sudden Celia realised that sometime soon it would not just be Natasha's fingers at her sex or her own fingers at Natasha's but they would be 'kissing' each other down there - and the awful thing was, she wanted that. It was not going to be something forced on them - it would be voluntary. What had happened to her? What had the old man done?  
  
The old man came closer and stood watching them. It would have been easier to know what he was thinking had he been able to achieve an erection but it seemed from the night before that was beyond him. Sexual excitement, orgasm and ejaculation were a different matter but his penis hanging at eye level right in front of Celia and Natasha betrayed nothing. Not a twitch. He could be worked up into a frenzy of excitement and they would not know it. All of a sudden the penis might just drip, drip, drip translucent semen into the bathwater - there was no telling.  
  
The man, though, returned to his shaving. No doubt watching them in the mirror. Celia too picked up the soap and began lathering Natasha. Her fingers touching the lovely brown skin.  
  
It was a mutual decision. What order do you wash a friend? It is rather simpler when washing yourself! From legs they moved to torso and it just happened that they found themselves soaping each other's breasts together. So nice having her hands on the smooth mounding of Natasha's breasts and feeling the hardness of her nipples. The old man might not have an erection but Celia could feel just how hard her own nipples were and see and feel Natasha's. So nice to feel them in the palms of her hands as she soaped and - yes - fondled the twin mounds. They were looking into each other's eyes and biting their lips.  
  
"Front and back bottoms." The old man had finished his shaving and was applying cologne.  
  
Natasha and Celia knelt, each facing the other and soaped up their hands. A nod from Natasha and they touched each other. One hand on Natasha's dark, slicked back hair; another, Natasha's, on Celia's own springy blond bush; each with a forefinger feeling for and sliding in their slits.  
  
"Come on girls, breakfast awaits."  
  
He was close by them, still naked, still flaccid, but his eyes were watching closely.  
  
They got on with it. Hands washing each other's pudenda and bottom as if it was their own - doing just such a normal thing - only it wasn't, it wasn't their own bodies.  
  
The man watched all they did and then turned and picked up shorts and shirt.  
  
"Get yourself ready and then on the veranda and we'll have a nice breakfast." He turned to the door and then looked back. To Celia it seemed he was thinking of something. "Come on, get out and get dried." He watched them stand and then nodded to himself.  
  
It seemed to Celia that as soon as the old man was out of the room she felt freer but her and Natasha's freedom to perhaps touch a little more was immediately ended by the door re-opening and the two dark suited men entering. They both smiled at the sight of the two girls standing in the bath water.  
  
An intake of breath from Natasha. Were they about to be treated the same as the night before?  
  
"Mr Levinson would like you to shave."  
  
But girls do not... oh! Celia all of a sudden knew what was required.  
  
"Shall we leave you to it or would you like..."  
  
"We'll do it." Celia was quick. There was no point arguing. She could imagine if they refused then they would be so easily bound, so easily bound in an undignified way and the men would have no difficulty with the razor and she could imagine their thick fingers everywhere and probably at the end of it all not just their fingers. She could imagine just what their idea of after shave lotion would be.  
  
Natasha and Celia found themselves alone, standing still in the bath water. Instinctively they hugged; breast to breast; wet skin to wet skin.  
  
The door reopened, "And hurry up."  
  
The knowing smile from the man was not pleasing.  
  
The door closed and a quick kiss, lips to lips. "Come on, we'd better do it," said Natasha.  
  
The razor had been left on the washbasin, the shaving cream was there, there was hot water and towels aplenty and scissors in the cupboard. Natasha working first as Celia lay back on the floor and opened herself to her friend and then it was her turn; her turn to snip the lovely hair away, apply the cream and slide away with the razor. How pretty she thought Natasha's exposed sex was. The lovely soft dark fringed flaps of her labia minora, the wet pinkness, her little pee hole, the little stand of her clitoris together with the special entrance to her body that had been so rudely invaded by the two men's thick penes the night before. It all looked so kissable. Celia bent her head...  
  
"Are you girls ready? Tabitha, Emily-Sue? Oh yes, very nice; very nice indeed."  
  
Where before Natasha and Celia had displayed fine womanly bushes there was now not a hint even of down. The girls were as hairless as, well, schoolgirls. Their fine womanly breasts gave a very different impression but...  
  
A gentle pat to their buttocks. "Now put these on, you need to be dressed for the table and come to breakfast."  
  
'These' were not clothes, were not swimming costumes, were not bikinis or even bikini bottoms but small striped towels. Enough to go around the waist and almost to the knee but nothing more.  
  
Natasha and Celia followed the men wearing just towels as skirts and bare breasted. At least it did not make them look too little girlish but Celia was sure that would not last.  
  
They came out blinking into the sunshine of a glorious summer's day. They were indeed by the sea, the sands stretched out to the blue of the water with the waves coming one after another to the shore. On the veranda a table laid for breakfast - cereals, fruit, fruit juice, toast and marmalade, tea and coffee - it was all so very ordinary and most pleasant, or would have been had the girls had any clue where they were and had not been abducted.  
  
Of course she and Natasha were hungry. Of course they ate and drank. There was plenty to eat and they did. They knew better than to get up from the table without asking. They were getting the idea of the old man's game readily enough.  
  
"You can go and play now - yes on the beach."  
  
It certainly looked lovely. Celia got up and Natasha followed. There were wooden steps down, right onto the sand of the beach.  
  
"Don't forget your sun hats."  
  
Two big straw hats with strings to go under the chin were hanging ready. Celia put one on and stepped downwards.  
  
"Leave you towels here Tabitha and Emily-Sue. We don't want them getting all sandy."  
  
That was ridiculous, thought Celia, towels always got sandy on a beach! What he meant was he wanted to see the girls naked, see them walking naked on the sand - and no doubt take in their newly shaved nakedness. Celia dropped her towel - not just anywhere but on the sand - and very deliberately turned to the old man so he could see all of her.  
  
"Emily-Sue, pick up that towel and come here."  
  
It had been easy at breakfast but suddenly she felt an iron grip of control. There was nothing she could do but walk back up the steps in just her hat and come right up to the old man. She could not resist his command.  
  
"That was very naughty - and so early in the day!"  
  
Celia felt like what she was meant to feel - the naughty schoolgirl standing in front of the teacher whilst she was told off. Only it was not normal to stand there stark naked.  
  
"You may say sorry."  
  
And Celia found not only could she say it but she had to say it. "Sorry."  
  
"That's better. I won't spank you because it is the first day of the holiday but, Emily-Sue, I expect better. Off you go now and play."  
  
Celia knew the old man was watching her as she walked away; knew he would be watching her bottom and thinking about spanking it. Spanking was going to happen: she was sure of it.  
  
The two girls walked out onto the sand and out towards the sea. Natasha gripped Celia's hand - the reassurance felt good. The further they walked the less controlled Celia felt, the less she felt the influence of the old man.  
  
"Oh, Celia, this is so awful. How did it happen? Who is that awful old man?"  
  
"I don't know; I don't understand any of it - well, I understand we are being played with. I mean, what are we meant to do now? Build sand castles? Collect pebbles? Go for a swim?"  
  
"I... we, we were just walking and then the men..."  
  
"I hardly remember anything, just a hand over my mouth and..."  
  
"Oh, I remember. A man had got you and you were just dropping but I bit the other man - it was one of those minders I'm sure - and almost got away. I'll give myself credit. I put up some struggle. He'd dropped the pad - I could smell the chloroform still on his hand. He gagged me with it so I couldn't scream and held me so tight with the other arm I could hardly breathe. But I was fighting him - well until you were out cold and the other man was free to pick up the chloroformed pad. I still fought, but it was no good, Celia, there were two of them."  
  
"Must have been awful."  
  
"The last thing I remember was the first man still hugging me tight and me thinking - he's enjoying this - that's his fucking erection I can feel pressing against me in his jeans."  
  
"Oh, Natasha..."  
  
"I was so scared and to feel that... I knew what was coming... And don't we know it now!"  
  
They stood in the water, the little waves breaking over their ankles. It was actually rather lovely. In other circumstances...  
  
They looked back at the beach house, at the old man in the distance, there on his veranda, reading a newspaper. They looked along the open sands of the beach. They were in a bay and a very wide bay at that - the sands stretched on and on, virtually deserted. There were a few figures in the distance perhaps walking, perhaps fishing.  
  
"Perhaps if we swim a bit and just sort of gradually swim down the beach a bit and then run like anything. We can escape!"  
  
"Like this?"  
  
"Better seen naked than imprisoned for who knows what to happen. We have no idea what they will do."  
  
The water was not cold. The girls were happy to swim but not back and forth - rather their plan was to move down the beach. Slowly but surely they were moving away from the beach house. And they felt themselves again. Free of the influence of the old man.  
  
"Now!" Said Natasha.  
  
Splashing they made their way out of the water and then they were running, running away down the sand, their limbs working. Celia turned a little to see Natasha, saw how her ebony skin shone in the sunlight, saw the drops of water from the sea all over her body and her beautiful breasts bounding. As she watched Natasha's hands came up to restrain them.  
  
They were making their escape!  
  
Escape? No, Celia looked further behind her and there, running after them down the beach, were the two minders and they were running fast!  
  
"Natasha, they're coming."  
  
It is best when running not to look behind you, not to see how the other competitors are doing but concentrate on your own running. After all, you might trip if you don't look where you are going.  
  
Celia stared ahead. Surely they would reach some other people soon. People who would ask why two girls were running naked down a beach chased by two naked men - for the men did not even have beach shorts on. If she looked behind she could see their penes bounding and jumping around.  
  
It was not that they exactly tripped over something when looking behind: there was nothing on the beach to do that. Rather they managed to come too close and trip each other up. They went flying and of course the men were up to them in seconds before they could get to their feet. A jumble of naked girls. To be fair, the men would have caught them before they reached people and help. They were not really the cause of their own recapture.  
  
Celia and Natasha looked upwards, squinting against the sun. The two men, who they thought of as 'the minders,' standing over them wearing just dark glasses and grinning.  
  
"Out for a little run, for some exercise?" They were hardly breathing faster than normal. The men were clearly fit, clearly used to vigorous exercise.  
  
As the girls watched the men's penes began to grow. It was an unusual view, a view from below; a view up at naked men, strong, muscled and well built men; a view giving unusual prominence to the men's slackly hanging balls, warmed by the sun; above the hanging testes their large penes were pumping upwards. The men moved, their balls swung and in unison - the same thought coming to the girls at the same time - the girls kicked. Hard stabs from their feet aimed at the men's weakness, their soft dangling testes. A well aimed kick could incapacitate the men leaving the girls free to make their escape.  
  
Two well aimed kicks would have done the job - or should have. They were well aimed, the girl's aim was faultless but so was the men's reaction speed - each foot caught and restrained before toes could stab into the soft scrotums.  
  
The men just laughed and began pulling the girls along the sand by just the one foot. They were strong men, there was nothing the girls could do; they just had to accept being dragged through the sand and still being wet from the sea it stuck to them and, worse, being dragged foot first the sand was getting where sand always does get on the beach - in between legs - but not just a little sand! Their 'pussies' were literally being pulled into the soft, dry sand, it was mounding up over them and getting 'everywhere.'  
  
The men turned and laughed at their sand covered bodies - and, clearly, it did nothing to make their penes go down. Celia had been expecting to be fucked but perhaps the sand would make them safe from that - the men would hardly want to feel their penes rasping against all that sand! It was not comfortable though.

All the way back they were dragged - though after a time the men found it easier dragging them by both legs.  
  
The old man was waiting down near the sea. He was sitting in a deck chair under a parasol with dark glasses and a panama hat on - but nothing else.  
  
"Hallo Tabitha and Emily-Sue. Did you enjoy your swim and running? How sandy you have got! See how right I was about the towels. Have the boys been burying you in the sand?"  
  
There were spades for building sandcastles dug into the sand.  
  
Celia shook her head and looked at the two men. Hardly boys, not with the twin whoppers of erections they were sporting. She was in a way surprised they had not been shaved to complete the nonsense fantasy that she and Natasha were little girls and they were little boys: but they had not and were actually very hairy. Not at all like little boys. Very much the mature male, and clearly very potent. Their penes had not subsided.  
  
The old man pretended to notice the erections. "Oh don't worry about those, Emily-Sue, it's just little boys and their willies when they want to do a wee. So silly; aren't you little girls so much neater. Do you want to do a wee, girls? You can bob down on the sand if you like. There's nobody coming along; no one is going to see you."  
  
They shook their heads.  
  
"Boy's you'd better go and relieve yourselves in the sea or, well if you have to. I suppose the girls won't mind..."  
  
Celia almost did not know where to look - or would not had it been a more normal circumstance. The two men just let fly. Strong streams arcing from the ends of their large and very firm erections - true parabolic curves glinting and sparkling in the sunshine. And the men turning as they did so, the bright streams coming closer and closer to the girls. This was surely not the way they were going to have the sand washed away?  
  
"Boys!" It was a command from the old man. "Don't be silly!"  
  
Easy for Celia to imagine. So easy. Had the old man not been there the twin streams could, so easily, have been used to 'power wash' the sand from their 'pussies' and made them ready again for intercourse. The twin hot streams of piss making short work of the sand, leaving them wet, dripping and available. Power washing all the sand away. Celia could imagine that. But with the old man there the streams trailed off just leaving damp marks in the sand.  
  
"Good. Well, girls, if you don't want to - even after that unnecessary display - let's see the boys bury you. That is always fun. Do you remember last year? Lie down."  
  
Celia had no option. She had to do as she was told. The men working away to cover them with sand, patting down the sand making it all so neat. It was not a new experience to Celia any more than it probably was to Natasha but to have two naked and so well endowed men doing the job - well that was new.  
  
The old man smiled at the progress.  
  
In the distance Celia could see figures coming closer. It was not missed on the minders or the old man. Covered in sand from neck to toe Celia watched the two minders casually saunter into the sea whilst the old man simply laid his newspaper over his thighs.  
  
It was a young mother and her little boy. The boy thought it just so funny that Natasha and Celia were buried in the sand and said so. The young mother stopped to talk to the old man.  
  
"We've been imprisoned and..." Celia began.  
  
"Emily-Sue! Sssh, we are talking."  
  
And Celia found her power of speech had just gone.  
  
"My nephews," he waved at the minders standing waist deep in the water, hiding their nakedness, and they waved back. "Have certainly imprisoned Emily-Sue and Tabitha in the sand."  
  
The little lad had picked up a spade and was shovelling more sand on and laughing.  
  
The young mother laughed, "So I see. Such fun down by the sea!"  
  
The conversation continued for a few minutes but then the woman took her boy by the hand and wandered off down the beach. The boy chattering away to her and picking up pebbles and sea shells to show her.  
  
They had not gone far before the minders came back out of the water. Celia watched the water running down their naked bodies and was amused, insofar as the awfulness of Natasha and her predicament allowed, to see how shrunk their penes were from the cool water. It had cooled their earlier ardour!  
  
As is normal when buried in sand, the two men sat on the girls. sat astride them.  
  
"Now mind you don't squash the girls. You boys are bigger than them."  
  
They were rather. It was a bit of a weight on her chest. Celia was breathing with a little difficulty. She wanted to tell them to get off but could not speak.  
  
"Egh, egh, ouff," she went as her mouth opened and closed.  
  
The old man was watching. "I do like an ice cream on the beach or a lollipop. Look what the kind boys have gone and bought you each - a lollipop. Now lick it nice and daintily like little ladies should."  
  
The minder on her chest lifted himself a little, allowing her to breath. What? She thought. There was no lollipop there. And then she realised what the old man meant. Crouched over her sand covered chest, legs splayed either side of her was the minder and the closest thing to her, hanging there right in front of her was his penis - his lollipop!  
  
The minder reached down, retracted his foreskin exposing his pink glans, lent a little forward and just popped it into her mouth.  
  
Celia wanted to bite. Wanted to hurt the man but she could only do what the old man said. Her tongue licked, her lips sucked. It was cool from the water and with the salty tang of the sea. It did not take long before it was growing in her mouth - the complete opposite of a lollipop which got smaller rather than larger and was ice cold not blood heat hot!  
  
Beside her, Natasha was getting the same treatment - or was it treat?  
  
The men were enjoying themselves. Trapped and with her head supported by the sand the man could really push at her and force his erection in and out of her mouth with enthusiasm. He must have been close to coming because he suddenly pulled away and stood up, his big erection slapping against his stomach. After a few seconds his companion did the same.  
  
"Have you finished those?" Asked the old man. "If you have then you can finish mine. It's a bit much for me. Tabitha, come here."  
  
With some difficulty the black girl pulled herself up from the sand. She was covered. It had stuck to her wet body almost hiding her nakedness. Celia thought she looked lovely, even so, like that. A sandgirl.  
  
"Come here my dear, suck on my lollipop. There's a little left."  
  
The newspaper was no longer covering his nakedness and there lying to one side was his flaccid penis. Celia almost, well for a few seconds anyway, felt sorry for him. The poor man unable to sustain an erection. Natasha knelt. Celia knew Natasha could do nothing but obey.  
  
From her place in the sand Celia could not actually see Natasha's mouth at work but it was so obvious from the position of her head and the bobbing motion what she was doing. Celia turned her head and looked up at the two men silhouetted against the sky; at their penes standing strongly - such a difference from the old man. At any moment, she knew, one or other of them might be stuffed in her mouth - probably the one she had not been sucking - and it would all begin again and probably reach a conclusion. She would have to be careful to swallow slowly. It was not so easy doing that lying down. She had to be calm and practical. Just go with the flow (ha!) until there was the chance - another chance - of escape.  
  
After a time the old man made male orgasm noises. It seemed Natasha's pretty lips had been enough notwithstanding the lack of an erection.  
  
"Tabitha, Tabitha, you naughty girl. You've taken it all. Go on and give Emily-Sue some."  
  
"Some?" He had come, his lollipop had 'come,' there would be no more 'some.' What did he mean? Oh no!  
  
Natasha got up from her knees, a strange half sand, half black girl moving towards Celia and leaning over her, their faces close to each other, their eyes looking into each other's. Nice to feel the pressed warm softness of Natasha's pretty lips on her own, a delightful intimacy with these awful men around them but Celia also knew what was to come. Natasha's warm, wriggling tongue seeking egress through her lips. A delight but with it, the warm, glutinous mess of the old man's ejaculation sliding down Natasha's tongue and through Celia's open lips. Celia was getting 'some' too!  
  
Celia's tongue sought Natasha's and they played. A private shared intimacy, a companionable friendly thing hidden from the men - if joined by the old man's semen.  
  
They were allowed a little time. Celia was a little worried Natasha might be taken advantage of - given her exposed bottom - but either girl could be taken any time. They did not have a choice, they had no way of preventing 'things' being done. Perhaps though the sand kept them safe. It would be comfortable for neither party to engage with all that sand in Natasha's sex. The rubbing would not be pleasant!  
  
"Come on Tabitha, pull Emily-Sue up!"  
  
The old man was clearly enjoying himself. The two men watched as Natasha helped Celia out of the sand. Like Natasha she was coated in the stuff from neck to foot.  
  
"Dear, oh dear. You have got yourself covered! You'd better go in the sea and wash it off."  
  
A good idea and clearly the men thought so too. Natasha and she were picked up by the men, thrown over their shoulders and run down to the sea. The men waded out a little, dropped the girls into their arms and then:  
  
"One, two and three!" They were thrown bodily out into the water.  
  
Splash! Celia went right under, of course! Coming up gasping, one of the men was on her straightaway.  
  
"Come on, let's get the sand off you."  
  
Moving further out, waist deep in the water his hands were all over her, washing the sand away. All over indeed: there was nowhere the hands did not go; nowhere at all and, indeed, perhaps particularly there!  
  
"All right, all right it's done," she said.  
  
She was pretty sure not a particle of sand remained and perhaps the man thought so too. Celia was lifted up, and plonked unceremoniously back down, down on the man's upstanding erection and, just like the night before, in it went - it had travelled that way before. Celia had known it was going to happen sometime that morning. She had been surprised it had not happened when they had been caught running on the sand. She could imagine the thrill of the chase and their capture had been very exciting to the men. Their pumping up penes had very visually shown that!  
  
Celia thought that for men used to exercise the prospect of running naked after naked girls with the prospect of 'reward' when the girls were caught would be a wonderful prospect. A nice game for lovers to play if they found somewhere private enough. Perhaps early morning by the sea or even out in the countryside. The boy and girl dressed simply in trainers. The warm sun shining down and the birds singing. Perhaps the man's erection coming at the sight. The girl glancing a little coyly at it. It looks very fine. Her boyfriend looks very manly but it is not for her yet. He has to earn the right to inseminate her by catching her. The girl given a suitable head start and then the chase begun. Perhaps it might go on for miles! But eventually the girl caught and taken.  
  
There Celia was, and Natasha as well, being, fucked in the sea. The buoyancy of the water and the gentle surge of the waves making it all so easy to ride up and down. How so much nicer if Natasha and she had come to the seaside with their boyfriends and they were rather naughtily, perhaps daringly, having sex side by side out in the sea. A pleasant consensual experience made a little private by the water. The reality was not consensual - Celia had not even been asked.  
  
Along the seashore Celia could see the woman returning. What would she think? Surely it would be obvious what they were doing?  
  
The men moved further out into the sea letting the water level rise to hide the girls' breasts beneath the waves, their feet bounding up and down along the sandy bottom as they took the girls along. They did not let up on the intercourse.  
  
The little boy waved. Celia could not shout. Could not call for help but equally could not be so unkind to the little boy as not to wave back even though it made everything seem so normal.  
  
The man released her and she was swimming, swimming away from him, her thighs no longer with his big penis between them, instead opening and closing as she swam for the shore. Beside her Natasha doing the same. Perhaps they could rush out of the sea naked and gesticulate even though they could not speak their distress.  
  
Celia could swim, Natasha could swim but there was clearly a big difference between school learnt breast stroke and the practised crawl of strong men. A sudden splashing and they were caught again; not permitted to rise up and reveal their breasts but held.  
  
The woman looked out at them and waved. She had clearly heard and seen the splashing. No doubt she thought they were just having fun in the sea - and why not! A few more words with the old man and on she walked not realising perhaps what was hidden by his strategically placed newspaper. The girls chance of rescue receding.  
  
Unsurprisingly Celia was passed to the other man, each wishing a turn with a girl. Celia looked across to Natasha just as one of the men, the one who had so recently been fucking her, lifted Natasha up in the air and, with her thighs half out of the water and spread either side of his hips, let her down on his erection - the pink head momentarily just poking up above the water. Had the woman on the beach turned she might just have spotted it, spotted Natasha's impalement. But she did not turn and did not see Celia also settled onto the other large erection.  
  
Up and down, up and down. Splash, splash, splash. The woman and the boy were just specks in the distance when the men completed the act, once more releasing their semen into the young girls. It was clear they enjoyed what they had done and, releasing the girls, slapped each other on the back as they walked, still erect, back towards the beach leaving the girls standing in the water.  
  
Natasha looked at Celia, Celia looked at Natasha.  
  
"Mmgh, umph, suss." They still could not speak.  
  
Celia reached out her hand and held Natasha's. Looking down and beneath the water Celia could see what looked a little like white, waving seaweed swinging in the moving water and seemingly attached to where both their legs joined, their so recently shaved pubic mounds and slits. Celia realised it was the men's semen leaking from them. She looked towards the shore with despair. The old man's semen in their mouths, the men's semen in their vaginas - when was this going to end? Celia knew, though, there would be more semen to come, probably a lot more semen to come. She reached and squeezed Natasha's hand and, not being able to say anything. lent forward to kiss her.  
  
They were allowed to sunbathe, permitted to swim, they even got up and built a sandcastle together. A picnic lunch on the beach and magazines brought for them to read. The morning and afternoon passed pleasantly enough, pleasantly enough for kidnapped girls. There was no further interference with their bodies. The girls knew that it was only time. There would be more.

**Part 3 - Dinner Guests**  
  
The shadows were starting to lengthen as the old man got up and reached for his walking stick. It was a signal for the party to pack up and return to the house.  
  
"Girls, you are going to be allowed to stay up a little late tonight because we have visitors. A bit of a treat! Put on your best clothes for dinner. It's not like the beach when you can run around in the altogether to your heart's content. No, no, I know you like doing that. Remember, though, little girls are to be seen and not heard with grownups. Be polite and answer if spoken to. Now you go and have your bath, wash all that salt off and get dressed."  
  
Celia was not surprised, not at all surprised to find Natasha and her 'best clothes' were the school uniforms again. Neatly laid out across their bed.  
  
The pleated maroon skirt, the matching woollen jacket, the white shirt with its crisp white collar so suitable for the carefully folded tie, sensible shoes and long white socks. Two piles of matching clothes - except her panties were maroon and Natasha's white. No brassieres of course.  
  
Good to bathe and wash the salt away, good to shampoo hair clear of sand, nice actually to sit naked on the bed with Natasha and plait her hair and have the same done to herself. There was little point fighting against the old man - Mr Levinson allegedly - they would have to dress in the uniforms and might as well do the hair themselves. Celia was sure otherwise the men would do it - very possibly being made to sit on their laps whilst they did it, very possibly sitting there with an erection inside them. And, after all. it was nice to do each other's hair.  
  
Hair done they again sat together, side by side. Natasha's hand reached out and cupped one of Celia's breasts. It was obvious Natasha was feeling the same as she. An unexpected interest in each other and not simply as 'friends.'  
  
The bedroom door opened. It was the old man. He was dressed very finely in a black dinner suit complete with bow tie. The dinner was clearly going to be remarkably formal for a summer's evening down by the beach.  
  
"Not ready yet? Come on girls get those socks on."  
  
He stood there quite obviously taking pleasure in the girls' dressing, in seeing them in just white long socks.  
  
"Shirts and ties."  
  
Again no doubt pleasing to see a couple of girls in white shirts with their bottoms and mounds - denuded mounds - peeping out underneath. Partial nudity being more erotic than the complete thing. Celia remembered how much she had enjoyed seeing a former boyfriend wandering around the bedroom in just shirt and tie in the morning whilst getting dressed with his 'equipment' hanging, swinging and peeping out. She remembered one morning making it rise by just bringing one naked thigh out from under the bedclothes. How fine it had looked standing sticking out from under his shirt. She had called to him and she had sucked - it had all caused him to be late for work! Celia was no stranger to sex but not like this, not abducted and used.  
  
"Well you can hardly go into dinner like that can you? Come on, knickers and skirts."  
  
Natasha and Celia complied. They picked up the jackets and put them on.  
  
"Come, come and meet our guests. Don't forget to be polite and curtsey as you've been taught."  
  
Curtsey?  
  
The guests proved to be a couple of elderly and distinguished looking gentlemen. Their hair was grey and they were dressed in evening wear like their host. Their faces were all smiles as they saw the girls.  
  
"Emily-Sue, my how you've grown. Quite the little lady! And Tabitha, well, what can I say! You are getting a tall girl."  
  
Both Natasha and Celia curtseyed. It was not a bad effort.  
  
"And tell me," said the other, "how old are you now?"  
  
"Twenty," said Celia finding she could speak.  
  
"Nineteen, sir." said Natasha.  
  
The men looked at each other and laughed.  
  
"Don't wish the years away girls. I know, I know."  
  
"But they are getting bigger, Stephen. They'll soon be blossoming out into women you know."  
  
"I know Archie, I know, perhaps next year they won't want to come and enjoy the simple pleasures of the beach and will want to be off at parties and all those sorts of things."  
  
"A shame. They all grow up too soon."  
  
"Indeed. Girls, this is Mr Staples and Mr Carnforth. Perhaps you don't remember them."  
  
It was hardly likely, thought Celia. She suspected, though, that she was going to get to know them better; could not think that the pretence of them being little girls would give way to the reality of them being helpless big girls fully available for Mr Staples and Mr Carnforth's sexual gratification. If both Mr Staples and Mr Carnforth's penes were not in her mouth and vagina, and perhaps elsewhere, by the end of the evening then she was a Dutchman!  
  
The party sat on the veranda, the sound of the sea providing a pleasant backdrop. The men talked and largely seem to ignore the girls as the soup course went by.  
  
"Did you have a nice time on the beach today?"  
  
"No, it was horrid, Mr Carnforth." Celia could not avoid it. She was permitted to answer but had to be polite. It was absurd.  
  
"Emily-Sue!" Mr Levinson looked annoyed. "They had a lovely time only perhaps Emily-Sue felt something unexpected in the sea. I think it frightened her, a fish or something, slithering against her - you know - girlie bits, it frightened her a little, I think."  
  
"What about you Tabitha?" It was Mr Staples speaking.  
  
"Course we didn't. It was awf..."  
  
"Tabitha! I don't know what's come over them. Perhaps they are tired and want to go to bed. They've done a lot of running around with the boys. Any more of that and it will be a spanking."  
  
Celia thought she caught the faintest trace of a smile, a very satisfied smile on the faces of both of the guests. She now knew what was coming.  
  
The main course - delicious but the girls ate sullenly. They did not want to be there. A clatter from Natasha as she put her cutlery down.  
  
"Tabitha!"  
  
"What!" she snapped.  
  
It was enough. It was the excuse the old man needed: not that any excuse was really needed. He had the girls, after all, completely in his power. He pushed back his chair. "Tabitha come here."  
  
All eyes were on the black girl, the black girl in her neat school uniform with the long white socks. She came around, as she was told, to stand in front of the old man. Legs a little apart, hands on hips looking a little defiant. She looked very much the cross little schoolgirl with her pouting face and pigtails: or would have done if it was not for the very obvious swell of her bosom and her height.  
  
"You know what happens to girls who are naughty. Well?"  
  
"No, I..."  
  
"Tabitha, be quiet. They get spanked. Come, bend over my knee."  
  
Celia watched in disbelief as Natasha placed herself over his knees. Her bottom uppermost, her lovely black legs sticking out from under her skirt and below her knees the whiteness of her socks. She knew, of course, that Natasha had not choice. The old man had spoken. He raised his hand.  
  
"The material of young Tabitha's pleated skirt is quite thick, Stephen. I can't imagine at school they're punished like that. When I was at school old Mr Manners always insisted we took our shorts down. I think perhaps you are a little lenient?" Mr Carnforth's comment was made with a definite sparkle in his eye. It was not a disinterested observation.  
  
Mr Levinson hand carefully went to the hem of the skirt and gently raised the material; letting the white panties slowly come into view.  
  
"White?" Queried Mr Staples. "Not quite the uniform panties. I expect she would get a further paddling for that at school."  
  
"Indeed," the old man replied. "Emily-Sue, have you uniform knickers on? Show us."  
  
And Celia had to stand, her legs seemed not under her control at all and would not let her do anything else. She lifted her skirt up by its hem and showed the elderly men her maroon knickers. What a thing to be showing to a dinner party of men.  
  
"Emily-Sue, take them off please and give them to Tabitha to put on."  
  
Celia did not leave her skirt up whilst she pulled her knickers down; did not give the men a sight of her shaved mound and bottom - though she was quite sure they would all see more than enough of them by the end of the evening.  
  
Natasha too stood and pulled her white panties from under her skirt. They were taken by Mr Carnforth. They were not given to Celia.  
  
Celia handed her knickers to Natasha and they were pulled up. Celia wondered if Natasha liked the idea of her sex being intimate with the material that had so recently covered her own. She hoped so.  
  
Bent over Mr Levinson's lap again the skirt was once more slowly lifted revealing maroon knickers and brown thighs.  
  
"That's better," he said. His hand descended. It was not a gentle slap. There was an "ow" from Natasha. All the men smiled. The hand came down again and the buttocks jumped and clenched within the thick maroon cotton.  
  
"It's been a long time since I chastised a little girl," said Mr Staples.  
  
Celia watched, feeling strangely vulnerable without knickers beneath her skirt; she knew this was not a comment from Mr Staples but a request. It was acceded to.  
  
Natasha was swopped from one pair of knees to another; the skirt raised and a different hand descended.  
  
"Do you think it is hurting enough? I mean smacking should cause a bit of smarting! Mr Manners often pulled our pants down as well."  
  
Clearly Mr Staples needed little encouragement. His fingers were on the elasticised top and gently easing the knickers down revealing, inch by inch, Natasha's lovely rounded brown bottom. The maroon knickers were not eased down a little but all the way down to her ankles. Celia watched as Natasha's buttocks clenched, perhaps anticipating the next slap or worrying that an inquisitive finger might perhaps slip between the cheeks and touch her bottom hole. Celia remembered how her own fingers had touched Natasha there in the bath, how she had carefully soaped the wrinkled rubbery orifice and felt Natasha doing the same to her own.  
  
The finger did not come but the hand did. It was a firm slap, flesh on flesh. It looked like it hurt and Natasha certainly let out a yelp. Celia wondered what it would be like to spank Natasha - it was awful to think she really would not mind if the men asked her to do that just a little.  
  
Down came the hand again.  
  
"I think," said Mr Carnforth, "it does young girls good to have a firm hand on their buttocks."  
  
Celia could see he was looking at her; could see where his thoughts were drifting - very probably beyond a firm hand on the buttocks to a firm penis between her legs! Mr Carnforth probably thought it did young girls good to have a firm penis between their legs. She knew, though, that the first thing would be a spanking. Again she felt her vulnerability - she had no knickers on anymore.  
  
Mr Staples hand came down on Natasha's quivering buttocks once again.  
  
"There, there, don't cry." Mr Staples hand was lightly stroking the smooth dark brown skin of Natasha's buttocks. "You had to be punished."  
  
Natasha was not crying. It was all a game. Mr Staples stroking fingers were 'accidentally' curved so the finger tips were stroking right in her bottom crack. Celia just knew he was going to touch her bottom hole - just knew it.  
  
"Don't," she said.  
  
It was the excuse.  
  
"Emily-Sue come here." It was the old man. "I thought I told you only to speak when you were spoken to. Like Tabitha I think a quick smacking will remind you of your manners."  
  
Celia's limbs did not obey her but Mr Levinson. She just lay across his knees like she had not done since, since... not even a boyfriend had asked her to play that game.  
  
She felt the material of her maroon pleated skirt being lifted and her bottom being brought into view. She knew five pairs of male eyes would be on it, enjoying the sight. Mr Levinson, Mr Carnforth, Mr Staples and the two minders would all be watching and thinking what they might like to do with it and her - and, she knew, not only were they thinking that but knew they could and, sometime that evening, would!  
  
The old man's hand was firm - and it hurt! Once, twice, thrice the hand descended.  
  
Mr Carnforth's voice again, "Stephen, I wonder if I might help. I wouldn't want you to hurt your hand."  
  
Celia was told to go and lie over Mr Carnforth's knee. Standing, her skirt fell back down hiding her buttocks. That would not last long. Once more she lay down across a man's knees, once more she felt her skirt being lifted. A hand right at the bottom of her cheeks almost touching her sex, pushing her a little further across the knees, bringing her bottom a little higher. A slight easing apart of her legs with the whole manoeuvre, no doubt, designed to give Mr Carnforth a bit of a view of her bottom hole and sex.  
  
Celia clenched her cheeks both in anticipation of the slap and trying to hide her private parts. The hand descended with more force and enthusiasm than Mr Levinson. It hurt - and so did the several slaps that followed. Natasha may not have cried. Tears though welled up in Celia's eyes.  
  
"There, there," said Mr Carnforth, "all over now. Punishment is good for little girls so they learn their lessons."  
  
Celia felt her own bottom being stroked. Gentle fingers... but gentle fingers creeping.  
  
"Time for pudding," I think said Mr Levinson.  
  
The men stood at the veranda rail looking out over the sands.  
  
"Would you perhaps," the old man turned to his guests and paused. The sound of waves lapping the shore came clear across the sand. They could all see the white of the breaking waves by the moonlight. It was a lovely peaceful scene. Mr Levinson continued, "Perhaps you would like to go for a swim whilst you are here. Refreshing after dinner. Lovely by moonlight."  
  
"I'm sorry, Stephen, I forgot to bring my trunks."  
  
"Oh, no worries, Archie. The girls don't notice that sort of thing. The boys and I don't normally worry either. I can't think you will worry about being naked with other men. I mean, remember school!"  
  
Celia thought girls would certainly notice if old men were like that, She could see beneath the material of their trousers the old men were not exactly at rest. There was a definite straining.  
  
"The girls will keep you company and, so you don't feel strange, they won't have their costumes either. Actually they don't have any with them, not even their school black one pieces. You don't mind, girls?"  
  
It was a question, they could answer.  
  
"Yes, yes we do."  
  
"Oh dear, you see Archie and Matthew, they are starting to get conscious of their bodies, they are growing up. Such a shame. I think you might see a little 'budding' of their breasts. Don't be silly girls, there's nothing to be ashamed about nakedness. You didn't feel like that with the boys and me today. Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples will help you once they are ready. Now watch them; they are not embarrassed getting undressed in front of you."  
  
And so Celia and Natasha had to watch. It was so obvious the men were enjoying undressing in front of the girls, their smiles, occasional whispered comments - a pleasurable exhibitionism - all the way down to their seriously tented boxers. Celia could see they were having a lovely time. Finally the boxers came down as they turned from the girls and then, they turned around completely naked to face the girls and the old man. From Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples perspective there should have been a fanfare to announce the revealing, the exposure of their twin erections - fully extended and clearly at the peak of their excitement.  
  
Celia had to admit that, like the two minders, these two gentlemen had nothing to worry about in the genitalia department. They came walking towards the girls, their big shiny helmets pointing upwards and swaying. It was obvious to Celia that they were really loving doing that, loving the opportunity of exposing themselves to, well, young women - Celia had no illusion they really thought themselves about to go swimming with young schoolgirls. It was all just a game to them - they knew perfectly well Natasha and she were mature girls.  
  
"Come on Emily-Sue and Tabitha let's get these old school clothes off."  
  
They had to be unresisting as first jackets were removed and then, unnecessarily slowly, blouses were undone, button by button, and pulled apart to reveal their breasts and nipples. Clearly the men were itching to get their hands on them but that was yet not the game. They were simply undressing the girls for a swim - as if they could not do it for themselves. Blouses removed, the men stepped backwards to look.  
  
"The girls are getting bigger, you know, Stephen. They'll need brassieres soon, training brassieres - they'll like that. It's what big girls wear. They'll be really excited by that."  
  
"I know, I know. Such a pity. But I have a lady coming to measure them and fit them."  
  
The men, all of them, taking great pleasure in the girls dressed just in their pleated maroon skirts and long white socks yet naked from the waist up with their, hardly just budding, breasts so on show.  
  
Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples with their exposed and straining erections reached for the clasps of the skirts. Celia noticed, with some distain, that their penes actually touched the material, were even briefly rubbed against it and then down came the skirts all the way to the floor leaving the girls naked but for their white socks.  
  
Celia could not help thinking how lovely Natasha looked in just white socks, socks reaching almost to her knees. The delicious contrast of her dark, dark smooth skin and the white cotton of the socks so pleasing to the eye. Celia so wished she could take Natasha away, get away from these awful men, and take her to bed. How lovely it would be to touch and run her tongue over her body made just so extra sexy by those white socks. They would not be coming off!  
  
But coming off they would have to be for swimming. Mr Carnforth lifted Natasha up under her arms, no doubt pleased to have his hands on her flesh, and plonked her down on the table's edge. He was actually standing there between her open thighs, his erection inches from her sex looking like he was about to engage with her - yes, push his penis into her and engage in coitus. He was momentarily transfixed by what he was seeing and where he was standing. It really did look like he was about to and it so clearly went through his mind. Instead, he stepped back and gently lifted one leg and then the other and rolled Natasha's socks down her calves but looking, so clearly looking, not at the socks but right at the soft folds of Natasha's sex, her now so hairless sex.  
  
Celia could see Mr Carnforth was sweating with excitement; she could easily imagine a spontaneous ejaculation simply caused by his delight at seeing Natasha so exposed and, of course, being able to touch to roll her socks down her legs. Celia imagined his penis suddenly jerking and spewing out white onto Natasha's shaved mound - again the contrast of white on black skin. Celia was appalled to find herself rather wishing, if it happened, to be able to lick it off by kneeling and applying her lips to Natasha's sex. Never mind the men in the room!  
  
What was happening to her? She had not had these feelings about women before - but wasn't Natasha simply lovely?  
  
Celia's socks were also removed and the girls ushered down the veranda steps, the men following - no doubt staring happily at the twin female bottoms, enjoying the manly feel of their swaying erections.  
  
The old man stood in his evening suit leaning on his stick and watching the four naked figures getting smaller as they walked to the sea. He smiled and went to pour himself a brandy.  
  
They came back up the veranda steps, the men laughing and joking. It was perhaps not the same for the girls. There had been a lot of serious groping in the sea. Not really what aged visitors were meant to do with little girls when the host was not there to see! Penes had touched flesh moreover.

"Was that good, Archie, Matthew, girls?"  
  
"Refreshing indeed!"  
  
The old men were not now sporting erections - perhaps they had got a little cold walking from the sea.  
  
Towels handed out or rather to the men who took great pleasure in drying the girls as well as themselves - another opportunity to put hands and towel everywhere.  
  
"Well, let's have coffee. No, don't bother to dress again. You might want another swim. The girls might want to play again on the beach in the dark. Perhaps the boys will join them. I can see they had a great time with you."  
  
Celia thought Natasha and her less than enthusiastic looks gave a lie to that.  
  
"And I'm sure they'd rather sit on your laps than back on those chairs. Go on girls, you choose whose lap to sit on. They do so like to be friendly."  
  
Celia and Natasha had no choice; no choice but to sit on the naked laps of the old men and rest their soft and plump bottoms on the old men's bony thighs. Just as Celia knew she would, she could feel Mr Carnforth's penis like a cold wet slug under her bottom and, just as she knew she would, she felt it grow and get warmer. Across the table Natasha was sitting on Mr Staples lap. She did not look pleased. Celia thought her cross face still so beautiful.  
  
Her eyes were on Natasha's body and her hardly little girl, dark brown bosom with the so black nipples. Celia watched them. They jiggled a bit as Mr Staples moved, perhaps he was trying to get a little more comfortable but by Natasha's suddenly widened eyes Celia knew the 'more comfortable' position was with his erection slipped up into her. He did not bounce her up and down in the motions of intercourse: he seemed happy just being like that. Celia could not imagine Natasha thought the same - or that she, herself, would. She knew it was coming to her.  
  
Mr Carnforth's penis was certainly growing under her. She could feel the pulse of his heartbeat through it. It was quite fast.  
  
"Ah, Emily-Sue, if I could move you a little bit, you are squashing a muscle you see; ah, yes, that's better; my, you are getting a big girl!"  
  
The 'little better' had been a bit of a 'feel,' the pushing of his penis against her and then, as she knew it would, a sliding in. A 'big girl' indeed: more a big boy under her. Celia's eyes sought Natasha's. Her eyebrows and head went up and in response Natasha shrugged. There was nothing the two girls could do. They were sitting on these two old men's laps perhaps not yet being fucked but certainly engaged in coitus.  
  
The conversation between the men went on as if nothing was happening, the girls just sitting there listening with the men's erections motionless inside them. Occasionally Mr Carnforth would stroke her as if reminding her he knew she was there. Once or twice he cupped her breast or tweaked a nipple. Not really what a man would do to a little girl seated on his lap - not to her budding breasts.  
  
"Girls, why don't you change places? Tabitha, go and sit on Mr Carnforth's lap."  
  
Of course getting up meant sliding on the erection, pulling it wetly from her. With a glare at the old man, Celia walked around the table knowing all five men were watching and enjoying her nakedness.  
  
Mr Staples was sitting smiling up at her but holding his erection firmly upright. There was no way she could sit on his lap without pushing his knob up into herself. She paused.  
  
"Well go on, sit down, Mr Staples is not going to bite. Make yourself comfortable on his lap."  
  
There was nothing Celia could do but obey. Mr Staples was not pushing his penis into her: she found herself lining herself up and she doing the pushing - she was fucking him and not the other way around.  
  
The girls re-seated, a different penis in their vaginas, different hands touching them. The men still talking.  
  
Celia watched Mr Carnforth. His hand was to Natasha's breasts, his fingers playing with her nipples. Celia wanted to do that. Would the girls be left alone in bed that night when, perhaps, Natasha might like her to do that. Would Natasha's fingers play with her own pink nipples?  
  
All at once Mr Carnforth was bouncing Natasha on his lap and crying out. Up to then she had been sitting quite motionless. It was obvious, absolutely clear that he was having an orgasm - his semen no doubt spurting into Natasha. Everyone was looking at him. He was breathing deeply and looking flushed.  
  
"Sorry, sorry Stephen... I, I... it was a bit of cramp in my leg. Caused a bit of a spasm. No, don't get off, Tabitha."  
  
There were smiles from the men.  
  
Celia felt the slightest of movements from Mr Staples. Just the lightest of up and down movements. Imperceptible to the rest but not to her - not to her who had his penis up inside her vagina!  
  
Mr Staples kept on talking whilst just so gently fucking her; he managed to keep talking - almost - when Celia felt a sudden rush inside her. Casual as anything, he had just come as if nothing has happened whilst sitting and talking over coffee. A strange casual, public yet private, intercourse.  
  
And Natasha and Celia were just left to sit on the men's laps as more coffee was poured and the penes shrank inside the girls. The men just talked on and on as if nothing had occurred. No comment was made when the men eventually stood up, almost an hour later, at the cum which had slowly dripped out of the girls decorating their flaccid penes. An hour or so just sitting there on the men's laps, with just the occasional movement of knees from the men: made to sit whilst the men talked.  
  
It was good at last to be able to stand. She looked at the elderly men standing there talking to an evening suited Mr Levinson whilst stark naked as if nothing unusual had happened. Their penes were still semen coated. No attempt had been made to wipe or dry them off. She had rather thought Natasha and she might be asked to suck and lick the wet dangling things until all the ejaculate was gone. But no, that was not requested. Even so, what would happen now?  
  
"More coffee! Perhaps some chocolates? The girls do so love chocolates. They like a nice fondant centre don't you girls? But have you tried salted chocolate? No?"  
  
The minders were bringing in a tray. On it a small pile of round dark chocolates and, unexpectedly, a bowl of undoubtedly warm and liquid chocolate. The delicious aroma was instantly recognisable.  
  
Celia was puzzled. Why the warm chocolate?  
  
She was amazed when casual as anything Mr Carnforth lifted his limp penis and dunked it in the warm, melted chocolate - balls and all.  
  
"These are exquisite," said Mr Levinson picking up one of the round chocolates and looking at it. "Salted chocolate coated plums. Absolutely delicious. " He popped it in his mouth.  
  
Mr Carnforth's penis was dripping melted chocolate onto the floor making a bit of a mess but then Mr Staples did just the same thing. Celia was astounded.  
  
"Now girls, go and sit on your chairs and Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples will bring you a nice salted chocolate plum each."  
  
Perhaps a little slow on the uptake but Celia suddenly realised just what was about to happen. Not for the girls the nice prepared chocolate plums on the tray but the freshly prepared chocolate coated penes. Were the 'plum's the men's plum shaped knobs or their hanging 'plums?' It really did not matter. Natasha and she were going to have to suck the men's penes, their chocolate and salty semen coated 'plums.' There was nothing they could do to prevent it. They might as well enjoy the chocolate!  
  
Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples were looking very pleased as they approached the girls, their chocolate coated penes already lengthening. Their hour's rest talking had revitalised them it seemed.  
  
"Now, girls. pop those nice chocolates right in your mouths so you don't make a mess all around your mouths but don't gobble them down all at once."  
  
There was nothing to do but comply. The men standing ready, the lovely smell of warm, melted chocolate right in front of the girls' noses. Celia's tongue came out and licked. The chocolate was of a very good quality.  
  
"Emily-Sue! Put it in your mouth, now!"  
  
The chocolate was very tasty, the plum of Mr Staples cock big in her mouth and through the sweetness of the chocolate came a faint taste of salt from the semen. Celia sort of had to admit to herself the contrast, salty and sweet, did work!  
  
Celia knew what she had to do. Pleasure the man, enjoy the chocolate and bring about an ejaculation. She could not do anything else. She had to do as she was told. Beside her, pretty Natasha, her lips all around Mr Carnforth's cock, her face already rather messy with the chocolate and her mouth moving.  
  
"Girls do so love their chocolate," commented Mr Levinson, "these chocolate plums are nice but perhaps they prefer a simple hard chocolate bar or chocolate coated nuts. Would you like some chocolate coated nuts girls? I bet you like just sucking the chocolate off and leaving the nut. Archie, Matthew could you oblige. Could you pass the girls some chocolate nuts."  
  
The men were all laughing and having a whale of a time at the comic talk. It was not so for the girls. Both Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples pulled their erections, their rather less chocolaty erections from the girls mouths and held them up against their stomachs giving the girls easy access to their chocolate coated balls - their nuts!  
  
And the girls just had to suck and play with their tongues on and around the two men's scrota, so as to carefully roll their nuts inside their mouths and remove the chocolate coating.  
  
"But what I think these girls most like is a nice chocolate fondant with that special creamy filling."  
  
"Oh do they now? Such greedy little girls," Mr Staples replied.  
  
Celia had known from the start that the salty, creamy filling was coming to both of them, Natasha and she, sooner or later. Ejaculation in their mouths was an inevitability. Once she had established the two old men were really here at the house to play with the girls, not just have dinner, she had known they would want to both enter her and Natasha's mouth as well as their vaginas. They were men after all. Hopefully they would leave their bottoms alone.  
  
The penes were dipped once more - not that easy given their fully erected state - and the glans penes presented once more at the girls' lips. Celia was not surprised to find the men had swopped over. Mr Staples now to enjoy the dark chocolate girl and Mr Carnforth the white.  
  
Once more the sweet chocolate taste in her mouth. Gently but firmly Mr Carnforth's hands closed behind the back of her head. Celia knew it was not going to be her who would be working the erection; Mr Carnforth was going to be doing the moving - he was going to fuck her mouth. Push, push, push against her; his penis in and out of her mouth; the big chocolate tasting head going back and forth between her lips. Really her mouth was being used both as a sex toy and putative receptacle. The chocolate was nice but the thrusting big plum not easy to cope with and then, all of a sudden, not just a hint of salt but the full thing; Celia's mouth suddenly filling with not just the already present warm chocolate but the creamy, hot, salty semen coming out of Mr Carnforth's penis - the creamy filling.  
  
Panting Mr Carnforth slowed his assault on Celia's mouth. Beside her exactly the same thing was happening to Natasha; her lovely dark head held firmly by Mr Staples and his long firm cock sliding at some speed and with some force between Natasha's generous lips. Celia's sideways glance took in the way his balls were swinging and bouncing against Natasha's chin. In happier circumstances what fun she and Natasha could have with a man they liked, a man they wanted to be friendly with; sharing his penis, jointly licking and playing with it whilst being very friendly together - but not like this.  
  
Celia shrugged. Well, that was done and, actually, chocolate and semen went rather well together! She wondered if Natasha thought the same. She swallowed. Mmmm not so bad! She filed the information away as she waited calmly for the penis to be removed, whilst watching her friend.  
  
Mr Staples' scrotum visibly tightened and he thrust a little harder. Celia knew that his semen was being released into Natasha's mouth. How she wished she could now kiss Natasha, share the salty chocolate semen mix between them and be allowed just to go to bed alone and be just two girls together.  
  
The men stepped back from the girls. It was all a bit of a mess - both the men's genitalia and the girls' mouths - but Mr Levinson came forward and popped a chocolate coated plum in each of the girls' mouths.  
  
"There you are. Last one. Girls should not have too much chocolate. Now don't gobble that one down like the last. Now would you two boys like a last couple of chocolates?"  
  
It was not Mr Carnforth, nor Mr Staples he was addressing but the two minders.  
  
"Perhaps rather than chocolate covered plums you would like dipped chocolate cherries?"  
  
Inevitable perhaps but both Celia and Natasha found their nipples being dipped in the still molten chocolate, their little nipples becoming coated in warm brown chocolate and then the minders applying their lips to first one and then the other of their breasts as they stood unresisting. The warm chocolate was consumed; the nipples teased and sucked.  
  
The older men watched. Mr Levinson spoke, "I don't know, Archie and Matthew, but little girls just don't seem unable not to make a mess when eating chocolate. Why don't you boys take the girls down to the sea and you all have a nice splash around and clean yourselves off?"  
  
The men were quick to divest themselves of their clothes and Celia was not surprised to see they were erect. It was to be more fucking no doubt. There was no let up for her and Natasha. Their bodies were being used.  
  
"What fine boys your nephews are growing to be," said Mr Carnforth to the old man, "what fine, upstanding lads - strong and manly almost!"  
  
There were smiles. The men all thought it a big joke. The girls did not.  
  
Natasha and Celia were carried piggy back down to the sea. The further they got from the old man the freer they found their limbs and tongues to be; the less compliant they were, but the minders seemed to revel in their attempt at fight and lack of co-operation. They were thrown into the sea, their bodies washed and groped but their resistance was to no avail. The minders were just so much stronger than they and strong men on the rut were not going to be denied. They seemed to relish Natasha and her struggles against them in the water; loved chasing the girls up the beach and throwing them down on their backs and forcing themselves on and into the girls.  
  
The men had their way with the girls, their thick and strong penes penetrated and worked the girls. Of course insemination occurred and then the girls were once more washed down in the sea by the laughing men before being carried back up the beach.  
  
Mr Carnforth and Mr Staples were just going when the four naked young people came back in.  
  
"Look how wet you are," said Mr Carnforth patting Natasha and Celia's bottoms. He kissed them both. "How lovely it has been to see you both, see how you have grown. You are getting such big girls and how lovely it has been to enjoy your sweet company this evening."  
  
"A real pleasure," said Mr Staples, "you weren't, really too, naughty."  
  
The door closed. "Now girls, a quick bath to wash the salt off and into your pyjamas. It's bed time for you."  
  
It seemed the girls were, at last to be left alone to undertake their ablutions and go to bed.  
  
In their bedroom and on the double bed were pyjamas neatly laid out for them. Two matching sets of cream cotton button-fronted pyjamas. Girls pyjamas with elasticised waists and no flies. Freshly laundered and just their sizes. On the breast pocket pretty little entwined hearts picked out in a dark pink.  
  
It was so nice to be left alone, allowed to get ready for bed by themselves. So nice to sit together in the bath and talk a little; to hold hands and discuss their predicament; lovely to be so close and naked to each other. Celia was looking forward to being in bed with her friend. They could cuddle and whisper together; perhaps despite all the imposed sex of the day they could be a little intimate together; Celia knew she would like that but would Natasha?  
  
Celia leaned in a little closer to Natasha and found Natasha doing the same. Their lips met and Celia knew it was all right - Natasha felt the same. But there was to be nothing more at the moment because as their lips met there was a knock at the door.  
  
"Hurry up girls, time for bed, don't play all night in the bath."  
  
They had to obey.  
  
Dried, dressed in their pyjamas and teeth brushed Celia and Natasha came out of the bathroom. The old man was waiting, leaning on his stick still in his evening suit, though his bow tie was undone. In his hand his own pyjamas - green and white stripes.  
  
"You've been good girls today - mostly! Sleep well but if you hear the slightest noise outside, and I know how easily you are frightened, then you are to come to my bed and we'll all have a cuddle and it will be all right."  
  
It sounded the kindly words of a favourite uncle. Celia knew it was anything but. She could very easily imagine just what would happen if she got into that bed! There was no chance of that happening. Thunder, lightning as close and loud as it gets would not induce her to go to his bed. Much nicer with Natasha!  
  
"Goodnight girls, off to bed." A gentle pat on their pyjama clad bottoms.  
  
It was so nice getting between the sheets with Natasha and turning the light off. They talked a bit holding hands. How it had all happened, the events of the day, how they might escape and the strangeness of it all.  
  
"Will they let us go?"  
  
"I think so but..."  
  
"We could get up in the night and creep away. Not the door but a window."  
  
"Celia, you are very pretty you know."  
  
"Natasha, so are you, I've liked seeing you... seeing you naked."  
  
A hand on her chest, a hand undoing a button and slipping in to hold a breast, Natasha's head coming across the pillow and her lips ever so softly touching Celia's.  
  
Outside there was all of a sudden a tremendous crash.  
  
Natasha and Celia instantly stiffened.  
  
"Wha... what was that?"  
  
"I... I dunno... was it thunder?"  
  
"Oh Natasha, I'm frightened." And she really was. Deep down she knew she should not be, deep down she knew she was being manipulated.  
  
"It's only them, banging a couple of dustbin lids together..." Natasha's voice quavered, "... I think. I... I'm frightened too."  
  
Suddenly the girls were in each other's arms hugging each other tightly. Natasha was really shivering.  
  
"Should we... should we go to his bed?"  
  
"Yes... please. Hold my hand."  
  
Two really frightened girls in cream pyjamas, holding hands and getting out of bed to hurry to the old man's bed. Such a relief to Celia to open the old man's bedroom door and jump into his bed, one on each side of him. They were positively shaking with fear.  
  
Mr Levinson put his arms out and drew them to him, their warm pyjama clad bodies pressed close to him, his hands around their backs stroking and soothing.  
  
"There, there, Tabitha and Emily-Sue, it's OK, it's OK. Just a bit of thunder. Don't worry you are safe with me."  
  
Calming a little, Celia knew she was anything but 'safe.'  
  
Mr Levinson moved and she felt a hand on her top, a hand undoing buttons, a hand gently pulling the material apart. Celia had so hoped Natasha would do that to her in bed, had been so looking forward to each undoing the other's tops and holding and fondling each other's breasts but now it was to be the old man.  
  
"Don't..."  
  
But his hand was on her left breast.  
  
"Oh Emily-Sue you are really frightened I can feel how fast your heart is racing. Let me stroke and soothe you."

Celia could not stop him, could not prevent the fondling hand touching and stroking her breasts, pulling at her nipples and doing all the things men like to do with breasts - indeed she would like to do with Natasha's breasts.  
  
"Oh Tabitha, I'm neglecting you my dear."  
  
Celia could not see in the dark but knew he was undoing her top and bringing out her big breasts and doing the same things he had done to her.  
  
"Do you know what the boys do when they are frightened girls? No? It'll make you laugh, it will! They hold their willies - yes really! I know, I know it is such a shame for girls not to have willies. I know you each wish you had one but, but if you like, you can hold mine. See if it makes you feel better. I expect it will."  
  
Celia almost snorted; what a silly male idea that girls had some sort of penis envy; who would want one of those flopping around day in, day out; a girl's 'arrangement' so much neater. But she was not surprised at all at wanting, really wanting to hold the old man's penis; something had been done to her mind; something which made his suggestion into her desire. She knew; knew she was being manipulated but could do nothing about it. Natasha, she was sure, would feel the same.  
  
"You can hold it first, Emily-Sue."  
  
Celia found her hand, almost of its own accord, making its way towards the old man's pyjama bottoms, felt the bow of the pyjama cord but, rather than undoing it, slipped her hand through the fly and all of once there it was in her hand, soft, warm and, of course, pliable as she knew it would be. It would be very different with the 'minders' but Mr Levinson seemingly could not 'get it up.' Celia held it tightly. It felt so good, so comforting.  
  
"It'll feel even nicer if you move your hand and stroke it. It's what the boys do - a lot."  
  
Celia was quite sure that was true and her hand did what Mr Levinson told it to. He let out a sigh.  
  
"Tabitha, would you like to hold me too? Take it in turn girls. Emily-Sue you hold my balls, you know what they are, it is almost as good whilst Tabitha takes my willy in hand. Gently though, you know how careful you have to be with a boy's balls."  
  
The old man's hands were not still, one was slipping down Celia's stomach and touching the waist band of her pyjamas. A finger slipped under the elastic. Celia wondered how the old man was going to explain that. One finger, two fingers, a whole hand on her mons and a finger feeling for her hairless slit.  
  
"Such a shame for you Tabitha, and you Emily-Sue; no willies. Wouldn't it be nice, in the thunderstorm to hold each other's willies?"  
  
Celia felt her legs being parted as the hand delved deeper within the cotton pyjama bottom.  
  
"But this..."  
  
Celia felt her clit being held gently between a finger and thumb. A gentle touch.  
  
"These, are your little willies - yes really - boys' are just so much bigger but, even so, it feels nice if they are held; doesn't it girls? Really nice!"  
  
And suddenly it did, her clit was on fire, the wetness pouring from her body. Celia gasped as she felt her clit being rolled between the old man's finger and thumb.  
  
"Funny to think you really do have little willies after all!"  
  
Celia knew the old man was enjoying himself, lying there in his bed with two young girls fondling his genitalia and being able to do the same with them: but she had not expected to like the experience herself but now...  
  
"Is that nice girls? Do you feel safer holding my willy? Would you feel safer right down inside my bed, right under the covers? Would you feel best of all if you had something to suck - perhaps, no... perhaps yes. Would you'd like to suck my willie, Tabitha? I expect you would."  
  
There was movement in the bed. Celia knew it was Tabitha doing as she was told. How had this man gained this power, this control over them? She could not understand it or how she was so loving the touch of his fingers or how she had so quickly become 'wet' for him. Much more of his gentle fondling of her clit and she was going to come.  
  
"Emily-Sue, why don't you go down the bed and hide with Tabitha; hide from the nasty thunder and lightning and suck my willie."  
  
It must have been lovely for the old man to just lie back in his bed and feel the two girls down his bed taking it in turns to suck his flaccid penis.  
  
Celia burrowed down the bed, just as she used to when little, but there in the warm darkness was Natasha. They kissed - with tongues - but not for long. Celia's desire to suck was too strong. Such a relief, such a comfort to feel the old man's soft cock in her mouth. Leaving Natasha's mouth she had searched and her lips had found it in the darkness all wet from Natasha's own mouth. Her tongue playing with the slack foreskin, sliding on the smooth skin of the glans and tickling the little hole. She had felt Natasha's hot breath on her cheek, her tongue slipping wetly along before sliding to her mouth to try and take the cock from her. Instinctively she had moved forward taking not just the limp penis but the man's balls and scrotum into her mouth - the whole package - trying to stop Natasha getting any. Celia's desire was to keep it all to herself and just suck until it...  
  
Celia realised this was not herself; not her natural generous nature, nor how she should be with her friend. She relented and released and the girls took it in turns, alternately licking together and then sucking singly. They soon realised if they put their mouths together they could both tongue-play in and out of each other's mouths whilst also enjoying the feel of the lovely soft penis at the same time, their tongues slipping all over it together. It was so soft and pliable without any of the strength and firmness of the two minders' penes or the other old men of the evening. So soft, so seemingly without threat or potency but Celia knew the appearance was deceiving. The old man was enjoying all the sensation and could most certainly 'come' - and would do so.  
  
She knew she was being used; had been used a lot that day but could do nothing but obey the old man - but at least she was close to Natasha, intimate with her.  
  
They kissed again, their tongues mingling. But they could not leave the old man alone for long. Natasha broke the kiss and her lips moved to the penis. It was ever present with them in the warm dark of the bedclothes; soft and wet with their saliva. After a little suck, Natasha passed it to Celia, pushing it with her tongue into her mouth. Natasha had sucked the protective foreskin over the soft knob but with her lips Celia pushed it back, rolling it down the soft head, exposing the sensitive glans and fraenum. She held the knob in her mouth, holding it just below where the floppy shaft began. Celia's tongue tickled away, even trying to burrow into the little slit. There was no warning, no tap on her head or groan that she could hear but, suddenly, it was producing, releasing the old man's semen into Celia's mouth. She sucked and the whole little thing slipped into her mouth, spurting away - spasm after spasm.  
  
Celia turned her head, letting the penis leave her mouth, towards Natasha. Once again a kiss. It seemed so the right thing to do - share the semen with her friend. Natasha's probing tongue found it, the thick, salty reservoir in Celia's mouth. Their tongues going in and out of each other's mouths coated in the stuff, stirring it around and playing with it. They returned to the penis. Unlike other men it was no different pre or post orgasm - just the same limp softness. They both suckled on it again but drew little further product from the little thing.  
  
The girls resurfaced, one either side of the old man. He put his arms around them and cuddled them both.  
  
"There, there, less frightened now? A nice little suck on my willy has made you feel better hasn't it? I thought it would. No, Tabitha, That wasn't me having a little wee. But you were not alarmed. It is something special - special for big girls and aren't you getting big girls!"  
  
"Big girls don't suck on thumbs but willies. Sucking on a willy is comforting, like a thumb but better, and if you are really frightened or really need comforting boys - big boys - can make that special stuff just like I did for you girls. It was nice wasn't it - really nice. It was comforting wasn't it? Who was the lucky girl?"  
  
What nonsense the old man was talking but there was nothing Celia could do but listen and, yes, his semen had been nice - really nice in retrospect. She found herself wishing for more - how odd. She had to answer,  
  
"Me, sir."  
  
"Lucky you Emily-Sue but I expect I can make some more for Tabitha tomorrow if she likes - or needs."  
  
"I shared it, sir, with Nat... Tabitha."  
  
"Did you now! You are a kind, generous girl, Emily-Sue!"  
  
The wave of pleasure that swept over Celia was a surprise. She was even more than happy with the way he patted her bottom as if in approval. His control over her mind was so strong, so surprising, so effective. She felt really happy. Was this what it was all leading to? So in the end she and Natasha would simply not want to leave; would voluntarily choose to be the playthings of this old man and his friends. Were the minders friends or mere servants allowed to take their pleasure with their master's toys when not interfering with his own plans? The thought of the minders brought their big penes to mind. In the dark Celia licked her lips. The old man's suggestions had clearly had their effect - she would really like to suck them both and make them come - mmm yum!  
  
But the old man seemed in no hurry to send them from his bed and of course she knew the minders had only recently come - when they had forcibly taken Natasha and herself down on the sand. Perhaps they would not be able to get their penes 'up' again. Celia pouted in the darkness. She had not at all liked being forced on the beach but now she would not half like a suck! One big penis for her and one for her friend.  
  
"Now time for sleep girls. You've a busy day tomorrow."  
  
'A busy day being fucked, no doubt,' thought Celia.  
  
"You don't want to be ashamed of your bodies or embarrassed or anything. I know young girls get self conscious when their breasts start to grow and they get hair 'down there.' Boys are the same, self conscious about their willies especially when they stick up in the air. But you shouldn't be and the boys shouldn't be. As a special treat I've a lady, a nice lady, coming tomorrow to fit you for your very first brassieres. Won't that be nice! We might also get the net out play volleyball on the beach and have ice creams just like last year. I do hope it's a sunny day but we must remember the sun cream. We don't want you getting burnt! Now off to sleep."