**Abduction**

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**Part 4 - Beach Volleyball**  
  
It seemed to Celia no sooner had the old man told her to go to sleep than she had done just that. Perhaps she had simply been very tired.  
  
Celia awoke, yawned and opened her eyes. It was not often she awoke three in a bed - indeed had never woken three in a bed - with or without a man. But there she was with Natasha and the old man. They were both still fast asleep. Natasha looked so pretty lying there with her dark hair all over the pillow, the covers a little off and her still open cream pyjama top, complete with the pink hearts on the pocket, showing one of her breasts. Celia had a great desire to suck the nipple but then the thought of sucking the old man's penis again just popped into her mind. Her tongue licked around her mouth. Her thoughts in conflict - which did she want to do? But why the thought of fellating the old man - her captor? She was cross with herself for so liking doing just that the night before.  
  
Her hand reached across the old man to Natasha. Natasha's pretty hazel eyes opened and Celia put her finger to her lips and pointed to the door.  
  
Like two naughty little girls they crept out doing up their pyjama tops as they went and, just like little girls rather than the university students they were, they went to the bathroom together for their morning wee and then back to their own room with its double bed.  
  
It was Natasha who as soon as the door was closed put her arms around Celia and drew her to her. "Oh Celia!" And her mouth sought Celia's and they kissed.  
  
Celia's fingers on Natasha's pyjama top undoing buttons so with the material pushed aside the two girls could embrace breast to breast - soft nakedness pressing against soft nakedness. It was lovely, such a close embrace.  
  
"I hate all this. I just want to be with you."  
  
"Oh, Natasha, so do I!" It was so good being with her new found friend.  
  
"I love your breasts, Celia." They were rubbing their nipples together. Nipples already hard and sensitive.  
  
Natasha's hand inside Celia's pyjama bottoms, slipping past the elastic, and clasping a cheek.  
  
Celia slid Natasha's bottoms downwards over her wide hips and then she too slid Celia's down so they could rub their pubic mounds together - and they did! Not fur to fur because the minders had denuded them but slit to slit, a soft rubbing. It was lovely.  
  
"I want to fuck you," whispered Natasha.  
  
"What with," giggled Celia, "you haven't the right equipment!"  
  
"Anything and everything. Fingers, thumb, tongue - anything I can find!"  
  
"Oh, Natasha, please!"  
  
They fell onto the bed together, cream pyjama tops open, pyjama bottoms around their knees. Their mouths together.  
  
"Morning girls - oh yes, what is this!"  
  
Caught flagrante delicto. Perfectly obvious to the two 'minders' what the girls had been doing or were, rather, about to do. The entrance was perfect timing. Celia wondered if they were on camera - indeed, were they being constantly filmed for the later enjoyment of the men - or perhaps other men they had not even met.  
  
The boys - well, men - were naked and at the sight of the girls their penes moved and erected. Celia swallowed. They really were, as she knew, rather big men both in body and penis.  
  
"Getting undressed for breakfast?"  
  
The girls were separated, placed on their backs and their legs lifted up towards their heads exposing their pudenda - their wet and aroused sex opened for the men's inspection. Easy for the men to grasp the pyjama material still between their knees and hold them in position with one hand whilst pushing their erections down and into the girls' holes with the others. Their penes were in the girls' vaginas within seconds of entering the room.  
  
Celia was so disappointed. She had been about to make love to Natasha and now, once again, she was about to be inseminated by one or other of the men. Yes, his penis was nice and big, stretching her open, but she wanted Natasha's soft tongue, she wanted Natasha's fine fingers on her breasts - not the grasp of the big man.  
  
The fucking was vigorous and prolonged but it was not brought to the expected conclusion. The penis was withdrawn from Celia but not, as she expected, to be replaced by the other. Instead the men pulled their pyjamas of them, picked them up in 'fireman's lifts' and carried them out of the bedroom towards the veranda.  
  
The girls were struggling a bit as they came out into the sunshine. The old man was there, sitting with a newspaper. He looked up as the men came out onto the balcony. It must have looked somewhat animalistic. Two big strong hairy men carrying what might appear two captive naked girls and sporting strong erections - two cavemen, perhaps, carrying captive girls back to their cave to fuck.  
  
"Boys," said the old man, "put them down. You'll frighten Tabitha and Emily-Sue."  
  
"Now girls, remember what I said last night. Go on suck on the boys' willies - don't mind they've gone all big; boys do that. It'll make you feel better - less frightened."  
  
And of course the girls had to do what they had been told. Had to get down on their knees and take comfort in the penes that had just ravished them! Actually Celia chose the other penis; she deliberately chose the one that had attacked Natasha; she did not suck on the penis that had recently been inside her - indeed was still warm and wet from her; Celia taking comfort in it being her friend's wetness she was tasting as the big penis went between her lips. She knew her friend was tasting her. It was not quite the same. They had so wanted to be together.  
  
"Cornflakes," queried the old man. So prosaic when feet from him dark Natasha's lips were wrapped around one big erection and Celia's around another.  
  
"Mmmgh." Said the girls together.  
  
"Don't speak with your mouth full," said the old man and all the men laughed. It was a very sort of male joke.  
  
Celia and Natasha did not have fresh warm man milk with their cornflakes which somewhat surprised Celia. She had rather expected an inundation of hot semen to fill her mouth before she got to the cornflakes - but no. Probably that was being conserved for later in the morning. Celia could not imagine that by bedtime she would not have felt the rush of a male ejaculation - male ejaculations indeed - in both her mouth and in her vagina: and very possibly more than once in each!  
  
Breakfast was faultless. Lovely to sit by the sea in the warmth of the developing summer's day and eat cereal, fruit and even a cooked breakfast, seemingly cooked by the minders whilst still naked. Celia hoped the hot fat had not spluttered. Or did she really care? No, actually! Perhaps Natasha and she might cook naked one day - if they were let go or escaped. It was a nice idea. Perhaps preparing a salad together. She imagined passing the cucumber and them both giggling in a silly but fun way at its shape. Natasha could certainly fuck her with that - indeed they could fuck each other together, one at each end! Happy thoughts but there at the table were the men. The men who had control over Natasha and herself. The men who could and just had prevented Natasha and she being together and had 'inserted' themselves in both Natasha's and her stead.  
  
Permitted for a short time to undertake their morning ablutions alone, the girls were once more brought down onto the beach without bikinis or swimming costumes; the old man leading them by the hand and he, of course as naked as they. The boys - the minders - were setting up a volleyball net on the sand.  
  
Celia knew immediately just what that was about. Men just love seeing girls playing beach volleyball. It was not simply the pleasure of seeing pretty girls on the move and having every excuse to watch, but seeing just what moved! Stretching and jumping tended to move even the most carefully restrained boobs. Bouncing boobs and taut thin material over straining buttocks was a pleasurable sight to men. Perhaps, as they played, the thin material becoming a little trapped between the buttocks or, if the girl was shaved, showing a delightful 'camel toe' shape; or, alternatively, the boys speculating on the size and texture of the girl's 'bush' from the rounded shape they could see pushing out the thin material. Nice for the men to see the sweat on the girls' bodies - a pleasant association with the natural wetness that came between an aroused girls' thighs. The watching boys perhaps wondering how easy it might be to slip their perhaps already erect penes in between those tanned but a little sweaty thighs - if they were only permitted!  
  
Celia knew all about that, all about beach volleyball and could see how much more fun for the men would be naked volleyball. Though, actually, girls too might like the sight of naked men just a little bit more than men in swimming things or shorts; might like to see firm buttocks flexing and men's untidy 'equipment' flapping around - the penis leaping upwards with the boy's jump or slapping against a thigh if he moved quickly to the side. And of course the boy's balls moving independently - the hot, slack scrotum swinging. Yes, Celia could see herself enjoying watching naked beach volleyball; but participating? Hmmm - perhaps with friends - close friends - she did not have a boyfriend at the moment, but she did now have Natasha and would like seeing her body and big breasts on the move!  
  
"Now girls, we don't want you getting sunburn."  
  
The old man was already squeezing sun tan oil onto his hands.  
  
"No, no, that's all right," said Natasha, "I can do that myself."  
  
Celia nodded in agreement though she knew that was not going to happen!  
  
"Oh, so much easier if someone else does it. Difficult to do your own back."  
  
But not your breasts, thought Celia. She knew what was coming! The old man very liberally applying oil to Celia's own skin and the two 'boys' applying it to Natasha's black skin and making it shine. It looked lovely.  
  
The oil was most thoroughly applied to the girls. Nothing was left untouched or unrubbed. The men were very careful. They seemed to divide the labour with one doing one arm or leg but each seemed to think it important to do both breasts and both bottom cheeks. Oily hands quite unnecessarily hefting the breasts and bouncing them up and down in each hand as they applied the oil.  
  
The old man was no less thorough. His hands on her bottom liberally massaging the oil into her skin. His finger even going where 'the sun don't shine.! There was hardly any need for that - Celia was not planning on bending over for a long period and risking sun burn on her anus - very uncomfortable though sun burn there might be. His fingers too on her sex; his oily hand squeezing her labia major together and holding the whole of her sex in the palm of his hand.  
  
It was obvious the two men were really enjoying oiling Natasha. Their twin penes gave the game away - up they had come - magnificently erect!  
  
Then of course they had to do it to the men. Celia had known that would follow as surely as night followed day. Celia tried to be perfunctory; unlike the men's groping hands; just doing the job. But the old man was having none of it.  
  
"Don't forget the boy's willies and bottoms. It would really hurt if their willies - and mine for that matter ,got sunburn. Plenty of oil and really rub it in. Pull their foreskins back - you do know what foreskins are? And really get that oil in all those folds.  
  
There was nothing for it; Celia's pale hands and Natasha's dark ones reached and clasped; their oily hands placed on penes; oily hands pulling back the prepuces and oiling up the glans; foreskins pulled up and down to spread the oil; plenty of oil applied to wrinkled balls. Celia wondered if the object was to 'relieve' the men before the volleyball game. Were they meant to be making the men come - sudden jets of white semen splashing down on the hot sand?  
  
It seemed not. Natasha and Celia were bidden to move onto the old man. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself, standing, legs apart and leaning on his stick as the two young naked girls, themselves shining with oil, worked oily hands all over his body. Finishing, as they knew they must, with their joint hands applying plentiful oil and letting their fingers play a lot with his dangling 'equipment.' So different from the twin hard cocks inches away.  
  
There they all were, standing in the hot sunshine, bodies shining with oil. A strange group to any passerby but there were not yet figures walking their way up the beach. Nobody to stare at the two naked pretty girls and the fine naked upstanding men and wonder why the girls were playing with the old man's limp cock rather than mounting or being mounted by the young men.  
  
"Ready for the game I think."  
  
Celia and Natasha knew how to play. One girl and one man each side of the net and the old man settling down to watch.  
  
It was such a strange start to the game. Not only were they playing naked but the men were still erect. Difficult to concentrate when Natasha's lovely breasts bounced up in the air as she leapt. Difficult to not be distracted by the men also leaping for the ball still erect - their big penes waggling. Celia could be objective: the two minders were really rather fine specimens of the male of the species. Their oiled bodies a delight to observe - or would have been if they were not her captors. Her eyes going from Natasha's beautiful oiled black skin - an utter joy - to the fine males.  
  
The erections did not last but there was still a remarkable amount of movement as the men ran and leapt. Their genitalia did not stay still any more than Natasha's or her own boobs.  
  
It settled down as an energetic game. Played as anyone might on the beach only the players were naked. The old man watched with considerable attention and encouragement.  
  
Gradually an audience built up. There seemed to be more people on the beach that day. Celia was not at all surprised people stopped to watch. Some were even taking pictures which was not pleasing. Celia did not think it at all right other people should have pictures of her naked.  
  
The old man was encouraging. Even inviting people in the audience to participate. Some did join in but it was made very clear by the old man the rules required no clothing. This did not put some off and there was soon quite a range of naked bodies leaping about with exposed breasts and genitalia. Celia found the variety interesting. No doubt, so did the spectators. Some girls a little shaved, some not, but only Natasha and she fully denuded. One girl, allegedly a blond, was revealed as not naturally so! The contrast of flying pale hair and her dark bush rather pleasing to Celia's eye. Those girls prepared to join in all seemed a little more modest in the breast department: perhaps the bigger girls less happy to have their large breasts bounding.  
  
As the morning progressed the original participants ceased playing and the old man suggested they returned to the beach house for some ice cream. It was funny leaving the seemingly self sustaining game to strangers who had joined them on the beach. A happy naked game just carrying on. Had it all been the old man's influence? Surely not.  
  
"So much energy," said the old man back at the house, "so nice to see young people playing so freely. Such pretty girls and such fine young men. I so wish I could join in. You boys must be so tired after your exertions and have no energy left - and you girls too."  
  
The men shook their heads.  
  
"Ah, you still have more energy to release then? First some ice cream."  
  
It was peculiar. Just getting the ice cream and the wait whilst it softened a little seemed to excite the men. Celia could not but notice their penes thickening and lengthening - that barometer of male arousal.  
  
"Where are those ice cream cones?" Asked the old man.  
  
As if on cue the penes rose to their curving upright height.  
  
"Ah good. I hope they have not gone soggy and soft in the cupboard."  
  
They did not look at all soggy or soft...  
  
Carefully the old man applied a scoop of the ice cream right on the top of the man's erection - applying it like a hat. It was a soft ice cream. The man winced and took a deep breath as it was applied.  
  
"There you are Emily-Sue, there's your double scoop cone! Blackcurrant or is it Raspberry with a dollop of vanilla on top!"  
  
Possibly, just possibly the knob did look like a round scoop of ruddy purple ice cream with another scoop on the top. It was surprising it stayed there; even given the softness of the ice cream it was precariously balanced.  
  
"Go on lick, Emily-Sue!"  
  
Of course as soon as she did it the vanilla scoop just slid off the penis! But the old man applied another scoop.  
  
"Go on gobble it all down!"  
  
The minder's hands on her head and she was forced down, the scoop of vanilla and the knob all going into her mouth as one. The ice cream was cold - very cold - the knob only warm in places but it was being moved. Her mouth was very full. The man was forcing his penis back and forth in her mouth, mashing the ice cream as he did so. Clearly he was relishing the unusual sensations of cold from the ice cream and warmth from her lips, tongue and mouth. Up and down went Celia's head. The man's hands holding it, forcing her mouth to move.  
  
"Aagh - fuck!" He ejaculated.  
  
And he certainly did and not just verbally. Not just the contrast of cold, cold ice cream in her mouth with the warmth of his penis but, now appearing in spurts, to be mashed with the ice cream, were pulses of warm, glutinous semen. A salty and warm contrast to the sweet cold ice cream. It was not vanilla flavour either!  
  
"Fuck, fuck, fuck - fucking wonderful, you've just got to do that!" He said to his fellow.  
  
"Language, language!" admonished the old man. He turned to Natasha sitting in a chair. "Your turn." He scooped up more vanilla ice cream but managed to drop it right down Natasha's cleavage. An accident? Celia did not think so.  
  
A lovely but cold scoop of vanilla ice cream slipping down Natasha's dark cleavage. It had landed right between her boobs leaving a white trail all the way down. It ended up resting in her tummy button. She had not been sitting very upright in her armchair. The sudden cold made her sit up straight. It carried on with its journey.  
  
"Oooh, aaah - that's cold."  
  
The old man came to her rescue licking the scoop of ice cream as it rested between her tightly closed legs, right on the vee where her legs joined - right on her denuded slit. Celia would like to have done that herself and followed the ice cream trail up her tummy to her cleavage - but the old man enjoyed himself doing just that.  
  
"Perhaps Tabitha, you would rather have yours in a tub?"  
  
Natasha looked at the minder's upstanding penis. "Um, please."  
  
Celia wondered if Natasha had made a good choice. What was this tub?  
  
"Of course you can! I'm sure we have something..."  
  
Some people like their ice cream in a cone: others do not terribly like the biscuit like cone and rather have their ice cream in a tub with a spoon. Perhaps Natasha was one of those or was she simply trying to avoid fellating the other minder? Celia did not know.  
  
The other minder seemed unperturbed; he took hold of and lifted Natasha's legs up so her knees were either side of her head causing the whole of her sex to be exposed, her lips opening to reveal her special soft skin and genitalia.  
  
It was then Celia realised just what the plan was as the other minder moved into position to hold her arms. Oh no!  
  
The old man scooped more of the soft, creamy vanilla ice cream and released the scoop, the ball, of ice cream right onto Natasha's exposed nether lips making them clench like some dark, mysterious sea anemone.  
  
"Ooaahwoah," she wailed. Her hips moving trying to dislodge the round ball of ice cream but the more she wriggled , the more it slipped around until it came to rest right on her sexual entrance.

"Ooaahwoah,"  
  
Celia watched the melting, creamy streams running this way and that from the scoop of ice cream resting so uncomfortably in 'that' depression. Saw Natasha wriggling and trying to dislodge it but the clenching of her nether lips and vaginal entrance - using all the muscles of her perineum - seemed to have quite the opposite effect. Rather than ejecting the ice cream she was drawing the melting scoop inwards, almost as if her vagina was eating it! Celia so wanted to help her friend; to apply her tongue and scoop up and swallow the so cold ice cream. Indeed, stick her tongue right into her friend.  
  
But she was not permitted. Instead the old man added a second scoop to the 'tub.'  
  
"Ooaahwoah,"  
  
More icy coldness on Natasha's private parts. More wriggling and attempts to remove the coldness. Clearly it all got too much for the minder seeing the wriggling and pulsating of the dark girl's sex. He did what Celia wanted to do only with his penis not his tongue. He released Natasha's legs but before she could bring them down he was on her and inserting himself. Celia watched his big knob push at the ball of ice cream, squash it a bit and then push it right into Natasha.  
  
"Ooaahwoah,"  
  
But he was on her, his erection firmly in her, going all the way and pumping in and out. Celia could see it all - see how creamy the ice cream had made it all.  
  
"Fuck, this is wonderful. The heat and the cold."  
  
Celia watched the man's hairy bottom pushing away, watched his balls rising and falling as they slapped against Natasha's bottom hole. The strange squelching sounds from the amount of semi melted ice cream inside Natasha as the erection plunged in and out. It came to Celia to give the man a taste of his own medicine. She picked up the ice cream scoop - the old man did not stop her - and scooped up another ball of ice cream and applied it right to the man's balls. With her hand she held it there.  
  
"Oh fuck wow,"  
  
Celia had a job holding the ice cream against his balls because he was pounding Natasha so hard. Clearly ejaculating, clearly really, really enjoying it: the ice cream on his balls seeming to have had quite the reverse effect she'd hoped.  
  
"Language!" Said the old man. "Emily-Sue. Greedy again I see, Three scoops all in one go. Well, go on lick!"  
  
Celia had to obey, had to put her head between his legs and found herself licking the minder's hairy balls - hairy balls covered in melting ice cream - whilst he was still embedded in her friend. Indeed found herself licking both still moving shaft and her friend as well.  
  
Dripping both cum and ice cream the penis was removed leaving Natasha's sex a remarkably creamy mess.  
  
"Tabitha, do you want to finish what's in your tub?"  
  
Natasha shook her head, "I, I can't reach."  
  
The minders too shook their heads.  
  
"Well greedy little Emily-Sue you'd better finish it up."And so Celia found herself with her face between her friends thighs once more tasting and lapping up a mixture of cold creamy melted ice cream and semen. Awfully, bizarrely, it was actually something she could get to rather like!

**Part 5 - Sex Education**  
  
A little after lunch there was a knock at the door and the old man ushered in a new visitor: not a man this time but a woman. A woman in perhaps her late forties, possibly a little older; a substantial woman with permed fair hair, a light cotton dress with a scooped neck revealing her simply enormous cleavage. With her rather booming voice, bright red lipstick and matching nails she seemed quite a formidable lady. Her accent quite strong - quite Germanic.  
  
She was talking away to the old man but her face lit up in a big smile when she saw the two girls.  
  
"Ah, Stephen, these are ze two young ladies. Ja, ja, ja," she appraised them up and down, "you are right - zey are quite ready for first brassieres. Vhere shall ve go? Ve vomen need privacy in such personal matters."  
  
It was evident she was 'in' on the old man's games.  
  
"Now girls, be good and do what Miss Knopf, Fraulein Knopf, asks you and thank her nicely afterwards. Won't this be exciting - your first brassieres!"  
  
"Ha, ha Stephen you old tease! Fraulein! Frau I zink!"  
  
Frau Knopf and the girls were ushered into the girls bedroom and the door closed. Frau Knopf put down the bag she was carrying.  
  
"Right girls, shirts off, I need to measure you. Don't be shy - ve are just Frauen together!"  
  
The cream blouses were undone and Natasha's firm and by no means small breasts were exposed. Celia's were not as big but certainly not those of a teenager.  
  
"Ah, budding nicely Tabitha. I can see you vill be a big healthy girl vith a fine bosom - and you too Emily-Sue. Herr Levinson vas quite right, you are ready for yours first brassieres."  
  
The woman reached out and held Natasha's breasts, lifting and weighing them in her hands; almost fondling them - indeed, Celia realised, that was what, really, she was doing and it came to her that the old man's games were not just about semen. Some of his friends had other interests and she and Natasha were most likely going to be subjected to some semenless sex - sex with this ample woman.  
  
Her hands, her delicate fingers, moved to Celia's chest. "Ja, coming along nicely, meine liebe. How pale your nipples are, delightful but such a pale colour. Look at Tabitha's lovely black nipples - aren't zey so sweet? You can apply make up to nipples - or didn't you know - just like lips. Zere is a lot young girls need to learn!"  
  
Natasha and Celia waited. What were they to be taught?  
  
"Now let's measure you."  
  
It seemed to not simply be a matter of using a tape measure. It involved a lot more touching on Frau Knopf's part, even getting the girls to hold each other's breasts at one point.  
  
"My cup size is LL. Can you believe zat! I do have ze really big breasts. I'll show you zem and then vee girls can be all topless together! You can see vhat really big breasts are like. You've a long way to go before you grow to my size! Ja! Such sweet little things."  
  
Her hands were on the girls again, fondling.  
  
"Let's make your little nips stand. Ze always looks so pretty. Emily-Sue may I colour your nipples? Look I have just ze shade for you - rather redder and darker zan your own."  
  
It had never happened before, Celia had never thought of doing such a thing but there was Frau Knopf applying lipstick to her nipples changing the colour. Frau Knopf was so careful and the feel of the cool, slightly sticky lipstick being applied was enough to make her nipples stand.  
  
And then Frau Knopf applied blusher to Natasha's nipples. The slow soft brush movement clearly almost a torture to the young girl. Celia rather wished it was her doing the application. So nice to sit astride Natasha and work carefully away at her pretty breasts with a soft brush.  
  
The woman, Frau Knopf, then lifted her dress over her head revealing not just a quite enormous brassiere but her complete lack of any further undergarments. Between the woman's wide thighs sprouted a remarkable profusion of fair curly hair. The brassiere was undeniably substantial, Celia thought the straps needed to be strong to hold the weight!  
  
"Now girls you see how important a brassiere is to a vomen with large breasts. Zees would be a bother unrestrained, especially if I vas running," Her shoulders heaved. "Not zat I do much running! But my bustenhalter - zat is what ve Germans call brassieres - holds me vell. Zay give shape as well. Now your little training brassieres mostly give zee shape. You do not need ze support."  
  
Her hands seemed rather to be indicating otherwise as she again lifted Natasha's chest. "Zay get you used to wearing a brassiere, hold your little breasts to stop any sag..." Both hands were now holding Celia's breasts and lifting. "... and zay are padded to give you a bit of voman shape, give you confidence in looking like a voman."  
  
Celia could see Frau Knopf brassiere was well fitted, the straps were holding her up, there was no sag to breasts or straps. Further it gave shape, not simply a gathering of mammarial flesh but the brassiere, the 'bustenhalter,' was shaped with each cup coming to a point rather than simply being rounded. An old fashioned design, perhaps meant to emphasise the pointiness of nipples, the sort of brassiere popular right from the 1930s and through the 1950s and 1960s: the 'bullet brassiere.'  
  
Later Celia discovered the cone shaped 'bullet brassiere' came about from trying to emulate the prominent bosom and tight jumper look popularised by Lana Turner in the 1937 film, 'They Won't Forget.' Her nickname became, "The Sweater Girl". Lingerie companies started producing pointy brassieres but it was only after the Second World War that cone-shaped brassieres became all the rage.  
  
The woman got busy with tape measure, "such slim little girls, such sweet titties." Her hands allegedly measuring cup size - moving around quite a lot as if she could not decide. The suitcase was then opened and a multitude of brassieres revealed.  
  
The woman seemed ever so happy trying different brassieres on the girls; adjusting the straps and squeezing the cups to see how well they were filled; she seemed to be becoming a little flushed perhaps from the exertion or more likely, Celia thought, with sexual excitement.  
  
Finally Natasha was fitted. A fine white brassiere with nothing 'training' about it. Natasha's ample breasts filled the cups and they were not at all that small! Like the woman's this was a 'bullet' brassiere; the twin cups each rising to a point; and with the strapping the points were slightly raised upwards. It gave Natasha a rather commanding look - or did once the blouse was replaced over it.  
  
Frau Knopf seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time moving the material around, tweaking the bullet ends to make them even more pointed. Her fingers caressed the cotton, lifting the breasts inside the white material, even slipping fingers underneath to feel how well the brassiere was fitting. To Celia it was more than obvious that Frau Knopf was delighting in groping and fondling her friend. She knew she would be next.  
  
Celia's fitting seemed quite the reverse of Natasha's: not so much a training brassiere again but one designed to flatten her and make her look less substantial, less womanly than she actually was; there was no padding, indeed the material was thin and showed her pink nipples through the white material. This did not in any way lessen the attention Frau Knopf's strong fingers paid to her breasts. No boyfriend had ever paid quite so much attention!  
  
"Zere we are. Wunderbar! Two fine young vomen!"  
  
The girls were made to turn around so Frau Knopf could see and admire.  
  
"Vould you... yes you would, like to see how my breasts fit in my bustenhalter?"  
  
She was already reaching behind her. It was clear the girls did not have the option. Without the strapping, Frau Knopf' breasts certainly sagged but that was hardly surprising. They were truly enormous and, what was more, so were their areolae.  
  
The woman picked them up in her hands and moved them.  
  
"Ha! Would you little girls like to have titties like these? Go on Emily-Sue you can touch."  
  
There was no way Celia could hold breasts like those in her hands, she thought the sheer weight must be a strain on Frau Knopf's back! And as for the amazing areolae, well, the span of her hands barely covered them. They were brown and enormous. The nipples too were big and, Celia could feel in the palms of her hands, they were really hard.  
  
"They're like saucers!"  
  
"Ja! Not little pfennigs but big!"  
  
Frau Knopf' breasts were big and heavy. Celia lifted them again.  
  
"Ja, gut, zat is what the bustenhalter does!"  
  
It was Natasha's turn. Such a strange scene. The black girl in her neat school uniform complete with white, collared blouse next to the very ample and completely naked - but for her high heels - blond woman just reaching and holding the naked woman's breasts.  
  
"Come behind me, Fraulein, pretend your hands are a brassiere - yes, lift and hold me!"  
  
An even stranger picture!  
  
"Natasha, my dear, you are actually doing just what men like to do. Stand behind women, hold their breasts and push their villies against the woman's bottom. Do you know vhy they want to do that?"  
  
"Yeah," drawled Natasha.  
  
"Now didn't Herr Levinson tell you to be good girls and do as you are told? Now don't pretend things you don't know just to seem big and mature. Herr Levinson has especially asked me to tell you about the birds and the bees, about how babies are made and what men and vomen do together."  
  
Celia sighed. After what the old man and the 'minders' had been doing! Natasha and she hardly needed to know about ' ze villies' and 'ze fucking.'  
  
"Now come here girls. I am going to talk you through a woman's private bits - yes, Emily-Sue, her front and back bottom."  
  
Celia had not said a word. The woman was obviously enjoying this game. Clearly enjoyed lying down on the bed and opening her thighs to show the girls all her 'bits and pieces.' Celia was rather surprised the old man was not there watching all this 'play': or was he perhaps watching via a camera? She was not at all sure much of what they were experiencing was not being filmed for later perusal at leisure by the old man and perhaps many others.  
  
The woman's thighs were ample, and between it - Celia knew she was expected to look and view with interest and attention - the woman's sex was very exposed. Unsurprisingly, like the rest of Frau Knopf, there was a lot of it. Substantial and well forested 'on the slopes' of her labia major. Celia could not but notice how open, and clearly rather damp, was the whole of her 'arrangement.' Celia frowned a little. At the centre of it all the woman's opening was very, well, 'open.'  
  
"Now girls, pay attention. ve'll have a look at your little bits later. Now let's start with ze obvious things. Zis is my anus for... yes ve know vhat. This here is my pee hole. And this is where a man's penis - you do know what a penis is I'm sure - his villie - goes in and does its 'bit,' you know? Oh, perhaps you don't? Vell you've seen the boys on the beach and Herr Levinson. Vell men and boys not only pee with their villies - you've seen that, ja? But do something else. You know they have their funny balls. ja? Vell in them they make a special, how you say, fluid that makes babies. And zis fluid comes out of their villies just like pee but it is different. Ja, very different."  
  
She looked up expectantly as if awaiting a question.  
  
"Ya, Tabitha, zere soft little villies won't go in just like zat. Ven ze man and ze voman vant to make kinder, ze man's villie gets much bigger and stronger. He can zen push it in zis hole and make his stuff come out."  
  
Celia noted Frau Knopf's fingers had gone in 'ze hole.' Frau Knopf was looking at her.  
  
"Ach vell, Emily-Sue. The man makes it come by moving his villie in and out quickly. This causes what is called an 'ejaculation', ja?"  
  
Her fingers were going in and out of 'ze hole' simulating intercourse. A rather unnecessary demonstration thought Celia. She knew just a little bit about penes going in there.  
  
"Is it very much comes out, Tabitha? Vy you ask? Because it might run out and down your pretty thighs. ja? Some men produce a lot of zere stuff: others not so much. It does not matter. A small amount is enough for babies."  
  
"You see this little bump. Ja, zat is it. It is called die Klitoris. It is good to stroke it. It makes us girls feel good. Ze man should do that when putting his villie in ze lady but you can do it on your own or have a friend do it. It is good to practice for a man with a girl friend. Fraulein should practice vith Fraulein. It tones the body, makes girls ready to be vomen."  
  
She was stroking her clit as she talked. It swelled a little more as she rambled on. It was big - more a bean than a pea!  
  
"Here ve have zee lips. Ha, ha, yes Tabitha. Two girls can kiss with them, ja. Or can kiss with their other lips. It is nice to do. Perhaps ve try it! And importantly a voman gets vet. It is so important that ze voman gets vet so the man can put his willie in her hole. See how vet I am getting, ja? You can touch, you can feel."  
  
Natasha frowned and her touch was tentative. Frau Knopf was not having that. She pressed Natasha's hand to her sex - clearly liking the feel of the young black girl's hand.  
  
She moved it. Celia noted it made her fingers wet.  
  
"But let us have a look at vhat you two girls have. Let me point out your things. You first Tabitha. Take your clothes off. Ve can see better like zat."  
  
They were soon naked with this commanding woman. What was she really going to do with them?  
  
"Come, lie on ze bed, ya, like zat. Now raise and open your legs and hold yourself behind your knees."  
  
It certainly opened Natasha to inspection. Celia looked - her friend's sex all there for Frau Knopf and her to see. Pink and, well, succulent, it really looked good enough to eat!  
  
"See here is your little hole but I can hardly gets a finger in let alone ze full penis - if I had one! You vill need practice. It is important girls practice."  
  
Her fingers were stroking all over Natasha's sex and then teasing her clit.  
  
"Is zat nice? I thought you'd like zat. Come Emily-Sue, you touch your friend and Tabitha, you see what you can feel between your friend's thighs."  
  
Lovely to feel Natasha's fingers creeping up her thigh. Celia was more than happy to open for her! Lovely to touch Natasha  
  
"Vould you girls like to see a model of an erect penis? I have one in my bag to show girls."  
  
She drew out a fairly small dildo. An accurate enough representation, perhaps modelled from life, of an erection in pink plastic. Just the erection - it was not complete with balls.  
  
"Stand up Tabitha, you can handle it and then pass it to Emily-Sue. See how different it is from those boys' villies!"  
  
Celia glanced at Natasha. Their eyes met. The model was not actually as big as the minders' 'villies!' The idea they were little girls playing in the sand with little boys was so different from the reality: those 'boys' had stuck their very large erections into both Natasha and her without so much as a please or thank-you and had left their semen behind.  
  
"Vould you like to try pretending to be a man, Tabitha?"  
  
Celia smiled. There was nothing 'manly' about her friend.  
  
The woman opened her thighs once more. She was even wetter now. "You try sticking the penis in me."  
  
Of course it slipped in as easy as anything. Natasha pretended to fuck Frau Knopf pushing the penis in and out.  
  
"Zat is gut, Tabitha. You are getting ze idea!"  
  
Celia was then made to do the same. It was not really a penis for Frau Knopf. It was just too small! Then Frau Knopf simply pushed the penis into herself and it disappeared from view.  
  
"Ha, ha, I eat leetle men! Zat is not a very big penis. It is a training penis like your training brassieres. Young girls should have training penes. Perhaps I have one for each of you. Shall ve see if this little one will go in you girls."  
  
Almost like a conjuror Frau Knopf reached into herself and pulled out the pink plastic penis.  
  
"See how nice and warm and slippery it is. So nice and comfortable for ze leetle girl. Come, Emily-Sue, you can be first. Lie down and imagine a boy is with you. He is a nice boy but he is without clothes and his penis has got hard."  
  
Training penes indeed! Celia imagined herself back at school seated in the classroom and on the desk before her, indeed on all the girls' desks, was a plastic dildo - not too large. The girls staring in disbelief at the teacher explaining they needed to practice - to 'train' together.  
  
Frau Knopf' hands were on Celia's body, stroking and feeling. From her breasts she moved to her sex. She was running her finger down Celia's denuded slit, pulling at her little leaves. The pink plastic dildo was soon brought into use, stroking around with its wet hardness before, inevitably, being moved into position for entry.  
  
"Ze boy has got his penis where he wants it! Do you want it inside you, Emily-Sue? Of course you do!"  
  
The plastic was pushed against Celia's opening and, as easily as anything, in it went. Celia was not a young virgin in the early stages of womanhood, as Frau Knopf was pretending, but a woman who had felt more than one real penis travel that way- and bigger ones at that!  
  
"Izn't that lovely, Emily-Sue, your first penis - even if it is only plastic. Feel as it slides in and out. Now clasp and hold it. Use your vaginal muscles. Ja, zat is right. See Tabitha; you try; you work your friend with the penis and then we will try it on you."  
  
It was much nicer having the dildo worked by her friend but all too soon Frau Knopf insisted the dildo was removed. Nonetheless, Celia was more than happy to do as Frau Knopf said when she was invited to be the 'first' at penetrating 'Tabitha.'  
  
"Be careful now, It may not go in so easily."  
  
But of course it did. The pinkness of the plastic against Natasha's dark skin.  
  
"Zat is sort of what sexual intercourse is like but of course you are not feeling ze boy's weight on you or ze thrust of his strong hips against you as he pushes ze penis within you. Vould you like to try something a leetle more real?"  
  
It was a strap-on. Again a realistic penis but attachable to a harness. A larger dildo but still not big like the 'minders' penes.  
  
"Come let us try a bit more practice fucking but with this bigger penis. Tabitha, stand up and let me strap you."  
  
Frau Knopf fingers carefully slipped the straps up Natasha's legs and adjusted the straps. "See, like the bustenhalter, this too has to be adjusted to fit." She laughed, "Imagine you young girls each with a training penis strapped on and tucked avay in your knickers. Your school friends would vunder vot the bulge was in your skirts! You could show them, ja! Ze would like zat."  
  
The fitting done and there was Natasha standing with a curving erection.  
  
"Doesn't Tabitha look so pretty with her penis?"  
  
Well, yes, thought Celia. Just so sexy! If only Frau Knopf would just go and leave the two girls together. She'd so love Natasha to lie between her thighs and fuck her like men did.  
  
Certainly that was what Natasha was going to be required to do but under Frau Knopf's supervision.  
  
"Ja, ja, push with your hips, you naughty boy."  
  
There was a slap from Frau Knopf' hand on the rump of the putative 'boy.' It made Natasha gasp and her hips move forward. A sudden jerking movement and her plastic penis thrust upwards into the air. It looked just like a boy thrusting at the air, anxious to stick his erection into a girl and get going. An erotic sight.  
  
"Go on, fuck, fuck, fuck - get on Emily- Sue, lie on her like a boy. Ja, push, push, try and get ze penis in - very gut."  
  
It was nice having Natasha on top of her, breast to breast, face to face and to be taken by her like that. It was good that Frau Knopf allowed the 'fuck' to go on for a little while - but she had other plans.

"Zere are other ways to fuck. Lie back on ze bed, Tabitha, and hold your penis up straight."  
  
Frau Knopf was quickly up on the bed and straddling Natasha's hips clearly about to demonstrate the 'cowgirl' position.  
  
"See ze girl can be in charge. It can be her who pushes ze penis in vhen she vants and do ze moving." Frau Knopf easily engulfed Natasha's plastic erection in one swift movement. She was clearly happy to bounce up and down on Natasha's hips whilst holding her breasts. Her eyes were closed and she had a happy smile on her face. She was having a whale of a time - that was obvious.  
  
Celia looked at Natasha and their eyes met. Natasha shrugged her shoulders and Celia returned the gesture. They were again being used for somebody else's pleasure.  
  
"Ha! Vunderbar but, Natasha, your little penis is not enough for a woman like me. I need a big strong penis attached to a man or a voman. Vould you like to see a really big penis?"  
  
It was rather unlikely they would have any choice in the matter, thought Celia. She was, of course, right.  
  
Standing, the woman once more delved in her bag and brought out a simply enormous black dildo. Certainly realistically moulded but most likely not a cast of a real thing - surely no man was that big!  
  
"Vould you like to try this, Tabitha?"  
  
Natasha visibly recoiled making Frau Knopf laugh. "Nein! Hold it against your own - see how much bigger it is! Come Emily-Sue, hold it between your thighs and pretend it is your sticking out penis!"  
  
Celia clamped her thighs around the shaft so the 'business end' stuck out forward of her body. Not only did it look wrong because of her feminine body but it was quite out of proportion!  
  
Frau Knopf lay back on the bed opening her substantial thighs wide. Her sex was clearly very wet and ready to receive a penis but surely not such a one. Celia could not imagine she could really take the big black dildo.  
  
Celia shuffled forward holding the dildo clasped between her thighs and brought the knob to Frau Knopf' opening. With one hand Celia held the dildo a little behind the big head and pushed. She was not surprised when it did not go in but Frau Knopf was clearly enjoying the feeling. She was certainly wriggling against it.  
  
"Ja, ja, push, push."  
  
To Celia's surprise, after a bit of effort, it went in. The black knob slipped inside.  
  
"Ja, ja, der gross penis. Tabitha, suck my breasts."  
  
Celia stepped back leaving the woman impaled with the enormous black dildo sticking out of her. Natasha cane forward and soon her pretty mouth was sucking on Frau Knopf' enormous areolae and pulling at the big nipples with her lips.  
  
"Emily-Sue. Vork ze schwanz, der penis!"  
  
And so Frau Knopf was getting just what she wanted - clearly. The two young girls at work on her sexual organs, no doubt moving her towards a climax. Her hands were fondling Natasha intimately. In and out Celia pushed the dildo. She knew the motion well enough!  
  
"Ach! Zis is gut! Emily-Sue - enough with ze penis. Use your hand."  
  
Hand? Why? Surely the mock penis was better? Celia, though, did as she was bid and brought her fingers together and pushed them into the very wet vagina.  
  
"Nein, nein, Your whole hand. Push it in!"  
  
What? But Celia did as she was told and unbelievably as she pushed with her hand, her fingers and thumb tightly bunched, the whole thing went in. She was actually using her whole hand - her arm - as a dildo on the woman. She stared in disbelief at her missing hand; there was just her wrist sticking out of the woman: her whole hand was inside.  
  
Some woman make a lot of noise when they orgasm: some are quiet as mice. Frau Knopf screamed. Celia was surprised the old man and the minders did not come rushing in to find Natasha with an areolae in her mouth and she with her hand right up Frau Knopf. But there was no entry, no rushing in of men to see what was going on, no men joining in with their own penes on Natasha and she. Presumably they knew what Frau Knopf did and might even have been watching on camera!  
  
Celia's hand was drenched when she pulled it out.  
  
"Vell done little Emily-Sue, vell done. Let me kiss you."  
  
Celia presented a cheek but had completely misunderstood Frau Knopf's intention. The kiss was not on her face as Celia had been expecting, not even to her mouth. It was a kiss to her other lips. Nor was it a chaste peck on the cheek but the full French affair - done the 'other way.' Frau Knopf made her lie again on the bed with her thighs apart and the woman's lips were soon firmly attached to Celia's nether lips. Frau Knopf knew what she was about - big time. Her tongue was remarkably busy pushing in and out of Celia. She kept Natasha busy by requiring her to come up behind Frau Knopf and bring her strap on back into use by 'doggy style' fucking her. Celia rather thought the dildo would be rattling around inside Frau Knopf given its size or rather splashing around given the ample room! But it seemed to do the trick and Frau Knopf screamed another orgasm. The vocal vibrations right on Celia's sex actually sending her 'over the top' as well.  
  
Frau Knopf was not done. She explained, as she had just shown, that a penis or a penis substitute was not essential to a young girl's 'relaxation.'  
  
"Ze tongue can erect as vell. Come girls, let us all stick our tongues out and waggle zem. Fingers und tongues can go in vaginas just as well and be just as nice. Come Tabitha and Emily-Sue. You need to practice."  
  
The strap on was removed from Natasha and Frau Knopf had Celia lie on the bed whilst Natasha placed herself above her with her thighs astride Celia's head.  
  
Celia looked up at Natasha's pretty sex and knew she was going to be permitted to kiss her there again. Her own thighs opened in readiness for Natasha's mouth and tongue. They were in the classic 'soixant-neuf' position, albeit two women rather than a woman and a man. There was no penis to suck. Natasha's dildo had been removed.  
  
"Vhilst I get myself ready you girls see what you can do."  
  
Celia and Natasha rolled around the bed having a lovely time, their mouths clamped to each other's sexes and their tongues busily at work.  
  
They were not looking at what Frau Knopf was doing. It was only out of the corner of her eye that Celia saw something waggling in the air. Frau Knopf had dressed herself in her own strap on. It was not a 'training' version like Natasha's had been, Far from it. Not as big as the big black dildo but more than life size, more in keeping with Frau Knopf's bulk perhaps, if a penis, and an erect one at that, actually went with a woman.  
  
Realism seemed to have been less important to the designer, it was more stylised with a pronounced tri-lobe cross section and unusually bulbous head. There were additional ridges added to the shaft to provide, no doubt, greater stimulation. Perhaps it was a woman's conception of the ideal penis! Perhaps it had been designed by a woman. It was certainly a 'designer' item. Stylistically it could be described as Art Deco but whether dating from that period or not it was a fine object. Surprisingly there were very large balls under the whole assembly reminding Celia of those possessed by bulls, albeit again stylised. She had seen the animals on country walks and there had been no way of missing their maleness.  
  
"Oh," she said.  
  
"Don't vorry Emily-Sue, zis is not for you. Too big for your little girl hole, ja! No, it is to show you vhat men do. Come close, come closer."  
  
The big woman took hold of Celia's head and brought it down close to the dildo's end. Celia was looking right at it. She could see it even had a hole right in the centre of the knob, like the real thing. Was she going to be made to suck it?  
  
"I told you leetle girls about the man's ejaculation. About his white stuff coming out, ja? Watch closely Emily-Sue."  
  
It was unexpected. Really Celia should have put two and two together but the sudden spurt from the penis caught her completely unawares right on her face and in her mouth.  
  
"Oh, ah!," she spluttered.  
  
Frau Knopf found it very funny. Even Natasha laughed, for a moment.  
  
"Don't vorry - it is only pretend semen. Not ze real thing, ha, ha. Vould you like to try zat inside you, Tabitha?  
  
"No, I..."  
  
"I zink you can take it. It is big but... I zink we should try. You're bigger zan Emily-Sue. Come lie down Tabitha and open your legs really vide for me.  
  
"No, Tabitha, I zed really vide!"  
  
Remarkable seeing the big woman clambering on top of her friend and then attempting to get the big dildo 'in.'  
  
"Zu must help, Emily-Sue."  
  
And Celia found herself feeling about between the two women and helping Frau Knopf penetrate Natasha, inserting the big thing into her friend.  
  
Strange to watch Frau Knopf's big bottom rising and falling. A wobbly female bottom doing the man thing!  
  
"Is zat gut Tabitha, Emily-Sue get ready. Ven I say 'squeeze' you squeeze my balls and ve give Tabitha a big surprise, ja?"  
  
Celia was sure Natasha knew what was going to happen but even so when Frau Knopf said, "Squeeze" there was a gasp from her. Frau Knopf repeated herself several times and Celia did as she was told.  
  
"Ja, feel zee cum spurting into you. Ze man, ha, me! Has to do zis."  
  
Celia was spared the spurting dildo. It was quite empty. Natasha stood a little wobbly from the ordeal. Mock semen running down her dark thighs.  
  
Frau Knopf packed her things away, pulled on her enormous bustenhalter and slipped her dress on. Seemingly the brassiere fitting session was over.  
  
"Come girls. Let me see you put your training brassieres on by yourselves."  
  
And so Celia and Natasha found themselves being taken out of their bedroom to show the old man and the minders their new brassieres and expected to be all enthusiastic and excited despite being otherwise naked and very obviously smelling of aroused women - all three of them! Their hands smelt girly, their faces smelt girly and of course they were exuding the scent from their still aroused girly bits. To add to it all, Natasha had mock semen all down the insides of her thighs. It all had a predictable effect on the minders. Their penes rose into the air.  
  
"Ach, Stephen, zor young boys must play a lot of sport, a lot of games at school. Zay vill need fitting for jock straps soon if I am not mistaken."  
  
Her hands reached and she cupped both pairs of hanging balls in the palms of her hands and lifted them which caused their big erections to come to even more prominence.  
  
"Ha, look at zere leetle villies and balls. Like young girls need zere training brassieres so ze boys need their leetle balls held securely. I shall come again with some training straps to try."  
  
Her hands were rolling the balls and the big purple knobs seemed to be getting even rounder the more her hands manipulated the scrota. Celia thought it would be rather funny if they went 'off' just like that.  
  
"Ja, I vill see if I can fit both these leetle villies in my... my schedule."  
  
"Separately or together?" Wondered Celia. She wondered, big as they were, whether Frau Knopf could perhaps accommodate both erections inside her vagina at the same time. She rather thought Frau Knopf would like to try! Moreover she rather thought she would succeed. An interesting thing to observe - perhaps. It had never occurred to her such a thing was possible let alone anyone might want to try. But Frau Knopf seemed quite capable! Perhaps she had already tried.

Part 6 - A Moonlit Walk  
  
Dinner that evening was not so formal but everyone was dressed. The girls, of course, in their neat school uniforms complete with their new brassieres - Natasha's pointy chest rather dramatic.  
  
To Celia, Natasha looked so pretty, so sweet and so obviously not a schoolgirl despite her clothing. The pretence of the old man so ridiculous. Such a stupid pretence - Natasha and she were university students, not even in their first year.  
  
There were no visitors waiting, which was a relief to Celia. She could easily have imagined walking out of her bedroom from dressing in her neat uniform to find another two gentlemen in dinner suits or perhaps four gentlemen or even two couples, male and female, perhaps with an interest in the chastisement of young ladies or just the mandatory fucking and otherwise sexual enjoyment of young ladies.  
  
But it was just the old man casually dressed in a cotton short sleeved shirt and shorts and the two 'minders' similarly casually attired.  
  
The girls stood waiting to see what would happen. Would it simply be dinner or was something entirely different planned.  
  
"Such a pity you have got to go home tomorrow but all holidays come to an end - they do, alas, come to an end."  
  
There had certainly been a lot of coming, thought Celia, but did this really mean they were going to be released? Was it all nearly over?  
  
"We have a few visitors tomorrow morning. Some old friends just passing through. Popping in for a morning coffee and something to nibble. I hope you will make them welcome, young ladies."  
  
More penes, thought, Celia. She guessed the import. More penes being pushed into her dear friend and her. More than a nibble no doubt - though she was sure they would be presented for her mouth to suck as well. But perhaps the ordeal was nearly over. At least nobody had taken an interest in her bottom. She did not think she could stand that.  
  
The old man picked up his walking stick and with its curved handle lifted the pleats of the girls' skirts one by one. First Natasha and then Celia. It seemed an odd thing to do with schoolgirls. Old men might well like the idea of lifting the girls skirts and seeing their plump thighs and knickers but they just did not do that. It was not a temptation they succumbed to in polite society.  
  
"Good, you have your regulation underwear on and I can see you have put your training brassieres on. Exciting for you!"  
  
The meal progressed perfectly normally until pudding.  
  
"You've been very good girls, dressing for dinner as I like. I really don't think it is done to sit and eat with swimming costumes or for men to dine with their tops off. Just not the done thing. But as we've got nearly to the end of dinner and you are on holiday you can get out of your school clothes into your beach things - except of course we don't bother with such things do we! Come let me help. Tabitha come here."  
  
The old man seemed to take the greatest delight in undressing Natasha; his hands first reaching up inside her skirt and pulling her knickers down. His fingers on the white buttons of her blouse undoing them before pulling it off; his fingers undoing the clasp of her skirt and letting it fall to the floor exposing her shaved mons and round bottom.  
  
"Oh, you want me to leave your brassiere on? You girls and your new training brassieres. Aren't you big girls now!"  
  
Celia thought Natasha certainly was. Her flawless dark skin so nicely set off by the white bullet brassiere holding her ample chest. Would they be lovers in the future when released? She so hoped so!  
  
Then it was Celia's turn to feel the old man's fingers. So delicate and so creepy. His undressing of her was really one long grope.  
  
So the two girls found themselves eating their cheesecake and yet more ice cream dressed solely in their new brassieres; their bare bottoms on the chairs.  
  
"Did you say, girls, your bottoms had got a bit itchy; a bit uncomfortable? Perhaps it's the sand. Let me have a look. Come here Emily-Sue and lie over my knees.  
  
Celia's heart sank. The old man had all of a sudden developed an interest in her bottom.  
  
The indignity of not only having her legs rather spread by the old man but him parting her bottom cheeks and staring at her anus.  
  
"I think some ointment. This make is very good."  
  
He seemed - rather coincidentally - to have a tube in his pocket.  
  
Celia made to rise.  
  
"It's not..."  
  
"It is! Very itchy. Your bottom needs soothing, doesn't it?"  
  
And it did. It really did. She began to wriggle.  
  
"And you too Tabitha."  
  
All of a sudden it seemed Natasha could hardly sit still in her chair.  
  
The tube was squeezed and horror of horrors the old man's finger was rubbing round and round her rubbery orifice. The ointment was far from soothing: quite the opposite, not so much simply stinging as fiery.  
  
"Aaagh. It's burning."  
  
The old man had to hold her down. Celia knew her buttocks were alternately clenching and releasing with the discomfort - the pain. She could not help herself.  
  
"Aaagh no, no - not inside. Please, aaagh it's worse! Let me go. Let me go to the sea. The cool water..."  
  
The old man had not just rubbed her anus but had pushed a finger into her. A finger seemingly loaded with the burning ointment.  
  
She made to run but was easily stopped by a minder. There was no chance to reach the sea and the water. She was held down firmly across the dining table. Her brassiere clad breasts pushed against the wood. Celia could hear the protests being made by Natasha but clearly to no avail. The ointment was being applied to her rubbery orifice and, no doubt just like with her, the old man would push his finger in.  
  
It was getting no better. Against her head she could feel Natasha's hair. She too spread-eagled against the opposite side of the table.  
  
Celia lay like that for a good five minutes, her bottom seemingly on fire. Panting and sweating, with her buttocks just clenching and unclenching trying to relieve the pain. What sort of gratification were these men getting watching girls bottoms wriggle and their anal orifices pulsate?  
  
Almost as suddenly as the burning started it seemed to be going away leaving a certain numbness. Celia relaxed her cheeks.  
  
"Better now is it, girls? Now for the second ointment. This needs to go in deep and comes with special applicators."  
  
"Special applicators?"  
  
Celia could feel something firm and slippery against her anus. What was it - some sort of special anal syringe? It would need to be rounded at the end to go in...  
  
Suddenly Celia realised - realised just what was pushing against her bottom. One of the minders penes, his rounded knob, no doubt liberally coated in a cream to protect it from the fire of the first ointment.  
  
"No!" It was the two girls in unison.  
  
Celia had never wanted a penis in there; had never wanted to try anal intercourse but now, with the penis already partly lodged, she was experiencing just that. She could only just feel it through the numbness but knew it was going in. It was stretching her open in a way she had never wanted. One of the minder's big thick cocks was entering her bottom - and he did not seem to be stopping at just the entrance but, rather, was going further and further in. She felt his thighs against her bottoms cheeks. A man, whose name she did not know, now had his penis completely inside her bottom. A very large penis.  
  
There was some gentle bottom fucking, the man sliding himself within her but not to completion: instead she was made to stand up - with the erection still in her bottom - and walk a few steps towards the old man. Then the minder reached down and lifted her up with his hands under her thighs so she was supported by a penis right in her bottom and one hand under each thigh. Celia's glance went straight to her friend, straight to her friend's sex and there it was all open and visible - Natasha's pretty lips, the bump of her clitoris and her unoccupied vaginal opening - but very strangely hanging just beyond her vagina were a pair of balls. Very little of the other minder's penis in Natasha's bottom could be seen but it was most definitely there.  
  
The men had taken the opportunity to undress whilst the girls had been writhing on the table. The minders were now 'occupied' but the old man was taking the greatest interest in the girls - and the men were very clearly presenting the girls to him for his inspection. They were standing still just holding the girls out to him.  
  
The men must have been very strong because they had to stand there for quite a time whilst the old man examined or, more accurately, played with them. First he enjoyed bringing his tongue into play on their exposed sexes and then, as he had done before, rubbing his flaccid penis over the brown and white skin of their thighs - ever so gently - before moving to their sexes. Held as they were he could even manage to push his flaccid member inside Celia a few times but mostly he seemed to just enjoy rubbing up and down the soft skin.  
  
"Go on boys move a bit. Get your applicators working."  
  
He seemed to enjoy the vicarious movement caused by the men working the girls bottoms. It made the sex whichever of the girls he was touching move against him - no doubt a lovely rubbing against his own sensitive skin. Celia almost felt sorry for him unable to achieve an erection - almost, but not quite.  
  
The minders had held the girls open for the old man to play. All their sex had been exposed for him to stroke with his soft knob. Only their bottoms had been plugged.  
  
Finally, "Ah yes!"  
  
Celia felt the warm spurting of the old man's limp penis on her sex as his hand sought and squeezed her brassiere clad breasts. Inside her rectum the minder's very erect cock was moving.  
  
The old man slumped back in a chair breathing heavily, his penis dribbling. Clearly he was a little worn out by his activities. He waved towards the men, "Go on, finish the application."  
  
Celia's thighs were released and she was, once again, bent over the table right next to Natasha and then the men really got to work. The squelching noises - the sound of the twin erections pumping the girls arses - was rather obscene. There was nothing the girls could do but lie there and accept what was being done to them - accept the big organs were in their bottoms, were being slid and about to do their 'thing.'  
  
Grunts from the men indicated the girls' ordeal was coming to an end - the men were coming in their ends! Long powerful strokes in and out of their bottoms as the men spurted their fluids.  
  
"Better?" asked the old man. "Say thank you to the boys. Thank you for applying the ointment in your bottoms."  
  
The hardness, the fullness was still there, Celia knew she was not going to forget this. A man had done the unmentionable and actually come in her bottom. She found herself thanking the man, unable to disobey the old man.  
  
"You said you wanted a swim. Why don't the boys take you down whilst I drink my coffee."  
  
The two girls were uncorked - and the withdrawal certainly made a sound - and carried across the men's shoulders down to the sea where they were thrown in. Celia was pleased to be able to wash away the old man's semen, the ointment and the minder's semen which kept leaking from her bottom. It was good to swim around in the cool water under the light of the moon. The minders too swam and seemed, having thrown the girls in, happy to leave them to their own devices - for a time.  
  
Back at the beach house a little while later the old man proposed a moonlit walk to settle the 'digestive system.' Celia was very conscious that part of her digestive system still felt very used and unsettled but there was nothing she or Natasha could do but comply.  
  
As usual they were all naked on the darkened beach. It was warm and there was no discomfort. In happier circumstances the walk would have been lovely. The sound of the sea, the smell of the salt and just strolling on the wet sand, sometimes in the surf.  
  
They met a few people out walking and got a few strange glances. Celia was not sure she liked being ogled by moonlight but she had already that weekend had more than a few men ogling her naked body and, of course, doing rather more.  
  
A delightful little cove and more naked swimming. Perhaps the men were not yet able to get their penes 'up' yet and so the girls were unmolested. Celia could easily imagine had the men been up to it how easy and pleasant it would have been for them to take the girls in the water. Hard erections slipping from the cool salt water into Natasha and her warm nests and leaving something behind.  
  
Further on, Celia could see the lights of another beach house.  
  
"Some friends of mine are here, Shall we visit?"  
  
Celia thought they could not just walk in like this and Natasha said so.  
  
"Don't worry, Tabitha, they are just men. They won't worry about little girls and their naked little bodies."  
  
Four men were there; the party just walked in on them and found them; they were sitting drinking beer in just swimming trunks.  
  
"Hi Stephen, out for a walk?"  
  
Beer was offered. Beer was accepted but the old man said it was 'Cokes' for the girls.  
  
The men seemed to pay very little attention to Natasha or Celia despite their nakedness and obvious charms. It surprised Celia. This was not what she expected. Were these men not 'in' with the old man? Had she and Natasha not been brought here to be used, or rather abused, by these men? Were they perhaps gay - here on a beach holiday and happened to know the old man?  
  
The conversation flowed but the girls were not part of it. The subject turned to the differences between people. Not really between the sexes but between people.  
  
"Tabitha," said the old man, "told me something quite droll the other day or rather said something. She said that whilst noses for example varied a lot, some big, some small, some round, some pointed, men's willies were all the same."  
  
"The innocence of young girls!"  
  
"I never did," Natasha protested.  
  
"Sssh," went the old man. "But, of course, I explained to her that they vary a lot."  
  
There was a general nodding of heads amongst the men.  
  
"Why don't you compare, Tabitha. Go on, my friends won't mind. You know where their penes are; you can see the bulges in their trunks - bulges you girls do not have. You choose whose to look at first. Go on; they won't bite - though they might get bigger." He looked around at the men as if they were about to say something.  
  
"It's all right, the girls know about that." He turned back to the girls, "Go on, don't be shy, don't be frightened. You know what to do if you are frightened, don't you Tabitha? You know what to do. What do you do?"  
  
Celia knew exactly the answer the old man wanted and so did Natasha but she was trying not to give it. Her pretty face contorted as she tried not to speak. But it was no good. The conditioning too strong.  
  
"I... I... we, I mean... we don't... yes we should... we should suck on a willie."  
  
All the men nodded as if this was absolutely the right thing for girls to do. It would have been comical if Celia had not known what would come next.  
  
"Yes, Tabitha, quite right. But there is no need to be frightened. So whose are you going to choose first to look at? Go on."  
  
Celia watched as Natasha got up and walked over to the men who stood up as she approached. She just put her hand inside one man's trunks and pulled out his tackle. One moment it was simply a bulge in his trunks: the next it was out for all to see. The power the old man had over Natasha and herself was frightening. They had to do what they were told. Natasha had been made to just casually pull a man's penis and his balls out of his swimming trunks and leave them hanging there. What would she be made to do next?  
  
"Tabitha, go on. It will make you feel better."  
  
Celia watched as Natasha knelt and her so full and pretty lips closed around the limp penis.  
  
"Is that better?"  
  
Natasha was nodding, her head going up and down whilst between her lips Celia could see the penis begin to firm.  
  
"Big in your mouth isn't it, Tabitha? Don't men get so big and strong? Well, if one is big, then perhaps all of them need to be big for you and Emily-Sue to compare. They would not all be the same if one was big and the others small, would they Emily-Sue?"  
  
Celia had to reply. She found herself speaking even though she did not want to. "No, they all need to be big."  
  
"There's a good girl. Now Emily-Sue, you go and bring their willies out."  
  
And Celia had to delve; had to put her hand in each of the remaining three men's swimming trunks and pull out their 'equipment.' Her hand pushed inside the waistband and grasping the soft(ish), warm organs, bringing them out in the open. All of a moment there were seven sets of male genitalia on display.  
  
"And...?"  
  
Celia knew, knew exactly what the old man wanted her to do. She looked from one penis to the next; two semi hard, the other already fully erect. It had been bad enough with the minders and the old man but now she seemed almost surrounded by men and their penes - and she had not missed the stirring from the minders. She and Natasha were going to have to deal with six of the things and she knew the old man would insist the girls brought them to a conclusion one way or another.  
  
Celia chose the fair haired man to suck first, though it probably made little difference - she was sure the old man would expect her to take all in her mouth. His penis still a little soft and wobbly.  
  
She sank to her knees and with her mouth lifted it up; the knob was surprisingly cold in her mouth - perhaps he had been swimming not so long ago - but as the blood pumped that changed. Celia's tongue moved. There was no point in delaying. The sooner she and Natasha got the penes to discharge the sooner they could be back at the beach house and be in bed.  
  
From one erection to another; both Natasha and Celia moved around shuffling on their knees around all of the mem until all the men - except Mr Levinson - were strongly erect.  
  
"Well girls," Mr Levinson put his arm around each and got them to stand. "What do you think? Do the boys look really fine or silly like that?"  
  
"Silly," said Celia.  
  
The old man patted her bottom.  
  
"And you Tabitha, do you think they are all the same now?"  
  
And they were not, they really were not. Some were definitely longer, some thicker, some more veiny, some with long foreskins, one clearly without; some curved like a banana, some as straight as a die, some really pointing up in the air, some pointing straight ahead; some with drooping balls sacks whereas with others it was difficult to see the tightly drawn up balls. But they were all erect. All capable.  
  
"No, no they are different."  
  
"Which do you like the best? Go on touch and feel as you decide."  
  
Celia watched her so black friend, beautifully naked, fingering the men's penes. It was, surprising to her perhaps, a rather erotic sight. She looked at the six erections. Never, she thought, was she likely to see six men erect at one time again in her life. It might well be that the old man would also ask her which she liked best.  
  
Which did she? They were all so strong, so manly, so beautiful like proud sceptres... so wonderful and... Fuck! What was she thinking? What had the old man done to her mind?  
  
"This one, sir." Natasha was holding one of the four other men's erection, gently moving the foreskin in her hand.  
  
"And whose do you like the best, Emily-Sue? Which one is your favourite? I expect you girls think they are all wonderful but which is your number one?"  
  
Celia had to choose. She chose the rugged and thick one rising from a profusion of black curly hair. She was not quite sure why she chose that - perhaps because it was the most upstanding. Her hand closed around it though her forefinger did not meet her thumb.

"You know about Man Milk don't you Tabitha, don't you Emily-Sue?"  
  
The girls nodded their heads. Celia knew where this was leading.  
  
"Man milk is good for girls. Something hot to drink before bed."  
  
Again they could do nothing but nod in agreement.  
  
"You can be milk maids and serve the milk fresh for each other."  
  
Celia had the sudden thought of Natasha and she dressed in blue gingham frocks seated on milking stools and working a whole herd of men; milking them into tin pails; the cum squirting like milk from a teat, frothy and white like milk, only rather thicker; the men's balls unnaturally swollen and swinging slowly as each man produced a remarkable amount of 'man milk;' her hand working the man, squeezing the penis and sliding the foreskin as the spurting went on and on. Natasha's pretty black hand doing the same as her man's 'milk' squirted into the pail before they moved on to the next.  
  
It was not quite like that! The girls did not have milking stools, the girls did not have milk maids outfits and the men did not 'produce' in vast quantities. Nonetheless Celia found herself working her man and Natasha hers with a view to wanking cum into the other girl's mouth. It was what they had been told to do.  
  
"You love the fresh salty taste don't you girls?"  
  
Celia certainly did. She frowned. Did she really - that much?  
  
"I think mine's about to come," warned Natasha.  
  
Celia opened her mouth wide to be ready and, sure enough, as she did so the delicious, salty, hot spurting began. Celia was amazed at just how lovely it did taste; so much so that she did not want to waste a drop; her mouth closed over the knob as Natasha continued to work the stalk. Celia sucked in pleasure; she knew so well that it was the old man's doing, he had told her how much she would like the semen and she did - she really did!  
  
And then it was Natasha's turn. Celia so keen for her friend to enjoy the same pleasure but despite its girth and rugged appearance when her penis ejaculated it produced nowhere near as copious a quantity as Natasha's had done for her. Not a good milker!  
  
So strange though to be holding and working a man's erection - yes, she had done that before many times with boyfriends - but to be aiming it, so it sent its stuff into another girl's mouth? It was actually quite fun working away at it, encouraging it into spasm and then aiming it. A sort of target practice like some friends she knew did over at the firing range but she held a very different pistol with a very different target: not the bull's eye but Natasha's mouth! Celia was smiling, almost giggling - the old man's influence, as she so well knew.  
  
Just a sigh from the man and he was coming - his stuff spurting from his penis into Natasha's mouth,; Celia saw her tongue licking and catching it with enthusiasm and then her lips came forwards, closing over the knob, as Celia's hand continued to move up and down the shaft, her fingers alternately touching Natasha's lips and then retreating, backwards and forwards. She was wanking the man into Natasha's mouth as Natasha sucked.  
  
"Another one?" she asked conscious the man had not produced a lot for her friend.  
  
"Mmmm, please!"  
  
"My dears, you are really enjoying the Man Milk aren't you, but remember you've only four left."  
  
Celia looked and there were indeed only four erections left. Four loads left - two each - unless any of the men or Mr Levinson wanted to try a load himself. She hoped not. She wanted them just for herself and her friend.  
  
"This one looks yummy, Tabitha dear." Why was she calling Natasha by that stupid name? She had simply reached out and grasped one of the men, pulled him by his upstanding handle across to Natasha, pulling it up and down as she did so.  
  
Natasha was still running her tongue over her generous lips seeing if any more of the delicious fluid remained, her eyes seeming to light up as she saw the next penis.  
  
"No, Emily-Sue, you must have one too," and she pulled another erection towards her. And there they were both pulling at a penis each but trying to aim it towards the other's mouth. Celia cupped her man's balls, she hoped by stroking and fondling them she might coax, when it came, even more of the man's stuff out for her friend. It was certainly the one to go off first.  
  
"Oh, Tabitha, yes, here it is for you!" Spurt, spurt, spurt of lovely creamy cum going to Natasha. Celia was both pleased for her friend but jealous. Where was hers? Her attention moved to the lovely fat knob inches from her face. Her smile broadened. It was beginning to ooze a little - to dribble. Not yet the creamy stuff but a thin clear liquid. Celia could not resist letting her tongue touch and taste - just lightly brushing at the very end of the bulb, just enough to wick the liquid away. Mmmmm! She did so like an oozing penis.  
  
Unsurprisingly that seemed to do the trick. An explosion of cum was suddenly unleashed - well, perhaps an exaggeration, but close, as she was, to the knob it rather felt like that - coming not just on her mouth but exploding across her face. She gasped in surprise and then clamped her lips over the plum savouring the delicious, hot semen pouring into her mouth.  
  
As the flow ceased she looked up at the men. They were laughing; clearly laughing at how she looked. Natasha made the sweetest of shrugging shoulders gestures, smiled and began licking the cum off Celia's face.  
  
There were just the two minders left. The girls doubted even with a lot of sucking they could coax any more from the old man. A shame but probably true.  
  
"Another one for the road?"  
  
Natasha seemed to find Celia's comment really funny.  
  
Rather than engage in hand work the girls just chose one of the minders' penis each and sucked away. It was actually rather nice to just close her eyes and suck on the man's plum; nice to have it big, firm but yet so silky soft in her mouth and just be able to suck. As the old man had said there really was something comforting about sucking on a willie. Comforting and then a 'treat' at the end. A 'treat?' It was the old man's doing but Celia could not think it was otherwise.  
  
Three loads. Three loads all for her!  
  
The penis was reasonably generous with its ejaculation. Celia hoped her friend's was similarly generous. Perhaps they should have shared them and worked each knob in tandem and shared the man milk.  
  
"Well, wasn't that nice, girls? Kind of our friends. I expect they'll be over tomorrow and will let you girls play with their willies again. I know you girls do so like doing that. You are silly girls to like their willies so much but you do, don't you?"  
  
They all walked a little way back along the sand together. Seven naked men and two naked girls. The men had divested themselves of their swimming trunks. Men like to watch girls' boobs moving and so too did Celia enjoy seeing the men's penes and balls swinging in the moonlight. Such lovely packages, so soft and lovable but if only, if only - unfortunately Celia knew they would stay soft.  
  
What was she thinking! These men were doing all sorts of things to she and her friend. Of course she did not want to do anything more that evening or tomorrow. She wanted to get away, get away from the old man and his friends. Really she wanted to grab Natasha's hand and just run. But it would be no use.  
  
"Emily-Sue,' have you ever held a boy's willie whilst he's peeing?"  
  
What?!  
  
"No sir." She had to answer.  
  
"Would you like to see if you can write your name in the sand?"  
  
"Would I like...? With his..."  
  
"Yes, Emily-Sue!"  
  
It was ludicrous. More penis handling when she thought it over for the night.  
  
"Go on, pick one and write!"  
  
Yet again Celia's hand closed around a penis, soft but still sticky from its earlier ejaculation. She held it between her fingers not really believing what she was about to do. And then as suddenly as an ejaculation off it went. The man was 'hosing;' just so much more liquid than an ejaculation. She almost let go and that could have been a disaster as it would have swung out of control.  
  
She tried writing her name with it yet there was no curling 'C' to begin with, no 'e' to follow or and 'l': instead it came out, not very clearly, as 'Emily-Sue.'  
  
The stream of pee slowed.  
  
"Pull back the foreskin and shake."  
  
Celia looked at Natasha despairingly. What the old man was making them do!  
  
And it was to be 'them.' It was Natasha's turn next to write 'Tabitha' in the sand. Celia watched Natasha's pretty hand holding one of the men as he peed on the sand. Celia smiled despite it all. Her friend was a lot better at handling penes than she had perhaps expected. It was not the sort of 'handwork' you might have expected but she controlled it and wrote very neatly!  
  
And then the girls were made to try and write 'Mr. Levinson' but using their own wee. It was simply impossible to squat, let go and then jump around like a frog and try to write but it certainly made the men hoot with laughter. It was a hopeless attempt but then using the other penes and bladders available they were able to complete their allotted task.  
  
It would have been a strange sight to see on the beach in the moonlight had anyone else strolling along come across the group. Very strange.

**Part 7 Escape!**  
  
Morning - Celia awoke with a start. Where was she? Her heart was racing; she had been having the most extraordinary dream. She had been in the unusual situation of being chased by a unicorn, of all things, along a lonely beach; it had been gaining on her but then it wasn't a unicorn but a man, a naked man running but he still had the unicorn's horn in place of his penis.  
  
Her breathing slowed; it had been just a dream but then it came to her, seeing lovely Natasha's head on the pillow beside her, that she was trapped, abducted to a beach house by the old man and his accomplices and the unicorn's horn and erect man were just so symbolic of Natasha and her predicament. There had been six erections the night before - how many penes might there be for her today?  
  
She recalled the old man had said it was the last day of the 'holiday' - ha, some holiday, and then they would go home. Did he really mean that: were they going to be released? Was it all nearly over? But he had also mentioned a few visitors, 'some old friends' in for morning coffee and something to nibble. Celia had no illusion what the 'something' to nibble would be. How many 'old friends?' She was sure it would be an ordeal.  
  
Breakfast seemed no different from the other days. In a way nice to sit in the sunshine with the sea across the sand and eat the cereals and fruit provided but, despite the chattiness of the old man, Natasha and she were worried. What was in store for them?  
  
"You can have a little run down the beach and a swim if you like before our visitors arrive.  
  
"How many will be coming?"  
  
Celia saw the two minders glance at each other and smile. She knew with a sinking feeling a lot would be coming and, no doubt, 'coming' in or around Natasha and herself. It had been a silly word to use.  
  
But it was good to get out of the house, good to run hand in hand with her friend down to the sea. Nice to stand talking, feeling a little away from the old man's influence, to talk of escape and reporting them all to the police; talking of what they would do together after it all was over, back at the university. Very together, was Celia's hope.  
  
The sea was so calm, like the proverbial millpond.  
  
Walking towards them along the margin between sea and sand was an old be-whiskered man, clearly a man of the sea He was seemingly beachcombing. Old faded blue jeans, dark salt stained blue cap and even a blue knitted jersey which, Celia thought, was perhaps an over precaution as the day was warming nicely. The girls watched him as he came closer, They were not surprised to see his interest change from the flotsam and jetsam along the beach to them.  
  
"Hello," they said.  
  
"Good mornin', fine mornin', fine mornin' indeed." His eyes darted from their faces downwards and then back again. His eyes under big eyebrows seemed to be squinting, at their edges a mass of wrinkles radiated betraying years of staring across the sea but the eyes were noticeably liquid and seemed to sparkle in the sun. Through his beard his lips were smiling and friendly. "About to take a dip? You seem dressed or," a bit of a wheeze of a laugh," undressed for it."  
  
"We. we haven't swimming things. You see we're being held..."  
  
"Well, I'm not saying I'm against the council's idea of a naturalists' beach..."  
  
"Naturist," said Celia automatically.  
  
"Ah, maybe, it's not as if I've not swum... didn't have swimmin' trunks with me half the time on board ship. Remember once we was anchored off this island in the South Seas waiting for... let's say a rendezvous and we went ashore in a rowin' boat much like the one yonder, to takes a look and stretch our legs and we all went swimmin' naked as you are now. Course we was all men."  
  
Celia wondered about that. All men cooped up on a ship. She wondered whether the naked swimming had become rather 'frolicsome." A strange sight.  
  
"Another time I was, let me recall..."  
  
It was true, Celia thought, these old sea dogs did like to yarn.  
  
"I was crewin' this yacht and the owner, millionaire and more you know, liked out o' port to dispense with clothes. He'd asked if I minded and course I'd said 'no.' Needed the work and I'd seen who his guests were and they were young and female. What I hadn't expected was he wanted us crew naked as well. Well, for the young lads that would ha' been decorative, perhaps, but I couldn't see the young ladies thinkin' much of an old grey like me sailin' the ship and climbin' the riggin,' such as it was, with me old tackle swingin' but..." Again the wheezing laugh. "Let's say I was not excluded from their shenanigans."  
  
It was all rather a confidence about the old man's past. Celia rather suspected he was not just yarning but particularly enjoying trying to shock them. Such tales were hardly going to do that after their weekend's experiences!  
  
"Well, best be gettin' on."  
  
The girls watched the old man walking away towards an old rowing boat. They looked at each other and shook their heads. What a strange old boy!  
  
"Shall we swim," asked Natasha.  
  
"It's his boat," said Celia.  
  
And it seemed the rowing boat was indeed his as he was pulling it down to the sea. As one the girls moved towards it.  
  
"Oh, could we have a ride?"  
  
"In me boat? Well, yes, yes if you like." He pulled it into the sea and stood holding it with his legs in the water. "Hop in."  
  
The boat rocked as Natasha and then Celia got in. The old seaman pushed it a little further into the water and then with surprising agility for his age heaved himself in over the gunwale.  
  
"Now girls you sits in the sternsheets - aft."  
  
They settled themselves as the old boy fitted the oars into the rowlocks and sat down on the centre thwart and began to row, pulling the boat out into the sea.  
  
Celia looked at Natasha, Natasha looked at Celia - surely they had escaped. Looking behind them and on the shore they could see the minders and the old man come out of the beach house and look towards them but, it seemed, there was nothing they could do. No other boat on the shore. No fast motor boat to catch them. They looked wonderfully impotent. Celia smiled to herself - she liked that idea.  
  
The old seaman paused in his rowing, "How long a trip would you like, Miss?" He said as he pulled off his old blue pullover.  
  
"Oh no!" Celia looked round at the man, "we don't want a round trip."  
  
The man was looking a little downwards and certainly not back to the shore. Celia realised her leg were not exactly closed and he was, unsurprisingly, appraising her sex. She closed her legs tightly.  
  
Celia wanted to tell the man about what had been happening but when she opened her mouth it wouldn't come out and probably, she thought, left her looking a bit fish like with her mouth open and silently closing. It was the old man's influence.  
  
"Could... could we go to the harbour."  
  
"The fishin' harbour?"  
  
"Mmmm."  
  
"Suppose so, but you're not dressed for shoppin' or much else 'sides... never mind."  
  
The old seaman looked puzzled but after a bit he pulled to the left and brought the boat around parallel to the shore. His rowing was steady and fine.  
  
They rowed on in silence for a time. Celia looked to the shore but there was no sign of Mr Levinson or the minders. She watched the water slipping past the boat and then looked more closely at the rowing boat itself. It was surprisingly tidy and there were various ropes so neatly coiled or tied that she had to comment. The old man became quite animated at their interest and talked about knots and rope work for quite a time. The old seaman certainly knew his trade.  
  
"Hot work. Not that I'm not used to it, m'dears."  
  
He unbuttoned his shirt and the girls could see he was sweating freely. If anything his rowing became a little stronger. Perhaps, thought, Celia it was a man thing - showing off to the girls. Certainly he was strong and from what she could see under his shirt he was more muscle than fat. When he removed his shirt Celia could see her appraisal was more than accurate, his arms bulged with strength and many a young man would have envied his torso if not the grey hairs and evidence of past misuse - not a few scars.  
  
What rather surprised Celia and Natasha as well - Celia could see the surprise on her face. Was when the old seaman paused and started to undo his jeans.  
  
"Seein' as you are all naked like, I don't see why I shouldn't join you. Better purchase on the thwart with naked buttocks, you know, less constricting and cooler. Give you somethin' to look at as well!" Again the wheezing laugh, "ha, some't to look at!"  
  
In a way the girls did not know where to look. They had seen enough naked men, enough of men's tackle that weekend to last, well, a whole year at least, but there right before their eyes, was the old seaman naked but for his cap with his frog like penis and balls lying on his open thighs as he pulled on the oars. It kept catching the girls' eyes as it flopped from first one thigh, then to the other as the boat moved. Flip, flop, flip, flop. It was not little either. There was no hint of erection about it: it was just big when small, so to speak.  
  
"About half way to the harbour. Why the harbour?"  
  
Celia swallowed. Were they far enough from the old man's influence to speak?  
  
"We've been kidnapped you see and..."  
  
It all started to come out, their tongues seemed loosened, and they were telling the old seaman about their capture and what had happened to them. He shook his head and made tut-tutting noises.  
  
But as they talked, as they described something of their experience both could see the old seaman was not unmoved. He might have been verbally sympathetic, probably was in reality in his mind sympathetic but the other part of him was finding the descriptions exciting - in a sexual way. The girls could not miss his penis sitting up and starting to look around.  
  
"White slavers you think? Why I remember..."  
  
"No, no, they said, the old man, Mr Levinson, said he was releasing us... releasing us today."  
  
"And you believed him?"  
  
"Yes and no. Seemed best to escape with you especially with what he had in store for us today... he said nothing about parcelling us up and sending us on, rather there were going to be a lot of visitors."  
  
"And what were they going to do?"  
  
Natasha was suddenly cross, "What were they going to do? Fuck us, I expect, one after another - in here (she opened her legs and pointed) or in our bottoms or more likely they'd expect us to suck one whilst one went in here and another in our bottoms. Get the picture? Can you imagine that?"  
  
The old seaman was rowing with considerable vigour, his muscles to both arms and thighs straining, the sweat standing all over his body and with his penis as hard and firm as any man could wish for and pointing up at the sky. It was more than evident the old seaman could imagine just what Natasha had been describing and she suddenly realised just what she had done.  
  
"Sorry," she said, her eyes on the erection. It was after all very obviously present and swaying side to side with the boat's movement. It had not caused the old seaman to cease his rowing.  
  
"Did that hurt?" Natasha was referring to the tattoo rising all the way up the penis' shaft - a dragon curled all around the fleshy pole.  
  
"Yep, certainly did. Years back in Japan. The girl who did it, though, had such a nice way of keeping it hard whilst she worked I hardly noticed. Had to be worked on like that. She made it go soft at the end of each session as well," again the wheezy laugh.  
  
"But surely it'd just go soft by itself. Wouldn't need anything special... oh!"  
  
Celia thought Natasha had been a little slow on the uptake. "I think," she said, " Mr. err..."  
  
"Bill."  
  
"... Bill means the lady in question made the..."  
  
"...dragon spit," wheezed the old salt. "Well, well, so I'm takin' you to safety; doing my good deed for the day. What could be nicer, doing something good for a change and being able to do it on the sea, which I love, with two beautiful young ladies, and I've always liked the ladies, them naked to boot - and I've never said no to that: but what's more being all worked up in their company and naked as well!"  
  
They rowed on, the harbour starting to become visibly bigger but the man's penis visibly getting very much smaller..  
  
"Can we pay you?"  
  
"What with? Have you some notes tucked away somewhere?" His wheezing laugh again.  
  
"No," said Natasha a little indignantly.  
  
The old seaman smiled and pulled on his oars. He may not have said anything but it was obvious what he was thinking because once more his penis stirred and the dragon stood up.  
  
"Oh," said Natasha.  
  
It was not at all out of the frying pan into the fire. The old seaman was not forcing himself on the girls but the implication of what he would like as payment was rather obvious - very much there in front of them.  
  
"Would you like us to make the, um, dragon spit?"  
  
"Well, m'dears, that'd do most kindly but don't hurry yerselves, we is not there yet."  
  
Natasha looked at Celia and she shrugged. The night before they had been handling penes: now they were going to be doing it again. There seemed no escape from that.  
  
Natasha reached forward and gently fondled the man's hairy balls. There was no let up in his rowing but if anything his big thighs went a little wider and his smile got broader.  
  
Her fingers so gentle. Celia knew how gentle they could be. She watched for a time and then lent forward and ran her forefinger up the underside of the old boy's erection. It bounced, a real leap upwards. She laughed and did it again and then again. Natasha was smiling and the old man's wheezing laugh came. It was all so incongruous. Two naked girls sitting in a rowing boat with an old man rowing but naked and with the two girls playing with his penis balls.  
  
"Let me try." And Natasha did the same. She too giggled as it jumped and then began gently easing the old wrinkled foreskin up and down. With her finger Celia traced the dragon tattoo before closing her forefinger and thumb around the shaft and moving her fingers up and down in time with Natasha.  
  
The old seaman sighed and Natasha and she took their fingers away thinking they were about to set him off. There was a good distance still to the harbour and they were both of the mind to give him a pleasant memory of his kindness.  
  
The old salt had a big grin on his bearded face - hardly surprising really with two young girls playing with his penis. With his legs spread wide he was giving them plenty of access.  
  
They were careful; they worked it together; they prolonged his pleasure; careful to stop when the penis bounced a little too enthusiastically; careful to use light finger tip touches for much of the time; but eventually Celia had to say they were getting a little near their destination.  
  
Natasha began to work it with purpose and Celia cupped her hands at the end of the old seaman's penis ready to catch what was to come.  
  
It was to the old boy's credit that he did not falter, there was not a hint of a variation in his stroke - he most certainly did not 'catch a crab' - when he began to come. The sudden appearance of white shooting from it up into the air. Natasha's fingers moving fast and steadily as she pumped him: the warm semen spurting and pooling in Celia's upturned hands.  
  
Celia and Natasha looked at each other and nodded. They had done a good job! Natasha looked down at the pool of semen lying in Celia's hands and shrugged. It was not a bad effort - the old seaman had produced a goodly amount of semen. The dragon had spat!  
  
Trailing her hands in the water Celia let the stuff wash away - food for the fish no doubt!  
  
"Ahoy Bill! Been fishing?"  
  
The wheezing laugh, "Just landing the catch. I'll explain. Up you go girls, careful now."  
  
Celia and Natasha climbed up the stone steps, the lower ones a little slippery with weed but their naked feet giving good purchase.  
  
A couple of men, clearly men of the sea - most likely fishermen, they smelt of fish - waited at the top, their calloused hands reaching and welcoming. From below Bill called, "You'd better pop in't hut there girls. Don't want people seeing you like that. Let's get something on you - see if we can tie a dress or some'it."  
  
An unusual expression, thought Celia, perhaps idiomatic.  
  
The seaman indicated an old tarred wooden shed and the girls hurried through its door. No sooner in than Celia felt strong hands grabbing her wrists and a gag being pulled against her mouth and tied. Her eyes instantly wide. It was happening again! She stared expecting to see the old man sitting and shaking his head at them but he was not there - nor the minders. Were Natasha and she literally out of the frying pan and into the fire?  
  
Behind them the door opened again. "Well, m'dears, time indeed to dress you in someit; I told you I was good with knots as seaman are, how about a nice little woven rope dress?"  
  
"Mmphh."  
  
"Don't worry. it's nice soft hemp, it'll feel good on your naked skin. Told you I'd been in Japan. Well, ropes and knots always fascinated me, so important on board ship, but they find other uses. I'm going to make you each a nice little rope dress - the Japs call it a 'Karada' you know."  
  
The girls were held tightly by the fishermen.  
  
"It's really comfortable but does not really cover very much up at all - just the way we seaman like our women! Ties up a bit like a large mesh you see. Zakky here would have fitted yer up with a nice netting dress. He's good with the needle had we had your measurements. A nice tight fitting fishing net suit, holding you all tight, coverin' everything but showin' everything - all yer little bits n' pieces showin' n' pokin' through the net. Couldn't yer, Zakky?"  
  
"Sure could," said the man holding Celia. She could feel his old jeans rough against her bottom. He evidently liked the idea of the net: Celia could feel movement within the jeans. He was erecting against her bottom.  
  
"Course there has to be an opening in the net to let the fish in doesn't there, Zakky? Where'd that be?"  
  
"Twixt legs."  
  
The wheezing laugh, "Aye, to let the old codfish swim in one after another, eh Zakky? Your cods first, I'll be bound."  
  
"Aye!" Zakky was rubbing himself through his jeans up and down Celia's bottom.  
  
"The Karada, like Zakky's net, hides nothin' but, yer see, gives a lot of points to tie other ropes and things to; makes a woman easy to control n' firmly bind for spanking, fuckin' or other recreational purposes - just the way we seaman like our women!"  
  
Bill picked up a coil of rope, "ten yard or so should do the trick.  
  
Celia watched as Bill unwound the rope and carefully selected what she thought must be the centre point of the rope and draped it loosely around Natasha's neck. Between Natasha's big brown breasts he twisted the two ends around each other three times. Crouching he parted Natasha's legs but she pulled them tight together again.  
  
"Now, don't be difficult, young lady. Sam?"  
  
The fisherman holding Natasha interposed a leg between Natasha's and, between Bill and him, her legs were prised open. The two rope ends were tucked through Natasha's legs and knotted once just there. As Bill drew the two ends upwards Celia realised the knot were going to sit right on Natasha's little button.  
  
The ends went across Natasha's hips and looped under the front ropes before Bill crossed them over at the back and brought each to the front and through the lowest of the front twists and then back again crossing once more over her back to catch the next twist and then the last twist. To Natasha's front Celia saw the rope was making a diamond pattern with her breasts within the shapes.  
  
"Lookin' good," said Bill.  
  
He brought the two ends up her back and through the neck loop and then down her back; more looping and tying and there was Natasha quite trussed up. Celia knew to the men it would make her look even sexier than usual. Another time, another place and it would have been fun to tie each other up like that. If she could remember how all the knots went. Tied up but not tied.

"In't that pretty," said Bill.  
  
Celia had not missed the second coil of rope. Nor was she missing the steady rubbing against her of her captor's jean clad erection. Old Bill picked up the coil. Celia knew she was about to be 'dressed.' Old Bill worked quickly and deftly. Celia was surprised how soft the hemp rope was. She had expected it to be hard and prickly: not a bit of it but it bound her all the same.  
  
Trussed she still had movement where her captor let her but she was just so conscious of that knot sitting right atop her clitoris; just any movement made it rub; it was firm like a permanent thumb pressed against her. Along each of her labia she could feel the twin ropes and where they rose up between her cheeks.  
  
At least like that, Celia thought, the twin ropes protected her from being taken by the seamen until the rope was removed - or cut.  
  
"Bill, can I...?"  
  
"Just a bit, Zakky but no injectin' mind. The catch is to be packed unspoilt."  
  
'Packed?'  
  
Zakky grasped Celia firmly across her chest, the rubbing stopped and behind her she could feel some fumbling and the sound of a zip. The sort of sounds and fumblings of a man trying to get his erect penis out of the confines of his trousers. Behind her she knew a man's penis - Zakky's - was being brought out into the open.  
  
She could feel it rubbing on the soft skin of her bottom - firm yet soft; she felt it in the crack of her bottom and then she felt it pushing at her sex.  
  
'No go!" She thought but she was wrong.  
  
The rounded knob was clearly pushing the ropes to the side; Celia could feel the tightening of the ropes and the knot being pulled tighter against her clitoris as the penis pushed its way through and slipped up into her. She wondered whether the feel of the twin ropes either side of the penis, a tight constriction, added to the man's enjoyment. A squeezing and perhaps the feeling he was being held inside her.  
  
Next to her. Celia could see her friend receiving just the same treatment.  
  
"No cummin' lads. Just a bit of a fuckie - tha's all."  
  
Old Bill was half looking at the scene, half pulling a pair of long wooden crates into view. They made a scraping sound on the old boarded floor. Despite having ejaculated so recently in the boat, Celia was not sure if his penis was actually thickening at the sight of the two girls being fucked. He did not seem to have bothered with putting his old clothes back on; seemed unconcerned being unclothed with his friends. Perhaps they were some of his old shipmates he used to swim naked with; perhaps shared all sorts of adventures and shenanigans - both with and, perhaps, without women...  
  
"Time to do the packin' lads. Out yer come!"  
  
The penes were removed, with some reluctant grumblings, and seemingly a little difficult due to the constriction of the ropes. The girls were made to walk to the crates and then came a little more tying of ropes. Their ankles were bound together and their hands tied to the Karada rope corset. Celia could see how well the series of diamond patterns down the body gave ample opportunity for further ropes to be anchored. With her hands tied close to the twin ropes going between her legs any movement exerted pressure, tightening them - particularly pulling on the knot on her clitoris.  
  
One by one the immobilised girls were lifted and placed in the crates. Natasha lifted first as Celia watched. Her lovely friend, gagged and with ropes crisscrossing her body, digging a little into her beautiful black skin, was lifted by the two fishermen, still with their erections sticking out of their jeans and carefully lowered into her crate.  
  
"I forgot the eye masks."  
  
Doris Day like black frilled eye masks were produced and fitted to the girls. Celia could no longer see and just felt rather than saw herself lifted and placed in her crate. There was a rustling and Celia felt what seemed like tissue paper being placed over her before she heard and felt the lids being nailed down.  
  
What was happening to them?  
  
Celia felt her crate being lifted and carried, presumably outside. Despite the tissue paper she rolled around inside the box knocking herself a little against the sides but she could not bang on the sides to call for help - or indeed call at all. She was totally bound and gagged.  
  
Loaded, she thought, onto a lorry and then feeling every bump and jolt along the road, particularly on that so cleverly placed knot on her clitoris. It was not her bound hands or feet or even the taste of the gag in her mouth that she found her mind focussing on but that knot - so soft yet so persistent and just so there.  
  
The lorry stopped. More jolting. Celia knew the box was being carried - but where? Was Natasha's box still with hers or had they been sent to separate destination? Different people with different tastes having ordered them, no doubt for carnal purposes?  
  
Finally the box was at rest and then there was silence. The wait unnerving. What was to happen?  
  
The sound of the lid being levered open made Celia jump but there was no flooding in of light as the lid was lifted. With her eye mask on she could see nothing, nothing at all.  
  
A rustle of tissue paper being moved and then Celia felt herself lifted out and placed on the floor. The sound, or at least that was her surmise, of her crate being moved away and then, after a few moments, perhaps the rustle of tissue paper and the slight thump on the carpet was the sound of her friend being removed from her crate. Perhaps they had not been separated. Again the sound of a crate being taken away.  
  
Celia tried rolling a little but it only served to move that knot again. And then her feet were untied.  
  
Trying to stand whilst your hands are tied - to say nothing of being blindfolded, gagged and very disorientated - is not easy. Celia found herself bumping into Natasha doing the same - if it was Natasha. She could not, after all, see but most certainly it was a naked person.  
  
Standing just touching the other naked person for a sort of reassurance - Celia so hoped it was her friend, but it might well be another woman or a man - she waited for what was to come next.  
  
Next proved to be a touch, a touch to her bare skin, and then another. Was it one person or several? More touching, sometimes intimate - close to or actually on her more personal areas - other times not; sometimes with fingers, sometimes not; was that the brush of a penis, or not? Was it a single person or rather more? She knew she was both being touched and examined; her nakedness on show to whosoever was there.  
  
Was it Natasha she was touching? Perhaps it was a man, a naked man, standing just like she, and being touched. Perhaps another captive. Probably already erected, the gentle touch of fingertips brushing his body and penis resulting in an inevitable involuntary rising. He would not know if the gently fondling fingers were male or female or both. Would know, though, like Celia he was on display. She could not imagine he would be other than a fine figure of manhood, his penis impressive and so on display to the watchers. They would not have chosen him else, surely.  
  
Celia was not sure whether it was worse for a man or a woman to be so exposed to watching eyes but be unable to see who was looking. Perhaps it was the same - or did having an erection make it worse for a man? That so visible sign of sexual excitement being inspected and touched by persons unknown. Celia, though, was aware of her erect nipple and clitoris: but the latter was hidden by that worrisome knot. It was just as she was thinking how hidden it was, that a finger was crooked under the rope and she knew the knot was being drawn aside and her little erection exposed to view. It was touched - a finger, a tongue, a penis, a toe?  
  
If it was a man, not Natasha, would he be brought to ejaculation - made to cum without knowing who was doing the deed. Or, indeed, who was watching. What a thing to happen. Perhaps then to be taken away still unknowing who had done and watched the deed.  
  
Perhaps they were to be mated - an enforced and bound copulation - for the entertainment of the watcher or watchers. Perhaps her blindfold might not be removed and she would not know who it was she was being mated with. Would not know whose penis was inside her; who it was who was made to inseminate her. And afterwards would there be more, would the watchers advance on her and perhaps even him?  
  
It was more likely, though, to be her friend she was touching. Celia tried moving to feel but the other bound person was not where she thought - the fingers and touching had disorientated her. Celia was moving across the room not knowing where she was going - and still there was the touching. A body, Celia had bumped into a body; a male body, Celia had felt his erection poking her but he was gone before Celia could feel if he was bound. Was it her fellow captive or a watcher?  
  
Hands upon her, hands guiding her but where? The centre of the room or where? How large was the room? Perhaps she was on a stage in a theatre - it did not sound like that - with a thousand people watching, anticipating the enforced copulation or... If only she could take her blindfold off but her hands were tied.  
  
And then she felt hands, two tied hands touching her own. Almost instinctively she reached and grasped hoping it was her friend, Natasha. It was reassuring.  
  
Still silence, still no real knowledge of who was in the room with her, really no knowledge at all. Something was about to happen. Celia was sure of it - but what? The waiting unbearable.  
  
All at once a hand to her head and the blindfold removed. The light bright and eye watering. Celia screwed up her eyes and blinking, tried to see.  
  
"Surprise!" It was a lot of voices, male voices. Celia was astounded at just how many were in the room. Every one of them, but one, fully erect. It must have taken a little arrangement - it explained the wait and the touching.  
  
Everyone but one fully erect and perhaps there was no surprise at that after all;for there was the old man, Mr Levinson, at the centre with his drooping penis. Celia realised the 'escape' in the boat with the old fishermen, Bill, had all been a complete pretence; another fabrication, another game. And indeed there was Bill as firmly erect as in the little boat; all that care and effort by Natasha and herself with him had been pointless - from their perspective. Celia turned and it was indeed Natasha whose hands she was holding, not some captive tumescent young man. There was enough tumescence in the room - another erection was hardly needed!  
  
Everyone from the past few days were there. Mr Carnforth, Mr Staples, Zakky and the other fisherman (Sam was it?), the four men from the night before, the two minders, even the supposed shocked man from the train journey. Celia recalled seeing him leaving the train with a considerable bulge in his trousers: his erection hardly hidden by the material - it was not hidden now. Even Frau Knopf was there, not looking very male apart from the rather large prosthetic penis she was wearing - her strap on again (the large one).  
  
Mr Levinson all smiles and apparent kindness, "Who has not had the pleasure?"  
  
The pretence seemed over.  
  
Celia knew very well who had not had the pleasure and was under no illusion about where all those erections were going to go. She was sure everyone was going to have 'the pleasure' - it was merely the order it was done in.  
  
The man on the train was quick to step forward.  
  
"Very well, Jim, who are you going to choose?"  
  
He did not hurry but walked up to the two girls and fingered and fondled.  
  
"This one please, Stephen," he said with his finger tapping on Celia's clitoral knot.  
  
The old man smiled, "Be my guest."  
  
And everyone watched, even Natasha as Celia was fucked. Fucked from behind kneeling on the carpet with her hands tied behind her back. She was encouraged into position - really with so many strong men around her resistance was going to be pointless as well as useless. Strong, naked men with waving erections moving her. Celia's forehead on the carpet, her bottom in the air. And, just like in the fishermen's hut, the man's erection was inserted between the two ropes and into her. The man was gentle but firm with her. No roughness but a steady, purposeful fucking.  
  
"Stephen. I have been so looking forward... just seeing them all dressed on the train it was... Aaaaah, the pleasure!"  
  
And then it was Natasha's turn. Natasha's turn to be fucked. Not doggy style as with Celia, nor on her back as that was not possible with her hands bound behind her - but in the air. The four men from the night before taking it in turns to both hold her, support her in the air and fuck her. First displaying her to the assembly, her legs opened to show the binding and the carefully positioned knot - all of her charms revealed, showing the company what they would shortly be enjoying.  
  
Then the first penis pushed in and exercised before Natasha was moved to the next. Round and round the group of men went Natasha, in and out went the penes, until one of the men became a bit too enthusiastic and the company cheered as he very evidently came. There was the evidence as he was withdrawn! Everyone shown what he had done. His semen leaking onto the hemp rope and the cleverly positioned knot.  
  
The first ejaculations over. Who would be next?  
  
Unsurprisingly the remaining three men from the night before carried on their game with Natasha until another came and then Celia too found herself lifted and exposed, the two spent men simply holding her and then the other two of the friends pushed at her. Celia lay almost limp as she watched the erections alternately entering her. The hands of the men supporting her kept pulling at her rope corset and moving the knot on her clitoris. It was inflamed and sensitive enough already but still it was rubbed.  
  
Another pumping and only one of the four men was left 'standing.'  
  
"Come on, Stephen, it's your party!"  
  
The old man came forward. There was a bit of clapping. Gently Celia was lowered to the floor and with hands to her shoulders brought to her knees once more. In front of her the old man's penis was hanging.  
  
"There's a good girl Emily-Sue, you know what to do. Do it well."  
  
Celia found herself leaning forward, her lips almost touching the soft wrinkled folds of his prepuce. 'Do it well,' the words going round and round in her head.  
  
She could not stop herself; her tongue came out and touched the end; obediently her tongue tickling and wriggling; she made an attempt to get inside the skin twixt glans and prepuce but it just moved away from her. Any other, unexpended, man in the room would have been rock hard at her actions but not the old man. There was not so much as a twitch. With her tongue she pushed and began to make the limp penis swing from side to side; gentle flicks of her tongue keeping it in motion - to and fro. A no doubt lovely feeling for him but no discernible reaction.  
  
Celia felt she must try her very best. She knew it was the old man's influence - the control he had over her - but that did not stop her feelings. Rationally she knew she should bite and hurt but that was not her desire - her desire was to make the old man come. How she would love to feel his penis spasm and drink down his salty, viscous spurtings.  
  
Celia dipped her head a bit and, as the old man's penis lay alongside her nose, she toyed with his wrinkled scrotum, fondling his balls in her mouth as she knew men liked.  
  
Beside her Natasha was brought into position and together their mouths played wetly with the old man's flaccid organ. Nice to feel Natasha's lips, nice to feel her tongue.  
  
"Perhaps..." It was the old man.  
  
"Yes, you can do it" - they all were cheering on Mr Levinson. All watching the strangely flaccid sex. "Come on Stephen - Yes!"  
  
"The brown girl - Tabitha," he said.  
  
Natasha was removed by eager hands, lifted up and held open, her legs raised right up in the air.  
  
The old man pulled his flaccid penis from Celia's mouth and moved to rub it against the taut, sweat slippery, brown skin of Natasha's inner thigh. Still kneeling, Celia watched the man rubbing his soft knob up and down the flawless brown skin. Once more leaving little snail trails from his slowly leaking organ. It was not only his organ that was leaking: Natasha was doing the same in a rather different way from her own sexual organ. It was not, of course, her semen - except in the sense she had been given it by several men!. The old man moved closer and closer to Natasha's sex until he was rubbing against her now hairless slit and, particularly, on her clitoral knot.  
  
The men and Frau Knopf moved in closer to watch. Celia being close did not find her view obstructed but was just so conscious of a firm penis pointing either side of her head and projecting forward into her peripheral vision. Would they be for Natasha, her or both?  
  
"I can, I can, I am - yes, I am!" The old man gasped and from his limp penis exuded a large quantity of swirly creamy, translucent fluid. For a man unable to achieve an erection he did seem to produce more than most other men. Celia stared at the old man's coming semen. So white against Natasha's dark skin. It kept pumping out as he continued to rub himself stickily against her. It exuded and ran down Natasha's so perfect brown skin to join the very full pool already formed between her puffed up and even darker labia major.  
  
Natasha looked very fucked and Celia could not imagine she, herself, looked any different.  
  
There was cheering and slapping the old man on the back, "Well done, well done!" Celia rather thought it was Natasha and she who should have been praised - they had done the difficult work!  
  
The old man acknowledged their cheers and Frau Knopf's kiss on his cheek, before waving his hands casually at the girls,  
  
"Fill them up!" He said.  
  
It was the signal for the rest of the men to join in and join with the girls. They did so with gusto!  
  
"Hope I'm not late... oh, good, I'm clearly not." Another arrival, another penis, another erection to fill the girls. The afternoon long.  
  
The ropes removed and then the blindfolds again. Celia thought some more men arrived but she could not be sure. Almost she thought she recognised a voice, one of her uni. lecturers but it could not be - it really couldn't. But why the blindfolds? Who was she not being permitted to see?  
  
So many penes, so many ejaculations. It was all very tiring.  
  
"Hold still, Tabitha and Emily-Sue." The old man's voice. Surely he was not going to try and repeat his flaccid ejaculation?  
  
A small prick in Celia's arm just as a large one entered her vagina. A man's voice - one she did not know. "I'm going to cum again. I really am! Fuck, Stephen, where do you find these girls? Real crackers this time. Look she's passing out with the pleasure!" There was laughter. Another man. "Can I, please. just one more go, with the negress. I don't mind if she's out cold - so long as she's warm, wet and so dark! I..."  
  
And Celia felt herself going, going... gone.  
  
The next Celia knew, she was standing, a little groggily, beside Natasha right back where they had started. Back in the passage at the university. It seemed so, so long ago when they had been there - just walking through the passage, or so they had thought - if they had been consciously thinking of what they had been doing at all. It had all been so ordinary, just walking but then...  
  
Celia blinked a few times trying to clear her head. She tried raising her hand but it was not responding. In front of her the old man with his stick. He nodded to her, raised his hat and began walking away.  
  
Everything was apparently back the way it had been - only it was now three days later - everything the same except the new bullet shape of Natasha's chest and the remarkably large quantity of semen she knew to be in both Natasha and her panties. She could feel just how much she had been used. Everything the way it had been except... Celia frowned, why did she have this new desire to take Natasha by the hand and lead her to the bathroom for them to wash and bathe together? Not separately but together. That was not at all how it had been.

She watched the back of the old man walking away, was his name really Mr Levinson? He was moving away from her, his stick tapping as he walked slowly along. The further he walked the more she felt as if her own will was returning. With difficulty Celia actually moved her right foot. It was coming back, her own volition. If only she could reach her mobile, if only she could call the police before he was out of sight, if only... Next to her Natasha too was starting to move.  
  
But the bathroom called to her; called to Celia to lead Natasha by the hand. The renewed movement making her so aware of the stickiness in her panties, almost certainly her own panties not the school uniform ones, and so conscious Natasha would feel the same.  
  
Celia knew, if Natasha let her, that before the bath her hand would delve into her friend's panties and play in the hot stickiness. Perhaps Natasha would do the same. The thought of Natasha's beautiful dark skin, the lovely soft folds and the stickiness forcing itself to the front of her mind. It would be such a lovely little play. Natasha's so dark folds under her fingers and so sticky, so tactile, so sticky with sexual fluids. Before she knew she would not have found the prospect exciting, would not at all have become aroused at the thought of Natasha's sex or relished it sticky and warm with male ejaculate - lots of it. Things had certainly changed. Perhaps before the bath they might... Her eyes once more searched for the old man. He and his accomplices must be caught and punished. Was his semen not in Natasha's panties too? She had seen it spurt, white against her dark, dark skin - her so pretty skin.  
  
How had he done it all? How had the old man so easily taken and kept them? How had he gained his strange control over Natasha and herself? What was his story?  
  
Celia, though, could not see the old man any more. He had turned a corner and passed out of sight. She never saw him again: but she never forgot: and sometimes secretly wished to do it all over again. A weekend of enforced sex; doing what she was told to do without any volition of her own, sometimes tied sometimes not - providing, that is, she knew it would all come to an unharmed end for both Natasha and herself. Yes, most definitely come to a sticky end: but not that sort of 'sticky end!'