**Daily Walk**

by Isabella

My wife and I were going through a bit of a rough patch, the kids were both in their teens now and seemed to need me and their mother less and less all the time. Having twin girls gave us an instant family, gave us a lot of hard work over night and as the girls got older and needed their mother less and less, she got a little depressed and she ate because she was unhappy. She put on a little weight and because of that she felt that she had become ugly and our 'Communications' broke down to the point that Vicky had moved out of our bedroom and into the guest bedroom and that started to upset our girls. They saw their friend's parent's breaking up and divorcing all of the time and they saw us sleeping in separate rooms and they thought the next step would be separate houses.

I talked to our doctor, Peter Hill, about my wife, he was our doctor but he was also a friend, my friend rather than our friend. Peter called round one day while I was out at a ballet recital with Sarah and Dawn, watching them dance, watching them perform. Very skimpy dance costumes, tons of skin on display. The year before the end of term dance recital had been in our local school, two hundred girls and roughly four hundred parents watching or helping out, this year there had been a new owner at the dance school and the recital was now in a professional theatre, the ticket prices had trebled and parents weren't asked to help behind the scenes. The recital jumped from two shows to four and there were eight hundred seats that were sold out in just a few days.

Peter pretended he was looking for me, Vicky offered him coffee and cake and Peter spent an hour just talking to my wife, in the end she actually let him examine her, he took blood to send off to the lab for testing but he also gave her a blood glucose test as well, just a prick in her little finger and a simple machine, around the size of an old audio cassette tape. Vicky came out at twenty eight point five. Just to give Vicky a little proof of just how bad her score was, Peter tested his own blood sugar and even though he'd had a slice of cake like Vicky had, his score on the meter was only seven point two.

Peter actually frightened Vicky a little when he listed all the things that her high blood sugar could cause, from kidney failure, blindness and varicose veins to actually having to have toes, fingers, feet, hands or even whole arms or legs amputated.

They discussed possible treatment options, Peter didn't want to put her on huge doses of drugs for diabetes straight away but he did need to give her a bottle of low dose Prozac for her depression, he told her to eat sensibly and take exercise every day and that he'd see her in his office in three months time, see how things were going with the Prozac, see if the dosage needed upping or not and then see about any treatment that could be necessary for her diabetes.

Peter suggested that for her exercise regimen my wife should stay away from gymnasiums, all she needed to do was commit to a daily walk around the five mile triangle, a well known local amenity. The triangle started in the centre of the village, it was well signposted, you walked to the car park at the country park, climbed the steps up to the disused railway line, you turned left and walked for a mile and a half, crossed the bridge over the river and then down the steps to the path to the right along the side of the river around two miles or so, to the next bridge that crossed over the river to join up with the field path back to the village, which was about another mile and a half.

Peter recommended the five mile triangle because people were unable to make any shortcuts. It was mainly because of the height of the railway, there was the one entrance on that stretch of the path and one exit at the river. There was only one bridge back over the river so it prevented backsliding. Well, helped to prevent it.

Vicky took that walk as soon as Peter left our house, it should have taken her two and a half hours maximum to do the walk. When I got home with the girls after the dance recital I found a note from her telling me where she'd gone and what time she'd left home, she even told me that she was walking the railway path first.

Sarah and Dawn were dog tired after two performances at the dance recital so I left them in front of the TV and I headed out to the triangular walk but starting from the field path so I'd meet her somewhere close to home, I even took her a bottle of water and an apple, just in case. When I reached the river bridge I checked my watch, Vicky had written down the time that she had left home and she had been walking for two hours so she should have been somewhere along the field path. I ran from the bridge towards the railway path and found Vicky sitting on a bench at the side of the river.

Vicky's clothes looked so wet with perspiration that she could easily have fallen into the river and looked less wet. Vicky had taken a bottle of water with her and she had drunk all of it already so she was grateful that I'd taken more water for her and she appreciated the apple too.

As we started to head home I was surprised that Vicky slipped her hand into mine, that was the most personal contact we'd had in close to a year, we held hands all the way home.

Sarah and Dawn were watching TV when we got home, Vicky went straight up to take a shower while I prepared a simple dinner for us all. I was a little surprised when Vicky came down from her shower and sat at the table in the dining room with us dressed in her nighty and nothing else. It came as quite a shock to me as my wife was usually very conservative in the way she dressed, she would always wear knickers, bra, nighty and a dressing gown, no matter how warm the night was so to see her sitting and eating with us with her thirty eight inch 'DD' cup breasts swinging freely was a hell of a thing to see all of a sudden like that. Her conservative attitude to dress extended to our daughters as well, they had to dress almost like Muslims at home and going out, the only time that rule relaxed was when they were dancing and when they danced they took every opportunity to wear as little as they could get away with.

As soon as Sarah and Dawn finished their dinner Vicky told them to go and take their shower, she said that as today had been such an active day with two long performances and tomorrow would be the same again they would need an early night. The girls didn't argue with their mother, they took their plates into the kitchen and headed for the bathroom.

Dawn popped her head back into the dining room as she was on her way to the stairs, "Mum, as it is so warm, do we have to wear our underwear and a dressing gown after our shower?"

Dawn looked like she was steadying herself to have her head bitten off by her mother, Vicky just smiled, "It is very warm darling, just dress however you want so you feel the most comfortable!"

Dawn's surprise was almost palpable, her eyes opened wide and she ran as fast as she could before her mother changed her mind. I washed the pots while the girls took their showers and got ready for bed, there would always be a thirty minute quiet time to calm our daughters down before bed, no TV, no electronic games, nothing competitive, just a book to read or a quiet chat on the sofa.

I was working on my weekly report, transferring figures from my ledger onto my report sheet that I needed to hand in at work first thing on Monday morning. Vicky was reading a book and sitting on the sofa opposite me, it was very distracting for me after so long without sex to see my almost naked wife sitting there opposite me almost on display.

Sarah and Dawn came back into the living room quite tentatively, almost as if they were expecting their mother to have come to her senses and order them back to their bedrooms and get properly dressed. Vicky put her book down and called the girls over to sit at her side. She wrapped her arms over both girl's shoulders and started asking them how their day had gone.

Dawn pointed out that her sister had messed up one of her dances, Vicky turned to Sarah, "Don't worry about that darling, I'm sure you'll do better tomorrow, did you freeze on stage?"

"No, I just hoped that the audience didn't spot the mistake and I carried on."

Vicky patted Sarah's bottom while her arm was still over Sarah's shoulder, turning Sarah more against her mother's side, "You did exactly the right thing darling, if things go wrong just keep going and try not to make things get any worse."

The girls sat for thirty minutes just talking about the show and how things had gone and then Vicky sent them both to bed, telling them to go straight to sleep. I looked up, for two girls who could dance so gracefully, they sounded like a herd of elephants passing overhead.

"What did you think of the show?"

"I thought they did great, they all did great...I didn't see any wrong moves."

"What did you think of Sarah's dance with Ben Palmer?"

"Was that when they did the ballroom dance?"

"Yes, did you notice that Sarah shivered when she told me about the dance?"

"No, not really!"

"I felt it through my arm and my side, pity Ben Palmer lives in Peterborough, that's a bit too far for a friendship to flourish."

I had to stop myself from pointing out that it was her that scotched any thoughts of the girls having boyfriends, it had always been Vicky that said the girls were too young to have boyfriends.

I finished my weekly report; I had to check it twice because it showed a five percent increase over the same week the year before so I had to be extra careful with my figures. I closed my ledger and was about to put the TV on to see the news. Vicky looked up from her book, "Have you finished?"

I dropped my ledger but didn't pick up the TV remote, I looked over at her again as I'd done more this evening than in a very long time because of the way she was dressed. "Yes, finally got everything to balance so all done for the weekend."

"Well, I could do with an early night after all that walking and the new tablets I'm on!"

"Okay darling!"

I set about closing all the windows and locking the doors, I was confused, for the last twelve months, since Vicky moved out of our bedroom and into the guest room she had just wished me a good night if she wanted an early night and left me watching the TV on my own.

I turned all the lights off as I walked through the ground floor of the house and as I closed the living room door I realised that Vicky was waiting half way up the stairs, as I stepped on the bottom step Vicky continued up to the bedrooms. When I took the last step and turned onto the landing Vicky was standing with her hand on her bedroom door handle, she looked over her shoulder at me, she looked indecisive but as I got closer she said, "Would you like me to sleep with you tonight?"

"Not like, I'd love you to sleep with me tonight...every night actually!"

I let Vicky go ahead of me, I followed her into our bedroom and was about to turn the lights off, Vicky was, as, I've already said, fastidiously conservative. I'd only seen her totally naked a half dozen times in the sixteen years we'd been married and they were all accidental. I paused as I was about to turn the lights off because as Vicky stood with her back to me she pulled her nighty off over her head before slipping into our king size bed.

I looked at my pyjamas folded neatly on the chair under the window and then turned the light off. As I walked from the bedroom door to that chair I was holding a conversation with myself, to dress for bed or not to dress...that is the question...Vicky was totally naked, that was a massive signal to me so I stripped off and dumped my clothes on top of my pyjamas bedore slipping into bed at the side of my wife.

I didn't know if I should make a move or not, I could be reading the signals all wrong, I could make a move and see my wife heading for the guest bedroom again. I lay on my back and Vicky turned to face me, her left hand gingerly reached for my hip, she moved her body a little closer and nuzzled into my side before her hand covered the four inches between my left hip and my cock, I was hard before her fingers curled around my cock, she pumped me twice before she wriggled her right arm under the small of my back. Vicky pressed my right hip up from below, turning me slightly to face her. We kissed for a few minutes as Vicky rubbed my cockhead against her hairy pussy mound.

Vick rolled onto her back and then she pulled my body on top of hers. It wasn't very gallant on my part but I let Vicky set the pace, eventually she opened her legs wide and pulled me between her thighs. As soon as my cock touched her vagina I took over and started fucking her gently, making the most of the feeling of a moist cunt swallowing my cock for the first time in as long as I could remember. She encouraged me to go a little harder and faster and is I stepped up the pace she shuddered through her orgasm. I was about to go to my own end game but Vicky twisted slightly and killed my build up, she settled down again and I began fucking her again, she pulled my mouth down onto her breast, almost fed me her nipple and whispered "Bite me!"

Now in America I would have seen that comment as an insult, in my own bedroom it was a miracle. The first time I'd been asked by my wife to even touch her breasts, never mind to bite them. Before I complied with her request I spent thirty minutes building her orgasm again while I played with her breasts with my hands as well as my mouth, eventually I bit down on her left nipple, she went from a level ten orgasm to a level ninety-nine.

I alternated between biting down on each nipple and with each swap her orgasm built ever higher, in the end she gasped, cum in me please, do it now, I need to sleep!"

I almost lost my build up again, Vicky had problems ever since the birth of our daughters, she'd had twins and they had gone full term, which was unusual for twins and after that birth she'd had problems, problems for two long years, eventually she was told that she'd developed fibroids in both fallopian tubes and both ovaries. Once she knew that she was infertile she had very much gone off sex and on the rare occasions that she allowed me to fuck her she had insisted that I climaxed outside of her body or into a condom, so her telling me to cum in her was a massive step change, the first time in twelve years.

I exploded far more spunk than I'd ever delivered in my life, Vicky gave me a final kiss and she fell asleep without running to the bathroom to wash her pussy out first, she acted that way since she had the bad news that she was infertile, even if I hadn't been allowed to cum in her, even if I'd worn a condom from the first insertion point she would go to the shower and irrigate her vagina.

I woke to daylight and a noise in my bedroom, "Sarah was standing there, "Dad, mum's gone and her bed hasn't been...." Sarah looked totally shocked at seeing her mother's bare arse sticking out of the bedclothes on the right hand side of my bed. Sarah grinned at me and started to back out of my room as quietly as she could. Vicky suddenly moved, "What's up darling?"

"Sorry mum, didn't mean to wake you up, I was going to ask you if I could pop over to Elle's house for ten minutes."

Vicky lifted her body to look over at my bedside clock and as she did the duvet fell away from her body leaving her totally naked, it was eight thirty, I was just staring at Vicky's naked body as was Sarah. "You can go over but you have to have a little breakfast first, you're going to be on the go for two hours this morning, you need energy or you'll be flagging by eleven o'clock."

Vicky got out of bed totally naked and walked out of our bedroom and over to the guest room, I grabbed my pyjama bottoms off of my chair and pulled them under the duvet to pull them on with a little privacy.

I jumped out of bed to help get the girls their breakfast. I walked past the guest bedroom and looked in. Vicky was pulling a white summer dress on over her head, she was still totally naked under her dress and being a lightweight summer dress, certain parts of her body were showing through the material even more clearly than they did through her summer nighty the night before.

Sarah had stood at my side while she watched the way her mother dressed and as Vicky headed for the kitchen I watched as Sarah pushed her sister back into their bedroom. I looked over my shoulder as Sarah closed their bedroom door, she was wearing her lemon T-shirt dress, it was two years old, it was looking a little short and a lot threadbare but she loved...they loved wearing them, I could see every line of their bra and knickers under their dresses because they were a little too tight now. I followed Vicky, I unlocked the front door and went through the house opening the windows and finally opening the back door wide before I helped Vicky in the kitchen.

Vicky did two bowls of muesli with skimmed milk for Sarah and Dawn and she did herself a slice of toast with low fat spread on it. I got a slice of toast with a topping of ham, a slice of tomato and a slice of grilled cheese on top of that. Sarah walked into the room slowly, she was looking at her mother carefully to observe her reaction, Dawn was holding back in the living room so she could run for the hills if mum spotted that Sarah had no bra or panties on under her lemon dress. Sarah had copied the way her mother was dressed, forgetting that she had already asked her mother if she could pop over and see Elle after her breakfast and her mother wasn't about to go out.

Sarah walked slowly past her mother, her head sunk into her shoulders waiting for the atomic blast to happen. Vicky patted Sarah's bottom as she walked past, I saw a smile on Vicky's face, I also saw Dawn peeking through the door from the living room, watching her mother's reaction to the way that Sarah was dressed. "You'd better put knickers on before you go to the theatre later young lady!"

Dawn looked suddenly relieved and she ran into the kitchen and sat at the breakfast bar. Vicky had finished her breakfast in ten seconds flat and now she was standing at my side, just leaning her hip against mine as she waited for me to finish eating. Vicky looked at Sarah and Dawn, "If you're going to Elle's house, please remember that you have to be at the stage door by ten-thirty at the latest and your father will take at least fifteen minutes to drive you there."

The girls bolted their food down as quickly as they could but they were still eating as I finished my food. Vicky snatched my plate and knife and fork from in front of me and popped them in the sink, "Remember to put your bowles in the sink before you go girls!"

Vicky took my hand and pulled me along behind her through the living room door and through to the stairs. I was guided all the way to our bedroom, I saw Dawn and Sarah running across the road towards Elle's house from our bedroom window and as I looked out of the open window Vicky was pulling my pyjama bottoms down, she was kneeling on the floor and she sucked my cock into life. I couldn't believe that I was standing in my bedroom, the curtains and windows wide open whilst totally naked and having my cock sucked...not exactly for the first time in my life but the first time by Vicky.

Once I was fully hard Vicky slinked up onto our bed, she rolled herself into the middle of the bed and opened her thighs, beckoning me to join her. I went straight between her legs she wasn't naked but as she was only wearing a voluminous dress it caused few problems for me to get past it. Vicky whispered, "I don't need a big orgasm and you have to get ready to take the girls into town to the theatre so just have your own fun with my body and we'll finish off properly in bed tonight."

I filled my boots, filled my boots and her pussy! I'd never had sex with any woman for my own pleasure. I'd always sought to give my sexual partner as much pleasure as I was having, even if I was paying for it. It only took me eight minutes to get off, a good thing too because as soon as I'd emptied my balls there were the sounds of running on the stairs, Sarah and Dawn were home already.

I managed to get my underpants on before my bedroom door burst open.

"Mummy...daddy, oh here you are, erm...Elle's mum had a little accident last night in her car and she can't take Elle to the dance recital..." Sarah turned and moved to one side and there, right behind my daughters was Elle looking at me standing in my underpants with a grin on her face, "Morning Mr Clarke, I hope it isn't a big imposition!"

"No problem Elle, I have two spare seats in my car anyway...what about lunchtime?"

"I'm okay for lunch thank you Mr Clarke, I'm going to hang out with one of my...erm...'Friends' at lunch today again."

Well, no one seemed to be the least bit bothered about me being dressed in just my underpants so I left my bedroom and headed for the bathroom for a shower. I was under the water when Vicky came in, she wiped between her legs well with a tissue, well, European tissue mountain really, she dropped the wad of paper into the toilet, "Will you flush this for me when you've finished your shower please, I'm going around the triangle before the sun gets too hot."

I was finished in a second and wrapped in a towel, I dashed through to my bedroom and watched as Vicky walked past my car and out onto the lane leading up to the village. I knew that she hadn't put any knickers on under her thin summer dress and as I watched her breasts swung freely as she walked, the only item she was wearing was a dress that was thinner than her usual nighty.

I returned to the bathroom and flushed the toilet, I had a wet shave and then headed for my bedroom to get dressed.

Sarah and Dawn checked the calendar to see whose turn it was to sit in the front seat of the car. Sarah in the front and Dawn in the seat behind mine, I'd expected Elle to sit behind Sarah but she sat in the hump seat with one foot either side of the transmission arch. I tried hard not to look too closely but...well, I was a man and a weak man at that. At least I wasn't a sexually frustrated man after two fucks in twelve hours, I looked over at Sarah and smiled, then I remembered her mother telling her to put some knickers on before going to the theatre. "Did you remember to put your panties on darling?"

Sarah pulled the side of her lemon dress up and showed me the side of her yellow panties. " remembered mine as well daddy."

I looked in my mirror at my other daughter, she was flashing her yellow knickers as well, my eyes flicked over to Elle, she pulled the front of her dress right up, "I remembered mine as well Mr Clarke!"

Elle's flash was no quick peek and her panties weren't yellow, she was wearing white or rather flesh tone knickers, they weren't cotton like my daughters were wearing either, Elle was wearing knickers that were a very thin mesh fabric, a lot like the material that leotards were made from. I could see enough through Elle's panties to tell that she trimmed her pussy hair, trimmed as well as shaped so her almost black pussy hairs looked totally neat and under control.

My cock jumped back into life instantly and I drove the rest of the way to the theatre with a tent pole in my pants.

I dropped the girls off at the stage door, I was surprised to see that there were three men hanging about outside the stage door I saw Elle give one of the men a furtive wave of her hand, he looked about the age that Elle's grandfather would be but if he was her grandfather then why didn't she go over to him and say hi.

I stood there while the girls signed in, a woman on staff asked the girls if they had their bottle of water and their snacks, just in case. Sarah took her bottle out of her bag, it was fortunately full but Dawn's bottle was empty, Dawn turned to me, "Dad, I need water, I forgot that I'd used it all yesterday."

The staff woman told me that I could drop a bottle of water off at the stage door, "Just leave a note on it with your daughter's name on it and the doorman will see that she gets it."

I walked off looking for a shop that was open at that time on a Sunday morning. As I was walking around the town centre I passed a public toilet and as it was open I dropped in for a quick pee. As I stood there peeing and looking around I spotted that one of the stalls seemed to have a story written on the wall, it had to be fresh because the council would close the toilet down until the writing had all been erased.

I shook the drops from my cock and closed the stable doors but instead of leaving I went into the stall and closed the door so that I could read the writing on the wall.

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| 'For a guaranteed fun time, take the Kettering road to the country park's car park. Go up the steps to the railway footpath and turn right, after two hundred yards take the footpath into the spinney leading to the disused halt sidings. Frustrated housewives by the score and they're all on Prozac or Valium, you can do anything you want to them!' |

I found a news agents shop open, one of the few shops that opened early on a Sunday morning, I walked back to the stage door and the man that Elle had waved to was standing in the doorway talking to someone. I walked between the man and the wall and found Elle standing just inside the doorway in her very skimpy dance costume, I'd just heard the man say, "Room thirty-five, I'll be waiting!" when he saw me, he coughed to clear his throat and stepped away from the door. Elle looked into my eyes, "Oh hi Mr Clarke, is that Sarah's water?"

"Dawn's water!"

"Oh yes right, you know how hard it is to tell them apart when they dress the same, she asked me to wait here for you so I can take her water to her."

I gave Elle the water and had to adjust my dress before I could turn back towards the car park. Elle had given me another massive erection just from seeing her up close in her dance costume. It looked inappropriate from thirty feet away when she was dancing under stage lights but up close and in broad daylight, she looked like a fourteen year old whore.

As I didn't have tickets for today I had planned on going home for two hours before returning to the theatre and picking Sarah and Dawn up and taking them to a restaurant for dinner to build up their strength before the final performance. I had tried to get tickets but Sunday's tickets had sold out in just a few hours after going on sale. As I walked back to my car I saw Elle's friend going into the back door of the Premier Inn hotel close to the theatre and room thirty-five popped back into my head.

As I drove out of the car park it looked so odd, there was eight hundred seats in the theatre, for a dance recital I would expect to see forty percent men and sixty percent women...well discounting children, so three women to two men but the stream of people heading for the theatre was ninety nine percent men.

I was slowing down to turn left into my village but saw the car park ahead on the right. It was ten o'clock on a Sunday morning so I would have expected the car park to be empty but the car park was almost full so I cancelled my left turn signal and drove to the car park. It was more a case of curiosity than anything else, I'd read about a car park on the road to Kettering and the fact that bored housewives were going there while high on mood altering drugs. This wasn't the only car park on this road, it wasn't the only car park with access to the old railway footpath but it was the car park that my wife would have walked through around an hour earlier.

I parked up and walked up the steps to the footpath, I counted out two hundred paces, ten foot ahead of me there was a path into the spinney and I could see the derelict building that stored deliveries when the railway was still open. Loads would be dropped off on the spur line in box cars and then they would be transferred into the warehouse. Donkeys would be used to take loads to the shops in town during the day and by donkeys I didn't mean small pretend horses with bad attitudes. A Donkey was a three wheeled tractor unit that towed trailers from goods yards to final delivery point, they went out of fashion just after the Second World War when small delivery vans came into vogue and carrying goods by train went out.

I walked toward the building and I saw Clare Serdifield, Elle's mother, twenty feet away. She was totally naked and she was going from one man to the next, ten men in total and Clare was kissing the men in turn and as she kissed them she let them fondle her body. I just stood back out of the way and watched the action. Clare wasn't the only woman there in the area that had been the goods yard. Another woman was on her back on the floor with a man humping her and a third was bent over a wooden box taking a man from behind. Three supposedly conservative village mothers who you wouldn't believe butter would melt in their mouths and they were out in a public place, totally naked and performing sex acts for strangers.

I beat a hasty retreat before I was spotted looking on. I jogged along the railway path to the river bridge and down onto the riverside path, I spotted Vicky ahead of me, there were two men following her just two or three feet away from her. Vicky was walking slowly and talking to the men, or they were talking to her and she was answering them. I stopped running, Vicky didn't seem upset by their attention, she didn't tell them to go away or anything, one of them asked her a question and she answered them, no matter how personal their questions got.

I had to keep stepping off of the path and allowing a bush to screen me from the men as they looked back from time to time to be sure that they were alone on the path together. I could see another wood like the one up by the halt that was about a quarter of a mile away ahead of us. As Vicky got closer to the spinney, one of the men nudged the other in the ribs and gestured towards the woods. The other man picked up the speed a little, he was at Vicky's side when she reached the path into the spinney, he grabbed her elbow, stopped her and turned her around. "Why don't you come into the shade with us Vicky, get out of the sun for a few minutes and have a little fun with me and Pete.

I was a bush away from them, just ten feet away, my cock was so hard that it was painful. Vicky wasn't looking at either man when she said, "Come on, I saw you running across the bridge over the river when I was at the bottom step, I thought that you would have caught up with us by now."

I felt my face colour slightly and my erection deflate. "Bill and Pete want to take me into the wood to play but I won't do it if you don't want me to or if you can't be there to keep me safe."

Vicky obviously knew that I was following her, Pete had looked over his shoulder a few times to see if Vicky was actually talking to someone else or talking to him. I felt guilty for following my wife the way I did, it looked like I didn't trust her or something. I stepped out from behind my hiding bush.

"There you are darling, I guessed that you should have caught up by now, I was walking as slowly as I could."

Peter froze; the shocked look on his face was a picture and made me forget my guilt at following my wife and listening in on her conversation with Peter and the one she called Bill. Bill was also shocked, he let go of Vicky's elbow and his hand fell to his side. Bill was showing every sign that he was about to do a Meatloaf and make like a bat out of hell in the opposite direction.

I saw Bill's expression change, he was doing the calculation in his head, it had taken at least thirty minutes to walk from the bridge and Vicky had said that she'd seen me there above her when she was at the bottom of the steps so I'd happily followed them for thirty minutes already, I could have stepped in at any minute and called a halt to things. Bill moved his hand away from his side, he rubbed the backs of his fingers down Vicky's forearm before he turned his hand and slipped his hand in Vicky's hand. I saw Vicky shiver at Bill's touch. Vicky shook Bills hand off of hers and she walked back to me.

Vicky stretched up onto the tips of her toes and kissed my cheek before whispering in my ear, "Would you like to see me walking in the woods with Peter and Bill? If you are there to keep me safe you can tell me to stop at any time if you feel uncomfortable with anything."

Vicky dropped back on to her heels again and she was staring into my eyes, she raised her eyebrows twice, "What do you say?"

I nodded my head and Vicky gave me a broad grin, she looked both ways along the river bank to make sure that we were alone on the path, she looked back into my eyes and whispered, "Would you carry my dress for me to keep it clean?"

I nodded my head and Vicky pulled her dress off over her head and handed it to me before kissing me, she turned and walked back between Peter and Bill totally naked.

Bill and Peter moved quickly to be at my wife's side as she walked slowly into the darkness of the spinney. I followed on behind and stood four feet away from my wife watching as Bill and Peter got Vicky to strip them naked as well, Bill wanted to fuck Vicky as soon as he was undressed, Vicky looked into my eyes and whispered, "You can only fuck me if you have a condom!"

Neither Bill nor Peter had a condom so that settled things, it would be hands and mouths only. I watched them playing together: lots of kissing, lots of mutual masturbation and lots of oral sex from my wife to Bill and Peter. I heard a sound behind me and saw Clare Serdifield walking past the end of the pathway into the wood. She was dressed in a similar way to Vicky, just a summer dress and nothing under it, Clare saw me standing there and saw Vicky a little further into the woods, Clare suddenly looked a little worried and she cleared her throat so that Vicky, Peter and Bill all looked in her direction. Clare obviously thought that I'd stumbled on my wife and two lovers and that I was watching without them knowing.

Clare walked in the woods and stopped at my side, "You don't mind your wife doing this?"

I turned to face Clare and she saw Vicky's dress folded over my forearm and she raised her eyebrows, Clare leaned in and whispered, "Vicky wouldn't let the men touch her up on the railway, she only undressed and showed off her body, as soon as one of the men went too far she ran both times, is she going to let Bill and Peter fuck her now?"

I forced myself to look away from Vicky and her friends, "No, they don't have condoms so she wouldn't let them go all the way."

Claire leaned in closer so her mouth touched my ear, "I have condoms, shall I offer two to her?"

I looked at my watch, "Well, I've got to go and take Sarah and Dawn to lunch in an hour so I've got to run and Vicky wanted me here to keep her safe while she played." Clare nodded her head and she smiled.

Clare turned to press her mouth against my ear, Well, Bill and Peter are here most days so Vicky will have plenty of time to try them out.

I moved in closer to my wife, "Darling I've got to go now, I have to pick Sarah and Dawn up to take them to dinner."

To be honest I got the feeling that Vicky was about to forget all about a condom and was about to let Bill fuck her without. She looked thoughtful for a moment and then she kissed both men before reaching for her dress.

"Sorry boys, time for me to go."

Vicky linked her arm in mine and we walked out of the wood together. "Would you have liked to watch Bill fuck me darling?"

"I've never really thought about it to be honest but as you can see, I'm really turned on from watching you three playing together."

Vicky smiled at me, "At least Clare will be happy, she likes Bill and she doesn't mind Peter either!"

"Did she mention what she'd done to her car?"

"Nothing, she just didn't want to waste two hours today like she did yesterday, dropping Elle off in the morning and picking her up in the afternoon."

"Didn't she go and fetch Elle between shows?"

Vicky shook her head, "Elle told her mum that she was going to eat with her boyfriend so Clare was a lot happier, more men pass through at lunchtime anyway apparently."

"So why has she left them now, lunch time is only forty-five minutes away."

"The park rangers sometimes patrol the railway path on their quad bikes, Clare told me that if the rangers are about it's safer to walk away and come down to the river bank, they can't get their quad bikes down the steps and if they left them on the footpath they'd get stolen or pushed over the side of the embankment, it's happened a few times already."

Vicky kissed me and said, "You'd better get off, I can't walk as fast as you, go and feed our children, I'll be okay, I've had my bit of excitement for the day."

One last kiss and I jogged all the way back to the car park where I'd parked my car. As I was getting into my car I heard the sound of two quad bikes up on the old railway path, there would probably be nothing to see up there as my car was the only one in the car park now.

I was five minutes early as I pulled into the car park at the rear of the theatre. I walked down to the stage door where there were around a hundred parents milling around waiting for their children to come out. Yesterday I'd waited by my car for Sarah and Dawn to come out because they knew where I'd parked and I made one less parent to be milling around the stage door.

I looked inside the open stage door, I saw a streak of yellow leaning against a doorway deep inside the building. I was about to call out Sarah but I stopped myself, it could just as easily have been Dawn in that low light, Suddenly I saw a boy lean against one of my daughters and give her a very passionate kiss. It was easier to recognise the boy than which of my daughters it was being snogged, I'd seen him twice already that weekend, it was Ben Palmer, he was Sarah's ballroom dance partner, the boy that lived in Peterborough, brought in to dance at the recital because our local dance school didn't have many boys on their books.

Elle suddenly burst into view, she was running for the stage door to be the first one out, she saw me and had just run past Sarah and Ben, she looked over her shoulder, "Sarah, your dad's here!"

Sarah looked in my direction, her face lit up the hallway between the dressing rooms. Sarah looked through the doorway behind her, "Dawn, dad's waiting for us."

A boy walked out of the dressing room followed by Dawn. Ben wanted to kiss Sarah before she left him but she ducked his lunge. I looked behind me to see Elle going through the back door of the Premier Inn, she was running up the rear stairs instead of going through the lobby to the lifts. I watched until she reached the third floor and then looked back to my daughters. Sarah had a worried look on her face as she signed out at the security desk. "Hi dad, where are we going for lunch?"

"I've booked a table for the three of us at an Italian restaurant on the high street."

Sarah's worried expression melted away because I hadn't mentioned seeing her kissing Ben in the gloom. I turned towards the footpath leading through to the High Street but stopped, "What's Ben Palmer doing for his lunch?"

Sarah froze to the spot, it took her ages to make her mouth move, "I don't know, why?"

"Well, Ben is your dance partner for at least one dance in each show and he's a long way from home, I doubt if his family will come all this way just to take Ben to lunch, if nothing has been arranged, he could eat with us, I'm sure that the restaurant could squeeze us in."

Sarah's face brightened up, "Thanks dad!"

"Well, you'd better go and get him!"

Sarah ran back into the theatre and had to almost drag Ben out with her, I looked at Dawn, how about you, was the boy in the dressing room with you important enough to ask him to dine with us as well?"

Dawn's face turned bright but she nodded her head slowly.

"What's his name?"

"Kevin Walker!"

"Well, go and fetch him then."

Dawn turned started to move and then stopped again, "Dad, he's a little bit older than me and he lives on the council estate...is that okay?"

I shrugged my shoulders, "If you like him, that's good enough for me!"

Dawn followed her sister and both girls came out into the light walking close to the boys but fastidiously avoiding any kind of contact.

I offered Ben my hand, "Hi Ben, I liked your dance routine with Sarah, it was really great especially when you consider how little time you had to work on it with her."

I looked at Kevin, offered him my hand, "And I can't remember seeing you dance sorry Kevin."

I gestured to both girls to go ahead of us on the narrow path through to the high street, I took two tissues out of my pocket and whispered, "You boys appear to have my daughter's lipstick on your lips!" as I handed them a tissue each.

Our table for three was changed to a table for five and we ate a rather speedy meal while we just passed the time chattering. After lunch we still had an hour before the girls had to be back in place so we took a walk in the park. Ben slipped between me and Sarah, using his body to ease her a few feet away from me, Ben slipped his hand into Sarah's and she pushed him away, she scowled at him and gestured in my direction, the unspoken, 'My dad is right there, are you mad!'

Ben looked over at me, "Would it upset you if I held Sarah's hand as we walk along Mr Clarke?"

Sarah had a heart attack on the spot, "Ben, my daughter is fourteen years old, so long as you remember that and she is happy, I don't mind one little bit."

Ben gave Sarah a triumphant smile and then he had to give her mouth to mouth to revive her.

As soon as Sarah and Ben began kissing Dawn was pulled into Kevin's arms as well. I walked over to a bench and sat down, watching my daughters kissing the boys passionately. Kevin looked at his watch and he whispered in Dawn's ear, she looked over at me, "Dad, would you mind if I headed back to the theatre with Kevin now?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "It's up to you darling, whatever you want."

There was another whispered conversation between Dawn and Kevin and Dawn cleared her throat, "Erm...dad, can I borrow three pounds off of you please?"

Sarah pulled her lips off of Ben's and did a theatrical cough, Dawn looked over at her sister and back at me, "Well six pounds would be better, if not, **I'm sure that three pounds will be enough!**"

Dawn was looking at Sarah as she said the last bit.

I dug my hand in my pocket and offered Dawn six one pound coins. Dawn was about to come over and take the money but Kevin pulled her back and there was a longer whispered conversation. Dawn looked really upset, her face was bright red and I could see she was in a real quandary. She walked away from Kevin and stood in front of me without taking the six pounds, "Dad can we take a little walk please?"

I stood up and followed Dawn away from her sister and the two boys, we walked around a corner and Dawn stopped. "Dad, don't be mad at me please, the thing is, you always tell me and Sarah that we're adults now..."

I butted in, "Young adults."

"...okay, young adults. The thing is, I...well, we...Sarah and me...well, it's really Sarah and Ben and Kevin and me...the thing is, we want to...we need..."

Dawn rook a deep breath, her face turned even redder, "The thing is dad, we both know that we're too young but, well, this isn't the first...no I'm doing this all wrong, the..."

I stopped her, "You want six pounds so that you can buy two packets of condom! Am I right?"

Dawn nodded her head so I offered her the money again, she shook her head, "Sarah, Ben and me are all too young, the lady at Boots drugstore won't sell condoms to us."

"Kevin is old enough, get him to buy them."

"The thing is dad, the lady on the counter at Boots today is Mrs Walker, Kevin's mother, she'd kill him if he tried to buy some."

"So you not only want me to pay for them but you want me to go and buy them as well?"

Dawn suddenly relaxed and nodded her head. Dawn and I walked through to the High Street again, followed by Sarah, Kevin and Ben. Dawn came into the shop with me and discreetly as she could she pointed out the condoms she wanted me to buy two packets of. They actually cost three pounds and fifty pence for a pack of three and the woman serving me was Mrs Walker.

I asked if the packs of condoms could be put into two paper bags instead of one.

Outside the drugstore I called Sarah over to me, it took her a while to untangle herself from Ben. I crouched down in front of my daughters and I offered them a package each but stopped them taking the boxes, "Can I assume that you are planning on filling these with water to throw them off of the roof?"

Dawn nodded her head and Sarah said, "Oh, absolutely, just a childish jape."

I followed on behind the four of them all the way to the stage door, I watched as all four signed in and they all walked hand in hand to the room that Sarah and Ben had been standing outside kissing while Dawn was inside with Kevin, this time they all walked into the dressing room and closed the door.

I sat in my car, I was in a quandary, Vicky's new attitude to sex was very exciting for me and after just twenty four hours of open enlightenment, would she want me to tell her that I'd just bought our daughters a pack of condoms each so that they could have sex with their boyfriends in a grubby dressing room under a third rate theatre. I saw a girl from my village, she was a twelve year old so she wasn't in the same grade as Dawn and Sarah, I knew her and her family by sight but not by name. The girl was walking with a man in his thirties holding hands. Mothers and fathers were starting to gather around the stage door dropping their children off to perform. As I watched, the girl and man sidestepped the stage door area, they went behind a minibus that blocked them from most people's view, because of where I was parked I was helping to block them off from others but I could see them both clearly.

I saw the man scanning all around but he didn't see me sitting in my car, he thought he was safe so he bent down and kissed the girl. I was surprised to see the girl reach into the waistband of the man's trousers and take hold of his manhood. I checked my watch, there was ten minutes before they would close the doors and the sign-in book, the twelve year old girl made the best of what little time she had and gave the man a happy ending before she ran and signed in to the show.

Bloody hell, it seemed that sex was everywhere I looked at the moment. I had yet another rampant erection filling my trousers. I'd felt a little guilty after I dropped my daughters off at the stage door with three condoms and a horny teenage boy each, fortunately that guilt was replaced when the reason for my new erection was replaced by a twelve year old girl wanking a thirty something man off. A movement caught my eye, Elle running from the back door of the hotel and dashing past the theatre's doorman who was trying to stop her getting into theatre after the book was officially closed.

I drove home at full speed, Vicky was drinking coffee with Clare when I got home and I suddenly felt down in the dumps because my wife wasn't alone and I'd been horny for five hours. I shouldn't have been horny really, I'd had a great fuck last night and this morning it was all about Vicky giving me sexual pleasure.

I sat in my usual seat, Clare looked at me and grinned, "Did you see my daughter's boyfriend at the theatre?"

"I think so. I saw her close to one boy several times."

"Oh that wasn't him then, her current boyfriend is older than you."

"Really?"

"Yes, he's a friend of Paul Strickland, the dance school's new owner. Her boyfriend is married...of course, apparently his wife came down with him yesterday to play golf with one of her friends which spoiled Elle's fun a little. She had planned to spend the night in his hotel room with him, that's why I hadn't planned on taking her in to town today. I hadn't planned on picking her up last night after the second show but I got the call while I was fucking with two men up at the halt, really pissed them off, I can tell you."

I got my hard-on back again as Clare was telling me about her fourteen year old daughter's latest boyfriend. Vicky brought me in a cup of coffee and saw my bulge throbbing in my trousers. Vicky grinned at me and winked, "I picked up some condoms from the village shop, if you're in need you could take one and Clare up to our bedroom!"

"Ah, condoms...yes, or rather no, I'm not really in need, just been a stressful day so far. Talking about condoms though, I bought Sarah and Dawn a box of condoms each at lunch time today, just in case they wanted to, you know..."

Is Sarah with Ben?"

I nodded my head

"Good, I think Ben is going to be good for her. Who was Dawn interested in?"

"A boy called Kevin Walker I think."

"I'll have to have a word with her, Kevin Walker's not a very nice boy, he's already spent two terms in St John's!"

"St John's the approved school you mean?"

"Yes, he's not a very nice boy, I'll point her in a different direction when she gets home...so why don't you fancy Clare?"

"I don't 'not fancy' Clare, she's very sexy and I watched her playing with ten men earlier and thought it was very sexy."

"Well, I'd love to see you with Clare, if it turns me on to watch you guys I might even join in."

The three of us went up to bed and I used a condom on Clare, Vicky did get turned on and she did join in but not with me, she performed with Clare while I watched them both. I had to keep my eye on the clock, Clare had to be home before Elle's father got back from a stag weekend in Bulgaria, one of his friends was getting married the following Saturday and Clare's husband was going to be best man. I actually did the British thing, I made a pot of tea and a few dainty cakes thirty minutes before Clare had to leave and we all sat on the bed having afternoon tea on our bed.

An idea popped into my head, "Clare, what made you say that you thought that Elle's boyfriend was a friend of that Paul Strickland guy?"

"Well, Paul introduces girls to his friends when they are at weekend rehearsals. It isn't like an actual show where things are always happening, one routine might only involve four or six girls and have to be practiced over and over again so the other girls just sit around watching and getting bored. Paul brings in one or two men and they talk to the girls looking for one who might be susceptible to having sex with a father figure. One of the reasons that Paul Strickland bought out all the local dance schools, so he had the largest pool of girls to offer his mates."

Clare had to leave and so did I, I asked Vicky if she was going to come with me to collect the girls, she looked at her watch, "Well, I was going to walk the triangle again...erm...is it okay if I let one or two men fuck me while I'm out if I make them use a condom?"

"Sure, so long as you tell me all about it and don't get over tired, you promised me my fun tonight as well!"

"Fucking other men with the danger of getting caught will turn me on more for you later."

I grinned at my wife and I set off to pick up our daughters from Northampton town.

I was a little late picking the girls up, the minibus was full of boys, the boys that had been shipped in from Paul Strickland's Peterborough dance school, Dawn was sitting with Kevin on a wall at the side of the bus and Sarah was on the bus, on the back seat with Ben. Sarah came over to my car and leaned into the open window, "Dad, you do know that you are the best father in the world don't you?"

"Okay, sounds like buttering up to me, what do you want?"

"I was wondering if I can have a kind of sleepover next weekend please?"

"What kind of sleepover is a kind of sleepover?"

"Well, I was planning on just inviting one person to spend Friday night, Saturday night and go home on Sunday afternoon!"

"Who?"

Sarah looked at the bus, Ben was watching her talking to me from the back seat, the seat next to where Sarah had been sitting when I pulled up. Dawn had a mobile phone and she was using it to call someone. I heard her say, "My dad is here, you'd better come quickly if you don't want to get left behind."

Sarah was mouthing some kind of message to Ben so I chipped in, "Is it Ben?"

Sarah turned to look at me and blushed a little, "Sorry, didn't I say...yes, Ben, The problem is, he knows that his mother won't bring him over and his dad doesn't live there anymore."

"You want me to pick him up from Peterborough on my way home from work on Friday?"

Sarah leaned in my window and kissed me, "See, I told you that you were the best dad in the world!"

Sarah held her hand against her ear, imitating a telephone to Ben, she also put her thumbs up to tell him it was on for the following weekend.

Dawn gave Kevin one last kiss and she jumped into the back of my car while Sarah slipped into the front passenger seat.

"Where's Elle?"

"She's still in bed with her boyfriend, I phoned her using her mobile phone, I told her that we'd leave her if she didn't get her arse out here now!"

"Can I ask you girls something?"

"Sure!"

"I'd rather have no answer than a lie or half truth though!"

"Sure."

"Does Paul Strickland bring men to dance classes or rehearsals to meet you girls?"

Sarah looked over to Dawn, there was an unspoken conversation between them before Sarah said, "Yes."

"What happens?"

"Well, Paul's friends come to watch us practicing, they talk to us between routines, if we get on with them we go to the dressing rooms with them or out into the car park, to their car."

I was about to ask Sarah if she had ever been with one of the older men but my attention was drawn to the twelve year old girl that I'd seen masturbating the thirty year old man before the start of the final show, her mother had been standing opposite the stage door when I arrived and now the girl was just leaving the building, she was with an older man, he looked about forty years old and his hand was on the girls shoulder as he approached her mother. There was a conversation between the man and the girl's mother and as he was talking his hand was massaging the back of the girls neck.

Who's that man?"

Sarah looked down to the small group, "That's Paul Gamble, he's one of the business partners that own Midlands Dance Plc. He's organising a weekend trip to Scotland next month, he's probably trying to change Megan's mum's mind, she said yesterday that Megan couldn't go because she's too young, the trip is supposed to be for grades eight to ten and Megan's still only at dance grade seven."

"You and Dawn are both at grade eight!"

"Yes we are."

"Well, how come I haven't heard about the trip?"

"Because you're a dad, they only ever ask the mums!"

Elle came running across the empty car park and jumped into the seat behind Sarah, she leaned over to Dawn, she took her mobile phone back and whispered, Good thing you called when you did, his wife got out of the lift just as I closed the bedroom door, she almost caught me!"

I had more questions that I wanted to ask my daughters about the men that seemed to be buzzing around the periphery of the dance school, the ownership and what they got up to together but that would have to wait until we were alone again.

Dawn whispered to Elle, "What did Joe give you today?"

I was using my peripheral vision to see what Elle and Dawn were doing in the back of my car. Elle was looking at my rear view mirror to see if I was looking at them, she thought that I was totally concentrating on the road so she shook her wrist in front of Dawn, I saw a very heavy gold bracelet hanging from Elle's wrist, she whispered, "A bracelet and a necklace!"

Elle then unbuttoned the top three buttons down the front of her blouse, I expected to see another expensive gold chain but I was wrong! Elle looked at me again before pulling the neck of her blouse wide open and showing Dawn a row of deep purple bruises, she had at least ten love bites around her neck, Dawn reached out and brushed her fingertips over the chain of love bites.

"Did Joe give you anything else?"

Elle whispered, "What apart from a pussy fill of his cream?"

Dawn gave her an exasperated look and a grimace.

Elle giggled, she looked at my mirror again before lifting the front of her skirt right up so that Dawn could see her hip bone. Elle pulled the side of her knickers down, I suddenly got hard all over again, Elle had a huge love bite high on her right hip, there was a second, slightly fainter bite mark an inch lower and an inch to the left of the first and a third, even fainter bite mark another inch lower and an inch further to the left. The light suddenly dawned on me that I shouldn't have been able to see the third bite mark, when I drove the kids into Northampton that morning I'd seen a well trimmed and perfectly shaped triangle of black hair, now there was just pink skin.

Dawn whispered, "Did Joe do that?"

"The bites?"

"No stupid, I'd guessed that was from Joe, did Joe shave you?"

"No, Peter said that when I did my high kick at the end of the second dance people could see the hair through my leotard so he sent Paul Gamble in to shave me. But Joe loved it, hence the bites down there."

I thought 'I hope that Vicky's back home by the time we get there to help me get rid of this!'

I drove past Elle's house first when we reached our village to drop her off. Elle leaned between the front seats and kissed my cheek, "Thanks for the lift Mr Clarke and sorry if I embarrassed you when I lifted my skirt earlier!"

When we got home we went in through the kitchen, something was out of place, it jangled as soon as I turned the kitchen light on, I looked around the room to see if something was missing or in the wrong place. When I finally spotted it, it was such a small thing and only I or my wife would have noticed it. Our daughters always dressed alike but preferred to wear their own clothes and to that end, Vicky had embroidered a small 'S' on the left sleeve of Sarah's dress and a 'D' on Dawns. Sarah was wearing the dress with the 'D' on the sleeve.

"You're wearing Dawn's dress Sarah!"

Sarah looked at the edge of her left sleeve, "Ah, yes, I see that now, well, we were in a bit of a rush kind of thing."

I encouraged her to elaborate.

"Well, me, Elle, Dawn, Ben and Kevin took the first bow but we didn't want to hang around too long, Elle had to get off to Joe and ...well, Me and Dawn didn't want to wait around in our dressing room to be 'Congratulated' by the partners so we got changed as quickly as we could and we hid in the props store with Ben and Kevin for half an hour."

"Ahhh, I see, you picked up each other's dresses in your rush."

"Well, honestly...no...we were wearing our own dresses when we went into the props store, I went to the left of the room with Ben to sit on the sofa and Dawn went to the right with Kevin to sit on the crash mats. When the security man called out that he was about to lock off the basement we had to rush and I just grabbed Dawn's dress in the rush."

"What do you mean, you and Ben moved to the crash mats as well?"

"Erm, not exactly, Ben was still on the sofa..."

I stopped Sarah going any further, it was all my own fault, once I'd bought my daughters condoms to use with their boyfriends, I'd kind of broken through the shield that protected a parent from the truth about their children's private lives.

I told the girls to gather all of their dirty clothes that needed washing, Vicky hadn't been around to do any washing so I'd need to do it, "And do your homework before dinner, we might be eating late today."

I sorted out the vegetables for dinner but I didn't start them cooking. I ran up stairs, the laundry basket was missing from the bathroom so I assumed the girls had taken it into their room to put all of their dirty clothes in. The girl's bedroom door was wide open, they were talking as I was about to go into their room. They were sitting at the double desk between their beds, Dawn said, "If we move the desk over to the wall on the other side of the window we could push the beds together on Friday night."

"You said that Ben wasn't as good as Kevin, why don't you ask if Kevin can come over for the weekend?"

"I would but mum knows Kevin, she wouldn't let him in the house, never mind spend the weekend, we'll just have to share Ben"

I stepped into their bedroom and jumped back out again, Dawn and Sarah were doing their homework in the nude, their lemon dresses on the top of the laundry basket. I reached around the open doorway and knocked their door.

"It's okay dad, you can come in!"

"You aren't dressed!"

"Oh dad, don't be so...old! We don't mind if you see us when we're undressed."

I shuffled into their room and made a quick grab for the laundry basket.

"Oh just hold on dad, I forgot my nighty!"

Sarah jumped up out of her chair, my eyes flashed to her thirty-four inch 'D' cup breasts and then down to her pubic area, Sarah's lower hair was trimmed in exactly the same way that Elle's had been that morning, buzzed down so that every hair was exactly the same length as every other and the three sides of her triangle were razor sharp. My cock strained to get past the belt holding my trousers up. I was staring so intently at Sarah's bush that she looked from the bulge in my trousers to her own little bulge, "What's up dad, have I gone straggly down there?"

Sarah inspected herself, "No, it looks okay to me..." Sarah turned to Dawn, "...did you remember to put your nighty out?"

Dawn shook her head, "No I forgot...is the answer to question ten, six times ten to the minus three?"

Sarah looked over her sister's shoulder, "No, you have to resolve the sum inside the brackets first, remember the BODMAS rules!"

I went to grab Dawn's nighty from under her pillow and I spotted two empty condom boxes in their bin, "Have you used all six condoms already?"

The look on Sarah's face was 'Of course, what a stupid question!'

"Really, all six?"

Sarah hooked the thumb of her left hand over her little finger of her right hand, "One with Ben when we got back to the theatre after lunch..." she moved her thumb to cover her third finger, "...another one with Ben while the other dancers were taking their five curtain calls and then going out into the audience to meet and greet the punters."

Sarah looked at Dawn a little guiltily as she mover her thumb up to her middle finger, "And then the last one when...well...when I moved to the other side of the store room just before they locked the basement and we had to dress quickly and run for it."

I took the laundry basket down to the kitchen and separated the coloureds and whites and started a coloureds wash. It was five-thirty so I decided to walk down the field path to see if I could spot Vicky out on the path, she had said that she was going to start at the railway path so me going down the field path first was the sensible way to go. Before I reached the path I spotted Vicky at the side of the village pub, the field path ended in an alleyway at the side of the pub, a man was standing with his left arm blocking my wife's way, he was openly trying to talk Vicky into going back down the field path to somewhere with a little privacy.

Vicky didn't look at all interested in the man, he seemed like he was incapable of taking no for an answer and he moved his hand from the wall and pressed against her shoulder, he was trying to turn her around and push her down behind the pub. I was happy to let things go if Vicky was happy but she looked far from it so I stepped in.

"Good evening Martin, don't usually see you in our little village!"

He let go of Vicky's shoulder and turned to look at me, "Johnny, didn't know that you lived here!"

"Yep, me, my wife and my two daughters, we all live here!"

"Where's your wife and daughters now Johnny mate?"

"Well, my daughters are at home resting after their dance recital and my wife is out somewhere doing a fitness triangle or something."

"I remember your daughters; I saw them last year at their end of summer recital, what are they now, eleven or twelve?"

"Fourteen!"

"Never, they didn't look a day over ten this time last year when I saw them."

"They've grown up a lot in the last year. How come you went to a kid's dance recital anyway, you don't have any kids."

"No I don't have any kids, I did all the building work for Midlands Dance Plc and the finance director gave me two tickets for their final show of the recital."

I looked at Vicky, she had relaxed a lot after she found out that I knew the man that was trying to take her behind the pub for sex.

"So you going out to find your wife?"

"No, not really, I was popping out to the pub for a quick half. Didn't Midlands Dance give you tickets to this year's show?"

"No, they're more organised this year, no freebies, I was offered two tickets at twenty quid a time but before I could say yes I heard that they were all sold out, you wouldn't think there were that many men in the county who liked looking at young girls dancing."

I went to two performances yesterday, those tickets were a tenner each and I thought that was steep. Martin moved his right hand; he plonked it on Vicky's left buttock and began stroking her arse.

"I'll come in for a draught with you before you go home but I need to chat for a while with my friend here first. I moved as if I was going into the pub while Vicky let Martin ease her back down the path and out of sight, I was just the other side of the fence when Vicky said, "I've run out of condoms, that's why I didn't want to come back here with you! I didn't want to lead you on...I can't let you do me without a condom!"

Martin's voice was moving back along the passageway towards the road, "I'll get a pack from the machine in the pub toilet!"

I had to run for the side door into the pub and get an order in quickly for a half pint of bitter. I was just paying for my beer as Martin and Vicky walked into the bar, they had their arms around each other's backs as if they were lovers.

Martin called for a pint of beer, Vicky asked for a slim line bitter lemon. Martin came over to the table that I'd sat at and dumped Vicky and the drinks at the table with me before heading for the toilet between the bar and the lounge.

Vicky grinned at me, "Don't think Martin's going to be happy, people all over the walk are complaining that the condom machine here is broken. I only brought four out with me, didn't want to be too greedy on my first run."

"Well, do you want to go with Martin?"

"He looks like he'd have a lot of pent up energy to expend, if he had a condom I'd have let him."

"Do you have more at home?"

"I got a box of ten so there are six more in the kitchen drawer, the one where I stash the bills!"

"I could run home and get you one if you like!"

"See how desperate Martin is when he comes back, play it by ear..."

Vicky's words were cut off by her glass as she took a drink to cover the fact that she was deep in conversation with me when Martin came back into the bar. Martin's face looked like thunder as he walked to our table. He took a massive drink from his pint before he sat down.

Vicky looked at his face of thunder, "Problem?"

"The bloody machine's broken and the engineer won't be here until Tuesday..." Martin looked at me, "...Johnny, you live around here, is there another pub close with a condom machine in it that might be working?"

"This is the only pub for miles, you'd have to go to the petrol station on the Kettering road."

Vicky looked at me and jerked her head towards our house, "I only have about thirty minutes before my husband gets home!"

"I don't suppose that you have a condom in your wallet do you Johnny?"

"I have condoms at home, I could run there, grab a condom and back in two minutes."

Martin looked at Vicky, she was smiling, Martin looked back at me, "Bring two back with you, her motor's running so fast, you can have a go after me!"

Vicky raised her eyebrows twice as she smiled into her drink, I finished my half in one go and ran out of the pub. I grabbed two condoms and ran back, Martin and Vicky were standing at the start of the five mile triangle path kissing when I got back. I handed Martin one condom and showed him the second.

We didn't go far, the path was empty as far as the eye could see and in broad daylight Martin stripped Vicky's dress off of her so that she was totally naked, he rolled the condom down the length of his cock, bent Vicky over in my direction and as he rammed his cock into her from behind he said, "Suck my mate off while I fuck you!"

Martin and I were both looking all around to make sure that no one stumbled over us on the path fucking. I exploded in Vicky's mouth as I watched Martin ramming his cock into her as hard as he could. I just let Vicky use me to steady herself as Martin continued to ram her, Vicky made eye contact with me as she gasped through her tenth massive orgasm on Martin's cock and as she got her breath back she gasped, "My husband will be home in five minutes, I have to go even if you aren't finished!"

Martin suddenly filled his condom and pulled out, Vicky grabbed her dress, she pulled it over her head, "Don't tell my husband Johnny, I'm relying you!"

Vicky ran off leaving me and Martin, I was dressed, Martin was still exposed, he stripped his condom off and threw it away as he wiped his cock clean. "Can I be cheeky Johnny, beg that other condom off of you, if the rumours about this place are true I'll find at least one other woman that demands a condom and one that won't. I passed him the unused condom and walked home as Martin walked deeper into the five mile triangle.

I walked into the kitchen, Victoria was looking at her wrist watch, "See, I wasn't lying, my husband was home in five minutes!"

Vicky launched herself at me and drowned me in kisses, "I've had fun all day but the best bit by far was pretending that we didn't know each other and having you there to help Martin fuck me!"

**Daily Walk part 2**

I pointed out that I'd prepared vegetables for dinner and asked Vicky what kind of meat I should cook. Vicky went to the bill drawer and took out a booklet; the front had a picture of a ballet dancer with Midland Dance Plc and Sarah's name at the bottom of the front cover. I looked over Vicky's shoulder as she flicked through a series of diet sheets. There was a sheet for holidays when there would be little or no activity, other sheets with diet plans for days with light activities, sheets for days while normal training was going on and a section for diets when Sarah was rehearsing for a dance recital or performing in one.

The general theme through the diet sheets was little or no carbohydrates and using fats, animal fats, dairy fats and fats from nuts and seeds to give Sarah her energy for all the hard work she would be doing. I said, "This looks very comprehensive, how long have you been using this plan for Sarah?"

"Not just Sarah, Dawn has the same pack but as they are almost exactly the same I just use the same diet sheets for both girls...actually, I've been eating almost the same but just more of it...well, I mentioned it to Paul yesterday when he came to see you, he said the diets were fine but my problem is...I like bread, cakes and pastries! The diet only works if you don't eat any carbohydrates at all. Paul said that it looked like the dance school's diet was designed to encourage a girl to develop normally. Madam Christine thought that dancers should look like waifs, Martin was right, when he saw the girls, they were actually the same size and shape as a nine year old girl would be but a nine year old girl would have been regularly menstruating but Dawn and Sarah weren't in a regular cycle."

"I didn't know that, why didn't you tell me?"

"The girls would have one or two periods and then they wouldn't have another for three or four months, you'd have been dragging them to the your mate for a pregnancy test four or five times a year if you knew about their periods. Since they've been on their special diet, they have regular periods and their bodies have reached their proper shape."

I nodded my agreement, our girls had changed almost every day for the past year, every week they needed a new dress, new bra, new leggings, it got very expensive but the girls' happiness increased exponentially. From the age of six they had been told by their dance teachers that they had to sacrifice a normal body for their art and if they wanted shapely hips and curvy breasts like the non-dancers, they had to give up and stop training. Midland Dance, the new owners of our local dance school had a different approach, train to dance as hard as you like and let the food scientists look out for your body's development!

I followed the diet plan for a dance recital and as the meal was cooking I put the booklet back in the drawer full of old bills, I spotted an envelope addressed to Vicky, "Hey Vicky, there's an unopened letter here addressed to you!"

Vicky took the envelope off of me, then she scrabbled her hand around inside the drawer, "This is the same letter for Sarah, I only ever have to open one envelope when the dance school sends two.

I read the letter, it was inviting Sarah to a dance school trip to Scotland, it was a long weekend, from Friday to Monday, there was a single comment highlighted in a larger font and printed in bold, 'This trip is being fully funded from profits made during the final performance of the spring dance recital!'

I checked my calendar, "Aren't the Friday and Monday of the trip normal school days?"

"Yes they are, because the dance school is an accredited learning establishment and there is an educational theme to the trip, it's counted as a normal school trip!"

I suddenly remembered the twelve year old that Sarah had mentioned whose mother had refused her daughter permission to go on the trip, "Do you know Megan from the other end of the village?"

"Yes, but she won't be invited to go on this trip, look, it's for dancers who have passed grade eight to ten only...Megan only passed grade seven last month."

"Well according to Sarah, Megan had been invited but her mother is refusing to let her go. One of the partners was trying to talk her mother round after the final performance this afternoon."

"I think Jenny is punishing Megan because she keeps disappearing without telling her mum where she's going or where she's been!"

"You mean like getting home late from school or something?"

"She went missing for a whole night the other week."

"That's terrible, she's only twelve!"

"Twelve is just a number, when a girl is ready she's ready, twelve, twenty-two, thirty-two or never, the only answer is to keep communications open, give our kids the confidence to come to us and tell us what they've done or what they are planning to do. The girls have been confiding in me for two years. I had a good idea what was going to happen this weekend in the environment of the dance recital, all those teenagers running around back stage in the nude getting changed and then dancing in their skimpy costumes in front of all those men. I just knew that they would have to ask you for help instead of me."

"Well, they did and I have to say it was quite embarrassing for me."

"Well, you handled it well, you didn't make a big thing out of it and you have gained a lot of respect from Sarah and Dawn now, a lot of respect and trust."

Vicky went up to talk to Sarah and Dawn while I finished cooking dinner and Vicky stopped up with the girls in their bedroom until I was ready to dish up. Vicky walked into the kitchen and whispered, "Tell them they look lovely!"

Sarah walked in first, she was already dressed for bed but she'd made her face up, she had used a totally different pallet to usual, she'd obviously raided her mother's makeup box and laid it on with a trowel, her hair, usually up after her shower was down, a cascade of curls over her shoulders.

I looked over to Vicky, she gestured with her head to Sarah and raised her eyebrows.

"You look lovely tonight darling, the colours suit you but perhaps, next time a little lighter on the lipstick." Sarah looked over the moon that I'd said she looked lovely, she didn't even mind that I'd said that she had put too much lipstick on. Actually, Sarah looked lovely all of the time, she just had great natural beauty but I always got embarrassed paying my daughters compliment, ever since the first time I realised that she was wearing a bra. Not that I actually saw her bra, just the shape of her bra strap through her dress. Out of the blue I grew an erection, not because I thought my daughter was sexy or anything, I think it was more because Vicky hadn't wanted to have sex with me for so many years and as I complimented my daughter she turned and gave me the kind of look her mother used to give me just before we fucked. I'd been so embarrassed that I just stopped paying them compliments.

We all sat at the dining table eating and Vicky said, "So, Sarah...what are your plans for next Friday?"

Sarah suddenly looked at Dawn, "Have you been blabbing?"

Dawn looked shocked at her sister's accusation, Sarah looked back at her mother, "Look mum, I don't usually ditch games...and I will apologise to Mr Green but with the recital going on all weekend I didn't think it would do any harm to dodge out of track and field training!"

Vicky looked over at me before answering Sarah's confession, "I'm not talking about school darling, I'm talking about your weekend guest, what are you planning to do over the weekend?"

"You mean what am I going to **'DO!'** do with Ben?"

"Not on the biological level darling!"

"Oh, well, dad said that he would pick Ben up on his way home from work and take him home on Sunday."

"Well, that's very kind of your father but I was thinking more of where is Ben going to sleep!"

Sarah suddenly froze, she was having difficulties in working out what her mother was trying to get at, Dawn looked at Sarah and then she looked at her mother, "I suggested moving our desk to the wall by the window at the end of Sarah's bed and then pushing both beds together to make room."

"Don't you think that Ben would be happier in the guest bedroom?"

Sarah suddenly looked crestfallen, "You...you mean that Ben has to sleep in a different room?"

"Not a different room from you darling, just a different room to Dawn!"

I thought that Sarah would have cheered up at the fact that her mother wasn't suggesting that Sarah and Ben slept in different rooms but she looked even more upset, she looked at Dawn, "But mum, I've never slept on my own before!"

"Well darling, you wouldn't be alone, you'd be with Ben!"

"But I wouldn't be with Dawn!"

"Ben wouldn't be comfortable with Dawn being around while you are...'getting to know each other'!"

"Ben likes doing Dawn as much as he likes doing me!"

Vicky looked at me and raised her eyebrows, "We'll see how things go on Friday, the guest bed will be made up if Ben wants a little privacy."

Sarah finished a mouthful of her food and pointed her fork at me, "Dad, is it alright if I take a little money from my post office savings account please?"

"Sure darling but what do you want money for?"

"Well, we owe you six pounds sixty for the condoms earlier today and I was hoping if I gave you more money, you'd pick up a large box of condoms for us to use this weekend."

Vicky chipped in, "You don't need to buy any more condoms, I'll make sure that there are plenty in the drawer with all the bills in so you can just help yourself whenever you need some!"

After we finished eating dinner, I stacked the pots in the sink in hot water while the girls all went through to the living room, when I joined them Vicky was sitting in my seat, the sofa had Sarah leaning against the right arm and Dawn against the left, the empty space for me to sit in was where Vicky would usually sit.

As soon as I sat down the girls turned, they both lay on their backs with their legs over the armrests and their heads on my lap, the girls were reading books and fidgeting, Sarah's left ear pressing against my erection through my trousers and underpants. Vicky had told both girls that they would be going to bed at eight thirty and that while they were in bed we'd be going down the pub for an hour or two. That surprised me, we never usually went to the pub, especially our own village pub and we'd already had a drink there this evening.

As Sarah relaxed and lost herself in her book she altered her position, her legs slipped down off of the arm of the chair and she pressed the soles of her feet together and her heels came up to her bottom, her knees wide apart, her Nighty rode right up, uncovering her pussy totally, I looked down and my cock stood up, nudging Sarah in the side of her head. Sarah looked at my face, she looked at my trouser covered cock that had just banged the side of her head and then down at her pussy, she rubbed her fingers over her pussy mound and pulled an awkward face. Sarah looked at my face again and her fingers moved from her pussy to my cheek. "How do you make your face so smooth, you shaved at eight o'clock this morning and your face is still smooth, I shaved my pussy an hour ago and it's already rough, how do you do it?"

"I saw you an hour ago and you had hair all over there!" I gestured my head in the direction of Sarah's minge.

"Oh that, When Elle said that Paul Gamble had been sent into her dressing room after her second dance to shave her, we knew that it wouldn't be long before Paul shaved all of us fourteen year old girls so Dawn and I decided to do it ourselves but it's already scratchy...how do you do it properly?"

"What did you use to shave with?"

"Well, I found one of those depositable razors, the blue ones and used hand soap to make things slippery."

"Those blue **Disposable** razors are only an emergency fallback, they're years old and probably are as blunt as all heck and you need special soap for sensitive skin."

Vicky looked over, "Well, the girls have fifteen minutes left before they have to go to

Vicky was surprised to see me back in the living room so quickly, "Didn't you have a new blade for your razor?"

"Yes I did, I taught the girls to shave each other and left them to it, I've given them my razor and my shaving cream, I'm going to replace my stuff tomorrow."

"Didn't the idea of shaving Sarah ad Dawn's pussies turn you on?"

"More than I'm happy to admit to!"

"Most fathers around here wouldn't have thought twice...oh, they may have felt guilty after but they wouldn't have let that stop them."

Vicky dragged me into the kitchen, she took one of her few remaining condoms from the drawer and pulled my zipper down to roll the condom on my cock.

"Do I really have to wear a condom?"

"I want you to fuck me but I also want to go out in fifteen minutes without my knickers on and I don't want to leave a trail of slime everywhere we go."

Vicky was standing up, her palm pressing down on the kitchen table so that she was in roughly the same position that she was in when Martin finished off in her. It didn't take me long to shoot, I filled my condom, pulled it off and threw the used condom in the bin and I'd just closed the stable door as Sarah came bowling into the kitchen with Dawn right on her heels. Vicky was still standing leaning on the table, fortunately she was facing the door the girls ran through so that didn't see her bare arse sticking out from under her dress, I quickly flipped the back of my wife's dress down to cover any embarrassment, not that Vicky seemed bothered that we almost got caught fucking by our daughters and the way Sarah and Dawn were flashing their pussies at their mother and asking her to feel both of them to say who had done the better job of shaving.

I watched as Vicky rubbed her fingers over our daughter's pussies, "They are both as soft and as smooth as each other; you've both done an excellent job, now both of you, off to bed and don't open the doors to anyone while we're out!"

I closed the front and back doors, I didn't lock them securely, I just left them on the Yale latch so that Sarah and Dawn could get out quickly in an emergency. I draped my arm over Vicky's shoulder and headed down the drive, I thought that we were just walking to the village pub but Vicky stopped at the front passenger door of my car "I need Condoms and you'll need petrol for next week, I was thinking that we could take a drive to the petrol station on the Kettering Road, I could get more condoms and you fill up with petrol, then we could carry on to Kettering and have a drink at a pub where no one knows us!"

Vicky did that raising her eyebrows twice kind of thing that she did whenever she was thinking sexy thoughts. I drove to the petrol station and while I was filling the car Vicky was going through the condoms on sale in the station shop. I saw her pick up a box of ten Durex and then she looked back at the shelf, I could see her having an internal conversation with herself. Vicky made a second lunge at the shelf and she had two boxes of condoms. I offered my companies petrol payment card to pay for the petrol and was about to pay for the condoms with cash when Vicky came back again with another twenty condoms, she was buying forty condoms, thirty two pounds worth of latex.

"Shall I put the condoms on the card as well sir?"

"No, I don't want my accounts department to know that I buy condoms by the forty!"

He looked at the price of each box, "Three boxes of condoms would be the same as a gallon of motor oil." The cashier rang up a can of motor oil in his till and then he entered a bottle of screen wash to cover the price of the last box of condoms.

I drove on into Kettering and stopped in the car park of the first pub we came across, Vicky checked out the bar while I parked up but she was back in the car before I got out, "Totally empty in there!"

I drove out of the car park and went looking for another pub. We drove past the working men's club, the car park was so full that the roads all around were stacked out with parked cars. "Can we stop there?"

"Well, I'm a member of the conservative club in Northampton; my card might be accepted in here."

I managed to find somewhere just across the road from the club and Vicky and I walked over to see the doorman. I showed him my card and he said that I could go in if I really wanted to, "Sunday night's always a gentleman's smoker evening, you can go in the bar, the games room and the lounge but to get into the concert room you'll have to pay the doorman ten pounds each and get a stamp on the back of your hand."

There was well over a hundred punters in the club but only four old men were in the bar area playing dominos. I could see the disappointment on Vicky's face. I ordered a slim line bitter lemon for Vicky and a half pint of Tiger Bitter, the club's guest beer. I was given an empty glass and the bottle of bitter lemon for Vicky, I poured it out myself while he held a half pint glass under the guest bitter pump, there was a fart of white foam but no beer. The barman went to the store room to change over the empty barrel so I took Vicky's drink to the table she was sitting at and then returned to the bar to wait for my drink.

There was a sudden uproar from the concert room, clapping, stomping of feet and whistling. I guessed that the stripper had bared her fanny and cleared the stage, there was a rumble of feet and suddenly thirty men filled the bar looking for beer.

Two young men ended up at my side as the barman was pulling the fresh Tiger Bitter through the pipes.

"Hey, do you think the chick with the huge melons over there is one of the strippers?"

His friend looked over, "Bound to be Hamish, You get the beers in, if the barman asks for ID, use my card, I'm going over to the stripper and ask her if she'll give you a birthday present!"

I heard the teenager tell Vicky his name was Gazz and he offered her a drink which she refused, "My mate Hamish over there is celebrating his birthday, when you're doing your show, could you show Hamish something a little special, we're on the left hand table two rows back from the stage!"

Vicky looked over at Hamish and smiled at him, then she looked at Gazz again, "Send Hamish over here, if he can prove that it is his birthday today I'll give him a special show!"

Gazz ran back to my side, "Oh man, you're in there, go and talk to her, when you get up close you'll see she has fantastic tits and a slim waist and great hips, all you have to do is show her your ID to prove it's your birthday and you're in!"

"Gazz, you're really crazy, one look at my ID and she'll see that I'm under age!"

"Okay then, show her my ID."

"If I show her your ID she'll think I'm celebrating three months late...or nine months early."

A little light went on in Gazz's head..."Okay then, go over and at least get up close, she smells of sex and it will be worth your while just to get close to her...tell her that you left your ID at home!"

As Hamish walked nervously towards Vicky she slid away from him to give him a seat to sit on. I was handed my pint and paid for our drinks. Vicky and Hamish sat talking for a moment, Hamish blushed and then he took his ID from his pocket, I recognised the ID from the bar, Sarah and Dawn both had exactly the same ID's, not just similar, the school campus had a lower school, a middle school, an upper school and a sixth form college, each of the different parts of the school had a slightly different ID, Hamish had to be in the same school as Sarah and Dawn, so the oldest he could be was fifteen and he would be in the same year as our daughters or possibly the year lower.

Vicky looked at his ID and passed it back to him, I was expecting Vicky to blow Hamish out of the water but she just sat chatting with him. the bell sounded warning the punters that the next stripper was about to start her act, Gazz was about to shout to Hamish but instead, he took Hamish his pint and then ran for his seat in the concert room.

The room suddenly went quiet, I took a sip of my drink as Hamish looked around, I could tell that Hamish was torn, he kept looking at the 'P' in a circle on the back of his hand to show that he'd paid to watch the strippers. Vicky took his attention, "Do you play pool?"

Hamish shrugged his shoulders and then nodded his head.

"Okay Hamish, I challenge you to a game of eight ball pool"

Vicky led the way through to the games room, from where I was standing I could still see into the games room but I was the only one who could. Vicky bent over to look at the coin slot, Hamish looked at the back of Vicky's dress as it was stretched tight across her arse, he gave her a wide grin and something woke in the front of his trousers. Vicky looked up at him, "This needs a pound coin and a fifty pence coin! Do you have them?"

"I've got a five pound note; I could get the barman to give me change for it."

"Don't be silly, I'll show you how to get game money!"

Vicky stood up and walked over to me, "I'll give you a kiss for one pound fifty mate!"

I dug my hand in my pocket and sorted out the two coins they needed for their game. Vicky lifted up on her toes and kissed me on my cheek before returning to Hamish. Vicky giggled and Hamish suddenly looked very worried that I might feel cheated and cause him trouble.

As Hamish helped Vicky rack up the balls and he whispered in her ear, "Aren't you worried that he'll be mad, one pound fifty and all he got was a peck on the cheek!"

Vicky looked over at me and smiled, "I'll let him watch us play pool, he won't feel cheated by the time we've finished!"

Vicky broke; she splattered balls all over the table, What ball are you going for Hamish?"

From where I was standing I could see that the four ball was the easiest pot.

"Four ball to the left middle pocket!"

"If you get the four ball into the right middle pocket instead I'll show you my tits."

"That shot's almost impossible!"

"Well, that's why the prize for getting it has to be worthwhile!"

Hamish walked around the table for a full minute before he settled into his shot, he used a lot of force and backspin, the cue ball glanced off of the four ball, the white continued to the bottom cushion and the backspin caused the cue ball to stop without bouncing back. the four ball hit the left cushion just short of the middle pocket and bounced across the table, trickling into the right middle pocket.

Hamish jumped into the air punching his fist above his head. Vicky walked to the back wall, almost out of my sight and she pulled the front of her dress down. Hamish froze, the only movement was in his trousers. "You can't do anything from all the way over there Hamish!"

I stepped into the games room, "If he doesn't want to touch, can I have a go?"

Hamish was suddenly jolted into life and he moved over and felt Vicky's breasts with both hands.

"Just hands darling? Or would you like to kiss them as well?"

Hamish leaned in and kissed Vicky's breasts.

I spotted one of the domino players carrying four pint glasses to the bar, I caught Vicky's eye and she eased Hamish away and covered up just as the man looked into the games room.

"What's your next shot?"

"Seven ball in the bottom right pocket."

Vicky walked around the table looking at all the options, "Combination shot, if you can sink the seven ball into the bottom right and leave yourself on the three ball, get it into any pocket on your second shot and I'll give you a blow job!"

Hamish's knees went weak, he forced himself into action, he sank the seven ball with little skill, the skill came from the white ball bouncing off of three cushions to get into position to drop the three ball into the middle pocket on the left.

Vicky moved again so that she was sitting against the back wall, she beckoned for Hamish to go over to her and she opened his trousers, pulled his pants down and pulled his cock into her mouth. I had a perfect view of Vicky sucking Hamish's cock and Vicky spent ten minutes taking him to the edge of an orgasm and pulling him out of the climb. There was another round of clapping and stamping feet from the concert room and Vicky used that noise to take Hamish to his happy ending.

Hamish closed his trousers and was bending over the table to take the fourth shot when Gazz walked into the games room, "Hey man, you missed a great stripper, she dipped one of her breasts into old Joe's pint of beer and then let Joe lick it off."

"I didn't miss anything mate!" Hamish stopped his shot and whispered something into Gazz's ear, Gazz's face dropped in shock and then he grinned a broad grin before leaning on the bar to buy another drink. As soon as the next stripper started and we were all alone again Vicky gave Hamish another challenge, "If you can clear all of your balls before I have a single turn I'll let you fuck me until the next intermission or until you climax!"

Hamish was like a man possessed, he was running this way and that, looking for shots, for where he had to leave the cue ball to make the next shot, he was working out three shots ahead and then he suddenly bent over, shot after shot and all in just four minutes to sink the eight ball. Vicky pulled Hamish to the seat she had sat on earlier, she pulled his trousers and underpants down to his knees, she rolled a condom down over his eager cock and looked over to me, "Keep a lookout mate!"

I nodded my head and looked around in the bar, once Vicky was happy she pulled her dress off over her head and draped it over the pool table, Hamish almost blew the condom off of his cock when he saw that Vicky was totally naked now in the games room.

Vicky was on top straddling Hamish's lap and she was doing all the work, Hamish just sat there and let Vicky take him on a rollercoaster ride, she took him to the very edge of his climax and stopping and as soon as he had calmed down again she went off riding him back to the very tipping point, over and over again. Vicky used the noise from the concert room to set the pace, wolf whistles started sounding through the wall and Vicky went wild, she just about fucked Hamish's brains out until he filled his condom. Vicky jumped off of his knee and she yanked the condom off of his cock, she snatched her dress up and ran for the ladies toilet to put her dress back on. The room behind me filled with men looking for beer, they missed seeing Vicky shooting through the games room in the nude.

Gazz came behind me, he still had half of the pint he'd bought earlier so he wasn't looking for bar service, Hamish swaggered over to Gazz with the cat that caught the canary look on his face. Gazz looked into the games room, "Is Vicky on next?"

"No, she's just been on!"

I saw Hamish's grin widen.

"Where is she then...what do you mean she's already been on, that last stripper was a black bird!"

"She had to run to the toilet to get dressed because she was nude while I fucked her!"

Gazz shook his head, "You lying bastard!"

Hamish looked at me, "Tell him mister..." Hamish looked at Gazz, "...this bloke was standing there the whole time, he saw everything!"

Gazz looked at me for my confirmation.

"He's right mate, the woman bet your friend here that he couldn't clear all of his balls off of the table without her having a turn and when he did she just stripped naked and let him do her..." I pointed over to the seat that Vicky and Hamish had just fucked, "...they did it on that chair, the puddle in front of the chair is her cunt juice!"

Vicky walked back into games room, she picked up the cue and bent over the table and started potting ball after ball until the table was clear. Gazz was at Vicky's side with his hand on her arse challenging her to a game.

"Is it your birthday darling?"

"No but if you play your cards right, it could be yours!"

Gazz looked over at Hamish and grinned, Hamish looked up into my eyes, he shook his head, "My big brother's a right prat but you can't fault his confidence!"

I saw Vicky pick her shoulder bag up and hoist it over her shoulder, she drained her glass and left the Games room, heading through the bar, I grabbed her elbow as she was walking past me and Hamish, "Hey, I paid for your game and you promised me a kiss, I don't call that peck on my cheek a kiss!"

Vicky yanked her arm out of my grasp very theatrically, "You got a car?"

"Yes it's a..."

Vicky's finger was on my lips to stop me talking, "A car's a car, give me a lift home and I'll let you fuck me on the way!"

Hamish's eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped as I followed Vicky out of the club. In the street Vicky was laughing her head off, I had to drive further into Kettering before I could turn towards home again.

"So, just how old was Hamish then?"

Vicky bit her bottom lip before she grinned again; "He's fifteen years old today."

"I thought that the ID he'd shown you looked a lot like Sarah and Dawn's ID."

"Yes, it was the same, he's in the same year as them!"

My cock strained at the canvas of my trousers at the thought of my wife fucking in front of me with a boy who could be sitting in the same classroom as our daughters in twelve hours time. As I drove under the last streetlight in Kettering Vicky suddenly pulled her dress off so she was totally naked in the front seat and then she curled over the gap between us and started to suck my cock as I drove us home. I almost filled her mouth in two minutes flat, she pulled her mouth away from my cock to calm me down, "Tell me when we're turning into the village."

Vicky went back to sucking, she brought me so close several times but stopped me filling her mouth, I was on the build up again as I was nearing the turn into our village, I was close to the point that Vicky would have stopped me and I tapped the back of her head, "Were almost at the turn into the village."

I had expected her to let me finish off in her mouth as I was so close and we were about at the end of our journey but instead she pulled her mouth off of my cock and said, "Okay, thank you darling."

Vicky started using her hand as well as her mouth because I'd gone right off the boil again and she was working my cock hard to make me climax as I pulled onto our drive. We sat for a few minutes so that Vicky could suck my cock until it was totally flaccid. Vicky didn't bother pulling her dress back on, she just calmly walked from the car to the side path leading to the back of our house.

I put the kettle on to make a cup of caffeine free tea before bed and Vicky took our girl's last school photograph down off of the wall, she brought it to me, "Does this look like Hamish?"

I'd only ever actually looked at Dawn on the left of the picture and Sarah on the right before but Vicky was right, Hamish was standing two places away from Dawn in her class photograph. My cock was sore and worn out but seeing Hamish standing so close to Dawn made my cock grow to life all over again, Vicky kissed me, "Turn the kettle off darling, I need you in bed with me more than I need a cup of tea!"

It was eleven o'clock when we climbed the stairs to bed, Vicky pushed my head down between her legs and I used my mouth, my tongue and my fingers to give her orgasms for the next hour. At midnight I was pulled up the bed and between my wife's legs, she whispered, "Don't try to get me off again, just make yourself cum, take your own pleasure and empty your balls into me!"

I just banged away without thinking of Vicky's pleasure but as I spewed my spunk into her fanny she gasped through another orgasm.

We went to sleep tangled in each other's arms and that's exactly how we were when the alarm clock went off at six-thirty on Monday morning. I had a desperate need to pee and as I didn't expect any other life in the house for thirty minutes I ran to the family bathroom to take a pee so that i didn't wake Vicky. I grabbed my dressing gown and headed down to the kitchen to make my toast and coffee. I woke Vicky, Sarah and Dawn as I went into the shower, I dressed and headed for the kitchen, the girls were eating their special version of muesli with oilseeds and oil rich nuts, Vicky was looking at the school photograph that she'd pulled down off of the living room wall when we got home the evening before.

Vicky turned the picture towards Sarah, "Darling, who's this boy in the photograph?"

Sarah looked at the picture, "That's John Macbeth, he's a bit of a pest, he's so desperate to lose his virginity that he pesters every girl in school."

Dawn pulled the photograph so that she could look at it, "Oh you mean Hamish, I've never called him John, just Hamish. I think he's quite nice, he was horrible when he hung around with his older brother Gary all the time."

Vicky smiled at me before going back to Dawn, "So you like him then?"

"He's okay, he's a bit needy at the minute but I'm sure that he'll calm down after he gets a girlfriend."

Vicky struggled to hide her smile, "He might be a better option for you than Kevin at the minute."

"Okay mum, I've agreed not to have anything to do with Kevin but Hamish is a bit on the young side for me."

"He's fifteen isn't he?"

Dawn shook her head, "No he's fourteen, the same age as us!"

Sarah butted in as she shovelled a spoon full of seeds and nuts into her mouth, "He is probably fifteen now, he was pestering girls at school on Friday for a birthday kiss."

I kissed Vicky and the girls before leaving for work. I had the weekly sales meeting, new product briefing and samples. I had to stand and take the adulation of my peers because my previous week had been the best in the group and my previous month in total had been the best as well.

I set off on the road to my first appointment, Harry Blake, he was the CEO of an association of small businesses across the country as well as the owner of a company that made industrial switchgear. My company sold various components that went into the electrical side of his switch gear and he was my largest single customer and I had a meeting with him at least once a month. I was eager to see him because I could now offer hinges and fasteners to my list and I know that he took hinges from a very expensive company in London who had a bit of a monopoly on that kind of hinge.

I walked into his PA's office and wished her a good morning, I had a small bunch of delicate fuchsias for her, just a small thing, just a couple of quid, it would brighten her desk and it would endear me in her eyes and help me to get my next appointment to see her boss.

I got a kiss on the cheek for my flowers and an apology because Harry was over running in his meeting with the union reps. I was offered a coffee but turned her down. I sat in a comfortable chair running through my sales patter while Deb was out putting her flowers into a vase. When Deb got back I went and stood behind her, "Can we pencil in a space for next month while I'm waiting?"

Deb got Harry's schedule up and flicked forward four weeks, the diary page was almost empty, just one entry, 'MDS Shareholder's meeting, Edinburgh all day.' I looked at my own diary page, the only entries on my page for that day were a pencilled 'H' that I had filled in thirteen times when I started this year's diary so that I didn't book anything in the future that was on the day I planned to see Harry. The other entry was 'S&D-Edinburgh Dance trip.'

"Sorry, he's out of town all day on the Monday!"

"What about the Tuesday?"

Deb moved forward one day, "He's in London all day with his accountant and I don't think I can make any appointments for the rest of that week..." Deb leaned in conspiratorially, "...just between you and me, he's in court most of that week, his divorce is turning out to be messier than he thought!"

"What about the week before?"

Deb flicked back through Monday and through Sunday and then Saturday and stopped at Friday. Even though she had flipped through Saturday and Sunday quite quickly I did notice that Edinburgh had popped up twice and on Friday the screen was exactly the same as on Monday, 'MDS Shareholder's meeting, Edinburgh all day.'

I pulled a face, "Thursday?"

"Totally full on the Thursday, he's trying to push everything through before he's away for almost two weeks..."

The intercom buzzed into life and stopped further searching, "Deb, has that leper Clarke turned up yet?"

"He's been here for twenty minutes already sir!"

"Well, send him in if you must."

"Go straight in Mr Clarke."

I didn't walk straight in, I gave the door two knocks before turning the door handle, as the door swung open I said, "Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling...unclean, unclean...alms for the poor!"

"I don't know why you're here Clarke, I've got no business for you today!"

"Oh dear, I'd better not bother you then, I'll just head off out to my next call!"

I walked over to his desk and sat opposite him as he signed two documents before he looked up from his desk.

"You still here Clark?"

"I am."

"Why, I've already told you that there's nothing here for you today, go on get out of here!"

"Harry, what kind of a friend would I be if I didn't draw your attention to the things that my company can do for you to help you increase your profit."

Harry put his pen down, "Come on then Clarke, let's see just how good a salesman you are!"

Well, first, just in case I can't sell you anything this time, can I get an appointment for next month?"

"I'm really busy next month, I put a lot of money into a new business venture last year and we're having our first shareholders meeting next month so the MD can tell us how much money we've all lost."

"Is that on the Monday? I could see you on the Friday before if that would be easier!"

"It's a four day weekend bean feast in Edinburgh, it's about all the return we'll see this year because they are spending all the profits on consolidating the business model, buying out the smaller units in the area."

"My daughters are in Edinburgh that weekend, some kind of school cultural trip."

"Really, cultural trip, wouldn't be a dance trip would it?"

"Yes, they've just had their end of term recital in Northampton."

Harry seemed to chirp up, "I was there yesterday, they put on a fantastic show, What are your daughter's names?"

"Dawn and Sarah."

Harry opened his top drawer and took out a small book; it was almost the thickness of a telephone directory. The front cover of the book looked exactly like the cover of the recital programme. Harry flicked through, he opened the directory at a picture of Dawn, I could just make out the picture and the fact that there was a block of text under the picture of Dawn in one of her many dance costumes.

"Let's see, well there is only one Dawn, so this must be your daughter, Dawn, date of birth fifth of May twenty oh-three, so Dawn is fourteen, that's quite young to have earned a grade eight pass at distinction."

Harry put a bookmark in Dawn's page before turning closer to the back of the book, "And Sarah, date of birth, Fifth of May twenty zero-three!"

Harry flicked between the two pages, "Hey, they're twins, identical?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, as I'm going to be in Edinburgh on the same weekend I'll offer to take the girls out for a nice meal and a local show!"

"Not sure the organisers of the trip would be happy with the girls wandering off!"

"You could be right...now what are you going to try and show me today?"

"Were you being straight when you said that you didn't need any of our usual stock?"

"Don't be silly, your stuff is in almost everything we make, I'm going to need the usual range of components. You can liaise with my production manager for the next four..."

I butted in, "If you only sign for four weeks, and you're not here for almost two weeks, you'll run out of stock at the beginning of next month!"

"Okay, I'll sign a rolling contract for eight weeks, save me seeing your ugly mug for at least one month so that will be a bonus for me! Did you say you had something new for me to see?"

"You use hinge pins and hinge bodies on your switch closures right?"

"We do!"

"And you buy those hinges in from Groucock and Cline of Kensington, am I right?"

"We do and we're very happy with our deal with Groucock and Cline of Kensington!"

I opened my briefcase and took out three boxes, a one inch hinge, a two inch and a three inch. "That's a pity, I talked my boss into sourcing these just for you...but that's okay, I'll be able to sell these to Groucock and Cline of Kensington, and they'll put their usual mark up on them and sell them on to you at a five percent discount on your usual contract price."

Harry took a moment to process what I'd said, "I only use a few hundred of these a week, so a five percent discount wouldn't be a big deal to me but I do have a partner from Wales who uses these things by the thousand, he uses one of my offices occasionally for when he's working this area!"

Harry pressed the intercom, "Deb, when is Joe Evens due in next?"

Harry let go of the intercom, "If he's coming in later in the week, I could keep a hold of these samples and show..."

The intercom buzzed, "Mr Evens is here today Mr Blake, he was here over the weekend for a show in Northampton."

"Thanks for that Deb."

Harry looked confused, I saw Joe on Saturday but his wife came down with him so I thought they went back home to Wales on Sunday...anyway, I'll pop down to Joe's office and see if he's free to see you!"

Harry told me to sit tight in his office while he popped down to the lower floor.

I jumped up as soon Harry left his office, I dug out the book from his top drawer, there was still a bookmark in Dawn's page and one in Sarah's as well, the pictures were just fractionally short of being pornographic, under the pictures were things like mobile phone numbers for the girls, email addresses and other ways, like Facebook or WhatsApp. Dawn's data included the fact that she liked boys from eighteen to twenty and men between twenty and forty; there was a full list of her preferred dance styles, her sporting preferences and her music taste. In the comments box there was a literal, 'Not involved yet!'

Sarah's page was almost the same, I flicked to the 'E' section of the book and found Elle's page, in the comments it said that Elle liked jewellery, perfume, electronics and clothes and there was a string of initials, 'O, A, V, W/S and Role-play'

I then looked in the 'M' section for Megan, in her comments section it listed that Megan was willing to do overnight visits and that she was willing to try everything, 'Megan prefers cash presents so that she can buy what she needs!'

I dropped the book back into the drawer but not before I'd looked at the front section about their shareholders meeting. The chairman, Paul Strickland, was going to suggest that even though the company was running at an operating loss week on week, he was suggesting that they cut the weekly dance class fees even further to encourage their students joining in on more classes and that Paul was proposing buying out a Street Dance class to increase the pool of boys.

I'd just dropped into my own seat again when the door opened and Harry walked in with a man that I recognised from Sunday, I recognised him from when he told Elle his hotel's room number.

Joe was over the moon with the quality of the hinges I was peddling "So, what's the cost per unit?"

"Are you interested in buying them one at a time?"

Joe laughed, "I cost them out usually in boxes of one hundred."

"Groucock and Cline of Kensington charge one hundred pounds for a box of one hundred one inch heavy duty hinges, I'm doing the same quality at seventy pounds for a box of one hundred!"

"That's a thirty percent saving over my usual supplier. Can you deliver to Cardiff?"

I nodded my head, "I'll take a thousand one inch, five hundred two inch and one hundred three inch."

I used my laptop to process the order and emailed it to Deb for her to print off three copies of the order for Joe. I altered my usual contract for Harry as well and sent that over to be printed as well.

**Daily Walk part 3**

While I was waiting for the contracts to print Harry said to Joe, "Here Joe, you've got a great memory, can you remember two dancers, sisters, identical twins called..."

"Dawn and Sarah, they are friends of Elle's. I've watched them dance a few times; they look very supple, have they started now?"

"This is Johnny Clark, Dawn and Sarah's father!"

I could see a hint of mischief in Harry's eyes, he was setting Joe up to put his foot into something but if I hadn't seen the book...the book and the way Elle was with Joe and their obvious relationship, I wouldn't have picked up on what was going on between Harry and Joe as they sparred together. Joe took his PDA out of his pocket and he flicked through several screens before stopping and saying, "It looks like we haven't had anything back from your wife yet about your daughters going on the trip next month."

"Really, it sounded to me last night that my daughters were definitely going on the trip, Vicky might have forgotten to return the permission slip or something.

I thought for a moment and then said, "How did you know that my wife hadn't sent the trip confirmation slips in?"

"I'm one of the fools that were conned into fronting up the money so that the dance school could be set up and I'm providing the coach to Scotland, so I needed to know early enough to organise the right sized coach."

"How many dancers are going to Edinburgh?"

Joe looked at Harry nervously, "Well, we have one hundred students with a grade eight or higher, we invited all of them."

"Wow, that'll be a lot of coaches, a lot of hotel rooms and what...ten or more teachers?"

"At the moment only twenty students have actually said they are going, twenty-two with your Dawn and Sarah...if they are going that is."

"Why is the take-up so low? You would have thought that most parents would have jumped at the offer of a free trip for their kids!"

"Most of the students that have grades eight and above are that bit older and are in work or full time study. Some of the younger students with grade eight that live in Northampton, Peterborough, Wellingborough or Kettering have a lot of problems going on trips, even if the trip is fully funded. Most of those that have returned permission slips are from the smaller villages like yours. I'm hoping that Megan's mother will let her go in the end because so far the only student from your village that is definitely going to Scotland is Elle Serdifield and it's far better if students have people that they know from their own class or village, it makes them less homesick."

I managed to stop my grin splitting my face in two as I thought about Joe and Elle in bed together for the weekend. I actually got an erection from the image of Elle and Joe bonking away in Edinburgh together. Harry was pretending to read the changes in the contract but I could see that he was looking over at me out of the corner of his eye, then the thought of Sarah and Dawn popped into my head and the fact that their data in the dance schools directory said that they weren't involved **'YET!'** and the yet part jumped into my head over and over again. A lot could happen to a fourteen year old girl in four days if she was a little naive and the men were as worldly wise and rich as Harry Blake! I imagined Harry chasing Sarah and Dawn around a hotel like in a Brian Rix farce. I thought that the image of Harry wanting my daughters sexually would have made me mad, angry or at least kill the erection that was trying to tunnel out of my underpants but I was wrong, I got even more turned on.

Harry signed the contract and handed it to me, "Oh Johnny, can you pop down to Mike in quality control, take a look through the failures bin and sort out replacements for us."

Well, that was just the reason that my company liked to have a face to face presence with our customer, so we could quickly head off any problems. I went through the back door of Harry's office and down the metal stairway to the factory floor and then into the quality control office. There was about seven hundred pounds worth of faulty goods, the main problem seemed to revolve around two items that were both made for us by the same manufacturer. I agreed to replace the faulty goods two for one to cover the additional cost of replacing the faulty goods and I sent photographs of the faults into my office. Once my office told me that they were happy with the quality of the photographs and didn't need the broken components to be sent back I told Mike to dispose of the faulty parts.

I left Mike's office and looked up at Harry's office door. When I'd left Harry and Joe I had closed the door to shut out the noise of the factory and now, two minutes later it was wide open and Joe was standing in the open doorway looking down at the bottom of the metal stairway leading up to the director's offices. I took the bottom step and saw Joe step back into Harry's office.

I stopped just short of walking into Harry's office, I saw Joe practicing sending pictures from his mobile phone onto Harry's PC screen, sending the same photograph to the big screen several times. I scuffed my foot on the walkway outside Harry's door to indicate that I had almost reached the door. As I walked through the door Joe said, "...and I can prove that you've met Johnny's daughters before, you were definitely at the meeting with Madam Christine when Midland Dance School bought her studio."

I'd seen the picture on the screen from a distance twice already but now I was closer I realised that the picture was of one of my daughters, she was wearing a white leotard and nothing under it, the picture showed my daughter with the body of a nine year old so it was taken at least a year ago and my daughter was shaking hands with Harry, she was looking up into his eyes and giving him a sweet smile.

"See you forgetful old goat, this is you shaking hands with one of Johnny's daughters...is this Sarah or Dawn Johnny?"

There's no way of knowing from a photograph but that looks like her sister behind her!"

"Surely she's just standing in front of one of the big mirrors."

"No, my other Daughter isn't shaking hands with the man she's talking to."

Harry looked at Joe and said, "Can you work that thing well enough to zoom in?"

Joe was steering Harry's PC screen from his small smart phone, suddenly the screen jumped to an extreme close-up of my daughter's abdomen and lower, there was a very definite camel-toe filling the screen and it was obvious that my daughter wasn't wearing any panties under her white leotard and because the picture was from a year ago the few hairs that could be seen through the thin material of her leotard were long and straggly. Joe moved the frame to the left and we could see that the daughter shaking Harry's hand was also holding her sister's hand as they stood back to back. Joe moved the frame up and focussed in on the other man, I didn't know his name but I recognised him from the day before, he was the man with his hand on Megan's shoulder while he was talking to Jenny, Megan's mother.

Harry looked at the blurry face and said, "That's Paul Gamble I think, he's looking after the hotel in Edinburgh next month."

The image on the screen shrank back down to normal size and Joe started stepping through several dozen pictures, my girls popped up every so often, they were always standing close to each other as they talked to various men but as Joe flicked through the photographs, the thing that interested me more was the date and time stamp on each picture and what was going on in the back ground. I saw Joe chatting to Elle at seven-thirty, at seven-fifty Joe left the studio through a fire exit with his arm over Elle's shoulder and he didn't return for an hour and Elle looked like she'd been through a very thorough work out. I also noticed Paul Gamble with Megan, well I noticed Paul Gamble with lots of different girls trying to get them to go into the wardrobe room with him and I recognised that he pushed Megan in front of him as he finally succeeded. I never saw them leave the wardrobe room in the series of pictures.

I'd seen Sarah or Dawn talking to about twenty men throughout the series of photographs from that evening a year ago and they both seemed to be having a whale of a time going from man to man together and from the looks on my daughter's faces the men were flirting.

The screen suddenly changed, the small skinny thirteen year old girls all dressed in white and photographed by an amateur from a distance suddenly changed to a bright red silk dress, it was Elle and the dress looked like an exaggerated cocktail dress, the front had a seriously plunging neckline that stopped just below her bellybutton and the left hand side was split up to above her hip. The side split actually went higher than the bottom of the front slit.

Harry said, Ahh...your very beautiful friend Elle Serdifield in her Miss Saigon costume from the end of term recital. The picture changed again, this time Elle was doing a high kick with her left leg, Joe didn't need to zoom in to see Elle's pussy hair as it was peeking out from the side of the red silk slit of her costume.

I was a little confused, I'd seen the Miss Saigon dance and Elle was dressed in a far more conservatibe dance costume so I said, "I saw the recital twice on Saturday and Elle wasn't dressed like that in either of the versions of Miss Saigon that I saw!"

Joe looked at me with a thoughtful look on his face, "No, after the dress rehearsal they had to repair the dress, so it was decided that Elle could only wear it for the final show. The problem was that the dress was designed to have that flesh toned mesh holding everything together but Elle couldn't do the high kick that she had choreographed into the dance so she had the wardrobe mistress take the mesh out but that made the dress very fragile."

Once again I found myself fighting an erection and although Harry was pretending to be concentrating on the pictures on his screen he was watching my reaction to all the pictures, he could see the way my body reacted to several men flirting with my daughters when they were just thirteen years old and I saw a smile cross his face at my lower discomfort.

Harry had seen enough of the way that I reacted and he called a halt to the slideshow from Joe's smart phone. I left Harry's factory at eleven o'clock, my next appointment was with an Italian called Tony Strachey, I had no idea what he wanted to see me for because he had no factories in the UK but someone had given him my contact details at a European sales exposition and he'd contacted my office for an appointment, the office manager had pencilled the meeting into my electronic diary. I would be meeting Tony in a back street trattoria in Northampton at twelve thirty so I had ninety minutes to kill, well, with the drive to Northampton, say sixty minutes.

As I walked to my car I phoned Vicky, "Hi baby, I've got an hour to kill and a raging hard-on, what you doing?"

"Hi darling, I'm just playing by the halt, are you in Kettering?"

"Yes, I'm on my way to Northampton."

"Well, pick me up from the country park's car park on your way through, we can play at home and I'll get my lunch and then go back out for my 'Walk!' after you're finished with me."

When I arrived at the car park Vicky was in a passionate embrace with a man, her hand down his trousers and she was wanking off while she was waiting for me.

Vicky jumped in the car with me and as she kissed me her hand went straight to my cock, "Mmmmm, and what brought this up?"

As I drove home I explained what had happened in my morning meeting with Harry and meeting Elle's boyfriend Joe for the first time. "By the way, Joe is arranging the transport for the Scottish trip and he mentioned that he hadn't seen our permission slip for Sarah and Dawn to go on the trip yet."

"No, I forgot all about it, I've had a lot on my mind recently," Vicky went suddenly quiet, she was deep in thought as we drove up onto our drive and once in the kitchen, as Vicky was pulling her dress off over her head she said from under the pile of Indian cotton that made up her dress, "Did you use your phone while you were with Harry or Joe?"

"No, I used their cloud and WiFi to send the contracts and orders through."

Vicky took my phone out of my pocket and searched through the contacts list for Harry's mobile number, she pressed the call button and as she waited for Harry to pick up she was taking my trousers off. My cock was in her hand when she said, "Oh hi, is that Harry Blake? ... I'm Vicky, Johnny Clarke's wife and I'm trying to find my husband because the dozy sod has left his phone at home, has he been to see you yet? ... Oh, okay, I'm sorry to have bothered you."

Harry stopped Vicky hanging up the call and she pressed the speaker phone button and popped the phone on the kitchen table as she pushed me onto the chair at the side of the table. "Vicky, are you still there?"

Vicky eased her cunt over the head of my cock and sank down, "Still here Mr Blake."

"I don't know if you remember but we met about a year ago when our consortium bought your village dance studio from Madam Christine!"

"No, sorry I don't remember you."

"I was talking to a group of girls about lowering the price of each class to try and encourage more girls to learn to dance as well as the ballet class learning more forms of dance, I'm sure your daughter was in that group."

"Ahhh, I remember you now, both of my daughters were in the group you were talking to."

"Good, good...well, the thing is, I'm arranging tickets to shows and restaurants in Edinburgh for the dance schools students and I need a final number of students going on the trip and I'm sure that your daughters said that they wanted to go on the trip but we haven't received their permission slips yet."

Vicky was fucking me slowly as she was talking to Harry.

"I'm a little unsure if I'm honest with you, as I understand it, you have two dance teachers and one volunteer going on the trip with thirty students."

"Yes, that's right; it's a minimum requirement for our insurance, one adult to every ten students."

"But it looks to me like it's three men going on the trip and most of the students are girls so I'm not sure that I'd be entirely happy with my daughters going on the trip, I think Megan's mother has already refused Megan permission to go!"

"I thought that you were happy to have male dance teachers looking after your daughters!"

"Oh I am, my daughters have come on leaps and bounds under the new teaching regime but the girls are only in class for two hours and then they come home to me. I don't question the new teaching set up one bit, my daughters feel very much happier with Paul Strickland than they were with Madam Christine because Paul lets them invent their own dance routines and pick their own dance costumes for their shows but I'm just not happy for my daughters to spend four days away from home with only three men to look after them!"

"Vicky, can I come round sometime soon to have a chat with you, see if I can find some way to put your mind at ease?"

I was right on the edge of my orgasm, I couldn't believe that my wife was doing all the work to bring me off but she didn't show any of that effort in her voice as she spoke to Harry.

"What are you doing for dinner this evening Mr Blake?"

"Since my wife left me last year I'm usually free for dinner most evenings but if I'm going to come for dinner this evening you have to start calling me Harry!"

Vicky had her hand over my mouth to stop the little noises I was making as I closed in on my orgasm and she smiled at me and raised her eyebrows twice.

"Right Harry, that's a deal, I'll see you here at seven o'clock this evening, do you need my address?"

"No, I have a copy of the student directory, I'll see you at seven this evening Vicky."

I tipped over the edge just as Vicky closed the call down and then she used the last dregs of my cock's vitality to pound out her own climax. The kitchen door opened and Clare Serdifield looked in, she apologised for just opening the door like that, Vicky was still riding me as she said, "Don't be silly Clare, come in and put the kettle on while I just finish myself off here!"

"I was a little worried when I saw you walk away from the Halt so early. I thought one of the pratts had upset you!"

"No, just got a call from Johnny because he was feeling horny after seeing the way your daughter was dressed for the Miss Saigon dance."

"I preferred the dress with the mesh inserts but she would have had difficulty performing such an expressive dance with the mesh holding the dress closed off. And talking about Elle, can I be a little cheeky?"

"Sure, what do you need?"

"My old man's going off to London for the night after he's only been home for two days from his stag weekend so I was hoping to go and see a 'Friend'..." Clare winked at Vicky, "...up in Derbyshire, he has a room in a five star hotel on business expenses with a king size bed that he's feeling lost in all on his own!"

Vicky butted in to stop Clare going on about her plan, "What do you need darling, Elle to come over here for a sleepover tonight?"

Clare nodded her head enthusiastically. No problem, I've just invited one of the men from Midland Dance School to come over for dinner this evening but the more the merrier I guess!"

I eased Vicky off of my sleeping cock and headed for the shower, as I left the kitchen I heard Clare ask Vicky who was coming to dinner, "Harry Blake."

"Isn't he the one we mother's call Handy Harry because he's always touching we mothers up while they are waiting for the dance class to end."

I didn't hear Vicky's response because I'd reached the stairs but Vicky had stopped taking our girls to dance classes shortly after Midland Dance School took over...mainly because the girls insisted that they didn't need anyone taking them to dance class or bringing them home anymore. Vicky was happy for that because they had gone from two evenings of dance classes a week to four and sometimes five classes a week.

I took a quick shower and headed out to my lunchtime meeting with Tony. I asked the maitre D' for Tony Strachey's table and got a real shock when Tony turned out to be Toni, a thirty something female, pretty as a peach and dressed in the latest fashions. The fact that the restaurant was called Strachey's Trattoria had passed me by, Toni had picked the restaurant as our meeting place because it was owned by a family member.

"My very good friend Mr Harry Blake had been telling me for some years that your products are far superior to the stock we buy from our Italian suppliers. My father built up the family business, the owner of our electrical component supplier went to school with my father but now my father is dead and his childhood friend has retired and sold his business off the quality and service has fallen through the floor."

"How did you manage to become friends with Harry Blake?" I asked with a chuckle in my voice.

"Harry and my father were in the same business, they met on many occasions at sales conventions and the like. Harry was at my christening, he knew my father years before I was born and Harry has visited my family's holiday villa in Tuscany every year since I was born and thirteen years ago Harry was at my own daughter's christening."

"Thirteen years ago, you don't look old enough to have a thirteen year old child!"

The waiter came to our table at that point, he had a large bowl of spaghetti, a small bowl of a spicy meat and tomato sauce and two plates. Toni moved one plate in front of me and the other in front of herself. She used the large serving spoons to drag a healthy portion of the pasta onto her own plate and two tablespoons full of the sauce which she placed on the side of her plate. Toni used her fork to swirl in her pasta, collecting a mouthful of pasta and drawing it through the sauce to coat it a little. I copied her and filled my mouth as she had.

I ate the pasta, emptied my mouth and said, "Well Toni, what would you like me to show you?"

Tony grinned at me, "My friend Harry said that you would make me laugh Johnny, he says how could a man named after a condom be anything but a comedian."

I smiled at Toni, "You asked me here to talk about your needs...your business needs!"

"I've been through Harry's brochures for your stock, all I need is how much discount I can expect on my order."

"Discount depends on quantity and frequency of order."

Toni took another mouthful of food and pushed a small booklet in front of me. I opened the booklet, she had written out my part number and quantity, I used my lap top to type in all the details of her monthly component needs.

As a part of the program I got a price for the components as well as a total weight for the load so that I would have an idea about the lorry size to tell my customer if I would be sending a small van or a forty ton lorry. I got a provisional price with a discount of twenty-five percent, when I put the factory address for the components to be delivered to, that discount dropped to twenty two percent but because the load was going into mainland Europe a message box opened up asking for transaction currency. "What currency will you be paying in?"

"I don't know, what would the difference be?"

"Well the pre discount price in Euros would be, one million, one hundred and thirty-four thousand, three hundred and forty-three Euros or a million pounds...dead!"

"I can give you a twenty-two percent discount if you're paying in sterling or a twenty percent discount if you would prefer to use Euros."

Toni didn't look fazed at all by my offer price, in fact she smiled at me.

"My father's friend was charging one point five million Euros a month for the same inventory but his stock was lower quality than the components that your company supplies, so I'd say we have a deal in whatever currency you would prefer."

Our standard contract is for settlement by the ninetieth day after delivery but if you pay within sixty days you get a half of one percent of extra discount, pay in thirty days and you get one percent of extra discount."

Toni signed the contract and asked me to deliver on the first Monday of the following month, she took out her tablet PC to deal with the bank account details so we could do a credit check on her and her company and as her tablet opened it opened with a screen saver of Harry in microscopically small swimming trunks with a rather large bulge in them. His left arm was over a young girl's shoulder and his right arm was over Toni's shoulder, both girls wearing ultra small, matching bikinis. Standing so closely together it looked more like a father with two daughters rather than a mother, father and a family friend.

I took an interest in the photograph, "What a lovely photograph, I love family photographs, do you have any more on your tablet?"

"Thank you, this is me...of course, my daughter Harriet and her Godfather who you already know."

Toni got her folder of pictures up and she began flicking through pictures, she stopped at a picture of her father and mother, her father looked to be in his mid to late fifties, he had a rather stark looking face with a massive nose, a typical Roman nose. Her mother on the other hand was a thirty something woman with a very pretty face, small button nose and a fat belly, she was obviously pregnant in the picture.

"Your mother looks blooming in that picture Toni, really happy."

"Yes, she was really happy, she was waiting for me to be born in that picture, my parents had almost given up hope of ever having a child, they had been trying for a child for seventeen years before I came along."

"Your mother only looks thirty years old in that picture, how old was she when they married?"

"My mother was thirteen years old when she married my father, they couldn't wait any longer, the minimum age to marry in Italy for girls is thirteen."

"Still?"

"Yrs of course still! My own daughter can now choose the man she will marry but she is having fun trying men out to find the perfect one."

Toni giggled again at the look on my face, she thought that I was disgusted that her daughter was having sex at such a young age, what she didn't realise was that I'd kind of worked out in my own mind that she wasn't biologically related to the man that she called father but more likely, that she was Harry's daughter and from the look of her own daughter, she was quite possibly Harry's child as well so Toni was more than likely Harriet's mother as well as her sister!

I used the link from my smart phone to my laptop to download all of the information and get a confirmation from my dispatch department and while I was waiting Toni ran through a lot more photographs on her tablet, a common theme from her earliest pictures was Harry visiting Italy, there must have been a picture of Harry and Toni from her first birthday party and every year until Toni was pregnant herself, pregnant and wearing her school uniform.

"Is there a picture of your...erm, partner, you know, Harriet's father?"

"No, Harriet's father was just a ship that passed in the night."

Toni blushed slightly as she told me that little fib.

My laptop pinged with a message for me from dispatch; I read it out and then turned to Toni.

"My dispatcher is wondering if you need the whole delivery in one go on the first Monday of the month or if it would make more sense to have two deliveries, half of the order on the Thursday before the first Monday and a second delivery on the Thursday before the third Monday?"

"Splitting the order over two deliveries makes a lot of sense but why the Thursday before and not the Monday?"

"The French don't allow freight to move on their roads on Saturday and Sunday, it will take close to twenty hours to make the trip by lorry so we would have to leave the UK on Thursday and pay two drivers to sleep in their trucks for two days before making the delivery. If they leave the UK on Monday, they can deliver on Thursday and be back home before the French close the roads to them."

"That makes a lot of sense to me, I can see that I'm going to enjoy our association over the next year at least, hopefully longer."

I was offered a sweet but turned it down as I still had two local calls to make before the end of the day. I got as far as my car before my telephone rang, our office manager was calling me, my new customer details had been brought to my boss's attention as we would need papers to export our equipment and a change to our insurance for our delivery vehicles to use European roads and when he realised that I'd just brought in thirteen million pounds worth of new business in one go, he had called my final two customers and was going to call on them himself so that I could have the rest of the day off.

I headed home and it crossed my mind that I could walk the triangle and watch my wife having a little fun but rather than park in the Country Park's car park, I'd go home and phone Vicky to see where she was on the trail.

I turned into my street and stopped dead, there was a classic Bristol Brigand parked outside my house, that type of car was as rare as hen's teeth so seeing one in a small village in a back street was unusual but seeing one with the registration mark of 'HB1' was a dead giveaway that Harry Blake was sitting in his car waiting for Vicky.

I reversed back around the corner and stopped again, I took out my mobile phone to call Vicky, but as I was calling her up from my contacts list my phone rang and Harry Blake's face filled my screen. I didn't answer him because I was supposed to have left my phone at home. I waited until the phone went to answer phone. I gave things a moment to clear before calling my wife.

Vicky answered her phone with "Hi darling, horny again so soon?"

I chuckled as I replied, "Actually I am a little, the man I had my lunch time meeting with turned out to be a woman and she looked like she could well be Harry Blake's daughter...and speaking of Harry Blake, where are you darling?"

"I'm just about to go up the steps from the riverside path and up to the railway, why?"

"I think that Harry Blake is here waiting for you to get home, his car is parked outside our house and he's just called my phone because he thinks you have it with you."

"Hummmm, he's probably called around early to try and fuck me into letting Sarah and Dawn go on the Edinburgh trip before you get home!"

"I think you're right, Don't go up onto the railway footpath, carry on along the river a little further, I'll come down the farm track at the side of the river and pick you up just after the dairy farm."

I drove about four miles to a point where the road crossed the river and then I followed the farm track at the side of the river until I saw Vicky. The first thing she did was take my mobile phone and she checked the message that Harry had left, we both listened to Harry asking if Vicky was there and then after a pause Harry said, "Hi Victoria, if you get this message I'm outside your house, I have until two o'clock, I just thought we could hammer out this issue over your daughters going on the trip to Scotland so that we don't have to discuss things in front of Sarah and Dawn."

Vicky looked at me and grinned, "I'll take this into the kitchen, you search for it in our bedroom if I'm up there, when you drop me off, give me ten minutes but if Harry wants to use sex to get me to let Sarah and Dawn go to Scotland, I'll open the bedroom windows and put some music on, if I do, then come in at any time."

I checked my watch as Vicky walked from the end of the road down to our house. I'd give them until one thirty and then go in and pretend to look for my work telephone. Harry jumped out of his car as Vicky approached our drive. Vicky feigned surprise at seeing Harry there, he greeted her with a hug and a kiss, I watched as Harry quickly checked to see if Vicky was wearing a bra by searching out any signs of a strap through her dress on her upper back and as soon as he was sure that there was no bra under her dress he searched out lower down to see if she was wearing any knickers and all that in the first ten seconds as he kissed her on her cheek in the street.

Harry had his arm over Vicky's shoulder as they walked along the drive, I looked down at my wrist watch, it had been just thirty seconds since Vicky had walked away from me and sixty seconds after that, I heard Hot Chocolates Love Songs CD playing softly and then our bedroom window opened and the music increased, Vicky leaned out of the window and looked in my direction, her dress was already missing and my wife had just flashed her tits to the street.

I got back in my car and drove round to the lane behind our house and went through the back garden and straight into the house through the back door, I called out Vicky's name before running up to my bedroom, I actually heard Harry say, "My God, it's Johnny...What can I do? Where can I go?"

Vicky giggled, "Just stay where you are, cover your head with the sheet if you don't want Johnny to see who you are."

I made a jump so it looked like I'd run up the stairs, I rushed into the bedroom, Vicky was on her back and Harry was lying still as a statue on top of her, Vicky 'Encouraged' him to keep fucking her, she was digging her heels into his buttocks, it was a good job that she wasn't wearing spurs or Harry would have jumped over the moon instead of jumping my wife.

"Your phone's in the kitchen, on the work surface next to the microwave darling."

"Thanks love."

I headed back to the door and Vicky cleared her throat. "What? No kiss before you go back to work!"

I went back to the side of the bed, Vicky lifted the sheet so I could fondle her breast as harry was fucking her. As I kissed my wife I palpated her breast and pinched her nipple, the back of my hand against Harry's naked chest as I was playing. I was back at the door again when Vicky remembered something important, "Johnny, Don't be late home tonight, Harry Blake's coming round for dinner so he can try and talk me into letting Sarah and Dawn go to Edinburgh with the dance school and Clare Serdifield has dumped Elle on us tonight so she can go and spend the night with her boyfriend up in Derbyshire.

"I'm going to struggle now that I had to come all the way home for my phone but I'll try."

I left the house but I didn't go back to my car, I hid in my tool shed where I'd see Harry leaving through the back door but he wouldn't see me. As soon as he stepped out of the house he looked up towards the bathroom window and his face split into a grin, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and as he walked down the side of my house he made a call, "Joe, how far have you got?"

There was a pause and then Harry said, "Look man, turn around, meet me at my house, I told Vicky that I'd forgotten that you were staying with me and I said that I'd have to take a rain-check on her dinner invitation...yes I did get a fuck, I banged her arse off, Johnny even walked in on us while I was banging her, she just covered my head and made me keep banging her while Johnny looked for his phone but Vicky isn't the reason that I called...Elle's going to be here as well, her mother is off on a booty call."

Harry was still talking to Joe as he jumped into his car and started the engine, the massive six litre V-eight engine rattled the windows and as Harry crushed the Axminister with his right foot the whine of the turbo kicked in and the massive classic twenty-four year old car jumped down the street.

I returned to the house and went upstairs to the bedroom, Vicky was in our bathroom in the shower, she was flushing her cunt through to get rid of Harry's spunk, "The old goat wouldn't use a rubber but he was worth the trouble of washing myself out, he's very good in bed, he loves to fuck and he's very good at it too."

I kissed her as she squirted water into her pussy, "Did you give in and agree to Sarah and Dawn going on the trip to Edinburgh with the dance school?"

"I did but on the proviso that I go along as chaperone!"

"Oh, okay, that sounds like it could be fun for you...by the way, Harry just phoned Joe and told him to head back to Kettering, sounded like he was more than half way to Cardiff."

"I thought Harry was spinning another line, as soon as I mentioned Elle, Harry's cock grew bigger in my cunt, he fucked me harder and he mentioned that Joe was stopping over at his house and that he'd forgotten all about it!"

I walked with Vicky back to the Country Park's car park and up to the halt warehouse. There were two housewives from our village in the clearing behind the old warehouse and four men, it looked a little like a bacchanalian orgy, two men fucking pussy and two feeding their cocks into mouths. I hung back a little and watched as Vicky approached the rutting group.

Vicky got one of the men performing oral sex on one of the other village women to herself and he started fucking her. Men came and left in ones and twos for the rest of the afternoon and I watched Vicky service three men. New arrivals would come to me and ask if I was next, they all thought that I was mad when I told them that I was just watching and didn't want to take part.

We headed home in time for the school bus, Elle was about to run home, Vicky stopped her but Elle wasn't happy, she had someone she needed to chat to on her PC.

"Elle, your mother isn't home, she's dropped your clothes off for you to sleep over at our house."

Elle was even less happy now that she realised that she couldn't go home to use her PC, Vicky looked over to me and then back to Elle, "Your mother has dropped off one of your dance costumes to wear while we have dinner because two of the owners of Midlands Dance School are coming to dinner at our house."

Elle suddenly stopped fretting and looked thoughtful for a moment, "Who's coming to dinner?"

"Harry Blake and Joe Evens I think!"

Elle's miserable face suddenly changed into a happy face and she stopped trying to rush off home.

Elle, Sarah and Dawn all wore their costumes from the Miss Saigon dance while Vicky wore a wrap-over dress, so much flesh on display! Vicky sat us around the dining table with me in the seat at the head of the table, Elle to my right, then Joe, Sarah was next and then Harry at the end of the table opposite me, Vicky sat Dawn next to Harry and then there was a gap and Vicky sat next to me. Harry had brought two, one and a half litre, bottles of wine as his contribution to the meal and Joe had bought in a diary rich sweet to eat after the meal.

Harry was pushing wine onto everyone, he had three litres of wine to drink between eight of us, I actually opened the wine so I'd seen that it was a very heavy, fourteen percent alcohol, wine so every one was going to be well oiled by the end of the meal.

Harry and Joe were flirting with Sarah, Dawn, Elle and Vicky all evening and at nine o'clock Harry stood up, he thanked Vicky for the meal and then he wobbled a little, "I think I've had a little too much to drink, are you fit to drive Joe?"

"God no, I've had far too much to drink, I'll pay for a taxi to take us to your place and I'll bring you back in the morning to get your car back."

I stood up and said, "I could take you to Harry's place guys!"

Elle had been very excited having Joe sitting next to her all evening, especially on her left so he was closest to the slash up the side of her dress. But people suggesting ways of taking her lover away from her started her looking miserable all of a sudden.

Vicky looked around the table and took in everyone's faces, "I don't think you could darling, you've had far too much to drink as well...I'm sure that we could fit everyone in, you could both stay here tonight and leave first thing after you've sobered up."

I looked around the table, Elle and Joe looked delighted, Harry looked happy as well.

I helped Sarah and Dawn get their beds pushed together so that Sarah, Elle and Dawn could all fit in together. Joe and Harry were going to sleep together in the guest room's three quarter bed, a tight fit for two large men.

Vicky took me to one side and said, "I think that thirty minutes after we go to bed, Elle and Harry are likely to swap places, if you don't want that you'd better sleep with the bedroom door open."

"What do you think?"

"I think that if Sarah and Dawn don't want Harry's attention, he won't do anything but they have both been lapping up all the flirting all evening long, I think that they would be disappointed if you stopped things."

I took Sarah and Dawn into the back garden, "Your mother thinks that Harry might try and get into bed with you girls so that Elle can sleep with Joe!"

Sarah jumped in, "Well, that would be fair, Elle is Joe's girlfriend after all!"

"So you think you would be happy if Harry got into bed with you Sarah even if your boyfriend is Ben?"

"Ben knows that...me and Dawn wouldn't mind sleeping with Harry, we both like Harry a lot!"

"So do you think that it would be better if you and Dawn just started out in bed with Harry and Elle with Joe instead of people sneaking around in the dark after your mother and I go to sleep?"

Sarah nodded her head; I just shrugged my shoulders, "Well, you know the rule, whatever Harry says, no condom, no play time!"

Sarah and Dawn ran through the kitchen, stopping only to take a box of ten condoms with them as they ran on into the living room, there was a whispered conversation between Sarah and Elle and all three of them rushed up to bed together. Vicky raised her eyebrows and her shoulders, and mouthed, 'Well?' I nodded my head and Vicky looked over at Joe and Harry who were both pretending to be far drunker that they actually were. "You two look terrible, you should have an early night as well or you still might not be fit to drive first thing!"

I followed the sounds of footsteps above my head, both men stopped at the door to the guest bedroom and then there was one set of footsteps carrying on to Sarah and Dawn's bedroom.

Vicky smiled at me, "Do you feel jealous that Sarah and Dawn are going to be fucked by a man who's the same age as you?"

"I don't know how I feel, the thing is, I love watching you having fun with other men, I guess that is because, after all we've been through, I believe that after the fun, no matter how good the man was, that you'd always come back to me and sleep in my bed with me, it's a little different with the girls, some day a man will come along and take them away forever."

"You mean men?"

"No, I'm sure that Sarah and Dawn will never leave each other, they will end up timesharing the same man."

"Come on, Come to bed and fuck me!"

We went to bed and as we passed the guest bedroom we could already hear Elle gasping through her orgasm. Elle was quite a noisy lover from the sounds of it. Sarah and Dawn hadn't actually bothered to close their bedroom door fully, their light was on and Dawn was naked and sitting up in the Bound Angel yoga position, watching her sister on her back being fucked rather energetically by Harry, Dawn was not only watching as her sister was being fucked, Dawn and Sarah were actually holding hands as well.

Vicky and I went to bed and I fucked her to the sound of four other people fucking. I listened to Harry climax, he like Elle was a noisy fucker, there was a short period of silence from Sarah and Dawn's bedroom and then the sound of fucking started up all over again.

Vicky encouraged me into her pussy, she didn't want to cum too quickly, she just wanted the closeness of our bodies rubbing over each other, Harry and Dawn finished, again, hardly a sound from our daughter but a very noisy climax from Harry.

Vicky whispered in my ear, I'm going to have to put a stop to things in Sarah and Dawn's room after he finishes his second fuck with Dawn, the girls have school in the morning...can I ask you to change places with Harry as I don't have school in the morning..." I climaxed the moment that Vicky asked me if I'd get into bed with my daughters, Vicky grinned at me and stopped talking momentarily as I flooded her cunt and then as soon as I stopped jerking through my orgasm she carried on, "... and I want another go with Harry, perhaps even with Joe as well before they go in the morning.

Vicky monitored the goings on in our daughter's bedroom and as soon as she was happy that Harry was running through his fourth orgasm she slipped out of bed and walked over to Sarah and Dawn's bedroom, "Right girls, you have school in the morning, I think that Harry should leave you girls alone now, he can come into my room and your father can get into bed with you two!"

Harry reluctantly dragged himself out of our daughter's bed as Sarah said, "Do we have to get dressed?"

"Not if you don't want too, it's too hot, anyway, your father isn't wearing any pyjamas!"

Vicky moved to our guest bedroom and knocked on the door, "Joe, it's just a suggestion but Elle has school in the morning, I think you should call it a day with her."

I was just walking into our daughter's bedroom as Joe slipped out of the guest bedroom with a massive lance of a cock standing out in front of him even though he'd climaxed at least six times. He grinned at Vicky, I may need a little help with this, me and Harry both took a Viagra tablet each before we came up to bed."

I turned off the light but didn't close the bedroom door as Vicky got into bed with Joe and Harry and the sounds of fucking started all over again, after I climbed into bed between Dawn and the bedroom door, a very naked Dawn clambered over my body, putting me between both of my daughters, even though it was very warm in the bedroom, both girls snuggled up to me and I had both of my daughters stroking my flaccid cock as they tried to get to sleep, fifteen minutes later, just as my daughters managed to raise my flagpole I heard the guest bedroom door open and Elle came padding into my daughter's bedroom and got into bed with us.

Dawn turned her back on me and cuddled with Elle as we all drifted off to sleep to the sound of two men fucking my wife and their mother...