**Girl Guide Camp**

by Isabella

I wasn't a girl guide but my best friend Elle Green was...she actually wanted to be a girl scout but her mother wouldn't allow her to join the scouts because they had mixed boys and girls in the same troop and Elle's mum didn't want her daughter to have any more contact with boys than she already had at school.

One Monday morning, Elle came into class with a triumphant grin on her face and brandishing a sheet of paper in her hand...actually, not just brandishing it, she was waving it in my face at the same time.

"What's that Elle?"

"That my dear Dawn...is my passport to a week of fun and freedom in the Welsh hills!"

I tried to take the letter off of her four times but each time I tried to catch it, she pulled it out of my reach. I finally managed to snatch the letter out of her hand and spread it out on my desk.

"This is an invitation to a week long Guide Camp in Wales in June...why are you so excited by that Elle?"

"Because it just happens to be the same week that my dad is playing in a golf tournament in Portugal!"

"And that makes it better...why?"

Elle rubbed her finger under a line of text that the guide troop needed a few mothers of the girls taking part in the camp to go along for the week to help out on the camp, "Because if my dad was at home that week, my mother would have probably volunteered to come on the camp to help out and keep out of dad's way."

"I don't think my mum would volunteer to go on a week long camp on a Welsh mountainside rather than stopping at home with my dad in the warm and dry!"

"Yes but my mum uses me being at home to stop my dad getting too frisky and if I'm out of the house and he's out of the country, she'll move one of her boyfriend's into the house for the week...she probably won't let him out of bed all week...I'm likely to just find a skeleton tied to her bed when I get back after my week."

"I still don't see the fun in sleeping in a tent in the rain on a Welsh mountainside with a dozen other girls for a week...I'd have thought that you would have enjoyed stopping your mother having fun for a week."

There was that grin again, Elle was up to something.

"So, come on Elle, fess up, what devious plan are you hatching?"

"Well darling Dawn...the first part of my Machiavellian is for you to stand in the doorway and warn me if the IT teacher is coming while I scan the letterhead into a computer, the second part of my plan is to get my mother to sign the consent form after I've told her that unfortunately it is the same week as the golf tournament in Quarteira but that it is a popular camp and that places on the bus will be restricted and that I'd stand a better chance of a place if she agrees to come along with me as a volunteer!"

I moved to the door shaking my head, "So, you want your mother to go with you on the guide camp to stop her having fun with her boyfriend?"

"Dawn...stop being stupid, I'd be crazy to stop her having a weeklong fuckfest, she'll be mellow for six months after that much sex!"

I stepped back into the classroom, "Mr. Benson is walking down the passage!"

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Elle jumped away from the scanner with her letter still on the scanner bed. She jumped into her seat at her workstation and told the computer to scan her document. A hand came through the open door and fingers snapped in my direction without a word. Mr Benson, one of the deputy heads of school, was asking me for proof that I was allowed in the room during break.

I walked to my workstation to my school bag and took my permission slip out of my bag, Elle snatched it out of my hand and she took both slips to the door to show them to Mr Benson. I couldn't believe my eyes, Mr Benson had to be ninety-five years old if he was a day and Elle was standing there flirting with him and he checked our permission slips over carefully.

When the scanner finished its scan, Elle's computer pinged to warn her that her scan had finished.

Elle had a massive grin on her face as she walked away from the door, "He can move quick for an old 'un...especially sporting such a big hard on."

"Where did he go?"

"Boy's toilet...don't think he'd dare go through the staffroom with a massive boner tenting his trousers out!"

I'd retrieved Elle's letter from the scanner as soon as Mr Benson left her side in the doorway and exchanged it with her for my permission slip.

"Right Dawn darling, back to lookout duties please while I'm up to no good."

"We still have to staple all the worksheets together before our IT lesson starts...why do I need to keep look out now?"

"Because I need to put the letterhead to good use, use the colour laser printer to print out a few letters, the letter telling my mother that I'd been offered a provisional space...dependant on the size of the coach that they can hire, and another letter with a different date telling my mother that I still have a place at the camp but only if I can find an alternative way to get there as they couldn't get a large enough coach!"

I grabbed all of the worksheets and sat by the open door with a stapler and began fastening the sheets together as quickly as I could. Elle seemed to be printing out ten letters on the colour laser printer, I could see from my seat that every letter had the fancy coloured Girl Guide letterhead.

"Elle...just how many letters are you printing for God's sake?"

"I need a few spare letters for insurance...to cover contingencies!"

Elle cleared her computer screen, then she collected her printouts and slipped them inside a large, hard backed book in her school bag before joining me at the classroom door, she gathered the eight sheets of paper that needed collating and passed them to me to staple together and place in a pile on the table nearest to the classroom door.

Elle looked unduly happy, happier than I'd seen her in a long while.

"Elle, why are you so happy...it's only a week long camp in Wales, not a beach holiday in the South of France...you'll be under canvas on a rainy hillside...I can't see the appeal!"

"That's because you don't have a master criminal mind like mine...I'll take the original letter to guides saying that I can't go on the camp, but I will give my mother the letter telling her that I have a provisional place if there is room on the bus, the reason my fiendish plan will work is because the letter says first come, first served and I'll tell my mother that I was the fifty-fifth guide to hand in my permission slip. I'll leave it a week, give me mum chance to organise her boyfriends to book a holiday from work and she'll buy her new underwear set to excite him. She'll have the choice, me stopping at home with her or her driving me to Wales to drop me off."

"I still can't see the fun in being under canvas on a wet and windy mountainside!"

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Elle ruffled my hair, "You can be really dense at times Dawn darling, I'm not planning on actually going to the guide camp for the week, I'm not planning on spending a week under canvas, I'm planning on spending the week under Paul, my boyfriend!"

Penny dropped, light bulb lit above my head and I let out a long drawn out "Ohhhhhhh!" I didn't know Elle's current boyfriend...hell, she changed her boyfriends more often than I changed my knickers so I'd actually stopped asking exactly who she was in love with this particular fifteen minutes.

I got an invitation to a sleepover at Fiona Jones' house...me and Fiona were friends and Fiona had done two sleepovers at my house the year before and I'd had one sleepover at hers. When I had a sleepover at my house, I usually invited three or four other girls to my sleepovers but Fiona usually only invited one girl to her sleepovers.

I was actually surprised to be invited to a sleepover in the current climate, I usually slept at one or other of my grandparents houses at least once a month but because they are old, I wasn't allowed to visit them during lockdown so I'd slept at home every night for three months...Really, I shouldn't have been invited to sleep over at Fiona's house yet as we were still in lockdown but it seemed to me that Fiona's mum had asked my mother to let me sleep over at their house...even though it was against the rules...that, or my mother was fed up of me being under her feet twenty-four seven.

I knew that my parents were very sexual, I heard them fucking at least four times a week but I got the feeling that they held themselves back if I was in the house...one thing that I did know, if I spent a night away from home, my mum and dad always looked more relaxed and the whole house smelled of sex when I got home again...even my bedroom smelled of sex after a sleepover.

On Saturday the thirtieth of May I was dropped off at Fiona's house in the middle of the afternoon. As at most sleepovers, Fiona and I spent most of our time in her bedroom...all that makeup, hair styling...trying on different clothes and dancing to music and singing into the hairbrush microphone. Alan, Fiona's father, kept checking up on us during the afternoon and every time he looked into her bedroom, he seemed to spend a lot of time trying to catch an inappropriate look up my dress or down my top.

"Why can't we close your bedroom door Fiona?"

"I had Mandy over one day and my dad caught us doing..."

"You mean Mandy Smith or Mandy Manish?" If Fiona had been doing something inappropriate enough for her parents to insist her bedroom door stopped open, it had to be Mandy Manish...Manish by name, manish by action.

Fiona was reluctant to confirm why her parents no longer trusted Fiona to be in her bedroom with one of her friends with the door closed but it was Mandy Manish and Mandy was half way through raping Fiona when her mother walked in on them and caught them in the act.

Fiona admitting that she had been caught having sex with our school's leading dyke had certainly changed the atmosphere in Fiona's bedroom and I was really glad when Alan called and asked if we'd like to go to the pizza shop. We actually drove past my house on our way into town...totally out of the way but I didn't question it. It wasn't actually dark but as we passed my house I did notice that my bedroom light was on as well as my parent's bedroom light but no other lights were on in the house and on the driveway, as well as my mum's and my dad's car, there was a third car crammed onto the driveway.

We picked up a pizza and a DVD to watch before bed, it was a rom-com film, okay for me and Fiona but I didn't think that it would suite her mum and dad. I noticed that Alan wasn't showing any interest at all in the film but he was watching me and Fiona like a hawk...at least Christine, Fiona's mum, seemed to enjoy Fiona's choice of film for our evening's entertainment.

When bedtime finally came around, we still weren't allowed to close Fiona's bedroom door and I almost got caught by Alan in the nude. I'd undressed and was just picking my nighty up out of my bag when I heard a tread on the stairs creak. Fiona was still naked but I managed to pull my nighty on over my head as Alan's face peered around her door frame. Fiona didn't seem the slightest bit bothered that her father was watching her and she got ready for bed...I think I would have pulled my nighty on first if I were Fiona but she was still naked when her mum and dad went into their bedroom.

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"Doesn't it embarrass you having your father seeing you naked like that?"

Fiona looked shocked, "Doesn't your father see you naked?"

"No...well, not like this, he may catch a glimpse of me but if he does, he turns his back on me so that I'm not embarrassed."

"Mind you...you do have something to hide...not like me, I'm flatter than most boys I see."

I turned Fiona's bedroom light off and jumped into bed at her side...Fiona, like me, had a double bed...just in case we had guests stop over, both Fiona and I would be expected to give up our bedroom and probably sleep on the sofa in the living room if we had family stop over.

As I climbed into bed I heard a familiar sound and laughed as I pulled the duvet over my shoulder, "What's so funny Dawn?"

"Your mum and dad!"

"What do you mean...my mum and dad?"

"Well, listen...they're fucking!"

"They...are...not!"

Now I was well aware that most teenagers can't believe that their parents have ever had sex, they all thought that they came about by immaculate conception or something...even hearing the gentle squeak of bedsprings, one squeak every two to three seconds still didn't convince Fiona that her parents were actually fucking but when they moved up to two squeaks a second and Christine was moaning gently, Fiona did realise that I was telling the truth.

Fiona turned her body towards me, her mouth right next to my ear, "Erm...Dawn..."

"What Fiona?"

"I was just wondering...have you ever had a sleepover with Mandy Manish?"

"No, we don't really have that much in common!"

"Erm...have you ever helped one of your friends out...your girl friends I mean?"

Alan and Christine were just reaching the tipping point, both of them were struggling to groan as silently as possible as they rocked through their orgasms.

"Do you mean with their homework or something a little more personal Fiona?"

Fiona kissed my ear with soft lips and her right hand reached out for my ribs and stroked up towards my left breast.

"I'm really turned on...you know, a sexy girl in bed with me and my mum and dad fucking for the first time in years...we could help each other...you know, get rid of that little itch!"

I could have played dumb but having Alan perving at me all afternoon and evening had turned me on a little, that and Fiona kissing my ear and neck as her hand gently brushed up under my left breast so instead of making her spell it out and tell me exactly what she wanted, I just reached over and put my hand on her pussy...her very bare pussy, her nighty was half way up her body, and she didn't have a single strand of pubic hair on it. I hooked my middle finger into her gash and found her clitoris. Fiona had an almost instant whimpering orgasm that I delivered to her for ten minutes before she started to reciprocate using her fingers in my pussy, my climax wasn't as controlled as hers though, I was a little bit noisier, fortunately, I'd already heard the alto snoring of Christine and the baritone snoring of Alan before I started making a noise.

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After Fiona was finally relaxed enough to fall asleep we stopped frigging each other with our fingers. I couldn't fall asleep though because Fiona was a very restless sleeper, she kicked the duvet off of herself and half uncovered me...just as I was pulling the duvet back up, Alan suddenly appeared in the bedroom doorway, he was on his tip-toes as I pulled the cover back over my body. I almost heard a whispered damned under Alan's breath as I covered my tits with the duvet. Fiona was easily seen though in the moonlit bedroom, she had her nighty up around her neck and her legs were wide open as she wriggled around on her back. Alan spent a long minute looking at Fiona's exposed pussy, I could see that all Alan was wearing out in the hallway was his underpants and as he looked at his daughter's pussy opening and closing as she kicked her legs about, his cock tented his underpants away from his body.

When Alan returned to his bedroom with Christine, the alto snoring was still going on but now it was accompanied by the sounds of bedsprings squeaking instead of the baritone sounds of her husband snoring. So, Allan was either fucking his sleeping wife or he was wanking himself off at her side!

The days rolled on getting closer to Elle's fake camping trip, I got regular updates from Elle on how far her fiendish plot had gone. On Thursday I went from school to dance class, there was a problem with the building so I ended up going straight home instead of doing an hour long dance class. I walked into the kitchen and heard my mum and dad talking in the dining room...nothing unusual in that but today's subject was unusual and quite startling.

"...what do you think of the letter John?"

"I never had any idea that our Dawn had any interest in Girl Guides but she must have spoken to someone, they are offering her a taster camp...they only have the place available because Elle Green's going and Sue Green is driving her to Wales on Saturday morning and bringing them back next week."

That was a bit of shocking news to me, Elle hadn't mentioned anything about including me in her lie and I couldn't understand why she wanted me there if her plan was to have a week long shag session with her boyfriend.

My dad said, "It's all a bit...short notice though, isn't it? We only have two days to get everything ready for Dawn if she's going to this camp thing!"

I heard my mother chuckle, "It may be short notice but I've already arranged a party for Saturday night...and another for Sunday!"

"Oh great, so who do I get to play with on Saturday?"

"On Saturday it's Mary Green and her brother John...Mary's husband, Tom, is going to the golf tournament in Portugal with Alan Jones and Sunday it's Ben and Christine Cooper."

"Oh great, I love Mary's lovely big tits... Christine's a bit flat chested but she makes up for that with her willingness to get as dirty as hell, she loves no holds bared sex."

My mum said, "It's been an age since we've been able to have more than one swingers party in a month!"

"Yes, that's because we had to stop organising them when Dawn started to grow up, she was starting to be targeted by some of the men who like very young girls and it gets harder and harder to get Dawn to agree to stop with my parents and the sleepovers have all but dried up as she's got older."

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My mind slipped back to when I was younger, my parents used to have a dinner party once a week, it was always three couples, me and my parents around the dinner table, I never knew any of the other people at those dinner parties and now that I look back on it, my parents never seemed to know much about the other three couples either, most of the talk over dinner was eight adults getting to know each other. As a nine year old girl, I was almost totally ignored...well, that was, until I turned ten years old and I was given boobs for my birthday...just small bumps at first, hardly showing through my T-shirt but the men that came to our house for dinner parties started talking to me. And as my titty bumps grew over a few weeks, the men were talking to me more, asking if I had a boyfriend, asking what I liked to do at our dinner parties.

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I remembered back to the last dinner party my parent's had, I thought that I'd done or said something wrong because I was sent to bed before the pudding was served. One of the men asked for a goodnight and another asked if I'd like him to tuck me in and read me a story but my dad cut him off and climbed the stairs with me.

In that house the only toilet we had in our house was in the upstairs bathroom which was opposite my bedroom door and as I was going through my door, my father told me to make sure that I locked my bedroom door and I was told not to unlock it until it was light outside. I'd thought back then that I'd dreamed that during the night I had been woken by someone knocking at my bedroom door but I'd just ignored the voice asking me to open my door and gone back to sleep.

We had moved house within weeks of that last dinner party, moved from Kettering town centre to a small village a few miles away from town...in my ten year old brain, I'd added two and two together and come up with, there are fewer people in our small village, a far smaller pool of people for my parents to make friends with but at the same time, my father had changed jobs as well as houses. I also considered that my father's old job might have called for him to entertain strangers or customers of his old company, he was in the sales team of Kettering Plastics but now he was an engineer at Gamble and Butler Engineering in Corby so he probably didn't have to entertain people as part of his job.

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I was brought back from the past by my mother gasping, "You're being a little rough for that hole darling!"

I stopped in my tracks, my hand was on the handle to the dining room door.

"Oh, I'm sorry darling, but it went in so easily this time, I didn't need any lubricant...didn't even have to spit on the head of my cock to get in you, I just forgot myself for a moment!"

My hand dropped away from the door handle, I'd imagined that my parents were just sitting at the dining table having an afternoon cup of tea and a slice of cake but suddenly I wasn't so sure. I hadn't been deliberately quiet on my way to the dining room door...it had just turned out that way but now, I actually went onto the tips of my toes, moved quickly back in the kitchen to the serving hatch. I didn't have to open the hatch, the two doors had a gap where they didn't quite meet in the middle so I could look through into the dining room without my parents knowing that I was there.

My hand shot to my mouth to hold back my gasp, they weren't sitting at the dining table, far from it, they were at the table but mum was face down on the table, her hips against the edge of the table with her legs dangling down, she wasn't naked but not far from it, her dress was gathered at the back of her head and she had no bra or knickers on under it. My dad had his trousers around his ankles and he appeared to be inserting his plug into my mother's socket, but, it looked like he was plugging his AC plug into her DC socket, it looked totally wrong to me.

"Well, I've lined up the first two couples so you'd better get your little black book out and whistle up a couple for Monday evening."

I wanted to storm into my parents and tell them that that the holiday was just a lie cooked up by Elle but the sudden news that my parents were swingers and that they had a sex party every time I slept away from home stopped me in my tracks...that and the fact that my dad was pushing mud uphill in the dining room.

'Okay', I thought, 'I'll wait until tomorrow morning and pin Elle to the wall by her throat and shake it out of her...find out why I'd been added into her evil plot!'

My mother gave a groan of pleasure as my dad obviously hit the right note, she groaned out, "When do you think that we can get back to our weekly dinner parties?"

"I think that Dawn's old enough to understand now, we should broach the subject to her after the guide camp."

"You know that the men will start hitting on her again!"

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"Yes but I could easily invite more men than women to the parties, that way, if Dawn actually does want to take part, there won't be any women missing out!"

My mum said, "Do you think she'll have sex at the guide camp?"

"Well, Mandy Manish is going on the camp so there is every chance that she'll be hit on by Mandy, it might encourage Dawn to look for a boy to focus on rather than Mandy."

Mum giggled, "There won't be any boys in a five mile radius of that camp, the feminatzies will have every male in sight hanging from lamp posts."

"I'm not sure that we should let her go now...I don't want Dawn to try sex with a girl before she's tried it with a boy!"

"Well, when Alan Jones brought Dawn home last week, Alan told me during our little kiss and cuddle that Dawn and Fiona looked after each other in the night so I think that bus has left the station already!"

I was so thrown off balance by everything that was going on and what I'd heard that I really wasn't thinking straight or I would have realised that Elle had me included in her plan right from that first day when she printed out ten letters on Girl Guide headed notepaper because we hadn't had the freedom to print anything in the IT lab since that first day. The IT teacher always chose different students every lesson to help get the room ready so Elle and I only got alone time in the lab every fifteen weeks, so twice or three times a year.

On Friday morning I hit Elle like a storm, she held her hands up in surrender and apologised for not telling me in advance that she had sent my parents the fake letter from the guides.

"That's all very well and good Elle but why did you include me in your mad scheme?"

"I'm sorry Dawn but my boyfriend's best friend fancies you and he insisted that I bring you along with me for the week...I knew that you would just say no if I asked you so I needed to get your parents excited about having the house to themselves for a week...once they got the idea that they could have a few parties in a short time, I knew that they would do the job of convincing you to come with me...by the way, when was your last period?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Well, we need to know if we need condoms or not...it could get a bit expensive buying enough condoms for a whole week!"

"I finished my period on Tuesday of this week!"

"Oh goody, we don't need any condoms then!"

'PARTY' popped into my head, Elle, I was so mad at Elle that I'd let the comment wash over my head.

"Elle, how did you know that my parents were planning a series of parties next week?"

Elle grinned at me, "My mum and her boyfriend will be going to the party on Sunday, even my Uncle John will be there I think but I don't think that his wife will be going too...I understand that some swinger's parties can have up to three men to every woman...sounds delicious to me!"

There was no real issue over what I'd need to pack in my large rucksack, socks, underwear, walking boots and trainers, enough tops for a week, shorts, skirts, dresses or trousers of my choice for the week, a waterproof coat and a sleeping bag...all of which I already owned so it was just a case of folding everything neatly and packing it carefully. I packed the trainers because they were lighter than the walking boots, and anyway, we were being taken to Ross on Wye by Elle's mother where we'd meet up with the rest of the Kettering Girl Guides for a five mile hike to the camp site in Wales.

My dad took me to Elle's house, as my dad pulled off the drive, my mother was out on the drive moving her car over so that it's right hand side was right on the edge of the right hand side of the drive, I guessed that when my dad returned without me from Elle's house, he would reverse onto the drive with his left hand side as close to my mother's car as possible to leave room for one or two other cars in the drive in front of theirs.

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I was dropped off at Elle's house, her mother was already waiting in her car, impatient to get on the road to Ross on Wye as early as possible, Elle was in the front passenger seat and I was in the back.

Elle's head suddenly spun, "Mum...stop...I think that was Uncle John...he's probably going to our house!"

"No darling, I don't think it was...your Uncle John's going on the same golf trip as your father and the rest of the golf club members, he'll be on the plane to Portugal by now!"

Elle's mum wasn't any kind of sedate lady driver, as soon as we got off the village roads, she put her foot down and took her BMW up to warp factor six, passing almost everything on the roads. We pretty much had motorway style roads for ninety percent of the journey. We passed the bus with the banner in the window for Elle's guide troop, we were touching eighty miles an hour, the bus was struggling to get to fifty. Elle's mum whispered, "Damned it, it'll take that bloody bus another forty minutes at least..." she was muttering and mumbling about having to wait in Ross on Wye until the bus got there, "...I'll have to find a pay and display car park...I'll never find anywhere free to wait!"

I saw Elle just biding her time, waiting to jump in, waiting for the optimal moment of depression to reach her mother, "Mum, it won't be a problem, there will be other guide troops in Ross on Wye, every town in Northamptonshire is sending a bus...just find one that has just arrived and dump me and Dawn on one of their leaders, ask them if we can just stand with them until the rest of our troop arrive!"

The speed of Elle's mum's recovery was almost a miracle...she went from depression to elation in ten seconds flat. I guessed that our timing was no accident, I'm sure that Elle had timed our arrival to the minute to be half an hour ahead of her troop's arrival in the town.

We were dropped off at the back of the bus from Wellingborough, the volunteer wasn't happy to keep an eye on us even for twenty to thirty minutes...there was some kind of safeguarding rule that said there had to be one adult to a number of under eighteens, it looked like a ratio of about one adult to ten girls.

When the Kettering bus finally arrived Elle thanked the woman for looking after us, picked up her back pack and we started walking down the street towards the bus. I suddenly stopped in my tracks, "Elle...Elle, look over there, I've seen that guy before...it was a few years ago but he was definitely at one of my parent's dinner parties...probably the last one we ever had before my dad changed his job and we moved into your village."

Elle stopped as well, she looked where I was pointing, the man was just walking towards a campervan that was parked outside the Sainsbury's store.

Elle gasped, "You know, I think you're right, I've seen him around at school during a job's fair, I think he's something to do with Gamble and Butler Engineering in Corby...could even be one of the bosses, could even be Mr. Gamble or Mr. Butler...Let's go and say hello to him!"

"Elle, we can't just go up to a stranger in a car park!"

"Oh come on Dawn...what do you think the odds are of driving eighty miles and bump into someo0ne from our own area...it's an omen!"

I let Elle pull me into Sainsbury's car park and I was muttering, "Sixty million people in the country so that's thirty million to one because there are two of us, multiply that by the number of towns, say fifty thousand towns that's..."

I was stopped mid ramble by Elle marching up to the man and saying, "Hello...I think I know you...are you Mr. Butler from the Corby Area?"

He said, "You have me confused with my business partner darling..." I gasped at the sound of his voice, I already had that wave pattern in my memory files but in my filing system, that voice had asked me if I had a boyfriend yet...asked me if I'd like a boyfriend...asked me if I'd like him to read me a story when I was told by my mother that it was bedtime. "...I'm Paul Gamble from Kettering!"

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That caused me another gasp, Paul Gamble was my father's boss.

As Elle and Paul Gamble talked we'd been walking down the side of the campervan from the back towards the front, Paul opened the sliding side door and he offered Elle his hand. I was sure that he was looking to shake her hand but instead, El;le slipped her shoulder out of the strap of her rucksack and she handed it to him, he threw it into the back of the van and said, "Hop in darling!"

'Paul' echoed in my head, I remembered Elle saying that her boyfriend's name was Paul and I knew that he must be old enough to drive but I'd placed him at seventeen or eighteen years old, not older than our parents, Paul Gamble had to be at least ten years older than both of my parents!

He held out his hand to me as well, I realised from the position of his hand that he was asking for my rucksack, not offering me his hand to shake. As Paul took my rucksack off of my shoulder, Elle was climbing into the back of the van, my rucksack was thrown onto the floor next to Elle's bag and I was about to climb into the back after her.

"Not you Dawn darling, you're riding up front!"

Paul opened the front passenger door and I looked in, the driver was Fiona Jones' father, Alan!

"Hi Mr Jones, I thought that you were at the golf tournament in Portugal today!"

Alan laughed at me, "No darling, the golf tournament is as much a fiction as you and Elle going to a Girl Guide camp this week!"

I did a third gasp in the last two minutes and I clambered up into the front seat of the campervan.

I went to fasten the seatbelt over my shoulder in the left hand side seat but Alan told me to move over to the middle seat so that I'd be close enough for him to touch my leg.

The campervan was a Volkswagen Large Transporter, l lot bigger than the usual VW campervan or micro bus. It was actually over six feet wide, I looked into the back when I heard a loud clang from behind me. The van had two single beds, one on each side of the van by the rear doors, they were used as seats while in transit with a six foot long table standing between the two seats. The clang was Paul Gamble dropping one of the two table legs. I watched as the second leg was pulled away from the underside of the table and the table's top was slid down between the two single beds.

Alan called over his shoulder, "Hold tight you guys, I'm about to set off!"

Alan slipped the van into first gear and then he slipped his hand onto my thigh as the van rolled slowly forward. I looked at his hand as it slipped under the bottom hem of my dress and then I looked back at Elle and Paul. They were pulling the long cushions that made up the back rests of the bench seats and slotting them between the beds on top of the table...they were actually making a large double bed, it was over six foot wide by six foot long.

Before we were out of the shop's car park, Elle was naked and slinking onto the bed while Paul was pulling his trousers down. The campervan had clear windows all round the sides and back, anyone could have looked in and seen what they were doing, just like me!

As Paul dug his cock into Elle, she gasped and giggled, her legs lifted and she hooked her heels over his buttocks and started to dig her heels in as if she were riding a horse wearing spurs, rather than being barefoot.

Alan changed into fourth gear and his hand returned to my leg, easing my dress out of the way, exposing the crotch of my knickers.

We didn't drive far, just as far as the first service station on the road back to the Midlands. Alan pulled off the road and into the service station's car park, he closed the curtains around the front window and then slipped between my seat and his own to get into the back of the campervan. He closed all the other curtains as he pulled me behind him, I was looking for another bed but the campervan was just a two birth, no other beds available.

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I was actually extremely excited, Alan had been tickling my pussy through my knickers for ten minutes and had taken me close to several orgasm's through my knickers so by the time we stopped I was ready to let him fuck me.

"Erm Alan...where is the other bed?"

Alan looked over his shoulder at me and smiled, "For the next seven days, me and Paul are sharing everything...the cost, the cooking, the driving, the bed and the girl!" and then Alan winked at me and pulled me onto the bed with Paul and Elle.

Alan stripped me totally naked but like Paul, all Alan did was pull his trousers down, he threw me on the bed at Elle's side. I hit the bed with my legs wide open...waiting for the inevitable onslaught.

Alan was kneeling between my legs, rubbing his cock to full erection and taking careful aim but then he stopped, "Are you a virgin Dawn?"

"No...one of Elle's boyfriends wanted sex with her last year but she was on her period and didn't want to let him so she pushed me into looking after him for her."

"Oh...I see, and how old was Elle's boyfriend last year?"

"He was fourteen years old!"

As I said the boys age, Allan was just rubbing his cockhead up and down my gash, "Well, I hope that boy did a good job of taking your virginity, I'd never get your blood stains out of the mattress and that would cost me my deposit!"

'Deposit!' was punctuated by Alan forcing his bodyweight into his cock and on into my body. I shrieked in pain, I wasn't a virgin but the only boy that had put his cock in me was a year ago and his cock was as big as Alan's little finger.

Alan only got to ram into me three times before he drenched my cunt in his spunk but then that was all he was after, he just needed to empty his balls before the long drive back to our village. Alan jumped off of me and he pulled his trousers up, "When you've cleaned yourself up Dawn, come and join me up front again."

I pushed my upper body up and propped myself up on my elbows, Paul and Elle were still fucking like rabbits...well, apart from they were face to face and rabbits do it...well rabbit style. I looked between my legs, Alan had only rammed my pussy three...four times at the most but he'd left my pussy gaping wide open and now there was a trail of slime rolling towards the outside world. After I had got over my amazement at the quick assault on my cunt by a man a good ten years older than my parents, I looked around, the stream of slime rolling towards my pussy lips was turning into a bit of a torrent.

"Is there a towel or any tissues so I can clean myself up?"

Paul said, "I have something here that you can use to clean yourself up."

I looked at Paul as he reached behind himself, he prised Elle's feet away from his buttocks and he backed his cock out of her to much complaint from Elle. Paul grabbed Elle's shoulder and he turned her onto her face before wrapping her hair around his hand and picking her head up off the bed and, using her hair as a leash, he pulled her face around and pushed her mouth down on my pussy.

I wasn't a stranger to girl on girl action, I'd spent a happy hour the previous week with my fingers swimming inside Alan's daughter Fiona's pussy and her fingers in mine but I'd never felt a tongue lapping at my cunt before, neither a girl's tongue nor a boy's.

Once Elle got into her stride licking between my legs, she was giving me million volt shocks of pleasure and then Paul twisted both of her arms behind her back, forcing her face even harder against my pussy. Elle was on her knees and Paul used her arms behind her back to increase the force he could use as he fucked her from behind...really doing it like rabbits now.

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We were in that position for fifteen minutes before Elle managed to pull her mouth away from my pussy, "She's all clean now...can we get back to fucking properly now?"

I rolled out from under Elle and I pulled my dress back on, I didn't bother putting my bra on or my knickers...with any luck, Alan would need another fuck before we got to wherever we were going.

Alan had to open the curtains around the cab so he could see to drive but he had left all of the other curtains in the back of the van closed.

I shimmied between the driver's seat and the passenger's seats, landed on the cold vinyl with my bare arse exposed because my dress had slipped out from under me.

"Alan, can I ask you something please?"

"Sure darling, what do you want to know?"

"Why the hell did we drive over a hundred miles from Kettering to Ross on Wye this morning...only to drive the same one hundred and twelve miles back to Kettering this afternoon?"

We had to be sure that neither of your mothers would want to pop over and take you out for a coffee if they started to miss you...that and it was a fortuitous coincidence that the combined Northamptonshire Girl Guides were on manoeuvres in Wales for the same week that we were free to play."

Alan was struggling to get the campervan up to sixty miles an hour, their power train didn't seem up to dragging the camper body on modern motorways.

"Dawn darling...can I ask you something?"

I looked over at him and smiled, just as a Spanish truck was driving past, the driver of the truck looked in as I smiled at Alan and the driver thought that I was smiling at him, he waved back at me and he tooted his horn. It must have looked to the driver that it was a grandfather and his granddaughter driving in the campervan.

I giggled at the trucker's reaction...the truck had been doing ten miles an hour better than us but once he was past us, he slowed to our speed and was sitting just ahead of us on the motorway.

Alan said, "He must have thought his luck was in...you smiling at him like that as he drove past us...I'll bet you a fiver that he pulls into the next services expecting us to follow him!"

"I think that you're sex mad Alan...not everyone is up to it you know...now, what question did you want to ask me?"

"Is your grandmother on your mother's side Ivy Porter from Coniston Road in Kettering?"

I nodded my head but reinforced my answer by saying, "Yes, she is, why?"

"Supplementary question?"

"Go on then!"

"Do you have any religious or moral objections to incest?"

"Never thought about it really but I don't think so...why?"

"Well, the thing is...I could actually be your real grandfather...that is, if your mother was born in January, nineteen eighty six."

Mum was born in January, nineteen eighty six but my grandfather is Mark Porter."

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Alan looked over at me and smiled and then he shook his head, "The thing is Dawn, Mark has been a 'Jaffa' all of his life!"

"What's a Jaffa?"

"It's a seedless variety of orange, have you never wondered why your uncles and aunties all look totally different and that your mother is the only ginger haired one...ginger haired like me! When I was twelve and my mother had to go into hospital to have my sister Mary, Ivy Porter offered to put me up for a few days and I ended up being there for two weeks...I ended up fucking your gran at least once a day, every day for that fortnight. The thing is, my sister was born on the 27th of March, nineteen eighty five...I've done the maths, that's two hundred and eighty days...almost to the day. And, because I was living with Ivy for more than two weeks, she hadn't been able to go with her usual collection of boyfriends...it was Easter holidays from school as well so I never left her side, that's the reason that she let me fuck her, just because she was going out of her mind with the frustration!"

Well, now that was something for me to think about...I caught my reflection in the rear view mirror, I had to keep my ginger hair really short because it was so wiry that if I let it grow, it would look like a ginger version of a Dandy-lion seed head ready to take flight. I only had to move slightly to see both my face and Alan's face in the same mirror...even our hair styles were similar, it looked like an older and younger picture of the same person!

"Can I ask you another question please Alan?"

"You can ask me anything darling."

"Did you ever screw my mother...say, fourteen years ago?"

Alan chuckled, "I went to a 'Dinner Party' an your parent's house once a month...you must know that your folks are committed swingers, I came to lots of swinging evenings at your house when you were younger but yes, I was at the party fucking your mother on Saturday, the first of April, two thousand and six...and, yes, I've done those maths as well, I was in your mother's belly the month that she fell pregnant with you but the certainty of my being your father is less positive, your mother had sex with around thirty men or possibly, even more during that month, I have no idea just how many of those men were gingers like me!"

Fucking hell...so, Alan had fucked my grandmother, my mother and now me, three generations of the same family, screwed by one man...I could try to deny it but just looking at my face right next to Alan's would be enough proof for most people that Alan was probably my father...I certainly didn't look anything like my father and that was for sure.

"You owe me a fiver!"

"What...sorry Alan, what did you say?"

Alan gestured with his head towards the front of the vehicle. I followed his eyes and saw the truck in front of us was indicating to turn left into the next service station.

"Dawn, you know that you were so tight that I could only last a few seconds in your tight pussy..." I nodded my head, "...well, the thing is, that trucker looked very interested in you, a Latino like him could be quite an education for a young girl like you and even if he's a lousy lover, he'll help stretch you out for our next fuck so that I can last long enough to at least give you an orgasm next time! I've got a box of condoms to keep you safe. What do you think, want to give him a try?"

I smiled at Alan and nodded my head.

Alan leaned back and shouted, "I'm popping out for a coffee, want to stretch your legs, you guys?"

Paul called back, "No thanks, just close the curtains before you go."

Alan pulled across the back of the truck and then he carefully reversed into the parking space at the side of the truck to put me on the same side of the campervan as the driver of the truck.

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Alan grinned at me and said, "Open your door and just flash your arse a little and say, 'shall I close the curtains grandpa?' just loud enough for the trucker to hear you!"

I did my party piece and Alan said, "Please darling, your sister is still sleeping in the back."

I watched as Alan took three condoms out of the box and popped them into the breast pocket of his white polo shirt, the thin material of the shirt left nothing to the imagination, you could even read the condom's manufacturer's name through the pocket...just faintly but it was there to see if you looked hard enough.

Alan looped his arm over my shoulder and instead of leading me towards the building about five hundred yards away, he guided me towards the back of the campervan and a small wooded fringe between the car park and the motorway beyond, it wasn't a thick area of bushes, just enough to take the sting out of the traffic noise to help truck drivers to get to sleep during busy times.

I heard the truck's door open and then close, I went to look back but Alan whispered, "Don't look back...do you think that you could manage a little pee?"

I gave him a confused look.

"I want him to have an excuse to see your pussy and the condoms in my pocket, you need to sprinkle a little water on the mud for me...if you can that is!"

I let Alan lead me to a point that was as far out of sight of the road or the car park as I could possibly get. I was fretting a little and Alan whispered again, "It's okay, he followed us, he's just a few feet behind me. Now, lift your dress up above your waist, show me your goodies and then open your legs as wide as possible and squat and take a pee!"

My legs were so wide open that I had to hold onto Alan to stop myself falling onto my arse!

I'd just started the flow as a voice whispered behind Alan, "La ni ña es muy hermosa, ¿c ómo se llama?"

Alan said, "Se llama Dawn, es mi nieta."

I looked up, the Spanish trucker was at Alan's side, he looked from me to Alan and his eye was caught by the row of three condoms in Alan's pocket, he said in faltering English, "May I have pleasure of your granddaughter?"

I was still holding onto Alan's waist and still peeing, this was no little pee, I was doing the full flow. I watched the Spaniard pluck a condom out of Alan's pocket and he casually opened the wrapper as well as his trousers, I watched as he rolled the condom down his cock.

I sized him up, his cock was longer but thinner than Alan's and now that I'd seen it I was in a real hurry to try and stop peeing. The trucker was in a hurry too, I was still peeing when he pulled my dress off over my head, he handed my dress to Alan and then he pulled me to my feet while I was still in full flow. He turned me to face Alan full on and he pushed me forward, Alan didn't waste the opportunity, his fly was open and as the trucker fucked me through the flow of piss, Alan fed his cock into my mouth and I sucked his cock a little clumsily as I was fucked from behind, my piss going all over the place...Alan would definitely need to change his trousers once we got back to the campervan...it was just a good thing that he was wearing black joggers with his white polo shirt.

There was another whispered comment from the trucker, "The girl is very tight...I won't last..." and there was the groan as he filled the condom.

Alan hadn't come close to shooting me in my mouth, the condom was discarded and my dress returned to my body and Alan and I followed the trucker out of the woods. He jumped into his truck and let out of the car park like his arse was on fire, he obviously had some time to make up.

We walked past the campervan to the café where Alan ordered two cups of coffee, he turned to me and said, "Do you like chocolate milkshakes?"

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"I love them but they're like a trillion calories, my arse would turn into a hippo-bum if I drank a milkshake."

"How about Elle, does she like them?"

"Same as me, she would love one but she wouldn't want to take on that many calories!"

Alan caught the sales assistant's eye, "Can I have two full fat chocolate milkshakes please...with extra chocolate?"

"Are you trying to turn me and Elle into elephants?"

Alan looked around to see if anyone was close enough to hear us and then he whispered, "You won't need to worry about calories this week, between us, Paul and I will fuck those extra calories out of both of you before you go home next week."

That caused me to giggle, the large chocolate milkshake had so many calories in it that I'd have to run fifteen miles to get rid of it all, that was a whole lot of shagging.

I carried the milkshakes and Alan the coffees, I got more than a few wolf-whistles on the walk from the café to the campervan. I couldn't believe how many men would whistle at a thirteen year old girl who looked to all intense and purposes like she was out with her grandfather...wait a minute, Alan thinks he is my grandfather, so it could well be grandfather and granddaughter out for a walk.

Elle and Paul stopped fucking for a tea break, I'd never thought of myself as an exhibitionist but before I joined the totally naked Elle, the trouserless Paul and the fully dressed Alan on the bed, I pulled my dress off so that I, like Elle, was totally naked. We all sat on the bed drinking, Elle's legs were in the lotus position, pussy stretched wide open, her insides looked red and angry from over an hour of fucking but surprisingly, there wasn't a spot of semen inside her. Alan had climaxed in just three or four thrusts in my body, the trucker climaxed in five or six minutes but his juice was captured inside a condom so I was amazed that after an hour's solid fucking, Paul still hadn't climaxed.

I sat opposite Elle, mirroring her lotus position, our knees almost touching, Elle looked down at my pussy, "Hey, your pussy looks looser than it did when I was cleaning you up earlier, did you and Alan have a little fuck al-fresco while you were fetching the drinks?"

I had to relay the story of the Spanish trucker and the fact that he wouldn't wait until I'd finished my piss and he'd insisted on fucking me while I was mid stream. Paul grinned as I laid out my story and then he turned to Alan and said, "Better make the bed up properly before you start part two of your fuck with Dawn, especially if it is going to start getting messy!"

Paul took over driving with Elle sitting up front with him, Alan made the bed before Paul pulled out of the car park, he started off with a thick rubber sheet, on top of that there was a lamb's wool mattress protector and then a bottom sheet. There was also a duvet but that was rolled into a tube, a long sausage that was lining the junction between the rear doors and the bed, just to keep it out of the way.

Alan stripped himself totally for his second bite at my cherry, it was so much nicer to have sex with a naked man than a partially dressed one. From the few stabs that got Alan off in me the first time around because I was so tight inside, Alan was making up for it this time, he even kept stopping himself to cool his balls down so that he could give me the most pleasure, the most orgasms and the most fun possible.

We fucked for at least thirty minutes as Paul drove the van at its fastest speed down the motorways and dual carriageways, he called over his shoulder, "Alan, we're coming into Northampton, have you filled her yet...Elle's thursty again!"

I looked to the front of the van, Elle's body was curled over the gap between the two front seats, she had obviously been sucking Paul's cock as he drove along but he still hadn't spurted off yet. Alan put extra speed and power into fucking me until he finally filled my cunt for the second time. As soon as he rolled away from me Elle ran through the van to jump between my legs and start to eat Alan's cream out of my pussy again. I'd thought the first time she'd done it, it was just because Paul was forcing her to do it, I'd been friends will Elle for more years than I could remember, I knew that she liked sex...no, strike that, Elle loved sex and had done for at least three years but I never had an inkling of just how much she loved eating man cream out of another girl's pussy.

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Elle actually gave me more orgasms while eating Alan's spunk than he'd given me with his cock!

We slowed to a crawl and Alan got dressed, we were going to have lunch, just a fast food thing, the restaurant had a car park that the camper van could get into and Alan and Paul fetched our food and brought it back to me and Elle, still both totally naked. Alan and Paul stripped off and joined Elle and me on the bed again and we had a chicken and chips picnic on the bed in the car park.

By four o'clock in the afternoon, we were parked on my street, just a little short of the end of my drive.

I said, "Why the hell are we parked here?"

Alan grinned at me and said, "Just be patient my little 'Fuck-bunny', all will be revealed!"

I spotted my mum and dad in the living room window, they were looking out, my dad was wearing shorts and my mother her silk kimono. I'd tried that kimono on a few times...it was unbelievably sexy and sensual wearing it with nothing at all under it, I felt a shudder running through my body just seeing her standing in it and realising that she was naked under it...mind you, I was naked as well.

Elle's mum and her Uncle John walked down the road towards the campervan, they were holding hands like teenaged lovers as they walked along swinging their hands back and forth.

Elle giggled, "Look at my mum, does she look mellower than she did this morning?"

I watched her for a few minutes, "She looks a lot mellower now than she did four hours ago."

"She and John have probably been fucking non stop since she got home!"

I returned my attention to my living room window, my parents spotted Elle's mum and her uncle, my dad rushed for the front door and I watched as my mum dropped her dressing gown on the floor and waited patiently for John to reach the front door. The two John's shook hands in the doorway, my dad gestured for John to go into the living room where my mother threw her arms around his neck and they started kissing up a storm as my mother helped John to undress.

Neither my father nor Mary Green entered the living room but my bedroom light turned on after thirty seconds. So that was why my bedroom sometimes smelled musky after I'd been on a sleepover and it explained the reason that I had a double bed rather than a single.

My dad moved to the windows to close the curtains but he was pulled back towards my bed by a very naked Mary Green.

My attention was suddenly drawn to the living room, the light had just gone off and moments later, my parent's bedroom light turned on. My mother didn't even try to close her curtains, she was just pulled down onto her bed by Elle's uncle.

I turned to Alan and started to play with his cock, "It's really boring to just sit looking up at two bedroom windows, can't we play a little while we're here?"

Paul took his mobile phone out of his pocket, "We're just waiting for this..." he turned his phone for me to read, it was a web chat room for swinging couples in the UK, Paul sorted through the message string to get the first message in the chain, "...here, read these!"

Message one read: 'Kettering couple, swinging tonight, both women are looking for double penetration...ideally seeking well endowed black men to satisfy fantasy!'

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Then there was a string of messages back and forth, the men were both Africans and during the message exchange, I read how big their cocks were, how long, how fat and what they liked doing. They were called Ken and Abraham...well, nor quite but Ken and Abraham were the Anglicised versions of their names.

Message twenty-five read: 'Ken and Abraham, enroute, be at your address in twenty minutes...'

Message twenty-six read: 'Just pull onto the drive behind the BMW and the Vauxhall GrandlandX...I'll come down and let you in!"

Paul looked at the message string, that message was fifteen minutes ago, so only around five minutes left to wait.

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The campervan was lit up by headlights, a ratty old Ford Mondeo car, it slowed to a crawl and I saw the driver lean forward, he was checking the cars out on our drive...anyone who wasn't expecting them would have assumed that they were looking to steal one of our cars from our drive.

I watched the driver make his mind up that he was in the right place, he looked at our campervan, realised that there was nowhere out on the road that he could park, so he heaved the steering wheel, it looked like a lot of hard work to turn the broad tyres at slow speed, obviously no power steering in such an old car.

As the Mondeo climbed the ramp up to our drive, its headlights flashed up to the bedroom windows, I saw my dad extricate himself from Elle's mother's arms, he walked to my window and looked out, he watched the two large black men clamber out of the old Ford, they weren't fat, they were just huge, six foot six inches tall at least and they had shoulders as wide as a toilet block, my dad opened the bedroom window, "You guys 'Ken and Abraham?"

"There was a "Yeh-man!"

"The front door's open, come straight up!"

I watched the two black me go into the house, they turned the stair's lights on and I watched as they climbed the stairs, they were taking their shirts off. My dad met them at my bedroom door, I saw him talking to both men as they bent over to take their trousers off, I saw my dad make his choice of which black man joined him and Mary in my bedroom and which went through to my mum and Mary's brother.

I saw my dad get back on the bed on his back and Mary sat on top of them with her back to him, then the black man climbed on top of Mary and stuck his massive black cock in her cunt. Because of the added height of my dad being at the bottom of the heap, I could see all of the black man and what he was doing to Elle's mum.

Paul said, "Pity we don't have one of those drone things with a video camera on it, we could fly it up to the bedrooms and get a close up look at Vicky getting fucked by the African..." Paul then looked at me, "...What do you think about Elle's dad Dawn?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, would you like him to fuck you?"

I looked at Elle and grinned at her, "It'd be fun to try it with him but how, he's supposed to be in Portugal!"

"Him and all of his mates will be looking for whores in an hour's time, I know the owner of the brothel that they always use when they're hiding from their wives!"

I did that look, the 'And...that information is important why?' kind of a look.

Paul looked at Alan and they exchanged stupid grins, 'The thing is darling...I could get you a seat in the brothel, get you there just before Elle's father turns up...what do you think the chances are of Tom Green going into a whore house...sees you sitting there waiting for a customer and not choosing you?"

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My turn to give the stupid grin face, "Well, Tom always flirts with me whenever he sees me...mind you, he flirts with girls from nine to ninety but he does seem to like me a lot!"

"So, what do you say? Are you willing to sit in the lounge of a brothel for a few minutes, just before Tom Green turns up and pull a trick with him?"

I looked at Elle and grinned, "What about you, would it freak you out if I did it with your dad?"

Paul answered for her, "Elle loves having sex with all men, every man...she's even spent an evening working at the whore house once, just to prove to me that whatever I asked her to do she was willing to do it...just to please me."

I giggled, "Elle...you whore!"

She just poked her tongue out at me, "It was a blast, I was only in there for an hour!"

"So...you've been in the same brothel that your dad uses?"

Elle nodded her head enthusiastically, "I only sat in their waiting room for an hour, ten men looked at me and touched my body but only one wanted a flat chested girl like me...I wanted to stop longer than the hour but Paul just wanted me to prove to him that I was willing to do anything he asked me to...no matter what it was!"

Alan drove into Kettering, we went into a small industrial area and into the car park of a building that just said that it was a factory shop...but not what kind of factory or what the factory shop sold. The back of the car park was against the back yard walls of a row of terraced houses that were built in the early nineteen hundreds when all the houses in a town were built for factory workers and only had a brick covered back yard, rather than a garden, just thirty feet long by ten feet wide. Two of those houses had extensions built in the back yard that reached all the way to the factory's car park. One of those two houses actually had a back door that opened out into the car park.

Alan drove up to the back door to the house in the next street, he parked across four parking spaces with the sliding side door directly opposite the back door.

Paul jumped out of the campingvan, stepped across the two foot wide gap between the van and the door, then he rang the doorbell. I saw Paul look up and smile, I looked above his head, there was a wall bracket above the door with four CCTV cameras mounted on it, one that Paul was grinning at and three that were pointing strategically at various points of the car park.

The door popped open and Paul was just about to step inside when Elle called after him, "Can I work an hour as well?"

Paul smiled at her and he gestured with his head for Elle to follow him.

I gasped, "What if her dad walks in and sees her?"

Alan shrugged his shoulder, "Unlikely, Elle will be popular tonight, I'm sure that she won't spend much time in the waiting room before she lands a punter!"

Paul returned with a very sexy, very frothy, nightdress, "Here Dawn, pop this on and come in, Tom's just phoned up, he's five minutes away now."

I took my dress off and pulled the nightdress on, Paul pulled me through the double house that had been converted into a top class brothel, Elle was walking down the passageway with a customer, leading him to a bedroom. Paul opened the door next to the one Elle had just gone into, "This is the room that you'll use with Tom!"

"Erm, why are there six seats around the bed?"

"That's the training room they use it when they want to teach new girls how a professional worker looks after a customer!"

"Oh wow, a whore school as well as a whore house!"

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As Paul led me into the waiting room, he said, "When you get home, do me a favour, try and talk Alan's daughter Fiona into coming out to play with me...that girl's far to pretty to waste on lesbians...she needs training before her thing with girl's is too engrained!"

I didn't believe myself but I nodded enthusiastically...Fiona deserved to have as much fun as I was having right now!

I sat on the sofa next to another girl of a similar age to me, there were six young women, all younger than my mother but nowhere close to being teenagers.

The doorbell sounded and a large bald headed man went and opened it, I heard, "Hi, Tom Green and party of six!"

I saw six local men walk in, Tom Green looked around the room, his expression was that of disinterest until he saw me and the other young girl, "I'll take both of them!" while pointing at me and the girl sitting next to me.

I actually led the way to the room with the six seats, me and the other girl were pushed onto the bed and Tom started stripping. Another man undressed as well, he was the father of another of the girls from my school but she wasn't in my circle of friends so I didn't know her very well, just recognised her father from picking her up after school.

Tom fucked me and he put on an extremely energetic show for the four men who were sitting around the bed watching us fuck.

I heard the door of the next room open and close, I heard a man say, "Fucking hell girl, you were fantastic, I recognised Elle's giggle passing my door and two minutes later the door opened and closed again and the man in the next room said, "Just how old are you...anyway?"

Elle disguised her voice and said that she was eleven years old.

Because Elle was so flat chested, she could pass for eleven years old easily...that and the fact that she had started denuding her pussy two years ago so she really did look younger.

Elle was leading her customer back to the waiting room as her father was panting through his orgasm, filling the condom he was wearing as he fucked me.

I thought it was all over but as Tom ripped his condom off of his cock, he said, "Right, now, who's next in Dawn...come on, don't be shy, you all know her father...you've all fucked her mother...now come and see if fucking Dawn is anything like fucking Vicky…"