**Summer's Day at the Waterpark**

- by Alvo Torelli

**The Man:**

The first time she walked by the office, at the base of the long climb to the Big Splash, I did a double take. I pegged her for thirteen, then upped that to fourteen or possibly even fifteen based on her curvaceous body and amazing, perfect breasts. Not just budding promises of breasts - real orbs of warm pliant flesh in the softest and smoothest of flesh. But a second look at her young, innocent face and I revised my estimate all the way down to twelve-years-old at the oldest - no matter the maturity of her stunning body. What a gorgeous, youthful face. I was mesmerized watching her tight round ass, in a cute blue bikini, as she sashayed up the first flight of stairs and out of sight. It seemed certain she had no idea just how amazingly sexual and alluring she was.

It was nearly thirty minutes before she passed by again, in a small gaggle of laughing girls. I only noticed the other girls to the extent to which they solidified my previous hypothesis that my new beauty was younger than her body would suggest. And I overheard one of the gaggle say her name - Summer. Summer. What a perfect name for a perfect girl.

Thirty minutes later and there she was again, passing my window, unaware of the thrill she imparted to every part of me. Those eyelashes! The high cheekbones. The distinctive upturned nose. The soft, perfect skin that reflected the summer sun with a warm glow. The dip at the top of exquisite, small lips. A smattering of freckles across the sweetest of faces. No braces - just perfect pearly teeth that nearly blinded you when she smiled. That way she covered her mouth with her fingers when she giggled. The perfect orbs hidden, barely, in the top of her tight blue bikini. The cleft in the snug wet fabric between her thighs. (What father, or mother for that matter, would let a girl this hot out into the world in nothing but a skimpy bikini?) I shook my head in wonder, but I didn't miss a moment of her sweet body as she began to climb the long stairway back up to the top of our biggest attraction - the Big Splash.

Forty minutes later she passed again, and again I was shaken to my core. The lines were getting longer, as they did every day - especially when it was hot. There weren't a whole of lot of other entertainments in our area in the summer, in the heat. At least not legal entertainments. The water park was a gold mine financially. But to me it was even more of a gold mine due to the easy access to all the beautiful youth of the county.

I followed gorgeous Summer up the many stairs, contemplating her perfection with every upward step until she hit the end of the long line of patrons waiting for their turn to plunge down the swirling waters of the Big Splash. With reluctance I pushed on past her, and past all of the other waiting swimmers, to take a turn at the top as a lifeguard - controlling the flow of excited people as they jumped, one after another, into the swirling, cooling, roaring water-chute.

I watched Summer approaching my station, infinitely slowly but inexorably getting nearer and nearer with each howling patron who plunged into the water to be swept down the first curving chute and into the tunnel. I could feel the heat of her beauty, stronger than the July sun, increasing with every step closer. Her hair, drying quickly, shone brightly as she pulled it forward and ran her thin fingers through it. She tossed her head to whip the long blonde tresses behind her again and I nearly fainted. Her tinkling laugh, at the awkward joke of a preteen boy, floated over the crowded line of guests.

There was a man in his thirties several places behind Summer in line, with a child of five or six in tow, a cute little girl in a one-piece yellow bathing suit plastered with some Disney Princess. But daddy only had eyes for Summer. He was entranced by her innocent beauty and ripe young body. He stared openly at her lovely breasts, admiring the substantial amount of pillowy flesh that was not covered by her flimsy blue bikini. 'Cad!' I thought, 'Leering, nasty masher!' Jealousy wracked me. I wanted to strike him, be the avenging angel and rescuing hero. But I controlled myself. And then a nice idea formed itself in the front of my mind. Hmm. Yes, I could pull that off.

When Summer was nine or ten back in line, close enough to hear me over the rushing water, I started up a teasing, flirtatious conversation with the children in front of her. Did they know about the secret passageways in the tunnels of the Big Splash? Had they heard the rumors of guests disappearing on their way down, guests who were gone for hours. Why couldn't any of the victims remember what happened? Had any of the children met any of the hapless abductees? Did they think it was aliens, or sea monsters, or mad scientists? The children all laughed and hooted, but many of them looked about nervously, or held a daddy's hand a bit tighter, before they took the plunge into the swirling slide.

"What about you, Miss," I asked Summer as she stepped up and sat at the edge of the slide, preparing to throw herself into the raging, cool waters yet again. "Aren't you afraid a secret passage might open up and swallow you whole? You're just the kind of beautiful girl the monsters might like. Here, let me check your stamp."

Summer's eyes flared and her cheeks went red at the suggestion she was beautiful. She put out her hand, tentatively, so that I could verify the stamp on the back that proved she was old enough to be on the slides without a guardian. From behind her we both heard one of her flat-chested friends snidely say, "good thing it was your twelfth birthday last week Summer. It would be awful to have to bring your daddy up the slide!" Several of her friends gave out a peal of laughter and gorgeous Summer bit her lip with anxiety, but she forced a sweet, nervous giggle. And that's when I took her perfect hand in mine and held it for a moment, long enough for a pulse of magic to give off a spark and send a chill up her arm and into her beautiful body. She gasped and I let go. But then she giggled again, for real, and leapt into the rushing water, picking up speed as she plunged around the first curve and into the darkness of the spiral tunnel.

I sighed, then I gave my lifeguard position back to the young man who was supposed to be on duty and headed back to the office. I smiled, ready to enjoy the afternoon's entertainment.

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**Summer:**

Goodness gracious, I love the thrill of sliding down the huge water slide. I love the water rushing around me. I love the way it sweeps you from side to side, out of control and then pitches you into darkness in the tunnel where you can't see if the curves are left or right or even straight down. Around and around, never quite certain what's next and knowing you can't stop it or change your direction! And then, at the end you shoot out of the tube and fall, screaming and happy the final ten feet into the big pool of pretty blue water, with a Big Splash. It's wonderful.

I just wish there was some way to climb up to the top of the line in something less revealing that this awful bikini! Why did daddy get it for my birthday? Isn't twelve a little young to be wandering around showing so much of my body off, especially when all the other girls are so much prettier and they don't have these huge breasts that they wish they could hide. Why did I have to be the one who developed so soon - it's embarrassing, especially in this bikini! It just doesn't seem right.

Ooh, now I have to get out of the pool again. Sienna's waving to me. Telling me to hurry, as usual. She's so bossy. Just 'cause her daddy owns that car dealership. But I'm not being fair to her, she's my best friend and if it wasn't for her I doubt anyone would look at me twice - except for all the boys who keep trying to look down my shirt at school now that I have these awful breasts. They don't care about me, they're just disgusting. Oh stop thinking that way. They're just boys, they can't help it. But I do hate it when they look at me. I know they're all thinking they wish it was Sienna, or maybe Beth or Courtney who'd gotten breasts first. Those three are all so much prettier than me. I wonder if Sienna really likes me or just wants me around because all the boys want to ogle my breasts. I'd give anything if I could give them to her. That would make her happy.

Maybe Sienna will want to take a break now and I can cover up with a towel. That would be great. But first I have to walk past all these people. Why is that man staring at me? He watched me all the way by. Did I do something stupid? Should I look over my shoulder and see if he's still looking at me? Oh my god, he is. Why is he staring at my ass? Do I have something on my butt? Oh! I bet he thinks I'm hideous.

Wait, now that man is staring at me too - the one holding that little girl's hand. Is there something wrong with me? I don't see anything. Oh please, let me get to my towel. What's wrong with how I look? Am I walking funny. Oh god, I almost tripped. Did they see that? Oh, they're still staring.

Sienna! No, no, I don't want to walk through all those people again. Why can't I ever say no to her? Oh my god, both of those men are still looking at me! Why did that one bite his lip like that? Why are his eyes so wide? What does he want!? Is there something wrong with this awful suit? Is there something in my hair? God, it's so creepy. Oh no, the line's even longer now. We're going to have to stand here forever, and both of those men are right behind us. And now there's another man staring at me, and another one, with his little boy. They're all staring at me! I don't know what I did. Why? Oh god.

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**The Man:**

I stepped out of the office as Summer walked by yet again, in the middle of her small group of pretty friends. I followed, enjoying the sight of her but enjoying just as much the way every father she passed looked up to stare at her fine form. And the daddies were not just watching, some were starting to follow her. The line to the Big Splash increased quickly as fathers either abandoned their little ones or dragged them into line, wanting to be as close as they could get to the beauty of Summer. Soon there were four or five adult men jockeying for position in line to get a better view of the gorgeous child.

Again and again Summer glanced over her shoulder to see if the fathers were still ogling her. Blushing, she tried to get her friends to check out the strange behavior, but none of them would pay any attention. I saw her looking about, frantically, for anything to hide her beautiful form from the lecherous stares, but there was nowhere to hide and nothing to use - she was completely exposed on the long winding steps up to the Big Splash, vulnerable to every ogling eye. With each passing minute her anxiety grew. How could she know that the more unsure and vulnerable she felt, the more attractive she would be to the gang of daddies who pressed forward to get a better look at her?

Eventually she worked her way to the top of the queue, ready for her turn to leap into the swirling cool waters. The bored teenage lifeguard hardly seemed to notice her, nor did he pay any attention to the ring of men crowding the platform to watch her. But when he finally, lazily, waved her on, Summer was almost too filled with apprehension to take the leap. She hesitated, and the crowd moved closer, then she pushed off and was swirled away into the torrent before disappearing into the long dark tunnel.

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**Summer:**

Could there be something wrong with all these men? No, no, they're all grown-ups. I'm sure it has to be me. But why doesn't anybody else seems to notice? What is it about me that makes them stare like that? What terrible thing did I do? Is it my suit? I don't understand! They just stare and stare. I'll get out of the water now - maybe they'll all go away if I just hang out on the lawn.

Where did Sienna go? Oh god, no, now there's a another one coming this way. The way they keep staring is awful! OH! God, it's even worse out here in the open.

I think it's my suit. There's something wrong with it! I'm-I'm going to have to take the top off. But I don't know. I can't do that, c-can I? Oh why did I have such big breasts so early? But the way they keep staring at my suit - getting rid of it must be what I have to do. Then they'll stop. Besides, no one else is looking, so it's just these men. No one else is noticing anything at all. Where did Sienna go? I could ask her if I should, but... Oh, god, oh, I guess...

My goodness! I think my breasts look even bigger with my top off. They seem huge now. And it didn't work! All five of them - they're still staring. Why are my nipples so hot and hard? God, they're standing closer. I can't stand not knowing what I'm doing that's so awful. Please, why doesn't one or you just tell me?! Surely I don't have to take off the rest of my suit. Please no. That would be so wrong, so naughty, so frightening. But it must be that - why else would they stare at me like that. They're all around me. Oh please, oh please. Fine! Fine, I'll take them off, just stop it!

Oh my god! I can't believe it. It didn't help, they're all still staring. And they're closer. And all around. No, no, there's another one coming, with a little girl holding his hand. It doesn't matter where I turn, they can all see me! What do they want? Please! Tell me what I'm doing wrong!

Is there something wrong with my nipples? Are they ugly or gross? My breasts are too big, that's it. The men don't like the way they bob up and down as I move. When I lift them up they seem okay to me, but maybe I don't understand. And my nipples are so hard. It feels so good when I touch them, but maybe I'm doing it wrong. Oh god, that's it, isn't it? I'm doing things wrong. I'm doing everything wrong. I guess I have to let this man show me the right way to touch my nipples and hold my breasts. And that man too. But no, that would be so naughty! I shouldn't be a naughty girl. I'm not, I'm not, but I have to let them show me the right way to touch me. I'm doing everything wrong!

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**The Man:**

Six men, all fathers, circled close around beautiful Summer on the patch of deep green lawn. Her incredible twelve-year-old body was naked and she turned from man to man, with a look of desperate anguish. Two little girls and a little boy wandered off from their fathers, bored but completely oblivious to the plight of the preteen - just like everyone else in the crowded, noisy water park. Everyone except myself.

As the first man, trembling and wide eyed, touched the gorgeous girl's perfect mellon-sized breast, she shivered from head to toe. Another man, from behind, cupped her other breast. She turned, this way and that, letting all of the men grope and massage her orbs, then pinch and lightly twist diamond-hard nipples. She bit her lip and a moan escaped her throat - the low growl of a confused, trapped animal.

But all the groping and tweaking wasn't helping her. The anguish on her face only increased. And when all the men took a step back from her, she could be heard pleading, "please, please, tell me!"

The daddies all pushed their swim trunks to the ground and stepped out of them.

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**Summer:**

Oh god, I'm still doing something wrong. They just keep staring! Why won't someone please tell me, explain to me? And now all their cocks are pointing at me, like single eyes boring into my soul. Why do they seem so angry? What terrible thing did I do? What part of me is so hideous?

Should I try to appease them? I don't know how. I might make things worse, but I can't stand this constant silent reproach. I have to do something. If only they would explain my mistakes, but no, no, I'll have to just figure it out on my own. But what if I do it wrong?

I'll try that one first - it's the smallest. But how? I guess, down on my knees maybe? Okay, sure. But, but, now I can't! It's scary. I didn't know they were so big. They're huge. I don't think I can really touch it. It's such a naughty, nasty thing to do. But the men are still glaring at me. Touching it is the only thing I can think of! Will I make things even worse if I do this, if I'm a nasty, naughty girl and reach out to take it in my hands? Oh god, I don't know, I don't ...

Ooh! It's warm, it's hot. And it's throbbing. I didn't know it would be like that. I can feel the hot blood pulsing. He gasped when I touched it, but he's still staring - all of them are. I'm still doing something wrong! Maybe it's because my hand's are too small, or too cold, or too warm! Oh please! If I'm so awful, just tell me, tell me how to do it right. Am I stroking it too fast, or too slow? Please? Too hard? Too soft? Are my little hands too rough? No, no, no, they're still just staring. I'm doing it wrong. I have to do better. Maybe I have to do more. Oh god, but I couldn't do that!

Really, really, I can't do that. Only a slut or a nasty whore would do that! And there are so many of them - all around me. Would I have to do it to all of them? But obviously I'm still not doing things right. I've tried so hard, and I don't understand. They won't tell me! But, but, I have to try. I have to. I have to fix this, so they won't look at me that way. Oh god, oh god, I can't, I can't, but I have to! Oh god...

Oh, oh, oh, I don't like the way it tastes! Oooh. Why does it have to be so big? There's so much of it to lick. And there's all that nasty hair down at the base - I don't like it. And they're still staring! I have to lick harder, and faster. Is it working? Is he still staring? Oh god, it's not enough. I'll lick all the way down there, those dangly sacs. And stroke him too. Maybe that will fix it. Oooh, yuck, his hair got in my mouth, ooh, ooh, ooh! But I have to get my tongue down there. Ooooh!

Oh gosh, why am I so warm down between my legs? And I'm so wet. No, no, I don't want anybody to see that. But it's driving me crazy. I have to touch it. Oh god, will that make things better or worse? Maybe that's what I'm doing wrong? I don't know, but I have to. And they're still staring so hard. Oh! God, that feels so amazing. My little button is so swollen and sensitive. And I'm so wet. Oh yes, yes, god! But it's not helping. They're all staring even harder. I'm doing that wrong - or maybe it's something else. Maybe just licking isn't enough. His big throbbing thing keeps twitching and bobbing, even in my hand. Oh please, please tell me! Oh god, oh god, my pussy's on fire. I have to keep my hand down there, rubbing and stroking. But then I don't have two hands for his big thing. Maybe that's what I'm doing wrong. But I have to. Oh god, I think I know what I have to do. But I can't, I can't, I can't. It's too horrible. It's so embarrassing.

Oh, no, I don't want to! But I can't stand the burning gaze. I can't stand their scorn. I have to fix it. Oh god. I'm not even sure I can get my mouth around it - it's so big. Oh my god, oh my... Oooh. It fits. It's tight, but it fits. I can get half of it into my mouth, but if I try more I'll choke. Oh no, I'm getting so much spit on it, but maybe that's good? I don't know. It's easier to stroke it now, with my little hand. All my fingers are slimy now, from my mouth, from my pussy, but it's so good and I can stroke him and ...

His hands are on my head. Why? Why? What mistake did I make now? Is he going to tell me? Is he going to hurt me? He's pushing it deeper in my mouth. I can't pull back. I'm going to choke. Wait, he's pushing it in and out. It's hotter and hotter and throbbing so much. Am I doing it right? Are they still staring and angry? He's going so fast. Really fast. Something's happening! I feel it, building up. My pussy is so hot! Oh! Oh! Oh! What is that feeling? It's amazing! Oh god, what's he putting in my mouth - it's horrible, it's nasty, it's so hot and thick. But the feeling in my pussy, it's... Oh! More in my mouth. I have to swallow. Am I supposed to swallow? Is that the right thing or the wrong thing? Why won't you tell me?!?! Please!

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**The Man:**

As I slowly circumnavigate the circle of fathers and the beautiful child, on her knees, sucking the thick phallus of the first lucky man and bringing herself to an orgasm with her fingers, my camera catches everything. Noise and excitement and fun go on all about us. But not a single patron outside the little circle has noticed a thing. Nor will they. They will not notice the little girl as she moves from the first father to the next. They won't see her stroke and lick his pulsing long cock. They won't notice her anxious face or the intense way she continues to finger herself. They won't see when she eventually swallows half the man's cock past her thin, perfect, twelve-year-old lips, or the way he takes her long, golden tresses in his hands and forces his cock deeper and deeper down her throat, then pulls out and cums all over her amazing face. They won't notice as she moves on to the third man, the fourth, the fifth and finally, the sixth. They won't notice when I stop filming the little child's disgrace and step up to the circle, taking my well-deserved turn enjoying the wonders of looking down at her stricken face as she licks me and sucks me and swallows my huge load of warm gooey seed.

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**Summer:**

No, no, no, no, no, they're still staring at me! What am I doing that makes me so horrible, so disgusting? Why can't I get them to like me, or just be satisfied with me? I don't understand! Just tell me!

Maybe I chose the wrong thing. Maybe I shouldn't have used my hands, my mouth. Is there something terribly wrong with my mouth? Is it too ugly? That must be it - my mouth is malformed and repulsive. My lips are too thick, my mouth is too small, my tongue is too rough. Oh god, what can I do to make it right? I've just made it so much worse. And the staring - it's boring into me. Why, why, why? Tell me what I can do.

Oh god, they're closer. Are they so mad they're going to hurt me? I would fix it if I could. I don't want to be hideous or inept - I don't. But I don't know how! That man's holding out his arms? Should I stand? I should stand. No, no, what if that's not what I'm supposed to do. But I can't stay here, they're so close. I have to do something - I just don't know the right thing. I'll stand, okay, yes. I'll reach up, around his neck. He's picking me up and I have to hold tight around his neck. Should I kiss him?! His lips are right there - so close. But he's staring at me so hard, so angry, so intent. I don't know, I don't know. I have to wrap my legs around his stomach, or I'll fall. Is that what he wants? Should I kiss him now. Oh god, I'm kissing him, I'm kissing a man. His tongue is inside me and he's got his arm around my waist. He's holding me so tight. Am I finally doing it right? Is he finally content with me? I like kissing. I like it, but what's he doing down there? Wait. Am I supposed to let him do that. It's scary. Oh god, it's so scary. I don't think that will fit in me. No, no, no, please, please, I'm just a little girl!

Aaaagghhhh! He's inside me. Something tore and it hurts and I can't reach up to kiss him any more and he's bouncing me up and down and I have to dig my heels into his legs and hang on to his neck and it hurts and it hurts and he's getting so far up inside me! But am I finally doing it right? Please, please, somebody tell me! Am I supposed to rotate my hips back and forth like this? It seems right, but I don't know. What if he doesn't like that? Should I squeeze him? I want to squeeze him. I want to show him how good it feels, even though it hurts. But what if that's wrong. Isn't it only nasty slutty girls who like this? Am I supposed to be a nasty slutty girl? Is that wrong or right? Oh god, I WANT to be a nasty slutty girl! It's so good, so good, so good.

Oh god, oh god, I was moaning and gasping and making all kinds of noise. What if that was wrong? But it's so hard not to. He's so far up inside me, hitting something deep inside me and I just can't help it! I can't. But what if it's the reason why they're all still staring at me. Please stop, please. I can't stand it. Don't stare any more. But don't stop thrusting up inside me. I'm sorry if I'm doing it wrong. I'm so sorry, I'll try harder. If you'd only tell me! But please don't stop! Oh god, oh god, there's the feeling again, it's so strong and so hard and so gooooooooood! Yes, yes, he's going so fast. Something else is happening. He's pushing so hard up into me. He's shaking all over. Is that bad? Did I do something else wrong? Is it wrong that I'm having the amazing feeling spreading out all over my body? I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm...

No, no, no, don't stop!

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**The Man:**

As the first man finishes fucking sweet Summer, coming hard and long, deep inside her fertile womb, she is visibly shaking with orgasm. Her eyes roll back in her head and she clutches her small body to him almost violently. But his seed is spent and the man relinquishes control of her hot body to two others, who pry her away and lower her on top of a fourth, on his back on the ground. She straddles him and his cock is up inside her pussy immediately. He's large, but not long, and she can take his full length inside her body. In her orgasm-addled state she bucks her hips, forcing herself down on to his cock over and over. She's a fucking machine. She cries out and gasps and groans. She screams. He grips her hips hard and thrust upwards with all he's got, for minutes and minutes, until he finally yells out and pulls her down hard so that he, too, can fill her tiny womb with his daddy sperm.

The third man takes her on her hands and knees, kneeling behind and controlling the action. She's a rag doll in his grip as he fucks her with abandon until he, too, is coming deep inside her. And all the while her little body shivers and shakes.

The fourth man rolls her over and pins her little body under his considerable weight. First he kisses her long and hard, making her wait for his fat cock. She claws at him, thrusting her hips up, trying to find another cock to fill her need. She's in tears by the time he gives in and shifts his bulk, then plunges deep inside her. She screams in terror and delight at the huge intrusion up into her little pussy.

The fifth man, too, takes her on her backside, grinding her little body into the lawn under his considerable weight. He pushes her legs back, nearly folding her in half and pins her arms to the ground. He wants all the work to be his. He wants her to be his fuck doll, unable to control any part of her defilement. But he can't stop her from screaming and grunting. He can't stop her little body from shaking with orgasmic bliss.

The camera loves every minute of Summer's day at the water park. But it's time for me to put it down again.

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**Summer:**

Oh my god, oh my god, I don't think I can take any more. I'm trying so hard to do what they want, be good and not bad, be pretty and not hideous. I'm trying so hard to do things the right way. But I don't know, I don't know. I can't see, from under him, the one who's so big and who holds me down so tight. My legs are aching, but he's so strong and big and his thing fills me up so tight! Are they still staring at me? I can't see. Did I finally make them stop staring? Are they content or happy or are they still glaring and mad? Oh please, please, tell me!

Oh, oh, oh, he's thrusting so hard! So fast. He's almost done. I can tell. It's coming, it's coming, oh! Yes. His hot stuff is burning inside me, more and more of it, along with all the others. I'm so full of it. OOOOHH!! GOD! YES! No, no, no, don't stop! Don't leave me. What did I do???

Nooo. What are you doing? Roll over? On top of him? Oh! Yes, yes, fill me up! Please, yes. Oh yes, harder, harder. You can go deeper. I can take, I can. I want to do it right. I wan't to satisfy you. You can do it harder. Oh god, you're big. You're the biggest of all of them. I'm so full! Oh! OH! OH! GOD!

Are they staring at me still? Am I finally doing it right? God, I'm so full and it's so good. But I think I'm a terrible, terrible person. I shouldn't like this. Only a nasty slutty whore would like this. Are they staring at me because I'm a nasty slutty whore, or is that what they want? Please, please, I can't stand it. Somebody tell me! OHHHH! He's so big, but it's so... WHAT IS THAT?!?!

Who's back there? What's he doing. OH! GOD! It's the man with the camera. He's behind me. Why? What did I do wrong? God! All the others are staring so hard. OH, no, no, you can't do that. It won't fit in there. PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, AAAAGHHH!! He's in my butt! Oh god, oh god, he's pushing it in so deep. And the other one is thrusting fast again too. I can't take it. I can't take it! Why are you doing this? But oh my god, it, it, it feels so good! Yes! Yes. Faster, faster. Deeper, oh, oh, oh! Don't ever stop! I'm trying to do what you want! I am, I am, but I don't understand and it's SO GOOD!

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**The Man:**

I came into Summer's incredibly tight, perfect, fantastic little butt. It was spectacular and my heart caught in my throat. I could barely breathe. I could tell the man underneath her was filling her womb with his seed at the same time that I shot my load into her bowels. What an amazing fuck! Her little body glistened with sweat from her hour and a half of non-stop fucking. Everyone was drained.

I pulled out and Summer gasped. The daddy with the huge cock lifted her off of his body and she rolled to the lawn, exhausted and limp. But her eyes were big as saucers as she stared up at the circle of seven men who gathered around her, silently looking down at her fantastic preteen body. Even on her back, her glistening breasts were perfect orbs. Her waist was almost too tiny to believe. Her hairless cunt was stretched and red and a trickle of jism, lightly stained with blood, gleamed in the bright summer sun.

Summer's face was a mask of anxious worry, confusion, fright and embarrassment until, suddenly ...

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**Summer:**

God, I can't take it any more. They're still staring at me. I'm a whore and I'm ugly and I can't do anything right and I ...

Wait, wait, I feel something. Something deep inside. I can't be certain, but I am, I am certain. It's there, inside me, it's alive. It's going to get bigger and bigger. It's mine! It's a baby. I have a baby inside me!

And look, look, they're happy. They're not staring any more. They're smiling. I did it right. I did. Finally! Oh god, they're smiling at me. I have a baby in me and they're smiling and it's all going to be okay.