

Saving Amanda (Alternate Title: Saving Cindy)

Preface

ASSTR Story codes: Mg, MW, Mgg, Incest, pedo, harem, public, 1st, watersports, diaper, rom, cons, long

What started out to be nothing more than an erotic short story about a man and his pre-teen niece, slowly evolved to become a nearly full-fledged novel (~125,000 words) about a taboo love story, which just happens to have some very detailed sex scenes.

I do not endorse child molestation. Simply put, no one should ever have sex with children. My story is a fantasy, in a fantasy world, with fantasy morals. You are free to like or hate my story, to like or hate me for writing it, or even to call me a sick pervert. But NEVER use my story as an excuse to have sex with kids.

Something you will find in my story, just for fun, are several Easter eggs. Look for names and references that sound familiar and even historical references. Some are pretty obvious, but others are quite obscure. See how many you can find! A complete list of Easter eggs is at the end.

With all that said, I welcome you to enter my fantasy world via the first Easter egg - with my apologies to Paul McCartney...

Dear Sir or Madam, will you read my blog
It took me years to write, and it's really long.
It's a dirty novel about a man named Mark
I need a job and want to be a porn story writer.
Porn story writer!

It's a pedo story of a pedo man
and his clinging sister doesn't understand.
His niece likes swimming in his backyard pool
She's a real good girl, and the star for this porn story writer.
Porn story writer!

Introduction

10 years ago, when my younger sister Cindy got married, she and Derek never took a honeymoon, mainly because of their then 6-month-old baby girl (You know that happens sometimes). Despite the fact that their wedding was a threesome and Derek's conservative family didn't approve, their marriage has been great. Personally, I was glad for Cindy from the beginning. Despite marrying at the young age of 19, she appeared very happy with her life with both Derek and little Amanda. Cindy is 6 years younger than me, and when we were kids, I always looked out for her. As adults, the age difference didn't matter as much, but we've always been very close.

As for me, I never married. I never felt the urge to, or maybe I just never found the right girl. Oh, I had my share of girlfriends, but no one ever shared my particular preferences. You see, I like young girls, very young girls; Girls that a few years ago would have been considered jailbait. I think it all started in my teen years, watching little Cindy grow up. As a horny teenager, I always sought out a chance to peek at my little sister. She usually seemed oblivious to it, walking around in nothing but panties and a mini cami-top, until her breasts became noticeable and our parents made her put more clothes on. Even so, as her breasts kept getting bigger, I spent countless teenage nights fantasizing about her before I drifted off to sleep. Today, Cindy is well endowed with what must be at least C-cups. Derek was a lucky man to have such a beauty for his wife.

As an adult, I still have an eye for the young girls. However, even though it's legal now, it's not socially acceptable for a 35-year-old guy to go trolling the young teen hangouts. I found a few young girls on PreteenFriendFinder.com, but only truly dated one 14-year-old and she was a disappointment. I don't expect teenage girls to be rocket scientists but she took the concept of 'dumb blonde' to the extreme. So instead, I've stayed single and simply watched the young girls from afar.

I work as a freelance technical writer. I write technical instructions and other official documentation for all sorts of things. Being freelance allows me to set my own work pace. Basically, I work whenever I want to and I don't when I can afford not to. I think I'm doing fairly well as my own boss. As a technical writer, I've become familiar with a wide variety of topics. For example, I know about a new remote access computer program and how to use it - and how to hack it too. I also know all the features on the latest model electronic household door lock - which I use on my doors - and the hidden security codes for a new smartphone that only service techs are supposed to know. My current project is an instruction book on meditative hypnosis. Granted, it's not technical like the other engineering documents, but it is very informative and fascinating. I also like to stay in shape. I have a mini-gym that I use often enough, and I run a 4-mile trail through the local park once or twice a week. I stand about 6 foot 2; I don't quite have 6-pack abs, but I'm definitely no slouch. I like to think I'm good looking, but that could just be my own ego talking.

Anyway, Little Amanda was now 10 (10 and a half, as she often corrected me) and old enough that Cindy and Derek could finally take that honeymoon they never had, for their anniversary. It was late in May, when the weather was finally turning nice. I was more than happy to watch Amanda while they were gone for the next 8 days. She still had another two weeks of school, but with my flexible work schedule, that was no problem for me.

I loved watching little Amanda grow up. They lived just a couple blocks away, and we saw quite a lot of each other. Cindy & Derek often invited me to a home-cooked meal. In return the three of them regularly enjoyed my swimming pool, while I cooked a pretty good meal myself using my deluxe grill. The deck around my pool can easily accommodate more people – maybe a dozen or so, even with my grill on it. My back yard is also big enough to set up lawn games, and a nice tall wooden fence surrounds everything for privacy. It's like a mini resort. Seeing Little Amanda splashing around in my pool was a wonderful sight indeed. She looked so much like her mother did at that age, just a bit shorter. Amanda's long blonde hair reached halfway down her back and perfectly complimented her big blue eyes and her fair skin tone. Standing about 4 foot 8, and maybe 80 pounds soaking wet, she was tad small for her age, but her body was just starting to show the beginnings of little breasts. She was just on the cusp of entering the training bra era. If she would grow up to look anything like her mother, she would be a knockout. I have to admit, that I have fantasized about her 13th birthday, when Amanda would officially reach the age of consent.

I suppose I should explain: When the Teen Revolution happened a several years ago, it challenged the notion that young teenagers are too young for sex. What started as a political rally in one small town quickly grew to a nationwide movement. Of course, it captured my attention and I became involved, though behind the scenes. I discovered a group of similarly minded adults (OK, closet pedo's like myself) online, and we created the slogans, like 'You're never too young to love', 'Love has no age limits', and 'Old enough to feel love is old enough to make love'. I also wrote some articles on the teen revolution websites, and even helped organize a few rallies – all through the anonymity of the internet. We guided the kids to open the door for us older adults to enjoy their beauty and love without the stigma of being labeled as sex offenders. By now, most states have lowered the sexual age of consent to 13 or 14. Sex with younger children is still seriously illegal, but much of the paranoia over it has faded away. Mainly, the sex offender list is no more, and we men generally don't get accused of being a creepy pedo anymore just because we look at a young girl. Basically, there's no harm in window shopping, to admire their beauty, as long as you keep a respectable distance and remain discreet. I admit I still get paranoid though, and I sometimes spend as much time looking over my own shoulder to see if I'm being monitored, as I do watching the pretty young girls.

That said, even though I know little Amanda would soon become a beautiful, attractive, and sexy teenage girl and I would almost certainly continue to have fantasies about her, she still is my sister's daughter. Cindy seemed to have accepted Derek's conservative values, and they both were strongly

opposed to the teen movement. Derek made his position clear many times, from his church, and Cindy always affirmed her husband's beliefs; Sex outside of marriage was a sin, and kids shouldn't even be thinking about it at all. Of course, they never really explained away Amanda's birth BEFORE they got married, but on the other hand, I never let them know that I helped support the teen sex movement. So, I figured we were both even in the moral fault category. Speaking of moral faults, watching Amanda climb out of my pool with her pretty blue one-piece bathing suit clinging to her body, her cameltoe glistening beneath her wet swimsuit, always made my fantasy mind go wild!

The day finally came for my sister and brother-in-law to go on their trip. It was the Saturday before Memorial Day, a beautiful warm sunny day. Though Amanda could have walked to my house, as she did a couple times (but always with someone – never alone, AND she had to call her mom as soon as she arrived), I drove over to pick up her bags. Everyone was excited. Amanda was thrilled at staying with me for a week, though her excitement could have been that she would have unlimited access to my pool. Her parents were running around trying to check everything, and asking Amanda if she packed everything. Cindy prepared a book - no kidding; a real, physical book - of emergency contacts and information that looked like it covered every conceivable situation from alien invasion to zombie apocalypse. She even had a power of attorney written up for me. Granted, I was never a parent but it seemed like a serious case of overkill. I assured Cindy it was only for 8 days and if there truly was anything I couldn't handle, she was only a phone call away. I also promised Derek I would check on their house every day or so. Finally, everyone was ready to go – Cindy and Derek in their car, and Amanda and me in mine, and we each drove off in different directions.

Day 1 - Saturday

"Uncle Mark, I'm so excited to stay with you for a whole week!" Amanda blurted out as she reached over and hugged my arm while I was driving. "I can't wait to go swimming!" Yep, it was my pool, not necessarily me, that got her all worked up. That's OK, I certainly don't mind seeing my cute little niece in a bathing suit.

"OK, Cutie, you'll have plenty of time to go swimming and we'll have lots of fun, but first you need to get settled in. You need to unpack. I'll not have your things all littered around my house!"

She retreated and sulked. "You're just as bad as Mom and Dad!"

I pretended to be heartbroken. "As bad as your parents?! Now you've cut me down, little girl. I thought I was your favorite uncle! I'm terribly hurt!" I said sarcastically.

She giggled and put on her cute face. "Can I go swimming in your pool, Uncle Mark, PLEEEASE!"

I love seeing her cute face. It makes me melt every time I see it. "Who's your favorite Uncle?"

"You are!" she reached over and hugged my arm again.

"Then, of course you can go swimming..." Amanda grinned from ear to ear, "AFTER you unpack and put your things away." Her grin turned to a pout. I decided to give in a little bit. "Tell you what," I said, "I'll help you unpack so it goes quicker and you can get in the pool sooner." Her smile returned to her face and she squeezed my arm tighter.

At home, I carried her bags to my guest room. She was bouncing all around me making a spectacle of herself. Yeah, I was doing all the work instead of just helping her, but I rather enjoyed the show so I didn't complain. "OK Cutie, as much as I love to see you dance around, we need to put your clothes away."

"OK, you can put my tops over there, and my shorts over there, and..."

I cut her off, "Woah, little one! I said I would HELP you, not do it FOR you. Here you do this bag, and I'll do that bag." I assigned the little bag for myself, guessing there might be a prize in it.

Amanda hesitated, "Um, that's OK, I'll do that bag."

I feigned an objection, "Oh so I have to do the bigger bag? I think you're just trying to get out of doing work." Again, with a touch of sarcasm.

"No Uncle Mark, it's just that..." She paused.

I pressed her for an answer, "Just that what? Why do you get this bag?" I wanted her to tell me what she didn't want to say.

“Well...” she hesitated, and then finally resolved to say it, “My underwear is in there.”

“Oh,” I pretended to be clueless. “Like your panties?” I opened her small bag and grabbed the first panties I saw on top. They were white bikini briefs with pink lace and little pink flowers. “Like these?” I held them up high.

She was aghast, “Uncle Mark! Give those back!” She tried to climb me like a tree but I kept them out of reach.

“Are all your panties really cute like this?” I continued, joking.

Finally, Amanda, stopped trying to reach them and stood there pouting, “Come on, give them back!”

I continued my game, “You have to ask nicely.”

She sighed, “Give them back, PLEASE?”

I wanted more, “You have to say ‘Uncle Mark may I please have my panties back’.”

She glared at me for a moment, but then relented, “Uncle Mark, may I PLEASE have my panties back?”

“OK, sure. Here you go cutie.” I handed them to her nice as can be, as if nothing happened. She took them and put them back in her bag. At first, she frowned at me, but when she turned around, I could see in the vanity mirror that she was smiling. So, I asked again, “So, are all of your panties that cute?”

Amanda turned back to me, with a coy smile, “Well, you’ll never know!” Of course, that made me want to find out even more. I wondered in the back of my mind if I could possibly get away with putting a hidden camera in her room. Then I wondered where the hell that thought came from! Spying on my little niece?? OK, I’ve thought about her as I got myself off a few times, but to actually spy on her?? That would be going too far. I may be a closet pedo, but I’m not peeping Tom.

I put the thought out of my mind and continued to help Amanda put away her clothes. There seemed to be no end to them. I didn’t think a girl could have that many clothes! Was she staying for a week or a month? Oh well, I still loved seeing all of her outfits, and some looked like they would be really cute on her. I also I got to see both of her one-piece swimsuits, her red & yellow one and her blue one for the swim team she was on. I was definitely going to enjoy seeing Amanda in these outfits for the next week.

True to my word, once everything was put away, I left her room and let her change into her swimsuit, the red & yellow one this time. I stopped in the kitchen to prepare a big pitcher of iced tea. She changed very quickly and made a mad dash past me to the pool in no time flat. A moment later, I brought out the tea with 2 large glasses. Amanda was already splashing around in the pool when I came outside and filled both glasses. When she saw me, she jumped out and ran over to me, grabbed a glass and drank the tea down like she never drank before. Her wet swimsuit clung to her body and the

outlines of her tiny nipple buds were visible. Before she ran away again, I stopped her, "What do you say, little one?"

Amanda paused for a moment then realized, "Oh yeah, Thank you!" She wrapped her arms around my torso and gave me a big hug, leaving me all wet.

"Thanks for the hug, but now I'm all wet!" I pretended to protest. I couldn't be mad though; I love her hugs.

"Sorry!" She yelled as she jumped back into the pool. She wasn't sorry.

I refilled her glass and sat down on one of the chaise lounge chairs. I love watching Amanda playing and splashing in the pool – I could watch her for hours. Some days I would get in with her, but today I just wanted to enjoy the view from poolside. She came out a few times to get another drink and then jumped back in. An hour or so later, Amanda climbed out of the pool and rather urgently went to the door to go inside. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"I have to go to the bathroom." She nervously replied. She tried to open the door to go inside but it was locked. "Uncle Mark, can you please open the door? I really gotta pee."

"Oh, I'm sorry Cutie, but you know that locks automatically." I programmed all my outside doors to automatically lock all the time. I'm not so much worried about break-ins, but I do very much value my privacy. She looked so cute standing there. Her hands were pushed between her legs as she hobbled from side to side. Her 'peepee dance' was quite a sight to see. I decided to take my time and enjoy her show. I slowly got up from my lawn chair and casually walked to the door to unlock it. Amanda was crossing her legs and looking quite uncomfortable. "I bet it was all that tea you drank." I said as I purposely fumbled with the keypad to delay and watch her squirm.

"Please hurry Uncle Mark, I gotta go really bad!" she pleaded. I finally opened the door. She dashed inside and ran to the bathroom. Just before she turned the corner, I saw her stop and bend over and shove her hands between her legs again. I heard her utter "Oh no!" A moment later she dashed around the corner to the bathroom.

A few minutes later, Amanda came outside again, but this time in her blue swimsuit. I asked "Why'd you change your swimsuit, little one?"

"Oh, no reason" she said, hoping to avoid the subject.

But I had a guess and I persisted. "Oh, come on, there has to be a reason."

"I just... I just felt like changing, that's all." She nervously said.

I pressed on, "Is there a problem with your other swimsuit?"

"Not ... really, I just wanted to change." She kept looking down at the ground.

I finally forced the question, "Did you not make it to the bathroom OK? Is that why you changed?"

Amanda turned beat red with embarrassment, but finally fessed up, "OK, OK! I peed some in my other swimsuit. Are you happy now?"

I don't know why, but when I heard that I was ecstatic! But, still it's not normal for girls to pee themselves, is it? I needed to know if there was a real problem. "Cutie, has this happened before? Now tell the truth."

She was still embarrassed, but she answered, "Only sometimes, not very often. Mom says that girls sometimes have little accidents. It's no big deal."

What?? Girls have pee accidents? This was news to me. I so much wanted to know more, but I could tell this was embarrassing for Amanda, so I didn't press the issue. "Well, if your Mom says it's not a problem, then it's OK. But I think we should be a bit more careful from now on."

"It's no big deal, Uncle Mark. It doesn't happen much, and I just change my panties whenever it happens." As she talked, she walked over to the iced tea and drank another big gulp.

"Is that why you have so many panties?" I smiled as I asked.

Amanda blushed a bit, but she just smiled and raised her shoulders in an 'I'm not telling' kind of way.

The rest of the afternoon went smoothly. After a while, I went inside to make dinner, checking on Amanda often through the kitchen window. When it was ready, I went out to get her. "Hey Cutie, it's dinner time! Come on, get out of the pool!" I grabbed the beach towel and held it out ready for her.

"Aw, can't I stay out here longer?" She pleaded. I swear she would live in my pool if she could.

"No Cutie, you'll shrivel up like a prune. It's time to get out for the day." I insisted.

"Aw, you don't let me do anything!" I could tell she was being sarcastic, as she slowly swam to the edge and climbed out.

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen! You know you'll be able to swim more tomorrow. Come here and I'll dry you off." I wrapped the towel around her and rubbed all over her body, sneaking hugs and an occasional tickle. She couldn't keep up her sad facade, and broke out in a giggle. "There's my happy little girl!"

"No fair, you tickled me!" as another giggle came out.

"And you loved it!" I kissed her cheek. "You can stay in your swimsuit till after dinner if you like, but you have to sit on a towel." I was hoping she wouldn't change right away. She looks really cute in her swimsuit. Come to think of it, she would look really cute in anything, even a burlap sack.

Amanda grabbed another towel and ran to the kitchen. We both enjoyed dinner and I sent Amanda to go change into her night clothes and told her I had some work to do. About 2 hours later, I came out to

the living room and found Amanda in her nightie, lying on the floor with half of the couch pillows and a large, nearly empty glass, watching TV. There were at least four places to sit comfortably in the living room and she picked the floor. Kids. I sat on the couch behind her. I asked, "Hey Cutie, what'cha watching?" but I recognized the show. It was one of her favorites on the Kids Channel.

I started to watch the show on TV, but I couldn't help but notice her pink panties under her nightie. They had some sort of design on the front but I couldn't tell what it was from my viewing angle. After a minute, I realized that I was ogling my niece's panties. This wasn't right! I had to change things up a bit, so I decided to be cheeky, "Well, well, it looks like those panties ARE just as cute as the ones I saw earlier."

Amanda looked at me, and then realized she was exposed to me. She quickly curled herself up, "Uncle Mark! You're not supposed to look at me there!"

"Don't worry, I didn't see any more than what your swimsuit shows. You're fine. Besides, you finally answered my question about your panties. They ARE cute." and I smiled.

Amanda looked at me with her angry face, but after a few seconds, she smiled. "Uncle Mark, you're such a pervert!" I didn't realize at the time how true her words were.

"Well if you don't want me to look at your pretty little panties then don't show them off to me." I joked. "If you come up here and cuddle with me then I won't see them." I opened up my arms inviting her on to the couch beside me.

She jumped up and plopped on the couch beside me, laying her body across my lap. "Now you be good!" she mock-scolded me and waved her finger at me.

I laid my arm across her chest and gave her a squeeze, "You mean like this?"

"Yeah like that." She smiled and sighed.

"And like this?" I gently ran my fingers over her beautiful blonde hair.

"Mm, that's nice." Another sigh.

"But not this, eh?" I reached for the bottom of her foot and tickled it.

"NO! That's bad!" She kicked my hand away and giggled.

"Not this either?" I tickled the back of her knee.

"EEK! Stop that!" She swatted my hand away and kicked as she giggled. She grabbed my hand to try to keep it from wandering. However, all her squirming was pushing her nightie up to her waist, showing her panties.

"You're showing off your panties again!" I pulled the waistband out a bit with my other hand.

“No! Don’t look!” she let go of my hand and grabbed her nightie and pulled it down to cover herself, and giggled more.

“You sure are jumpy tonight. Are you sure you didn’t eat any jumping beans?” I tickled her stomach.

“Heeheehee! Stop that! Heeheehee!” She was desperately trying to bat my hand away and cover her tummy with her hand.

Of course, I kept on going. I tickled her sides. I tickled her neck. I tickled any part of her I could reach. I love hearing my little niece laugh.

“Stop it! Heehee! I’m gonna... Hahaha! I’m gonna... Heehee!” she was trying to speak but couldn’t.

“You’re gonna what? You’re gonna what?” I asked, still ticking all over her body. Despite our conversation earlier by the pool, I honestly didn’t know what she was trying to say. She was squirming all over me. She was turned around now, facing away from me with her butt pushed into my lap.

“Heehee! Ohmygod I’m w... Heehee! Ohmygod I’m wet... Heehee!” at that moment, I felt something. Something warm on my lower stomach and lap. It was warm and wet. I stopped tickling her. Amanda was just lying across my lap still gasping for air. The warmth I felt was still growing. Without thinking, I reached under Amanda’s behind and felt where my lap was wet. I turned my hand and felt her panty covered butt. I felt warm pee pouring out of her panties. I don’t know why, but I instantly got an intense erection. I had to shift to keep it from poking her. Finally, she regained her senses, and realized what happened. “Ohmygod, I’m so sorry Uncle Mark! I couldn’t help it! I tried to stop it but I couldn’t!” She buried her face in her hands and tried to get off me, but I held onto her, keeping her on me.

“Hey, Cutie, it’s OK. I’m not mad.” I re-assured her.

“You think I’m a little baby now!” She cried, still afraid to look at me.

I gently held her head and made her look at me. “No, No, Cutie. You’re not a baby. We just got a bit too rambunctious, that’s all.” I kissed her cheek, then stroked her hair. “No matter what, I still love you. Now let me see just a little smile, OK?” She didn’t stop crying, but she did manage a small smile. “Now, we need to see how big this mess is. I need to see under your nightie to see how wet you are.”

“<sniffle> You just want to look at my panties again. <sniffle>” and forced another smile through her tear stained face. Again, without either of us knowing it, her words rang much truer than I ever suspected.

“You got me dead to rights!” I joked, trying to get a smile out of her, “But really, I do need to see what all got wet. OK, stand up and hold up your nightie.” She did as I asked. I finally saw that she had cute Hello Kitty panties on. Her front didn’t look bad, but the back of her panties were soaked. She looked incredibly sexy with her wet panties, but I had to stay focused. “Oh, your panties are soaked completely and your nightie is wet. Your legs are a bit wet too. You need a bath to get cleaned up.”

“I don’t take baths, I take showers!” Amanda corrected me.

The thought of me giving her a bath sounded so wonderful at that moment. (Wait – Grown men don't give 10-year-old girls baths! Especially if they are your niece! Where are these thoughts coming from?) I had to force myself back to reality. "OK, shower then. Go get yourself some clean nightclothes and take them into the bathroom. Toss your wet clothes out the bathroom door and I'll put them in the laundry. After you're done, I'll shower and do the same with my clothes."

"OK." She paused. "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?"

"Are you sure you're not mad?"

I knelt down to her level, "Yes, I'm sure I'm not mad. You're my favorite niece, remember?" and I hugged her.

"I'm you're only niece!" She said.

"Well then you're one of a kind, a priceless gem!" I said reassuringly. She smiled and hugged me.

It didn't take long for each of us to get cleaned up, and in about 20 minutes we were both clean and dry. It was just about time for Amanda to go to bed.

"Well, since my all-grown-up niece is too big for baths, I suppose you're too big to get tucked in at night too." I pretended to be sad.

"No, I'm not! Uncle Mark, please tuck me in!" She pleaded.

"Ah, I'm so glad! I wouldn't want to miss kissing you goodnight!" I smiled. Amanda smiled back at me. But then I took a more serious tone. "I do want to talk about something serious though." Amanda's smile vanished and she looked worried. "I'm concerned that you had two wetting accidents today."

"I'm sorry Uncle Mark, I promise I won't do it again!" she pleaded.

"No cutie, I'm not mad, I'm just worried about you. Is there anything wrong? Is there anything I can do the help you?" I tried to re-assure her.

She looked down, away from me. "No, it just happens sometimes."

I gently held her face and made her look at me. "But twice in one day? Has it ever happened twice like this before? You have to tell me the truth."

She still averted her eyes from me. "No, I never did it twice before." Finally, she looked at me, "But I'm really careful and I'll try really hard not to have another accident, I promise! Just please don't be mad at me!"

I reassured her again, "It's OK, Cutie. I promise I won't get mad if you have another accident. You don't have to worry about that. So, your Mom said that girls sometimes have accidents?"

"Yeah, she said that with girls my age sometimes it happens more often. She said it's no big deal." Well it was a really big deal for me. I didn't understand why, but I was getting really turned on talking to Amanda about this. I needed to be careful not to let her see my growing erection.

"OK, well if your Mom says it's no big deal, then it's no big deal. I'm sorry I asked so many questions about it, but I'm a guy and I don't know about girl issues. I hope I didn't make you feel bad."

"It's OK. You didn't." Amanda paused, "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?"

"Thank you for taking care of me."

"Oh, you're very welcome." I cheerfully answered, "I like taking care of you. Did you have fun today?"

"Yeah, I had fun." She smiled.

"Good, I'm glad. I had fun with you too. Now you sleep well and have sweet dreams." I kissed her on her forehead.

"OK", Amanda paused again, "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes cutie?" I was beginning to wonder if all kids asked so many questions at bed time just so they could stay up later.

"I forgot to tell you; tomorrow I was going to go over to Heather's, if that's OK with you." Heather Clark was Amanda's best friend. Amanda spent almost as much time with Heather as she did in my pool.

I joked, "And leave me here all by my lonesome? What will I ever do without you?" But Amanda wasn't sure if I was serious or not. So, I smiled, "Of course it's OK. I'll take you there. What time do you need to be there?"

"Heather's Mom said about 11."

"OK, so you'll have lunch there?" I asked.

"Yeah, I think so."

"I'll call Heather's mom just to make sure. Can you give me her number?"

"Sure, it's in my phone, I'll get it." She started to get out of bed, but I stopped her.

"Oh no, Princess. You're in bed and you're staying there." I insisted, "I'll get it from your phone myself. What's your password?"

"It's 123456, but don't tell anyone, and you have to promise not to look at my secret stuff!" It's a good thing that young girls aren't in charge of national security.

“Well, I promise I won’t tell anyone, but we’ve got to work on a better password for you. We can talk about that another day. And don’t worry; all your secret stuff is safe with me.” I kissed her on her forehead, then took her phone and left her for the night.

I found Heather’s number in Amanda’s contact list and I saw the link to her mom and got her number. I called Mrs. Clark and verified the playdate with her. I suppose ‘playdate’ is a bit too juvenile a word, but I don’t know if there is a word for ‘two preteen girls hanging out for the day at one of their homes’. At any rate, I would deliver Amanda at 11 and Heather’s mom would return her before dinner. I offered to reciprocate by hosting Heather some time. She appreciated the offer, and said if the girls wanted to do that another day it would be fine.

Looking at Amanda’s phone, I realized that it was just a slightly older model than the one I wrote about a few months ago. I got curious and wondered if it had the same security features. I still had the phone mirroring app on my computer, so I plugged her phone into my computer and loaded the program. I tested out the security features, and it worked! I was able to mirror her phone on my PC in real time. Cool!

Now, with some time to myself, I decided to do some research on this whole girls-wetting-accidents thing. It took some digging, but sure enough, I found a few articles on it, including one from a university that looked informative. Apparently, it’s a real medical thing. It has something to do with girls having a shorter urethra than boys. At least half of all prepubescent girls have small wetting accidents at least once a month. When they enter puberty it happens more often, until their late teens when it mostly goes away. About 85% of girls ages 11 – 16 have small accidents at least once a week, or more. About a third of all young girls even start to wet the bed again! There’s no known medical treatment, except for... diapers?!?! I imagined Amanda wearing a diaper and was immediately turned on. I had no idea why that thought aroused me so much, but it definitely did. I looked through the other articles and found one that was geared toward preteen girls and it talked about the benefits of diapers. The thought that there was a reasonable chance that she might actually NEED to wear diapers put me over the edge. I had to relieve myself, and my mental picture of Amanda in a diaper got me off inside of a minute. Then I went to bed.

Day 2 - Sunday

Sunday morning, I got up early and put on sweatpants and a t-shirt before going to the kitchen to make breakfast (I normally just sleep in my briefs). That is, if you can call heating up frozen waffles 'making breakfast'. Before long, I heard footsteps down the hall and the bathroom door closed. A few minutes later Amanda appeared in the kitchen. She still had her nightie on and her hair was all ruffled; she had some serious bedhead.

"Good morning, Beautiful!" I cheerfully greeted her.

She was less cheerful, "I'm not beautiful. Look at my hair. No, don't look at my hair! It's a mess."

"Now how can I look at you and NOT see your hair?" I argued, "Besides, you're beautiful even when your hair is messy. Now, how about saying 'Good Morning' to your favorite uncle?"

"OK, Good morning Uncle Jim!" she joked. Her Uncle Jim was Derek's brother. I never really cared for that guy, because he never seemed to be around; always too busy for family. That bothered me about him.

I played along, "Uncle Jim?! I'm not your favorite? I'm heartbroken! Well, I guess I'll just have to give these waffles to my new favorite niece, Heather."

"Heather's not your niece, I am!" She said, pretending to complain.

"Well, maybe if you showed me how much you love me, I'd change my mind." And I knelt down and opened my arms to her.

She ran into my arms and we shared a good morning hug. "You're always my favorite uncle!"

"Now that's much better!" I cheered, "OK. For that, I made these waffles from scratch just for you!"

Amanda gave me that 'really-are-you-kidding' look, "They're frozen waffles – I can see the box over there."

"OK, so I'm no iron chef. It's the thought that counts though. Do I at least get a 'Thank You' for making you breakfast?"

"Thank you, Uncle Mark!" and she smiled. That smile of hers could light up the darkest night.

After breakfast we each got dressed for the day. I got some work done in the morning, and a little before 11, I drove Amanda to Heather's house - about a 10-minute drive away. I've seen Heather at Cindy's home a few times, but I never met her parents. Heather was a little older, recently turned 11, but still in the 5th grade with Amanda. She was also a bit taller than Amanda, at about 4'11" and perhaps 90 pounds, and appeared of Mediterranean descent. It was like she had a permanent suntan. Her dark brown hair was even longer than Amanda's, with matching brown eyes. Also, she was

definitely developing some nice breasts. She's another one who would be a real knockout in a couple years. Hell, she was gorgeous now. She was the stuff fantasies are made of.

At Heather's home, Amanda held my hand and swung our arms back and forth as we walked to the front door. Her mom answered the door and let us in. I briefly saw Heather and barely had time to say hello before she and Amanda disappeared into the back of the house. Regina Clark was petite and fairly fit. She had the same long dark hair and beautiful eyes as her daughter. In fact, she looked like an older version of Heather, barely a few inches taller – maybe about 5' 3". Regina invited me in to chat for a while. Since I had nowhere else to go, I accepted. We had some mindless talk of jobs, Cindy & Derek, and such for a few minutes. I told her about my work as a technical writer and she said she worked for a pharmaceutical supply company. She also taught a self-defense class for women two evenings week.

Regina was rambling on about the kids, "... and Amanda is quite a smart and pretty little girl. I can tell she really loves you. It's good that you two are so close."

"Thank you!" I replied, "She is a special little girl and I love her to pieces. And Heather is a really beautiful girl too. I've only met her a couple times, but Amanda only says good things about her. In a couple years, she'll be a real heart breaker with the boys. I bet you and your husband are really proud of her."

Regina's pleasant smile disappeared. "Well, I'm proud of her. Her father is a completely different matter."

"Oh, I'm sorry." I apologized, "I didn't know there was an issue."

"It's OK. Her father is..." She paused for a moment, then became upset, "Oh hell, he's a complete bastard. He left us when Heather was 4. He ran off with some floozy with a bible. He cheated on me, yet he had the nerve to say I was immoral! Just because I supported the teen revolution, he called ME out on it. Anyway, Heather barely remembers him, and I prefer it that way." Her rant now finished, Regina calmed down again.

"Wow, I'm sorry to hear that." I said, not really sure how to take it all in. "Yeah, the teen revolution was very... er... controversial. It got people really upset on both sides of the issue."

"Anyway", Regina continued at a normal tone of voice, "As horrible as he was, that left Heather with no father figure. She has no male role model to look up to now. Oh, she's doing OK, but a girl really needs a father figure to help guide her, especially at this age. It's a shame she doesn't have someone like you." She smiled and looked straight into my eyes. This was getting a bit uncomfortable for me, so I changed the subject – to another uncomfortable subject.

"Well thank you for the compliment, but I don't think I'd be any good at that. In fact, I'm facing a possible dilemma right now that I have no idea how to handle, and I wonder if I might ask you for some personal advice." I asked.

She gave a concerned look, but she still seemed open enough, "Sure, you can ask me anything."

"I'm sure it would be better for me to ask Cindy, but with them on their trip, I don't feel right bothering them about this."

Regina was now really concerned, "Oh? Is there anything wrong with Amanda?"

"Well, no. At least I don't think so. It's just that yesterday... and I hope you keep this to yourself. I wouldn't want to embarrass Amanda... Yesterday, she accidentally wet herself, twice."

Regina now had a look of understanding, "Oh, is that it? Well sometimes girls do have accidents. That's just part of being a girl, but twice in one day is a bit much. Actually, I'm not sure Cindy would be much help to you on this subject anyway. I dearly love the woman, but sometimes I think her conservative views blind her to reality. She'd probably pretend there was nothing going on, or say it was because of some sin."

"Yes, you know my sister well." I said in agreement. "But she is family, and I would never make an issue of her beliefs, especially when it comes to Amanda. I'm only the Uncle. Cindy is her Mom."

"Well Cindy is lucky to have you for a brother." She said, "But back to Amanda. Like I said, this is more common than you think. In fact, I wonder if she might be like Heather."

Now I was confused, "Be like Heather? I don't understand."

She explained, "Oh, I'm sorry, you probably wouldn't know. A few months ago, she started wetting her bed. There's nothing wrong with her, it's just that some girls in puberty lose some of their bladder control at night. It has to do with the hormone changes. So now she wears a pull-up diaper to bed. In about 5 or 6 years she'll stop wetting at night and she won't need diapers anymore. It sounds like the same thing may be starting to happen to Amanda." I was in a state of shock from what I just heard. Not just because Regina confirmed what I read last night, but that she was so open about it.

"So, this is a normal thing for girls? The whole wearing diapers bit?" I asked.

Regina continued her explanation, "Oh, most girls don't ever need diapers, but a lot do. You'd be surprised how common it is. I think it's like a third of them or something. It's just a fact of life for us girls." I was hearing my fantasy from last night come true! My beautiful little niece might actually NEED to wear diapers, and I might be able to see her wearing them! I struggled to hide my excitement, and I hoped that she didn't notice.

As exciting as this idea was, I knew that her 'Pervert Uncle' (as Amanda called me last night) couldn't just bring it up with her. "Well, I don't know if Amanda knows any of this, and this is definitely not the sort of thing I've ever talked with her about. I'd have no idea how to even mention it."

Regina, god bless her, came to my rescue. "Oh Mark, don't you worry. I'll get Heather to tell Amanda. They're best friends, and Heather has accepted her diapers very well."

I had to hold onto my seat to keep from jumping for joy. I don't know how Regina didn't spot my excitement. "Why thank you! That is a load off my mind. You have no idea how much I appreciate you helping me out."

"Oh, I think I DO know." She smiled and gave me a wink. Did she know I fantasized about Amanda? How could she know?

"Come again?" I asked, quite nervously.

She gave a light laugh, "Mark, it's obvious that you're excited by all this." I turned beet red. "Oh, I'm not knocking you for it," She reassured, "Amanda is a sweet, pretty girl. It's no wonder you're attracted to her." She leaned forward to me and spoke more softly, "I bet you supported the teen revolution too. Am I right?"

I was surprised at how perceptive Regina was - or maybe I was that transparent? At any rate, I partially confessed, "Well yes, I did. I remember when I was that age, the feelings I felt and how we weren't allowed to do anything about it. I just wanted today's kids to be able to truly express their love like I wanted to when I was that age."

Regina grinned, "And I bet you're dying to get into some young girl's panties too, eh?" Again, I turned beet red. "Oh, don't worry yourself about it. I like them young too; I've enjoyed a few young boys myself." Now it was her turn to blush.

It was like Regina was looking straight in to my soul. There was no pretending anymore, at least not with her. "OK, you got me. Yes, I like young girls. But Amanda is my niece, she's family. AND she's still under 13. No matter how attractive I find her, nothing will ever happen between us." I said that more as a promise to myself than anything else.

She looked a little disappointed with me, "Well, that's up to you of course, but sometimes a young girl really needs the comfort of a man, especially when she's dealing with all the changes in her body. I sure wish Heather had someone like that these days."

We chatted for a few minutes more, then I finally said my goodbye and went back home. On the way home, I was replaying my conversation with Regina in my mind. Was she suggesting what I think she was suggesting? And not just with Amanda, but Heather too? Nah, she couldn't have meant that. No mother would actively push for her young daughter to have sex with an older guy. Still, the idea of having both Amanda and Heather was an incredible fantasy.

Back home, I decided to go for a run to try to take my mind off what Regina said. Afterwards, I showered, and spent the rest of the afternoon working on my meditative hypnosis project. I learn so much when I write these technical papers. That's why I love my work. It's amazing how much a

hypnotist can really influence a willing patient. It's not like the classic hypnosis that you see in movies. People can't be forced to do things against their will. But for patients who want help to overcome issues, the power of hypnosis is tremendous.

I didn't realize I how late it was until I heard the doorbell ring. It was almost dinnertime and Regina brought Amanda back home. I went to the door and let them in.

Amanda immediately asked, "Uncle Mark, can I go in the pool now?"

I mock protested, "What? No 'Hi Uncle Mark', 'I missed you Uncle Mark'? No hugs for Uncle Mark?"

Amanda grinned, quickly hugged me, and just as quickly said, "Hi Uncle Mark I missed you Uncle Mark can I go in the pool Uncle Mark?"

"Well I missed you too, Cutie. I was wondering how you'd survive without being in the pool all day." I answered sarcastically.

"Does that mean I can go in the pool?" She asked, almost jumping up and down.

"Sure. I washed your swimsuits from yesterday. Go on and change." I brushed my finger through her hair as she dashed to her room.

Regina saw me do that. "Well at least she's easy to please."

"Yeah, she just uses me for my swimming pool." I joked.

"Oh no, it's more than that. I can tell she loves you, and that you love her. I just wish Heather had good loving uncle like Amanda has with you."

I repeated my invitation to host the girls, "Well if you like, Heather can spend a day here with Amanda sometime. I'm sure Amanda would love to have someone her own age to play with in the pool."

"I think that would be nice for both of them..." Then she leaned forward and whispered, "And I'm sure for you too." And she smiled and winked at me again.

Again, Regina made me blush. "Regina, surely you're not suggesting that I would ever be inappropriate to your dau..."

She put her finger to my lips to stop me. "I'm serious, Mark. Heather really needs a male role model in her life, a father figure, and I think you would be great at that. I promise that anything you do with Amanda, you can do with Heather as well. And I do mean ANYTHING." She leaned forward to give me a kiss on my cheek. Just as Regina turned to leave, Amanda ran through the house to the back door, already changed into her red & yellow swimsuit. Regina tried to say goodbye to the colorful streak running by, but it was too late.

I don't know what it was about Regina, but both times I saw her today, I felt something twinge inside. Oh, she's definitely sexy, but this feeling wasn't simply sexual. It was like nothing I felt before. She was intriguing, inviting, and scary all at the same time. I don't know why, but I couldn't wait to see her again. I've never been in love before. Lust yes, but not love. Was this what I was feeling? One thing was certain, she was a remarkable woman.

Back to reality, it was getting late and I needed to make dinner. As I worked in the kitchen, I looked out the kitchen window often to make sure Amanda was doing OK. Since she didn't get much pool time today, I decided to take dinner outside to the pool.

I stepped out to the pool deck, "Hey Cutie, how would you like to have dinner out here?"

"Yay! Picnic!" She cheered.

"OK, in that case I need you to help me bring everything out."

Amanda jumped out of the pool. Together we brought out the plates and the food and the drinks. As we were eating, Amanda was unusually quiet. Normally she's a chatterbox.

I was concerned, "Cutie, is everything alright? Usually you're talking up a storm."

"Yeah, I'm OK." She was distant and obviously thinking about something. I had a suspicion, but I wanted her to broach the subject first.

"Was everything OK at Heather's?" I pressed.

She paused for a moment, thinking, then asked, "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?"

"Promise you won't tell anyone, but..." She leaned forward closer to me, "Heather told me that she wears diapers at night. Did you know that?"

Ah, so Heather DID talk to Amanda, like her Mom promised. "I think I heard her mom mention something about that today when we talked, but I figured it was none of my business." Technically true, but I did need to know what she was told, "What about it?"

"I dunno. It just got me thinking." She was looking down at the table, away from me.

"OK, what were you thinking about?"

"Well, Heather says that she wets her bed and that's why she has to wear diapers."

I replied, "Well I suppose that's a good reason to wear them."

"But she also said that..." Amanda's voice trailed off.

"She said that what?" Now I was honestly curious.

"She said that... You can't tell anyone this, I promised to keep it a secret..." She paused again, waiting for me to answer. It seems that the best way to proclaim something to the world is to tell a young girl it's a secret.

"OK, I promise I won't tell anyone." Not that there's anyone I would tell about a preteen girl's secret. "What did Heather say?"

Amanda looked around; maybe to make sure no one was nearby. Not an issue since my back yard is fairly big and completely fenced in. Then she whispered, "She said that she **LIKES** wearing her diapers. And wetting them! Is that crazy or what?"

Admittedly, I did almost fall out of my seat when I heard that. "Well, that is... different, but different people like different things. Anyway, why are you telling me this? It's not really any of my business what Heather likes."

"Well..." Her voice trailed off again, and she looked down at her plate, "I kinda was thinking... Promise you won't laugh at me."

"I promise I won't laugh at you."

"Well I was wondering... well... what it..." She couldn't seem to complete her sentence, but I had a good guess.

I gently took her face and made her look at me. "You were wondering what it would feel like to wear a diaper, right?" I asked.

She was clearly embarrassed. She still couldn't look me in the eyes "yes." She whispered.

"Cutie, it's OK to be curious. There's nothing wrong with that. Is this really something that you'd like to try?"

"Well... yeah kinda." For the first time she looked into my eyes, maybe expecting some sort of ridicule or condemnation. But I was completely supportive for her. Sure, this was an incredible fantasy come true for me, but the important thing was to encourage Amanda to try new things. At least that's what I told myself inside my head.

I was willing to help her, but clueless as to how. "OK, well we can do that. But I don't know much about diapers. I never had any kids. I have no idea what to buy."

"Heather's Mom showed me an online article that talks about it. She was really nice and she helped explain about Heather's diapers."

"Ok, how about we look at that article then? But first you need to help me clean up from dinner."

We brought all the dinner items back inside and cleaned up the kitchen. Then Amanda found the article on her phone. We sat on the couch reading it. Parts of it were from the kids' article I read on the web last night, but this had more. It mentioned different kinds of diapers and several hygiene products. All this was getting me really excited, but I somehow managed to hide my erection. It looked like the best products were mail-order, but some alternatives could be bought in local stores. I suggested that we go out right now to buy the stuff, but she didn't want to be seen in public buying diapers. Never mind that according to the text we read, almost a third of her friends were wearing them anyway. So, I relented and agreed to go alone. The store was only 15 minutes away, so I wouldn't be gone long. I told Amanda to get ready for bed while I was gone.

45 minutes later I returned with 2 different packs of diapers, lotion, wipes, and baby powder. Amanda was in her nightie, ready for bed like she promised.

"OK Cutie, the lady at the store said this will get you going. She said you should try these ones first. They're pull-ups. You slide them on just like your panties. The other ones are bigger diapers. They're only if these pull-ups don't work."

Amanda curiously looked at everything, then without a word, grabbed the pull-ups package and baby powder and ran to her room.

"You're welcome!" I shouted, but I didn't make an issue of it. She was probably stressing out right now.

After a minute, she came out of her room. "Uncle Mark, I don't think these are working right."

"Well let me see."

"You just want to see my panties! I mean diaper!" She complained.

Well, I couldn't say that wasn't true, but I also needed to troubleshoot what was wrong. I mean, how hard can it be to pull up a pull-up? "Cutie, you said it's not right. I need to see your diaper to help figure out what's wrong."

"Oh yeah. OK." Amanda lifted her nightie. Something didn't look right. I looked at the picture. I turned her around.

"Ah, I see the problem. The butterfly should be on the front. You have it on backwards."

She then had a typical 'blonde' moment, "Ohhhhhh, is that what's wrong?" Then she dashed back to her room. A moment later she came out again, smiling.

"Well? How does it fit?" I asked.

"It fits good. Wanna see?" She seemed to be flirting.

"A moment ago you didn't want me to see it at all, now you're offering to show off?"

"Well, just this once. You helped me fix it, so yeah." She raised her nightie and twirled around.

I have to admit, that diaper was beautiful on her. "Well I think it looks very pretty on you."

"It doesn't make me look like baby, does it?"

"Oh no, you look like a cute 10-year-old girl."

"I'm 10 and a half!" She reminded me - again. I guess at that age, the half year is important.

"Of course. You look like a cute 10-and-a-half-year-old girl." I corrected myself.

Amanda smiled, "Ok, I'll keep it on tonight."

"All right then. How about we cuddle and watch a little TV before bed?" I suggested.

Amanda got herself a drink, and we watched the Kids Channel until her bedtime, then we went to her room to tuck her in. She was already in bed when I realized that she skipped one step. "Cutie, don't you need to go to the bathroom before bed?"

She looked nervous, "No, not really."

I reminded her, "You know you're going to have to get up in the middle of the night."

"That's OK. I'll be alright." She was clearly trying to avoid the subject.

"Cutie, are you planning to... uh, use your diaper tonight?"

"Well... I guess so. I'm kinda curious about it. Is that OK?" For some reason, the thought of wetting her diaper got me really excited. I had to shift to hide my erection. But this needed to be about her, not me.

"Yes, it's OK. I know you're curious. I guess it just never occurred to me for you to actually use it. Now, diaper or not, you still need to get your sleep. You have sweet dreams Cutie." I kissed her forehead.

"OK." She paused again. "Uncle Mark?" I should have known to expect 20 questions at bed time.

"Yes Cutie?"

"What if I don't like it?"

"What if you don't like what?" I knew what, but for some reason I wanted her to say it.

"What if I don't like... uh... wetting the diaper?"

“Then you don’t have to wear them.”

“But Heather’s Mom said that some girls need to wear diapers.”

I re-assured her, “We’ll just wait and see what happens, IF that happens. But for now, if you don’t want to wear them, I won’t make you.”

“OK, thanks...” another pause, I waited for the next question, “Uncle Mark?” Yep, right on queue.

“Yes Cutie?”

“What if I DO like it?” she asked.

“Well that’s easy. You can wear diapers whenever you like.” I thought I was getting the hang of this question & answer thing.

“Anytime?”

“Well, anytime you’re with me, yes. I’ll let your parents decide about the other times.” I figured that was the right answer.

Amanda suddenly looked really scared “You’re not going to tell Mom & Dad, are you?” OK, so I don’t have all the right answers.

“Oh Cutie, I didn’t mean to scare you. No, we don’t have to tell your parents about you trying out diapers if you don’t want to.” I leaned forward and hugged her, “This will be our little secret.”

I kissed her good night and left her to sleep. Then I went to the bathroom and thought of Amanda wetting her diaper while I got myself off. I must have climaxed in less than 60 seconds.

Day 3 - Monday

The next morning, I was awakened by a 10-year-old girl in a nightie and diaper, trying to shake me awake. "Uncle Mark, Uncle Mark, Wake up!"

Despite the pleasant view I had, seeing her diaper peeking out under her rumpled nightie, her urgent calling forced me to find out WHY she was waking me. "<yawn> What's wrong cutie? Are you OK?"

"Uncle Mark, I need you to tickle me!"

I was still groggy and completely clueless. "What? Huh?"

"I need you to tickle me!" She repeated.

I was starting to wake up, but Amanda still wasn't making sense, "Did you say you want me to tickle you? Why?"

"Because I need to pee and I can't!" She still wasn't making any sense, at least not to my barely awake brain.

I needed some context to figure out what was going on, "Wait a moment. Back up and start from the beginning."

Amanda went into high speed blabber mode, "Last night I told you I wanted to try out my diaper and you said it was OK but this morning I had to pee really bad but I couldn't make myself go in the diaper no matter how hard I tried so I remembered that I peed when you tickled me the other night and I thought that if you tickled me now I would pee in my diaper!" How she managed to say all that in one breath I'll never know.

I sat up on my bed, making sure to keep myself covered from the waist down. I was finally starting to understand, "Ok, so let me get this straight. You want to pee in your diaper, but you can't make yourself do it, right?"

"Yeah, that's right. And I have to go really bad, but I just can't go! Please tickle me so I can pee, Uncle Mark!" She pleaded.

"Well, I do love ticking you," and I gave her a little tickle on her side and she jumped, "but I don't think that will solve your problem. What you need is to get over the mental block about peeing." I explained.

"But I tried everything. I just can't do it!" She was almost crying.

I had an idea, the meditative hypnosis I was writing about. "Don't worry Cutie, everything will be all right." I re-assured her. "Tickling isn't the answer, but I have another solution that I think will work. But you have to calm down first." She settled down somewhat, but her bursting bladder was still making her do her little peepee dance. God, it was beautiful. "Now, go to your bedroom and I'll be in there in a minute."

Amanda left so I was able to get out of bed and put sweatpants and a t-shirt on. I grabbed a towel from the linen closet on the way to her bedroom. I didn't know how much the diaper would hold, so a precautionary towel would be a good safety catch. When I got there, I put the towel on the bed and directed Amanda to sit on it. I sat on the bed beside her.

I began to start, "OK, Amanda, I want you to do whatever I say, even if it feels silly, OK?"

She looked nervous, but said, "OK."

I continued, with a quiet and steady voice, "Now, just try to relax. I'm going to help you. Just listen to my voice. Look straight into my eyes. There's nothing here but you and me..." I continued talking to her. I could see she was relaxing. After about a minute, I felt she was ready. "OK Amanda, now close your eyes and imagine you're in my swimming pool. The water is nice and warm. In fact, it's so warm, it's like you were taking a bath. The temperature is just right. No one is around, just you alone in the very warm pool." She smiled at that. "Now you feel you have to pee, but just a little. Wouldn't it be nice if you let go just a little bit? Oh, that would feel so nice in the warm water." I saw her inhale and hold her breath for a moment, and then she exhaled and smiled. "OK, that's good. Now how about you let go a little more?" Again, she paused, exhaled and smiled. This was going great, but I couldn't see that cute little diaper of hers (OK, maybe I really am a pervert). "That's wonderful. Now lay on your back and float in the nice warm water." She laid back on her bed, exposing her now partially wet diaper. "Now, wouldn't it feel wonderful to just let go all the way? Let it all just flow out into the nice warm pool." Again her breathing paused, then she exhaled. I could see the small butterfly patches on her diaper were disappearing, and the diaper was expanding to hold all of her pee. "That's it, just keep letting go. Let it all out. It's so nice to let it all out." She must have had to go a lot, because her diaper overflowed and leaked, quite a bit. It was good thing I had that towel. Finally, Amanda's bladder was empty and her diaper stopped leaking, but she was still in her trance. "OK Cutie, that was great. Now you're back in your bedroom again. I want you to slowly open your eyes and look around. You're wide awake again."

Amanda opened her eyes, and looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. "I did it! I did it!" She sat up, and her over-full diaper leaked a little more. She looked down at her diaper and the wet towel, "I guess I over did it!" She giggled.

Though it was obvious, I still asked, "Well, how does it feel? Did you like it?"

"It feels all warm and squishy." She felt the front of her diaper, "It's kinda nice and warm." She squeezed her legs together and let out a small gasp, "oooh, that... that feels really good!" She reached further down between her legs. She pressed on her diaper into her crotch and gasped again and closed her eyes. She was getting turned on. When she opened her eyes, she realized that I was sitting right beside her. She got embarrassed and turned away from me. It was incredibly exciting to see her getting turned on. I had to mentally slap myself in the face. I thought to myself 'This is my niece! And she's only 10!'

Back to reality, I declared, "I'd say this was a success, wouldn't you?" Amanda simply nodded and smiled, but looked away from me. She was trying to sort out her feelings of being sexually aroused. I

needed to get away before I would do something I'd regret. "Well, I'll go and let you get cleaned up. You should probably take another shower because you leaked so much. When you're done, I'll take the towel and your nightie and wash them.

"OK – uh, In a minute." She mindlessly answered.

"That's OK, Cutie, take your time. This is all new to you."

I left her room and went into my own bedroom to sort out my own feelings. I just helped my 10-year-old niece wet her diaper, and I got incredibly turned on by it all! What kind of weirdo am I? Then I remembered what Regina said yesterday, that young girls need a father figure to guide them. Surely, she didn't mean this? Yet, Amanda came to me for help; I didn't force her to do anything. All this time, I was busy stroking myself. The image of her diaper filling as she wet herself up made me climax into a tissue. A moment later, I heard little Amanda yelling through the walls. At first I feared that she got hurt, but I quickly realized it must be the cry of orgasmic bliss. She was masturbating too! If it were physically possible for a guy to come twice in a minute, I would have.

I cleaned myself up and then got dressed. It was time for breakfast so I headed for the kitchen. I met Amanda in the hallway.

I innocently asked, "So how are you feeling? Are you OK?"

"Uh huh, I'm OK." She wouldn't look at me.

I didn't want to pressure her, but I needed to make sure she knew we could talk. "I know this was a big thing for you, and it's OK. You know you can talk to me about it if you want, right?"

"Uh huh, Thanks." She still wouldn't look at me. She walked past me into the bathroom carrying her extra clothes and closed the door. I could tell that she was still sorting out her feelings.

I called through the bathroom door, "I'll have my famous homemade waffles ready for you when you get dressed!"

A short while later, Amanda came into the kitchen dressed in denim shorts and a cute glittery t-shirt. She looked so cute.

"Well, I'm glad you could finally join me for breakfast." I cheerfully said, "How about some of Uncle Mark's famous homemade waffles!" She finally smiled a bit. "Ah, there's my pretty girl's smile!"

"Uncle Mark, I know they're just frozen waffles." She argued, but she took three of them, along with a big glass of juice.

“Well it’s all in how you set the toaster. It took me years of practice to perfect the technique.” I joked. As we ate, I asked her, “So what would you like to do on this fine Memorial Day?” The TV was on in the background, and at that moment, it showed a commercial for a Memorial Day sale at the Twin Pines Mall.

Amanda’s eyes lit up a little, “Uncle Mark, can we go to the Mall?” she asked hopefully.

Ah, the Mall. Most men would rather get a root canal than go to a Mall, especially on a holiday. However, the Mall is where all the teen and preteen girls go to socialize. It was paradise for me to watch all the cute little lovely girls parading around. “You know, that sounds like a good idea!”

She nearly jumped for joy, “OK, Great! I’ll go change!” and she started to leave the table.

“Hold it there little one!” I stopped her. “First of all, you haven’t finished your breakfast. Second of all, the Mall doesn’t open until 11. And lastly, you just got dressed and you’re going to change already??”

“I can’t go to the Mall dressed like this! It’s totally the wrong outfit!” She explained, as though it were obvious to everyone.

“Oh, well if it’s totally the wrong outfit, then of course I understand.” I answered sarcastically. I don’t even pretend to know what’s fashionable. “However, it’s still way too early, and you need to finish your breakfast. AFTER breakfast, you can change your clothes a hundred times if you like.”

Amanda and I ate our breakfasts and cleaned up, then she went to her room to change. I let her know that I had some work to do this morning and she could watch TV until it was time to go. At my computer, I remembered that I connected to her phone. I decided to see if the mirror app still worked. Sure enough it did. Then I got curious as to what ‘secret stuff’ a preteen girl might have. I started poking around, but then I noticed that she was texting someone.

AS: Going to Twin Pines Mall today w/ UM and I got nothing to wear! Help!

HC: (Heather Clark, I assumed) Show me what you have

AS: <click> (Amanda took a mirror selfie shot)

HC: Too plain

AS: How about this? <click> (another selfie)

HC: OK for a nun

AS: OK, this? <click>

HC: Turn around

AS: Backside <click>

HC: No, back is terrible!

AS: What about this? <click>

HC: Not bad, unto the top button

AS: Like this? <Click>

HC: Better, next button too

AS: My boobs are almost showing! <click>

HC: Perfect! Turn around

AS: from behind <click>

HC: pull up your skirt in back

AS: My panties will show!

HC: That's the point!

AS: UM will never let me go out like this! <click>

HC: But he'll see you like that before he makes you change ☺

AM: LOL u r bad!

HC: let me know what happens!

AM: K luv u

In that last pic, she certainly was dressed to kill in that button-down pink top – with 2 of the 4 buttons open – and a short flowered skirt that she hiked up even more in the back. Her panties showed every time she took a step. Even perverted as I am, there was no way I'd let her go out in public like that, but damn, she was sexy!

After monitoring her conversation, I spent some time looking through her phone. I guess she was a typical girl, she loved to take selfies with her friends. Some of her girlfriends were really cute, and there were also some pics with a few boys. Then I found a separate section of pics. These were different. These were mirror selfies of her in her nightie, in a camisole & panties, and even some topless in just her panties! I could tell she took these pics in her bedroom at home. I don't know what possessed me to do this but I copied them to my computer. Of course, I also grabbed her latest pics she took while texting with Heather.

It was still early, so I was able to get some work done. I got another chapter of the meditative hypnosis project written. This chapter covered quick hypnosis or shock hypnosis. According to the material I had, it's possible to quickly implant a hypnotic suggestion on someone. The technique involves creating some sort of mental shock, immediately putting the patient into a trance. It sounded a bit extreme, but would be really cool if it worked. Eventually, it was almost time to go, so I finished up and got ready to go to the Mall with Amanda.

In the living room, Amanda was watching TV. When she saw me, she jumped up, "Uncle Mark, can we go now?" I saw her in that outfit – alas with all the buttons buttoned and her skirt down to a presentable level. Part of me was proud that she didn't give in to peer pressure to dress like a slut, but another part of me really wanted to see her the other way.

"You bet, Cutie! Let's go. Oh, by the way, you look nice." She smiled when I said that. "You're right, that is a nicer outfit than what you had on before."

It was fairly early, so when we got there the Mall wasn't busy yet. We stopped and got a couple of large sodas, then we started to walk around.

We walked by Forever12, the popular preteen girls clothing store. "Uncle Mark, that's my favorite store! Let's go in!" and she pulled me by the hand. Amanda ran from clothing rack to rack. "Oh, I need one of these! And those, I need that too! And those swimsuits! Oh, Uncle Mark can I get one? Pleeease?"

A young sales lady saw us and pegged us for a big sale. She was right. "Welcome to Forever 12! My name is Jennifer. Can I help you two find something?" she asked.

"Yes, it seems we need a few things for my niece," I answered. I was really out of my element here so I did appreciate the help, even if it would be expensive help.

"So, what are we looking for today?" the sales lady asked.

I was clueless, but Amanda chimed in, "I need bunch of new outfits for Summer, and a swimsuit, and new shoes, and a purse, and..."

"Hold it, little one! I'm not made of money here!" I had to stop her or else she'd buy me out of house and home. "Cutie, I'm happy to get you a couple things, but not a whole new wardrobe."

Amanda pouted for a moment, but the Jennifer helped me out "Don't worry Honey; I can help you find some nice things and still stay within your Uncle's budget." That brought back Amanda's smile.

I thanked her, "Thank you, Ma-am. I'm fine with anything up to \$200." Then I saw the swimsuits - the bikini swimsuits. I spoke softly to the sales lady, "\$300 and get her a bikini." Amanda heard that and beamed a smile. "So, I'll leave you two to shop. Cutie, text me when you're ready, OK?"

The sales lady re-assured me, "That will be fine. Your niece is in good hands. We'll see you in a bit."

I retreated to the food court, near the coffee store, where I watched the young teen girls pretend to be grown-up by ordering unpronounceable variations of coffee. After about 20 minutes, I got a text from Amanda, "[Where r u?](#)" So, I returned. When I got there, everything was bagged, and I paid the sales lady. As she promised, she stayed under budget – by \$1.32. I thanked her, and Amanda and I went on our way.

I had to ask, "So what did you buy?"

She smiled and said, "You'll see when we get home."

"Do I get a fashion show then?" I said hopefully.

"Maybe." She said coyly. "Uncle Mark, I'm hungry. Can we get lunch?"

"You're always hungry!" I answered. Frankly, as small as she is, I don't know where she puts it all.

"Well it is lunchtime, so sure." We got lunch and another large soda for each of us at the food court.

Partway through lunch, Amanda started fidgeting. "Are you OK, Cutie?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she answered, "I just have to go to the bathroom."

"Well, the lady's room is right over there." I pointed out.

She looked that way, "Yeah well, I don't have to go that bad, I'll be OK."

"Cutie, you should go. You don't want a repeat of Saturday." I reminded her.

"Yeah, but... I just don't need to go." She clearly lied.

"Amanda Summers!" I said firmly. "Do I need to order you to go the bathroom?"

She looked toward the bathroom, "It's just that... I can't go over there. Jason is there and he keeps bothering me. He touches me and keeps trying to make me kiss him." She confessed.

Now I understood. "Ah, so he's a creep that's bothering you?"

"Yes. He thinks he's oh-so-cool but he's just a jerk. And he smells funny." She said.

I figured this was an easy fix. "Oh, Cutie I can help you out, easy. I'll just escort you to the bathroom door."

“NO! You can’t do that! I’ll never be able to show my face in school again!” She gasped.

“But why?” I asked, then I knew better than to ask. “Never mind why. Ok, you go ahead of me – so you’re not with me. If this Jason starts to hit on you, then I’ll just happen to be there to rescue you. Will that work?”

“OK, but you’re not with me, right?” She asked.

I re-assured her, “Right, I’m not with you. I’m just a stranger that happened to be there.”

Amanda finally agreed to this plan. I let her walk about 20 feet in front of me. As expected, this somewhat oversized kid stopped Amanda and cornered her. She was clearly scared. She backed up to the wall and he put his hands on her arms, pinning them. Just before he moved in to try to kiss her, I stood behind this young oaf and tapped him on the shoulder. He was much bigger than Amanda, but I was much bigger than him.

He was surprised, but still a bit cocky, “Yeah what to YOU want?”

He was playing the tough guy, which was a bit pathetic given our age and size differences. “Kid, that’s not appropriate behavior in a family mall like this.”

“Yeah, so what are you gonna do about it? Hit me? That’s child abuse mister. You can’t touch me!”

While that was a tempting idea, I knew that wouldn’t do any good. Anyway, Amanda snuck away when the kid turned around, so the primary objective was achieved. I did want to try to solve the problem on a more permeant basis, though. “So, you fancy yourself a ladies man, eh?”

“Yeah, the girls like this.” He motioned his hands around his body. Truthfully, he was built decently. If I were into boys, I’d think he had potential. However, he was dressed like a slob, and he smelled like he never heard of a shower.

I wondered if my newly learned shock hypnosis might work on him. I decided to try, “Yeah I wish I had your looks when I was young.” I threw him compliments. “I bet you get all the girls.”

“I get my share.” He said with a bit of pride.

“But do you know the real secret to getting into their pants? Not just girls, but women?” I lead him on. Jason the Barbarian shook his head, so I knew I had him. I spotted a door to service corridor – that would be perfect. “Come over here, we don’t want just anyone to hear this.” He followed me like a puppy. About 2 minutes later, we both came back out. Jason was now a changed boy.

“Hey, thanks for the tip. I’ll remember it.” About that time, Amanda came out of the bathroom and tried to walk by us. Jason called to her. This was the first test, to see if it really worked.

“Hey Amanda, can I talk to you a moment?” He said, much nicer than before.

Amanda was scared. She looked at him, then at me with a 'What have you done?' look. "What do you want, Jason?"

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry for what I did before. I won't do that to you again, I promise." He said politely.

Amanda was now scared AND confused. She looked at Jason and me like we were both from another planet. All she could do was say "OK" and quickly walked away. Well, at least she was away from this idiot.

I wrapped up my time with Jason, "Well kid that was impressive. I think you're off to a good start. He thanked me and I walked away. I bet he never figured out what I did to him behind that door.

When I got back to Amanda, I assured her that Jason wouldn't bother her anymore. She asked me how I did it, but I told her that was 'classified', and she needn't worry about him anymore. Our shopping trip done, and my wallet emptied, we left the Lone Pine Mall and headed home. I really wanted to see her show off what she bought anyway.

As we walked into the house, I reminded Amanda, "Hey Cutie, remember you said you'd show me what you bought – or more correctly, what I bought you."

She smiled, and started to reach into the shopping bag, "OK, well I got this and..."

I stopped her, "Oh no! I paid for those clothes and I want to see you wearing them! You march right into your room and put on the first set of clothes, then come out to show me what they look like on you!"

She grinned at this, and ran into her bedroom. Then she ran back out and grabbed the shopping bag and ran into her room again. I sat down in my recliner in the living room and waited.

After about a minute, I heard from down the hallway, "OK, Are you ready?"

"I'm ready!" I yelled back, "Show me what you got!" She came out of her room, strutting down the hallway into the living room pretending she was a professional model. She wore a white mid-thigh layered skirt with a white camisole style top. She twirled in it, briefly showing her white panties. It was a relatively basic outfit, but she looked really good in it. "Oh, you look very nice in that – even pretty!"

Amanda blushed, did another twirl and runway-walked back to her room. Two more times, she came out with different outfits. A pink summer dress, and then light blue overall shorts; shortalls, I think they're called. All looked very pretty on her. Finally, I asked, "Well, what about the swimsuit?"

She smiled, "That's next! Wait right there!" and she ran back to her room.

“Ah, so you’re saving the best for last!” I yelled, “It better be worth it!” I joked. A minute later, she came out of her room, but she was nervous and wrapped in a towel. “So, am I to believe that you’ll go swimming wrapped in a towel?” I asked.

She looked down and blushed a bit, “Uncle Mark, I don’t know if I can show you this.”

I pressed the point, “Oh no. You wanted that swimsuit, I paid for that swimsuit, and I get to see that swimsuit!”

She blushed more, “It’s a lot smaller than I thought.”

I was insistent. “Cutie, it’s just you and me here. I’m sure it’s fine. Now show me your swimsuit.”

Amanda dropped the towel. Before me stood an almost naked 10-year-old girl in a small pink flowered bikini. At least I think it was flowered. There wasn’t much material to tell what the pattern was. She stood there nervous, not really doing anything.

“Well, aren’t you going to turn around like you did with the other outfits?” She gingerly turned around, and I saw her almost completely exposed butt cheeks. I had to reassure her, “Cutie, I think you look very pretty in that bikini. It’s perfect for you.”

“The bottoms are smaller than my panties!” She argued. “I feel like I’m naked!”

To be honest, she rather looked that way to me too, but I wasn’t going to say that. “Oh, I think it’s fine. It doesn’t show too much. Once you get in the pool with that, you’ll be having so much fun in the water that you won’t even think about it. Also, you can get a nice tan with that. Now how about a proper twirl like you did with your other outfits?”

Finally, she turned around less stiffly. No doubt about it, my little niece was hot!

She was finally getting in to the spirit of it, “Uncle Mark, can I try this new bikini out in the pool?”

I happily replied “Of course, Cutie, let’s go!”

Just then, we heard a sharp CRACK of thunder, then a few seconds later another thunderous CRACK. Damn weather.

I had to stop her, “I’m sorry, no swimming today, at least not until the storm passes.” Amanda sulked, and I felt bad for her. “Come here. Let me give you a hug.” She slowly walked over to me and sat on my lap. I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed her and kissed her cheek. She put her head on my shoulder. We sat there for a while like that.

After a while Amanda got a little fidgety, and she finally spoke, “Uncle Mark?”

“Yes Cutie?”

She hesitantly asked, "This morning when you said we could talk about... well, you know, this morning when I... Did you mean it?"

"You mean when you wet your diaper this morning? Of course, I meant it. I love you, and you're very important to me. Absolutely we can talk about it." I reassured her.

"You won't laugh at me, will you?" She asked with uncertain eyes.

"Cutie, this morning, I watched you wet a diaper. Heck, I HELPED you to wet it. I didn't laugh at you then and I won't laugh at you now."

"Well, it's just that... would it... would it be OK if I wore another diaper?" She asked like it was the biggest favor in the world.

"Do you mean now?"

She barely nodded "Uh huh."

"Sure. I told you that if you like them you could wear diapers whenever you want."

"Thanks Uncle Mark! I'll go put it on now!" She jumped off my lap and ran into her room.

I wasn't sure if she was going to come out or not. A few minutes went by, so I figured she was doing it on her own. So, I turned on the TV.

Just as it turned on, I heard, "Uncle Mark?"

I turned to see my little niece with her nightie on, holding her hands in front of her. "Yes Cutie?" I replied.

"Can you please... uh... help me again? I need to go pretty bad, but I can't." She asked so sweetly.

"Sure, I'll help you." I turned off the TV and walked with her back into her bedroom. I grabbed another towel on the way, and set it on her bed just like before. Amanda sat on the towel. "OK, now Cutie, I want you to do exactly what I tell you, just like before. Understand?"

"Uh huh." She replied.

I put her into a trance just like before. It seemed easier this time, almost too easy. As I talked, she seemed to anticipate what I said. When I talked her into a wetting just a little, she flooded her diaper right away. I then brought her out of her trance.

"Well Cutie, how was it?" I asked.

She looked at her sodden diaper and felt it. "It was nice. I liked it. I like the squishy feeling."

"You didn't really need me to help you wet yourself, did you?"

“Well...maybe not,” She confessed, “But I liked it so much when you helped me this morning, I wanted to feel like that again. Are you mad at me?”

“No Cutie, I’m not mad at you, but you should have been honest with me from the beginning.” I tried to use my scolding voice, but I don’t think it worked.

“I was afraid you’d say ‘no’ unless I said I needed you.”

“Well, I can’t promise that I’ll always say ‘yes’, but I do promise that if you’re honest with me, I’ll do whatever I can to help you.” I reassured her.

As I was talking to Amanda, she was mindlessly rubbing the front of her diaper. I don’t think she even realized she was doing it. I could tell she was getting excited again, and I was getting turned on watching her. I had to consciously think to myself, ‘NO! This is your 10-year-old niece! She should NOT be turning you on!’ I told her I’d leave her to clean herself up. I went in to my bedroom and did to myself what I imagined she was doing to herself. In about 2 minutes I heard her scream again, and I soiled another tissue. This time I waited until I heard her go into the bathroom and turn on the shower before I went back to the living room.

Day 3 Part 2

Watching TV, I saw a Memorial Day commercial about family picnics, and I got an idea. Amanda had just come out of her room, dressed in her new shortalls. “Hey Cutie, I have an idea. How about we invite Heather and her Mom over for a cookout?”

Amanda’s eyes lit up. “Really? Heather’s coming over?” She jumped onto my lap straddling me and hugged me. Have I said that love her hugs? I really love her hugs. It could have been my imagination, but I think I felt her grind on me when she hugged me.

“Whoa, there little one, I said I’d invite them. They haven’t had a chance to say ‘yes’ or ‘no’ yet.” Once I managed to get Amanda off me, I called Regina. Regina said they’d love to come over. When Amanda heard that, she squealed with delight and hugged me again. I also heard Heather in the background squealing too. Regina offered to bring a dessert which was fine by me. While I was talking, I looked out the window and the sky was clearing up again, so I suggested that they both bring their swimsuits. Regina said that was a great idea. They’d be over in an hour or so.

Since I was now feeding 4 instead of 2, I went to the kitchen to see what we had to eat. I could have scraped by with what I had, but I figured to do a cookout right I should go the store and get a few things. I invited Amanda to come with me but she decided to stay home and pick out the right outfit. It would be a swimming pool party, and she had 3 swimsuits, one of which was brand new. It’s not like there was any doubt which one she’d pick. I’ll never understand why girls lament so much over what to wear. No matter, I guess the grocery store isn’t that interesting a place for a young girl anyway.

I came back home with the basic hamburgers, hot dogs, and such for the traditional cookout. Amanda appeared to have finally chosen her swimsuit, but she was wearing a cover-up that hid her choice.

“Well did you finally decide which swimsuit to wear?”

“Yep, I’m all set.” She answered confidently.

“Well, do I get to see?” I prodded, hoping for a preview.

“Nope! Not till we get in the pool!”

“Oh no! How can I ever pick out a matching outfit?” I joked sarcastically.

“Nobody cares what guys wear, Uncle Mark!” She chided. Of course, she was right about that. As long as we guys are clean, shaved, and hair combed, almost anything we wear generally doesn’t matter. I do like being a guy with no worries like that.

I went outside to get the grill started before I changed. I also unlocked the back door for the afternoon so people could come and go easily. I went back inside and was just about to go change when the doorbell rang. As soon as it did, Amanda ran to her room yelling "Eek! I'm not ready yet!" Young girls – who knows what goes on in their heads.

I opened the door and let Regina and Heather in. Regina wore print shorts and a matching top that showed off her midriff, and Heather was in jean shorts and a pink top that tied at the bottom so it showed her tummy as well. They each had a small bag for their swimsuits. "Hi there! Come on in!" I invited.

They stepped in and Regina answered, "Thanks so much for inviting us, Mark." She gave me a hug. "Now Heather, you be sure to Thank Mr. Mark too."

Heather responded with a smile, "Thanks Mr. Mark for inviting us." And she hugged me too. I really like this whole hugging thing.

"You're very welcome, both of you. Heather, Amanda is in her room still getting ready. It's down the hall on your left. Why don't you go see how she's doing?" Heather skipped down the hall to Amanda's room.

Regina yelled down the hall "You might as well get changed while you're in there!" Then she looked at me still in my regular clothes, "I thought this was a pool party! Or was this just a ploy for you to see 3 girls in their bathing suits?"

I played along, "Guilty as charged, ma'am! Actually, I was just about to get changed when you showed up. I'll just be a moment, unless you'd like to go first." I waved my hand down the hall.

"Well Maybe I should check on you like Heather is checking on Amanda." Regina flirted.

I smiled and joked back, "Only if I take as long as Amanda does!"

Regina insisted that I change first, so I went to my bedroom and changed into my swim trunks and a t-shirt.

As I came out, Regina frowned and said "Awww, I was just going to come in and check on you."

"Well maybe next time I might take longer then!" I flirted back. It could have been my imagination, but I was definitely feeling some kind of bond between us. Something tells me I'm into something good!

I was in the kitchen getting the things ready. I just poured iced tea for all when I heard Regina ask, "Do you need any help?" I turned around and saw her long bare legs, the tops of which were barely covered by her cover up. How could someone so petite have such long legs? I could only imagine what was being covered up, but I sure was imagining it. Then I heard, "Mark – Hello?"

I realized I was staring, “Oh I’m so sorry, I was...” I was lost in those long luscious legs of hers, but I knew I couldn’t say that.

Regina blushed, “That’s OK. I guess I do put on a bit of a show. Thanks for noticing me.” And she sauntered slowly across the floor.

“Regina, you look stunning!” I stammered.

“Thank you!” She flirted. “You’re pretty good looking yourself. I can’t wait to see what’s under that shirt!” She walked her fingers up my chest. “Now what does the big strong man want his little woman to do?”

We both heard giggles. We both turned deep red. We both turned to look at two girls in cover ups standing in the kitchen entrance, pointing and laughing at us.

Amanda started the mocking, “Oh my big strong man, what can I do for you?”

Heather got her jabs in too, “Oh you look so beautiful, I’m in love with you!” Then they both made kissing noises.

I would have given Amanda an angry look, but I couldn’t look at her without laughing. So, I kept looking at Regina. “Amanda, why don’t you show Heather our pool – Now!” I pointed to the back door.

The girls walked past us, still giggling. Each grabbed a large glass of iced tea as they walked by. Regina added. “But do NOT go in the pool till we get out there!”

As soon as they were out of sight, Regina and I burst out laughing.

After a minute, Regina said, “I guess I did get a little carried away. I’m sorry if I embarrassed you in front of your niece.”

“That’s OK, I shouldn’t have stared at you like I did. I should have known the girls would come out at any time.”

Regina and I brought out the first load of food. We saw the girls sitting and drinking from their already half-empty glasses. I started the burgers and hot dogs on the grill and Regina ordered the girls to get the rest of the food. I got the grill set for the time being just as the girls brought out the last of the supplies.

Amanda and Heather each asked, “Can we go in the pool now, Uncle Mark/Mom?”

Regina answered with a cheeky grin, “Yes, but first let’s all uncover and let Mr. Mark see what he’s been missing so far.”

I saw all 3 beautiful girls undress – their cover ups anyway – to reveal what was underneath. All 3 girls had on very skimpy bikinis. Frankly, you could use the material from all 3 to make one regular bikini. I was stunned again. To make a point of this, Regina sauntered over to me, followed by the 2 girls, and

touched my chest. I just stood there dumbfounded. Then she very gently pushed me backwards – into the pool. She didn't even need to push hard.

Heather and Amanda jumped in and started a splash fight with me. I picked up each of their little bikini-clad bodies one at a time and threw them a few feet away from me back into the water. We continued this for a few minutes, laughing the whole time. I noticed that Regina was still out of the pool and dry. I moved to the edge and motioned for her to come close. When she got within reach, I grabbed her and pulled her in with us. Eventually it turned into a free for all, with each man (or girl) for themselves.

After a little while, I got out to check on the grill. Regina got out too, and we both sat on chaise lounge chairs and watched the girls playing.

"I'm really glad you came over, Regina. I can't remember the last time I had so much fun!"

Regina replied, "Thanks for inviting us! This is so much better than just sitting at home."

"I have to admit, I was totally stunned the way the 3 of you showed off your swimsuits. I have a feeling that was planned."

She pretended to be shocked, "What?? Us plan something behind your back??"

I gave her a 'yeah, really' look.

"OK, but we got you good! I didn't plan on dunking you, but you were just standing there with your eyes like saucers and your mouth open, I couldn't resist." She grinned and placed her hand on my thigh.

"That's OK, it was all in fun. But just remember about payback." I smiled. I placed my hand on her thigh, matching her move. I'm not sure, but I think she moved her leg closer to me.

"Ooh, I'm looking forward to it!" She challenged.

We talked for a while, then I got up to check on the food on the grill. Amanda and Heather climbed out of the pool and started running to go inside. "Whoa there! No running out here in bare feet! Where you both going anyway?" I asked.

"Bathroom!" they cried out in unison. They slowed to a fast walk to the door. Heather was holding her crotch as she walked. I couldn't help but watch her.

"Well, it seems that I'm not the only one who caught your eye." Regina said from behind me. I turned around to see her right beside me. "If I walk with my hand down there will you look at me like that too?"

"Oh god, Regina, I'm sorry, I just... I just..."

"You were just thinking about my Heather peeing herself, weren't you?" She looked right into my eyes with straight face. I couldn't respond; I felt like a deer caught in headlights. Then she smiled "It's OK, Mark! I know Heather is a beautiful girl, and I remember how you got excited when you talked about Amanda's accidents yesterday." She reached her hand up to my face. I half expected her to slap me, but she gently touched my cheek. "It doesn't take a genius to see you're turned on by girls peeing."

I still felt very guilty, "But she's your daughter, and Amanda is my niece. And they're both only 11 and 10! They're too young." Again, I was saying this more for my own benefit than anything else.

Regina pulled my head down to her level and moved to make a kiss, but instead she whispered in my ear. "No, they're not. Old enough to feel love is old enough to make love." Then she moved right in front of my face.

I couldn't help myself. I kissed her. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her passionately. I felt her arms around me. I don't know exactly what I was feeling inside, but I sure liked it. I wanted her, and now. I started to untie her bikini top, but then I heard the back door open again, and the giggling. Reluctantly, Regina and I stopped kissing and separated to a discreet distance.

Amanda and Heather were giggling and making kissing noises. I looked at Regina and smiled. Then I ran toward the girls, yelling like a raving lunatic. "I'm gonna get you!" They screamed and tried to run away, but there was no place to go. I first grabbed Heather and picked her up over my head. I carried her to the pool and threw her in. Then I chased Amanda, grabbed her and tossed her into the pool too. I ran around the pool like a crazy man, still yelling "I'm gonna get you!" The girls quickly got the idea and climbed out and let me catch them again. Again, I picked them up one at a time and threw them into the pool as they screamed. Then I spotted Regina. She looked like she was fixing her top from when I tried to undo it, so I chased her down. Now she was screaming just like the young girls. I grabbed her, picked her up and carried her to the pool. I must have had my hand caught in her bikini top because when I threw her into the pool, I still had her top in my hand. I looked at it, then I looked at Regina as she tried to cover herself up.

"So, this is what you meant by payback?" She asked.

"No, I... I...", I stammered, "This was an accident! I'm sorry! Here!" I started to toss it to her.

"Oh no! You got your payback! Is this what you wanted to see?" She smiled and opened her arms, exposing her small, perky, beautiful breasts.

"Mom!" Heather yelled, "You lost your top!" Heather reactively covered her own front, even though she wasn't exposed.

Amanda was trying not to look, so she looked at me with a 'What have you done?' look on her face.

"Now Heather, fair's fair. We got Mr. Mark earlier and now he got me back." Regina answered her daughter.

I looked at Regina's top in my hand. Something wasn't right. Then I realized – Her top tied in 2 different places. It's possible I could have accidentally pulled one of the ties but not both. She set me up again! Had we been alone, I would have called her on that, but with the girls there, I just looked at her knowingly, and she winked back at me. Regina swam topless for a while. Even though she set me up, I was definitely enjoying the view. I did have to be careful about hiding my erection with the girls around though.

Later on, when the young girls took another bathroom break, I finally convinced Regina to put her top back on, but she insisted that I had to put it on her. Oh, how I wanted to remove her bottoms then, but I knew the girls would be back any minute. Being so close to Regina, yet unable to do anything with her was torture, and she knew it. The little tease. Yet, I loved it.

I had to get some distance between me and Regina, to regain my self-control. I got out and checked on the grill. The food was ready, so I called out "It's Dinner time!" loud enough for the girls to hear in the house. Regina got out of the pool and got everything ready on the picnic table while I moved the burgers and dogs to a serving plate.

The girls came running out of the house, ready for food, but I stopped them, "Hold it right there, you two! Remember, no running in bare feet out here!" They stopped in their tracks.

Regina called to me, "Mark, we're out iced tea. I'll go make more."

I stopped her, "No, the girls drank most of it, so they should make the next batch. Amanda made tea before, so I know they can handle it."

Regina handed the empty pitcher to Heather, and the girls went back inside. Alone again, I walked over to Regina. "You've been teasing me all afternoon. And you set me up with your bikini top! So that's 2 paybacks I owe you!"

Regina smiled an evil smile. "Well, you started it when you tried to remove my top. I just finished the job."

She did have me there. "OK, I'm a horny guy and you're tease. Truce - At least during dinner?"

"OK, I'll be good through Dinner. But no promises after that!"

I laughed, "Ok, just one more thing, before the girls come back out." I pulled her to me, turned her and dipped her back as far as I could and passionately kissed her. I was careful not to let myself get carried away this time. I picked her back up and released her, barely a moment before the girls came back outside. Regina was now the stunned one.

Heather put the pitcher on the table, then looked at her Mom. "Mom, are you OK?" She asked.

"Uh huh." Was all Regina could utter. She was still staring straight ahead at nothing.

Then Heather turned to me, put her hands on her hips, and asked "What did you do to my Mom?"

Now it was my turn to play innocent. “Oh, nothing much, just an innocent kiss.” I smiled.

Amanda actually had a clue and chimed in, “I think she’s twitterpated!”

Heather turned to Amanda, “Twitter-what?”

Amanda said, “Twitterpated! Come on, haven’t you ever seen Bambi?” Heather shook her head. “Uncle Mark, we’ve got to have her see Bambi!”

By now, Regina was regaining her senses. She glared at me with an ‘I’ll get you back’ look.

I replied to Regina’s look, “Now I only owe you one.” And I smiled.

The girls looked at both of us, then each other, and figured it was just some dumb grown-up joke.

We all enjoyed dinner. Everyone was too hungry to do anything but eat, so dinner was relatively quiet. Afterwards, everyone pitched in to clean up. We ran out of iced tea again, so this time Regina and I went inside to make more.

Inside, I decided to take my own turn in the bathroom. When I came out, I saw Regina standing right outside the bathroom door with her own hand between her legs doing her own peepee dance. “Oh, Mark I need to pee so badly!” She said. She was so sexy looking like that.

I couldn’t help but stare for a moment, but I quickly regained my composure. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know you had to go so badly. Why didn’t you ask to go first?”

“Because I didn’t have to go then!” She stood there and answered me, still holding her crotch. “Oooh, I have to pee so badly! I think I’m going to wet myself!”

“Well go on in then!” I held the bathroom door open. I was confused why she didn’t just go in, but on the other hand I sure didn’t mind seeing her like this.

She stood up straight and relaxed. “So, you DO look at me that way when I put my hands down there, just like the girls!” She laughed.

I couldn’t believe it – she got me again! At least the girls weren’t there to see it. “You know you’re creating quite a pile of paybacks, woman.” I replied. “You keep doing things like that and I may not LET you use my bathroom!” I blocked the doorway and smiled.

“Haha, Very funny, Mark.” She said, “But I do need to use the bathroom. I drank just a much tea as you.”

“No.” I refused to move. “Not in the toilet, anyway.”

“Then where to you propose I go?”

I backed up, leading her into the bathroom with me, and I reached to close the door behind her. “In the bathtub,” I said “With your bikini on.”

“What???”

“Well you said you were going to wet yourself, so go ahead and do it.” I sat down on the toilet so she couldn’t use it. “You’ve been teasing me all afternoon. Time for a payoff.” I said, sternly this time. “I promise I won’t touch you. I’ll just sit right here and watch you wet yourself.”

“And do you suggest I go back outside in a soiled swimsuit?”

“No, you can change back into your regular clothes. I promise I’ll get them for you afterwards. I’ll change my clothes too. We’ll simply tell the girls that you and I are done with the pool for the day.”

“Oooh, you’re really devious!” She lamented. “OK, I’ll let you win this time, but only because I feel sorry for you! I suppose you want a bit of a show too?”

“I want to see you wetting yourself – I want full view of your ‘fun parts’.” I pointed to her crotch. “Aside from that, anything else you’re willing to do is extra credit.” I smiled.

“OK, but I’m going to make you regret that you said you won’t touch me.” She grinned.

Regina slid her hands down her sides slowly, then pushed them between her legs. “Oh no, I need to pee so badly, I think I’m going to have an accident!” She pretended. She hobbled from one leg to the other a couple times. “Oh no, I’m going to wet myself!” She moved her hands to just above her crotch, spread her legs a little and looked down at herself. A moment later, I saw her tiny bikini get soaked, and pee streamed down her legs. “Oh no, I’m wetting my panties and I can’t stop!” I motioned for her to turn around, and she showed me her butt. I could see pee running down the back of her legs too. She turned to face me again. A separate stream of pee came out between her legs and splashed in the tub. Her legs and feet were soaked. “Oh no, I’m wetting myself like a little girl!” She continued her act. She peed for a good long while. I was impressed with how much she went. She rubbed her hands on her soaked legs and then while licking her lips, she rubbed on her bikini top, making it wet too. Now she was just trying to tease me.

“Well, was that good enough for you?” She asked.

“Oh yes, very nice. I think I’ll call us even now.” I smiled.

Regina still had a naughty grin on her face. “So, who are you going to think of when you get yourself off tonight?” She asked.

“All of 3 you – at once” I answered in a cheeky tone. “OK, I said I’d get your clothes. I’ll be right back.” I went to my bedroom, got Regina’s clothes and her small bag, and returned to the bathroom. “Here you go, as promised.” Before I left the room, I said, “I’ll have you know, I considered stealing your panties.

But I already said we were even, so I decided to be nice to you.” I smiled again and left her to clean up and change.

Regina and I went back outside, dressed in our regular clothes, while the girls played in the pool a while longer. Though the rest of the evening was fun, it never reached the crazy level it did before dinner. The sun was setting and it was a school night so we got Heather and Amanda out of the pool and sent them inside to change. Regina and I started cleaning up. Once the girls changed clothes – Regina in her regular clothes, and Amanda in her nightie - we all said our goodbye’s, and Regina and Heather went home.

It wasn’t bedtime yet, but I knew Amanda was tired, so I made her do all of her bedtime routine early. She and I cuddled on the couch and watched TV for a while until her bedtime. I thought I heard a plastic crinkling sound when she moved. I couldn’t resist patting her butt to feel. As I suspected, I felt the padding of her pull-up. I didn’t say anything, but we both looked at each other and smiled. I could see her eyes getting heavy, but she was stubbornly resisting sleep as we watched TV.

During a commercial, she asked, “Uncle Mark?”

“Yes, Cutie?”

“Do you like Miss Regina?”

“Yes, I do. Why do you ask?” I said as I stroked her hair.

“Are you going to see her again?”

“Well I’d like to, if she’s interested in seeing me.”

“Are you going to marry her?”

I was a bit taken aback by that question. “I think you’re getting ahead of yourself, Cutie.” I’ve only known her for 2 days. Let’s take it one step at a time.”

“If you did marry Miss Regina, would that make Heather and me cousins?”

I thought about that for a moment, “Hmmm, I’m not sure about that one. But, can I just maybe get a date with Regina BEFORE you start sending out wedding invitations?” And I gave her a tickle.

“Eeeeeek! Stop that!” She giggled.

“That was for planning my wedding without me!” I said. “Now no more talk about me getting married – unless ‘I’ bring it up. Understand?” And I gave her a quick tickle again.”

“Eeeeeek! OK, I’ll stop!” She giggled again.

Despite her giggling and wiggling around, sleep was once again penetrating Amanda's eyelids. After about 10 minutes, she was sound asleep lying across my lap. I carefully picked her up and carried her to her bedroom and tucked her in. She barely stirred. She looked so peaceful there, yet so inviting. I started to imagine all the things I could do to her while she was sleeping. Again, I had to consciously think to myself, 'NO! She's your niece! Get that crap out of your head!' I figured I should leave before I did anything inappropriate.

After I left Amanda's bedroom, my thoughts once again returned to Regina. I thought about everything she said and did today. She was somehow able to read me like a book, and that both scared me and excited me. I got the impression that I was getting under her skin too. Clearly, I was seriously attracted to her, but I also found Heather - and oh hell, Amanda too - also very sexy. I guessed if I were truly in love, I wouldn't look at any other women - or girls for that matter. I found myself fantasizing about all 3 of them, so it couldn't really be love. Or could it? I didn't know about that, but I did know that the imagery of all 3 girls in their bikinis today made my body demand some relief. I made a quick trip to the bathroom to jack off. I remembered seeing Regina topless... seeing Heather and Amanda struggling to get inside before they wet themselves... Seeing Regina actually wet herself, in the very same bathtub I was looking at... That did it, and I came very intensely. I remembered Regina asked me who I would think of when I got myself off tonight. I briefly considered texting her about what I did, but I quickly came to my senses and simply went to bed.

Day 3 Part 3

Sometime in the middle of the night, an especially loud CRACK of thunder woke me up. I could hear the heavy rain and a strong wind making quite a ruckus outside. It was another storm, and it sounded like a bad one. I didn't think anything of it until a few seconds later, when Amanda rushed into my bedroom and dove onto my bed.

Another loud CRACK of thunder caused her to wrap her arms around me. "Uncle Mark, I'm scared!" She buried her face in my chest.

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly. "It's OK Cutie, we're safe here inside."

The poor thing was trembling. "Can I get under the covers with you?"

I was not exactly decent. I normally sleep in just my briefs. Any other time I would say no, but her shaking was starting to worry me. "OK sure. Get under the covers with me." She scrambled under the covers and pressed her 10-year-old body against mine. She laid beside me on her side with her head on my chest and her arm stretched across my chest. With every lightning flash, she buried her face in my chest. After about 15 minutes, the storm died down, and the rain continued at a gentler pace. I find that kind of rain relaxing and easy to fall asleep to. "OK, the worst of the storm is past. Let's get you back to your own bed.

But Amanda didn't find it soothing like I did. "Uncle Mark, I'm still scared. I don't want to go back to my room. Can I stay here for a while? Pleeeeease?"

I couldn't turn down a 'Pleeeeease' like that. "OK, if it will make you feel better, you can stay here for now. But we gotta change positions. Let me hold you from behind." I turned her around so we were spooning. I wrapped my arm around her. Amanda grabbed my hand and pulled it around her chest. My hand was directly one of her tiny nipples. After a minute or so, I started to get an erection. I tried to reach down to adjust it so it wouldn't rub against her, but she kept a death grip on my hand so I couldn't. I tried shifting my hips back, but she shifted back against me as well. I was poking right against her diaper, and every move she made caused me to get harder.

Just then, one last CRACK of thunder shook through the house. She tightened her grip on me even more and whimpered. A few seconds later, I felt something 'down there'. Amanda's diaper was pressing out into me, and... it felt warm. Amanda was wetting her diaper.

After a moment, I heard "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes, Cutie?"

"I think I peed in my diaper." She said meekly.

"Yes, I could tell that. Was it an accident?"

"Uh huh. I got really scared by the thunder. You're not mad at me, are you?"

“Of course, not Cutie.” I reassured her. “I told you I won’t get mad if you wet your diaper. That’s what it’s there for. You really should get changed though.”

“Can I wait a bit? I’m still scared.” She held onto my hand tighter.

“OK sure. You can stay here with me till you’re not scared anymore.” I certainly didn’t mind holding her longer.

We laid like that for a minute or so – spooning my wet diaper clad niece, with an erection poking against that same wet diaper, feeling every movement Amanda made. Then I felt a repetitive movement on her diaper. First slow and light, but then a bit quicker and bigger. In the very dim light, I could tell her other arm (not the one not holding mine) was extended under the covers to somewhere below her tummy. I shifted a bit and the movement stopped. I knew exactly what she was doing. In my aroused state there was only one thing I could do.

“Hey Cutie,” I whispered.

“Yes, Uncle Mark?”

“What are you doing?” I knew, but I wanted to see if she’d admit it.

“Uh, nothing.” She sounded guilty.

“Let me help you with that nothing.” I wiggled my hand free and slid it down Amanda’s front. I found her other hand. She had moved it a little away from her crotch, trying to hide what she was doing. “I know this hand has been busy.” I told her. I took her hand and moved it back to her diaper, pressing it gently but firmly between her legs. Amanda gasped. “Show me what this hand was doing.” I moved her hand with mine at first, but then she continued on her own. “That feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Uh huh.” was all she managed to say.

I whispered in Amanda’s ear. “My pretty girl, I can make you feel even better. I’ll show you.” Then I nibbled on her earlobe and kissed her neck. She gasped and scrunched her shoulder, pinching my face a little. I moved to her cheek, which was less intense for her and she handled that better. I moved my hand and slowly reached down inside the front of her diaper. I found her nearly smooth mound, then I slid a bit further to the top of her slit. She gasped again. I could feel the soaked swollen padding on the inside of her diaper. It was still warm. “Aw, my little girl wet her diaper. It is SO wet, Isn’t it?”

“Uh huh” again was all Amanda was able to utter. She was breathing heavily now.

“It’s so nice to touch you here.” I said, as I slid my fingers back and forth the along her smooth labia. She felt so wet. “I want to make my little girl feel good.” I continued my whisperings in her ear, between kisses. I rubbed her a little faster. “You are such a pretty little girl. I love holding you and touching you. I love touching you HERE the best.”

Amanda was really breathing heavily; her head was tilted back and her eyes were closed. I could tell she was about to climax. I rubbed her faster. "You are so sexy. I want to make you feel so good. Cum for your Uncle Mark." She stiffened and grunted, almost as if she was in pain, as her orgasm ripped through her body. I felt a squirt of warm fluid on my fingers. I couldn't tell if it was pee or if she squirted, but it didn't really matter at the time. She gasped, and then she screamed. I kept rubbing until she pulled my hand out of her diaper.

"Ohmygod! <breathe> Ohmygod! <breathe>", was all Amanda was able to stammer.

We laid there for a couple minutes or so while Amanda came back to earth. Eventually she asked, "Uncle Mark, did we just have sex?"

"Well YOU just had sex, and from what I could tell, you had one heck of an orgasm." I said, while I squeezed another hug. "But I haven't had sex yet. Would you like to help me feel as good as I made you feel?"

"But I don't know what to do. I don't want to hurt you." She seemed a little scared.

"It's OK Cutie, I won't let you won't hurt me. Just do what I tell you, and I'll show you what to do. I promise it will be OK."

"OK. Does this mean I'll get to see your thingy?"

"Well you can if you want, or we can keep it under the covers like I did with you. Which would you prefer?"

She thought for a moment, then said, "I think I want to see it."

"OK, then it's lights on for now." I preferred this option too because I'd see Amanda better as well. I turned on the reading lamp by the bed. She turned around so she was facing me again, and I was on my back. "OK Cutie, pull the covers down." She did, exposing my tented briefs. "Wait a moment, something's not right." I said. Amanda looked worried. "I know - I'm almost naked but you're not! How about you take off your nightie for me?" No sooner had I said the words, than a pink nightie flew through air to the other side of the room. "Ah, that's much better. Thank you Cutie!" and I reached to touch her tiny nipples.

After I fondled her for a moment, I gently took Amanda's hand to touch me through my briefs. "OK, now go ahead and touch me gently – see what it feels like.

Amanda tentatively felt all around. "Like this?" she asked. She propped herself up a bit so she could reach me better.

"Yes, just like that. You're doing great, it feels really good. OK, now please pull down my underwear – slowly." I lifted my butt and she pulled by briefs down to just below my hips, revealing me completely.

She gasped, "It's so big! How does it fit in your pants?"

"It only gets this big when I'm with a pretty girl like you." She smiled at that. I went into instructor mode, "Now this is my penis. That's that part feels really good right now, just like your vulva was feeling good. Down here is my scrotum; some people call them balls or nuts. That's the really tender part for guys. We won't go there right now. We'll just focus on my penis. Now go ahead and touch it for real." I placed her hand on me. "Wrap your hand around it and slide up and down like this."

Her hand barely fit, but she managed. "Like this?" Her eyes were glued to my penis.

"Oh yeah, just like that. That feels really good." I encouraged.

As she was stroking me, I explained to her. "OK, Cutie, before I get to where can't make any sense, I should tell you what to expect." She looked at my face. Her face was so heavenly, just begging to be squirted on. "Oh, you are so pretty." I commented. "I'm gonna start telling you to do different things, and I might not make sense. It's OK, just try to do what I tell you as best you can. Most important thing is don't stop doing this until I tell you to stop. Understand?" I pointed to her hand on my penis.

She nodded "Uh huh."

"When I orgasm, semen will squirt out from here" I pointed to the head of my penis. "It's gooey white stuff, you'll know it when you see it. It'll probably squirt on you, but that's OK."

She looked at my penis and said, "OK."

"Now go a bit faster." I told her. She sped up her strokes. "Look at me and smile." She looked at me. Her smile is just so angelic. "Tell me how much you love me."

"Uncle Mark, I love you more than anything!" She cheerfully said. Looking into her eyes when she said that was pure music to my ears.

"Oh, god I love you too, my pretty little girl!" I answered. I was on the verge. "Now do it faster." She sat up beside me to get at me better, and was able to speed up that way. "Now tell me that you wet your diaper just for me."

She probably thought that was a silly thing to say, but she said it anyway. "Uncle Mark I wet my diaper just for you." That did it for me.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum! Do it as fast as you can! Point it at your chest!" I said very quickly.

She barely was able aim me before I shot out, but I hit her chest square on. She stopped on the first squirt, but I told her, "Keep going! Keep going!" She quickly resumed, and the second and third squirts hit lower on her chest and tummy. Finally, after the last bit dribbled out on her hand, I let her stop. All I was able to stammer was, "Oh dear god... <breathe> That was fantastic! <breath>"

Amanda looked at me, at my softening penis, and at the semen all over herself. She felt it on her hand. "It's all sticky." She said.

“Yes, it is. <breathe> That’s what semen is like. <breathe>” I was starting to recover. “Oh, my Cutie - my beautiful, pretty, and SEXY little girl – you did a great job! That was the best orgasm I had since I don’t know when. Come here and let me hug you!”

“But I’m all messy!” She said.

“So, we’ll both be all messy. That’s part of the fun. Now let me hug you!” I pulled her on top of me and gave her a big messy hug.

We stayed there for a minute, then Amanda asked, “Uncle Mark?”

“Yes, my Cutie?”

“So, you just had sex, right?”

“Yes, I most certainly did.” I was still on the euphoric high from it.

She looked at me, “Will I get pregnant?”

“No Cutie, you won’t get pregnant from this. You can only get pregnant if I squirted inside your vagina and even then, only at certain times. I came on your outside, so you won’t get pregnant.”

She paused for a moment, then said, “It would be OK if I got pregnant from you.”

“Why, thank you, that’s a very nice thing to say.” I knew how it would NOT be OK bigtime if I got her pregnant, but I took the complement anyway.

I remember thinking that we’d just stay like that for a few more minutes, then we should get cleaned up before we went back to sleep in our own beds. I remember thinking I should remind Amanda to pick up her nightie on her way out – in a couple minutes. The next thing I remember, was hearing my alarm clock go off.

Day 4 - Tuesday

I reached over to turn off the buzzing alarm clock and I took a minute to wake up. I turned to sit up on the side of my bed, but realized that Amanda was lying right beside me. I never put her back into her own bed. She was laying there naked except for her wet diaper. Her hair was a mess, and her chest and hand were covered in dried semen. Come to think of it, I had it on my chest too. We certainly were a mess. If Cindy saw her daughter now, she would have a heart attack. Oh, no: IF CINDY HAD ANY CLUE OF WHAT WE DID, SHE WOULD KILL ME! Instantly, I felt incredibly guilty. Last night I had sex with my 10-year-old niece! What was I going to do? What was I going to say? One thought came to mind – call Regina. No, that would be a horrible thing to do! I barely knew Regina. Despite our talks and the fun we had yesterday, I only knew her for 2 days. For all I knew she could report me to the police, or worse yet, Cindy (Yes, I feared my kid sister more than I feared the police). No, I'd just have to figure this out on my own.

I carefully climbed around Amanda to get out of bed, and went to the bathroom to shower and shave. I hoped that a shower might clear my head. It didn't. When I got back to my bedroom, Amanda had already woken up and left my bedroom. I was somewhat relieved, because I still had no idea what to tell her yet. I got dressed quickly and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. On top of the debacle I created, this was also a school day for her.

As my second batch of waffles popped up (I know, no variety. But they work for me, and Amanda likes them.) my poor, innocent, abused, niece that I must have scarred for life, came into the kitchen. "God Morning Uncle Mark!" She said cheerfully, and she gave me a quick hug before sitting down at the kitchen table.

I was afraid to even look at her, but I knew I had to face the music. She was dressed in the white skirt and top I bought her yesterday. Virgin white – how ironically inappropriate. "Good Morning Cutie," I handed her a plate of my famous waffles. "We need to talk about last night."

"You mean that we did sex?" She asked, as she poured the syrup.

"Yes, I mean the sex. Cutie, what we did – no, what 'I' did was a mistake. I never should have done that to you last night." I was hoping she wasn't too hurt by last night's events.

"Why not? It was fun and I liked it." She said with her mouth full. I should have told her not to talk with her mouth full but that was so at the bottom of my list right now.

"But Cutie, you're too young to have sex, AND you're my niece. It's just wrong on so many levels."

Amanda was confused, "But why is it wrong? Didn't I do it right? Did I hurt you?"

I tried to explain, but I wasn't doing very well. "No, you didn't hurt me, but I hurt you. You may not realize it yet, but I did. I wish I could explain it better. The thing is, grown-ups aren't supposed to have sex with kids. At least not until they're older. And family members shouldn't have sex with each other either. It's called incest and that's wrong too. Do you understand?"

She looked at me and thought about what I said for a moment. "I'm sorry, I don't understand. Why is it wrong?"

At this point, I realized that I wasn't getting anywhere, "I wish I knew how to explain it better. Let me think about it for a while and maybe I'll figure out how to tell you later. OK Cutie?"

"OK." She paused again. I knew another question was coming. "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?"

"Does this mean we can't hug either?"

"Of course, we can hug! Come here you little Cutie Pie, you better give me a big squishy hug right now!" She stepped around the table and I wrapped my arms around her tightly.

"I'm glad, 'cause I like hugging you." Then she gave me a kiss on the lips. Usually we kissed on the cheek.

"OK, are you all ready for school? It's just about time to go."

"Uh huh." She grabbed her backpack and started to go to my car.

"Remember, today is Swim Team practice after school. You have your swimsuit?"

"Oh, I forgot!" She ran back to her room. A minute later she came out. "Got it!"

I drove Amanda to school. When we got to Rydell Middle School I said, "Cutie, one more thing, and this is really important. Please do not tell ANYONE about last night, Understand?"

"OK, Uncle Mark. I won't say anything." She answered, as she looked out the car window for her friends.

"That's good, because lots of people wouldn't understand and they might get really upset, especially with me." I wanted to be sure she got this point. "It might even mean I wouldn't be able to see you anymore."

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone." She said somewhat absentmindedly. "Love you Uncle Mark - See you later!" She gave me a quick hug, jumped out of my car, and ran to the school. I watched her to make sure she got inside OK.

Barely a minute later, I got a text message.

RC: (Regina Clark) Way to go Stud! I knew you had it in you! ☺ I just sank in my seat and covered my face. This couldn't get any worse.

MM: (Mark Matthews) Please don't joke. It was a mistake. It shouldn't have happened.

RC: Why not? Was it so bad?

MM: Not the point. It was wrong, big time. I'm sure I scarred Amanda for life now.

RC: Not from what I heard ☺

MM: No more jokes! I feel bad enough already.

RC: You're really upset?

MM: Of course! Wouldn't you be?

RC: You need help. Can you come to my place?

MM: K. 20 minutes?

RC: See you then

In my paranoid state of mind, I imagined there might be squads of police waiting at Regina's house when I got there. Then I envisioned Cindy standing in Regina's front yard holding a shotgun and aiming it at me. That thought was rather ludicrous because Cindy is afraid of guns, but between the two visions, Cindy scared me more. When I arrived at Regina's home, neither my imagined terrorist response team nor my gun-toting sister were anywhere to be found. When Regina opened her door for me, she must have noticed my troubled state.

"Oh Mark, you look terrible! You really ARE upset about this. Come here, you big lug!" She hugged me and reached up to kiss my cheek. "It's OK, I promise. Come sit down." She led me inside to her living room. "Here - have a glass of wine. I know it's probably a bit early for a drink, but you look like you really need one." I don't normally drink alcohol, but on this occasion, I accepted Regina's offer. She poured glass for herself too.

Regina got right to the issue. "OK. Now tell me what happened."

I gave her the Readers Digest version – storm last night, Amanda was scared, she got in bed with me, and that took me past the point of no return.

"Gee, you make it sound so - clinical. You sound like you're confessing to a crime."

"Yeah, well I suppose I'm doing just that."

"Oh, you SO need help." She placed her hand on mine. "OK, I'm going to tell you something about me. I don't like to tell this story, but I think you need to hear this." Regina started her story. "When I turned 11, my Dad started having sex with me."

“Oh, I’m so sorry to hear that. I had no idea you were abused as a child.” I tried to be supportive.

“No, that’s not it. Please, just let me get through this without interruption.” She continued. “Like I said, My Dad started having sex with me. At first it was just simple touching through my clothes, but later on, my clothes came off. He also showed me how to touch him and get him off. Eventually, I lost my virginity to him. Of course, this was before the Teen Revolution and the new laws, so at the time it was considered child abuse. But the thing is, I liked it! I loved the attention my Dad was giving me. He made me feel good about my body. He also taught me about sex – actual sex, not the stupid things taught in Sex Ed class. When I was with my Dad, I didn’t feel like an awkward little girl, I felt like a beautiful woman. There was no abuse, no trauma, there was just love and support.

“I loved spending time with my Dad - including the sex - but it wasn’t only that. He kept a collection of old-fashioned toys in his den, from his childhood, and even from my Grandfather’s time too. He showed me everything and we played with them together. Can you imagine today’s kids playing with something that was NOT electronic? There was this one toy, a square puzzle called Ludwig’s Cube that fascinated me for hours. When I finally solved it, Dad was so proud of me. We made love in his den to celebrate my success.

“But on that day, my Mom caught us. THAT was when the trauma started. I saw my Dad hauled away by the police. The next day Mom threw away all of Dad’s old toys. And that was only the beginning. The next several years of my life were pure hell. I was sent to a series of shrinks, all of who assumed I was denying my Dad’s abuse, and none of who saw my trauma of losing my Dad. I had to go to Court so many times as a witness, but I was never allowed to see my Dad. My mom wouldn’t even let me talk about him.

“Finally, when I turned 18, she couldn’t stop me anymore. I went to go see my Dad in prison. When I finally saw him though, it was too late. He was an empty shell of what he used to be. You remember that brief time about 15 years ago when they thought Pedophilia was a disease that could be cured? Well the ‘cure’ was tons of drugs and massive electroshock therapy to the brain. My dad was one of their pilot test-subjects. When I saw him...” Regina paused and a tear came to her eye. “When I saw him... <gulp> he wasn’t my Dad anymore. He ... He hardly recognized me!” Now she was getting really upset. “Those bastards fried my Dad’s brain! They ‘cured’ him by making him forget about me!” Regina just sat there crying.

I moved over to Regina and put my arm around her. I came to her for help, for comfort, but now I was the comforter. “Dear god, Regina, I had no idea. That must have been hell for you.” I hugged her and held her. I really didn’t know what else to do or say.

After a minute, she got herself back together. “You see, Mark, <sniff> my trauma was not with my Dad, it was WITHOUT my Dad. Don’t ever think that just because Amanda’s young that she can’t feel love. She NEEDS someone to show her that love. You did that for her last night. You may not realize it but that was the best thing you could have done for her.”

I was still holding Regina. “I feel so bad that your Dad was taken away from you, and I understand why you told me that. You make a really good point, but it’s a lot to wrap my head around. For my whole life, I knew we shouldn’t take advantage of children. It’s just wrong. Sure, the sexual age of consent dropped, but it’s still there. There’s still a limit. Go below it and you’re wrong. That’s a hard thing to just turn off.”

She looked into my eyes. “I know, and it’s OK. When you spend your whole life believing one thing it’s hard to just turn it off and believe something different. But that stupid age limit is arbitrary and has nothing to do with real love. When I supported the Teen Revolution, I wanted that age limit to be abolished completely. Lowering it was a step in the right direction, but wasn’t enough.”

We continued talking about everything – each other, the girls, and anything that came up. She also showed me her own classic toy collection that she had been working on in memory of her father – including another Ludwig’s Cube that she found online. I’m not sure if it was the wine or talking with Regina, but I was finally feeling a bit more relaxed. I didn’t notice at first, but she refilled my glass a couple times - I lost count of the refills. After an hour we were both feeling a bit tipsy.

“Well I can’t drive like this. Are you trying to get me drunk and take advantage of me?” I asked.

Regina smiled, “So what if I am? What are you going to do about it?”

I replied by wrapping my arms around her and kissing her. I leaned forward, pushing her back on the couch we were sitting on. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me back.

After a minute, she broke our kiss. “I have an idea. I’ve been curious about trying something and I think you’re perfect try it with.” She stood up.

I was a little taken aback by this. “You want to try something on me? What, am I some sort of guinea pig?”

She reassured me, “Oh no, I’m sure you’ll like it. I’m just trying to see if I’ll like it. Now you stay right there. I’ll just be a couple minutes.” She walked back to her bedroom. “No peaking!” After about 3 minutes I heard her call out, “Are you ready?”

I had no idea what she had in mind. “Ready for what?”

Regina came running out of her bedroom and yelled “Daddy!” She looked very different. She changed into a glittery t-shirt and a short frilly denim skirt. Even her shoes looked kid-ish. Her hair was in pigtails. It was like she stepped out of a girls clothing catalog. Those pigtails bounced all around as she ran toward me. She made herself up to look like she was maybe 8 years old. Just like yesterday when she showed herself off, I was stunned.

She jumped onto my lap and gave me a big hug. “Daddy! I missed you!”

It took me a moment to take it all in. OK, so Regina wanted to role play – as a young girl. She was right about one thing; I definitely liked this game!

Once I realized what we were doing, I got into it right away. "So, how's my little girl doing?"

"I missed you Daddy!" She bounced on my lap. "Come play with me!"

"Well Daddy would love to play with you! But first I need to check if you're wearing panties or a diaper."

"Daddy, I'm a big girl! I have big girl panties on. See?" She lifted her skirt to show me, and gave me a devilish smile. They were pink and had the words 'Daddy's Girl' on them.

"Well so you do have panties on. Daddy's girl, eh?" I smiled. "You know that means you have to do whatever Daddy says, right?"

"Uh Huh!" Regina nodded with a pretend innocent look on her face. "I'm a good girl. I do whatever Daddy says!"

"OK, first thing is, I bet my little girl is thirsty. Let's go get you a big cup of something to drink." I stood up and I lead her to the kitchen.

"Daddy, can I have that?" She pointed to the wine.

"Oh no, little girls don't get that. That's grown-up drink." Regina frowned, but I ignored her for the moment. I checked the fridge. I saw a mixed juice container – perfect. I poured her some in a plastic cup. "Ok, drink this all up like a good little girl."

"OK, Daddy." She drank it all down.

"That's a good girl!" I refilled it, but didn't make her drink it right away. "Now what show we play?"

We played Hide and Seek a few times, and then Horsey for a while. At each break I made Regina take another drink. As if right on cue, when I was starting to get worn out as the horsey, she started fidgeting.

She held her hands between her legs. "Daddy, I think I need to go potty." She said with her pretend innocent voice.

"Oh really?" I played along. "It's not time for you to go potty yet. Let's play another game - the TICKLE MONSTER game!" I started chasing her around the house. Regina squealed and ran away from me. She made it challenging enough for me but I eventually caught her in her bedroom. We fell on her bed and I tickled her all over.

"Heeheehee! Stop it! Heeheehee!" she squealed, but she didn't really try to push me away.

"The Tickle Monster's got you now!" I tickled her sides, her tummy, her neck, anywhere I could get at.

"Heeheehee! I'm gonna wet myself! Heeheehee!" Regina said while laughing.

Of course, I kept it up and I watched her panties. I saw a wet spot appear, and it quickly grew bigger. I finally stopped tickling her and just watched her panties getting soaked.

"Oh No! I'm wetting my panties!" She said, but she certainly didn't try to stop. "I'm wetting myself like a little girl!" She kept her legs spread so I could see. Her panties were soaked and she was starting to make a big wet area on top of her blanket. God, it was beautiful.

"Aw, my little girl is wetting herself. Let Daddy feel how wet you are." I reached and felt Regina's wet panties while she was still peeing. They were warm and wet. I felt her pee coming through her panties. "My little girl is wetting on my hand too!"

"I'm sorry Daddy." She sheepishly said, "Are you mad at me for wetting myself?"

"Oh no, I'm not mad. It's OK for little girls to wet themselves. I need to make my little girl feel better." I slid my fingers along the gusset of her panties. Her pee was slowing down to a tiny trickle, with a couple final spurts, it finally stopped.

"Oh Daddy, that feels so good!" Regina cooed.

"Let's get these wet panties off." I peeled her soaking wet panties down her legs, and for the first time I saw her completely exposed. She was neatly trimmed to landing strip. Once her panties were off, I had to complement her beauty. "Oh, my little girl is so pretty. You're even prettier without panties!"

"HeeHee! Daddy you're silly!"

"But you are so pretty. Especially right here." I touched her slit.

"Mmmm, I like when you do that!"

"I'd like to see you touch yourself right there." I took her hand and placed it between her legs. "Here, let Daddy watch you touch yourself. I want to see my little girl make herself feel good."

"Oooh, you're a naughty Daddy!"

"Remember you have to do whatever Daddy tells you!" I smiled back.

"Am I doing it right Daddy?" She asked with that pretend innocent voice.

As I watched Regina masturbating, I took off my clothes. Then I got on the bed with her. I removed her top but left her skirt on. I sucked her nipples gently.

"Oh Daddy!" She gasped. "I like that!"

"Here, let Daddy take over touching you. You can play with Daddy's parts now." I move her hand to my erection.

"Oooh a toy!" She said with delight. "I like playing with toys!"

I fingered Regina while she pumped me. I wanted to put myself inside that beautiful vagina of hers, but I didn't have any protection. I must have said it aloud or maybe Regina read my mind, because she whispered "Go ahead, I'm on the pill."

That was all I needed to hear. I positioned myself on top of her and slid myself inside. It had been so long since I made love to a woman. It felt so good! It didn't take long for me to get close. "My beautiful little girl, Daddy's going to cum inside your princess parts."

"Yes Daddy, Cum inside me!" She almost screamed. I felt her whole body - including her vagina - tighten up. That did it for me. We came together. I came so hard, it felt like squirted a gallon. In my orgasmic state, I imagined my semen coming out of her mouth.

I rolled onto my back so I wouldn't crush Regina, and I pulled her on top of me, still inside her. We stayed like that for a few minutes.

"Wow. That was incredible! YOU were incredible!" I finally said.

"Well, you were pretty incredible yourself!" She kissed me.

"You do great little girl. I could get very used to this."

Regina smiled. "Mmmm. That was fun being little for you. I liked it. But you know I love my young boys and I don't want to give them up. And I'll bet you don't want to give up your little girls either. However, if anyone had a chance at taking me away from them, it might just be you. So, what are my chances of me taking you away from your young girls? Regina asked.

I replied cheekily, (Is 'cheekily' a real word?) "I don't know. But if anyone could do that it would be you! Seriously though, how about we just keep things casual for now? No commitments or obligations, but sort of a 'friends with benefits' kind of thing. I would love to see you again sometime, especially in that outfit!" I gently tugged her skirt.

She laughed, "I like that idea. We'll see if you can EARN the right to see me in this outfit again."

We would have stayed on the bed longer, but it was getting cold from the pee. I helped Regina change the blanket and sheets and generally clean up. It was the least I could do since I caused her to make the mess. After everything was cleaned up, we talked for a while more. The wine wore off and I was safe to drive so I went home.

Back home, I couldn't get Regina and everything she said out of my mind. I did an extra-intense workout session on my mini-gym. I don't know why, but whenever I'm stressed out, an intense routine of Leg curls, crunches, and chest presses usually calms my mind. And I needed to calm my mind like never before.

Day 4 Part 2

Later in the afternoon, I drove to Amanda's school to pick her up from her swim team practice. The pool building had a nice Olympic sized pool facility. It was a shared building between the high school, middle school, and the lower grades. Each school had one day a week to use it.

I entered the building and sat in the front row of the bleachers where a few parents were sitting. There were 10 girls in blue one-piece swimsuits, including Amanda. I spotted Amanda; she was doing backstroke laps. After a few minutes, the coach blew a whistle and called the girls out of the pool. He looked slightly older than me – perhaps in his early 40's – and a bit stocky, but still he looked in good physical shape. They gathered around him as he gave them some instructions. It was then that I got a good look at all the girls. Ten pretty little 10-12-year-old girls stood side by side, some taller, some shorter, some had well developing breasts, and some had just a hint of development. Amanda was one of the shortest ones. A few of them adjusted the crotch of their swimsuits as they listened to their coach. The coach had them get into the starting block position and he went to each girl, adjusting her stance. Maybe it was my own perverted imagination, but it looked to me like he fondled some of the more developed girls as he positioned them. I thought that coach must have the best job in the world.

The girls did a few practice dives from the starting blocks, then practice was over. Amanda saw me and ran to me. Behind her, the coach yelled "Summers! No running on the deck!" Amanda stopped in her tracks, then walked much more slowly to me.

"Hi Uncle Mark!" She hugged me with her still wet swimsuit. "Did you see me swim?"

I returned her hug, even though my clothes got wet. "Yes, I did Cutie. I think you're the best swimmer on the team! Now you go get changed and I'll wait for you out here."

"Uncle Mark?" She looked at me with pleading eyes.

"Yes Cutie?"

"The team wants to have an end of school party, but the coach says we can't use the school pool for our party. I was wondering if we could have our party at your pool? Pleeeeease?" She put on her really cute face when she asked me.

There is no real defense for a cute girl's smile. Sometimes I think we could achieve world peace if an army of cute girls would go around the world and hug the all warring leaders and ask them to 'please stop killing'. Even the most cold-hearted dictator couldn't say no to that.

Of course, the idea of having a gaggle of young girls in swimsuits running around my back yard and pool absolutely delighted me. All those young female bodies playing and bouncing around me would be

heaven. "You know, Cutie that sounds like a good idea. I'll talk to your Coach while you change, and I'll see you when you get out." Amanda grinned as she ran to the girls' locker room. This time it was my turn to yell. "No Running on the deck!"

That got the coach's attention. He walked over to me. "They have to constantly be reminded. It's like it goes in one ear and out the other."

I replied, "Yeah, it may take 500 times, but eventually they'll learn. It just takes patience with girls – lots of patience."

"You're not Amanda's Dad, are you?"

"Oh no, I'm her Uncle. I'm Mark. Mark Michaels. Her Mom Cindy is my sister." I reached to shake his hand.

"Nice to meet you Mark. I'm Steve Wilson." He shook my hand.

I figured this was a good time to ask, "Hey Steve, Amanda was telling me that the girls wanted to have an end of year pool party, but there was some kind of problem with that."

"Yeah, the girls asked for one, but School regulations prohibit pool parties. I even took the issue up to the school board, but they're worried about liability with the pool. They're afraid someone will drown. I said 'Really? These are trained swimmers that use this pool every week.' So, they can train in this pool all day, but they can't party in it. How's that for insane?"

"Yeah, that is crazy. But what if they had the party somewhere else, like someone's home?" I suggested.

"That could work, as long as we made sure it was not an official school function. But who would be crazy enough to let 10 young girls go running around their home?"

"Well, I just might be crazy enough for that. I do have a nice sized pool and a fenced in backyard. It would be a good safe area for them."

Steve liked that idea. "Well, I may just take you up on that offer before you have a chance to realize what you've done. Last chance to back out – are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I have a friend I can recruit to help supervise the kids. It'll be fun." I was thinking of Regina. Maybe Heather could get in on the pool party too. That would make 11 girls. This was getting better every minute!

By now, the girls were starting to come out of the locker room, dressed in their school clothes. Coach Wilson called the girls together.

"Girls," He announced, "I know you're all upset about not having an end of year pool party, but Amanda's Uncle, Mr. Mark Michaels, god bless him, has volunteered his home and personal swimming pool for your party."

The girls cheered. Suddenly, I was being attacked by a bunch of preteen girls as if I was a rock star. In my mind I imagined them ripping off my clothes, but alas that was only in my mind. Amanda just stood back from the crowd and smiled at me, with an 'I love it when a plan comes together' grin on her face.

The girls finally settled down somewhat. I noticed that two of the older girls stopped with worried looks on their faces then ran back to the locker room. One of them held her hands between her legs. A week ago, I would not have noticed that. Now it was the only thing I saw. The parents started thanking me, probably because I took them off the hook. We all discussed dates and agreed on this coming Saturday. Before everyone left, Coach Wilson reminded everyone that this could not be an official school function, so that meant no one could wear their blue school swimsuits. Each girl would have to wear different swimsuits.

Once the date for the party was settled, everyone left. I brought Amanda home, and she was chatting up a storm about how much fun the party would be. I called Regina when we got home.

"Hey Sexy, how ya doin?" I heard her say. I was really starting to love hearing Regina's voice.

"I'm doing much better, thanks to you! I really appreciate you helping me work things out this morning. You've given me a lot to think about."

"I'm always happy to help you! If you need any more help like that, just let me know." She said with a seductive tone.

"Funny you should mention 'help'. By chance are you free this Saturday?"

"Mark, are you asking me out on a date?"

"Well, not exactly. That is, unless you want to have 10 preteen chaperones with us." I joked.

"Huh? I have no idea what you're talking about, crazy man." Now she was the confused one.

"Well, I got talked into hosting a pool party for Amanda's swim team this Saturday, and I was wondering if you would be able to help me run the party."

"Let me guess; Amanda had a hand in this, didn't she?" Regina is a smart woman.

"That she did. Machiavelli would have been proud of her." I said with a bit of pride.

"Did you say 10 girls?? I can't leave you all alone with 10 girls, you won't come out alive!"

I joked, "Hey if I have to meet my maker, I think death by a gaggle of girls is the way to do it!"

"You know, I get the feeling that Amanda isn't the only schemer in your house."

“Oh no, this time it was All Amanda’s idea.” I defended myself. “OK, I didn’t really fight her on it, but she plotted this on her own, and she executed it.”

Regina laughed. “Well, I’m still calling you an accomplice. OK, you win; I’ll help out. But it’s only because I don’t want those girls to wear you out completely. I want some of you left over for me!”

“Thanks for helping, and I will definitely put this in the ‘I owe you one’ column.”

“You’re damn right you’ll owe me. And I will SO enjoy getting repaid!” She said with a touch of evil in her voice.

With my help for Saturday arranged, my thoughts turned back to here and now, and dinner. I didn’t really feel like cooking tonight. Yesterday’s cookout was a lot of work and I felt like taking a break from the kitchen. I looked for Amanda to tell her we would go out for dinner. No surprise at all, I found her in the pool. I swear she must have gills. She cheered at the idea, mainly because I gave her 30 more minutes in the pool before she had to get out and change – again.

We went to Robin Red’s. It was fairly busy, and we had to wait for a table. While we were waiting, Amanda saw one of her swim team friends come in with her family. Amanda jumped up to see her. They started talking and ignoring everyone else. So, I walked over to the parents to introduce myself. The Dad was well dressed, for a family restaurant anyway. He was the only one around in a jacket and tie. The Mother was wearing a conservative dress that looked like it was from the 1950’s.

“Hi there, I’m Mark Michaels, Amanda Summers’ Uncle.” I extended my hand.

“Oh, Hello! So, you’re the good Samaritan who offered to host the party on Saturday!” The man answered and shook my hand. “Well, God bless your heart! I’m Edward. Edward Kruz, but you can call me Ed. And this is my wife Helen. This little one here is our younger daughter Carrie.” Little Carrie was hiding behind her mom’s dress, barely peeking her head out. She looked to be maybe 6 or 7, from what little I could see of her. I smiled at Carrie and gave a little wave. She hid her face. Ed continued his introduction. “I suppose you met our older daughter Carly?” Carly was taller than Amanda and looked older, about 12 or 13, but her clothes seemed a bit childish for her. She had on a one-piece print playsuit that reminded me of Amanda’s shortalls, and her medium brown hair was in pigtails.

“Actually, I was never properly introduced; it was a bit hectic at the pool this afternoon.” I turned to Amanda and spoke up a bit. “But it isn’t too hectic for introductions now!”

Amanda looked at me for a moment, then finally got a clue. “Oh yeah, Uncle Mark, this is Carly from the swim team. Remember her?”

“It’s nice to meet you Carly. Are you in the same class as Amanda?” I asked.

Carly shyly answered, "No sir, I'm in 7th grade."

I was impressed with her manners. "Oh, you don't have to call me 'Sir', You can just call me Mr. Mark."

Edward intervened. "Ah, Mr. Michaels is fine." OK whatever, I thought to myself.

"Yes sir, Mr. Michaels." She seemed so shy, she looked very cute. I just adored those pigtails on her.

The girls resumed their talking, and Edward pulled me aside. "Mr. Michaels, I don't recall ever seeing your face in our church. What church do you go to?"

"Well, I haven't really been to any church in a long time, I'm not really sure about..."

"You're on the fence, aren't you? There's a lot of people just like you – not sure about your faith, but want to do the right thing." He handed me a small card. "Here, take this, and any Sunday you feel the spirit calling, feel free to just come on in and show the ushers this card. A good man like you will always be welcome to join our flock."

I briefly looked at the card. I recognized the church. It was by far the biggest church in the city. The preacher was the Reverend James Jones – famous locally, and well known enough in the state. He was often in the news, sometimes even meeting with the Governor. I also heard rumors that his church had grown so big that it had serious political power. Some of the more radical sources even claimed Jones and his church ran city hall. But I never paid it any mind. They didn't bother me and I didn't bother them. "OK, Sure, if the spirit calls me." I put the card in my pocket. The Spirit was never going to call me.

Thankfully, Edward changed the subject. "Say Mark, there won't be any boys at this pool party will there?"

I re-assured him, "Oh no, it will just be the girls on the swim team. I have a friend who will help out hosting the party with me, so we should have things well under control. Also, my back yard is fenced in so the girls will be safe there."

"Thank the Lord! I must admit we were a little concerned because we didn't know you. But I can tell that you're a man of good character. You never can tell with strangers, especially since that satanic Teen Revolution. Sinners. All of them are just sinners." He went into preaching mode. "Those misguided youth are heading for Satan's den, I tell you. Well, Helen and I are not going to let that happen to Carly or Carrie. They'll have nothing to do with any young teenage boys at all. And there will be no carnal activities until AFTER each of my lovely girls is properly married to a good man. That's the road destruction, you know."

"Well, I won't argue with that." I replied. Clearly, he had strong views on the subject and I didn't want to argue with someone like him, especially in public. I briefly considered mentioning that extra-marital sex has been happening for centuries, and society hasn't destroyed itself yet, but I thought better of it.

He continued his preaching, "You know what today's youth are lacking?" He didn't wait for me to answer, "Obedience. Obedience, first to God, and also their elders. Children need to be guided and told what to do and what their place is. We're teaching our girls to know that their place will be beside a man, and to take care of that man. I'm personally making sure of that. Isn't that right Helen?" He briefly turned back to his wife who was submissively standing behind him.

"Yes, of course it is, Dear." She obediently replied.

"Oh, I quite agree that kids need the right guidance." I said with sarcastic intent. I remembered last night when I 'guided' Amanda's hand onto her diaper, and later onto my penis. At that moment, I realized for the first time, that I thought about last night without feeling guilty. Edward was rambling on about keeping his girls in line and not letting them do this or that. Considering how he talked about controlling his daughters' every move, was what I did so bad? I couldn't deny that Amanda was sexy, nor could I deny that she felt sexual feelings. Was I doing the same thing by declaring that sex with Amanda was wrong?

I lost track of what Edward was talking about, until he paused for a moment, then he said, "Summers, eh? I know of a Summers from church – Derek Summers, one our records keepers. Any relation?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. Derek is Amanda's Dad, and her Mom Cindy is my sister."

Edward's eyes lit up. "Well bless my soul! Derek and I also used to work in the same office a few years back." He called to his wife. "Hey Helen, did you know that Amanda is Derek Summers' girl?"

Helen obediently answered. "Oh Really? Derek and Cindy? Oh, I think that's wonderful! Cindy is such a good mother!"

Edward turned back to me. "Yes, Derek is good man. Good values, he has. It's just too bad that they..." He looked at Amanda. "Well people do make mistakes sometimes. God forgives the repentant sinner, you know." It was clear that he was referring to Amanda's premarital birth as a mistake. That got under my skin. My niece was NOT a mistake! But I kept my cool; I didn't want to make a scene in public just because this guy was a jerk.

"That he does." I replied. "God can forgive all sorts of sins." I thought to myself: Including arrogance, vanity, acting holier-than-thou...

I wasn't sure how much longer I could take listening to Edward's preaching. Thankfully, the hostess called our name. I bid a polite goodbye to Saint Edward Kruz and his wife, and took Amanda to our table for dinner. All through Dinner I thought about what Edward said, what Regina said earlier today, and what I said to Amanda this morning. I don't even remember what I ordered or if I liked it.

Amanda knew something was wrong with me, that much was obvious. Lost in my own thoughts, I didn't pay any attention to her at dinner. But like any kid, she blamed herself. When we got home, she was

almost in tears when she asked. "Uncle Mark, are you mad at me? I'm sorry about what I did last night when we were in bed together. I promise I'll never do that again! Just please don't be mad at me anymore!"

Her crying brought me back to reality. I realized how she must have interpreted everything I did that evening. "My goodness, Cutie, No I'm not mad at you! I guess it looked that way to you, and I'm very sorry about that. Come here, let me hug you." I knelt down and opened my arms.

She held back. Amanda never held back from a hug before. "Are you sure it's OK? Cause I heard you and Mr. Kruz talking about stuff. He said that hugs and stuff were bad, and you agreed."

I realized that I really made a mess of things. "Good heavens, that's not true! I was just trying to be polite to Mr. Kruz. I didn't want to argue with him, certainly not out in public like that so I just let him say what he wanted. Oh, please for my sake, please give me a hug!" I held out my arms for her. Amanda tentatively stepped forward. I wrapped my arms around her and held her tightly. "I ALWAYS want hugs from you!" She finally broke down and hugged me back, tighter than she ever did before. After what seemed like forever, but was probably just a few seconds, we broke off. "Come sit down. I think we need to talk." We sat on the couch together. "Cutie, you remember our conversation this morning, right?"

"Uh Huh. You said that it was bad for us to have sex."

"Yes, I did say that. But a lot has happened since then and I've been thinking a lot about everything."

"You also said that you'd explain it better later. Are you going to do that now?"

"Well, yes and no." I tried to explain. "I spent all day thinking about it. I also talked to Miss Regina about it. Then there was Mr. Kruz and the stuff he said. I spent all day not knowing what to believe and not knowing what was right or wrong. One thing I DO know is that I love you. I'm also thinking that maybe last night wasn't so wrong. Maybe – as long as you weren't hurt – maybe it might have been a good thing."

For the first time since dinner, Amanda smiled. "I liked it! It felt really good!"

"Well, I'm glad you liked it. I liked it a lot too." I smiled as I talked to her. "I'm still not sure about a lot of things, but maybe we'll figure them out together." Amanda smiled at that. "In fact, there is one thing you can help me figure out right now. How is it when you said you wouldn't tell anyone this morning that I got a text message from Miss Regina about us minute later?"

Amanda was genuinely surprised. "I swear didn't tell anyone, honest! I just texted Heather about it. I don't know how her Mom found out!"

"But Cutie, but you said... But texting Heather..." I had no idea how to reply to that. "Oh, never mind. Forget about it. Just give me a hug!" I swear girls could communicate faster than the speed of light – even if they didn't have their phones.

After a moment, I heard Amanda ask. "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?"

"Can I put another diaper on?"

I loved hearing her ask that. "Of course, you can Cutie.... On one condition."

"What's that?"

I smiled. "I pick the outfit you wear."

"OK, sure." She innocently accepted.

"The shortalls outfit I got you yesterday. I think that looked really cute on you." Even though overall shorts are not very revealing, there is something sexy about them on a girl.

"OK!" She bounced off the couch and skipped to her room.

"And put your hair in pigtails if you can!" I yelled so she would hear.

"Pigtails – OK!" She yelled back.

I figured she would be a few minutes, so I prepared an iced tea in a big cup for her. I just got settled in my recliner when Amanda tentatively came out of her room. Once again, I was stunned. Even though I saw her in this outfit yesterday, I was still spellbound. Her pigtails were high on her head, coming out like two fountains. She even put pink bows on them. She also wore a different top – a pink glittery T-shirt that said 'Cutie' on it.

"Do I look OK, Uncle Mark?" She held her hands in front of her. She looked like the perfect shy little girl. Amanda definitely was NOT shy, but right now, she looked the part perfectly.

"Oh, you're more than just OK. You are... positively lovely." I stammered. "Does your top say 'Cutie'?" She nodded and smiled. "You got that for me, didn't you?" Her smile turned to a full grin. "Come here my precious little girl!" I took her hand the way a gentleman would take a lady's hand. I made her turn around. "That outfit is so perfect on you." I placed my hands gently on her shoulders and felt the shortalls' straps. I examined the buckles so I (hopefully) could take them off later. I slid my hands down her backside to her butt. I gave a little squeeze and felt the crinkly padding of her diaper. She smiled when I squeezed her butt. "Here, drink up. I think you'll need this, and maybe even more." I handed her the drink and in seconds she drank most of it down.

I still wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do or not. At this point I figured I could still stop things, and leave last night as a one-time happening never to be repeated. Then Amanda said, "Uncle Mark, I need to pee really bad." She held her hands in her crotch and bent forward a little. When my cute, sexy,

overalls wearing, diaper clad, pigtailed niece did that, I realized there wasn't a force in the universe strong enough to stop me now. For good or bad, I was all in.

I sat back down and gently pulled her toward me. "Come here and sit on Uncle Mark's lap." Amanda sat sideways on my lap. I supported her back with one arm, giving her a half-hug. My other hand gently stroked her arms and then her thighs. "So, does my little girl need to go potty?"

"Uh huh, I need to pee." She answered.

"No. Tell me that you need to go potty. Say 'Uncle Mark I need to go potty'." I gently insisted.

She probably thought that was silly, but she did as I asked. "OK. Uncle Mark, I need to go potty – really bad."

I don't know why, but that sounded SO sexy. "Well, does my little girl have her diaper on?" I reached between her legs and felt her crotch, squeezing a bit to feel the crinkle of her diaper.

She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. "Uh, huh, I have my diaper on."

"That's a good girl." I lovingly said. "Good girls can wet their diapers. So, go ahead and wet your diaper for Uncle Mark."

Amanda placed her hand over mine and pressed me against her. Then she relaxed and exhaled. A moment later I felt her diaper expanding and warming up. It kept filling up more and more. Then I felt a warm wetness on my hand. Amanda was still going. It seemed like there was no end. How could someone as small as her hold so much pee? I felt the warm wetness on my lap too. My pants were surely getting soaked as well. Finally, Amanda opened her eyes and looked at me. "Uncle Mark, I wet my diaper."

"That you did, my little Cutie, and more." I smiled. "Stand up and let's see just how wet you are."

She stood up in front of me. Right away she noticed the big wet area on my lap. "I'm sorry, I didn't know it would leak that much."

"Oh, that's OK. I don't mind at all. In fact, I think it feels nice. Feel my lap." I took her hand and placed it on my thigh in the middle of the wet area. Then I moved her hand higher to my crotch, so she could feel my erection.

"Uncle Mark, is your thingy getting big again?" She asked.

"Yes, it is. We usually just say it's hard. When it gets hard like this, it's called an erection. My penis - My thingy, is hard because you are so beautiful and sexy right now and I love you so much."

Amanda smiled. "I like that it got big – I mean hard - because of me."

"So, you like making me get hard, eh?" I gently teased her. "Well turn around and let me see how wet you are. That will definitely make me hard." Her front wasn't very wet, but her butt was soaked

halfway up. I felt her butt and squeezed her diaper. A little more pee leaked out when I did. "Oh, you are SO wet. Let's get this off you." I undid the straps and the shortalls fell to the floor, leaving her in just her t-shirt and soaking wet diaper. "Now if you dressed like this around me all the time, I would always have an erection." She smiled at that.

I felt her all over her diaper, and pressed on her crotch. She moved her hips, grinding against my hand. I didn't want her to orgasm just yet though. "I think I need to change your diaper. Let's go to your room."

"OK." She said with a heavy breath. Amanda started walking to her room.

"Wait." I stopped her. "I want to carry you. Here, hug me." I reached under her butt and picked her up. I carried her as she held her arms around my neck. I kissed her on her lips as I carried her. By the time we got to her bed, my shirt was wet too. I gently laid her on her bed.

When I stood up, Amanda saw the big wet spot on my shirt and giggled. '<heehee> Your shirt got wet too.'

I felt my shirt. "Yes, you are a very wet girl. You got my shirt all wet." I smiled at her. "Now let's get that wet diaper changed." I found the package of diapers other changing supplies and brought it all to her bed. I pressed her diaper between her legs again and she gasped. I slowly slid her sodden diaper down, revealing what until now I had only imagined. Even last night, I only felt her; I never actually saw her. For the first time, I saw Amanda's smooth, almost hairless vulva. There was just a hint of soft downy hair. Her mound seemed to be pushing forward. Her slit was very simple and neat, showing a little bit of her clitoral hood. I pulled her diaper all the way off. "Oh, you are SO beautiful. I think you are the most beautiful girl in the whole world."

Amanda blushed, but doubted me. "But Uncle Mark, there's nothing there. What's so pretty about it?"

I explained as best I could to her. "Well, maybe from your perspective it might not seem like much, but to any guy, your vulva is the perfect picture of everything that is sexy. This right here..." I slid my finger along her slit. "hides a treasure that any man would love to explore. And I am dying to explore that hidden treasure."

"I have treasure in there?" She giggled.

"Well, not like a pirate's chest with gold and gems, but it's a treasure just the same. Last night I found a bit of it when I touched you there..." I paused for a moment, "And the past 2 days when I left you alone after you wet your diaper, I think you found it too." I smiled.

Amanda turned beat red. "What?? – were you spying on me?"

I reassured her. "No Cutie, I promise didn't spy on you. But I did hear you through the walls when you came. Both times."

She turned away from me and looked away in shame. "I'm sorry. I... I didn't know. God I'm so embarrassed!"

I gently turned her to me again. "If it helps you feel better, I was touching myself at the same time in my bedroom, and I came when I heard you yell."

Amanda looked at me. "You mean you... did it too?"

I continued my lecture mode. "Yes, I did. It's called masturbating, and just about everybody does it from time to time – boys and girls, men and women. There's nothing wrong with it at all. Of course, it's a very personal thing so you shouldn't do it in public, but in the privacy of your own room, it's perfectly fine."

"So... it's OK?" She hesitantly asked.

"Yes. I promise you it's OK. It means you're a normal girl who has sexual feelings, just like everybody does."

"Uncle Mark?"

She was lining up for another big question. "Yes Cutie?"

"How do guys – you know - do it?"

"Do you mean how to guys masturbate?" I clarified.

"Yeah. How do guys, uh..." she whispered, "masturbate?"

"You don't have to whisper. There's no one else here." I joked. "But seriously. We play with ourselves, touch ourselves, masturbate, whatever you want to call it, pretty much the same way you did it on me last night."

"Yeah, but I was doing it. I didn't get to see you doing it."

"Well, I can show you if you want. Would you like that?" Amanda nodded her head. "OK, but fair's fair. I'll show you how I do it, but you have to show me how you do it too."

She turned red again. "But you said I should only do it when I'm alone."

"Or with someone you really love and trust." I amended. "I'll masturbate in front of you, because I love you and trust you. But I need something in return. Besides, watching you will get me more turned on, and you seemed to like doing that to me." I smiled.

"You LIKE to see me do it?" She was surprised.

"Oh yes. It's that hidden treasure all over again. Whether we're finding it or watching you find it, it really turns us guys on. I don't know about girls, whether you like seeing guys playing with ourselves or not. But we guys definitely like to see anything involving your little treasure trove down there." I tickled her between her legs as I said that and she giggled.

“OK, I guess so.” Amanda slid her hand down her tummy and between her legs. “I don’t really know how to start. The other times, it just happened.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. Nature will take its course.” I lowered my pants and briefs, showing my very stiff erection. “Now you just lay back and let your fingers go wherever they will down there.” Amanda did as I told her. She was clearly just fumbling around on herself, not really knowing what to do. It didn’t matter to me at the moment though. I saw my 10-year-old niece in nothing but a glittery t-shirt, stark naked from the waist down, playing with herself, and intensely watching me stroke my penis. In less than 2 minutes I was close to orgasm. “OK, I’m almost there. FYI, I’m going to squirt all over you.” A few seconds later I felt it coming. I aimed for her t-shirt. I shot harder than I expected and hit her face. The second squirt hit her shirt, and the third hit her naked tummy. I rubbed the last bit that dribbled on her thigh. “Oh god, seeing you like this is way better than imagining you!”

“You imagine me? Imagine me doing what?”

“Well, lots of things. For example, touching yourself like you did a moment ago.”

Amanda blushed. “Uncle Mark?”

“Yes Cutie?”

“I... I don’t think I was doing it right. It didn’t feel like the other times. Could you... well, do it for me?” She asked so sweetly.

“Cutie, you weren’t doing it wrong, it just that your body didn’t feel like it then. Of course, I’d be happy to give it a go, and you tell me if it’s working.” I knelt down between her legs and gently touched her. I started at her belly button and slowly slid my fingers down to just above the top of her slit. I paused for a moment, then slid middle finger down to just inside her outer lips. I heard Amanda gasp. I felt the hood of her clitoris and rubbed that for a moment. She started breathing heavily. I slid down and up the length of her tiny slit. I could feel her getting wet. I spread her outer lips a bit so I could see better. “So, my sexy girl, is it working?”

“Uh huh <pant> Yeah.” Was all she could say between breaths.

I was curious how developed her vagina was. I gently pushed one finger inside, not quite to the first knuckle. She gasped, but didn’t resist me. I slid in and out that tiny amount a few times, then gently pushed a little more. Almost immediately, I felt resistance of her hymen. I didn’t want to hurt her so I pulled out and focused back on her clitoris again, rubbing her in earnest. I could tell Amanda was getting close, her breathing was getting faster. Then she clenched her hands onto the bed covers and tensed her whole body. I could feel tiny spasms just inside her swollen lips with my fingers. I saw a clear fluid dribbling down her slit, coming out in little pulses. Then without warning, one of those pulses pushed much harder and squirted on my already wet shirt. At that moment Amanda yelled. It was truly a sight to see. If I hadn’t already come a few minutes ago, I would have then.

Amanda took almost a minute to recover. When she seemed like she was mostly back to earth, I asked. "Well did it work for you this time?" Even though I surely knew what her answer was.

"Uh huh. <breathe> Yeah. It didn't hurt as much this time. <breath>"

Her answer shocked me. "Woah there little one! It's not supposed to hurt at all. What part hurt?" I was afraid that maybe I pushed too hard on her hymen.

Amanda explained. "When I cummed, it felt like something was stuck inside me trying to get out. Then it finally came out. Doesn't it hurt when your stuff comes out?"

Obviously, there was some kind of problem. "No Cutie, it doesn't hurt for me, and it shouldn't hurt for you either. Is that why you screamed? Is that when it hurt?"

"Uh Huh. That's when it felt like something came out and it hurt then."

"Does it hurt any other times? When you're walking, sitting, going to the bathroom, any other time at all?" I was trying to figure out just how serious this problem was.

"No, only when I...uh, orzagim."

I couldn't help but smile at the way she said the word. "I think you mean 'orgasm'. But I get the idea. OK, you're not dying, but I should get you to your doctor to get checked out. I'll make an appointment for you in the morning. With any luck I should be able to get you in there tomorrow."

"Does that mean I don't have to go to school tomorrow?"

"Nice try Cutie, but no. You might get out for a couple hours, but that's it."

"Could you make it for third period? I have a math test then." She smiled, the little schemer.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll make sure bring that math test with us so you can take it at the Doctor's office." I smiled. Amanda pouted. I changed the subject. "Enough talk about math tests. You need to get cleaned up again." I thought for a moment. "If you want, I could clean you up and put a fresh diaper on you."

Her face beamed. "Yes! Please Uncle Mark!"

"I'd love to, Cutie. But I'm not going to do any sex with you this time. I don't want to hurt you. I will just be loving and caring."

Her smile remained. I first moved her off the wet spot, then I used the wipes to clean everywhere from her front to back and down her thighs. I briefly cleaned her vulva, but I didn't dwell on it. Then I powdered her butt and front. She stood up and I slid a fresh pull-up up her legs and over her butt. She then got a nightie and handed it to me. I slid it over her arms, then over her head and then onto the rest of her.

We watched TV together until Amanda's bedtime. All this emotion and activity wore her out. Though she protested mildly when I told her to go to bed, her eyelids were barely open. I tucked her in bed and she was asleep before I left her room.

Day 5 - Wednesday

I was already showered and dressed when I woke up Amanda. The other days she got up on her own, but this morning she hadn't budged, so I had to wake her. She was snoozing away, sprawled out on the bed. I gave her a gentle shake and called to her. "Hey Cutie, it's time to wake up for school."

She stirred and mumbled "Mmmmmf, five more minutes."

There was still time, so I gave her a few minutes. I took the time to look up her doctor's info in Cindy's emergency book. It occurred to me that doctors - especially pediatricians - are very good at discovering illegal sexual activity with kids. I re-assured myself that all we ever did was masturbate each other. There couldn't be any way to tell WHO did the touching. At any rate, it was far more important to get Amanda cared for than to worry about any fear of being discovered. I went back to Amanda's room for round two. This time I didn't give in. She grumbled and slowly sat up. As she woke up, she had a strange look on her face. She raised her nightie and felt her diaper. I could see it was wet. She looked confused and a little worried. "My diaper's wet."

I didn't realize there was a problem. "Well isn't that what it's for? Don't you like to wet it?"

"No, I mean it's wet, but I didn't do it."

Of course, she did, but I understood what she meant. "So, you don't remember wetting your diaper last night?"

"No, I don't." She was getting more worried. "Uncle Mark, does this mean I have to wear diapers all the time?"

"Hold on there, you're getting ahead of yourself. One wet night does not make you incontinent. We'll talk to your doctor and see what he has to say. I'm sure everything will be fine." I took her hands and gently pulled her to stand up, and I gave her a hug. "For now, get yourself cleaned up and dressed for school."

Amanda went to the bathroom to shower and I went to the kitchen to make breakfast. Since she was upset this morning, I made her favorite breakfast to make her feel better - cinnamon oatmeal. It was ready just when she came into the kitchen. As she was eating, I told her how the day would go. "Cutie, I'll text you when I get the appointment time. I'll also let the school office know so they can get you out of class. Oh, and when you see the doctor, it's best if you don't mention that you and I had sex." She barely acknowledged me and hardly ate anything. "Are you OK? You're not eating your oatmeal, and it's your favorite."

"I guess so." She quietly answered. Yeah that was convincing.

"Hey, it's going to be alright. I'll be right there with you. I promise." I didn't realize at the time what I was really promising. "Come here." I pulled her chair next to me and hugged her again. "It's alright to

be a little scared when new stuff is happening to you. Just remember that I'll be there with you to make it OK. Now give me a good hug and eat your breakfast. I worked and slaved over a hot stove for..." I looked at the oatmeal box, "...two whole minutes making that for you!" Finally, Amanda gave me a little smile and she hugged me.

I drove her to school and came back home. I called the doctor's office as soon as it opened. I got an appointment for early afternoon. As promised, I texted Amanda.

MM: Cutie, doc appt is 2PM. I'll pick you up at 1:30

AS: Couldn't u get it for 3rd period?

MM: Sorry no. You'll have to take your math test

AS: Could I skip it if im sick?

MM: Are you REALLY sick?

AS: im sick of math ☺

MM: Nice try, but no dice. I'm sure you'll do fine on your test. See you at 1:30

She seemed to be feeling better, that was good. She wouldn't have tried to pull the 'sick for the test' bit if she was still upset. I called the Rydell school office and let them know I'd pick Amanda up early.

When I got there, Amanda was waiting in the school office. She looked nervous and worried again. I gave her a hug before we left and we were on our way. She was quiet in the car, and when we got to the doctor's office, she stayed glued by my side. We didn't have to wait very long when the nurse called Amanda back. I started to go with her, but the nurse said I should wait in the waiting room. I sat there for what seemed like hours. Finally, the nurse called for me and directed me into a small office. A minute later, the Doctor came in. He was older, maybe in 45-ish, almost as tall as me, with longer hair and a beard and glasses. He kind of looked like a hippie from the 70's. He wore his white lab coat, which he removed after he closed the office door. Under that, he had on typical hospital scrubs. Without the lab coat, he looked almost friendly. Not intimidating at all – for the moment anyway.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Michaels. I'm Dr. Earl Bradley. I examined your niece." He said.

"Well how's she doing? Is she OK?" I asked.

"Please sit down." I did so, and he sat down behind his rather impressive desk. He looked at Amanda's chart "Well, you brought her in reporting multiple urinary accidents and lower abdominal pain. Is that right?"

“Pretty much, yes.” I didn’t want to say that I discovered her problem while we were having sex. Maybe it was my paranoid imagination, but he somehow seemed more intimidating behind that big desk.

“Well, she has a minor UTI, and I believe that’s the cause of her accidents. I’ll give you an antibiotic for her and that will clear it right up. In a couple days she’ll be back to normal.”

“Well, that’s a relief.” I said. “Amanda told me that girls her age start having accidents more often. Is that true?”

He explained, “Yes, young adolescent girls do have an increased chance of enuresis and even occasional urinary incontinence, and Amanda is now entering the beginning of that phase. However, her UTI is compounding the problem, making it much worse. It needs to be addressed right away.

“OK, now what about her lower pain?” I asked, not wanting to get too specific.

“Mr. Michaels, before we go any further, I need to tell you something.” He looked straight at me. Now he looked VERY intimidating. “Amanda told me that you’ve been having sex with her.”

I almost fell to the floor. “She what??” Though I did worry in the back of my mind that I might be discovered by Dr. Bradley, I was more concerned about Amanda’s well-being. That is, until now. I suddenly had a vision of a dozen policemen storming the tiny office and hauling me away to a dark cell, never again to see the light of day. “I... I... don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything.” He immediately said, “The laws have changed since the Teen Revolution, so I have some leeway in reporting cases of sexual child abuse. Essentially, a child’s say-so isn’t enough to make a report anymore. In the past, a number of false accusations were made because some girls had overactive imaginations. Nowadays, it takes more than just the word of a child. I examined Amanda and found no signs of trauma or physical abuse. She is a normal, well-adjusted 10-year-old girl, and bringing her here for treatment shows me that you are not a threat to her.

“Mr. Michaels, understand that my first priority is the well-being of my patients. I will follow the law and report cases when I am obligated to, but as long as I have discretion, I will do what is best for my patients. It’s clear that Amanda loves you and trusts you, and you appear to be a good caregiver for her. At this time, I believe that reporting sexual abuse would be detrimental to her care.” He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and looked me square in the eye. “Don’t give me a reason to change my mind!” I suddenly felt like I was back in school in the principal’s office, being scolded for peeking in the girls’ shower (What – you never did that??).

He maintained his penetrating stare for several seconds, then sat back in his chair and looked at Amanda’s chart again, as though the past two minutes never happened. “Now, since there is nothing to report in that regard, I can only say that Amanda is sexually active. The pain that she told you about only happens when she experiences an orgasm. Since her pain is sex related, I did a pelvic exam on her.

I discovered that she has a microperforate hymen. It's not a life-threatening condition, but it will make her very uncomfortable when she gets older, and it increases risks of other complications."

"OK, I know what a hymen is, but what's microperforate?" I asked, half wondering if it was OK for me to talk.

He continued in lecture mode. I think doctors like to lecture. "As you might know, the hymen only partially covers the vagina. A small opening remains to allow for drainage. But microperforate means the opening is much smaller than normal. In pre-pubescent girls it's not a problem, but as they enter puberty and become sexually active, the vaginal fluids have difficulty draining. This causes other problems, like susceptibility to yeast infections and UTI's, like she has now. The problem gets worse during menstruation. It's a good thing we caught it now before that. In fact, it could be argued that her early sexual activity allowed us to discover this before it became a serious problem."

"Ok, so what can be done about it?" I asked.

"We can remove the hymen. It's a simple procedure. We can do it here in the office if you want." He said this casually, as though he was offering to get me cup of coffee.

"Woah, that's kind of a big deal! I may have a POA, but I don't want to make the call on that. Let me call my sister about this." I took out my phone and called Cindy.

Cindy answered the phone. "Hi Big Brother, what's up?"

"Hi Sis! I'm here at the doctor Bradley's office with Amanda..."

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY BABY GIRL? DEREK, WE'RE GOING HOME NOW!!" Even with the phone to my ear, Dr. Bradley heard her, and he cringed.

"Cindy, calm down! Everything's OK, Amanda just has a couple of minor... girl stuff issues so I brought her to see the doctor."

"What girl stuff issues? Is my baby girl sick?" At least she wasn't yelling anymore. I counted that as calming down.

"Dr. Bradley says she has a UTI."

"Awww, a UTI? My poor baby girl!"

"Well he's giving her an antibiotic to take care of that, so that's covered. But there's another thing going on too. It's a little technical, so I'll give you to Dr. Bradley to explain it." I handed him my phone.

"Hello Mrs. Summers, this is Dr. Bradley." He went on to explain the hymen issue. He gave a similar description of what he told me, but without certain embarrassing - and illegal - details. He managed to walk the fine line, explaining about the microperforate hymen and avoiding references to Amanda's sexual activity. After a few minutes, Cindy agreed to have the Amanda's hymen removed. Dr. Bradley handed the phone back to me.

“Hey Sis, did Dr. Bradley explain it OK?”

“Yes, I think so. I have a question for you though. How did you know about her hymen?” He tone was not quite accusing, but certainly not her usually friendly voice.

I certainly couldn’t tell her the truth. I decided to slightly alter things. “Well that’s a long story, and a bit embarrassing.” I bought myself a few seconds to come up with an alternate reality.

“Embarrassing how, Dear Brother?” Her tone of voice was becoming angrier.

So, I lied to my Sister. “The other day, I checked on her in her bedroom. I happened to see her... well... touching herself. I left as soon as I realized what she was doing. A few minutes later, I heard her yelling. I waited till later on to talk to her. That’s when I found out about the pain she felt. As embarrassing as that conversation was, I knew it couldn’t be right, so I brought her here.”

“So... you saw her... naked?” Cindy asked.

I continued my lie. “Not really, she had her di... Underwear and nightie on. But her hands were ‘down there’ and it was pretty obvious what she was doing.”

“My baby girl is... mast... masterb... doing... adult things??” Cindy couldn’t bring herself to say the words. “But she’s only 10! Kids aren’t supposed to ... do things that!

Dr. Bradley must have heard Cindy, because he chimed in. He spoke loudly enough for Amanda to hear. “Mrs. Summers, This is Dr. Bradley again.” I put my phone on speaker mode. “As much as we’d like to believe otherwise, it is fairly common for 10-year-old children to experience sexual feelings. In fact, some children can start as early as 6. Amanda’s sexual urges are perfectly normal, and it is normal for girls to start masturbating at this age.” I didn’t understand why he backed me up, but I was very grateful.

“I can’t believe my Baby girl is growing up!” Cindy exclaimed. “She’s just an innocent little girl!”

“Sis, I’m surprised about this too. And talking with Amanda about it was a bit awkward, but I knew it needed to be done.” At least this was closer to the truth. My lie wasn’t a complete fabrication, just a few slightly altered events. I suppose I used that to justify it to myself – that I only lied a little bit, so it wasn’t all that wrong.

“Oh Mark, I’m sorry for jumping all over you about this.” Cindy apologized. “Here I am falling to pieces and I forgot you had to deal with all this by yourself. It must have been really hard for you to talk to her about that.”

“Don’t worry about it. You’re her Mom, so I figure that gives you the right to freak out from time to time.”

“You’re right, and don’t you forget it!” She firmly announced. “She’s still my baby girl and I can freak out over her whenever I want! Can I talk to Amanda now?”

“Well she’s in the exam room and I’m in the office. But she has her phone, so just call her. I’ll deal with the paperwork here and I’ll see Amanda in a few minutes.”

Dr. Bradley directed me to the nurse to sign the authorization and paperwork. After I signed what seemed like a million forms, I finally was able to see Amanda in the exam room. When I got there, she was sitting on the exam table wearing nothing but a hospital gown, talking on her phone.

“Uh, huh.... Yes Mom... Uncle Mark just came in now... OK Mom... Love you, Bye.” She hung up her phone, then asked me. “Why does Mom still call me Baby Girl? I’m not a baby!”

“That’s a mother’s privilege. Even when you’re grown up, married, and have kids of your own, she’ll STILL call you baby girl.” I stood beside her and gave her a mini-hug. “Now, how’s my Cutie doing?”

“Uncle Mark, What’s a hymen?”

I was a little surprised that she didn’t know. “Didn’t Dr. Bradley explain that to you?”

“Yeah Kinda, but I didn’t understand everything he said.”

“Well, it’s just this little thing down inside you. It’s sort of like a cap on the end of your vagina. All girls have it, but it’s usually gone by the time you become a grown-up. Really it doesn’t do much of anything. Some people say it’s the mark of a virgin, but that’s not necessarily true. Dr. Bradley says that your hymen is getting in the way of things and causing the pain you told me about, so he says it should be removed. He says he can do it here in the office”

“Will it hurt? I heard that it hurts to lose my hymen.” She was getting scared.

I re-assured her. “Oh no, they’ll give you an anesthetic so you won’t feel anything at all. It won’t hurt.”

“Will you be here with me? I’m scared, Uncle Mark. You promised you’d be with me to make it all OK.” She started shaking.

I hugged her tighter. The thought of being in the room while Dr. Bradley was rummaging around in my niece’s private parts was unnerving, but I did promise. “Sure Cutie. I’ll be right here with you the whole time.”

Doctor Bradley and the nurse came in with a tray full of ominous looking medical instruments. “OK, Amanda, we’re going to take care of your problem now. Mr. Michaels, you can wait in the waiting room.”

Amanda pleaded. “I want Uncle Mark to stay! Pleeese?”

“I did promise to stay with her for this.” I affirmed to Dr. Bradley.

“OK,” He allowed. “You can sit beside Amanda right there.” After the nurse positioned Amanda on the exam table and put her legs into the stirrups, I sat on the chair beside Amanda and held her hand. She squeezed my hand very tightly. I was getting nervous and a little queasy myself. At this point I wasn’t

sure if he had me sit down to be close to Amanda or to mitigate the risk of ME passing out from the procedure.

I occasionally looked at what they were doing, but each time I did I became nauseous. I mostly just looked into Amanda's eyes and kept her focused on me. She never complained about any pain, only that it felt weird. In a few minutes they were done. I was glad, because I didn't know how much longer I could have lasted before getting sick or passing out. Considering how bad I was feeling, I could only imagine how bad Amanda felt. But as long as she held my hand and looked into my eyes, she was OK. She's such a trooper.

Dr. Bradley left, and the nurse cleaned Amanda up. "That wasn't so bad now honey, was it?" She didn't wait for a response. "You did a great job."

"It still feels funny down there." Amanda said.

The nurse explained. "That's the anesthetic, honey. It will feel like that for a couple hours. By this evening it will feel normal again. Part of that feeling funny also means you won't have any bladder control for a few hours, so you should wear a diaper for the rest of the day. I have one here, and I'll get you some more to take home."

"I have to wear a diaper?? Out in public??" Amanda gasped. Of course, she had worn diapers the past couple days, but it was at home, with no one around except for me. Wearing while outside was a whole new level that neither of us had even considered before now.

The nurse produced a pull-up diaper. "Trust me honey, you don't want to be without this little bit of protection. You're going to get wet this afternoon, and this will prevent a lot of embarrassment. Don't worry, it won't show under your clothes." Then she spoke more softly. "You don't see my diaper, do you?" The nurse lifted her skirt, revealing that she too was wearing a pull-up diaper, and I think she winked at me.

Amanda and I both gasped in surprise and looked at each other. The nurse was right. I had no idea she was 'wearing'.

She then proceeded to slide the pull-up on Amanda. "Like I said, Honey, no one will see this under your clothes. By this evening you should have your bladder control back, but because of your UTI, you should wear a diaper to bed for the next 3 nights, just to be safe." The nurse stepped closer to Amanda. "One more thing, honey." Then the nurse looked me. "Mr. Michaels, could you give us girls a moment please?" I stepped away to the far corner of the room. The nurse whispered something to Amanda. A moment later I was allowed to return to the conversation. Amanda was beet red from embarrassment, but smiling.

"Is everything OK?" I asked. Both of them just giggled. Clearly, I was missing out on something. But if it made Amanda smile, I could live with being the butt of some joke.

Then I remembered. "What about swimming? Amanda is on the school swim team."

“Oh, she should stay out of the pool for at least 48 hours.” The nurse replied.

“I CAN’T SWIM FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS??” Amanda protested.

“You see, she’s part mermaid. If she doesn’t get her daily dose of swimming, she’ll shrivel up and die.” I smiled. Amanda frowned and turned away. “Seriously, she does love swimming. Is there anything we can do about that?”

“The first 24 hours are the most critical. The chlorine in a swimming pool might contaminate the surgical site. After that, is more of a comfort issue.” The nurse turned to Amanda. “Honey, if you get in the water too soon it may feel uncomfortable or sore. If it does, you should get out right away.”

“So, I can try it after 24 hours?” Amanda asked hopefully.

The nurse reluctantly agreed. “OK, you can try swimming tomorrow evening – we’ll say, after six o’clock, but remember. If it hurts, get out of the water and wash yourself off thoroughly in the shower.”

Amanda finally smiled. “OK, Tomorrow at six.”

“PM!” I reminded her.

The nurse laughed “Yes, honey, six in the evening.”

Amanda crossed her arms and pretended to pout. “Darn. OK, six ‘PM’.”

I left the room so Amanda could get dressed. As I was doing the final paperwork with the receptionist, Dr. Bradley accidentally bumped into me. “Oh, I’m sorry Mr. Michaels. It looks like you dropped something.” He pointed to a paper on the ground.

“No, I didn’t have any papers like that. It must be yours.” I said.

But he insisted. “No Mr. Michaels, I’m sure this is YOUR paper.” He bent down, picked it up and put it in my hand. He looked me straight in the eye, the same way he did in the office. “I think you should put it somewhere where it won’t fall out again.”

I finally took the hint and accepted the paper. “Thank you, I’ll be more careful.”

“I’m sure you will.” He said, “And if Amanda has any more problems, please bring her in to see me. She’s a lucky girl to have you for an Uncle.” Then he walked away.

Day 5 Part 2

It took longer than expected to get home, because of heavy traffic. Amanda was still quiet in the car. She wasn't scared anymore, but she was somewhat worn out from the ordeal at the doctor's office. I didn't press her to talk, so we just listened to the radio. Between songs, there was a quick news flash that the State District Attorney suddenly retired for personal reasons. A woman was appointed as the new DA by the Governor and promised to rid the office of corruption. I didn't know there was any corruption in the DA's office, but I never paid much attention to state politics.

When we did get home, I asked "Cutie, do you need changed? Are you wet?"

"No, I don't feel wet, I'm fine." She answered, somewhat listlessly.

"Remember you can't feel anything down there. We should check."

"Ok, fine." Normally, seeing her reveal a diaper underneath her skirt would have turned me on immensely, but right now I was more worried about her recovery.

As I suspected, her diaper was quite swollen and wet. "Yep, your diaper very wet. You need to get changed."

"What??" She was surprised. "I don't feel wet."

I put my hand on her diaper and pressed a bit. OK, the 'worrying about her recovery' bit didn't keep me from getting an erection and copping a feel. But I did need to make sure she hadn't leaked. "You can't feel that?"

"No. It's weird seeing you touch me when I can't feel it."

"Well, since you can't feel down there, I should change you, just to make sure the new diaper goes on OK." I led Amanda to her bedroom. She laid down on her bed and lifted her skirt up out of the way. I got the diapers, wipes, powder and a towel for a changing pad. She was so pretty with her sodden diaper exposed like that, but I remembered the Doctor's warning and I needed to stay focused and clinical. First, I put the towel under her then I slid her diaper down. Just like last night, I revealed her smooth, nearly hairless vulva. It looked the same as it did last night, yet I knew just inside there was a significant change. I wiped her clean.

As I finished wiping her, Amanda asked. "Uncle Mark?" Her telltale sign that a big question was coming.

"Yes, Cutie?"

"Can you help me to see my hymen? I mean, where it was?"

"So, you're curious what it looks like now?" Truthfully, I was curious too, but I didn't want to appear overzealous. "I suppose it would be hard for you to see it by yourself. Sure, I'll help you. Give me your phone. I'll take some pictures for you." I spread her legs and took 2 pics of her vulva by itself. Next, I took her hands and made her spread her outer lips. I took 2 more pics. Then I spread her legs more and

positioned her hands to spread her inner lips. Before me I saw a small but wondrous tunnel, no longer obstructed by its childhood protector. I took 2 more pics, and promised myself I would download these to my computer. I also saw the scar where her hymen was removed, and took pics of that too. It did look somewhat frail, and I dared not touch it for fear of opening up the scar again. Seeing Amanda's sexual parts made it even more difficult to stay in clinical mode, but I persevered. I would just have to relieve myself later. I remembered one of the post-op instructions was that she should avoid any sex for 24 hours, and avoid penetration for 48 hours. I was not going to go against medical restrictions and risk hurting Amanda just to get off.

I just finished taking pictures when I felt something warm and wet on my hand. I looked and saw why. "Cutie, do you know you're peeing on my hand?" It was a good thing the towel was there.

"I am??" She still seemed surprised at her lack of bladder control. "I'm sorry, I - I can't help it. I don't even feel anything! Please don't be mad at me."

"It's OK Cutie, I know you can't help it. Don't worry, I'll take care of it." I held the towel so it caught her pee as it came out. I was fascinated – and turned on – by watching her pee make a small arc and splash into the towel.

Amanda must have noticed my staring. "Uncle Mark, are you – watching me pee?"

There was no hiding my obvious staring, so I fessed up. "I suppose I am. I never saw a girl pee before. Remember you did say I'm a pervert!" I smiled.

She gasped in surprise with an 'I can't believe you just said that' look on her face. Then she giggled. "Uncle Pervert! Uncle Pervert! Uncle Pervert!"

It occurred to me that I should remind her not to say things like that out in public, but for the moment I was just glad that she was feeling better. I'd talk to her about her loose lips another time. (The lips on her face, not between her legs! Who's the pervert now?) Her bladder once again empty, I wiped her clean again. Then I sprinkled powder and rubbed it in. Finally, I slid a fresh pull-up up her legs and made sure it was on snugly.

I left Amanda to change her clothes, and went to the kitchen to start preparing dinner. A few minutes later, I got a text message from Regina. I read it, and almost had a heart attack.

"AMANDA SUMMERS! YOU COME HERE RIGHT NOW!"

She came out of her room, with a quizzical look on her face. "Yes, Uncle Mark?"

"What did you tell Heather today??" I asked, trying to contain my anger.

"Nothing. Just that I went to the doctor, and about my hymen thing."

"I think you told her a bit more than that!" I showed her the message Regina sent me.

"Isn't that right?"

"No, that is NOT right!" I answered, still mad at her. "Do you really not know what that means?"

She retreated slightly from my anger. "I... I thought that's what it was. I'm sorry if I said it wrong."

When I realized that she truly did not understand what she said, I finally calmed down. "I'm sorry for getting mad at you, Cutie. I didn't realize that you didn't understand." My blood pressure was coming back down to normal. "No, Dr. Bradley did NOT take your virginity. I'll explain it to you in a minute, but first I need to stop Miss Regina from going off the deep end."

"I'm really sorry I messed things up." She looked down at the floor.

"Don't worry about it, you didn't know." I gently put my hand on her shoulder. "Everything will be OK once I talk to Miss Regina."

I sat down on the couch and called Regina. I knew texting her wouldn't be enough.

"Mark, what did that son-of-a-bitch doctor do to my sweet Amanda!" This conversation was off to a great start. Wait – HER Amanda?? No, I wasn't even going to go there. I let that line go – at least for now.

I tried calming her down. "Regina, Relax. It's not what you think. Amanda got her facts all mixed up."

"How can she get mixed up about losing her virginity? Either she did or she didn't!" She stubbornly said.

"Amanda had a medical problem with her hymen. The doctor simply removed it – surgically. I was there, I know. The only thing that went inside her was a speculum."

"Oh, <pause> You mean she thought THAT was losing her virginity?" She started to laugh. "I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't laugh, <HAHAHA> but I can't help it!" I patiently waited while she laughed. And laughed. And laughed. Finally, she picked up her phone again. "Oh Mark, I'm so sorry, but I couldn't help it! <haha> Oh that's rich! Lost her virginity! <haha>"

I felt like Regina was taking this bit too far. I was getting upset. "Come on Regina, it's not funny. The girl made an honest mistake. And YOU took it as gospel, and were ready to lead a lynch mob to the doctor's office!" At that moment I realized the significance of Dr. Bradley's words in his office.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it! What do you want me to do, get on my knees and beg forgiveness?" Now she was angry. I guess this counted as our first fight.

"I'm sorry for flipping out on you," I apologized. "It's just something the doctor said that stuck in the back of my mind, and this whole thing brought it out again for me."

"I'm sorry too. I guess I did get carried away. You wanna talk about it? I mean what the doctor said?"

“Yes, I would, but not tonight. I want to stay here with Amanda tonight. Maybe tomorrow sometime?”

“How about tomorrow morning when the kids are in school, just like yesterday? We’ll be alone, and I have a fresh bottle of wine. And maybe, I can ‘help’ you again!”

I didn’t want the wine, and I wasn’t in the mood for her flirting at that moment, but I wasn’t going to argue that on the phone. “Yeah, that’ll work for me. I’ll see you tomorrow. Thanks.”

Now that Regina was off the warpath, I turned my attention to Amanda – who was standing right behind me. I realized that she must have heard my conversation with Regina. I couldn’t catch a break today if it were handed to me.

“Uncle Mark, was Miss Regina laughing at me?” She was on the verge of crying. So much for her feeling better.

“Oh, come here, Cutie.” I reached around and pulled her to sit next to me. “I suppose you heard my conversation with Miss Regina?”

“Uh huh <sniff> She thinks I’m stupid. You probably think I’m stupid too.” I really had my work cut out for me.

I wrapped my arm around her. “Well, that depends. How’d you do on your math test today?” I knew she was good in math, despite her complaints about it.

She lowered her head “A minus. I got 2 wrong.” That was below par for her.

I lifted her head by her chin. “Well that’s pretty good considering you had a lot of stuff on your mind today. I’ll bet there are a lot of kids in your class that would kill for that A minus. So, I think that means you’re pretty smart.”

“But I made you and Miss Regina mad because I said something stupid.”

Amanda wasn’t going to make this easy, but I wasn’t giving up. “OK, Sure. You made a mistake today by saying something that was wrong. But I also made a mistake because I got mad at you when I shouldn’t have, and Miss Regina made a mistake because she thought it was funny when it wasn’t. We ALL made mistakes today. I’m very sorry for the mistake I made, and Miss Regina told me she’s very sorry for her mistake. Cutie, we’re all just human, and we all make mistakes sometimes.”

“You don’t think I’m stupid?”

“Of course not! You are a bright, smart, 10-and-a-half-year-old girl!”

“You remembered!” She finally smiled.

“Of course, I remembered!” Then I quietly asked. “What did I remember?”

“That I’m 10 and a half!” Her face finally beamed with a smile.

If I would have known that was all I had to say to cheer her up, I would have started with that and avoided this whole drama! “Well it may take me a while to learn things, but eventually I get it.” I said with a touch of pride.

“Uncle Mark?”

I’ve been down this road before. I knew to expect some big question. “Yes, Cutie?”

“You said you’d explain about virginity and stuff to me.” That familiar road just took an unexpected sharp turn.

Amanda is very good at reminding me about things I’ve said, especially things I’d rather forget. “Yes, I did say that.” I paused for a moment. “OK, today we talked about your hymen and how it was removed, right?”

“Uh huh.” She looked at me with wide eyes, like a student eager to learn.

“Well some people think that losing your hymen means losing your virginity. That’s not true. Sometimes it CAN happen that way, but a lot of times it doesn’t. Actually, virginity or being a virgin simply means you haven’t had sexual intercourse yet.”

“But we did sex. Does that mean I’m not a virgin?”

I tried to explain. “That’s a good question. The answer is no, because we didn’t have intercourse. Intercourse is when a guy puts his penis inside the girl’s vagina. Being a virgin just means you’ve never done that specific thing before. Of course, the hymen blocks the vagina, so it gets in the way of intercourse. For some girls – not all, but some – the first time they have intercourse, the hymen breaks when the guy’s penis goes inside. This is why people associate the hymen with being a virgin.

“Actually, there’s lots of ways you could lose your hymen. Things like bike riding or sitting on anything that pushes up into your crotch. Also masturbating sometimes can break it. Then there’s surgery like you had done. And sometimes it just wears out or goes away on its own.”

Amanda was soaking up every word I was saying, like a sponge. “So why do I have a Hymen?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. Some people think it’s some kind of religious symbol of purity, but I don’t believe that. If I were to guess, I think it’s nothing more than something that protects your insides from dirt and germs when you’re young. When you’re older you don’t need it anymore so it normally just wears out and goes away.”

“Since I don’t have a hymen anymore, so does that mean we can do inter... inter...course?” I have to hand it to Amanda. Just when I think I have a conversation under control, she’s able to turn it upside down.

“Well, uh, you see...uh, the problem is...” I realized I was blabbering like an idiot. “You really caught me by surprise with that, Cutie. Let me get back to you on that one. Short answer is no. And don’t even think of asking why because I’m all out of answers for now. We can talk more another time, but my brain is empty from telling you everything I know.”

Amanda giggled “Your brain is empty?”

I joked. “Yes, it’s empty. Look inside and see.” I pointed to my ear.

She looked in my ear. “I don’t see anything.”

“That means it’s empty!” I joked.

“That’s not true!”

“OK, maybe not, but we’ve talked enough about this stuff for today. We can talk more about it another time.” I knew Amanda needed time to take all this in. I didn’t want to overwhelm her.

The rest of the evening was rather boring, mainly because she couldn’t go swimming. She watched TV, played on her phone, and moped around the house while I prepared dinner. After dinner, I told Amanda it was time to do her homework. She didn’t fight me on it, probably because she was bored enough to do anything – even homework. She asked for a drink and I got her a glass of iced tea. I helped her with her homework, though for the math it was more like she helped me. With her homework finished, it was time for her to get ready for bed. She changed herself in to a short frilly baby-doll nightie and a fresh diaper. I also noticed that she put her hair in pigtails. She got herself another drink and we cuddled on the couch and watched TV until her bedtime.

Amanda shifted to lie across my lap. I gently played with one of her pigtails. She wiggled again, putting her head on my lap, right on my crotch. With her head like that and her pigtails right there for me to play with, I got an erection. By now however, having an erection around my sweet sexy niece was not nearly as embarrassing as it used to be, so I just allowed it to happen and didn’t bother trying to shift.

A minute or so later, Amanda said, “Uncle Mark?”

Knowing some big question was coming, I braced myself and answered. “Yes Cutie?”

“Is your thingy getting big again?” She gently bobbed her head on my erection as she asked the question.

“You mean ‘Do I have an erection?’ Yes, I do, but it’s nothing to worry about. Remember, the Doctor said you shouldn’t have sex for 24 hours, so nothing’s going to happen tonight.”

“But he didn’t say YOU couldn’t have sex, did he?” At that point I suspected she was scheming something.

“Just what are you trying to suggest? If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were trying to seduce me.”

“What does ‘seduce’ mean?” She asked with an innocent face. I wasn’t sure if it was real or pretend innocence.

“It means that you’re being sneaky and trying to get me excited on purpose so we can have sex.” I gave her a small tickle on her side. Amanda wiggled. In retrospect, that probably wasn’t smart of me because her wiggling just made me harder.

“Well...” She looked guilty. Yeah, I caught her and figured out her plans. I was proud of myself for being one step ahead my sly little niece for once. She turned around to face me. “I felt bad because I caused so much trouble today. I wanted to make it up to you. I promise I won’t have sex, but I want to make you feel good. Is that a bad thing?” She moved her hand to my crotch and felt my erection through my pants.

It’s one thing to catch your pretty little girl red handed and know exactly what she’s planning. It’s another thing altogether to be able to do anything about it when she’s looking at you with her cute face and her is hand on your raging hard-on. “I... Cutie, you shouldn’t....” was all I could stammer.

“Please, Uncle Mark?” Amanda looked at me with puppy dog eyes. “I really want to show you how much I love you.”

Far be it from me to stop my sexy little niece from showing me her love! “We’ll, if you put it that way...” was all I could say.

I started to unbuckle my pants, but Amanda pushed my hands away. “No. I’ll do it. I want to do everything for you.” She got off the couch and knelt in front of me. Seeing her in pigtails and that short nightie, fiddling with my belt buckle almost made me cum in my pants.

It took her a minute, but she did manage to unbuckle my pants. She struggled to pull my pants down, so I helped by lifting up a bit. My penis was poking a tent in my underwear, and Amanda smiled when she saw that. She struggled, but she completely removed my pants. She felt me through my briefs, just like on Sunday night. Then she looked at me with her big eyes and asked. “Am I doing it right?”

“Oh yes, Cutie, you’re doing it perfectly!” Was all I could say.

Amanda sat up for a moment, showing off her short babydoll nightie. She asked me. “Would you like me to take off my nightie?”

Only now did I notice more details about her nightwear. It wasn’t simply a short nightie that she was growing out of. It was cut a lot lower than her others, and had more lace. I thought in the back of my mind that this was not a typical nightgown for a preteen girl. However, the front of my mind was yelling ‘God she’s so sexy in that!’, and it quickly won my internal argument. “I’d like you to keep it on... <pause> and afterwards tell me where you got it so I can get you a dozen more!”

Amanda grinned at that and knelt back down to attend to my throbbing manhood. She pulled my underwear down just enough to release my penis. "Is it that big because of me?" She asked, though the answer was obvious.

"God yes, that's all for you! You're making me so hard!"

Happy with the encouragement, she got to her task at hand. She placed both hands around my shaft and slowly pumped up and down. She looked intently at what she was doing. Her face was about 10 inches from my tip. Then she looked at me and said, "Uncle Mark, I need to go potty. Is it OK if I wet my diaper for you?"

I was barely able to answer, "Oh yes, my sexy little girl. Wet your diaper for me. Go faster please."

She sped up her hands. Amanda closed her eyes and concentrated on wetting herself. Somehow, she managed to keep stoking me at the faster pace. A few seconds later she said, "I'm doing it. I'm wetting my diaper!"

That was all I could take. I was barely able to utter "Fast as you can", before my orgasm started. I squirted all over my pretty niece's face. Two intense streams of semen sprayed across her forehead and her cheeks, and a third hit her sexy nightie. She kept up her pace until I finally grabbed her hands to stop her. I was on cloud 9, still breathing heavily, unable to say anything.

"Did I do good, Uncle Mark?" Again, an obvious question.

"Oh god... <breathe> that was incredible!" I finally managed to say. I looked at my semen-covered little girl with a loving smile on her face. For a moment, I thought that Cindy would have a heart attack if she saw Amanda like this. Maybe it was my euphoric state, but it didn't scare me this time.

Still smiling, she said, "I really did wet my diaper. Wanna see?" She stood up and proudly lifted her nightie, not that it really covered much. Her diaper was swollen and sagging. I couldn't resist touching and feeling it. When I kept my hand there, Amanda moved my hand away. "Remember, I'm not supposed to do sex tonight!" I wasn't in any position to argue with her, and besides, she was right. "OK, I'm gonna go change. I'll right back!" And she bounded off to her room.

As I was coming back to earth, I remembered the past hour in more detail. Her small sexy nightie, hair in pigtails, drinking a lot, positioning herself on my lap, heck even saying 'potty' instead of bathroom. Clearly, Amanda planned this, at least from mid evening, maybe even longer. In a sense, she completely got me.

I pulled my underwear up and my pants back on. I was still in shock, not so much from the wonderful hand job I received, but at how easily Amanda played me this evening. Not that it was a bad thing, but I wondered if she was that good at seduction, or was I simply that blind to the signs? A few minutes later she came out with a more traditional nightie, and was considerably more tired. I took her to her room and tucked her in. She was even too tired for any 'Uncle Mark' questions, which I was thankful for. I was out of answers anyway. I kissed her good night and left her to sleep.

Day 5 Part 3

I went to my own bedroom and got undressed. The paper from the Doctor's office fell out of my pocket. I completely forgot about it. I wondered why Dr. Bradley was so insistent that I take it. The paper had a website on it, and a password. The URL looked more like random characters than anything readable. He clearly went to some effort to make sure I got this so I figured I should check it out. I typed the URL, and the password. Then it asked me a question. "When is her birthday?" Who's birthday?? Mine? No, it said 'her'. Besides, Dr. Bradley wouldn't know my birthday. But he would know Amanda's birthday! I typed her birthday, and it let me in (WooHoo!). I got to an introductory page:

CHILD LOVE – Where Love Knows No (Age) Bounds!

Welcome, Amanda's lover!

Since this is your first time here, please help us set up your account.

Give us a name you would like to go by (alias):

Create new password:

I created an alias and password, then it took me the main page:

WARNING: Having sex with children who are under the age of consent is considered sexual abuse and is illegal! (But that doesn't make it wrong)

This website is NOT a place to post pics or stories of your latest sexual conquests! This is a forum and advice column to help you truly LOVE the child in your life – both emotionally and physically.

Click on the links below, or Search _____

[Forum](#)

[Physical development – Girls – Boys](#)

[FAQ](#)

[Emotional development – Girls - Boys](#)

I browsed through several different links, taking my time to explore the website. This was a veritable encyclopedia of information! The first thing I was interested in was about Amanda's Hymen procedure – or 'Hymenotomy' as I learned. There was the basic stuff I was told at the doctor's office, but I found more. Some doctors advocated making it a standard operation for girls, arguing that the hymen will break anyway, and doing it in a sterile environment means less risk of infection and other complications. Also, it made applying tampons easier, and meant no pain for the girl her first time she had intercourse. While in the past, the girl had to wait 2 weeks before having any sex, modern surgical procedures permitted penetration in only 2 days now, and external sexual stimulation in just one day.

All this reading about sex made my fantasy mind think about actually making love to my sweet Amanda. It couldn't hurt to see what it said about sexual development in young girls, so I looked at the girls' physical development section. Again, there was the standard stuff that was available on other public websites, but this went into more detail. The groupings were based on Tanner stages rather than age, since girls develop at different ages. According to the description, Amanda was at the early part of stage 2. Stage 2 vaginas are still rather small, but they could easily accommodate small diameter dildos. But it

also said that the young vagina had an amazing ability to stretch. With careful and gentle coaxing, it could accommodate the thickness of an average adult penis, and about 4"-5" of its length. But it must be done a little at a time... Wait - She's my niece! The last thing I wanted to do was get her pregnant! Wait – Can she even GET pregnant yet? More clicking and reading, I found that most girls don't start their periods until Tanner stage 4. That was at least 18 months away for Amanda. Heck, by then she'd almost be legal. But there's the whole incest issue. Wait – But Amanda was only my niece. It's not like she was my daughter. I was mentally putting the pieces of the puzzle together thinking this could work.

All this thinking about making love to Amanda was getting me hard again. I remembered the pics I took of her private parts with her camera, so I remotely connected to her phone. I found the pics and downloaded them. Then I saw some newer pics. She took a selfie in her short nightie and diaper. It must have been right before she came out of her room. Then she took a few selfies covered in my semen! God she was sexy! There was full body pic, showing her short nightie and exposed sagging diaper, then a close up of her face with my semen all over it. I grabbed those pics too. I couldn't help myself. I started pleasuring myself to Amanda's pics, especially the cum-stained ones. Seeing her smiling face, dripping with my semen, turned me on so much and took me over the edge – again. Once again, I soiled another tissue.

When I recovered, I realized that it was barely 3 hours ago since my 'performance' with Amanda. I hadn't done it that often since I was in college. I briefly wondered what the upper limit was for a man; how many times COULD a guy orgasm? I envisioned a scientific laboratory with several stations, each of which had a voluptuous woman, whose job it was to make the male subjects orgasm as many times as possible. I wouldn't mind volunteering for that study! As I sat contemplating such an imaginary experiment, a thought occurred to me. Why would Amanda take those pics, especially the after-sex ones? I decided to check her texting history. Sure enough, I found out why:

AS: <pre-sex selfie> Waddya think?

HC: u look hot girl!

AS: Think UM will like it?

HC: If he likes diapers like u say he does, he'll love it!

AS: Tx for lending me the nightie!

HC: Thank my mom. She let u borrow it. Let me know how it went

So, Regina and Heather were in on this plot too! I should have known. I read the rest of her texts:

AS: <post-sex body selfie> I think UM liked it - a LOT! ☺

HC: What's on your face?

AS: <post-sex face shot> UM cummed all over my face!

HC: Wow! What's it like?

AS: Warm and sticky - and loved!

HC: u r one lucky girl. Wish I had that

AS: Wanna sleep over tomorrow?

HC: Sure! Need to ask Mom. Will UM let me?

AS: Pretty sure. He thinks u r hot too. I'll ask in the morning. To tired tonight

HC: He wore you out?

AS: Yea. 😊😊😊

HC: lucky girl!

Wow! There was so much to take in there. Amanda WAS trying to seduce me. Then there's Heather – she's not nearly as innocent as I thought, either. Amanda told Heather everything, which meant that Regina knew everything too. Well, at least Regina couldn't surprise me with any of it tomorrow. Of course, Amanda was also right about Heather. She IS hot.

I tried to work some more on my hypnosis manual, but I couldn't focus on it. My mind kept going over Amanda's texts, Dr. Bradley's website, and even my brief argument with Regina. So much had changed in the past few days. In less than a week, I went from a lonely guy with no real prospects, to a lucky duck who had 2 girls so far, and a really good shot at a third girl (Heather, in case you weren't keeping track).

Instead of working, I did a short but intense workout on my mini-gym. There's nothing like a round of strenuous exercise to help settle the mind and tire out the body. Afterwards, I was tired so I went to bed. I had a feeling that tomorrow was going to be an exciting day.

Day 6 – Thursday

I woke up to my alarm – eventually. I hit snooze at least three times. I felt sore and achy this morning. My body was getting back at me for my workout last night. Amanda wasn't up yet, so I took my shower right away. In the bathroom, I saw Amanda's soiled nightie hanging on a hook. OK, it was Regina's but I wasn't supposed to know that. I could see my semen had dried on it overnight. I felt the sheer fabric and remembered how sexy my sweet niece looked in it last night. The fabric felt smooth and soft. I couldn't help myself; I took it off the hook and brushed it across my growing erection. God that felt really good! In my aroused state I reasoned that the nightie was already soiled, so what the heck. I wrapped the fabric around my penis and rubbed. I thought of Amanda wearing it last night. Then I imagined Regina wearing it. Even though she's petite, she's still taller than Amanda and this would be even shorter on her. That vision took me over the edge. I sprayed all over that nightie. I placed it back on the hook as though nothing happened.

I showered, and that helped my aches and pains a bit. Back in my bedroom getting dressed, I heard Amanda puttering around, then I heard the shower start for her. Once I got dressed, I went to the kitchen to make breakfast. Still a bit tired, I resorted to my world famous homemade (frozen) waffles – and coffee.

I just finished making the second batch when Amanda appeared from the hallway. She was bright and energetic, wearing a cute frilly pink top and jean skirt. She was the complete opposite of me this morning. "God Morning Uncle Mark!" She cheerfully said.

"Good morning Cutie." I half mumbled, but I did manage a smile.

She could tell I wasn't quite up to snuff. "Are you OK, Uncle Mark?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I just didn't sleep well last night. I'm still a bit tired. You look like you slept OK. Did you?"

Amanda nodded and said a brief "Uh huh", as she poured syrup on her waffles.

I remembered her diaper. "OK, I gotta ask. Did you wake up wet or dry?"

She said with pride, "Dry!" Then more sheepishly, "But I kinda wet it in bed after I woke up. I think the bed got a little wet. I'm sorry. Are you mad?"

I smiled. "No, of course I'm not mad. I'm just glad you told me so I can change your sheets. Remember, I told you that you could wear and wet your diapers whenever you like. Even in bed when you're pretending to wet in your sleep." Amanda blushed a deep red when I said that. "However, I do want you to pull the sheets off your bed before school, to let the mattress air out."

"OK, I'll do that." She paused. "Uncle Mark?" She started her typical line-up for the big pitch.

"Yes Cutie?"

"Can Heather sleep over here tonight?" She asked as she put a fork full of waffles in her mouth.

I remembered her texts from last night, so I was glad to be a step ahead of her for once. "Well it's OK with me, but I'll have to talk with Miss Regina to see what she has to say. Also, tonight is still a school night and you two can't stay up late."

Amanda smiled. "Heather's Mom will say it's OK. She always lets us do sleepovers."

I have to admit, the thought of both girls here tonight did lift my spirits, even if I knew about it already. "Well, I'll still have to talk to Miss Regina to work out the arrangements. I'll text you after I talk with her."

We finished our breakfast and I drove Amanda to school. Back home, I called Regina to let her know I was coming over. She said sure, and she was ready for me. I made a quick trip to the bathroom before I left. I noticed the nightie was still hanging there. I decided to take it and return it to its rightful owner – stains and all. I carefully put it in a small plastic bag and then in my pocket, and I drove to Regina's house.

I knocked on the door and Regina opened it. Apparently, she didn't get dressed yet, because she was wearing a bathrobe. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you weren't dressed yet." I said.

"Come on in, Sexy!" She pulled me inside. "I told you I was ready for you, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did." I admitted. Then I realized she intended to dress this way for me. "So, what do you have hiding under that bathrobe?"

"You'll find out soon enough." She coyly walked to kitchen. "For now, how about some wine?"

"Uh, about the wine. I normally don't drink alcohol. The other day was a bit of an exception because I was so upset."

"Oh." She stopped for a moment, not sure what to do.

"But coffee would be fine."

"OK, coffee it is!" She was relieved that there was something she could get for me.

She ran the coffee maker. When it was ready, I poured 2 cups of coffee and we both sat at the kitchen table.

I felt the bag in my pocket. "Oh, I almost forgot. I have something for you. At least something to return to you." I pulled out the bag, opened it, and carefully pulled out the nightie. "I believe this is yours." I smiled.

Regina was a little shocked. "How did you... Did Amanda tell you?? That girl can NOT keep a secret!"

"While I'm inclined to agree with you about her lack of confidentiality, no she didn't tell me. But I have my own ways of finding things out." I grinned. "You probably already know about last night, so I would like to thank you for..." I paused, looking for the right words. "...your contribution to Amanda's scheme."

"Well, that girl loves you so much, I just couldn't say no when she asked for help." She took the nightie from me and started to take it to her laundry, but she stopped. "What's on this?" She asked. She sniffed her hand, "This couldn't be from last night." Then she glared at me. "Mark, what did you do to my nightie?"

It was my turn to confess. "I saw it hanging in the bathroom this morning and - well - it got me kind of turned on."

Regina was trying to wrap her head around what I had just done. "You... You jerked off on my nightie?? This morning?? And you gave it to me still wet??" I was starting to realize that this was not a smart thing to do.

"If it's any consolation, I was thinking of you wearing it when I came." I weakly smiled.

"You horny pervert! If you'd have just waited 2 more hours, I could have actually worn it when you came!" She threw it at my face. A wet part hit my nose. Gross. "I suppose you've got nothing left for me now." She was not happy. But at this point, neither was I.

"OK Regina, I'm sorry for... doing my own business before I came here. But, as for soiling your nightie and returning it: Remember, you were being sneaky with Amanda behind my back. That deserved some kind of payback." I was on a roll now. "Oh, and when I called you last night and you asked about YOUR Amanda? Amanda's not even mine, but she's more mine than yours! I don't go around calling Heather mine, so please stop calling Amanda yours!"

Regina looked at me in shock. I feared that I crossed a red line with my tirade. Finally, she spoke up. "You're right. I was wrong. But I love Amanda just like she was my own. I can't help it! When she's here I feel like I have two daughters and sometimes I get lost in the moment. Forgive me?"

I calmed down after my angry rant. "I'm sorry I blew up at you." I stood up and hugged her. "I know you love Amanda, and I think that's wonderful. It just caught me off guard when you said that, and I was already upset dealing with Amanda believing that she lost her virginity. It was just a perfect storm of problems that all hit at once."

"Like whatever the Doctor told you yesterday? That's why you came here in the first place, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was." We both sat down. I paused for a moment to collect my thoughts. "I'm not sure if you're aware of this, but as a guy pedophile, I've always lived in fear about being discovered. It's one thing to be into things like whips, leather, furies, or whatnot. Those are kinky, but not illegal, and in some circles even socially acceptable. But child love? That's different. You and I grew up in a time when all it took was someone to point at a guy and yell 'Child Molester' and that guy would be marked for life. It

was worse than a Scarlett Letter. Sexual child abuse is a crime where a man is declared guilty by society until proven innocent. And he can never fully prove he's innocent. For some reason, this stigma never seemed to apply to women. Women were never vilified as pedophiles. In fact, society often refused to believe a woman could even be a pedo.

"I grew up under this cloud of fear, always looking over my back and making sure I never did anything that might be remotely interpreted as pedophilic. Sure, the laws relaxed a bit since the Teen Revolution, and society is not as paranoid as it used to be, but fear is a hard thing to shake. You can't just turn off a fear.

"Even when I came here the other day, I was afraid you'd turn me into the police, or even worse, Cindy. Then yesterday at Dr. Bradley's office, he told me that he knew I was having sex with Amanda. I expected him to turn me in too, but he didn't. I'm still not sure why. That part was a bit blurry for me, but I clearly remember he said: 'In the past, a number of false accusations were made because some girls had overactive imaginations.' That is EXACTLY the fear I've always had. That hit me so close to home, and it's been gnawing at me ever since he said that."

Regina was holding my hands. I don't remember her taking my hands, but she must have done so while I was talking. She added. "And when I flipped on you out about the Doctor, I guess I made it worse, didn't I?"

"Regina, I'm not blaming you. Last night you didn't know. But, yeah that kind of re-enforced my fear."

"Oh Mark, I'm so sorry I made it worse for you. Can you ever forgive me?" I saw a tear form in her eye.

"Of course! Like I said, you didn't know. You couldn't have known."

Regina started to cry, "I SHOULD have known though. You've been afraid of the same thing that actually happened to my Dad. I should have seen that."

I reached to hug her. "Oh, now I got you thinking about your Dad again. I'm sorry, Love."

Regina cocked her head. "What did you just say?"

I was afraid I said something wrong again. "I said I got you thinking about your Dad."

"No, after that." She pressed.

"I'm sorry, Love?"

Regina smiled. "You called me Love!" She squeezed me.

"I... I guess I did. I didn't even realize I said that. It just came out naturally."

She sarcastically said, "Now Mark, I thought we were going to keep our relationship casual!"

I cheekily replied. "Well ok, if you don't WANT me to call you 'Love', I could just call you 'Like'. Hi there, 'Like'! How are you doing, 'Like'?"

Regina pushed me back and pretended to pout. Then she got silly and sang. "I wanna be loved by you, by you and..." She paused, thinking of a good lyric. "...all my little boys too! Boop-boop-e-doop!"

"OK, Love." I laughed. "You're my Love. I know you're not mine exclusively, but you're at least partly mine and I'll take that part."

"And I know you're not mine exclusively either, but I WAS hoping for a piece of you this morning!" She reached down to my crotch and gently squeezed. "That's one reason I like my young boys. They may have a short fuse and cum when I look at them, but fifteen minutes later they're ready again. And again. And again. Your problem is you've got three girls to satisfy..."

I cut her off. "Wait a moment. THREE girls???"

"Yes three. Me, Amanda and Heather."

"Woah there, I haven't done anything with Heather!" I defended myself.

"Not yet, but you will. And you know it." She said slyly. "And when you do, I'll be lucky if I get any of you. That's the problem with you men. You all have a single-shot musket when we girls need a repeating rifle."

She made me blush with that. "Well, I am a bit envious how you women can have multiple orgasms. But biology is what it is. It just takes time for us guys to reload."

"Yeah, and on Saturday, you're going to have almost a dozen girls vying for your attention. You don't stand a chance of surviving them. Not without help, at least."

"Well yeah, that's why I asked you to help out on Saturday." I naively answered.

"No, I mean down here." She reached and grabbed my crotch again. "Your fun parts!"

I was shocked. "Regina, you're not suggesting I have sex with all those girls?? I mean, Amanda - and even Heather - are one thing, but I don't know any of those girls!"

"Well I don't know them either, but in case you hadn't noticed, I'm a girl too, and I know they'll be gushing all over you. You're a single man, who looks damn good," She smiled and looked me over when she said that. I blushed again. "AND has a private swimming pool. To a preteen girl, you are the catch of a lifetime!"

"OK, even if I accept your premise that I'm a chick magnet and I certainly won't argue with the good looks part..." Amanda rolled her eyes at that, "...AND if I were to consider having sex with any of them, which I had not,"

"Until now." Regina interjected.

“OK, ‘until now’. But there’s only so much of me to go around. It’s just not physically possible to get more than maybe two orgasms, and that’s IF I save myself up till then.

“There is a way.” Regina again acted coy.

“A way for what?”

“A way to give you that repeating rifle.” She smiled. “I work for a pharmaceutical company, remember? There’s this drug...”

“I don’t do drugs.” I cut her off.

“You’ll want this one. Porn stars use it for their sex scenes. That’s how they make the cum shots so dramatic.”

I looked at her, unconvinced. “Yeah, I’ve seen those enhancement drug commercials. They’re all just scams.” I didn’t mention that I actually tried one a few years ago, and it didn’t do anything for me.

“Not this one.” She continued. “First of all, you need a prescription for it. Second, it doesn’t take weeks to work; it just takes a few hours. Third, you can adjust the dose from ‘little helper’ to ‘cum like a volcano’.” She sounded like a commercial for the stuff.

“And I suppose you have the prescription angle worked out already?”

“Of course! All those good drugs aren’t any use without one!” She smiled. “Tell you what. I’ll make a call, and the first batch is on me. I promise that if you don’t see results in 24 hours, you can forget the whole thing.”

I had nothing to lose since she was paying for it and making the arrangements. “OK, I’ll try it. It’s your money to lose. Go ahead and make your call.”

Regina grabbed her phone and made a call. I think she called him Rahul – if that was even his real name. They talked for about a minute. “...Sure Rahul, we’ll see you in a few. Thanks, you’re the best!” She hung up. “OK, Mr. Sceptic, we’ll go get it as soon as I get dressed.” Regina stood up and started to her bedroom.

“I thought you were going to show me what was under your bathrobe.” I reminded her.

“And I thought I was gonna get a piece of your action this morning. Looks like neither one of us is getting what we wanted!” She snapped back. She walked to her bedroom to change, and she shut her door.

Within ten minutes, we were driving to some undisclosed location to get some legally questionable drugs from a guy named Rahul. No, that didn’t make me nervous at all. I half expected Regina to drive us to a dark alley somewhere in the seedier part of town, but instead she drove to the medical arts

building beside Kevorkian Community Hospital. I guess rich people need their illegal drugs too. She led me inside the building and then into a doctor's office. I caught a brief glimpse of the name on the door. It was some unpronounceable foreign name – Koothrappali... or something like that. Regina talked to the receptionist briefly, and then led us to the back to a small office. A minute later, a doctor came in. At least he was dressed like one, but didn't look like one. He seemed too young. He couldn't have been any older than 21. I was looking at Doogie Howser from India.

"Hi Rahul!" Regina stood up and hugged this very young man, and kissed him on the cheek. "How's my favorite doctor doing today?" She asked seductively, and traced her finger from his cheek down to his chest. She was pulling out all the stops for Rahul, and it was making me feel a bit uncomfortable.

"Aw Miss Clark, anytime I am seeing you, I am in heaven!" The brown skinned junior MD said with a fairly strong Indian accent. She calls him 'Rahul' and He calls her 'Miss Clark'?? Really?? This scenario was getting stranger and stranger.

"Aren't you so sweet!" She smiled and gave Little Rahul another kiss on the cheek. "Rahul, this is my Friend, Mark." She finally got around to me. I was wondering if I had turned invisible or something. "He has this problem I told you about, and I wonder if you could help him out?"

The young man with a stethoscope turned to me. "OK, Mr. ..."

"Michaels." I said, "Mark Michaels."

He resumed. "OK, Mr. Michaels, I am understanding that you are in need of seminal production enhancement." I was impressed that he could say those big words – and that I could understand his accent. "If you could allow me to examine you and check out a few things, I may be able to be helping you."

I was still a bit leery of this guy. "You seem a bit young to be a doctor. ARE you a doctor?"

The kid doctor answered, with a twinge of frustration. "Yes, Mr. Michaels, I am a doctor. I am graduated from both college and medical school, each ahead of my classes. Currently I am a second year Resident at Kevorkian, and I am certified to be evaluating you for the condition you came to me for. Would you like to see my certification?"

"No, that's OK. As long as you're a real doctor." Regina glared at me with a 'So there! Nah!' look. OK, I was put in my place.

To his credit, the young doc gave me a proper thorough exam and asked several questions about my health. He seemed to know what he was doing. "OK, Mr. Michaels, you are appearing to be in good health. I think I can be of help for you." He wrote up a prescription and handed it to me. "This will increase your semen output, but you must be careful. It is very potent. Start by taking one pill a day. Every other day, you can be increasing the dosage by one pill, but ONLY if you are needing it. Do not go above 4 pills per day. You can pick up the medicine at the front desk."

Regina chimed in. "Rahul, he needs to be at full potency by Saturday."

"So, Saturday is a big day, eh?" Dr. Rahul answered. "OK, one pill today, two tomorrow, and three on Saturday, but I cannot recommend any more than that."

Regina kept her charm flowing. "Thanks Rahul, you're wonderful!" She kissed him on the lips this time, and stroked his hair.

He blushed at Regina's Kiss. "OK <gulp> Two today, three tomorrow, and four on Saturday, but he will have to be getting relieving of himself several times each day." His palms were getting sweaty.

"Don't worry Rahul, I'll make sure he gets plenty of relief." She said seductively. I thought young Rahul was going to collapse when he heard that. He made a hasty exit, probably to the nearest bathroom to 'be getting relieving of himself'.

We picked up the medication at the receptionist's counter. Regina suggested I take the first dose right away, so I did. She drove us back to her home. On the way home, we talked.

"You know, it would have been nice to have a heads up that I'd be seen by Doogie Howser. And do I even want to know what all that flirting was about?"

"OK, I'm sorry I didn't tell you he was so young." I took that as an apology. "But he is a real doctor. He's a genius. He's the smartest guy I know."

"And the flirting? What was up with that?"

"Mark, are you jealous??" she smiled at me as she drove.

"Well maybe not Jealous, but I was surprised, and honestly I felt a little like a third wheel back there."

"You ARE Jealous!" She grinned. "I think that's so cute! OK full disclosure, I knew Rahul when he was in high school. He had just come here from India with his family. He was a super geeky nerd with no friends, so I took him under my wing. And yes, we did have an affair. When he graduated high school at 16, he went off to college and our affair ended. I only see him when I need special favors like this. Happy now?"

"He has a big-time crush on you. And he still is super geeky."

"I know, but when he left for college, I made it very clear to him that he and I were done. And you should have seen him back then. He was ten times geekier. He couldn't even talk to girls, which made things interesting in the beginning." She smiled. "Compared to High School, He's practically normal today!"

"OK, I'm sorry I got jealous. I know we're not exclusive, I'll try to remember that. But please let me know beforehand if I'm going to meet any of your past or present boyfriends, OK?"

Regina placed her hand on my knee. "OK, I won't drop any bombs like that on you, I promise."

We got back to Regina's house fairly quickly. Back inside her home, I asked. "OK, so when does this miracle drug kick in?"

"You'll be able to perform again by lunchtime for sure, maybe sooner." She smiled. "Unfortunately, I need to go to work. You seem to be quite capable of taking care of yourself – maybe I'll just give you my nightie again!" She cut me down with that one.

But I came back at her. "But you promised your doctor boyfriend that YOU'D relieve me! Besides, you put me on this stuff, I think it's your responsibility to take care of me now." I grinned.

Regina glared at me, but conceded. "OK, I did promise Rahul. You don't deserve it, but I'll keep my word. This will be a quickie; I don't have much time. Drop'em."

In a second my pants and underwear were on the floor. Regina kneeled down in front of me and took my growing penis in her hands. She stroked it and kissed the head. I was fully erect in no time. Then she performed an expert fellatio/hand job on me. I was surprised how quickly my body responded to her fingers and tongue. She didn't deep throat me, but she kept kissing and licking my head, while her hands stroked me faster.

Regina looked up at me and smiled. "Wanna cum on my face? Then you can see how much you got!" I could only nod my head in approval. She kept smiling up at me and kissing the tip of my penis. I was getting close, and I think she could tell. "I want my man to feel good. <kiss> Cum for me Mark. <kiss> Cum all over my face!" That did it. I felt a major orgasm building up. I squirted, once twice, three times on her face, each time with thick, heavy ribbon of semen. A fourth mini squirt dribbled into her open mouth. She closed her mouth, swallowed, then opened it up again showing it was empty. She stayed on her knees for a minute, kissing and licking my penis clean.

Finally, Regina stood up again. My thick semen was slowly sliding down her face. "Well, what do you think? Was that good enough?"

I was still recovering. "Wow! That was amazing. You can take care of me anytime!"

"And that's just a low dose of the medicine. By Saturday, you'll be cumming in bucket loads." She said, "OK, I need to clean up this mess you made on me and go to work. You'll be fine for at least 6 hours. I'm doing my self-defense class tonight, so you'll have to either take care of yourself or have Amanda do you tonight." She gave a naughty smile.

That reminded me. "Speaking of Amanda, she asked about Heather doing a sleepover at my house tonight. I'm fine with it, but I wanted check with you."

"Oh, I forgot about that! Yes, Heather asked me this morning, too. Since I'll be out late tonight anyway, I think it's a great idea. Can you pick up Heather from school?"

“Sure. I can do that. I’ll bring them both here first so Heather can get her stuff. After that I’ll take them back to my place.”

“Thanks!” She smiled gratefully. “That’ll be wonderful. Thank you. I’ll text Heather that you’ll pick her up.” She paused for a moment and smiled. “OK, maybe you did deserve that blowjob. Now go home, you sexy thing. I need to get to work.”

Driving home, I heard a radio commercial about The Reverend Jones’s church, and a mission they had for bringing orphaned children from underprivileged countries here for a better life. It sounded like a good cause, but I also thought to myself that an unscrupulous person could definitely take advantage of kids in a situation like that. Good thing it was being handled by a church. I don’t care for religion myself, but at least I felt sure that they’ll take good care of those orphans.

Once I got home, I texted Amanda:

MM: Sleepover is on, Cutie. I’ll pick you and Heather up after school

AS: I know, HC told me. tx, u r the best! ☺

There was that girls’ communication network, beating me to the punch again. If the world’s communications systems ever went down, all we would need to do is place a girl at each major communication point. Heck, that might even work better than what we have now!

Day 6 Part 2

I checked Amanda's mattress. It was drying out nicely. I figured with Heather sleeping here tonight, it might be a good idea to get a mattress pad. I needed some other things too, including groceries, so I went to the shopping center. My last stop was the housewares store. While I was browsing the bedding aisle, I heard from behind "Excuse me, but aren't you Amanda Summers' Uncle?"

I turned around to see a somewhat curvy blonde-haired woman in her mid-30's. "Yes, I am. Do I know you?"

She apologized. "Oh, forgive me, Mr. Michaels. I'm Linda Moore, Jenny's Mom. She's on the swim team with your niece Amanda."

"Oh, it's nice to meet you! Just call me Mark. Amanda sure does love to swim."

"So does my Jenny. I just wanted to thank you for hosting their swim team party. You don't know how much it means to Jenny, and all the girls."

"Well, I'm happy to help out. It's really a shame that they couldn't have the party at the school, and I couldn't let that spoil their plans." I didn't mention that I would be drooling over her daughter and the other girls as they pranced around my back yard.

"Well it was a very nice gesture. I'm sure all the girls will appreciate it very much. I'll make sure Jenny shows you her appreciation on Saturday." She smiled.

Linda's suggestive statement caused an unexpected stirring in my loins. I just ignored it though. "Oh, she doesn't have to do anything special. As long as they all have fun, that will be reward enough for me."

Linda continued. "Jenny is a very affectionate girl. We've taught her to always be grateful and appreciative whenever anyone does something nice for her."

"Well that certainly is a good thing to teach. People these days take so much for granted. We should always be thankful for all the good things we have." It occurred to me that I had no idea which girl was Jenny. "Linda, the other day at the school pool, it was a bit chaotic and I was never really introduced to any of the girls. Could you please show me a picture of your daughter?"

"Oh, I'd love to show you!" Linda took out her phone and scrolled through a few pictures. "Here is Jenny, on the left. The other girl is on the team too. Her name is Lizzy. They're both in 6th grade. That's year ahead of Amanda, isn't it?"

"Yes, Amanda's 10 and a half, and in 5th grade." I nodded as I looked at the picture. "So that would make Jenny and Lizzy 11 or 12?"

"They're both still 11. In fact, they'll both turn 12 in July." She looked at me. "That's such a darling age for a girl, don't you think? They're just on the edge of womanhood, and there are so many new things

for them to see and do. So many new feelings too.” Linda was starting to creep me out a bit, but my growing erection had a mind of its own. I could only hope that Linda didn’t notice.

I tried to ignore what she was saying while I looked at the pic. I saw two very pretty young girls in short skirts and form fitting glittery t-shirts with their arms around each other. I couldn’t help but wonder what those little skirts were hiding. Jenny was blonde like her mother with her hair in pigtails, and despite being the shorter one, she already had very well-developed breasts. The other girl (Lizzy) was taller but less developed, with red shoulder length hair and freckles. “Yes, I remember the short blonde girl now. She looks like a really nice girl. I guess these two are best friends?”

“Oh yes, they’re always together. Siamese twins aren’t as close as these two!” Linda joked. Then she noticed my shopping basket. “Shopping for a mattress pad, eh?”

“Yeah, I figured it would be a good idea. Helps extend the life of the mattress.”

“You don’t want that one, not with girls.” She took my selection out of my basket and grabbed a different one. “Here, you want this one. It’s waterproof, absorbent, and controls odors. Soaks up the wetness just like a diaper. You can also put an extra disposable insert inside right here if your girl wets a lot. With this pad, my Jenny doesn’t have to worry about any leaks.” She put the pad and a package of the disposable inserts in my basket. OK, so Jenny wets her bed too, apparently a lot. The thought of yet another girl wetting her bed just made my erection harder.

“Why thank you for the advice, Linda.” I really was grateful for her help, even if she was a bit overbearing. “I’m learning quite a lot about taking care of preteen girls lately. It’s a real education for me.”

“Oh? Aren’t Amanda’s parents around?” I got the impression that Linda was the local busybody and had to be in everyone’s business.

“Oh, they’re just away on their second honeymoon. I’m taking care of Amanda while they’re away.” I hoped that some distorted version of that wouldn’t end up in the lady’s gossip column.

“Oh, how... nice.” She said, with a fake approval. “I guess it’s nice to take a trip without their kids.” She put on a fake smile. “Well, I have to get going now. I need to get home to start making dinner.” She left in a rush. It was barely noon.

I had a bad feeling about my encounter with the town gossip. Knowing how fast girls talk to each other, I texted Cindy right away:

MM: Cindy, hope your trip is going well!

CS: What’s wrong this time? Can’t handle Amanda?

MM: Relax, Amanda’s fine. But I just talked with Linda Moore. I mentioned your trip. She seemed – disapproving. Figured I’d let you know to head off any bad gossip

CS: Linda that buttinski! None of her darn business! Tx for the heads-up big bro

MM: No problem Sis. Sorry if I caused any trouble

CS: Don't worry about it. No one believes anything she says anyway

MM: K. Enjoy the rest of your trip!

I'm not sure why, but I grabbed a second mattress pad. With Cindy now warned, and the super deluxe fancy mattress pads and extra liners in my shopping basket, I made my purchase and went home. By the time I put away the groceries, Amanda's mattress was dry so I made her bed, with the pad and the extra insert. I looked at the other pad, and remembered that Amanda slept in my bed once. I decided to put the second pad on my bed, just in case. It was time to change my sheets anyway.

I was feeling a bit more energetic than yesterday, so I decided to go for a run. I usually like to let my mind wander when I run, but today I wished it hadn't. I kept thinking about how I was lying to Cindy. I don't mean the things I said to her – technically I only said one 'smallish' lie at the Dr.'s office – I mean that I was deceiving her about my relationship with Amanda. Cindy trusted me, among other things, to NOT take sexual advantage of her daughter. But was I 'taking advantage' of her? I never forced myself on her. In fact, last night she offered – insisted even - on servicing me. I ended my run no closer to an ethical resolution than when I started.

I spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning up around the house and cleaning the pool. Before I knew it, it was time to pick up the girls. I drove to Rydell and waited in the parent pick-up area. After the school bell rang, Amanda and Heather walked out together. They were giggling and carrying on about something as they got into my car.

"...And then Jimmy told Heidi that Kato likes Cassandra!" One of them said.

"No! Get out!" The other replied, like it was headline news.

"Good afternoon girls!" I chimed in. "How was your day at school?" I was almost afraid to ask, for fear of getting a long story about Kato and Cassandra.

"Hi Uncle Mark!/Hi Mr. Mark!" They both said almost in unison.

Heather added, "Thanks for picking me up, Mr. Mark. And thanks for letting me sleep over!"

"You're very welcome on both counts, Heather Sweetie." I started negotiating the traffic out of the school parking lot. "OK, first stop is your house so you can get your stuff for the sleepover."

The girls gossiped about various school topics, basically ignoring me as I drove, but I didn't mind. Though I had little interest in the things they were chattering about, I was very happy that Amanda –

and Heather too – clearly enjoyed school. At Heather’s home, she let us in with her key. I waited in the living room while the girls ran to Heather’s bedroom to get her things. I heard giggling and carrying on from her bedroom. They were taking too long. They probably got distracted.

“Today, girls! I’d like to get home BEFORE your bedtimes!” I yelled from the living room.

More giggling and “Just a minute” came from down the hallway. 30 seconds later, they came out with a full backpack each. I noticed that Heather changed her clothes. She changed from a nice summer dress, to faded jean shorts and spaghetti strap top. Her top failed to hide her bra straps from her training bra. I almost said something, but I let it go. They weren’t going out anywhere tonight, so it didn’t matter.

“Heather Sweetie, you do know you’re only staying for one night, don’t you?”

“Uh huh. I need all this stuff!” She said quite seriously.

“OK, well do you have a change of clothes for tomorrow, and a nightie for tonight?”

“Yeah, right here.” Heather tapped her backpack.

“You’re homework too?” I was not going to let them skip their homework just for the sleepover.

“It’s in your car, Mr. Mark.” Heather pointed outside toward my car.

“Your Mom told me about your night-time needs. Do you have those packed?” I’m not sure why I made such an obtuse reference. All of us knew about it.

Apparently, my reference was too obtuse, because Heather was clueless. “Huh?”

“Your diapers, Sweetie?” I finally came out and said it.

Heather and Amanda looked at each other. “OhMyGod! We forgot!” They both said together. They both ran back to Heather’s room. I heard more giggling, but this time they came back out quickly. One backpack looked even fuller now.

We loaded up in the car again, and drove home. Once there, the girls carried their own school bags, and I carried Heather’s overnight bags. I briefly wondered what a girl could possibly need for just one night that required 2 rather hefty backpacks. I decided I did not want to know.

I carried Heather’s bags to Amanda’s bedroom. As soon as soon as I walked in to her room, Amanda confronted me. “Uncle Mark, can we go swimming? It’s already been a day.” She had her cute face on, and did the shy girl routine. She was really trying to convince me. It was quite arousing to see her like that. It really got my blood flowing.

However, I was not going to give in to her charms and go against medical advice. "I'm sorry Cutie, but the nurse said not until 6 PM, and that was already a compromise. You can swim at 6, but not a minute before."

Amanda frowned and sulked. "Aw, you don't let me do ANYTHING." She was being overly dramatic again.

"Yeah, I guess I'm just a mean old Uncle for making you follow Doctor's orders."

Heather, bless her heart, chimed in. "I don't think you're mean, Mr. Mark. I like you a lot!"

"Why thank you Sweetie! I like you too." I touched her cheek and long straight hair. I turned to Amanda, gently placing my hands on her shoulders. "And I love you too Cutie, that's why I'm making sure you follow doctor's orders. It's for your own good."

"I know. I just wanna swim so bad!" She bounced a bit in frustration, as though she was never allowed to swim in her life. She's a drama queen, just like her mother.

I figured I could help a little. "Tell you what. If you do your homework now, then you'll have more pool time later on. I'll also make dinner early so that we're done by 6. Sound good?"

Amanda finally smiled a little. "OK. But we get to swim at 6 no matter what, right?"

I made sure to be clear. "You get to swim at 6, IF you get your homework all done, and IF you don't bug me so I can make dinner on time!"

Amanda looked at Heather. "Come on Heather, let's go do our homework!" I don't think she was ever that enthusiastic about doing homework.

I made sure the girls got started before I started dinner. I got them each a big glass of iced tea. They set up their schoolbooks on the dining room table, so I was in earshot in case they needed any help.

Amanda was a Math expert, and Heather was very good in English and Spelling, so they were able to help each other. They only got distracted a couple times. I simply reminded them about swimming at 6, and that motivated them to get back on track.

Close to the end of dinner, I got a text message, but my phone was across the table. I didn't worry about it, but Amanda grabbed it and started to hand it to me. She saw the message and asked about it. "Uncle Mark what do you need relief for? Are you sick?"

I heaved a sigh. Regina's timing couldn't be worse. "No, Cutie, I'm not sick. Miss Regina is simply trying to help me out for the pool party on Saturday. She took me to a doctor who gave me a prescription..."

"You ARE sick!" Amanda interrupted. "What's wrong with you?"

"No, I'm NOT!" I rebuffed. "OK, let me start from the beginning." I didn't really want to discuss my sexual issues with my niece, and especially not with her best friend sitting at the table with us, but I couldn't avoid it. "This morning I went to see Miss Regina for some... private time with her, but I wasn't able to... perform."

Heather and Amanda both looked confused. "Perform what?" They both asked.

They were not going to give me break on this. "I meant perform... as in have sex."

Amanda finally got a clue. "Oh, you and Miss Regina were having sex and you couldn't do your cum?" Heather looked at both Amanda and me, still confused. I would have to catch her up on things later.

"Well, not exactly, but close enough. You got the general idea." I was so embarrassed, my face was probably beet red. "Anyway, Miss Regina took me to a doctor who gave me a prescription that should help me to... perform better. The thing is this medication is really strong, and the doctor said I needed to get relief, or orgasm, several times a day."

"You mean Dr. Rahul?" Heather asked, finally happy that she knew something about the conversation.

"As a matter of fact, Sweetie, yes. Your Mom took me to see Dr. Rahul." I replied to Heather. "So, you know him?"

"I've seen him a couple times. He's really geeky, but he's nice. I think he likes my Mom a lot, but she said she just likes him as a friend. What does that mean?"

Now I was getting questions from both curious girls. I was starting to feel overmatched. "Sweetie, I'm gonna have to pass on your question for now, but yeah, I got the same vibe about Dr. Rahul, too." I wanted to get back on topic. "Like I said, Dr. Rahul gave me a prescription, but it's really strong. Miss Regina promised that she would make sure I got relieved often. And that's why she texted me, to remind me."

"But Miss Regina's not here right now. How are you gonna to get your relief?" Amanda asked.

"Girls, don't you worry about it. I can take care of it myself." I assured both girls.

"Do you mean masta... masturbate?" Amanda asked. Heather's eyes got really big when she heard Amanda say that.

"Well, yes." By now, my face was redder than a stop sign. "But I'll take care of that later."

"No, Uncle Mark!" Amanda argued back. "You got Doctors orders! You need relieved, and if Miss Regina isn't here to do it, then I'll have to do it!" She stood up, took my hand, and tried to lead me to the couch.

"No Cutie, I'm fine. Really." I tried to explain.

"If I gotta follow Doctor's orders, then so do you!" The little conniver used my own words against me. Heather just sat there dumbfounded, eyes big as saucers. "Heather, come on. I'll show you how to do it.

When a pretty young girl insists on getting you off, there's only so much resistance you can put up. I allowed Amanda - and now Heather also - to lead me to the couch and set me down.

Amanda acted like the teacher to Heather. "The first thing you gotta do is take off his pants, like this." She unbuckled and unzipped my pants like she was undressing a doll. She struggled with pulling them down, so she got Heather to help. "Then you gotta feel his thingy through his underwear, like this. That makes it get big."

"Don't I get a say in this?" I was getting somewhat overwhelmed by it all.

"No." Amanda sharply replied, then she continued her lesson to Heather. "Once it's big, then you take off his underwear."

This was going all wrong. I had to stop Amanda. "Well, I DO get a say, and I say STOP!" Amanda froze. "Amanda Summers, I know you're trying to help, but this is not way to do it! You're treating me like a side of beef and not like a person. That is NOT how it should be!"

Amanda shied back and looked down at the ground. "I was just trying to help you, Uncle Mark."

I took Amanda's chin and raised her head up to look at me. "I know you want to help. And if you're dead set on doing this, let me guide you."

"But we did this before. I know what to do!"

"Yes, you know some of the mechanics of what we did, but there's more to it than that, and you're still learning." I looked at Heather, who was in a state of shock at everything she saw so far. "Heather, you should probably hear this too. So, for both of you: Whenever you have sex with someone it's more than just touching and having orgasms. It's an emotional thing too. There should be real love."

"But I do love you." Amanda pleaded.

"Then show me that you love me by loving ALL of me, not just my penis. Treat me like the person I am. The person you love."

Amanda sat on the floor started to cry. "I'm sorry Uncle Mark! I just wanted to do something good for you!"

I pulled my niece up onto the couch beside me and wrapped my arms around her. "It's OK Cutie. I know you meant well, and I love you for it." I looked at Heather who was still just kneeling beside me, not knowing what to do. "You know Sweetie, hugs are for everyone. In fact, the more people that hug, the better." I extended my arm out to Heather and she tentatively joined the hug. Once in the fold, I squeezed her as tight as I squeezed Amanda. I held them both until Amanda stopped crying (mostly).

“Now that we all love each other,” I finally said. “How about we finish what’s been started? Only this time we’ll do it right.”

I heard a muffled “OK” from Amanda’s side. I released both girls and they both sat up, but stayed on the couch on each side of me.

I looked at Heather. “Sweetie, this is all new to you. You’re welcome to stay and watch, but you don’t have to.”

“I... I wanna stay and see.” Heather hesitantly said.

“OK that’s fine. You can watch as long as you like. I won’t make you do anything.” I reassured her.

I looked at Amanda. She still had a tear on her face. I wiped it off. “Now Cutie, I’ll let you relieve me if you want to, but you have to do as I say. Understand?”

“Uh uh. <sniff> I’ll do whatever you say, Uncle Mark.” Amanda meekly replied.

“That’s a good girl.” I smiled at her. “Remember, it’s always about love.” She nodded. “Now, touch me anywhere you want, except here.” I pointed to my crotch. “Love me with your touch.” Amanda placed her hand on my chest, but didn’t move it. “That’s nice Cutie, but it’s not what I meant.” I firmly took both of her hands in one of mine and touched her cheek with my other hand. I looked into her eyes. “What do you feel now?” I asked.

“I... I feel your love.” She answered.

“That’s right. I’m not even doing any sex with you, and you still feel my love.” She nodded. Then I touched her shoulder and gently stroked my hand down her arm. Amanda shivered. “Feel that?”

“Uh uh. It feels nice.” She said.

“That’s how I’m telling you that I love you. Now how would you tell me that you love me without using any words?”

Amanda thought for a moment, then she jumped on me and hugged me very tightly. If there were a competition for hugging, Amanda would surely make it to the championships!

I encouraged her. “Oh, that feels so good! NOW I feel your love!”

“Can... Can I love you too?” I heard from my other side.

“Absolutely Sweetie! Show me that you love me!” I said. Heather wrapped her arms around me too. I love getting hugs, especially from young girls.

As much as I enjoyed the hug fest, my penis was calling for attention. “Ok girls, NOW we can get to the sex part.” I said, “Remember girls, you should never force yourself or your partner into sex. It has to be all voluntary.” I looked down at myself. “Now see what all this loving has done?”

Amanda exclaimed. "It got big!"

"That's right. And you haven't even touched it yet. Do you remember what it's called when it's big?"

"An... ejection?" She tried to say.

"Close. It's an erection." I turned to Heather. "An erection is when a guy's penis gets big and stiff, or hard." I turned back to Amanda. "OK, Cutie, you can take my underwear off now." I lifted my butt, and Amanda grabbed my briefs and pulled them down off me. I now sat bottomless on my couch with Amanda and Heather on either side of me. My penis was sticking straight up.

Heather gasped with she saw it. "It's so big!" I smiled when she said that. It's always good to feed the male ego.

"OK, Cutie, do remember what to do next?" I asked.

Amanda knelt in front of me. "I hold it and move it up and down, like this." She roughly grabbed me and started pumping quickly.

"Hold on there, cowgirl. Start slowly." I said.

"Oh, I forgot." She slowed down her stokes.

"That's better. Now what else do you do?"

"I, uh... I forget." Amanda sadly said.

"That's OK, you're still learning. Remember, it's about love. Look at me and tell me how much you love me."

"Oh yeah!" Amanda beamed a smile at me. "Uncle Mark, I love you so much!"

Amanda's smile just melted my heart, and fired my loins. "Oh, I love you to, Cutie! I'm getting pretty close; this won't take long. Go a bit faster now." She sped up her stokes.

"Close to what?" I heard Heather ask.

I wasn't in the best of situations to explain at the moment, so I just said "Wait and see, Sweetie." I turned to look at Heather who was watching this in amazement. I saw her hand was between her legs and it was moving. That sent me over the edge. I managed to grunt "Fast as you can!" Amanda stroked me like a high-speed engine. I didn't even see where I squirted because I was so focused on Heather's hand between her legs. After I partly recovered, I looked at Amanda. She looked like she was in a bukkake gangbang. There was semen on her face, in her hair, and on her clothes.

Amanda smiled at me "Wow! You cummed a LOT! Does that mean I did good?"

“Oh Cutie, my little love, <breathe> you did a great! <breathe> You definitely ‘relieved’ me.” I smiled at my sexy niece, and sat, recovering for a moment longer. I was starting to breath normally now. “Cutie, you may not have realized it but you had some help.” I looked at Heather.

Heather looked confused. “Me?? What did I do?”

“Heather Sweetie, I know I told you that I wouldn’t make you do anything, but I couldn’t help but look at you when Amanda was touching me. And I saw you, well, touching yourself, down there.”

Heather turned beat red “I’m – I’m sorry! I couldn’t help it! You must think I’m some kind of weirdo now!”

I reached for Heather and hugged her. “No Sweetie, you’re not a weirdo. You were just doing for yourself, what Amanda was doing for me. That’s all. And besides, I liked watching you do it.”

“You... liked it??” Heather asked.

“Because of the treasure!!” Amanda blurted out. I noticed my semen was slowly dripping down her face.

“That’s right Cutie! You remembered!”

“What treasure?” Heather asked.

“Guys think there’s a treasure down there,” Amanda pointed to her crotch. “And they want the treasure really bad.”

Heather looked down at herself. “But there’s nothing down there.”

I explained to Heather. “Sweetie, you may not think there’s anything there, but I can assure you, that for a guy, there most certainly IS a treasure between your legs. It’s not like gold or gems. The treasure is what it does to you when it’s found. Whether we’re finding it for you or you’re finding it for yourself, guys love that little treasure of yours...” I turned to Amanda. “...And yours too.” Both girls giggled at that.

Day 6 Part 3

I looked at the clock. It was getting close to that time. "OK, Girls, it's almost 6. Go on and change into your swimsuits. I'll clean up dinner." As soon as I said '6', both girls dashed to Amanda's room. I doubt they heard anything I said after that. I hollered, "But you still can't go in until 6! Not even a second before!"

I re-dressed myself and cleaned up dinner. Partway through my cleanup, the girls ran past me in their bikini swimsuits. "STOP!" I yelled. The girls stopped in their tracks like statues. "When can you go into the pool?"

"6." Both girls answered.

"And not a second before, got it?"

"Got it." They both replied, still standing like statues.

"OK, go on." They resumed their dash to the back as though I pressed a button to turn them back on.

I managed to clean up the kitchen just in time. I prepared another drink for each of them and went outside. I saw Amanda and Heather pacing back and forth at the edge of the pool, like wild animals stalking their prey. One of their phones was on the table, counting down. Two minutes to go. While they waited, they each downed half of their drinks. I enjoyed watching them pace, hungrily eyeing the pool and checking the countdown on the phone. For the final seconds I counted with the timer. "Five, four, three, two, one, OK! <splash>"

For the next two and a half hours, nothing could get those girls out of the water, except bathroom breaks. Each time, they quickly walked to the door pleading to be let inside, and each time, I slowly walked to the door so I could watch them squirm. Each time, they came back out and took another big drink. It was a beautiful cycle.

Finally, it was getting dark, and I insisted they come in for the night. Amanda complained of course, but I could tell they were getting tired. I sent them up to shower and change into their night clothes. I sat in the middle of the couch and turned on the TV. About 15 minutes later, two pretty preteen girls in summer nighties came bounding into the living room. As I hoped, they sat on each side of me. Each one cuddled on me, and I wrapped an arm around each of them. I was able to reach their butts, and I gently tapped both of them. I felt the crinkly padding of a diaper on both girls' behinds. They giggled in unison when I did. If there was a heaven, it had to be like this.

Amanda was more tired. Her head was nodding off, but she was also squirming. "Uncle Mark?"

"Yes Cutie?" I expected another big question.

She looked at me. "I have to pee, but I'm too tired to get up. Is it OK if I wet my diaper here?"

Heather looked at Amanda with an 'are you kidding?' look, but didn't say anything.

I briefly thought about her leaking onto the couch, but then I got a sneaky idea. "Yes, you may, Cutie. But I want to make sure the couch doesn't get wet, so I'll just keep my hand down here to check for if you leak." I placed my hand low on her butt, my fingers reaching between her legs.

Amanda smiled, but her eyes were only half open. "Uncle Mark, you're <yawn> such a pervert." She sighed. A moment later, I felt her diaper get warm and puff out. I felt all over her diaper as she wet herself. She didn't leak, but her diaper was very full. When she finished, she asked, "Uncle Mark, would you please change me?" That was like asking if a starving man wanted to eat.

"Sure, I'll change you Cutie. Let's get you to bed. I'll change you there." I picked Amanda up. Her head rested on my shoulder. I carried her to her room and Heather followed. Heather pulled down the covers. "Thank you, Sweetie, that was very nice." She also got the changing supplies. "Thanks again Sweetie. You're being very helpful." I smiled at Heather.

"Can I watch?" Heather asked. "I never had anyone change my diaper before."

"Of course, you can Sweetie. I haven't had much practice yet, but I think I'm getting the hang of it." I got to work on Amanda. I slid her sodden diaper down her legs, again revealing her peach fuzz vulva. Seeing her exposed like that got me excited again. I wiped her clean all over, then I focused on her slit.

Amanda cooed. "Mmmmm feels nice." My erection was growing at her response.

"Cutie, would you like me to make you feel good?"

"Mmmm. Too tired. Just want to sleep." She mumbled.

"OK, Cutie, I'll just get you cleaned up and changed." OK, no sex tonight.

I powdered Amanda's crotch and rubbed it in.

"Mr. Mark, are you going to do sex with Amanda?" Heather was curious.

"No, Sweetie. Amanda said she's too tired, so I won't." I answered, as I slid a fresh diaper up Amanda's legs.

"But I thought you liked her treasure."

"Oh, I love her treasure. But you should never force someone to have sex. Forcing someone is wrong. Amanda said no, and I respect that."

"Mr. Mark?" Now Heather was doing the same line up for big questions.

"Yes, Sweetie?"

"Is your thingy big now? It looks like it's big." She asked as she pointed at my crotch.

There was no hiding my erection, especially now that Heather already saw it. "Well yes, but don't you worry about it."

"Are you gonna need to get relieved?" the inquisitive girl asked.

"Don't worry about it, Sweetie, I'll take care of that myself."

A very sleepy Amanda mumbled, "You relieve Uncle Mark. I'm too tired. <zzzz>"

"I'd like.... I'd like to try. Please?" Heather asked. She used the same cute face that Amanda used when she wanted something. And she had the same effect of softening my heart and hardening my manhood. Having been down this road with Amanda, I knew it would only end up one way, so I succumbed to this pretty girl's desires.

"OK. I'll tell you what to do." I laid back on the bed. "First, you unbuckle my pants..."

"Aren't I supposed to hug you first?" Heather asked.

"Right you are. A hug is one way to show love, but there are other ways too. Let's try something different, like this." I touched Heather in the middle of her chest, and gently ran my fingers down then up, and around her developing breasts. I finished by touching her nipples. Heather closed her eyes and bit her lip when I did this. "Now, you try. You don't have to do the same thing, just let your fingers explore my chest and tummy."

Heather tentatively touched my chest. At first, she mimicked what I did, but then she slid her hand under my shirt and touched me directly. She was looking very intently at what she was doing, as though it was brain surgery.

"Oh, that feels really nice." Can you look at my face and smile for me?" She did as I asked. Her smile was almost as captivating as Amanda's. "Sweetie, you have a wonderful smile." I encouraged her. As I talked, I unbuckled my own pants and lowered them. "You see, hugs are one way to show love, but touching like this and smiling are another way. There are lots of ways to show love. Now look lower." My underwear was tented by my erection. Heather gasped. "Would you like to touch it?"

"Uh huh." She stuttered. I gently took her hand and placed it on my covered erection.

"Go ahead and feel it. Move your hand around and feel what it's like."

Heather moved her hand along my shaft, then she felt underneath and squeezed. (ouch!)

"Ooh, be careful there, sweetie, that's a tender part."

Heather pulled her hand away. "I'm sorry, should I stop?"

"No, it's OK, you're fine." I assured her. "Here, I'll show you what's down there." I lowered my underwear revealing myself. "You saw me like this earlier, but I didn't get a chance to tell you about a guy's parts." Heather's eyes widened again still amazed at what she was looking at. "Down here is

scrotum. Inside are my testicles. This is the part that's really tender and can hurt if you squeeze." Heather was looking at it all with amazement. "This is my penis, and just like before, it's big and stiff, or 'hard'. It gets like this when I get sexually excited, or turned on."

"And that's why you need to be relieved?" Heather asked.

"Eh, no." I went into lecture mode. "We guys get erections all the time - several times a day. It's just part of how our bodies are. We don't need to have sex every time we get an erection. Lots of times, we just enjoy the feeling for a while until it goes down again." I paused for a moment. "Anyway, the reason I need to 'get relieved', as you and Amanda like to call it, is because of the medication I'm taking - not because it's hard right now. That's just a happy coincidence." I smiled.

"Does an... erection feel good?"

"Yes, it feels really good. It kind of feels like when you were touching yourself earlier, while Amanda was touching me." Heather blushed when I said that. "And when I orgasm - that's when I squirted - it feels amazingly good."

"What's it feel like - when you squirt?"

"Well, it's hard to describe." I paused for a moment, thinking how to explain it. "It's like a wave of water washing all over me, but it's not really water; it's good feelings. Then afterward, I feel tired for a few minutes. I'll also tell you that it usually feels even better when I'm doing it with someone."

"I've never felt like that before." Heather lowered her head slightly.

"Well if you like, I can show you. I can help you to get that feeling."

Heather Hesitated. "I - I dunno."

"That's OK Sweetie, we don't have to. Remember, no one should ever be forced to have sex."

"Can I still try touching you?" She asked.

"Yes, you can, Sweetie. Here." I gently took her hands and wrapped them around my penis. "Now slide your hands up and down." She started stroking me. "See, the skin slides with your hand. That feels good."

Heather smiled. "I like that I'm making you feel good."

"Sweetie, can you look at me and smile?" I asked. She did. Her smile was very angelic - if you can call an 11-year-old girl in a short nightie and diaper giving me a hand job, angelic (I would!). "OK, go a bit faster please. Would you like to see me squirt?"

"Uh huh." And she sped up her hands.

I wanted her to say the words. "Say it. Tell me that you want to see me squirt"

Heather dutifully replied. "Mr. Mark, I want to see you squirt."

I pressed for more. "Where? On you, on the bed, on myself? Where?"

"On... me, please. Mr. Mark, can you please squirt on me?" She asked.

That was what I wanted to hear. "OK, I'm getting close sweetie. Go faster now." I was breathing heavily. "You point me where you want me to squirt. <pant> when it happens, keep stroking until I stop you. Understand?"

"Uh huh." She looked intently at my soon to erupt penis.

I felt my orgasm building up. "OK, as fast as you can! <pant> Here it comes!" A few seconds later, I fired a thick line of semen on Heather's nightie. Then a second, third, and fourth, all struck different parts of her nightie. Each one was as thick and plentiful as the first. A fifth squirt came out with less force and landed on the bed. Finally, I stopped her hands. "Oh, my goodness <breathe> that was great! <breathe>" I laid there, recovering.

Heather looked at herself. Some was on her hands. "It's all sticky, and warm."

"Yes, Sweetie, <pant> That's what semen looks like." I was slowly coming down from my euphoric high.

"Is this what makes babies?"

"Well, half of it. <pant> The other half is inside girls. It's called the eggs." I remembered Amanda's question on our first night. "On your outside like this, my semen doesn't do anything. It has to be squirted inside your vagina to mix with one of your eggs. And even then, only at certain times."

"Mr. Mark?" I wondered if all kids start big questions like this.

"Yes, Sweetie?"

"I know I said no before, but... could you... well, could you... make me feel like that? Like you just did?" She asked, looking down away from me.

I sat up on the bed. "Do you mean you want me to help you have an orgasm?"

"Uh huh." Heather looked back to me. "I wanna know what it feels like."

"Sure thing." I reached and touched her cheek and ran my fingers through her long dark hair. "But I have a question for you first. Tell me Sweetie, have you ever wet your diaper on purpose?"

She blushed. "I.... uh..." Her cheeks turned beet red.

I pressed the question, and I kept gently stroking her cheek and hair. "Amanda found out that she likes to wet her diaper, and she wet it on purpose a couple times, just like tonight. Have you ever done that?"

"Well... sometimes." She admitted. Her face was flushed. "At first I was curious, but yeah, I kinda liked it."

"Well I found out that I really like it when Amanda wets her diaper too. It turns me on. By chance to you have to pee now?"

"Kinda, yeah."

I got a wicked hunch and decided to play it. I looked straight into Heather's eyes. "You were going to hold it till you got into bed and wet yourself in bed, weren't you?"

She turned away. "I... I'm sorry. Is that bad?"

I turned her head back to me. "No, it's not bad. It's a little naughty, but not really bad. Actually, I think it's a sexy thing, and I think you're sexy for doing it." I gave her devilish smile.

"You think I'm sexy??" She looked surprised.

"Of course! You're cute, sweet, adorable, pretty, and sexy, all rolled up into one beautiful package. Now, how about you be sexy and wet that diaper for me?"

"Ok." She smiled and meekly agreed. Heather closed her eyes and sighed. I couldn't see much because she was sitting on her diaper, but I did see the front swell up a bit. "There. I did it." She smiled.

"That's a good little girl." I said and smiled. "You know what? Now you need to be changed."

Heather suddenly realized what that meant. Her face lit up and her eyes widened. "OK!" She leapt to the middle of the bed and laid on her back. "OK, Change me!"

"Oh no, Sweetie. You have to ask me very nicely." I insisted.

Heather put on her cute face again. "Mr. Mark, would you please change my diaper?"

"Of course, I will!" I answered. I lifted her semen stained nightie up to show her small breasts. While my hands were there, I circled my fingers around her nipples for a moment. Heather closed her eyes and smiled. Then I slid my hands down her tummy and beyond. I felt the crotch of her diaper. "Oh, your diaper feels all warm and squishy." I gently pressed into her crotch. Heather gasped when I did. I looked into her eyes. "Are you ready for me to remove it?"

"Uh huh. Please take off my diaper."

I slowly slid it down her legs, revealing her pretty vulva. She had a bit more hair than Amanda, and it was just starting to curl, but it was still soft like down. I could see a hint of her inner lips. "Oh, you are such a pretty girl." I slid her diaper all the way off. I slowly slid my hands from her feet up to her hips. "Let's get you cleaned up." The changing supplies were still on the bed. I took some wipes and wiped her inner legs, then her mound, and finally her vulva. "I like taking care of you, and making you feel good." I smiled at her.

Heather kept looking at me with longing in her eyes. “uh huh. I like it too.” Was all she could say.

“I especially like to make you feel good right here.” I pressed between her outer lips as I wiped her. Heather gasped again. “Now, let’s see if I can find that treasure of yours.” I smiled and tossed the wipe away. I slid my fingers between her labia, feeling my way around. My other hand made its way up to her breasts and circled her nipples again. “Oh, those look good enough to eat.” I said, and I bent down to gently sucked on her closer nipple.

“OhMyGod!” Heather gasped and stiffened for a moment.

At first, I thought she orgasmed, but I realized she was simply getting overwhelmed, so I backed off, and just focused on my work between her legs. I found her vagina and very gently probed. About one knuckle in, I felt the resistance of her hymen. I didn’t want to hurt her, so I went no further. Instead, I shifted my focus to her clitoris. Heather was breathing very heavily now. I wanted to try licking her, but I figured that might be too much for her right now, so I didn’t do that. “You’re getting close, my sexy little girl, I can tell.” I continued my ministrations on her. “I would love to be the first one to put my penis inside of you.” Heather gasped when I said that. “Yes, my sexy girl, think of what it would be like if I was inside you, squirting my semen inside your body!”

Heather arched her back, grabbed the blanket with each hand, and clenched her fists. “OhMy... OhMyGod.... Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!” I felt her labia spasm and a small squirt of her own fluid flow over my fingers.

I kept rubbing until she pushed my hands away. Heather laid there, dazed and panting. “OhMyGod... <pant>... OhMyGod... <pant>...” was all she could say for a good half minute.

Then Heather and I both heard “Feels good huh?” We both turned to see Amanda on her side watching us, with her hand inside her diaper.

“Amanda Summers, were you spying on us?” I Joked.

“You woke me up! I couldn’t help it!”

“It’s OK, Cutie.” I reassured Amanda. “I’m not mad. I am sorry we woke you up. I guess we got a bit carried away. Though it looks like you kind of enjoyed the show anyway.” I pointed to her buried hand.

Amanda blushed and quickly withdrew her hand. “I... I... had an itch.”

“And did you find that itch and make it feel better?” I asked suggestively.

Amanda blushed more, but fessed up. “Yeah, but just a little bit. <yawn> I’m too tired to do a cum.”

Heather was finally regaining her senses. “Mr. Mark, what’s it feel like when your thingy goes inside a girl?”

I really put my foot in my mouth this time. “Well, I know what it feels like for me, but I can’t tell you what it would feel like for you. I’m not a girl. I don’t have a vagina.”

“OK, what’s it like for you?” Both girls said almost unanimously. This was a rabbit hole I did NOT want to go down, at least not now.

“Girls, I’m sorry, but I’m not going to answer that one tonight. It’s late, it’s a school night, I’m tired, and you’re both supposed to be asleep now.” I put my foot down. I wasn’t going to back down on this.

“Mr. Mark, does that mean you won’t finish changing me?” Heather Asked.

I completely forgot about that. “Don’t you worry Sweetie, I did promise to change you, and I will. Here’s a fresh diaper for you.” I lovingly, but efficiently, slid Heather’s fresh diaper up her legs. Then I gave her a quick press on her crotch. Heather smiled when I did that. “There, you go.”

I also tried to clean up Heather’s hands with some wipes, but she didn’t let me. “It’s OK, I... kind of like it on my hands.”

I didn’t force the issue. “OK, fine. Enjoy yourself. Just be sure to clean yourself up extra good in the morning.” I figured I’d have to wash the sheets tomorrow anyway. “Now both of you, it’s time for sleep. You both have school in the morning.” I kissed both of them good night and tucked them in.

I heard giggling when I left their bedroom, but when I checked back a few minutes later, they were fast asleep. I noticed that each girl had one of Heather’s hands in their mouths. I wondered if they liked the taste. I was tired too, so I went to bed. I was out like a light in just a few minutes.

Day 7 – Friday

I was having a wonderful dream. I dreamt was making love to Regina. Part way through, Regina turned into Heather, and then into Amanda. Every time I looked away and looked back, the girl changed. One time it was even Carly – the Kruz girl. Then the alarm went off and woke me up. I so wanted to finish that dream, and I briefly tried going back to sleep, but my morning wood just wouldn't let me. It was stiff as a board, and it was demanding my attention. I quickly checked to make sure the girls were still asleep, and dashed into the bathroom to take care of myself. I had a somewhat perverted idea; I wondered just how far I could fire my semen. I stood at the back of the shower and stroked myself. It took barely a minute for my orgasm to build. I aimed at the far wall. Even with a quick masturbatory session, I still manage to fire off 4 big thick ropes, and a fifth smaller one. To my surprise, I was able to hit the far wall (about 5 feet away) with the first 3 shots. I felt like I was firing a howitzer. "Fire mission! Full charge! Fire for effect! Boom! Fire Again! Boom!"

"HeeHeeHee! <giggle>", I heard from my side. I froze. I didn't need to look. I didn't want to look. But I looked. I turned to see 2 young girls in nighties and diapers standing in the bathroom doorway, laughing and giggling. "Uncle Mark/Mr. Mark, What are you doing?" they asked, between giggles.

There was no hiding my activity. In my haste, I must have forgotten to close the bathroom door. For a moment, wished I could have disappeared down the drain. But, when you can't deny something, the next best thing to do is to proudly admit it. So, I answered. "Target practice, girls. You never know when I need to make a long-range shot!" Amanda and Heather fell to the floor laughing. I couldn't help but let out a small giggle myself, but I mostly kept my composure. "Now girls, I was in here first, so if you don't mind, I need to take my shower – In private!"

"But Mr. Mark, <HaHa> I gotta pee!" Heather pleaded, between her giggles.

"Me too! <HaHa>" Amanda added. "But maybe he needs to do more, <HaHa> target practice!"

By now both girls were sitting on the floor in uncontrollable laughter. But Heather stopped and looked down at herself. "Oh no, I just peed myself!"

"<HaHa> Heather peed herself! <HaHa>" Amanda laughed, but it was not to last. She also stopped and did the same thing. "Oh no, I just wet myself too!"

"Well girls, it seems like neither of you have to pee anymore," I sternly said, "So if you could please close the door on your way out, I'll take my shower now." I firmly pointed for them to leave the bathroom. They both got up and left, closing the door behind them. I couldn't really be mad at the girls though. It was my own fault for leaving the door open. I figured I should talk to them after we all got dressed, so this didn't get out of hand. I finished my shower and cleaned up the wall, and did the rest of my morning routine. As I went to my bedroom to get dressed, I yelled that the bathroom was clear.

Once dressed, I went to the kitchen to make breakfast for the girls – waffles (you're surprised?). Heather came out from the hallway slowly, dressed in a nice print mid-length skirt and a complementing

print top, that showed her figure and developing breasts quite nicely. Her head was lowered. "I'm sorry that we laughed at you, Mr. Mark. Are you mad as us?"

I wasn't really mad, but didn't want to let them off the hook too quickly. I kept up my stern look "We'll wait till Amanda comes out." I placed the second batch on the table. "Here; have some breakfast." But Heather didn't dare to take any.

A few minutes later, Amanda came out of the hallway, also slowly, wearing a denim skirt and a lacy pink top, and sat at the kitchen table beside Heather. When she saw me, she couldn't help but break out into a giggle. I solved that by standing directly in front of her and looking down at her with a very stern look. She settled down and looked away from me.

"Now girls, you had a good laugh because you saw me doing something embarrassing. And yes, I'll admit it was probably funny." The girls smiled a bit at that. "But before you consider making fun about it or - and don't even think this - telling others about it, remember how you would feel if someone saw YOU doing something embarrassing and made fun of you or told your friends."

Both girls looked at each other and lowered their heads again and said in unison "We're sorry, Uncle Mark/Mr. Mark."

"Sorry for what?" I wanted to make sure they got the point.

Heather said first. "I... kind of told my Mom."

I should have known. The girls communications network strikes again with lightning speed. I hit my forehead with my hand. "Oh crap, I'll never hear the end of it from her. Well, at least I know about it now."

"And I'm sorry I told Mom." Amanda said.

I felt like I was struck in the chest by a bullet. I stumbled back and fell into my chair. "Oh Cutie, PLEASE tell me you didn't tell your Mom." I begged.

"I'm really sorry Uncle Mark, But Heather told her Mom and I just had to tell someone." Amanda looked at me with apologetic eyes.

"Mr. Mark, Are you OK? You look all pale." Heather asked.

I put on a brave face. "I'll be fine Sweetie. It's just a bit overwhelming for me. Now it's time for both of you to go to school. Sweetie do you have all your stuff packed up?"

"Uh huh. I think so." Heather answered. "But I left some things here for when I sleep over again."

I didn't have the heart to tell Heather that I thought this would likely be her last sleepover at my house. Heck, this might even be the last time I see her - or Amanda - ever again. I drove the girls to school. I purposely left my phone at home. I did not want to deal with either mother, especially Cindy, until got

home alone again. I made sure to hug both girls before they left me. I thought that might be the last hugs I get from them.

Sure enough, when I got back home there were several text messages from both women, and missed calls from Cindy. I called Cindy first.

"Hello Mark." It was not her usual pleasant tone.

I meekly answered, "Hello Cindy. I guess Amanda texted you this morning."

"Yes, she did. What did you do in front of my daughter??" She used the same stern voice that I used on Amanda earlier this morning.

"I am so sorry. I was in the bathroom... well... taking care of myself, when Amanda walked in and saw me. I didn't even know she was there until it was too late." I was almost grateful that this time I didn't need to lie.

"So... you didn't know she was there?"

"No, I swear it, Sis. I thought I was all alone."

I heard her sigh. "It's OK, Big Bro." Cindy's pleasant voice was returning. "I had a feeling it was something like that. Amanda does have quite the imagination. I knew you would never take advantage of her." Oh, if she only knew. If she only knew, then I'd be a dead man.

"Sis, believe me, Amanda is like the daughter I never had. I swear that I would never hurt her." Though I didn't lie in the strictest sense, I was being misleading. Even as I kept up my innocent front, I knew I was going down a dark path, and it would probably come back to haunt me.

"I know. That's why I trust you to take care of her. So, how much did Amanda see?"

"Well... She kind of saw me in all my glory, including my... er... climax."

"Oh my! I guess that's what she meant when said 'target practice'!"

"Sis, I am SO embarrassed about all of this. I wish I could have done this morning all over again without Amanda or Heather seeing me."

"Heather was there too?? So now you've corrupted 2 girls. You know you're going to have to talk to them about this. Have you talked with Regina yet?"

"Not yet. I called you first. And yes, I already had a good talk with both girls before I took them to school. I hope I made things OK again with my talk." Again – essentially truthful, but misleading. Damn, I was going down a slippery slope.

Cindy changed to a softer tone. “You know big Bro, I don’t really blame you. Having 2 girls there overnight probably played all kinds of tricks with your head – both of your heads.” She joked. “I know how young girls can drive a man crazy. I’ve seen it happen with Derek.”

That caught me by surprise. “Whoa there, you mean Mr. ‘kids-are-not-sex-objects’ is looking at young girls??”

Cindy quieted to a whisper. “You didn’t hear it from me, and he’ll deny it to the end, but yes. I’ve seen him looking at some very young girls on the beach with a sexual eye. At first, I was really mad at him; after all, he’s only supposed to look at ME like that. But I realized that he can’t help it. I guess you men are just wired that way.”

This was a side of Cindy I’d not seen since before she was married. “Sis, you’re not suggesting that it’s OK for guys ogle girls, just because we’re ‘wired that way’...”

“Mark, Amanda is a very pretty girl. I know this. And Heather is too. Don’t deny you’ve had more than a few carnal thoughts about them. I’m sure that’s why you were in the bathroom in the first place.” I could almost hear her smile through the phone.

I didn’t know what to say. Cindy was right, of course, but I was already treading a fine line between truth and fiction and I didn’t want to have to lie even more to her. “Sis, you’re going down a road that I’m really not comfortable with.”

“My point dear Brother is that I understand. I know you can’t help thinking those thoughts it and it’s OK.”

I was still in shock from what she said. She was effectively giving me permission to lust after Amanda. Granted, that’s a far cry from Regina’s explicit permission to have sex with Heather, but for Cindy, this was a huge leap out of her comfort zone. “Sis, I don’t think I’ve ever heard you talk like this before. Where is this all coming from?”

“Well I’m not sure, but I’ve been thinking a lot about things. And Derek’s wandering eye on the beach got me thinking a lot more. Right now, I don’t know what to believe in...”

I talked a while longer with Cindy, mostly listening to her as she tried to work through her own thoughts. I had no idea she doubted her beliefs. From what she said, her doubts were festering for several months. It seemed ironic that I thought I was going to get ripped apart by my kid sister, but in the end, I was a shoulder for her to lean on.

After I hung up with Cindy, I didn’t know what to do. But my phone gave me something to do when I got yet another text from Regina. Subtle, she is not.

RC: Hey! You gonna reply, or are you too busy with your target practice! ☺

MM: Your daughter has a big mouth.

RC: Makes her all the better a target!

MM: Please not now! Not in the mood.

RC: OK, grumpy. So where were you for so long?

MM: Talking w/ Cindy

RC: NO! Did Amanda tell her?

MM: Yes

RC: That girl can NOT keep a secret! So when's your funeral?

MM: No funeral. Cindy was cool

RC: Cool??? Are we talking about your sister, Miss Conservative?"

MM: She's going through some tough times right now

RC: What's wrong?

MM: That's private. I don't want to say

RC: You gotta say! She's my BFF!

MM: And she's my sister. Family trumps friendship. Besides, she'll reach out to you soon enough

RC: She will? Maybe I'll just call her

MM: Please do NOT call her! Trust me. From what she told me, I'm sure she'll reach out to you

RC: OK, but not knowing is driving me crazy!

MM: You're already crazy ☺

RC: Well this crazy woman is reminding you to take your meds – 3 pills. You need to be at full strength tomorrow

MM: OK fine. I'll take my penis pills

RC: I like that name! Maybe we'll rename it to that!

RC: Hey, wanna do lunch?

MM: Sure!

RC: I'm at work now. My lunchbreak is at noon. Meet me at my office. There's a nice place to eat nearby

MM: OK, see you then

I took my medicine as I promised. I spent a couple hours working on writing my Hypnosis manual. Overall, it was coming along quite nicely. However, before long, my mind kept drifting to Regina. I was finding it hard to concentrate on my work because I kept thinking of making love to her. Of course, I had an erection, but I remembered what happened the last time I relieved myself before meeting Regina, so I resisted the temptation.

Since I couldn't concentrate on work, I started browsing the web aimlessly and came up with a really perverted idea. I found the website for a local adult store, and browsed their inventory. It didn't take me long to find what I was looking for. It was in stock – great! I had some time before lunch, so I cleaned myself up. I shaved again, changed into a dark dress pants and a nice button-down shirt. I left my underwear on my bed and decided to go commando. I put on some nice cologne, and spruced up my hair. I don't know why, but I really wanted to Impress Regina today. I don't remember ever feeling like I wanted to dress up like this. I had just enough time to make my detour, so I drove to the adult store. Once there, I asked the somewhat curvy but very attractive college aged sales lady about my selection, and she helped me to find it, giving me a sly smile the whole time. She had a slightly fuller figure, but her curves were in all the right places. With her inviting smile, I briefly considered having her fully 'test' it with me, but I quickly dismissed that – mainly because there wasn't time. I only had time to set it up, program it, and briefly test it on the store sales counter to make sure it worked. The sales lady wrapped it up in small gift box and I left. As I walked out of the store, I noticed she wrote her name and phone number on the back of the receipt. "Darcy 976-555-0164". Hmmm.

With my gift in hand, I drove to Regina's office. Once there, I felt like I was meeting her for the first time again. I suppose in a way it was because I was never at her office before. I checked in with the young & pretty receptionist, and she called Regina.

"Miss Clark, your lunch date is here." She said, and shyly smiled at me.

Lunch Date?? I never considered that this could be called a 'Date', but I guess it did fit all the criteria. Maybe that's why I was nervous. I pondered all the implications of the word, lost in my own thought.

"Hello, Mark?" I heard from behind. I don't know why, but it surprised me that Regina was there.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was just..." Then I got a good look at her. She was dressed in a nice dark blue business skirt with matching jacket and white low-cut blouse. Her long dark hair draped over her shoulders to the top of her breasts. I also got a whiff of her perfume. I don't know much about perfumes, but she smelled very nice. She looked very professional, but also very hot! I immediately felt a growing erection. "Wow!" I said, "You look... You look amazing!"

"Why thank you!" She replied. "You're not so bad looking yourself! Is that cologne you're wearing?"

"Yeah, I thought it would be nice to make myself more presentable for you."

Regina saw I was hiding something. "So, what do you have behind your back?"

"Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little something I picked up on the way here." Now I got the chance to play coy.

"Is it for me? What is it?"

"You'll find out soon enough." I smiled and continued to play with her.

"You're not trying to seduce me and take advantage of me, are you?" Regina pretended to be innocent.

I played along. "Absolutely! I'm going to charm the pants off you and make you putty in my hands, then I'll ravage you and make you mine!" I saw in the corner of my eye that the receptionist was blushing, and trying not to look.

"Well let's get going then! I only have an hour for lunch!" She dragged me out the front door. As I walked out, I smiled and waved at the receptionist. She blushed even more, but she smiled at me and waved back.

We walked to a restaurant around the corner, and got a secluded table. I sat across from Regina, and she almost immediately removed her shoe and placed her stocking foot between my legs. The tablecloth hid her activities, so no one would see.

"Now what do I have to do to see what's in that box?" She stroked her foot along the length of my thigh. She was making me hard, and she knew it.

"You know what you're doing to me, don't you?" I had to shift myself to contain my growing erection. "OK, I suppose I should give this to you now before there's a mess in my pants."

Regina giggled when I said that, I wasn't sure if she was happier that she got me to hand over the gift, or that she knew she could make my orgasm right there with her foot.

"This is something that we can share." I handed her the gift. "You get this part, and I have the other part."

Regina took the box and opened it like a little girl at Christmas. She opened the box to show a pink oblong object, about 4 inches long. She looked confused. "OK, what is it?"

"Oh, yeah, there's my part too." I took out my phone and tapped a few buttons. The pink object started vibrating in her hand.

Regina's eyes got big with surprise. "Mark Michaels! You pervert!" I wasn't sure if I crossed a line with the gift, but a second later she smiled. "You got me a vibrating egg!"

"That 'I' control." I smiled and showed her the app on my phone.

She looked at me with lustful eyes and said. "Oh, you are a BAD boy!"

"Well, are you going to be a good girl and put your new toy where it belongs?"

"Here?!?!?" she asked, surprised.

"Well, in the ladies' room, but yes." I looked at her with lustful eyes.

"Oh, you are naughty!" She smiled, and waked to the bathroom, egg in hand.

A moment later Regina came back out, all smiles.

"OK, let's see if this works." I used phone and activated the app.

She gasped. "Oh yes – it definitely works!"

I turned it off for the moment. "OK, great. Let's decide what to eat. A minute or two later, the waitress came by, took our orders, and left. Alone again, I turned it back on, and varied the intensity.

Regina grabbed the tablecloth. "Ooooh, I didn't know it could do THAT!" She gasped. "This thing is just full of surprises!" She again raised her foot and caressed my thighs. "Two can play this game, you know."

I was thoroughly enjoying getting my under-the-table foot massage, when Regina's phone rang.

"OhMyGod, it's Cindy!" Regina jumped as though Cindy caught us doing something wrong. She immediately withdrew her foot. I decided to be nice and turn off the egg too.

"So? Aren't you going to answer it?"

"What do I say?" It was like she got caught with her hand in the cookie jar – well, maybe her foot.

"How about 'Hello'? It's not like we're doing anything wrong – at least on top of the table."

Regina finally answered her phone. "Hey Cind, How ya' doin?..." I could just barely hear Cindy's muffled voice, but I couldn't make out anything she said, "Oh just on my lunchbreak with a friend. So, how's the beach?... Uh huh... Really?... Oh, just a guy I met... Well, he's really cute. His name is Mark, and he's taking care of this cute 10-year-old girl..." Regina gave an evil smile when she said that last part.

"WHAT???" I could hear Cindy's voice quite clearly now. "You're dating Mark??? My best friend is dating my Brother and no one told me anything??"

"Hi Sis!" I said, loudly enough so Cindy could hear me. Regina put her phone on speaker mode.

"Mark you sneaky... you little... And you didn't tell me this morning either!" Cindy ranted.

"Cindy, Regina and I have only seen each other for a few days. It's not like we're getting married or anything."

“But still I should know these things! Knowing you dear Brother, you’d probably tell me by inviting me to the wedding! Oh, my world is turned upside down now!”

I tried to calm Cindy down. “In all fairness, this morning you had other things on your mind and you needed to talk and work things out. You didn’t need me to add another wrinkle to your life – at least not this morning.”

Cindy finally was calming down. “OK, I guess you’re right. It’s not that I don’t want you two to be together, it’s that... well I should have been the one to fix you two up. And Gina! I can understand Mark not saying anything, because he’s a man. But you’re my BFF!! You should have told me!”

Regina answered. “You’re right Cind, but you’re on vacation, and well, I’ve been kind of busy with Mark most of the time.” Regina made an evil smile. OK, my truce with Regina was now over. Under the table, I turned the app back on.

Cindy reacted just the way Regine hoped. “Ewww! He’s my Brother! I don’t want to know how you two were busy!”

Regina answered back. “OK, fine. But you also owe ME an explanation. Just what kind of stuff are you – woah! OhMyGod! – going through?” I gave my own devilish smile when I hit the app button.

“Gina, are you OK? What was that?” Cindy asked.

“Never mind, Cind.” Regina tried in vain to recover from my attack. “I just – never mind. So what...” Regina gripped the tablecloth again and gasped. I tapped away on my phone and grinned. “...about you?”

Cindy demurred. “Oh, I can tell I’m just imposing on your lunch. I’ll let you two get back to... I-don’t-want-to-know-what-you’re-doing. Call me when you’re not so... preoccupied with my Brother, OK?”

We all said our goodbyes and hung up. Regina leaned forward and looked straight at me. “You are an evil man. You know I’ve got to get even!” She put her stocking foot back up and aggressively massaged my still hard erection. Then she quietly said, “You had better turn that thing on full power and make me cum, or so help me I’ll mount you right here on this table!”

I happily did as she told me to. I tapped on the app for all I was worth. And she worked her foot along my throbbing manhood. I somehow managed to utter, “I wasn’t kidding when I said I was going to... OhGodThat’sGood... ravage you.”

Regina fared no better than me at speaking. “Yeah, but I didn’t know it would be... Oooh, Yes... by remote control.”

As we were ‘doing’ each other, the waitress came to deliver our food. Regina and I were staring at each other, sometimes closing our eyes, and breathing heavily, but otherwise there was nothing blatantly visible to show what we were doing. The tablecloth hid her leg, and my phone was beside me out of view.

"Excuse me, sir? Your food is here." The waitress said – twice.

I barely managed to answer. "OK...<pant>... thanks."

Though I didn't notice it, the waitress just rolled her eyes as she set the food on the table. As she turned away, I heard her say "Jeeze, another one. I see more people get laid here, while I'm stuck at home with my Hitachi."

That did it for me. I felt my orgasm building. I reached down with my other hand and maneuvered Regina's foot to the right spot, and I took over her movement. I felt like I squirted a gallon of semen into my pants. Regina knew I was cumming, and that set her off. She moaned, probably louder than she should have, gripped the tablecloth with such force that I thought she might rip it, and nearly doubled over. I don't know how, but somehow, I managed to turn off her vibrator.

I was in a daze for almost half a minute and I assume Regina was too. When I regained my senses, the restaurant manager, and a rather large man who looked like he could be a WWF star, was standing at our table.

The manager said, quite sternly. "I think you two are finished now and it's time for you to leave!"

Regina and I both blushed a deep red. "Uh yeah, I guess we're done here. I, uh think we'll be going now." I took out my wallet and handed him a bunch of cash to pay for lunch. I don't even know how much I gave him. I was very grateful that my pants were dark. Even so, it wasn't too hard to see a glistening wet area partway down one pant leg, and I felt wetness dripping all the way down to my sock. We quickly made our way out with the bouncer following us closely behind.

Regina and I turned the corner back toward her office, then we both busted out laughing. We took a good look at each other. We were both quite disheveled. Our clothes were rumpled, shirts untucked, and our faces were flushed. We straightened ourselves up as much as we could, and I escorted Regina back to her office. In the lobby of her building, the young impressionable receptionist saw both of us and did a double take. I gave Regina a hug and a kiss – probably more passionate I should have, because Regina got a little dazed - and I bid her goodbye. Regina walked inside, trying to act dignified and professional, but she nearly tripped over a potted plant. I couldn't help but grin.

I looked at the pretty receptionist who was blushing again, and I smiled and waved to her. She saw the wet stain on my pants and got wide eyed and gasped. I said to her. "Now THAT was a lunch to remember!" Then I turned and walked out.

That was the best lunch I never had.

Day 7 Part 2

On the way home, I passed by the Adult Store again. That gave me a naughty idea. I almost stopped then, but I figured I've been pushing things a bit lately, and my reasonable side convinced me that I should talk to Regina first. By the time I got home, my pants were getting cold and uncomfortable. I got undressed and took a shower to clean myself off. In the shower, I thought of my idea and got another erection again, but I decided to hold off 'relieving' myself. After I got dressed (commando style again - I was enjoying that), I texted Regina.

MM: So, did you enjoy your lunch?

RC: God yes! But we never ate. I'm starving now!

MM: That was so wild! I never did that before!

RC: Me neither! But now I'm soaked

MM: You're soaked?? You see my pants? I think I got you beat. 😊

RC: Maybe, but you probably changed already, I can't till I get home

MM: Sorry we got thrown out. I guess you can't go back there anytime soon

RC: That's ok, it was worth it!

MM: I want to get Heather & Amanda something, but want your take on it first

RC: What do you want to get them?

(I activated the remote-control app on my phone and tapped the button for a few seconds)

RC: Ohhhhhh Mmmmmrk!!!

MM: Well? Think they'd like it?

RC: You can do that from home?? God help me!

MM: 😊 Anyway, would the girls like one? (I tapped the app again for a second)

RC: Oooooo. Yor killlllling me!

RC: Seriously Mark, no. Don't. Would be too much for them. I can barely handle it

MM: OK, that's why I checked with you on this first

RC: but you CAN get them something smaller and less intense

MM: Really? Serious?

RC: Yes. I was thinking of getting Heather something anyway, so go for it. Just keep it small and gentle

MM: OK, Tx!

That clinched it. I headed back to the Adult Store right away. The same girl, Darcy, was there and she remembered me.

“Welcome back! So, how’d it go?” She asked.

I smiled proudly. “Well, we got thrown out of the restaurant, and I had to change my pants.”

“Wow!” Darcy was impressed. “You’re a fun guy! I’d like to party with you!”

“Anyway, I came back for a few more things. I’m looking for something similar but smaller and gentler. Like...” I hesitated because I wasn’t sure how this would go over. “...for a younger girl.”

“Oh, you mean like a, ‘ahem’, 13-year-old?” She did air quotes when she said that and winked at me.

“Uh, yeah. 13-year-old.” I meekly mimicked her air quotes thing. I felt silly doing it though. I guess that was the ‘code’.

“I know what you mean.” Darcy took my hand and started guiding through the store. “Young girls can’t handle the big toys. I couldn’t when I was that age. They need to start out smaller.” I blushed when she said that. She walked me to a section in the back, labelled ‘Junior Miss’. “We don’t advertise these online because people might get the wrong idea.” Each toy package had different pictures of mostly naked girls – probably 13-ish, but some looked even younger. I got an erection just looking at the packages. Darcy continued her tour. “All these items work just like their big sisters, but they’re smaller and less intense so they won’t overwhelm your little girl. This is the closest match for what you bought this morning.” She showed me a package of remote-control vibrating panties. “It’s not an egg, but it is controlled with the same app on your phone, and it won’t overwhelm her.”

I looked at the package. The almost naked girl on the box looked like she was no more than 11. I took 2 of them. Looking around in the aisle, I saw something that caught my eye, with a festive packaging. “Can you tell me about that?”

“Oh, that’s just a basic vibrating dildo with a tube of lube, nothing special. They’re actually pretty cheap. They’re like for party favors or gag gifts.” She answered.

“Party favors?” That got me curious.

“Yeah, you’d be surprised how often we sell those for girls’ birthday parties.” She said this in a matter-of-fact way, like it was some kind of ordinary party favor.

“OK, I’ll take ten of them...” Then I thought of Heather. “No wait, eleven.”

“Eleven??” Darcy was impressed. “You got something big planned? I’d REALLY love to party with you!” I just gave a devilish smile. The two of us managed to carry all the items to the sales counter.

Once there, I remembered, “Oh I’ll need a box of condoms too.”

“What size?”

Size?? I didn’t know condoms came in different sizes – at least they don’t at the drug store. “Uh, I don’t know – average, I guess?”

Darcy chuckled. “Men’s penises come in all different sizes just like women’s boobs. You don’t think I’d fit in an average B-cup bra, do you?” She pushed out her rather full chest.

I don’t know much about bras, but she was definitely much bigger than a B cup. I shook my head. “Uh, I guess not. But I don’t know my size.”

“Oh, I can size you, no problem.” She pressed a button behind the counter that locked the front door. She led me to the back of the store to the condom rack. She easily saw my bulge in my pants and licked her lips. “Hmmm, I see you’re already hard. And from the looks of it, I’d bet you’re about a 6 ½ or 7. Now let me see that wonderful piece of manhood!” I started to unbuckle my pants, but Darcy stopped me, insisting that she do it herself. She knelt in front of me and lowered my pants, freeing my penis. She then took a measuring tape and measured my length. “Yep, you’re a 6.6”, She then wrapped the tape around it, causing me to groan in pleasure. “...and a 4.6 around.” Then she looked up at me with a seductive grin, “That’s a good size for your young girl. Any bigger and you’d be too much for her.”

I was breathing heavier now, “I, uh, don’t know how much longer I can hold back.”

“That’s good, because I also need to check your volume.” She selected a condom from the display case and opened it. She expertly rolled it onto my penis, and licked her lips again. “Oh, I wish I could taste you, but I need to see how much you cum.” Now that I was properly sheathed, she proceeded to give me an expert hand job. I was in heaven. In no time I was on the edge. Then she looked up at me, smiled, and licked the tip of my penis. That took me over and I filled up that latex wonder as I climaxed. I shot 4 hefty squirts and a couple smaller ones, making the condom bulge out at the head. When she saw it, Darcy’s eye bulged out of her head as well. “Wow! That’s some load! That’s like porn star level!”

“Thanks, <breathe> I’ve been, uh, working on it. <breathe>” I was still recovering.

“Well whatever you’re doing, keep it up! Your girlfriend is one lucky girl!” She carefully removed the condom, then licked her lips and looked up at me with pleading eyes. I nodded ‘yes’ – not that I was in any condition to turn her down – and she proceeded to lick my penis clean of residual semen. I thought about returning the favor (Maybe I could ‘measure’ her vagina?), but she gave no signs of being interested, so I let it go.

It took a while, but eventually I was able to bring my erection down – no thanks to Darcy’s sultry moves. When she rang me up, I she gave me a 40% discount. “That’s my ‘high volume’ discount.”

“Thanks, I didn’t know you gave discount on large purchases.”

“No, not this volume. THAT volume!” She smiled and pointed to my crotch. “Anyone who can shoot loads like that deserves it!” She winked at me. I left and took my treasures home, imagining what lurid things my girls would do with them – And I got hard again.

Soon it was time to pick up Amanda from school. On the way to pick her up, I was thirsty so I stopped at a drive through to get an iced tea for myself, and also one for Amanda. I waited in the Parent Pickup area. The bell rang, and a minute later a herd of kids poured out of from the school. I saw Amanda running toward me and she got in my car. She reached across to me and managed a hug and kiss. Then she spotted the drink in the cup holder and began to gulp it down.

“Hello Cutie! How was your day?”

“Pretty good.” She sipped her drink. “Kaiko had an accident at lunchtime.”

“Oh, that must have been embarrassing for her.” I tried to sound supportive for this unknown girl as I fought the traffic out of Rydell’s school parking lot.

She continued her story. “She didn’t wet a lot, but she couldn’t keep her panties on. I had a spare panty in my purse, so I gave her mine.”

I fought through the after-school traffic. “Well that was very nice of you. I’m glad that you were able to help out your friend. Hey Cutie, we need to get some things for the party tomorrow. How about we go to the party supply store and you can help me pick out stuff?”

“OK, sure.” She mindlessly played and chatted on her phone and sucked up her iced tea.

As I pulled into the shopping center parking lot, we talked about who was coming to the party. Amanda rattled off all the names: Priya Bakshi, Lizzy Cochrane, Valerie Fisher, Nicky Hill, Carly Kruz, Jenny Moore, Haley Parker, Stacy Reed, and Kaiko Yoshida. I recognized a few of the names, but most went in one ear and out the other. As I parked, Amanda showed me a team picture of all the girls and pointed them out for me. Seeing the faces with the names did help and I felt I had a better handle who was who.

Before Amanda could quiz me on all the names though, I noticed the drug store and remembered Amanda was low on diapers. So, we went there first.

In front of the drug store was a Cookie Girl stand, with their annual brownie and lemonade sale. I remembered when Amanda was a cookie girl a few years ago. These 8-year-old girls had the same uniform that Amanda wore when she was in the program – short blue flared skirt and blue vest with a white frilly blouse that had blue trim and blue belt. I’ve always been a sucker for those cookie girl brownies. I couldn’t resist, so I dragged Amanda with me to buy some.

As we approached, the cookie girl Mom saw us. The blonde-haired blue-eyed woman was slender but not skinny. Her pony tail bounced around as she worked like a busy bee behind the stand. She wore the unmistakable Cookie Girl Mom sash. "Amanda Summers?? Is that you?" Amanda blushed and tried to become invisible. It didn't work. "It IS you! Oh, you're growing up to be such a pretty young lady." The strange doting woman turned to me. "And you must be her Uncle, Mr., uh..."

"Michaels, Ma'am. Mark Michaels. Yes, I'm Amanda's Uncle. And you are?"

"Oh, just look at me, forgetting my manners! I'm Theresa Parker, Cookie Girl Mom. Amanda was in my Cookie Batch when she was younger, with my older daughter Haley. You must know Haley - She's on the swim team with Amanda. Oh, it's so nice of you to host their team party. I can't tell you how happy Haley was that the party wasn't cancelled. I'm sure she'll be showing you just how grateful she is tomorrow. Of course, they've both grown out of being Cookie Girls. But now I get to have my little one, here, in my Cookie Batch." The very talkative woman reached and gave a little cookie girl beside her a squeeze. "This is Harley, my youngest and my sweetest little Cookie..." Theresa continued to chatter on about her daughters.

While I didn't mind hearing about her daughters and how lovely they were, I was having trouble getting a word in edgewise. Finally, I just blurted out, "Excuse me Theresa, but I would like to buy some brownies." I felt bad about interrupting, but it seemed the only way I could say anything.

Theresa barely paused, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I just get to rambling on and I don't seem to know when to stop. You know, I was just talking to my kid brother Peter, he lives in New York - He's a photographer there, works for one of those newspapers - the 'Daily Bugle' I think it is. Anyway, he's always telling me the same thing..." She realized she was rambling on again, and her face flushed from embarrassment. "Harley, why don't you show Mr. Mark here our different brownies?" Theresa then saw another customer on the other side of the stand and walked over to him.

I looked at little Harley. Her blonde hair was in pig-tails and she looked so cute in her little uniform - Almost as cute as Amanda was back then. She smiled at me and went through her short, scripted routine. She did as well as any shy 8-year-old girl could do, stuttering often from nerves, but she persevered. I was impressed that she didn't give up, so I bought 6 boxes - one of each kind - and 2 lemonades. Little Harley turned around and bent down to get my boxes. Her short skirt rode up to expose her... diaper? 2 more times she bent down to get the rest of my order, each time showing what looked like a pull-up diaper.

I instantly got an erection, and hoped that little Harley wouldn't notice. But I had to see that little girl's diaper again, so I doubled my order. Little Harley smiled with glee, and happily bent down 3 more times to fill my order, showing off her beautiful diaper each time.

Amanda saw exactly what I was doing, looked up at me with an evil grin and whispered "Uncle Pervert!"

Harley also got our drinks, and Amanda immediately took hers and started drinking. Harley added up the total, and I gave her twice what she told me. When the little cookie girl realized how much extra I

gave her, she almost exploded in smiles and affection. She ran around the table and hugged me around my waist. I was afraid she would feel my erection, so I picked her up. I briefly regretted that I was still in 'commando mode', as there was little to hide my bulge. She then hugged me around my neck and kissed me while I supported and felt her diaper clad bottom. Theresa noticed the commotion and came over to see what was happening. I hoped that the commotion would distract Theresa's view of my bulge.

Harley leaned over to her mother and whispered in her ear, while I still held her in my arms.

Theresa's eye got wide and answered to me, "Mr. Michaels, did you really mean to pay Harley that much?"

"Well, your daughter is such a good sales girl, I just couldn't resist her charms." I smiled. "But seriously, I know how important the Cookie Girl program is, and I'm happy to help - especially if I can get hugs like this!"

Theresa thanked me profusely. I asked her to hold my order until after we were done in the drug store, and she happily said yes.

Amanda and I entered the drug store and we quickly found the pull-ups for her, and more wipes too. In the store, she didn't seem nearly as self-conscious about her diapers in public as she was a week ago. She even took a few minutes to look at other things to see what was available.

Back outside, I retrieved my large brownie order. Theresa noticed the bag of diapers in Amanda's hands, and Amanda suddenly got embarrassed again.

"No need to be embarrassed dear," Theresa said, "Lots of girls wear them."

Since she brought up the issue, I decided to ask. "Theresa, please pardon my curiosity and you can tell me it's none of my business, but I couldn't help notice that Harley has on a diaper. I know some older girls need them, but usually only at night. I never heard of younger girls wearing during the day."

"Oh, that's just because I can't leave the stand to take the girls to the bathroom, what with all the lemonade they're drinking. So, I put them all in pull-ups so that they can just go in in them. I change them on the fly right here, and we don't miss a beat."

As Theresa spoke, I saw a little cookie girl standing the back squirming and holding her hands between her legs, as much as her skirt would allow. "You mean like what that little one is doing?"

Theresa turned, just as the little girl stopped fidgeting and stared into space. It was clear she was wetting her diaper. Theresa excused herself to tend to that little girl. At the same time, I saw little Harley in a nearby corner also fidgeting. Little Harley then squatted down, exposing her diaper, and closed her eyes. I saw the little flower water marks disappear, and her diaper expand out. After she finished, the wet little girl looked down at her sodden diaper and poked at it with her fingers.

“Uh Theresa, I don’t mean to add to your troubles, but you have another one over here.” I pointed at her squatting daughter who was playing with herself.

“Oh Harley, couldn’t you have waited a few more minutes?” Theresa said with some frustration, from the other side of the stand. Little Harley stood up and pulled at my shirt for me to bend down. She then whispered into my ear. I was shocked at what she said. Theresa was looking my way, and saw this. “Oh, Mr. Michaels, do mind terribly? I’m kind of busy over here, and Harley seems to prefer you for now anyway. Changing supplies are right there under the table beside you.”

Well, far be it from me to refuse to help out a lady - or a little girl – in distress. I grabbed a diaper and a few wipes and knelt down in front of Harley in the corner. Amanda, god bless her, positioned herself to block most the action from anyone’s view. I knelt down to Harley’s level and reached up inside her skirt. I couldn’t resist a quick feel between her legs. That little wanton girl spread her knees a bit and started grinding herself on my hand. My erection returned with a vengeance. I had force myself to return to the proper task at hand. I lowered her sodden diaper and she stepped out of it, steadying herself by holding my shoulders. I took a moment to think to myself, ‘You’re just wiping her clean, you’re just wiping her clean’, before I took the wipes under her skirt and wiped her inner thighs, then her butt, and finally her mound and vulva. Again, the excited little girl ground herself on my hand. I couldn’t resist running my fingers along her vulva for a moment. Harley responded by matching my movements. It was obvious that she had done this before. I so much wanted to continue, but I knew that I couldn’t – not in public anyway. I reluctantly removed my hand, and slid a fresh diaper up Harley’s soft legs and supple behind. Before I stood up, she reached and grabbed my erection through my pants. I almost came right there. I had to quickly stand up and turn away for fear of making another embarrassing mess.

I quickly bid goodbye to Harley and Theresa, feigning that I was late, and went to the car to drop off everything, with Amanda following close behind.

“Uncle Mark, did Haley’s sister make you do a cum?”

“No, but she almost did. And that would have been very embarrassing.” My own breathing was getting back to normal and my raging erection was finally starting to subside somewhat. I quickly glanced around to make sure no one was looking, and reached inside my pants to fix myself.

“Uncle Pervert!” She joked again.

I half smiled, but then I got serious. “You can joke about it now, but having sex in public can get you into some serious trouble. Believe me, you do NOT want to do that. Now let’s go to the party store and get stuff for the party.”

In the party supplies store, we wandered around and found some nice summer party decorations, including different colored ribbons. I avoided getting just the school colors, remembering Coach Wilson’s order that it could not be an official school function. We also found a few more pool toys,

including some squirt guns, a few pool noodles, and a beach ball. We were collecting items for gift baskets for the girls, when Amanda started squirming and hobbling from one foot to the other.

“Uncle Mark, I have to go to the bathroom.”

“No problem, Cutie. We’ll just use the store bathroom in the back.” I took her to the back of the store, but to our dismay it was locked and marked ‘out of order’. By this time Amanda was shifting around quite uncomfortably. I asked a store employee, who said that the store next door would let us use its bathroom. I asked the checkout girl hold our shopping basket for now and we walked to the other store, with Amanda hobbling. I truly was trying to help her to get to a bathroom, but I couldn’t prevent myself from developing yet another erection.

On the sidewalk, Amanda bent over. “Oh no! I can’t hold it!” She stood there half bent, her legs together, and hands between them. A few seconds later, I saw water dripping from under her short skirt down her legs. “Oh no – I can’t stop it!” The dripping pee made a growing puddle on the sidewalk. It also caused my erection to strain against my pants. Amanda started to cry, so I gave her a hug.

“It’s OK Cutie, I’ll take care of you. Come with me to the car.” My own sexual excitement notwithstanding, my first priority was Amanda’s welfare. I lead her to my car, with my arm around her shoulders.

“I’m sorry Uncle Mark, I couldn’t hold it!” She was on the verge of crying.

“Don’t worry Cutie; I know you couldn’t help it.” At the car, I used the adjacent car and my car’s passenger door to provide some cover for her. “OK, let’s do a damage assessment. I need to see how wet you are.” I didn’t wait for her; I simply lifted her denim skirt so I could see, and I turned her around. Her pretty blue panties were soaked front to back, her legs were still dripping wet, and her anklet socks were wet too. But her skirt had barely a spot on it. Looking at her like this further re-enforced my now throbbing hard-on, but I tried to stay focused. “Your panties are soaking wet, but your skirt is still mostly dry. I think we can fix you up.”

“<sniff> You just wanted to see my wet panties <sniff>.” Her tears slowed down to a trickle.

I tried to stay focused on the task at hand. “Cutie, I can see your panties anytime I want, but right now I need to get you cleaned up and dried off.”

“Then why are you touching me down there?” she started to smile again.

Touching her??? Ridiculous! I looked down at her panties, and was surprised to see my hand caressing between her legs. I didn’t realize I was doing that! I pulled my hand away immediately. “Oh Cutie, I’m sorry, I don’t know what got into me. This is absolutely the wrong place and time for that. We can’t do sex here, in public.”

“Why not? You were doing sex with Haley’s sister in public.” She was getting as turned on me. “Can you please change me, Uncle Mark, just like you did for Harley?” She had on her cute face, and walked her fingers up my chest. (Where did she learn to do THAT trick?).

In my current state of nearly constant erection for the past half hour, being teased by both Amanda and little Harley, coming so close to – well, cumming - once already, and these strange sex pills messing with my mind, I could have been convinced to make love to Amanda on the hood of my car for all to see. I pushed Amanda into the back seat and followed her in, closing the door behind me. I was so grateful I had the automatic tint feature on my windows, and I turned it on. That would give us some privacy.

Amanda was on her back, sideways on the back seat, legs spread. I resumed my fondling through her sopping wet panties. “Oh Cutie, you are so wet. I’m going to make my little girl feel so good.”

“Mmmm. I like that.” She cooed. “Uncle Mark, I need to go potty some more. Can you please put a diaper on me?”

‘Go potty?!’ I practically tore her panties off when I heard her say that. Then I ripped open the bag of diapers. It took some wiggling, but we managed to slide a fresh diaper up her still wet legs. I watched Amanda’s diaper with anticipation. She took my hand and placed it over her diaper. She closed her eyes and sighed. I felt her diaper get warm and expand as I pressed my hand inward. She moaned; eyes still closed. After a few seconds, she opened her eyes and grinned.

“Oh Cutie, it looks like you wet yourself again. I should change you again.” I slid her wet diaper down her legs, more slowly than I did with her panties. This time I took a moment to see her beautiful vulva, still glistening wet from her pee. I began wiping her clean with the wipes; first her legs, then her butt (that took some wiggling around), and finally her labia. “I’m going to make my beautiful little sexy girl feel oh so good.” I continued rubbing her. “I told you that I’d take care of you, and I keep my promises, especially for pretty little girls like you.” Amanda was panting hard, and I could tell she was getting close. I sped up my motions. “OK my pretty little girl, let’s see you come for Uncle Mark, but try to do it quietly.”

Amanda tensed up and bit her lip. Her hand dug into my arm. I could feel a small ooze of liquid coming from her vagina, but no big squirt, and there was no painful scream. I kept up my movements until she pushed my hand away.

“OhMyGod! <pant> OhMyGod! <pant> That was <breathe> so much better! <pant>” Amanda took a good minute to finally come down from her orgasm. “That’s so much better <breathe> without the pain! <breathe>” As she regained her own senses, she sat up and hugged me so tightly. “Thank you, Uncle Mark! ThankYouThankyouThankYou!” She started to cry. “Thank you for taking care of me! Thank you for having the doctor fix me so it doesn’t hurt! Thank you for loving me!”

Amanda’s emotional outburst had me worried. “Cutie, are you OK? What’s wrong?”

“I’m just so happy!” She said through her tears. “I never did a cum without it hurting before.” Girls have a very odd way of saying that they’re happy.

All this affection was wonderful, but Amanda was sitting on my still neglected erection. It was screaming at me for some attention. "Cutie, I'm glad you're feeling better. But I wonder if you could... well... reciprocate."

"Huh? What's 'precipitate'?" Then she realized what she was sitting on. "Uncle Mark, is your thingy big again?"

Again?? More like 'still' but there was no point in mincing words. "Yes, Cutie. Your little show got me very hard. Do you think you could..."

I didn't even finish my sentence. Amanda kissed me on the lips, then dove down to my pants and unbuckled them. She aggressively wrangled my stiff penis out, almost painfully, and went to work on me right away. "Uncle Mark I'm going to make you feel so good too!"

It didn't take long for me to get close. I realized that I couldn't orgasm on Amanda – not if we were going back outside. I needed to ejaculate somewhere safe. I grabbed another diaper out of the package and gave it to Amanda. "Here, make me squirt in this."

She took the diaper and held it over the head. "Do a cum in my diaper, Uncle Mark. Do your cum in my diaper!"

That was all it took. I happily complied with my sexy niece's request. I squirted into it for all I could do. I was in heaven, floating among the clouds in ecstasy. By the time I came back to my senses, Amanda managed to put a fresh diaper on herself. I looked around and saw one sodden diaper, but I didn't see the one I soiled. That little vixen gave me a sly look, and rubbed her own crotch, and I knew where my soiled diaper was.

Once we put ourselves back together and got presentable again, we returned to the party supply store to complete our shopping. We collected the shopping basket that the cashier held for us, and finished picking out things for the gift baskets. With all of our shopping done, we headed for home.

Day 7 Part 3

As soon as we got back home, Amanda ran to her room to change into her bikini swimsuit. She wanted to make up for the lost pool time from yesterday's swimming restriction. Of course, I didn't mind watching her prance around in her tiny bikini.

I was enjoying 'The Amanda show', and I suspect she enjoyed putting on a show too. Instead of staying in the pool and just swimming around, she was constantly climbing out and diving back in. She claimed that she needed to practice her diving, but she always climbed out on the side closer to me, adjusted her bikini in front of me, and slowly walked (after I yelled at her about running) around the pool to dive back in.

After a while, my phone rang. It was Regina. I stepped away from the pool to get a little privacy from young ears. "Hi Sexy! Get thrown out of any restaurants lately?" I joked.

"Only when I'm with you!" She joked back, but then she changed her tone of voice. "Hey Mark, I'm sorry for the short notice, but can you take Heather for tonight again?"

"Sure, but why? What's wrong?"

"I'm... well... meeting someone tonight." She tried to be elusive. It didn't work.

I pretended to be jealous. "Oh, so you want me to watch Heather while you sleep with another guy?"

"Mark, are you jealous again?? You do know that I'm offering you my daughter to do with as you please so that I can have this night, don't you?"

"Don't worry, I'm just messing with you! Of course, I'll be happy to take Heather tonight."

"I'm sure you will – take her that is!" Regina joked back.

I re-assured Regina, "We did say we're not exclusive. And with full disclosure, I kind of had... an encounter with the sales girl at the adult store this afternoon. So, I figure you're entitled to your diversions too."

"Mark, Michaels!" Regina seemed shocked. "Are you adding to your harem?"

I fired back in jest, "No more than you're adding to your stable of studs."

Regina laughed. "OK, fair enough." Then she got serious. "Mark, you DID use protection, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course I used a condom. You're the only one I won't use a condom for." I could have mentioned that I only got a hand job, but I figured there was no need to go into details.

Regina added, "or Heather or Amanda."

That caught me off guard. "Come again?"

"I have Heather on the pill so she's safe, and Amanda's at least a year away from her first period, so she should be safe for now too."

Just when I thought I had Regina figured out, she throws me another curve ball. "Regina, the girls are still virgins!"

"I know that, but it's only a matter of time before you're inside both of them." I could almost hear Regina smiling through the phone. "Just be gentle like you always are with them, and take your time. You're the perfect man to lead them into womanhood."

I didn't know how to answer that. "You are too much, Love."

"Mark, about why I called in the first place. I'm kind of pressed for time. Could you please come and pick Heather up right away? She's packing now. My... er... date will be here soon."

"OK, I'll be right over. But you owe me for this rush job!"

"Oh, I'm sure Heather..." Regina tried to say, but I cut her off.

"And before you say I'm getting Heather, it's YOU that owe me, not her. I expect to get paid back with some special time from YOU for this."

Regina pretended to concede, "Oooh, you drive a hard bargain, but OK. I'll make the supreme sacrifice and give you something special another day." Of course, we both knew it just meant more fun for both of us.

I hung up and walked back to the pool. Amanda noticed that I stepped away so she stopped her show and was simply swimming in the pool.

I yelled to get her attention. "Hey Cutie! I have some good news and some bad news."

Amanda swam closer to me. "Yes, Uncle Mark?"

"The bad news is I need to go out for a short while, and that means you need to get out of the pool while I'm gone."

Of course, she complained. "Aw, do I hafta?"

I remained firm. "Yes. The pool is off limits when I'm not here, and I mean that. I need to leave right away, so climb out of the pool right now." She slowly climbed out of the pool. "The good news is I'm bringing Heather back here for another sleepover."

As soon as Amanda heard that she leapt out of the pool. "Yay! Can I come too please?"

"I'm sorry Cutie, I need to go right now. I can't wait for you to change. I won't be long. Just stay inside the house and be safe while I'm gone, and I'll be back with Heather shortly."

In 10 minutes, I was at Regina's house. When I got there, Heather wasn't ready yet. Regina yelled to her, "Heather! Mr. Mark is here to take you! Hurry up!"

Heather's voice rang from down the hall, "Just a minute Mom! I'm almost ready!"

A moment later, the doorbell rang. Regina was really stressing out. "Damn! He's early and Heather's late! Why can't people just be on time for once?" She turned to me. "I'm sorry Mark, I didn't plan for you to meet him, honest. I thought you'd be gone by now."

I hoped to ease the tensions by being calm. "It's OK, love. I'll be discrete. Don't worry." Regina opened the door, and any hope of eased tensions flew out that open door. Into her house walked the same oversized kid who was bothering Amanda last week. Jason was his name, I think. I turned my head briefly to hide my surprised reaction. I regained my composure and turned back to greet the young hoodlum. Admittedly though, he changed his appearance. He was dressed much nicer and well groomed. He also had a bouquet of flowers for Regina. Could it be that he changed his ways? Did my little hypnosis trick last week actually make a difference?

Jason spotted me and recognized me immediately. "Oh, I'm sorry sir, I... I didn't know..."

"Relax, kid. It's all good." I made a small wave of my hand that it was OK. "I'll be outta here in a moment."

Regina quickly realized she was missing something. "You two know each other??"

"We sort of... crossed paths in the mall last week." I didn't want to explain the whole story. I turned to Jason. "So kid, you're moving up to the big leagues now, eh? Good for you!" Jason gave a half smile, but mostly blushed with embarrassment.

Heather finally came out from her room, with her stuffed backpack. As soon as she saw who was here, she dropped it in surprise. "Jason?? Mom, Really?? Ewwwww!"

Regina snapped right back, "I don't want to hear it, Young Lady! It's not like you didn't know I was meeting someone."

"Yes, but... Jason?? Ewwwww!" Heather shuddered like she saw a leper.

I figured I should remove Heather from this drama before she got herself into trouble. "Come on Heather, let's go now. Amanda's waiting for you."

Jason wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, but when he heard me mention Amanda, he made a connection – an incorrect one, but at least it showed his brain cells were functioning. "You're... Amanda's Dad?? I'm really sorry sir, I... I didn't know."

I considered having some fun with the well-dressed neanderthal, but I didn't feel like facing the wrath of Regina later. So, I just looked at Regina. "I'll you handle that one." Then I turned to Jason. "Have a good time, kid. Go for it!" And I gave him a thumbs-up.

I took Heather's backpack and dragged her out of the house with me. On the way home I noticed the sky was clouding up. It looked like another thunderstorm was brewing. Between the storm I just left at Regina's house and the one in the sky, Mother Nature's version was less dangerous.

I tried to calm Heather down. "Sweetie, I'm sorry I about dragging you out of your house like that, but I probably prevented you from saying something to your Mom that would get you in trouble."

Heather was still upset, "But why does Mom have to be with Jason? He's my age! It's too weird."

I turned the argument around. "Well, is it any weirder than you and Amanda being with me?"

"But you're different. You're not like Jason." She clearly didn't understand yet.

"You're right, Sweetie, but in this case, I'm more like your mother, and YOU are like Jason."

Heather protested. "Ewww, I'm not like Ja..." She finally got a clue. "Oh, you mean like we're the same age!"

"You got it!" I praised her. "I know this is a lot for you to take in and it can be hard to accept, but if you can be with me, then your Mom can certainly be with someone too. Even if that someone is your age."

Heather conceded a little, "Well, I guess so. But Jason? He's such a jerk!"

I was curious to know if my hypnosis trick really made a difference. "Has he been a jerk lately, like anytime this week?"

She thought for a moment, "Um, not lately, at least I haven't heard anything about him."

So, my encounter with him had a bigger effect than I expected. It actually worked! "Well Sweetie, sometimes people change. You're Mom's a good judge of character, and if she thinks he's OK, then maybe you should give him the benefit of the doubt."

"OK, I'll try, but I still think it's weird. Anyone but Jason! Ewww!"

OK, so I still have some work to do on my persuasion techniques.

We got home in just a few minutes, beating the impending thunderstorm, and I carried Heather's bag in for her. Amanda was waiting at the door wearing a cover-up. Even though they were both in school together today, the two girls hugged like they hadn't seen each other for months. By now it was getting close to dinner time, and I didn't have time to make anything. So, I decided to order out for pizza. Both girls cheered at the idea as they poured themselves each a big glass of iced tea. While I called the local Pizza place to make the order, the girls went to their bedroom, where Heather changed into her swimsuit. The girls came out of Amanda's room in their bikinis just as I finished ordering.

Reluctantly, I stopped both of them. "Sorry girls, but a storm's coming. It'll be here any minute. That means the pool's closed for the night."

"Aw, can't we go out for just little while?" They both pleaded. "We'll come back in as soon as it starts, we promise."

Just then there was a loud CRACK of thunder. That clinched it. "The storm's here now. Sorry, but the pool is DEFINITELY closed for the night." Both girls slumped their shoulders and looked down at the floor, dejected. "But maybe we can do something indoors. I got a surprise for both of you today that might cheer you up."

As soon as they heard 'surprise', they both perked up. Heather asked, "What did you get us?"

"Well, I went to the store and found something..." I paused and decided to tease them a bit.

"Technically, it's for ages 13 and up. I don't know if you're old enough."

That got them going. Amanda blurted, "We're old enough! Can we have it please?"

I pretended to relent, "Well, I guess it'll be OK. But you both have to promise to be good girls and do whatever I say."

Both girls replied in unison, "We'll be good! We promise!"

I had them now. "OK, I'll go get the surprise. You both stay right here." I went to my bedroom, quickly unboxed both of the remote-control panties and turned them on. Then I returned to the girls, hiding my prizes behind my back. "OK, close your eyes and hold out your hands." They did, and I placed one panty in each girl's hand.

They opened their eyes, but were confused. "They're... panties." Each girl said.

"They're magic panties." I claimed.

Both girls gave me an unbelieving look. Amanda answered up. "Uncle Mark, we're not 6. We know there's no such thing as magic panties."

"Oh yes they are, and you'll see." I insisted. "Now go put them on and come back out here." The girls stood there not believing me, so I pressed the issue. "You promised you would do whatever I say. Now go put them on!" Finally, they walked back to the bedroom, looking at each other like I was crazy. "And put on a pretty nightie too!" I yelled as they entered their bedroom.

Once they were out of sight, I grabbed my phone and got it ready to activate their panties. After a minute, the girls came out to the living room again, each wearing a short babydoll nightie, and the 'magic' panties. They were both absolutely gorgeous. By now I realized the sexy sleepwear must have come from 'La collection de Regina'.

Amanda said, "Well, what do you think?" She twirled, showing off the panties. Heather did a twirl too, showing hers as well. Amanda asked, "So what's so magic about these pant... EEEK!"

I chose that moment to covertly tap Amanda's button on my phone. Instantly, she bent over and screeched with surprise. Heather had no idea what was happening to Amanda, until I tapped Heather's button too, causing her to jump and hold her crotch. After a few seconds, I stopped so they could recover. "Now, do you believe they're magic?" I asked.

"How did you do that?!" Amanda asked, slowly straightening herself up.

"I told you, they're magic panties." I smiled. Then I briefly tapped both buttons again.

"Eeek!" Both girls jumped again, holding their crotches. "That tickles!" They both looked so sexy, leaning forward with their hands between their legs.

Heather managed to see what I was doing. "He's doing it with his phone!"

There was no point in hiding it now. "Oh, you mean like this?" I tapped again on the buttons, switching between each girl. Knowing where the magic was coming from didn't reduce its effect. They still squealed and jumped at each button press.

Heather struggled to yell, "You're gonna make me <Eeek!> wet myself!"

Amanda managed to add, "He probably WANTS us to <Eeek!> wet ourselves!"

That wasn't necessarily what I was trying for, but I could definitely work with that. I stopped for a moment. "OK, girls, I'll let you catch your breath for now, mainly because I don't want you making a mess on the carpet." The girls slowly straightened up again. "Cutie, go get some towels." Amanda gave a small grin and ran to get them. I spread the towels on the couch and I sat on them. "Now both of you come sit on my lap." Heather sat facing me, straddling my one leg and Amanda did the same my other. I had one arm around each girl.

Heather noticed something wasn't right, "Mr. Mark, won't you get wet?"

Amanda answered, "I think he likes it when we pee on him." They both giggled at that. Of course, Amanda was right. I had a huge erection just thinking about it.

I gave an evil smile, "Let's see how long each of you can last. Whoever holds their pee longer wins."

"What do we win?" Heather asked.

I never thought of a prize, so I pondered for a moment, "OK, winner gets to choose how I make you orgasm." Both girls looked at each other and grinned. I realized I just gave them a blank check. "But it has to be safe, and I have to approve it." They looked at each other again and agreed.

The vibrator control app had an automatic pulse setting. I placed it on the end table I turned it on for both girls. Immediately they squealed and wiggled on my lap. I felt the gentle vibration on my legs. "It tickles!" one said. "Eeek!" the other squealed. Amanda was squirming so much she almost fell off, but I held her. Heather, on the other hand (or on the other leg?) was more subdued. Then I noticed she was subtly moving her hips. She was grinding on my leg! It didn't take long for both of them to start getting

desperate. Cries of “I can’t hold it!” and “I’m gonna wet myself!” came from both of them. Finally, I felt something warm and wet on Amanda’s side. A moment later I saw a dark wet patch growing on my leg. A few seconds later, I felt the same wetness on Heather’s side, and a similar dark wet patch on my other leg. Both girls were in the throes of excitement from the vibrators, giggling and wiggling uncontrollably. They probably didn’t even know the other one peed. I turned off the app on my phone and they started to settle down.

They were still breathing hard, but they looked down and saw that both of them were sitting on very wet legs. “<pant> well, who won? <breathe>” Amanda asked.

I looked at both girls. “The winner is...” I played up the suspense, looking at each girl. “...Heather! She lasted longer, but not by much.”

Heather cheered, “Yay! I won!” and Amanda frowned.

I reassured Amanda, “Don’t worry Cutie, that just means Heather goes first. You know I’ll take care of you too.”

To her credit, Amanda was a good sport about it. She gave Heather a hug. I think she learned good sportsmanship on her swim team.

“So, what does the winning girl want?” I asked Heather.

She looked at Amanda and they both grinned. That was not a good sign. “I want you to do inter... intercourse on me.” Both girls smiled when she said that.

She really surprised me with that. “Sweetie, do you know what intercourse means?”

Heather answered up right away. “Uh huh. It means you put your thingy inside me down there.”

Will I never learn? “Sweetie, you’re still a virgin. And you still have your hymen. It will hurt the first time.”

Amanda chimed in to support her friend. “Uncle Mark, you said the winner gets to choose how we do sex. You promised!”

I didn’t remember saying the word ‘promise’, but that made little difference. I’m sure she remembered it that way. I asked Amanda, “I suppose you would have asked for the same thing if you won?”

“Maybe, maybe not.” She answered back with a fake innocent smile. I should have known they’d conspire like this.

Heather wouldn’t back down. “Mom says it’s not so bad as long as the guy is gentle. And she makes me take a pill so I can’t get pregnant. Can we pleeease do it, Mr. Mark?” Both girls gave me their cute faces, and Amanda put her hand on my already raging erection. That was a dirty trick.

In addition to facing 2 conspiring girls who were using their cute faces and fondling my erection, they had Regina on their side too. There was no way I could win this argument. Not even Superman could resist all that. "OK, you win. But we need to do a couple things to get ready."

As soon as I admitted they won, both girls wrapped their arms around me and hugged me very tightly. "Thank you, Mr. Mark/Uncle Mark! I love you!" I allowed myself to enjoy the hugs and affections of my girls. ('MY' girls – that's the first time I ever thought of them that way.) Not that I could get up if I wanted to. They were basically on top of me.

Finally, they calmed down. Heather started kissing me and Amanda fondled my penis through my pants. This was a bit much for me, even on those super sex pills. "Girls, hold on a moment. <kiss> If we're going to do this, <kiss> we really should go to the bedroom. <kiss>"

The young vixens allowed me to get up, and we progressed to my bedroom, but not before I grabbed a (mostly) dry towel. In my bedroom, I grabbed a tube of lube from the adult store bag. Both girls jumped on my bed and looked at me hungrily. Just as I got on the bed, they attacked me and tried to take off my clothes. This was starting to become a repeat of last night, and I definitely did NOT want that. "Girls, hold on! Wait a moment!" I stopped them. "You're forgetting the most important part! Remember what the most important part is?"

They paused for a moment, looking at each other confused, then Amanda raised her hand like she was in a classroom. "Ooh I know! It's Love!"

"Right you are!" I praised Amanda. "Last night you each showed me love by hugging me (I looked at Amanda) and gently touching me all over (looked at Heather). There's lots of ways to show love. Here's another way. Sweetie, please kiss me."

Heather leaned forward and gave me a quick kiss on the lips and retreated, but I pulled her back to me and we kissed longer. I gently but firmly held her close. She responded by wrapping her arms around me. I gently pushed her down on the bed, opened my mouth and French kissed her. I was careful not to put my full weight on her. After a while I broke the kiss, but I remained on top of her. "Now this is another way to show love." I kissed her cheek, then her neck, and moved my way down to her breasts. I could feel her nipples getting hard through her nightie. I remembered that full-on sucking them last night was a bit too much for her, so I kept it to simple kisses through the material of her nightie. I slowly sat up, looked at her face and told her, "Sweetie, your breasts are so beautiful. You are a beautiful, sexy girl." Heather smiled at that. "Now, do you feel loved?"

Heather was all starry-eyed. "Uh huh," was all she could say.

Still looking into her eyes, I reached and slid her panties down her legs and off her. Then I took Heather's hands and made her unbutton my shirt. Once she was done, I removed it, as well as my pants and underwear. I held her and rolled onto my back. I kissed her again, holding her on top of me.

"Cutie, can you please hand me the tube of lube?" I asked Amanda.

"What's this for?" She asked, as she handed me the tube.

I gently pushed Heather back so she was below my crotch, and we could all see my erection. "It's for this." I took Heather's hand and squirted some lube on it. "OK Sweetie, rub that on my penis, especially near the top."

Heather did as I told her. "It's all slippery." She said. Both girls giggled.

"Yes, it is. This will make your first time easier." I moaned, "Oh God that feels good!" It felt wonderful, but I stopped her before she took me too far. "OK, now I'll do you. Scoot forward a bit." I put lube on my fingers and caressed her vulva. I made sure to get as much as I could inside, without breaking her hymen (yet). Heather was panting, and I considered giving her a pre-intercourse orgasm, for more wetness, but she was plenty wet already, so I didn't. "OK, now Sweetie, come back on top of me, and slide back and forth a bit." She did and my erection slid along her outer labia.

"Are we (pant) doing it now?" She gasped.

"Not just yet, I'm just sliding along your outside. This is to make really sure we're all lubed up and slippery." I was having trouble holding back. "Ok stop or I'm gonna cum too soon." Heather stopped, and had a glazed look in her eyes. She was as ready as she was going to get. "OK, now sweetie, sit up above me." I took her hand and made her feel her own vaginal opening. "Here is where it will go." I moved Heather's hand to hold my erection. "Now you guide me to the right spot, and press down, just a little." I kept my hand with hers to make sure we were set right. "OK. When you're ready, push down a bit harder."

Heather looked at me, then at Amanda, who was masturbating herself while she watched us, then back at me. Heather took a breath and pushed herself onto me. She winced a little, but recovered quickly. I was inside her about an inch or two. "I did it! We're doing it!" She cheered.

"Yes, you did, my Sweetie, and now the fun really begins! Go up a little, and push down just a little bit more. Stop when you feel uncomfortable. Don't hurt yourself." She moved up a bit then slid down further, maybe another half inch. "That's wonderful. OK, keep doing that, gently up and down, and only go as far as you feel you can. Don't force it, just let it happen." Heather kept up her movements, each time she got a little farther. After a several strokes she was able to take all of me inside her, though I think that was probably her limit. If I were any bigger, I don't think she would be able to take all of me.

I was getting close again, and Heather was panting like a racehorse as she moved up and down. She was close too. I rubbed her clitoris, and in a moment, she started quickly bouncing on me. "Yes! Yes! Yes! AAAAAAH!" She was bouncing and grinding on me like crazy. That took me over the edge and I came. I must have squirted 5 or 6 times inside her. Heather collapsed on me.

I managed to utter, "And that, <Breathe> my Sweetie, is how <Breathe> we make love!" I stammered. "How does it feel?"

“Ohmygod! <Breathe> Ohmygod! That was... <Breathe> That was... <Breathe> amazing!!” I saw Amanda fingering herself in the corner of my eye. I wasn’t sure because I was still high from my own orgasm, but I think Amanda came when we did. I motioned for her to join the hug fest. All three of us laid there for a few minutes recovering and catching our breath.

Mostly back to reality, I looked at the clock. Then I realized, the pizza was due here any minute! I was in no position to receive it, but I had an idea – a wicked idea. The girls settled down and were cuddling on me. “Hey girls, Pizza should be here soon.”

As soon as I said ‘pizza’, they jumped up as though I turned on a switch. “Yay, Pizza!” They both cheered.

Just then, the doorbell rang. That was perfect timing. “Girls, I’m not dressed to answer the door, but you two are.” I got up, took some cash out of my wallet and handed it to Heather. “You two pay the pizza guy.”

Heather grabbed my money and both of them jumped off my bed and ran out of my bedroom, their short babydoll nighties flowing in their wake. I quickly threw on some sweats and a t-shirt that was lying around and followed the girls, but I stopped just short of the living room. I discretely watched, while staying mostly out of view. Amanda flung open the door, where the pizza guy stood with his delivery. At first, he just looked at the delivery receipt reading it aloud, but when he looked up at the girls, he stopped and stared open mouthed at two scantily clad preteen beauties before him. He dropped the pizza, but Amanda caught it. Heather handed the money to the guy, but he was so stunned that dropped it too. Heather bent down to pick it up. That’s when I realized that she never put her panties back on! All the various fluids from our sex were dripping out of her vagina. Though her full-on beaver shot was mostly in my direction, the delivery guy did see a partial view, and his eyes got as big as saucers. Amanda also saw that Heather exposed herself and said something to the pizza guy. I couldn’t hear what she said, but he nodded affirmatively. Heather, apparently unaware of her exposure, stood up and handed the money to him again. This time he managed to hang on to it. He bid his goodbye and left.

Heather and Amanda raced to the dining room table with our dinner. I got iced tea for all of us. We all sat down and ate it right out of the box, as though we hadn’t eaten in days. The girls gulped down their iced tea too.

Amanda couldn’t stop giggling and smiling. Heather asked why. “When you bent down to pick up the money, you showed off your treasure! <Heehee!>”

“NO!” Heather was in shock. “Why didn’t you tell me? Oh, I’m so embarrassed!” Heather got red with embarrassment.

Amanda continued, “I think the guy liked it. Uncle Mark, you’re right – guys do like seeing our treasures!” both girls giggled at that.

"Maybe we could show off to some of the boys at school!" Heather added.

I had to stop this conversation ASAP. "Girls! That's enough of talk like that! It may be fun to show off sometimes, but that can be dangerous. Believe me, some guys will get the wrong idea and take that as an invitation for sex. A bit of flirting is fine, but unless you want to have sex with someone, don't show off your private parts."

The girls calmed down after that, but after Amanda ate another piece of pizza, she stood up, dropped her panties and raised her nightie, showing off her 'private parts' to me.

"Cutie, what are you doing?" I asked.

Amanda matter-of-factly answered, "I'm showing off my private parts to you, because I want to do sex with you. You promised that you'd do it with me after you did Heather!"

My niece is so precocious sometimes. "Cutie, come here on my lap, and help me finish my pizza." I turned so she had room, and she hopped onto my lap. "Now feed me." She tried to ram an entire slice of pizza into my mouth. "Whoa, not all at once! A little at a time, like this." I took a slice and gave Amanda just a little bit. She tried to bite more, but I pulled it away. I only let her nibble a little at a time. "See, just a little at a time. Tease me a bit, make me want more." Amanda got the idea, and just let me take little bites. "You know, feeding each other like this <bite> another way to show love <bite>."

The girls were steadily drinking their drinks as we ate, and I noticed both of them were starting to squirm. I spoke softly to Amanda, "Does my little girl need to go potty?" and I gave her a little tickle.

"<HeeHee> Uh huh. Do you want me to wet myself on you?"

"Not this time, Cutie. I think I need to put you into a diaper."

Amanda's eyes lit up. "OK!"

Heather asked, "Can I get a diaper on me too?"

"That should be up to Amanda," I answered. "She didn't interfere with your special time; I don't want anything to take away from her special time." I then turned to Amanda, "What do you say Cutie, let Heather join us or no? It's OK either way."

Amanda thought for a moment, then smiled, "It's OK, but 'I' get your thingy in me, not her."

We all went to Amanda's room, but I detoured to my room to get the lube, one of the small vibrators, and the towel. Once I got in there, both girls were laying on the bed with their nighties up. Heather of course was panty-less. It was a beautiful sight. I got the diapers, wipes, and lotion.

Since Heather was already bare, I did her first. She was still rather messy from before, so I first wiped her off with the towel. Then I switched to the disposable wipes and lovingly cleaned her inner thighs, butt, and mound, each time coming teasingly close to her vulva, but not touching it. Finally, I wiped

between her legs, gently rubbing her slit and getting her all worked up. I didn't let her orgasm though. I slid a fresh diaper up her legs, and made sure it was in place by feeling her up a bit through her diaper.

Now it was Amanda's turn. I slowly slid her still damp panties down and off her legs. She wasn't nearly as messy as Heather, so I just used wipes to clean her off. I did the same thing – I wiped all around her vulva, teasing her before I finally wiped her fun parts. Amanda was squirming and pressing herself into my hand. I noticed that Heather was watching very intently.

"Would you like to help?" I softly asked.

Heather just looked at me and nodded. Amanda noticed Heather's interest and smiled.

I took Heather's hand and put some lotion on her fingers. "Now rub it in, just like this." I placed her hand on Amanda's crotch and started moving her hand. "Rub your hand along here." I guided her fingers along Amanda's slit, and pointed out her clitoris. "This part right here called the clitoris, and that's what feels the best."

Heather watched her own hand very intently as she awkwardly rubbed between Amanda's legs. Despite Heather's inexperience, it was having the intended effect, because Amanda was breathing heavier.

Before long, Amanda gasped, "<pant> I gotta pee! <pant> Really bad!"

Heather got nervous and withdrew her hand. I slid a diaper up Amanda's legs and under her butt so it was in place. Then I took Heather's hand and placed it down the front of Amanda's Diaper. "Go ahead, Sweetie, keep rubbing," I gently coaxed. Heather's eyes widened in surprise, but once she realized what I had her doing, she smiled and masturbated Amanda in earnest.

Amanda gasped again, struggling to keep control, "<pant> I can't hold it! <pant>"

I leaned over to Amanda and whispered in her ear, "It's OK Cutie, let it go. <kiss> Go ahead and wet your diaper. <kiss>"

Amanda closed her eyes and exhaled, releasing her bursting bladder. Heather looked at Amanda and me with her mouth agape, then said, "I can feel it! I thought it would be gross, but it's not! It's nice and warm."

"See? Pee can be lots of fun." I encouraged Heather, "Don't forget to keep rubbing with your fingers."

Heather resumed her rubbing inside Amanda's diaper, while she was still peeing. Amanda responded by opening her eyes and breathing heavier, "Ohmygod! <pant> Faster! <pant> Don't stop!" Heather's hand was moving as fast as she could under Amanda's diaper.

I whispered in Amanda's ear, "That's my Cutie, cum for your best friend. <kiss> Show her how much you love her. <kiss> Cum all over her hand."

That took Amanda over the edge. She grabbed the bedspread with her hands, and yelled, "Ohmygod! <pant> Yes! Ahhhhh!"

Heather stopped rubbing, but I directed her to keep going until Amanda stopped her. Seeing Heather get Amanda off was incredibly exciting for me. My erection was tenting my sweats, begging to be released. I couldn't help giving myself a quick squeeze and rub. After several seconds Amanda finally pulled Heather's hand out of her own diaper. Amanda then pulled Heather on top of herself and hugged her – and kissed her, right on the lips! Heather was surprised at this, (I was too) but she didn't fight it. In fact, she kissed right back.

I briefly considered pleasuring myself and spraying all over them, but I still had enough brain function to remember the main reason we were here. So, I reminded Amanda, "Hey Cutie, remember me? Wasn't there something you wanted to do with me?"

Amanda's eyes widened and she almost threw Heather off of her. She looked me with big eyes and a big smile, but then she frowned. "But I already did my cum! Now I can't do it!" She started to cry.

"Oh Cutie, we can still do it. One of the great things about being a girl is you can have multiple orgasms. Unlike us guys, we can only do one orgasm; then we have to wait a while before we can do it again."

"How many times, can I do a cum?" Amanda enthusiastically asked.

I briefly remembered my fantasy experiment of making men orgasm multiple times. Oh, if only that were real. "I don't think there is a real limit – until you get tired, I guess."

Amanda sat up on the bed and jumped her torso up and down. "I'm not tired at all!"

"I can see that," I smiled. "OK, we're going to do things a little different with you, because you're a bit smaller than Heather. I don't want to hurt you." I grabbed the small vibrator and showed it to both girls.

"What's that?" Amanda asked.

"That's a vibrator!" Heather answered. "My Mom has one, only hers is a lot bigger and it's blue and it has little bumps on it." I looked at Heather very curiously, then she sheepishly added, "But... I don't think I'm supposed to know about it."

While I was very curious to learn more about Regina's toy, I had two inquisitive little girls in front of me wondering about the one in my hand. "Yes Sweetie, this is a vibrator." I turned it on and made a very quiet hum. I let both girls hold it and feel it vibrating.

Amanda giggled, "It feels funny! What's it for?"

"Well, it can do several things, but right now I'm going to use it to help you get ready for me." I explained. "You see, this can go inside your vagina." Both girls' eyes got big when I said that. "This will help to stretch you a bit without hurting you. It's like a practice run for the real thing."

I turned off the vibrator and gently laid Amanda down on her back. "OK Cutie, the vibrating might be a bit much for you so I won't use that part." I gave the vibrator to Heather, "Sweetie, could you please put some lube on this? Rub it all over like you did on me earlier, OK?"

Heather did as I asked her. I remembered how she did that on me and it really got my blood flowing. "Oh Sweetie, you are SO good at doing that!" Heather smiled and blushed.

I took the lube and rubbed some on Amanda's vulva, making sure to work it in well. Amanda responded with moans of pleasure. With everything all slippery, I took the vibrator and slid it along Amanda's vulva. "Are you ready?" I asked her. Amanda nodded. Slowly, I worked the vibrator in. It slipped in easier than I expected, perhaps because of the small size. I worked it in and out, gently moving it around. Amanda cooed with pleasure as I explored her with the vibrator. Satisfied that she was ready, I removed it. Then I dropped my pants and laid down on my back. "OK, Cutie, come sit on top of me, just like Heather did." She practically jumped on me, causing me to gasp and catch my breath. A skilled lover she was not (yet), but what she lacked in skill, she more than made up for with enthusiasm.

Amanda sat right on my crotch, with my penis peeking out between us, and I realized what was about to happen. I often fantasized about making love to my beautiful Amanda many times, but until now, it was just that – only a fantasy. Even after our mutual masturbation sessions, I never thought I would ever actually penetrate her. I briefly considered that I still could stop things, that I still could say 'No, this was going too far'... Oh, who was I kidding? My sexy, lubed up little girl in a sheer nightie had lust in her eyes and was sitting on my titanium-hard penis, grinding herself on me. A eunuch couldn't refuse that!

However, despite an urge to forcibly impale her and split her like a log, I knew I couldn't hurt my little lover. Amanda was smaller than Heather and I needed to be careful. "OK Cutie, it's time. Scoot your body - you're incredibly sexy body – up above me." I took her hand and helped her feel her own vaginal opening. "Here is where it will go. You help guide me in." I moved my penis to her vagina and let Amanda guide me. As with Heather, I kept my hand there as well to make sure we were positioned right. "Ok, now let yourself come down on me just a bit. Your hymen may be gone, but you still need to be careful. Don't hurt yourself."

Amanda lowered herself on me with a bit too much enthusiasm, and I saw her grimace in pain. I started to lift her up again, but she stopped me. "If Heather can do it, I can too!" She stopped for a moment holding her position. I reminded her to go up and down in small movements. She did, easing herself up and down on me with more restrained movements this time. Before long she had lowered herself as far as she could on me and I felt myself pressing on her cervix inside her. She took all but maybe an inch of my penis. "I'm doing it! I'm doing inter – intercourse!"

"Yes, we are, my Cutie! We're making love." I answered with encouragement. Considering Amanda's small size, I didn't want her to try bouncing up and down on me like Heather did – that could hurt her. I gently pulled her on down so she laid on top of me and I took control of the movement, rocking my hips to move in and out of her. "Oh, my Cutie, <kiss> I love you so much! <kiss>" As small as she was laying on me, I could only reach to kiss her forehead, but kiss her I did as I stroked in and out of her.

It didn't take long for both of us to reach the edge. Amanda was panting and grunting, matching my strokes harder and harder. I tried to control my own movements, not to push too hard, but my own body took over as my orgasm erupted from me. I instinctively curled my hips and abdomen, ramming myself inside her, pushing her up towards my head. As I did that, I was finally able reach to kiss Amanda

on her lips. She responded by diving her tongue into my mouth and wrapping her arms around me with one of her tightest hugs ever. I could feel her muscles tightening from her own orgasm, and at the same time I felt like I shot a gallon of semen inside of her.

We laid in orgasmic bliss, with Amanda on top of me panting and kissing my chest between breaths. I couldn't help but cry out, "Oh, god that was wonderful! YOU were wonderful!" I remember feeling an extra set of arms wrapping around us. I extended my arm and added Heather to the hug fest. After a minute or so we all caught our breath, and I finally regained my own senses enough to ask Amanda, "Well Cutie, what did you think of making love?"

Amanda enthusiastically replied, "It was... it was AMAZING!! Uncle Mark I never did a cum like that before I mean it always felt good when you touched me with your hand but when your thingy was inside me it was a bazillion times better and I felt so full and it was like you were all inside me and everything I mean it hurt a little at the beginning but then I went slow like you said and it got better and it didn't hurt anymore and when you did your cum inside me it felt like you were filling me up and I wanted to keep it all inside me!" I still wonder how anyone can say that much in one breath.

A few seconds later, my motor-mouthed little girl was asleep on my chest. It was like someone hit her off switch. I glanced at Heather and noticed that she was almost asleep as well. Admittedly, I was worn out too, so I just laid there holding both girls. I was in heaven. I lost track of how long we were like that, the three of us embraced together. I even dozed off for a bit.

I woke to the sound of my name, "Uncle Mark? Uncle Mark? Uncle Mark, are you awake?" Amanda was trying to wake me up.

"No, I'm asleep. I can't hear you." I joked.

"Oh, OK." She answered. "... Hey! You're awake!" I grinned and gave her a small tickle. "No fair pretending to be asleep!" she giggled.

Amanda was on one side of me, and Heather was on my other side. I kissed Amanda on her lips, then I turned and kissed Heather as well. "Well girls, it looks like we all wore each other out." And I gave both of them a squeeze.

"Uncle Mark?" I recognized this as Amanda's line-up for another round of 20 questions.

"Yes Cutie?"

"Does this mean we're not virgins anymore?" She asked.

I looked at both of them lovingly. "Yes, you're right, you're not virgins anymore." That was easy. Maybe tonight's questions won't be so hard, I naively thought.

Amanda kept the questions coming, "Am I gonna have a baby now? You said before that if you squirted inside me, I would get pregnant."

I re-assured her, "Oh no, Cutie. You're not going to get pregnant. Your body hasn't developed enough yet. You don't even have breasts yet. It'll be a year or two before your body has developed enough to get pregnant."

"But Heather has breasts now. Will she get pregnant?" Amanda continued her questioning.

"No, because Heather's mom gave her special pills that make it so she can't get pregnant as long as she takes those pills." So far, I still had the answers.

Heather chimed in, "Uh huh, I take one every day and it keeps me from oval... ovalite..."

"The word is 'ovulating'." I corrected Heather, "That's when your body releases an egg to be fertilized."

Amanda got confused, "An egg?? You mean like a chicken lays an egg?"

"No, not like that." I chuckled, "The egg inside you is just a single cell; it can only be seen with a microscope." This was going far deeper than wanted to go. "The whole egg thing is an entire Sex Ed class by itself and I'm not going to go into that right now. Just know the pills keep you from getting pregnant."

"Do I need to take those pills?" Amanda continued her questioning. How can anyone come up with so many questions?

"Well, eventually it would be a good idea, but for now you're fine. But that's something your parents would decide for you." I didn't realize the can of worms I opened when I said that.

"Should I ask Mom for those pills then?"

That question sent a shiver down my spine. The thought of asking Cindy to give Amanda birth control pills sent a stabbing pain of fear into my heart and I went pale again. "Oh, dear God, NO!" After my outburst, I managed to compose myself, "I mean, not right now, you still have plenty of time. You don't need to worry about that for a while."

I ended Amanda's Q&A session for the night. I didn't want to get myself into any more trouble. I cleaned Amanda up and diapered her. We all watched the kids channel on TV for a while, eating the last of the pizza for an evening snack. The girls also finished their iced tea. Despite the nap we all had, they were still tired, and at bedtime there was no resistance in getting fresh diapers on them and putting them to bed.

I stayed up and tried to work on my hypnosis project for a while, but I kept thinking of Cindy. I knew she didn't believe in birth control, at least not since she met Derek. That's essentially how Amanda came to be. Even under the best of situations Cindy would never approve birth control pills for Amanda - a

chastity belt maybe, but never birth-control pills. But since Amanda was still very early in her development, it shouldn't be an issue for at least a year, maybe two. So, I put it out of my mind, effectively kicking that can down the road. Birth control for Amanda was the least of my problems anyway. I just made love - No, I made GLORIOUS love to my 10-and-a-half-year-old niece, and her religiously conservative overprotective mother who believed it's a sin for young teenagers to have sex, would probably castrate me if she ever knew about it. I hated the idea of hiding my sexual relationship with Amanda from Cindy, but I justified it by thinking that Cindy simply wouldn't understand how I truly loved Amanda - That, and she'd probably kill me. I would have pondered my conundrum more, but I was too tired, so I went to bed as well. I think I was asleep in less than a minute after lying down.

Day 8 – Saturday

I woke in the early morning to a strange feeling. My heart was beating fast and I felt a strange dampness in my underwear. At first, I thought that maybe I wet my bed, but it didn't feel like that. I was wet for sure, but it wasn't pee. It was semen - I had a wet dream! I couldn't believe it! I haven't had a wet dream since I was a teenager! Fortunately, I was alone. I definitely did NOT want to try to explain this to the girls. I was having enough trouble keeping up with their questions. I had semen everywhere in my briefs. This was not a simple washcloth thing so I went into the bathroom, dropped my underwear and stepped in the shower to clean up. A few minutes later, I was cleaned up and dried off.

I thought about going back to bed, but I was awake now and it was barely a half hour before my alarm would go off anyway. So, I decided to do a light workout on my gym – not too much, just enough to get my blood pumping and limbered up. While it did the job of waking me up, I also got a bit sweaty, so, I needed to shower again.

When I came out of the shower - for the second time - I noticed that my phone was vibrating with message reminder:

RC: Don't forget to take your penis pills! 4 pills today. You need to be ready for all those girls this afternoon!

I groaned, but I did agree to take the pills. I lost count of how many times orgasmed in the past 24 hours (7 times, counting my wet dream – OK, I did keep count), and I was upping the dosage one more time.

MM: k, done. But if my penis explodes from this it's all your fault!

RC: LOL! Don't worry; I won't let your wonderful tool get hurt! Remember, this is so that I can still get a piece of you after the party!

RC: BTW when should I be there?

MM: Party starts at noon and goes till about 4. Can you be here at 11?

RC: Sure. See you then!

Before long, it was time for the girls to get up, so I went to their bedroom to roust them. Although I tucked them in last night, the covers were kicked down to the foot of the bed. Fortunately, it was very warm last night so that wasn't a problem. Their short flimsy nighties did nothing to cover their diapers. Heather was sprawled out on her back and Amanda was cuddled beside Heather with her leg between Heather's legs, almost up to her crotch. I couldn't help but notice both of their swollen diapers. I just had to feel them. I felt Amanda's butt, and slid my hand between her legs, pressing gently. Her diaper was quite wet, but cool. She must have wet herself in the middle of the night. Then I felt Heather's diaper and slid my hand between her legs, gently pressing on her crotch. I think I heard a faint coo from one of the girls. Her diaper was even fuller, and cool, so she also wet in the middle of the night. I

reached further back to feel her butt, and I felt wetness on the sheets. Heather's diaper either leaked or overflowed.

I was about to withdraw my hand, when I realized Heather's diaper wasn't cool anymore – it was warming up. She was wetting herself again! I looked at Heather's face. Her eyes were tightly closed and she had a faint smile.

"Sweetie, are you awake?" Heather shook her head, eyes still tightly closed. "Oh well that's shame because if you were awake, I'd help you with your diaper."

Instantly, Heather opened her eyes, pretending to just wake up. "<fake yawn> Good morning Mr. Mark. I'm awake so you can change my diaper now!" Heather was picking up some of Amanda's precociousness.

"Well Good morning to you too, Sweetie! But is that anyway to ask for a diaper change? You need to ask nicely - And where's my good morning hug?"

"Mr. Mark, would you please change my diaper?" She cheerfully replied and extended her arms to me. I knelt down and kissed Heather as she squeezed her arms around my neck and shoulders.

"I'd be happy to remove your diaper and clean you up, Sweetie," I smiled, "but your bed is wet and it's time to get up, so I think you should hop in the shower and then get dressed." Heather's smile dropped in disappointment. "But don't worry, we can still have some fun first," Her smile returned.

I gently moved Amanda's leg out of the way and slid Heather's sodden diaper down her legs, revealing her beautiful vulva with her bit of downy hair in the front. Amanda stirred from the motion, rubbed her eyes and fluttered them open. "Uncle Mark, what are you doing?" She asked.

"Just helping Heather with her diaper, Cutie. And if you like, I could help you with yours too."

"But you gotta ask nicely, and give him a hug." Heather added.

Then I got an idea. "Cutie, do you remember last night when Heather touched you and helped you orgasm?"

"Uh huh, it felt really good." Amanda answered, as she yawned and gave her best friend a hug.

I took Amanda's hand and placed it on Heather's crotch and I looked at Heather's face for her reaction. Heather got wide-eyed for a moment but then smiled and nodded. "Well, how about you return the favor, Cutie?"

Amanda looked at where I placed her hand and smiled. She needed no encouragement, and immediately started rubbing Heather's crotch. I knelt down to Heather's other side and lifted her nightie above her teacup sized breasts. I remembered how sensitive they were, but I was dying to taste them. I gently traced my fingers around them, and bent down to kiss her beautiful nipples. Heather gasped, but didn't overreact like before. I slowly opened my mouth over one nipple, and cupped her

other breast with my hand. Careful not to overwhelm her, I slowly circled her developing nipple with my tongue. It firmed up in response. Heather was breathing heavier now, panting to Amanda's and my ministrations on her. It didn't take long for us to coax an orgasm out of her. Heather stiffened up and grabbed the bedsheets.

Heather barely had a chance to recover, when Amanda enthusiastically said "My turn! Do Me! Do Me!"

I looked at Amanda sternly, "Now is that any way to ask? What's the most important thing about sex?"

"It's love, right?" She quickly answered.

"Right!" I said, "So, where's the love? Show me some love."

"Uncle Mark, I do love you!" Amanda stood up on the bed and jumped on to me, making me step back to regain my balance. "You're my favorite Uncle and I love you!" and she kissed me on the lips.

"<kiss> OK! OK! <kiss>" I struggled to answer. I managed to set her back down, "I was kind of thinking of something a bit more gentle, but love is love," and I gently hugged Amanda. "Now, let's see about your diaper."

Upon hearing that, Amanda laid on the bed beside Heather, ready for me to take her diaper off. I bent down and kissed her belly button, as I pressed my hand against her crotch. She cooed with delight and raised her hips slightly pressing back. "My little girl's diaper is so wet," I told her. "Tell me – did you have a real accident last night, or did you do it purpose? – be honest!"

Heather was beside Amanda gently poking her fingers at Amanda's tiny nipples through the fabric of her nightie, and kissing Amanda's shoulder.

"Well, it was sorta an accident," Amanda sheepishly replied, breathing heavier, "I woke up and needed to go, but I didn't want to get out of bed, so I tried to go back to sleep, and I just... <pant> kinda let it happen."

"So, my little girl was a bit naughty last night, eh?" I teased, as I kept rubbing her through her diaper, "It's OK to be a bit naughty sometimes. Did it feel good to wet yourself?"

"Uh huh <pant>" Amanda managed say between breaths.

"Is my little girl going to cum for Uncle Mark?"

"Uh huh <pant> Faster please!"

I sped up my rubbing, and a moment later Amanda stiffened up and yelled "OhMyGod! Yes! Yes!" Once her orgasm subsided, she turned to Heather and hugged and passionately kissed her. Heather seemed ready for Amanda this time and kissed right back.

Watching my two favorite little girls making out was too much to resist. I opened my pants and pulled myself out and started masturbating to the beautifully erotic sight before me. It didn't take me long to

bring myself to the edge. I knelt on the bed to get close to them, and aimed at their faces. A moment later I was spraying my love all over both girls' faces and hair. It took a moment, but they finally reacted by licking my semen from each other's face. God, it was a beautiful sight.

I sent both of them off to shower and clean up while I removed the sheets and mattress cover from their bed and took it down to wash in the laundry. Next, I got breakfast started. The girls came into the kitchen dressed in matching jean shorts and pink glittery t-shirts.

"Uncle Mark?" Amanda asked as she dug into her waffles (like you expected anything else?).

"Yes Cutie?" I answered, wondering where Amanda's inquisitive mind would lead the conversation this time.

"Are Heather and me lesbians?"

Amanda never ceases to amaze me, even when I think I'm prepared for her questions. "Why do you ask?" was all I could come up with.

"Because we kissed each other and did cumms on each other."

Well, what do you think?" This tactic of answering with a question seemed to be working for me.

"Isn't that what lesbians do?" Amanda pressed on.

I tried to explain, "No Cutie, not exactly. A lesbian is a girl who is only interested in other girls, and not boys. Do you like boys?"

"I think so." Amanda answered, "I think saw Billy Madison do a cum in his pants yesterday. He was hiding behind the big tree at recess, but I saw him. He was looking at something on his phone and his hand was moving inside his pants. Then he looked like you do when you do a cum, and then I saw a spot on his pants."

"He didn't!" Heather chimed in, "That Billy is such a pervert!"

So, Amanda was a peeping Tom? That was a whole other issue, but I already had my hands full with the lesbian thing. "First of all, you shouldn't spy on people when they're doing private things, but we'll talk about that later. Did you like watching him?"

"Uh huh, I think so. I mean I felt bad about watching him, but I think I liked it. I thought about him all through history class. I kept wondering what this thingy looked like."

This conversation was going off in a very strange direction. "OK, look. You girls are too young to have any kind of label put on you. You're not lesbian, gay, homosexual, heterosexual, bisexual, asexual, transsexual, pansexual, or any other kind of 'sexual' you can think of. These are only labels created by people who are afraid of being different. Don't be afraid to be different. You're still growing and

developing, and discovering new feelings. You can explore these new feelings – some you'll like and others you won't – and it's all OK. You are both wonderful girls, and it doesn't matter what label anyone puts on you. It only matters what YOU like and how YOU feel about yourself."

After breakfast, I made sure to hug both girls, and gave them the job of preparing the gift bags while I cleaned up the kitchen. As the girls were setting up the gift bags, I got a text message.

CS: Please call me ASAP – away from Amanda. I need my big Brother! ☹ ☹ ☹

Something was wrong, but I had no idea what it could be. Was she hurt? Was she in trouble? I told the girls that I needed to make a business call, and I slipped out to the back yard.

The phone barely had time to ring when she answered, "Oh Mark! <sob> It's terrible! <sob>" Cindy did have a tendency to over-react and be a drama queen sometimes, but I got the sense that this was not one of those times.

"Cindy, what's wrong?"

"It's Derek! He... <sob> I just saw him... <sob>" she was still hysterical.

I still didn't know what happened. "Cindy, I need to know what's wrong. What happened? Is Derek hurt?"

"He was... <sob> He was with... <sob>" She still wasn't making any sense.

"Cindy, calm down!" I said, firmly, "I can't help you if I don't know what happened! Now stop and count to ten, and breathe slowly."

She finally made a concerted effort to calm down, "We had a fight last night... <sniff> and he left the hotel room... <sniff> and when I looked for him this morning <sniff> he was... he was... <sob> with another girl!"

I almost couldn't believe my ears. I wasn't close to Derek, but I never in a million years pegged him as a cheater. Me? Sure -That's one reason I never married. But Derek? I had to be sure I heard her right, "Uh, Sis, did you just say what I think you said?"

"<sniff> Yes. <sniff> I wanted to apologize to him. Our fight was stupid anyway. <sniff> The front desk told me he got another room, and I wanted to make it up to him so they gave me a key. I let myself in... <sniff> and found... <sob> He was committing sin in bed with another girl! <sob> A little girl! She couldn't have been more than 14!"

Another bombshell! I was starting to wonder if I entered some alternate reality. Derek Summers, Mr. strait-laced conservative, faithful to the end, not only cheating on Cindy, but also going after a young girl??

"Mark, are you listening? Are you there?" Cindy brought me back to reality.

"I'm sorry, Sis, I... I guess I'm in shock. I'm just trying to take it all in. That's terrible! What did you do when you saw him – or them?"

That seemed to get Cindy started, "I told him that since he got his own room, he could just stay in it, and have his little jailbait harlot to himself! And do you know what he said? He said, 'Don't worry, she's legal!' SHE'S LEGAL?!?! He doesn't find me desirable enough and his main concern is that she's legal?? Maybe I should find myself some young man and show him what it's like cheat on him! You know, an eye for an eye, a cheat for a cheat! What you do think Big Brother?"

She was asking ME what to do? Really?? "Sis, I am the LAST person who should give marital advice! But please don't do anything rash that might make things worse. Each of you, go to your own corners for now and cool off. Derek has his room and you have yours."

"But He still has that sinful child wench with him, and I don't have anyone!"

"You have me," I answered, "No matter what, you always have me. And I have you, my favorite sister – the best sister in the world."

"I'm your only sister!" She retorted, "But thanks for saying it anyway. I knew I could count on you!"

We talked for a few more minutes, and Cindy promised to call me if she needed to talk again. I told her about the pool party for Amanda's swim team today, and that I might not be able to get to the phone right away, but I promised I would get back to her as soon as I could. Cindy also made me promise not to tell anyone, especially Amanda. I thought that was a bad idea, but I did promise.

I set my phone down on the grill, but I needed to take a moment alone to sort out and collect my thoughts. First, I was angry at Derek. He cheated on my sister! Granted, Cindy has a temper, and I had a feeling she was not completely innocent in whatever they fought about. But no matter what they argued about, no matter what she did, she deserved better than that! Next, I felt surprise that Derek went after such a young girl. Sure, I've been having sex with Amanda and Heather, but I know I've always been a pedo. With all the times Derek denounced the Teen Revolution, I thought he'd be the last person to ever hit the young teen scene. In a way, I almost felt vindicated because I knew that I wasn't the only closet pedo around. Then I wondered if that conservative facade was more common than everyone thought. How many more closet child lovers are out there? I briefly imagined everyone at Derek and Cindy's church declaring how righteous they were in the pews, then going home to 'play' with their children. Now wouldn't that be funny! I could imagine it all – except for Cindy. She could never be like that. She could never be like me. Cindy was like an innocent little girl herself, who could not – should not - be corrupted. Oh, I know that at 29, she's fully capable of taking care of herself, and there were times in the past when she took care of me, but at this moment, to me, she was an innocent child. And as angry as I was at Derek for hurting my sister, I knew that my own lies to her about Amanda and me might hurt her even more. The problem was that I could no more stop loving Amanda, than I could stop breathing. I still didn't know what to do about that, but for now I could be the supportive brother

that Cindy needed. I would be there for her, and help her get through this crisis in any way that she needed me to. Confident that everything else would work itself out somehow, I went back inside and helped the girls with the party decorations.

Regina showed up about half an hour early, wearing a tied halter top and jean shorts – not quite Daisy Dukes, but definitely short. I was grateful for that (her early arrival, not her apparel... OK, I was grateful for what she wore too), because although the girls worked diligently for most of the morning, their 10-11-year-old attention spans were faltering. When Regina arrived, they had already changed into their bikinis and were 'testing' the water guns in the back yard. Regina and I decided to let them have their fun, while we got the food and drinks ready - minus the pizza which I would order just before the party started. We were working in the kitchen when we both heard a CRASH outside. Both of us ran out the back door to see the grill toppled backwards, and the girls standing nearby in shock.

"We're so sorry!" they both pleaded. "We don't know how it happened!"

I confess that my first reaction was anger. How could the girls be so careless? That was a really expensive grill; with a two-zone grilling section, a separate smoker, and a 2-burner gas stove. Second to the swimming pool, it was the highlight of my entire back yard. Then I thought, that's a really BIG grill – How could two little girls knock over a behemoth like that? It took two guys and an oversized dolly to put it in place when I got it. Then I saw it – a small hole in the deck, right where the corner of the grill was. Finally, I came to realize that the girls could have been seriously hurt. Had it fallen forward, we might have been taking one or both of the girls to the ER.

Of course, Regina instantly got to the 'girls could have been hurt' conclusion and was already hugging them, making sure they were alright. However, they could not be consoled, at least not by Regina. All Amanda and Heather saw was my own look of shock, and my brief moment of anger.

I slowly turned to them, still somewhat in shock myself. "Are you girls OK? Did you get hurt?"

"We're OK, Uncle Mark/Mr. Mark. We didn't get hurt." They both timidly said, half hiding behind Regina.

"Good, because you two are WAY more important than any old grill. Now come here and hug me!" I knelt down, and they rushed to my open arms. I squeezed both of them until my arms got tired, making sure they knew I still loved them.

Once the group hug was over, I showed everyone the hole in the deck, and that it wasn't the girls' fault. I figured I could put a temporary patch on the hole for the party, and do a proper fix tomorrow. Regina and I struggled, but we managed to right the grill again, and we moved it back against the fence out of the way. I was impressed by how strong Regina was. For a petite woman, she showed some serious muscle power.

As we moved the grill, Amanda spotted my phone on the ground, completely smashed. It wouldn't even turn on. I forgot that I left it on the grill earlier! I immediately thought of Cindy – what if she tried to call me? There wasn't time to do anything about it now. I could only hope she wouldn't need me today, and I would try to get out later to replace it.

About 15 minutes before noon, we declared that everything was ready. The deck hole was patched, snacks and big array of drinks were out, and Regina had just finished ordering the pizza. The doorbell rang, signaling our first guests had arrived. Regina was in the back, so I opened the door and saw Theresa Parker and her two girls. The older one – I figured was Haley – had medium length brown hair that was pulled into short pigtails, much like her younger sister. She was dressed in an oversized pink t-shirt as a cover-up. I could see the small outlines of her budding breasts pressed through her top. Her cover-up did cover her legs, but just barely. I could only guess that her swimsuit was on underneath, but it did allow for my imagination to consider all sorts of sexy options. Little Harley was dressed in her cute Cookie girl uniform, also with her adorable pigtails.

"Hello! You're our first guest! Come on in!" I cheerfully invited.

"Oh, thank you!" Theresa said, "This is Haley, and I'm sure you remember little Harley. I hope we're not too early. I needed to drop Haley off before I take Harley to the brownie sale. I hope that's OK."

"That's fine!" I answered, "The party kind of started a little early anyway. Amanda and Heather are in the back yard..." As I said that, they barreled in through the back door and raced to Amanda's room. "... Like I said, the girls are in Amanda's room. Haley, you'd better follow them quickly, before they go somewhere else!"

Before Haley could leave, Theresa stopped her, "Haley dear, before you go anywhere, you thank Mr. Mark for being so nice, and inviting you into his home!"

Haley smiled and stepped forward, wrapping her arms around my torso to hug me. "Thank you, Mr. Mark! I'm really glad you let me come to your party!" She held onto me for several seconds, wiggling her own body against mine. Her wiggling caused the beginnings of an erection, and I hoped that it wouldn't be too noticeable.

Theresa added, "Now you be a good girl for Mr. Mark and do whatever he says, you understand?" Haley smiled and nodded as she still hugged me. "Now run along with the other girls and have fun!"

Haley tentatively followed where Amanda and Heather went. "It's the first door on your left!" I yelled as she entered the hallway.

Regina came in from the back, to see what was going on. I handled the introductions, "Theresa, this is my friend Regina Clark - Heather's mom. She's helping me with the party. Regina, this is Theresa Parker and her youngest daughter, Harley."

We all looked at little Harley to see her fidgeting and pressing her hands to her crotch through her skirt. Then she stopped and stared down at herself. Theresa saw this too and gently scolded her, "Oh Harley, couldn't you just ask to use the bathroom here?" Theresa then turned to me, "Well it looks like Harley is going to need a change. May I use your bedroom for a moment?" Before I could answer, Harley tugged on my shirt for me to bend down. I did, and she whispered in my ear. Theresa recognized what was going on and intervened, "Harley, I'm sure Mr. Mark is too busy to change you again. He has too much else to do today."

"Again??" Regina interrupted and looked at me with mock suspicion.

"Well where do you think I got all those brownies from yesterday?" I answered cheekily.

"Yes, Mark is such a dear," Theresa praised me. "He bought twelve boxes of brownies, and he paid double! It's a shame there aren't more good men like him."

"Oh, so THAT'S how it is?" Regina knowingly said, "In that case, I'm sure Mark would LOVE to take care of Harley," Regina gently poked me in the side. "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything out here, you just take care of that adorable little girl!" Regina winked at me. "Oh, and take all the time you need – don't rush."

Theresa thanked me and handed me the small diaper bag, as Regina shooed Harley and me to my bedroom. As I walked, I could hear Theresa start her rambling to Regina, "You know, That Mark is such a wonderful man. He's always willing to help out a friend in need. My cousin always told me...." As I left earshot, I wondered if Regina knew what she was getting herself into.

In my bedroom, I closed the door for privacy and got the changing pad and a fresh diaper out of the bag. Then Harley reached in the bag, pulled out a bottle of lotion, and handed it to me.

"You want me to put this on you?" She nodded and poked at her crotch and smiled. This little girl knew exactly what she wanted. I gently lifted her and laid her down on the changing pad on my bed. Her Cookie girl skirt rode up to show her diaper. It was beautiful. As I got everything ready, she was poking at her own diaper, playing with herself.

I decided to see just what this little vixen knew about sex. "Do you like to touch yourself down there?" Harley nodded and smiled. "Does it feel good?" She nodded again. "I'm sure it does. Would you like me to touch you there?" The shameless little tart grinned and nodded. I felt between her legs and pressed. She closed her eyes and raised her hips a bit, pressing into my hand. I pressed a few more times, then I gently slid her diaper down, revealing her smooth 8-year-old mound and tiny vulva. I took some lotion and rubbed in, focusing on her cute little slit. Harley watched what I was doing and smiled. "Does your Daddy change you like this too, little one?" She nodded, then laid her head back and closed her eyes. I kept stroking her vulva, reaching in just enough to massage her tiny clitoris. A minute later, she stiffened up and grabbed the bedsheets. I felt a small squirt of fluid when she orgasmed. I wasn't sure how much time I had before Theresa would get suspicious, so I quickly but gently wiped her clean

from her own love juices and slid a fresh diaper up Harley's legs while she was still recovering from her orgasmic bliss.

After she recovered, Harley stood up and gave me a hug. Like her sister, she wiggled her body back and forth, making my already stiff erection grow even more. I thought Amanda was a good hugger, but the Parker girls were champs at it. They both knew just how to rub their bodies on me, while at the same time making it look like a completely innocent hug.

Harley must have felt my erection because she backed off, but then she put her hands right on my hard penis, through my pants. She looked at me with a seductive smile, if it's possible for an 8-year-old to have a seductive smile. "Do you want to see it?" She nodded, as she kept fondling me through my pants. I was not going to be denied little Harley's pleasure a second time, and instantly my pants hit the floor. As soon as she saw my manhood sticking straight out, she went to work on it, sliding both of her hands up and down my shaft. She knew exactly how to please a man. "Do you do this for your Daddy to?" She nodded yes. With her expert hands, I knew this would not take long. I also knew that I couldn't just orgasm on Harley, so I looked around for something to squirt into. Then I felt something cover my penis. I looked down and that little wench put her mouth over me. She was giving me a blowjob! She was too small to deep throat me, but she did get most of my head into her mouth. Her tongue was working its magic on me inside, and her hands kept pumping my shaft. "Are you sure you want to do that, little one? Do you know that stuff will come out?" She looked up at me and nodded. I guess that was a dumb question, but in my defense, there probably wasn't much blood in my brain at that moment.

I was breathing faster now, and I could feel my orgasm welling up. I warned her, "I'm almost there little one... <pant> ... here it comes!" Her hands pumped me as fast as they could, and I felt myself spray inside her mouth. Little Harley kept at it and managed to keep everything in her mouth until the last bit, when she choked a little and had to back off. Some semen dripped out of her mouth and down her chin. Her smiling face with semen dripping out of her mouth was a truly beautiful sight. I briefly wondered how her face would look covered all over with my love. Alas, that would be a sight I would probably never see. I resigned myself to be content with simply seeing her mouth dribbling my seed. I wiped her face clean with a tissue, but not before some dripped down on her pretty blouse. I cleaned her blouse up as best I could – I hoped that Theresa wouldn't notice it.

Once she was all changed and (mostly) cleaned up, Harley whispered again in my ear. I smiled and answered, "OK, sure. How can I resist your charms?" I then told her my favorite.

We walked back out to the living room where Theresa Parker was chatting away, and Regina looked like she was being tortured. "...and forgive a mother for bragging a bit but my Harley always seems to outsell the other girls. I don't know how she does it, but she always manages to get people to buy more. Haley was also like that when she was a Cookie Girl. Harley must have learned from her big sister..." Theresa then saw us, "Oh you're back! Were you a good girl for Mr. Mark?"

Harley smiled and nodded, and I also answered, "Oh, she was fine; a perfect little girl."

“Harley!” Theresa scolded, “Did you get your blouse dirty?” She pointed at the semen stain on Harley’s blouse.

I was petrified. I couldn’t breathe, and I swear I felt my heart stop. “I – I can explain,” I stammered.

Regina looked at me with a surprised but smiling look on her face, and I saw her quietly whisper so only I could see, “You didn’t!”

“Oh, don’t worry about it,” The doting mother answered back, “Harley is always spilling snacks on herself, even when I tell her to be careful. Her father keeps giving her snacks even though he knows she’s going to make a mess. I’ll just have to wash her clothes when we get home. A mother’s job is never done!”

My heart started beating and I could breathe again. “Well I’m still sorry about the mess. I didn’t know she’d spill anything.” That was a close call – too close. I vowed never to do that again – without putting a bib on the little girl first.

Theresa’s phone beeped with a message and she read it. “Oh, my goodness! I completely lost track of the time! We simply must be going! I always get to talking with so many interesting people and I forget all about the time. Just the other day, I was talking to...” She finally stopped herself, “Oops, I did it again! It was so nice talking with you, Regina. We simply must do it again sometime!” Theresa finally walked out the door with little Harley in tow.

At her mother’s car, Harley grabbed a bag and ran back to me. She handed it to me, and I gave her the money (twice as much, again), and she ran back to her mom’s car. Inside the bag were 2 more boxes of Cookie Girl Brownies - Amores, my favorite flavor.

Regina looked at me in with amazement and perhaps a touch of jealousy, “I’ve gotta get me one of those Cookie girl outfits!”

I looked at her seductively, “What can I say, I’m a sucker for a girl in uniform!”

Day 8 – Part 2

Moments later, the doorbell rang again. Coach Wilson arrived, wearing a gaudy Hawaiian shirt, even gaudier shorts, and a strange looking casserole dish of... something. “I hope I’m not late. I didn’t miss anything, did I? I didn’t want to come empty handed, so I made my famous Jell-O swimming pool!”

It just looked like blue Jell-O to me, but, but I’ll give him credit for trying. “Thanks, Steve! I’ll just put that... uh... with the other food. Party’s in the back.” I took the ‘Jell-O pool’ thing and put it with the rest of the food, hoping the girls would be merciful and at least try it.

Next to arrive was a fire-red-headed man with a tall lanky red-headed freckle-faced girl and a shorter pigtailed blonde girl with already well-developed breasts. Both girls were holding hands and had matching shorts and halter tops, though the shorter girl’s halter was a straining to reign in her beautiful breasts. I recognized both of them (the girls, not the breasts!) from Linda Moore’s picture.

“Hello! Come on in!” I cheerfully said. “You’re right on time.” Next was the challenging part – names, “Wait, don’t tell me...” I sifted through my memory, “... You must be Lizzy and you’re Jenny. Am I right?”

The girls smiled and nodded. The man spoke up, “And I’m Zephram Cochrane, Lizzy’s Dad. Pleased to meet you.” He shook my hand. “I’m impressed that you knew their names.”

“Thanks, I’ve been working on getting to know the girls, I’m Mark Michaels, Amanda Summers’ uncle.” I turned to the preteens, “Well girls, the party and the pool is in the back, but you can change in Amanda’s room. It’s just down the hall, first door on the left. Oh, and Pizza should be here soon.”

The girls’ eyes lit up when I said ‘pizza’. “Well you just said the magic word!” Zephram chimed in. “Now they’re yours forever – or until the pizza runs out.” He joked. Then he told the girls, “Now what do you both say to Amanda’s uncle for getting you pizza?”

“Thank you, Mr. Mark!” Both girls said in unison, and they hugged me together. Lizzy was tall enough that she could just reach up to kiss me on the lips. But it was Jenny’s breasts pressed against my lower torso that got my attention. I wondered what they would feel like outside of that stretched halter top.

“Now both of you be good and do what you’re told.” He reminded them. “If I hear one bad thing, I’ll trek back here faster than the speed of light to spank both your little bottoms!” Lizzy gave her dad a mischievous smile. Zephram saw her grin, “Oh you think that’s funny, do you? Well, here’s a smack to remind you!” and he playfully tapped both Lizzy’s and Jenny’s butts.

Both girls squealed “No!” and jumped, trying to climb on me (which I certainly didn’t mind), but they didn’t really try to get away. Lizzy’s dad playfully tapped their behinds a little more, then he stopped.

“Seriously girls,” He said to them, “Have a good time but do what you’re told, understand?”

“Yes Daddy/Yes Mr. Z.” Lizzy and Jenny went to Amanda’s room to change, holding hands again, and Zephram left promising to be on time to pick his girls up.

The rest of the girls arrived quickly, in various groups. Mrs. Fisher brought her daughter Valerie Fisher and Priya Bakshi. Both 11 and a half years old, and of unremarkable height, I could see the beginnings of small breasts pushing out against their sparkly t-shirts, but Valerie's breasts were pushing out a bit more, and she had a few more curves than Priya. Valerie had short dirty blonde hair that complimented her hazel eyes. Priya's long black hair was in a loose braided pony tail that extended halfway down her back and matched her dark brown eyes and light brown skin. They were quite shy and tentatively hugged me. However, once they saw the snacks and drinks on the serving table, they lost their shyness headed straight for the food.

Mrs. Hill brought her daughter Nicky Hill and Stacy Reed. Nicky and Stacy were 12 and 12 1/2 respectively, but they seemed to pretend like they were much older. It was as though adolescence set in early for them. They almost looked bored being here. Mrs. Hill had to order them to hug me, which really takes away from the purpose of a hug. I almost said never mind, but it didn't want to override a parent's order. It was a shame, because both were very pretty, but they could have been much prettier if they acted their own age. They were a little taller, and more developed – well into the training bra stage, and wider hips too. Nicky had long wavy blonde hair, while Stacy had long straight brown hair. I wondered what it would take to break down the barriers they build up around themselves.

Mrs. Kruz brought her daughter Carly. She was so apologetic for being late, but it was only a few minutes after noon, hardly what I would call late. Carly was as cute as I remembered, her brown hair in those adorable pigtails, and her demure way about her. She was the only one to arrive in a Lolita summer dress, though it was a tad small for her which I certainly didn't mind. She gave me one of the longest hugs of all the girls – after her mother allowed her to.

The last to arrive, but by only about a minute, was Kaiko Yoshida. She was taller with well developed, but not oversized breasts, and her hips were widening. She spoke with a slight accent, which made her even more attractive to me. Though she was a few months short of 13, she could have easily passed for 15 or 16. There is something about Asian girls, especially Japanese, that I think is especially beautiful. When I opened the door, the person who brought her was already driving away. Someone else might have thought this strange, but I spent some time in Japan a few years ago, and learned that Japanese children are taught to be very independent, and parents of children's friends don't necessarily talk to each other. Of course, by our standards, it's very rude not to stop in and say Hello, but to the Japanese there is simply no reason for it.

With everyone here, I took a moment to refresh the drinks on the table, then I headed to the backyard. When I stepped outside, Coach Wilson got my attention. "Mark, we have a little problem here. Two of the girls came in their school swimsuits. We can't have that. We can't let this be an official school event."

I looked and saw that Carly and Kaiko were the culprits. I remembered back when we first planned this party, two of the girls went back into the locker room when the swimsuit issue was discussed. It must have been these two. Coach and I both asked if they could call their parents to bring different swimsuits, but both were from very conservative families and neither had a cell phone nor did they know their parents' numbers. Of course, it would have to be the two of the tallest and more developed girls, so Amanda's spare swimsuits couldn't fit them.

Then I got an idea; a sly, sexy idea. "What if the girls simply wore their underwear?"

"Are you crazy?" Coach answered back, "Mark, this is a POOL party, not a slumber party!"

Regina chimed in supporting me, "Oh, come on Steve. Most of the girls' bikinis show more than any underwear anyway. And besides, I'm sure you men wouldn't mind seeing at least two of the girls here prancing around in their skivvies!"

"And, the alternative is that one of us leaves to take them home." I added.

"Well, if you put it that way," Coach conceded, "I guess it's not a bad idea after all."

I turned to Carly and Kaiko. "Well girls, I'll leave it up to each of you. Have Coach or I take you home, or you stay and change into just your underwear. We're OK with either choice."

Carly and Kaiko looked at each other, then they looked around at their friends playing in the pool, gulping down drinks, and (trying to) play with the badminton set in the grass. It was no contest. They both ran inside to change. A moment later, out they came wearing just their panties and bras. Even though their undergarments technically covered more than the other girl's bikinis, there's something sexy about a girl wearing only what should be seen in private. And they were sexy!

Right on time, the pizza came. Regina escorted the college-aged delivery guy around to the back gate, as I was bringing out more drink refills from the kitchen. Immediately, he saw all the half-naked (OK, nearly naked) girls frolicking around and he stumbled over himself, almost dropping the prized pizza. He managed to avoid catastrophe, but he was clearly dumbstruck. I'm pretty sure he was the same guy that delivered last night. This time I saw a name tag – Jeff. Regina got a naughty glint in her eye and asked me, "How'd you like to get that pizza for free?"

I chided her, "Regina, I am NOT going to stiff him! Those guys work hard for little pay as it is!" I remembered my own college days, delivering just like this young guy was doing – and on a Saturday when he could be out partying somewhere.

"Oh, YOU won't stiff him!" She cryptically said, "The girls will stiff him – or make him stiff, to be exact."

I was confused, "What on earth are you talking about?"

Regina ignored me and asked the Pizza guy to wait for a minute. Then she called all the girls to her and they formed a football huddle. There was occasional giggling, and we men just stood there awkwardly, wondering what was going on.

I was getting impatient and I started counting out the cash for the pizza, when Regina grabbed it from my hand. She then directed the girls to stand in a line. "OK, Mr. Pizza man..." She looked at his nametag, "... Jeff. We are very grateful that you brought food for these poor starving young girls." The girls giggled, "So, we'll give you a choice. You can take the money that you earned, which includes a VERY nice tip..." she added another \$20 to my pile and waved the cash at him, "OR, you can get a hug, a kiss, and a feel with each girl here."

Jeff was stunned. "Is this for real?"

"As real as you want it to be." Regina answered.

"But they're like, 11 or 12!" He cautioned, probably more to himself than us.

"Don't you worry," Regina assured the young man, "What happens in this back-yard stays in this back yard."

He looked at the girls again, "A feel? Feel - what part?"

"Any part of your body on any part of their body. ANY part." She assured him,

"But clothes stay on!" I interjected.

Regina looked at me and conceded, "OK, fine. Clothes stay on. You'll get about 15 seconds with each girl." She then looked at me and added, "I'll start the time AFTER each hug and Kiss!"

"You girls – you're all OK with this?" He asked. Every girl smiled and nodded. It was becoming clear which choice he was leaning toward. "Well what do you know, you're my 1,000th customer!" The young man announced, "That means this order is on me – er, on the house!"

The girls cheered and Regina gave a naughty grin. "I like your style kid! OK, you pick which girl goes first and prepare to be hugged, kissed and felt up!" She then turned to the girls, "Girls, it's time for you to thank Jeff here for bringing your food. When he calls you, show him how truly grateful you are!"

Jeff first picked Lizzy. The tall freckled girl shyly walked up to him, glanced at Regina who egged her on, then wrapped her arms around the young man and kissed him on his lips. After the hug, Jeff tentatively placed his hand on Lizzy's bikini top. Lizzy took his hand and moved it around on her mostly flat breasts until Regina called time.

Next up was Jenny. She bounced to him, and squished those beautiful big breasts against him as they hugged and kissed. After that, he placed his hand high on her breast to get skin to skin contact (he was learning!). Jenny took both of his hands and rubbed them on her breasts until Regina called time. I didn't see, but I later found out that she slid his hands UNDER her top.

Jeff clearly had a bulge in his pants. In fact, all 3 of us guys were sporting erections by now. Next up was Haley. If she was anything like her younger sister, this would surely be good. Haley gave the same sensual hug she gave me earlier, and I knew it was making Jeff's erection harder. She whispered in his ear, and Jeff nodded. After her hug, he placed Haley's hand on his crotch and she squeezed him for a moment. But then she moved and placed her hand down INSIDE Jeff's pants!

I called her this, "Haley, I said clothes stay on!"

Haley smartly replied, "He still has his pants on! Besides, you never said we couldn't go inside his clothes!"

"Yes but... but I meant..." That little schemer had me; Just like Amanda and Heather got me other times before. "Fine you win – THIS round." Regina grinned at me with a smug look. It didn't help that I was imagining Little Haley doing the very same thing with her hand inside MY pants.

With the new standard set, Jeff picked Valerie, Priya, Stacy, and then Nicky. These 4 girls seemed to be the quiet ones of the group. They each hugged and kissed him fine, but were more tentative about feeling him up (well 3 of them were). Valerie and Priya just felt Jeff's penis from the outside his pants. Stacy egged on by her friends, tentatively reached inside his pants for her 15 second feel. Nicky, however showed no qualms about diving into Jeff's pants. She was actually somewhat aggressive about it. Jeff appeared to wince in pain for a moment, but didn't complain or try to stop her.

Amanda was next. Before she started, she asked, "Can I take his thingy out? His pants will still be on." Leave it to Amanda to come up with new and creative ways to bend the rules in her favor.

I quickly denied her request, "Absolutely not!"

But Regina interrupted, "Mark, you said 'clothes on' to protect the girls, right?"

"Of course!" I answered.

"Well if the girls WANT to see his penis, maybe they should be allowed." She reasoned. She then asked the girls, "Who wants to see Jeff's penis?" They all cheered. There was no way I could argue against a gaggle of cheering girls, so I nodded my grudging approval. Regina then told Jeff, "OK Jeff, how about you show these girls what you have down there!"

"But your pants still stay on!" I quickly added, hoping to preserve some measure of authority with the situation.

Almost immediately Jeff exposed himself through his fly, and Amanda started giving Jeff a hand job. Seeing Amanda touch another guy caused a twinge inside me. Part of me was jealous that she was touching another man, but a bigger part of me was also turned on by seeing my pretty niece perform such a sexy act, and another part of me was proud that she was applying what she learned about love from me. Heather was next, and she followed Amanda's lead, jerking off Jeff. I felt a similar mix of feelings - a twinge of jealousy, but also sexual excitement and pride that she performed so well.

Carly and Kaiko were last up and I realized that, wearing just their panties and bras, they would make for the best finish. Smart move, Jeff! Kaiko was first, and he asked her to turn around to show off her body before she hugged and kissed him, and afterwards, she stroked his penis for her allotted 15 seconds. 'Innocent' Carly was last, and based on what her dad said earlier in the week, I figured she wouldn't have a clue what to do. But she really surprised me when she put her mouth on Jeff! She was giving him a blowjob, and from the looks of it she knew what she was doing!

15 seconds later I expected Regina to call time, but she didn't. I was about to call it, but she stopped me, whispering, "For god's sake, let her finish. Stopping now would be too cruel." I had to admit she had a point. Regina then motioned for all the girls to surround Jeff and caress him. It barely took a minute and he was about to orgasm. Carly took him out of her mouth and pumped him until he exploded 3 good shots of semen all over her face. Aside from closing her eyes, she never flinched.

The sight of semen all over Carly's face nearly made me climax in my shorts, and I noticed that Coach was uncomfortably shifting his pants indicating that he had a similar problem. The other girls giggled at the mess on Carly's face. Haley, Amanda, Heather, and Nicky wiped semen from Carly's face with their fingers and each one tasted it. The other girls gasped at this, with a mix of "Ewww! Gross!" and "You didn't!" and "What's it like?" Despite their attempts to 'clean' Carly's face, they really just spread it around more. Regina got a washcloth and helped Carly clean her face properly. A minute later, she was her pretty self again.

With food delivered and a fresh round of drinks out, everyone stopped for lunch. It's amazing how much pizza a group of girls can eat. It was also amazing how much iced tea, punch, and water the girls were drinking. Partway through lunch, all those drinks were having an effect. One by one they headed off to the bathroom. Unfortunately, I only have one bathroom, so more and more girls were hobbling and uncomfortably holding their hands between their legs. I don't know about Coach, but I sure was enjoying the sight. Kaiko and Carly were bent over holding themselves, when each of them looked down and yelled "Oh no!" A moment later there was a growing puddle at each girl's feet. Kaiko was embarrassed, but seemed to accept it, but Carly started crying. Regina was inside working in the kitchen, so Coach and I went to console the two girls - Coach to Kaiko, and me to Carly.

Carly cried out, "I'm so sorry Mr. Michaels Sir, I couldn't help it! Please don't be mad!"

I knelt down and hugged her. "Hey, It's OK. I know this happens sometimes. It's nothing to be ashamed about." I felt a little wetness from her soaking panties on the bottom of my shirt, and my erection returned again.

"<sniff> But my Daddy says I'm just being a baby <sniff>. That's why he makes me wear little girl clothes."

I had a feeling that wasn't the real reason. Seeing Carly in her shortalls earlier this week was downright sexy – almost as sexy as she was now in her bra and soaking wet panties. "Honey, I can't speak for your

Dad, but right here and now, there is nothing wrong with having a little..." we both looked down at the rather large puddle, "...OK, a big pee accident."

Carly must have noticed my erection when she looked down. "Mr. Mark, <sniff> is your thingy getting big? My Daddy's thing never gets big when I wet myself. He says it's dirty and nobody likes a girl who soils herself."

There was so much to wrap my head around what Carly just said. So, Mr. Holier-than-Thou Edward's talk earlier this week was nothing but a facade! Now I knew of 2 guys who were closet pedo's. Maybe their church should be called 'Saint Pedophile!' Also, he surely must know about preteen girls' wetting issues, so why would he chastise his own daughter for something her body is naturally doing? There was so much I would like to find out from 'Saint' Edward, but that was beside the point. Right now, I had a scared and ashamed young girl who needed comforting. She needed to know that she was well liked and loved.

Back to Carly's question: I couldn't hide it so I figured I should be honest about it. "Well, yes, Honey, I do have an erection. It's because you are a very pretty – and sexy – girl. And I'll bet lots of boys at your school get erections when they're around you too."

Carly's face lit up briefly, but then she frowned, "Not when I pee myself like a baby. <sniff>"

"Honey, do you want to know a secret?" She nodded. "I think wet panties are very sexy. I really like it when a girl wets herself. Maybe your Dad might not be into it, but I'll bet a lot of other boys are."

"You do?" Carly's face lit up with surprise, "I – I'll take care of your thing if you want me to, Mr. Michaels Sir. My Daddy says it's a girl's duty to take care of a man if she makes him get excited."

"Your Dad says WHAT?! Why that chauvinistic bastard..." Regina came up from behind me and jumped into the conversation.

"Hold on Regina!" I stopped her, "He may tell her things different from what we believe, but he's still her Dad and I won't let anyone badmouth anyone else's parents here!"

Regina was aghast, "Mark, I can't believe you're defending this poor girl's father for telling her that garbage!"

I found it hard to believe it myself, but I had a point to make. "Gina, I'm not defending WHAT he said - I disagree with it too – I REALLY disagree with it. But I AM defending his right to raise his daughter as he sees fit. You wouldn't want him coming down on you for how you raise Heather..."

"He'd better not say anything about my Heather or I'll..." She fired back.

"And I'd be on your side all the way, because you're her mom. But If I'm going to defend your right to raise Heather your way, I also need to defend Carly's parents for raising her their way."

Regina scowled at me. "I hate it when you're right!"

Carly drew our attention back to her by softly asking, “Mr. Michaels sir, does this mean I can’t take care of your thingy?”

I smiled at her, “Honey, it means you don’t HAVE to. There’s no obligation.”

“But if you WANT to, I bet he’d like it a lot!” Regina added smugly.

“I don’t mind - I mean, I kinda like doing it.” The young girl answered, “I mean, the pizza guy’s thing was a little different from Daddy’s, and... well... I’d like to see what your thing looks like.”

I almost couldn’t believe it – I was being propositioned by a sexy 13-year-old pigtailed girl in her bra and soaking wet panties, who a little while ago I watched give the pizza guy the blowjob of his life. Also, these super sex pills I was on effectively removed the word ‘no’ from my vocabulary.

“Well, if you want to, I suppose we could go inside.” I stammered. “We should have a little privacy.”

“Uh, Mark, look around you.” Regina told me. “Are you REALLY worried about privacy - Here?” She pointed over to Coach who was sitting on a chaise lounge with Kaiko straddled on his lap, and his shorts just below his hips. Kaiko’s panties were still on, but she was grinding on his crotch. I couldn’t tell if they were actually having intercourse, or he was just rubbing on her outside (doing sumata), but they were clearly having sex – out in the open – in my back yard. Valerie and Priya were sitting on another lounge chair watching from about 10 feet away, with their hands subtly working between their own legs. Lizzy and Jenny were in the pool with pool noodles nestled between their legs and giggling. It was hard to tell under the water, but it looked like they were holding each other’s noodles and moving them back and forth. Nicky and Stacy were trying to play badminton, and Amanda, Heather and Haley were running around with water guns. I felt luckier than Hugh Heffner!

I was stunned by everything I saw, so Regina guided me to a lounge chair and sat me down, where Carly then went to work on me. Regina helped Carly pull down my shorts, and my erect penis jumped up like a caged animal that was just freed. Regina tried give Carly a few pointers, but Carly was clearly experienced and needed little guidance. Instead, I pulled Regina to my face and kissed her passionately.

As we kissed, I whispered into Regina’s ear, “She may be touching me down there, <kiss> but it’s YOU that I want later! <kiss>”

Regina knelt beside me and caressed my chest as we kissed. I returned the favor, caressing her halter covered breasts, as I also watched the little preteen wench lick me like a lollipop and then engulf me in her mouth. I faintly heard Coach moan as I figured he climaxed.

I noticed Valerie and Priya came closer to me to get a better look. At 11 years old, they were both a little older than Amanda, and a few inches taller. They were both wet from being in the pool a few minutes ago. As such, their skimpy bikini tops revealed more than they covered and I could tell Valerie’s breasts were starting to develop nicely. Priya’s long black hair glistened against her light brown Indian complexion. Their hands were now shamelessly between their legs, rubbing themselves. That was enough to take me over the edge. I managed to stammer to Carly about my impending release. Just as I

started my orgasm, Carly backed off a little and opened her mouth, and stroked me as fast as she could, aiming my penis at her face. I fired 4 good shots all over her face and in her mouth.

Valerie and Priya looked at us in awe. "Mr. Mark, How do you keep from peeing?" Valerie asked. "I mean, how do you know if pee or stuff will come out?"

I was still recovering from that awesome fellatio performance, and it took me a moment to answer. "Well girls, <pant> to be honest, I'm not sure. But my body sure knows, and it's never given me a wrong signal before. <breathe>"

Priya answered, "Sometimes when I do a cum, I pee too, but I can't help it. My little brother says it's because I'm a girl and girls are dumb."

"Your brother's the dumb one!" Valerie snapped. "Girls are smarter than boys!"

I quickly answered, "Nobody's dumb!" And I put my hand out in front of Valerie to calm her down. "We're not going to get caught up in some battle of the sexes."

Valerie asked Carly, "What's it taste like?"

Carly answered, "It's a little salty - I kinda like it." She licked my semen from her lips. "Hmmm, Mr. Mark's stuff tastes a kinda sweet too." And she smiled at me.

Valerie tentatively wiped Carly's cheek with her finger, getting her own sample. She looked at it strangely, smelled it, then pointed her coated finger to Priya, "Here, you try it."

At first Priya backed off and scrunched her face, but then she also examined this mystery fluid just like Valerie did. She paused for a moment, and then Priya suddenly took Valerie's finger in her mouth and quickly sucked it clean. After she released Valerie's finger, she announced, "I think I like it. I don't like the smell, but it tastes OK."

Convinced by Priya's seal of approval, Valerie was ready to taste some herself. However, Regina had already cleaned Carly's face again. Valerie frowned, thinking that she lost out on her golden opportunity.

"Don't worry honey," Regina re-assured all girls, "Mr. Mark will be able to give you some more in a little bit. Now run along and play." Valerie and Priya skipped over to the pool and jumped in. But Carly still had dripping wet panties, so Regina took her inside to properly clean her up. I stood up and turned away from everyone to put myself back in my pants.

Behind me, I heard "Mr. Mark Sir?" I just got myself presentable again, and turned to see Kaiko standing demurely with her head slightly lowered, holding her hands in front of herself. Her panties were soaked from pee, but I also spotted some white stains that must have been from Coach's semen. She was blushing from embarrassment, and spoke with a slight Japanese accent, "Mr. Mark Sir, sorry to be a bother but my panties are soiled and I have nothing else to wear."

Seeing Kaiko like this instantly gave me another erection, but first I had a vulnerable girl that needed my help. "It's OK Honey. I'll get you taken care of. Didn't Amanda lend you some panties once before?" I looked for Amanda in the yard and waved for her to come to me.

She lowered her head further, "Yes, sir. I'm sorry I haven't returned them yet."

"No, no, it's OK," I gently touched her face. It was so soft and smooth, I lingered as I stroked her cheek. "I'm sure she'll be happy to lend you another."

Amanda showed up and saw Kaiko's situation, then turned to me with her hands on her hips, "Dad, what did you do to my friend Kaiko?"

"Wasn't me, it was Coach." I pointed to Coach Wilson, who was dozing off in the chair. Fortunately, his shorts were pulled back up so he wasn't exposed. "Anyway, Cutie, we have a girl in distress here who needs your help. Could you please lend her another one of your panties?"

Amanda answered, "Sure, just pick a pair out of my drawer." Then she got distracted when Heather and Haley squirted her with their water guns.

I yelled at them to take the water battle away from the house, and all three of them ran out to the grassy area, squirting each other as they ran.

Regina came back outside with Carly, who was all cleaned up, but wearing different panties. Regina must have had the same idea of getting one of Amanda's panties for Carly. With Coach dozing off, I did a tag-team handoff to Regina as lifeguard, and I took Kaiko inside.

In Amanda's room, I searched for her panty drawer. I accidentally opened her diaper drawer, then realized my mistake and opened her panty drawer. I let Kaiko pick one. I started to leave the room but she asked me, "Mr. Mark Sir, sorry to be trouble, but my Otosan (father) cleans me really good after I take care of him. But after I took care of Mr. Coach, he fell asleep."

This was another revelation. Although it was pretty obvious from her encounter with Coach Wilson that Kaiko was sexually experienced, I had no idea that Kaiko's Dad was also intimate with her. It sounded as though she might have been taught to be submissive to men like Carly was, but I decided not comment on that – none of my business.

"Don't worry Honey, I'll take care of you." And I gently stroked her cheek again. Kaiko smiled when I touched her cheek. Her smile was almost as captivating as Amanda's.

I guided her to the bed where she laid down. I gently slid her sodden panties down, revealing her beautiful hairless vulva. Considering how developed her breasts were, she must have been shaved. I couldn't resist touching her mound and feeling how smooth she was. Kaiko made a small gasp, but also spread her legs a bit. I looked at her face, her eyes were closed and she had a slight smile.

I had to have this Asian beauty. "Honey, has your father ever made love to you?" I let my fingers slide slowly along her vulva.

“Uh, huh,” She answered between breaths. “Mr. Coach wanted to too, but he didn’t have a cover. My Otosan told me never to do it without a cover.”

“If you mean condoms, I have some.” I answered, sliding my fingers up and down on her slit, “If you’d like, I would love to make love to you.”

“<pant> Uh huh, <pant> OK.” Was all she could say.

I bent down to kiss her on her lips, then I scooped her up in my arms and carried her to my bedroom. Kaiko held onto me, partly for support, but also to cuddle on me as I carried her.

In my bedroom, I gently laid her down on my bed and then I got a little silicone shield. Kaiko sat up and took it upon herself to put it on me, rubbing me and kissing the tip of my penis as she did. She was clearly experienced. As she was tending to me, I reached behind her and undid her bra. She then briefly fingered herself before nodding that she was ready. She laid down again, spread eagle on my bed fully naked, showing me her medium sized breasts. That was all the invitation I needed. I carefully crawled on top of her, pausing to kiss and suckle her beautiful nipples. Then I adjusted myself to enter her.

Looking at her face, I asked “Ready?”, and she nodded. With a slow gentle thrust, I penetrated her. Sex with a condom feels different than bareback. I always assumed that some loss of sensation was inevitable, as was always my experience with condoms before. However, this custom fitted one felt different - like it wasn’t even there. I even paused a moment to look down to make sure it was still on. It was, so I went in again, a little more forcefully this time. Kaiko held onto me and pressed against me, pushing me in deeper. We quickly got into a rhythm, and Kaiko was panting and moaning. I could tell she was getting close, and so was I. After only a minute or two, she tightened up and pushed herself all the way on to me. This sent me over the edge too, and I rammed her harder as I orgasmed too.

I remained on top of Kaiko, still inside her, as we both recovered. It was then I heard the sound of other girls. I didn’t have to look to know what happened – I never closed my bedroom door. However, I didn’t know which of the girls it was. I turned my head, and saw Nicky and Stacy standing in my doorway, with a devilish look on their faces. They both had their hands behind their backs.

A few days ago, I would have died from embarrassment and fear in this situation. However, with everything that happened – getting caught masturbating yesterday, leaving a semen stain on little Harley’s blouse this morning where her mother spotted it, and of course getting serviced orally in my back yard WITH an audience barely 15 minutes ago, I doubted anything could embarrass me now.

“Can I help you girls, or do you simply want to watch?” I shamelessly asked them.

Nicky and Stacy whispered to each other for several seconds. It seemed they were hiding something. I was about to ask them again, but Stacy finally spoke up. “Does Amanda wear diapers?”

It is truly amazing how girls can come up with surprising questions, and this one was a big surprise.

“Uh... What makes you think that?” was all I could answer with.

They brought their hands forward to show each girl was holding a diaper – a diaper from Amanda’s dresser drawer – the dresser drawer that I forgot to close. My heart sank.

I tried to explain to them, “Now girls, you don’t know the whole story...” but that was all they needed to hear.

Their eyes lit up in amazement, and they looked at each other, “OMG!! She does!” Nicky and Stacy immediately ran away yelling and singing, “Amanda wears Diapers! Amanda Wears Diapers! Amanda’s just a baby! Amanda’s just a baby!”

I had every intention of jumping up and stopping them before they got anywhere, but it was then that I remembered I was still on top of, and inside young Kaiko. And naked. And wearing a now used condom. By the time I finally put myself back together and halfway dressed and got outside, all hell had broken loose. All the girls – including Kaiko, who somehow got outside before me - were out on lawn pushing and yelling at each other. Regina was trying desperately to pull girls away from each other, but one adult against 11 girls is a losing battle no matter how you look at it. Coach was just getting up from his chair, but the girls had too much of a head start on him. I motioned to him and pointed at my garden hose coiled up on the wall. We quickly uncoiled it and Coach turned the water all the way on. I sprayed the girls full blast with the hose. It took a minute, but one by one, I peeled each girl away from the mob. Once each was separated, Regina was able to keep them at bay.

At the center of this mob Nicky, Stacy, Heather, and Amanda were all fighting each other. Now down to only 4 girls, Coach and I were able to man-handle them apart. He grabbed Nicky and Stacy, while I took Amanda and Heather.

Regina started, “Now just what the hell is this all about!”

“They started it, Mom!” Heather answered, pointing to Nicky and Stacy. “They called Amanda a baby!”

“Yeah, well I guess babies stick together!” Stacy yelled.

Regina yelled, “ENOUGH! Not another word from any of you!”

Heather stuck her tongue out at Nicky and Stacy. Regina gave a light smack on Heather’s face, “You put that back in your mouth young girl!” Nicky smirked, but Regina saw her too, “I smack my own daughter if she misbehaves; imagine what I’ll do to you!”

I spotted the diapers a few feet away. “Gina, I think I know what this is about.” I pointed to the diapers. “I think someone found them in a drawer.”

Amanda also looked at the diapers and started to cry. She tried to run inside, but I stopped her. I hated to see her cry but I knew running away wasn’t the answer for her.

Regina walked to the diapers and picked one up. “Is this what the fight was about? A diaper? I know for a fact that at least 3 of you wear these little wonders at night, and maybe more of you. Nicky, Stacy, I suppose you don’t wear diapers, do you?”

The two girls scrunched her faces and shook her heads. "Only babies wear diapers." they answered in unison.

Regina stopped them, "Well girls, I have news for you. A lot of your friends wear diapers. And they're not babies, they're girls growing up just like you." Regina went into preaching mode, talking to the whole group. "Girls, there's nothing wrong with wearing a diaper! Some of you, and several of your other friends at this age, need this protection because your bodies are going through changes as you become teenagers. If anything, it's a sign of growing up!"

She continued preaching for another minute or two, calming the girls down in the process. With the riot finally under control, we separated all the girls, spreading them across the yard for the moment, as we tried to figure out what to do with them.

Coach started, "You know if we were at practice, I'd make them all do 20 laps in the pool."

"Unfortunately, my pool isn't big enough for that," I responded, "and besides, they'd probably like it too much."

Regina added, "I agree that all the girls should all face some kind of consequence as a group. The pool should be off limits for the rest of the day, but there should also be more."

Then I got an idea. "I know what to do." and I told them what I thought.

Coach rebuffed me, but Regina agreed it was a genius idea. It was perfect.

Day 8 – Part 3

We recalled all the girls, and Regina took them inside. Coach and I gathered up the pool toys – the pool was definitely off limits for the rest of the party. Then we went inside to wait in the living room. From inside Amanda's bedroom, we heard a few girls yell "No way!" but we knew Regina made sure it would be 'way' for them.

A few minutes later, Regina came out, followed by 11 embarrassed and contrite girls. Some changed their tops, others didn't. But every girl was wearing a pull-up diaper and nothing else on their bottoms. Everyone gathered in the living room.

Regina started the talk, "OK girls, since the fight was about diapers, all of you get to wear them for the rest of the party."

There was general groaning. I continued the speech, "Girls, the party doesn't have to end. There's still a lot more time to have fun. We simply have a couple new rules. The first rule is everyone has to keep a diaper on. Next rule is the pool is off limits, but there are still a lot of other things you can do, both inside and outside. You can still enjoy the party, as long as you keep your diapers on.

Regina added, "The only other rule is you can't go into the bathroom. Those diapers are on you for a reason; they ARE your bathroom." The girls looked at Regina and each other in shock. Regina continued, "And to make sure there's no cheating on that, when you do go in your diaper, one of us adults has to change you." That caused quite a reaction with all the girls. However, while some looked positively scared, others smiled.

Heather raised her hand, as though she was in class at school, "Do we HAVE to go outside in these diapers?"

I answered, "You can go out or stay in as you wish. But there's no running inside and it's already crowded here, and the high wall around the back-yard means no one can see in. I promise you the back yard is private."

Behind Heather, Haley stood with her eyes closed. She let out a small sigh and slightly smiled. Nicky noticed her. "Haley, are you... EEEWW!" She and Stacy and scooted away from Haley, almost tripping over the other girls.

Now in plain view to everyone, Haley's diaper was clearly swelling up and sagging. After a moment, she opened her eyes, looked at us 3 adults, then stepped forward to me. She pulled my shoulder down and whispered in my ear, just like her younger sister did. I nodded, and we left the living room for my bedroom. As we walked by, Regina handed me some diapers and wipes that she took from Amanda's room, and she gave me a knowing smile.

In my bedroom, Haley held my arm close to her and looked up to me sweetly. "Mr. Mark, Can you please change me the same way you changed my sister in here?"

I was taken aback by what she said. How did she know what I did with Harley? I was sure I closed the door when I brought the younger Parker girl in here. "What makes you think... How did you know...". Haley smiled coyly and wrapped her arms around my torso as she not-so-subtly wiggled her body against me. There is something about a young girl's smile that can make you forget about everything else. That and her heavenly erotic hug made me decide it was better not to pursue the answer. It must have been the girls communications network again. I bent down slightly and gave Haley a sustained kiss on the lips. "I would love to change you the same way, Little One."

Haley grinned and then laid on my bed, her tiny bikini top barely covering her budding breasts. They were more developed than Amanda's but less so than Heather's. Looking lower, I reached and felt her swollen diaper between her legs. She cooed as I pressed it against her. After a moment, I slowly pulled her diaper down, completely exposing her to me. She had just a little bit of soft downy hair on her mound, and I couldn't resist feeling it. Haley moaned and started touching her own breasts. Seeing this, I decided to do her a favor (that was how I reasoned it anyway) and untied her top up so she could touch her small breasts directly. Her nipples were partially developed - not enough to stiffen up, but she could still gently roll them between her fingers.

It was then I heard shuffling noises behind me. I started to wonder why I bothered to come in here if I was always going to have an audience. I turned my head to see Valerie and Priya, looking curiously at us, reprising their voyeur roles. Both of them had changed into their t-shirts, which only partially covered their diapers. "Girls, we came in here for some privacy." I told them.

"But, uh..." Valerie stammered, "... Priya needs to get changed too, and she wanted to you change her."

Priya looked at Valerie with surprise, but continued what was an obvious charade, "Uh, yeah... and, uh, we never saw someone else get changed. Can we watch?" I decided not press them for the real reason, as it really didn't matter anyway.

I looked at Haley. "You're the one who's exposed here. Do you want privacy, or is it OK?"

"Are you still gonna make me feel good like my sister?"

"As long as you don't mind them watching, I will."

Haley nodded, "It's OK, I just want you to make me feel good."

I allowed Valerie and Priya to stay, and they stood on either side of me to get a closer look. Using some wipes, I wiped Haley clean, focusing on the lips of her lovely vulva. Haley moaned when I did this, breathing heavier. She looked positively delicious; I just had to have a taste.

"Little One, has anyone ever kissed you down here?" I asked as I dropped the wipes and caressed her slit directly with my fingers.

Haley smiled, "Oh Yes! Would you please?"

Given her answer, I was slightly disappointed that I wasn't the first to do this to her, but with all the sexual activity I've seen from the other girls today, I should have known. I knelt down between her legs and kissed her mound. Valerie and Priya gasped, but Haley put her hands on my head, guiding me slightly lower. I pushed my tongue between her vulva's lips and found her clitoris. Haley jumped and moaned in response. Even though I just wiped her, she was very wet again. I gently pressed one finger into her vagina, going slowly just in case I might hit a 'wall'. I should have guessed; her hymen was long gone. I continued licking and fingering her as her juices flowed. It was wonderful. A girl's vaginal secretion - or any woman's for that matter - tends to carry the taste of what she was drinking. I could tell that Haley's drink of choice today was sweet lemonade. It was like I was drinking lemonade right from her vagina.

I briefly glanced up and saw both Valerie and Priya looking wide-eyed at Haley wiggling around as I orally loved her, and each had their hands inside their diapers. Haley had her eyes closed and moaned, asking me to go faster. I happily did, and a minute later, she wrapped her legs around my head pushing me into her crotch, as I felt a few small spurts of her 'lemonade' go in my mouth and on my face.

It took a moment for Haley to relax enough to release me from her leg lock. Not that I minded; while I was there, I continued lapping up her love. Once I was able to get free, I could see Haley was still on cloud nine from her orgasm.

Valerie and Priya turned into chatterboxes again. "OMG! I can't believe you actually put your mouth there! Haley, Isn't it gross?" Priya asked of Haley. However, she was not yet recovered enough to respond.

Valerie was next, "I saw that on Mom and Dad's videos that they hide from me, but I never seen it for real. Aren't you afraid she'll pee on you?"

The ideas that young girls come up with are amazing. Truthfully, I never thought of a girl peeing on my face while I ate her out, but it was an intriguing idea. Maybe I'll consider for another time. "Girls, it's not gross, in fact it tasted very nice." I answered as I wiped my own face clean. "And as for Haley, I'll let her answer, but it looked to me as though she liked it - a lot."

"Uh huh <breathe>", Haley managed to stammer, "Liked it <breathe> a lot!"

Not forgetting the original reason we were here, I wiped Haley's crotch area clean - again - and slid a fresh diaper up her legs. I gently kissed her mound one more time, and finally scooted the diaper over her butt and into place.

I kissed Haley's tummy and intended to work my way up to her tiny breasts, but once I was in reach, the girl in her post-orgasmic state pulled me up to her face, wrapped her arms around me, and kissed me hard on the lips. "OMG! <kiss> that felt so good! <kiss> Thank you! <kiss>"

Finally, Haley settled down and released me, allowing me to stand back up. Once I was vertical again, I remembered why the other two girls came in - at least why they said they came in. "Priya," I said, "I understand that you also need to be changed?"

Priya looked at me confused, but then she remembered. "Oh, yeah... uh... changed." She shuffled her feet, "Just a sec." She motioned silently to Valerie and the two of them made eye contact, apparently under the illusion that I couldn't notice their attempted scheming. Finally, Priya stood still and closed her eyes for a moment. Then she sighed. Knowing exactly what she was doing, I looked down and saw her diaper begin to swell. It dropped lower below her t-shirt as she filled it. I turned to see that Valerie was doing the exact same thing. Two pretty girls were wetting their diapers right in front of me – on purpose. It was a sexy and beautiful sight.

When they finished, they both opened their eyes and gave me a guilty smile. Almost in unison, they said, "Mr. Mark would you please change me?"

"Well I can't change both of you, at least not at the same time."

"Can I help?" Haley asked. "I change my little sister all the time. I know what to do. I even know how to make her do cumms!"

Valerie smiled when Haley said that. So, I let Haley change Valerie while I changed beautiful Priya. Both sodden girls laid on the bed, and Haley and I took our positions. Lying on their backs, Valerie's and Priya's t-shirts laid flat and outlined their tiny breasts very well. Valerie was slightly more developed, at the tea cup stage, but although Priya's were smaller, her nipples poked through her top like little tent poles.

Focusing on my little east-Indian girl, I slid my hands up her legs, feeling her beautiful light brown skin. I felt her swollen diaper and looked into her eyes. Priya smiled and nodded, so I pulled her diaper down to reveal a wonderful sight. She had just a little bit of soft black hair on her mound. I gently wiped her clean, then I focused on her vulva. Priya briefly closed her eyes and bit her lip. Her hands glided over her own body as if they had a mind of their own. One hand found its way to her vulva where I was already caressing. She extended to of her small fingers and pressed just inside her outer lips and stoked herself.

I caressed her a little bit lower, finding the opening of her vagina. Again with care, I slowly inserted a finger. As I expected with her, there was nothing blocking my way. With all the self-loving she was doing, she surely must have lost her hymen long ago. Once I was fully inside her, I stroked my finger on the inside walls of her vagina. With Priya pleasuring herself on the outside, and me doing the same to her on the inside, it didn't take long for her to get really going. I could feel her vaginal juices almost flowing out of her. I withdrew my hand and looked at my glistening finger. Priya noticed my withdrawal and looked at me. I licked my own finger, taking a taste. Iced Tea seemed to be her drink of choice. Not as sweet as Haley's lemonade, but still very tasty.

I was brought back to the task at hand when I heard her say "Please don't stop." I smiled at her, and re-inserted my finger. I withdrew it again, but this time reached up to Priya's mouth. In her aroused state she eagerly licked my finger clean. Again she said "Please don't stop. <breathe> Please make me cum." I made her wait long enough, so I fingered her in earnest now. As I did, she resumed her own self-loving as well. A moment later, she stiffened up and I felt her vaginal walls contract. I also felt a warm spurt

on my hand. At first I thought she peed on my hand, but it came out in short strong bursts. She was squirting!

I also heard Valerie moaning “Yes! Yes!”, as Haley demonstrated that she really did know how to satisfy another girl. Seeing Priya writhing in front of me from my musings, and Haley causing a similar effect with Valerie (sans the squirt), was more than I could take. I felt like my own erection would tear through my shorts and I needed to get relief.

As the two girls were recovering from their orgasms, Haley looked at me and noticed the bulge straining in my pants. She smiled, asking “Do you want me to make you do a cum too?” and she placed her hand on my crotch. I was with three beautiful young girls, two of whom had just orgasmed to my ministrations, and Haley was already massaging me through my pants. Even if I weren’t on these ‘Penis Pills’ (As Regina now called them), nothing could stop me from saying yes. I quickly dropped my pants, and Haley went to work on me. As with her little sister, Haley definitely had prior experience and knew what she was doing, perhaps even more so than little Harley. Haley expertly licked the head of my penis, then took it in her mouth. She could take more of me in her mouth than her sister could, though still not take my full length.

I briefly closed my eyes as Haley made me feel absolutely wonderful with her mouth and hands. Then I heard “Oooh, you’re doing just like Carly did!” I opened my eyes to see Valerie and Priya had recovered from their orgasms and were watching me receive fellatio for the second time today.

I was already worked up, but I wanted to see more. “Girls could you all please remove your tops for me?” They all giggled at my request, but after briefly looking at each other for encouragement, they all stripped off their tops. Then they twirled around and showed me their naked tops. Valerie was the most developed, her breasts are almost as big as Heather’s. Priya and Haley had pretty little mini-mounds, just big enough to notice. They probably wore training bras at this stage. Priya’s nipples, however, stood out quite erect. “Oh girls, you are all so beautiful and sexy!” I knelt down and touched all of them, with both hands, moving from one girl to the next. Each girl giggled or let out a small squeal as I fondled their beautiful developing breasts.

As much as I loved playing breast comparison with these three lovely girls, I still needed my relief. I stood up again, giving Haley the go ahead to resume. Valerie and Priya watched in awe. I was getting very close and I warned her I was about to orgasm. Haley stroked me as fast as she could and glanced at the other two girls with a mischievous smile. She aimed me lower to her chest and I sent a squirt onto her tiny breasts. Then she redirected me to Valerie’s breasts where I sent another shot. Still pumping me, she then aimed me toward Priya where I landed my third shot across her chest. Finally, she directed me to her own face and I sent my final squirts (mostly) into her mouth. Just like her younger sister, one line of semen dribbled down her chin.

Valerie and Priya looked in shock at their own and each other’s semen covered breasts. Haley grinned like a cat that just ate the mouse. All three girls used their fingers wipe their breasts. Haley quickly licked her fingers clean, while Valerie and Priya looked at the white sticky substance with strange curiosity. Priya paused only briefly, and licked her fingers too, having already done so earlier.

This time Valerie would not be denied her taste. She closed her eyes and licked her fingers. She scrunched her face, "Eww, it's gross! How can you actually LIKE that?"

Priya answered, "I dunno, I just kinda do."

"It depends on the boy," Haley added, "Some boy's stuff taste OK, others taste yucky. Mr. Mark's stuff tastes pretty good." And she smiled at me. I wondered how many boys - or men - she tasted in her young life.

"Yeah, well I don't like it." Valerie retorted. "I mean it's kinda neat like this," as she wiped another dollop off her chest, "but I don't want it in my mouth."

"Valerie honey, you don't have to like it." I finally recovered enough to talk, "Everyone likes different things, and that's OK. You should never be forced to do anything with sex that you don't want to."

I wiped all the girls' chests clean, after Haley and Priya got all they could with their fingers. We all re-dressed and had a big 4-way group hug before leaving my bedroom and re-entering the party.

We all came out of my bedroom to a much less crowded living room. Carly just finished raiding the snack table and was heading back out, and Nicky and Stacy were watching some teenage show on TV, but everyone else was outside. Apparently, the major drama had passed and things settled back down to a normal party again. Outside, Coach was helping some of the girls with the finer points of Badminton, and Amanda was talking to Regina.

I caught the tail end of that their conversation, "...I'm sure it'll be just fine, Dear. Why don't you just ask him?" They both saw me approaching, and Regina gently nudged Amanda in my direction. "Go on, Dear. Ask him."

It was obvious Amanda was nervous about something, so I sat down on a lounge chair to get down to her level. "Ask me what?"

Amanda fidgeted, "Well, you see it's like this..." She started, paused, then started in high speed mode, "I saw you take Harley to get changed and I think Val and Priya too but I only ever got changed by you and I thought that maybe if you can change other girls would it be OK if maybe someone else changed me like Coach Wilson I mean it's not that I like him better or anything but you said it was OK to try new things and I think maybe I'd like to try something new is that OK?"

I was more surprised that she could say all of that in one breath than anything else. After taking a moment to rewind and slowly replay everything she said at normal speed, I smiled and touched her cheek, "Cutie, of course it's OK. I'm sure Coach would be happy to take care of you..." I paused, then I added, "And if you want to take care of Coach too, It's OK with me."

Amanda smiled back, "You mean make him do a cum?"

“Only if he wants you to,” I answered. “Remember, no one should ever be forced to do sex, not young girls or adult men.”

Amanda beamed and hugged me “Thank you Uncle Mark!” Then she ran off to the Badminton area to see Coach.

Regina said, “Like he’s really going to say ‘no’ to her offering to get him off?”

I answered, “I know, but I’m teaching her that sex shouldn’t be forced.”

From the pool deck we saw Amanda talk to Coach out in the yard. He looked in our direction, with a questioning look. I suppose if I were in his position – being propositioned by the host’s niece – I’d be unsure how to respond as well. I admit I felt a twinge of jealousy that Amanda would have sex with a strange man, but at the same time it was also somewhat arousing. I would have loved to see Coach fondling little Amanda, making her squirm and eventually orgasm. I gave him a ‘thumbs up’ and nodded my head in approval.

Amanda grabbed Coach’s hand, and also Heather, who happened to be standing near them, and dragged them all inside. As they passed me, Coach again looked at Regina and me with a “how did I get into this?” look. Regina and I just smiled and nodded our heads, assuring him that this was all good.

As much as I would have loved to be a fly on the wall with the three of them, the rest of the girls needed looking after. I replaced Coach as the badminton instructor. I never really learned the rules of the game myself, (How DO you play real Badminton anyway?) so instead I made up some games for them. My improvising seemed to work well enough because all the girls were having a good time.

After a while, Jenny and Lizzy hung back and started to fidget uncomfortably. They whispered to each other, then stopped, held hands, and looked in to each other’s eyes. It was obvious what they were doing and I figured I had my next opportunity to enjoy changing two more girls. However, before I could approach them, they skipped, holding hands, to Regina on the deck. I couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed that I wasn’t going to enjoy playing with Jenny’s beautifully developed breasts.

I continued leading the rest of the group in various games, but I kept getting distracted trying to watch Regina take care of Lizzy and Jenny. All the sudden, I felt water spray on my back. I turned to see that about half a dozen girls decided, in my neglect of them, to come up with their own game. They declared water gun war on me. I ducked and managed to grab a small water gun, and I fired back. It only took me a few seconds to realize two things. One against five or six (I lost count) is a losing battle. But if the five or six are pretty girls in diapers, how is this losing? I remembered telling Regina earlier in the week that ‘death by a gaggle of girls’ was a good way to go!

I knew they would inevitably catch me, but I didn’t make it too easy for the preteen mob. There is some fun in the chase, even if you’re the one being chased. I kept running and dodging for a little while to keep it fun. As my scantily clad attackers were chasing me, I briefly noticed Regina standing on the deck with a sadistic grin on her face. She clearly would not help me. Good. Eventually, I was cornered (OK, I allowed them to corner me). I tried to break through their line, but all the girls tackled me at once and

brought me down. On the ground with a half dozen girls on top of me, I did not let this opportunity go to waste. While they were all sitting on me and groping me, I did some groping of my own. I felt for any piece of female clothing I could reach. I managed to find a few bikini tops and untie them. I even pulled off someone's t-shirt. However, upon realizing that I was slowly disrobing them, the girls turned the tables on me and pulled down my shorts.

As soon as I was exposed, the commotion stopped. The girls backed off, not sure what would happen next. There were Ooh's and OMG's and a "Now you did it!" I finally was able to see everyone. Haley, Priya, and Kaiko were all topless, from my hand. Carly and Valerie were also there. Though most of these girls already saw me exposed before, it was somewhat in private. This was out in the open. I didn't have an erection at first, but the sight of several topless girls gazing at my penis, caused it to grow. In no time I had a nearly full erection just looking at the beauties surrounding me.

Before anyone could react, Nicky and Stacy entered the crowd and saw me lying exposed at nearly full staff. Nicky sauntered to me and knelt beside me, smiling. "Oh, so this is what everything's all about?" She said, trying to sound sultry. Nicky cupped her own bikini covered breasts, showing them off to me. She was trying so hard to be sexy. "You babies can take a lesson from me. This is how a real woman does it!" Nicky put her hand on my penis, acting like a seductress. It was a shame that she missed the mark on everything she was trying to do.

When she bent down to take me in her mouth, I said "No." She looked at me confused. "Nicky, stop." I gently pushed her away and sat up.

"But I can do it better than any of them! I'm a woman, not a little girl!" She rebuffed. She clearly had a big chip on her shoulder.

By this time, Regina and Coach joined the group to see what was wrong. I decided to let them handle the rest of the group while I took Nicky aside. We walked to the deck area and sat down on a lounge chair.

"Nicky, your trying to be something that you're not – at least not yet. You're 12, not 21. Let yourself BE 12."

"You grown-ups don't understand! All the popular girls act that way. Only dweebs act like little kids!"

I remembered my own early teen years, when I believed the same thing. I remembered the need to be accepted by my friends, and the similar fear of being rejected. I'm sure I was as much a pain in the butt to my parents as Nicky seemed to be here. The rage of adolescence is a tough time for everyone – parents and kids. We talked for a few minutes more, and somehow Nicky seemed to connect with me. Maybe it was because I'm NOT a dad, but whatever the reason, I think I was getting through to her.

As Nicky and I were talking, Stacy walked up to us and interrupted, "Mark, I need to I ask you something."

It seemed that Stacy had a similar chip on her shoulder. "First, that's Mr. Mark," I firmly replied, "Also it's impolite to interrupt without apologizing and asking to speak. Try again." I looked forcefully into her eyes.

Stacy was a little put off, but she complied. "OK, like, I'm sorry for interrupting... Mr. Mark, can I ask you something?" She stood uncomfortably, shifting her feet.

"That's better. What can I do for you?"

"I really need to pee. Can you like just let me use the bathroom, just this once?"

Nicky added, "I gotta pee too. Come on, we get the diaper thing and we won't make fun of the girls who use them."

"Girls, is not just about not picking on other girls, it's about truly understanding what it's like." I explained. "I can't tell you what it's like to need a diaper because I'm a guy. Even Miss Regina could only tell you so much. But until you actually experience the need to wear a diaper and use it, you're not going to truly understand it."

"But it's gross to pee yourself!" Nicky complained, "It's literally disgusting!"

"Have either of you ever wet a diaper or had a pee accident? I mean after you were toilet trained." I asked.

"Ewww No!" Stacy quickly answered. But the two girls looked at each other and whispered to each other as though I didn't notice. "OK, like there was one time when I was in second grade. The line for the bathroom pass was like super long and I literally needed to go so bad, but I couldn't wait for my turn. I... didn't make it to the bathroom." She admitted. "But it was messy and gross and I was embarrassed and I swore I would never let that happen again because only babies pee themselves!"

"Well, being a guy, I can't tell you how it feels," I said, "But I can tell you that most of the girls I know that tried it, said they liked it – a lot."

"OMG! Really?" Stacy asked, shocked. "What are they, like pervs or something?"

"You mean... it's not gross?" I noticed a spark of interest in Nicky's eye when she heard that.

"Well, gross is in the eye of the beholder." I answered back, "but if most of girls say they like it, maybe there's something to it."

"Well, I suppose, maybe I could try it," Nicky tentatively said, "Just to see, I guess."

Stacy looked at Nicky with shock like Nicky stabbed her in the back. The two of them looked at each other and argued in a silent whisper, as though I somehow couldn't notice their conversation. After a moment of their faux covert communication, Nicky announced that Stacy would try wetting her diaper too.

They both stood up, but were unsure how to position themselves. They spread their feet a little and looked down at themselves. After about a minute, Nicky complained, "I can't do it, I gotta pee but I can't! It won't come out!"

"Me too!" Stacy added, "It's like I really need to go but I can't!"

I remembered problems Amanda had the first time she used a diaper, and I figured these girls might need some help too. "Tell you what girls, if you are really interested trying to wet your diaper, I may be able to help. Come with me."

I lead them inside to my bedroom and closed the door – and locked it this time. I briefly explained about hypnosis to them. It sounded like a very adult thing to do and that seemed to appeal to them. They sat on the bed and got comfortable. Though I never hypnotized 2 people at once before, they both were very willing, and I got both of them good and relaxed without too much difficulty.

Once in a trance, I was able to talk them into wetting themselves. Now, having hypnotized three girls in to wetting diapers, I briefly thought about making a business of it. That would be a strange business indeed; Hypnosis to BECOME incontinent! Too bad no one would ever be interested.

I brought them out of their trance, and they looked at each other. Both girls smiled slightly and blushed.

"Well. How did it feel? Did you like it?" I asked.

"It's... kinda nice." Nicky answered. "I thought it would be gross, but it's not. It's warm, and..." She squeezed her legs, "Mmmm... feels REALLY good."

"OK, it's not super disgusting like I thought it would be, but I still don't like it." Stacy complained. "It's... it's... like uncomfortable. Can I take it off please?" She asked.

I couldn't but help feel a little disappointed from Stacy's response, but I guess somebody somewhere was bound to not like it. "Well I'm sorry you don't like it, but at least you tried it out. Sure, I'll change you. I'll change both of you."

Given Stacy's discomfort, I had her lay on the bed first. I looked at her before I pulled down her diaper. Her bikini top barely contained her already developed breasts. It wasn't that she was especially big; it was that her top was especially small. I made sure she was ready, then I slid her diaper down. I was truly surprised by what I saw. "Oh, so you're not a natural brunette, eh?" Stacy blushed from embarrassment. Before me was a fairly thick, 'bush' of medium blonde hair mostly covering Stacy's mound. Remembering her rather skimpy bikini (OK, all the girls had skimpy bikinis), I wondered how she managed to contain all her pubic hair inside it.

"Is it... OK?" Stacy said in a shaky voice. "Do you, uh, like it?" She spread her legs a bit, and cupped her own breasts.

I was torn by how I should respond. All that hair between her legs was a bit of a letdown for me. But mostly, her attempt act like an older sexy woman simply wasn't working. I didn't want to hurt her

feelings but I knew that pretending to be excited just wouldn't work. "I'm sorry Angel," I answered, "But you're trying to be something that you're not and it isn't working. You are a beautiful young girl, but you're not a grownup, at least not yet. Stop trying to be an adult. Be the 12-year-old girl that you are, and you will be so much prettier - and sexier."

Stacy looked hurt, and I felt bad about that, but I just couldn't lie to her. "But I'm NOT a little girl! I'm a woman!" She retorted. "I actually know about sex. Nicky and me both seen porn and we know how to be sexy!"

My heart sank when Stacy said that; these poor misguided girls. I wondered if I was getting in over my head by talking to them, but I couldn't let them think that was what sex was about. "Stacy Angel, and you too Kitten, if that's where you learned about sex, then you got it all wrong! Porn is just a fantasy. It may be fun to look at, but it's not real, and it's not how real people have sex."

"But all the boys like it!" Nicky retorted, "They all whistle and cheer when we do that stuff."

"And have you ever had sex with any of them?" I asked.

Nicky and Stacy briefly looked at each other in shock, "Uh, sure... um, lots of times! We... um... do it all the time with boys!"

I looked at them with disbelieving eyes, "All the time, eh?"

"Uh, yeah, umm..." Nicky hesitated, then broke down and lowered her head. "OK, fine. We've... at least I've never done it."

Stacy also gave in, but with a level of frustration, "Alright, me neither. Are you happy now?"

"Girls, it's not about me being happy, it's about you being happy. Living a lie, and pretending to be something you're not will never make you happy. Now if you want, I can show you what sex is all about. It's not about big boobs or prancing around like you see in porn movies; the most important thing about sex is love."

Both girls looked at me like I was speaking a foreign language. I sat both of them down beside me. "OK girls, hug me. Don't try to get sexy or anything, just hug me." They looked at me strangely, but did as I said, though in a sterile, clinical way. I wrapped one arm around each of them and squeezed them tightly. "Now just enjoy the hug." After a moment, they both relaxed a bit and squeezed me in return. I played with their hair for a bit and kissed their foreheads. "Now, THIS is love. We're just holding and feeling good together, and it's a nice feeling."

"OK, so when do we get to the sex part?" Nicky asked.

"That depends on how everyone feels. Sometimes we might just stay like this and not do anything else, and that's OK. Sometimes we might do more. Sex shouldn't be forced. If everyone isn't OK with it then it shouldn't happen."

“Well I’m actually OK with it. I wanna do it!” Nicky said.

“What about you Angel?” I asked.

Stacy stammered, “Uh yeah, sure... I guess so.” All of the sudden, faced with having real sex, Stacy was clearly hesitating. She was not ready.

As pretty and sexy as Stacy was, with only a bikini top on, I couldn’t take advantage of her doubts. “I tell you what, Angel. I don’t believe you’re as ready as you thought you were. How about you just sit back and watch for now. If you feel the urge to join in later, that’s fine. But don’t try to force it.”

I saw a look of relief on her face, but also a sad look she might be left out. “OK, I guess.” Was all she could say. I smiled at her and kissed her gently on her lips to let her know it was all good.

Nicky however, was a very different girl. She was already trying to caress me, awkwardly. I stopped her and we both stood up. I reached and untied her bikini top, pausing before I pulled it away from her beautiful ¾-developed breasts. I gently circled them with my fingers for a moment. Nicky bit her lip and moaned as I did that. I then knelt down and had her remove my shirt over my head. I put her hands on my chest so she could feel me. Her eyes got big as she felt my chest and an abdomen. Next, I reached for her soaking wet diaper. I looked into Nicky’s eyes and she nodded, and I gently slid her diaper down to reveal her most private spot. Again, I was surprised to see that she was no more a natural blonde than Stacy was a brunette. However, unlike Stacy, Nicky was very nicely trimmed. Her dark brown pubic hair was a half-sized triangle, and trimmed fairly short. “Oh, I like what you’ve done here!” I said as I felt her short hair. Nicky blushed and thanked me, and placed her hand over mine to hold it there for a moment. Finally, I guided Nicky to remove my pants. She fumbled with the buckle but managed. Before she pulled them down, I stopped her and looked at her. “Are you sure you’re ready?” She nodded and slid my pants down allowing my penis to spring out. Both girls gasped, even though they both saw me exposed outside. I took Nicky’s hand and wrapped it around my erection to let her to feel what it was like. Her eyes got very big as she held me, and even bigger when I guided her hand to slide back and forth on me.

We laid down on the bed together, and I caressed her breasts again. I gently suckled her nipples and Nicky closed her eyes and moaned softly. As I suckled, my hand slid down her front to her little groomed triangle. I paused long enough for her to open her eyes, and I asked her again “Are you ready for me to touch you?”

“Uh huh, please!” she begged. I slowly reached further to her vulva, sliding my middle finger between her lips. She was already very wet, and my finger easily moved back and forth. I found her clitoris and stroked it slowly. “Ohmymod! <pant> Ohmymod!” she moaned. I briefly thought that Nicky orgasmed already, but she didn’t spasm yet; she was simply very excited. I found her vagina and carefully pressed inside. Sure enough, just inside, I found her in-tact hymen. Though the idea of ramming through her female barrier was enticing, I couldn’t do that to her. That should be saved for someone special. Instead, my fingers remained outside and I worked on her that way.

Back and forth I stroked her vulva, pressing slightly over her clitoris. I also kissed all over her breasts, and moved up to her neck. "You are a very sexy young girl." I whispered in her ear, "I want to make you feel so good, because you are so sexy!"

A moment later, I felt Nicky's body tighten. "Ohmygod! YES!" Nicky yelled in my ear, as she had a very intense orgasm. I felt a tiny squirt of her love on my hand, making it even wetter. I held her and kissed her body as she slowly recovered.

As she was coming back down to earth, I softly spoke as I still held her, "And that <kiss> my Kitten, is what sex is about <kiss>."

Nicky looked at me, still recovering, and kissed me on the lips. "Ohmygod! <kiss> That was like nothing I ever did before! <kiss>" Then she noticed my own erection and gently touched me. "Can I make you cum too? <kiss> I really wanna do it for you! Can you please show me how?"

In my current aroused state, being with two sexy girls, and I just helped a one of them have the best orgasm of her life, nothing could make me turn her down. "Well since you so asked nicely, sure. I'd love for you to take care of me."

I placed Nicky's hand on my erection and showed her how to move – slowly at first, then gradually pick up speed. I was thoroughly enjoying things when I heard, "Can I help?" Stacy crept closer and was intently watching what Nicky was doing. I also noticed that she had her hand between her legs, touching herself.

"If you feel that you're ready to, yes course you can!" I encouraged. Stacy smiled, now that she too was participating. Stacy tentatively reached out to me with her other hand, touching me near my penis. I took her hand and placed it on my erection and showed her how to move back and forth on me, like I did with Nicky.

I had the girls take turns stroking me, and guided them to each kiss and lick my head while the other stroked. It didn't take long for me to get close. Nicky was stroking me as I managed to warn them, "Almost there - go as fast as you can!" Nicky sped up her motions, but I forgot to remind Stacy to back off. My first shot went point-blank all over Stacy's face and in her mouth. She immediately backed away in surprise. Nicky saw the spectacle and laughed, until my second shot hit her face side on. Both girls got so caught up in the semen-fest that they forgot to keep stroking me. But rather than chastise them, I simply took over doing myself, and aimed to hit as much of their bodies as I could with my remaining squirts. I managed to hit each girl once more on their breasts.

"Ewwww, it's in my mouth!" Yelled Stacy, "and it's... it's... <gulp>... it's... not so bad." She wiped some of my semen from her breast, and licked her finger. "It's like, literally pretty good!"

Nicky wiped a bit off her face and licked her finger, "It's OK, but the pizza guy's stuff was better."

As my two preteen girls discussed the finer points of semen tasting, I remembered why we were here in the first place. I laid Stacy down on the bed again and wiped her clean, and then slid a fresh diaper up

and on her. I did the same with Nicky, though her post orgasmic vulva was wetter and needed more cleaning. All through the diapering process, the two girls talked nonstop to each other.

When I finished changing them, they both got up and started to leave, but then Stacy stopped them. Stacy and Nicky looked at each other and did their silent argument routine again. Eventually, Nicky appeared to concede, and they turned back to me and both of them hugged me.

“Thanks Mr. Mark, and we’re sorry we gave you a hard time about the diapers.” They both said.

There may be hope for those two girls yet.

Day 8 – Part 4

The party was starting to wind down, which was good because Coach, Regina, and I were all running out of steam too. Most of the girls were inside now, just watching the Kids Channel on TV, and drinking what was left of the iced tea and lemonade. With the diaper controversy over, we allowed them to change back into their regular bottoms. However, we were surprised to see there appeared to be little interest for them to change back. Even Stacy didn't get bother to change.

The girls started to rummage through their gift bags and found the candy, the tiny water pistols, some other trinkets, and of course, the mini-vibrators. Most of the girls didn't know what to do with them at first, but that didn't last long. Nicky, as the group know-it-all, announced what they were for. She then noticed me staring at her cynically, and admitted that she only saw them used in porn videos.

As Nicky explained how she saw them used in videos, I heard a soft buzzing sound from the closest corner of the living room. Valerie and Priya were sharing my big recliner chair, and seemed to have figured out what to do with them on their own. Both girls briefly pressed their vibrators into their crotch, but then they pushed them under themselves so they were sitting on them. Valerie's eyes got bigger, and Priya shifted her hips back and forth, grinding on hers as she bit her lower lip.

Carly was nearby and noticed their antics. "Val, Priya, what are you doing? Are you... sitting on your, uh... things?" That brought everyone's attention to them, and Val and Priya sheepishly smiled.

"Val and Priya, you're like totally doing it wrong!" Nicky complained, "That's not how you're supposed to do it! You're supposed to stick it inside your kitty!"

"Oh, I think they're doing just fine." Regina intervened. "Girls, these toys are meant help you feel good. You can use them however you want! Rub them anywhere on your body, over or under your clothes. Sit on them, or even put them inside yourself if you want. The only way you can use them wrong is if it doesn't make you feel good. Now go ahead and turn them on and see what they feel like!"

The soft buzzing sound became louder as the full orchestra of vibrators turned on. Girls giggled and laughed, playing with them first in their hands, then touching their arms, legs, breasts, and each other. Haley put it in her mouth, sucking it like a popsicle. Lizzy and Jenny started caressing each other with theirs. Kaiko ran hers over her tummy. All the girls explored different parts of their bodies with their vibrators. It was a heavenly sight to behold. That is, except for Nicky; She stood there, confused.

"Mr. Mark, they're doing it wrong!" she complained. "They'll never get off doing it like that!"

I took Nicky into the kitchen, away from the group. "Nicky, didn't you hear what Miss Regina just said? As long as it helps them feel good, then it's fine. Vibrators are not just about sex and orgasms. There are lots of ways this toy can make you feel good."

Nicky still had a confused look on her face. I gently took her vibrator from her hand. "OK, Kitten, I want you to close your eyes, and relax." She looked at me suspiciously. "Don't worry, I won't do anything bad to you." She closed her eyes, but I could tell she was still tense. I turned on the vibrator and lightly

stroked her arms and shoulders. After about a minute, she finally began to relax. She even let out a faint sigh. I finished and asked “No how did that feel?”

“OK, I guess. It was actually kinda nice.”

“You see? You just had fun with your vibrator and it had nothing to do with sex.”

“OK, I guess. But does that mean I CAN’T use it down there?” Nicky pointed between her legs.

“Kitten, you can use this any way you like. You can massage any part of your body, or stick it inside any part you want. That’s entirely up to you. And it’s entirely YOUR business and nobody else’s what you do with it. The only rule is, if hurts, don’t do it.”

From the living room, we heard someone moaning loudly, and then yelled “OHMYGOD! YES!” Nicky and I both re-entered the living room to see who was the screamer. I was surprised to see Stacy reclined on the couch, diaper down to her ankles, with Jenny and Lizzy using their vibrators on her. Lizzy was between Stacy’s legs, sliding her toy along Stacy’s naked vulva, and Jenny was caressing Stacy’s breasts with her toy. I also noticed Stacy’s hand was all over Jenny’s beautiful breasts. I so envied Stacy’s hand at that moment.

As Stacy’s orgasm subsided, Jenny and Lizzy moved up to kiss Stacy. It was then I noticed that most of the rest of the room was ignoring the three-some. The rest of the girls were either paired off each other or playing with their vibrators alone, all engrossed in their own pleasures. Coach approached Carly, and a moment later the two of them went out the back door. Regina was sitting beside Heather, talking to her daughter, apparently about Heather’s new vibrator.

I heard from behind, “Mr. Mark! Mr. Mark!” and I turned to see Jenny and Lizzy, the mis-matched pair: Jenny so short and curvy, and Lizzy so tall straight. “Mr. Mark, would you please change our diapers?”

“Girls you don’t need to have me change you anymore. In fact, you can switch back to your regular bottoms if you want.” As I said those words, I kicked myself for passing up a wonderful opportunity.

Lizzy answered, “Well the thing is, we didn’t actually thank you for the party yet.” Both of them took hold of my hands and looked up into my eyes. “My mom says I should always be grateful when someone does something really nice for me.”

“And this is like the best party ever!” Jenny added, “And we really wanna thank you for it!”

I’m not a religious person, but at that moment I thanked whatever god is up there for saving me from my own blunder. “Well, far be it from me to stop two pretty girls from showing their gratitude!”

We made our way to my bedroom, with the girls on either side of me, holding my hands. Jenny smiled at me as we walked, but I couldn’t help looking lower at her beautiful full breasts. They were covered only by her tiny bikini top, and it left very little to the imagination.

I made sure to close the door as we entered my bedroom. We sat down on my bed, with me between them. They kissed my cheeks and hugged me. I returned their hugs, wrapping one arm around each of them.

I would like to thank whoever invented the hug. That person, whoever he is, should be made a saint. Hugs are so versatile, they can be done almost anywhere, and can mean almost anything. It can be an innocent sign of appreciation, familial love, romantic attraction, a lustful embrace, or any of a hundred other meanings. But no matter what they're used for, hugs always feel good. The world is definitely a better place with hugs. At least my bedroom is!

"Mr. Mark, would you like to remove our diapers?" Lizzy asked.

"Oh girls, I would love to!" I enthusiastically replied.

Both girls laid back on the bed, inviting me to undress their lower half. I couldn't resist Jenny, so I removed her diaper first. Upon pulling it down, I saw a smooth, hairless mound. Given her development, she must have been shaved.

"Do you like it?" Jenny asked, smiling.

"Oh <gulp> very much so!" I stammered. "I - I think you are very beautiful!"

"Boys always go after you first! You and your big boobs!" Lizzy said with a twinge of jealousy.

"Yeah well, it's a good thing I don't care about boys." Jenny looked at Lizzy, smiling. "I only care about you!" and she took Lizzy's hand.

That caught me by surprise. "Oh, you mean you two are..."

"A couple, and yes we're lesbian." Jenny finished my sentence. "Well, at least I am."

"Yeah, well I like girls AND boys!" Lizzy added.

My heart sank a little with the revelation that I might not get to do any more than just look at Jenny's wonderful breasts. Jenny must have noticed my disappointment. "It's OK, Mr. Mark. I may not be into boys, but I know what they want." She smiled and untied her bikini top, making her completely naked. "You can touch them if you want. I don't mind."

I was looking at the Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa of breasts, topped with medium sized nipples surrounded by light pink areolas. The two glorious orbs were just begging to be touched. And caressed. And kissed. And... I mentally slapped myself back to reality. Ogling just her mammary glands wasn't right, even in an intimate moment like this.

"Jenny Dear, your breasts are beautiful, but I would love to adore ALL of your body!" I answered. "You are so much more than just a pair of lovely breasts. You are a beautiful girl. Your hips, your legs, your hands, your face, your eyes, your hair – ALL of you is beautiful!"

Jenny blushed, "Thanks Mr. Mark, but I know boys just see these." She pressed out her chest more. "That's kinda why I like girls – I mean, why I like Lizzy. She says the same stuff you do." The two girls smiled at each other, then whispered and giggled. That made me nervous.

Lizzy spoke up first, "Mr. Mark, I'll let you play with my girlfriend, but you gotta promise – you can't cum on her. She really hates boy cum."

"Girls, I promise to do anything you want on your terms. I won't force you to do anything." I briefly resigned myself to getting no relief in this session.

"And if you're good, I'll let you play with MY girlfriend." Jenny added. "And Liz likes to make boys cum!"

Lizzy smiled and showed a sealed condom in her hand – wait, that was MY condom from my desk! I couldn't be mad though, at least she knew about safe sex.

Jenny stood up and hugged me, then she pulled down my shorts, exposing my erection. She looked at it, scrunched her face, then quickly kissed it on the shaft.

Jenny then laid on her back. "I never done this before, but I saw it on videos that my Mom and Dad hide from me."

Lizzy produced a tube of lube (also from my desk, I think) and squirted some between Jenny's breasts. That was all the invitation I needed. I smiled – no I grinned from ear to ear - and placed myself over Jenny's torso. My penis nestled perfectly between those wonderful hills.

I started to slide back and forth. "Remember, you can't cum on her! You promised!" Lizzy reminded me. Admittedly, I probably needed that reminder. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Lizzy undressing herself.

Jenny pressed her breasts together, surrounding my penis more. She looked down at the action on her chest, then up to me and smiled. "Do you like it? Does it feel good?"

The vision of her smiling up at me as I plowed along the furrow on her chest was heavenly, so much so I had to stop moving to prevent my climax – like I promised I wouldn't. As I paused, I looked at Lizzy, now naked, kneeling on the bed and playing with herself. She had a few wisps of red pubic hair, which was so sexy. She removed her hand from her crotch and put her glistening fingers in Jenny's mouth. Jenny sucked on her fingers and moaned. I instinctively started pumping again.

Again, I got close so I stopped. It felt like any further movement would send me over the edge. "Girls, I don't think can hold off any longer." I regretfully removed myself from Jenny, and sat beside her.

Lizzy jumped into action and opened the condom. "You know that was pretty hot! I totally got so wet watching you do that to her!" She struggled as she tried to put it on me, but I helped her out, showing her how it rolled down my shaft. She then grabbed my sheathed penis and rubbed it a couple times. She knew basically what to do, even if her technique was unrefined. I wondered how much experience she had. She then laid down on the bed, quickly fingered herself one more time, and let Jenny suck her

fingers again. "OK, I'm ready." I was somewhat stunned by her forthrightness. "It's OK, I've done this like two times before already. I'm not a virgin."

From Jenny's lubed breast job, to Lizzy's caresses, I was ready to explode. Even though I wasn't her first, twice before does not make an experienced lover. I knew to be careful. I put myself on top of her, and gently inserted myself. Lizzy held her breath for a moment, then smiled and sighed once I was fully inside her. I moved slowly at first, with gentle strokes. Lizzy closed her eyes and tilted her head back. I kissed her neck and nibbled on it. I could tell she was getting close, which was good because I was too. I increased my pace, and Lizzy matched me. Then all of the sudden she wrapped her arms and legs around me tightly and stiffened up. I felt her contractions around my penis and that sent me over the edge too, filling up my condom.

We laid there, entangled with each other for a minute, before I eventually rolled off her. Both girls got on either side of me again, kissed my cheeks and said "Thank you Mr. Mark, for the great party!" Then they each got dressed and left my bedroom.

I laid there for a while. I must have lost track of time, because when I finally got up, most of the girls were redressed. Regina and Coach Wilson had them all working cleaning up. I was impressed that all the girls happily pitched in, throwing trash away, taking down the decorations, and putting things away. Not wanting to shirk my own duties as host, and also because I was by far the tallest person there, I took down the streamers from the ceiling.

Before long, the parents came to pick up their girls. Each girl gave me an extra tight hug as they left, even Nicky and Stacy who seemed to be 'too mature' for hugs. Also, I'm pretty sure I felt some extra padding on Haley's and Kaiko's behinds!

Coach Wilson took his empty casserole dish, proud that his 'Jell-O Pool' was such a hit. I didn't have the heart to tell him that Regina had to dump most of it down the kitchen sink. As he was about to leave, he pulled me aside. "Hey Mark, you seem to have a good repour with these girls, especially the younger ones. In the fall, I'm moving up to the High School to coach there. I can, er – appreciate - the older girls, and I believe I can do more with them." Coach gave a lecherous smile. "But that means there will be an opening to coach the middle school team. Interested?"

He caught me off guard. "Wow, I don't know what to say. Don't you need some special qualifications or training?" Again, I kicked myself for almost passing up a wonderful opportunity.

He assured me, "Oh, it's easy. You take a 2-day training course and they give you a manual. Just follow the book and you'll be fine. I'll put in a good word for you. You'll be great, I'm sure of it!"

"Well thanks for the vote of confidence Steve, I'll definitely think about it!" I thought about it for about two seconds and then planned to be in the Rydell School office first thing Monday morning to apply!

As the last parent took away the last girl, Regina fell onto the big recliner. "FINALLY, they're gone!"

I looked around. With only four of us there, my house looked empty.

Amanda and Heather were still in their swimsuits, probably hoping for more pool time, but they weren't acting like it. They were both semi-catatonic, playing with their phones, probably texting the other party girls about the party – that they were all just here for.

I stood behind the recliner and massaged Regina's neck and upper back. "Mmmm, that feels good. Keep doing that!" she cooed.

I kept it up for a minute, but then I suggested, "How about we go where I can give you a proper massage."

We both looked at the girls, who were slouching more on the couch, not quite laying down but not really sitting either. They were clearly tired, barely opening their eyes briefly to answer some text message, then dozing off again. They seemed oblivious to Regina and me. We did a hasty, but silent, exit to my bedroom.

Regina laid on my bed, face down. "OK Tiger, now it's time for you to pay me back. I need a mega-massage!"

"One mega-massage coming up!" I straddled her back and went to work on her shoulders. Regina sighed with delight. Slowly I worked my way down her back, untying her halter top as I went.

I shifted my body back below her shorts, and worked her lower back. "Let's take these off." I suggested. No sooner did I say that, than she unbuttoned her shorts and pushed them down as far as her arms could reach. I pulled them down the rest of the way, leaving her light blue panties in place. With her jean shorts gone, I did her butt, occasionally letting my fingers drift between her legs. Down to her thighs I moved, still making brief touches to her sensitive spot – teasing her more. I noticed a wet spot appeared on her panties, and it got bigger with every touch.

Regina cooed, "Mmmm, you do much more of that and I won't wait for the massage to end!"

"Oh, you mean like this?" I seductively asked, as I brushed her crotch again. "Or do you mean like this?" I more forcefully pressed my fingers along her vulva through her underwear. "Hmm, your panties sure are wet!"

She buried her face into my bedsheets, "Mmmf! God you're driving me crazy!"

Satisfied at the state I put her in, I left her lovely labia alone for the moment and finished massaging her calves, and then I did her feet.

I had Regina turn over to her back, but a problem occurred. "Damn, now I gotta pee. Be right back."

But I held her down. "Love, you remember the rule we made earlier." She looked at me strangely, not knowing what I meant. "All the girls here must use a diaper." I smiled and evil smile. "Especially since it looks like you wet yourself already!" I traced my finger teasingly along her very damp crotch.

"Oh, you are one horny pervert!" she replied, smiling. "OK, I'll play your game. But my massage isn't done yet – not by a longshot!"

I got a diaper from the stack that was still here. I slowly slid Regina's panties down, watching the crotch stick to her vulva for an extra second from all that wonderful wetness. I then slid the pullup diaper on her carefully. Regina was petite and fit, but the diaper wasn't made for a grown adult woman with wider hips. I managed to get it on her without tearing, but it was stretched to its limit. Nonetheless, she looked amazingly sexy wearing nothing but that somewhat undersized diaper.

"OK, how do you want me to pee? Standing up? Sitting? Laying right here?"

"You stay right where you are on my bed and let me see that diaper fill up!"

Regina paused and took a deep breath. As she exhaled, I could hear a hissing sound from the crotch of her diaper. A moment later, the little flowers markers started to disappear and it swelled up, filling with her pee. I placed my hand on her diaper and felt it warmly expanding.

Eventually Regina's bladder emptied out. I pressed it against her and she moaned, "Oh god, that brings back memories!"

I was surprised by what she said. "Memories??"

"Silly Mark – Remember, I'M A GIRL! I needed diapers for a while when I was a teenager too. Now I'm wondering why I ever stopped enjoying them!" I kept pressing her swollen diaper against her crotch.

"Oh god, you're gonna make cum just doing that! Faster! Don't stop!" I happily complied, pressing harder and faster. It didn't take long for her to stiffen up and arch her back. "Oh God Yes!! Ahh!!"

It took Regina almost a minute to recover from her orgasm. "Mark, that was damn good! <breathe> But you me cum too soon. I thought I was getting more massage before my happy ending!"

"Who said I was done? That was only a happy middle. We haven't gotten to the happy ending part yet!"

Regina grinned "Well I that case, I'm all yours! Do with me what you will!" She spread her arms and legs on my bed.

I moved to above her head and massaged her temples and scalp. I then massaged her shoulders and upper arms. I repositioned to sit on her hips and worked on her breasts. At this point I included my mouth as an instrument of pleasure. I kissed her now firm nipples and suckled them, as my hands fondled them as well. Regina moaned with pleasure. Working my way down, I kissed her tummy while my hands finished her breasts. Further down I kissed the soaking wet diaper she still had on, but I kept going down to her legs. I gave each leg the proper massage it needed, as well as each foot.

Finally done with the proper massage, I returned to Regina's diaper. I gently tore the sides open and removed it, showing her how swollen and heavy it was before I tossed it away. I got some wipes and cleaned her up, lingering on her vulva. Now clean, Regina looked so beautiful and inviting with her landing strip trimming. I had to have her now. I practically tore off my shorts, releasing my very erect penis. I kissed her mound and worked my way up to her breasts, kissing and licking all the way. By the time my mouth got up to her mouth I was positioned to enter her. Regina guided me in and I entered with a firm thrust, causing her to gasp.

I was able to pump into Regina harder than I could the young girls, and I took advantage of that. I was even a bit aggressive, but she matched me, pushing back to me with every thrust. It didn't take long for both of us to get close to our climax. With one final push, I orgasmed inside her, and I felt her vagina spasm, as though it was milking me for more. With every squirt, I pressed harder inside her, as my body instinctively tried to send my seed further inside her womb. (not that it made a difference – she's on the pill, remember?)

I rolled off of her and we laid beside each other, catching our breath. Regina turned to put her head on my chest and I wrapped my arm around her. I thought about the day's events. I truly loved playing with all the young girls today, and each one was unique and special in her own way. I wouldn't trade my experiences with any of those girls for all the gold in Fort Knox. But as wonderful and cute and sexy as each girl was, none of them had the experience and passion of Regina. She responded to me as only an adult woman could, with confidence and desire. I expect I will always love my young girls, but Regina is different. She reminds me of what each of my lovely young girls have the potential to become: a loving, passionate woman. I kissed her gently to let her know I loved her. I decided that this was the best day of my life! If I were to die tomorrow, I would die a happy man.

After some time, there was a knock on my bedroom door. Heather yelled through the door, "Mom your phone's ringing! It looks like your work!"

We both struggled to get up, complaining as we did. Regina complained more because she knew a call from work on the weekend could not be a good thing. We both got dressed, and made our way to the living room. Heather and Amanda were awake again, looking out the rear window at the pool. It was pretty clear what they wanted.

Regina called her office. After a short conversation, she hung up. "Damn! There was a break-in at the office. Now I have to go in and inventory my team's files and do an access audit. I really hate when this happens!"

"Who would want to break into a drug company office?" I asked. In retrospect, that was probably a naïve question.

"Oh, you'd be surprised..." Regina started to say, "...but I think you're better off not knowing." She smiled. "Oh, but don't worry, I'll make sure your Penis Pills supply is safe!" She grabbed my crotch and gave me a quick, gentle squeeze.

I agreed to keep Heather for the night, as Regina would have to be at her office late into the evening. Regina hugged us all, and left.

With Regina gone, my two favorite preteen girls turned their attention to me; or more correctly, how to convince me to let them use the pool again. "Uncle Mark/Mr. Mark, can we PLEEEASE go in the pool? Pretty Please?", they both looked up at me with their big blue and brown eyes and pleading smiles.

Truthfully, I would have let them swim if they just asked plainly. But they made such a big deal of it, I couldn't resist playing along. "Well I don't know, girls. How badly do you want to swim? What would you be willing to do for some time in the pool?"

"We'll do anything!" they cried. "We'll do the dishes!" Heather said. "We'll clean the floor!" Amanda added. "We'll even..." The look at each other and nodded, "...Clean the toilet!" Heather finished Amanda's sentence. Amanda grimaced at that, but still agreed.

"Girls, that's not what I had in mind." They weren't very good at the seduction game yet. "I was thinking more like a good, long kiss from each of you, for starters."

"Oh, THAT kind of thing!" Both girls looked at each other in pleasant surprise. I sat down on the couch and each girl sat on one of my legs. They took turns kissing my lips with long, passionate kisses. I wrapped an arm around each girl, sliding my hands from their hips to their small breasts.

"Oh girls, <kiss> you are both wonderful! <kiss>" I was thoroughly enjoying their affections. "Would you be willing to kiss each other?"

They briefly looked at each other, then smiled and kissed. I took Amanda's hands and place them on Heather's breasts, and did the same with Heather's hands. They both took it in stride and kept going. It was so exciting to see my two prettiest girls loving each other. My erection was straining my pants. So, I took their hands and place them on my groin. They quickly got the message and turned their attention to me. They kneeled on the floor and pulled my pants down, releasing my very stiff erection. Amanda and Heather took turns kissing my penis and rubbing it. They held my penis awkwardly, as they weren't sure how to double team me, but their enthusiasm made up for any lack of skill. In between turns, they kissed each other. The sight of these 10 ½ and 11-year-old girls stroking me and kissing each other was heavenly indeed, and more than enough to bring any man to his limit. I managed to warn them of my climax, just in time, and I squirted on twice on each of their faces. The white lines of semen on across their noses and cheeks made these already pretty girls, so much more beautiful.

I was still reeling from my climax, when Heather and Amanda looked at each other again, and licked each other's face to get a taste.

"Mmmm, it's kinda salty and sweet.", Heather purred. "I like it."

"Yeah, it's better than Coach's stuff," Amanda answered. "and there's more of it."

Both girls giggled, as they used their fingers to wipe each other's faces. Once they were clean, or as clean as they could get, they turned to me and asked, "Can we go swimming now?"

It was all I could do to nod and point to the back door. Both girls jumped up with squeals of delight and ran to the back door. I managed to yell, "No running on the deck!" I saw both of them instantly stop, then do a fast walk out the back door.

It took me a minute to regain my composure and get dressed again, before I made my way out to the back yard. Amanda and Heather were already in the pool, splashing around. They found two of the pool noodles and splashed with them, but quickly found they were better for buoyancy than splashing. They rode on the noodles between their legs to help them float; not that they needed them – they're both excellent swimmers. After a while, Amanda stopped swimming and began to grind on her noodle.

Heather noticed this, "Amanda, what are you doing? ... Are you..."

Amanda just nodded and smiled.

Seeing Amanda enjoying herself on the pool toy, I decided to jump in and enjoy the pool too – OK, to enjoy Amanda. She didn't see me swim to her, and I hugged her from behind. She was surprised at first, but then she enjoyed the hug, cuddling back onto my chest. I caressed her front side, and managed to untie her bikini top and pull it away, exposing her tiny little hints of breasts. Amanda sighed and bent her head back onto my shoulder. I kissed her ear and gently nibbled on it, making her squeal. I slid one hand down her tummy to her crotch, where I gently rubbed between her legs through her skimpy bikini bottom. It was so skimpy, that it was easier to simply push the tiny gusset aside and fondle Amanda's vulva directly. She turned her head to mine and we frenched kissed as I massaged between her legs. The pool was toy gone now; she was supported only by my hand between her legs. Amanda broke our kiss, mainly because she was breathing too heavily as her orgasm approached. I kept up my pace and inserted a finger into her vagina, taking her over the top. Amanda yelled so loudly that I feared the neighbors might hear, but given the commotion that went on for most of the afternoon, I doubt anyone would have noticed.

After she recovered from her orgasm, Amanda turned around and hugged and kissed me. "OMG! <kiss> That was totally Amazing! <kiss> Uncle Mark, I love you! <kiss>"

I gladly returned the affection, but then I saw Heather at the edge of the pool, watching us. I couldn't just let her be a spectator. I gave Amanda one more kiss, then I dove and swam under water to Heather, where I saw she had her own hand between her legs. Still under water, I grabbed her hips and I kissed her mound through her bikini bottom. I worked my way up Heather's torso, kissing every part, until I surfaced. Her teacup sized breasts were just at the waterline, and I kissed them too, through her bikini top. As I was kissing her breasts, I reached and untied her top too, and pulled it away.

I kept kissing her now bare breasts, as my hand found its way to her bottoms again. I pushed aside the skimpy material and fondled her vulva directly. Heather started breathing heavier and moaning. I

kissed my way up to her neck, and finally her lips. My free hand took over playing with her breasts. Heather was getting close, so I put two fingers inside her vagina. That did it, and Heather orgasmed while riding on my hand. Fortunately, she didn't yell nearly as loud as Amanda did.

As she recovered, Heather hugged and kissed me too "<kiss> Thank you Mr. Mark! <kiss> You make me feel so good!"

The girls continued to swim topless, and I stayed in the pool with them. We tried a few races, but none of us really swam our fastest. We were all getting tired. When I declared it was time to get out, they only protested a little bit. They complained more about putting away all the pool toys than not swimming.

Inside again, we had leftover pizza for dinner. It was quick and easy to reheat, and I still had a ton of it. The girls were definitely slowing down. That's was fine for me, because I was tired too. It was a long active day for all of us. I had the girls change into their night clothes after dinner, including diapers.

We started watching the Kids channel, but after a while the girls got a second wind (or was it a third wind) and began chattering about the characters on the show. There was a scene where a preteen boy and girl had a first kiss and the girl pranced around like she was on cloud nine.

"... See, she's twitterpated, just like your mom was last week!" Amanda commented.

"Huh, Twitter-what? What is that word?" Heather was lost again by Amanda's comment.

"Really Heath', you gotta keep up with the new movies!" Amber lectured. "Uncle Mark, can we watch Bambi?"

"OK, sure," I answered, "But Bambi isn't a new movie. It was made long before any of us was born, didn't you know that?"

"No way!" she objected, "I first saw it just last year. I know because was in fourth grade. So, there Nah!"

"Yes, but that's not.... When you see a movie, it's not when... Oh, never mind. Let's just watch it." We were all tired, and I knew there was no way I could win that argument.

I found the movie online and the girls cuddled on me while we watched. Halfway through, they were both sound asleep. I could have taken one of them to bed but not both. So, I just let them sleep on me until the movie ended. As the closing music played, I woke both of them up to go to bed. They protested mildly, mainly because they missed most of the movie, but they both slowly shuffled to Amanda's room. I checked their diapers to make sure they were both dry, and tucked them into bed. They were both asleep again before I left the room. I was exhausted too, so I got myself ready for bed and was asleep within a few minutes of hitting my own pillow.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by movement around me. I opened my eyes and saw Amanda and Heather climbing into my bed.

"What's going on girls?"

"I had a bad dream." Heather answered.

"And she woke me up and then I got scared too." Amanda added. "So, we came here. Can we please sleep with you where it safe?"

I couldn't very well turn away two scared girls. I hugged both of them. "OK sure. I'll keep you safe, but please don't fidget. I need my sleep too."

The girls fidgeted, unable to get comfortable, but finally they removed their nighties and tossed them on the floor so they could have skin-to-skin contact with me. I certainly didn't mind that, but mainly, I was glad that they finally settled down. Amanda curled away from me but held onto my arm that I hugged her with. Her diapered butt was pressed against my side. Heather put her head on my chest and her arm across my stomach. A moment later, I heard Amanda snore slightly. Heather giggled at her BFF's snoring. Amanda eventually stopped, but then I felt her diaper expand against my side and it felt warm. She was wetting her diaper in her sleep! This brought back memories of last week, and I got a near instant erection.

Heather must have noticed a change in me. "Mr. Mark, are you OK?" she whispered.

I whispered back, "Yes, I'm fine, but I think Amanda just wet her diaper."

Heather reached across to Amanda, "Uh huh. She's wet." She accidentally brushed against my erection. "Is your thingy big?"

"Yes, Sweetie, but you don't have to worry about it. It will go down on its own."

She lay quiet for a minute, then whispered, "My bad dream was that everyone hated me and no one loved me."

"Well I love you very much, Sweetie, and I know Amanda does too." I kissed her forehead.

"Mr. Mark, can you... I mean can I.... you said that sex is about love, right?" Heather was rambling, trying to say something.

"Yes, it is. Love is the most important thing about sex."

"Well, can you.... I mean can I, uh, show you how much I love you?" She stammered. "It will really help me feel better." She put her hand on my briefs.

"So you want to..."

“Can I please make you do a cum?” she pleaded. “I’m sure, if I can love you then my bad dream won’t come back.”

Yes, that sounded very corny. Heather wanted to get me off in order to fend off a bad dream. I couldn’t follow that logic to save my life. I wonder if there is something inside girls’ brains that’s programmed for anti-logic (is there even such a thing?). Anyway, it didn’t really matter. Heather needed comforting, and that was what she wanted.

“OK, sure Sweetie, but let’s try not to wake Amanda.”

I moved the covers down on Heather’s side to give her access to me. I started to lower my briefs but she stopped me, insisting she do it herself. She struggled, but managed to do it. She sat up beside me and gently wrapped her hand around my shaft. I guided her to squeeze a little firmer, and how fast to move.

With Amanda sleeping next to me in a diaper she just wet, and Heather sitting topless intently stroking my penis, it didn’t take long before I felt an orgasm build up. I whispered to Heather that was close, and to speed up. She did as I told her, still looking intensely at my erect penis like it was the only thing that mattered in the world. A moment later, I orgasmed. I hit her face, her hair, and her chest. It seemed like she purposely aimed to spray my semen all over herself.

As I was recovering, I saw her smile and sigh, like she accomplished some major task. Heather struggled to slide my briefs back up, still insisting she do it herself. She then laid down just like before, with her head on my chest and her small breasts pressing gently on my side. She never bothered to clean herself up.

Heather sighed, “Thank you, Mr. Mark. I feel much better now.”

I sure felt better too, but that wasn’t the point of all this. “Do you feel loved now?”

“Uh huh. I have your love all over me. I can sleep now.” Heather kissed my chest and cuddled more on me.

Laying in between my two favorite little girls, I fell asleep quickly. It was the best night’s sleep I ever had. I felt like the luckiest man in the world. Little did I know that luck could be very good – or very bad.

Day 9 - Sunday

I woke up to the sunlight entering my bedroom, but I was still groggy, enjoying my state of half sleep. I felt two warm bodies beside me, Amanda on one side and Heather on the other. Heather still had her head on my chest. I could feel her warm breath tickling my chest, but I didn't want to wake up just yet. I turned away from her and wrapped my arm around Amanda. Heather cuddled closer and wrapped her arm around me.

I remember dreaming, someone was calling my name. Someone was searching for me. I wasn't really interested in being found because I was so content. The searcher was getting closer though. It was a woman, and she sounded so real.

"Mark! I've been calling all morning for you and... WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING?!?!" It was Cindy's voice, and I began to realize that this was not a dream. I slowly opened my eyes and looked up to see my sister standing in my bedroom yelling at me. "Mark, for the sake of all that is holy, PLEASE tell me I'm not seeing what I think I'm seeing!"

I looked around. Amanda was in front of me, and Heather was behind me, all of us holding each other. The blanket only partially covered us, showing Cindy that we were all topless. Cindy probably saw the nighties on the floor too. There was no hiding this or pretending it was anything else. At least the blanket covered my lower half and my morning wood, and the girls' diapered bottoms – for the moment anyway.

I sat up, keeping my lower half covered. The girls started to wake to the commotion. I sheepishly admitted, "I am so sorry Sis..."

"Don't you 'Sorry Sis' me!" She snapped back. Cindy then saw Heather. "And Heather too?? Dear God, Mark, isn't it enough that you destroy one girl's life that you have to destroy both of them?"

"Good morning Mom. I missed you." Amanda said, rubbing her eyes awake.

"Amanda Summers! Get out of that bed right now! Young girls should NOT sleep with... with... disgusting men! All men are pigs!" Cindy grabbed Amanda's arm and pulled her off my bed, revealing her wet diaper. "What's this? A... diaper?? Mark what kind of evil disgusting pervert are you??"

"Uncle Mark's not disgusting, he's my Uncle!" Amanda protested. "And it's because I wet the bed now. See?" Amanda showed her mom how swollen her diaper was.

"My Baby Girl does NOT wet the bed! What have you done to my Baby?!" Cindy was looking at Amanda, but I knew she meant that for me.

"She really does wet..." I tried to answer Cindy.

"You shut up!" Cindy retorted and glared at me. She was beyond any reason now. Not that I blamed her; if I was in her position, being shocked by what she saw, I'd probably go off the deep end too.

"Miss Cindy, what's wrong?" I heard Heather say from behind me.

Cindy noticed Heather again. "Heather, get off that bed right now and away from that horrible sinful man! I'm taking you home." As Heather climbed out of bed, Cindy got a better look at her, with the dried semen on her breasts and in her hair. "Is that...?? Mark, you evil bastard, you abused these girls for your own carnal lust! Just wait till Regina hears about this! You men are all alike!" She turned to the girls, "Both of you, go get some clothes on! I'm taking you home. I don't want either of you two to EVER come back here again!"

Heather protested, "But Mom said I can be here!"

I was in no position to speak for Amanda, but I knew I could speak for Heather, "Cindy, wait! Regina DOES know about this, and she approves."

"Oh yeah, sure." Cindy answered back sarcastically. "Like any mother would let their daughter get corrupted by someone like... like you!" Cindy turned to the girls again, "I said both of you go get some clothes on. GO!" The girls hurried out of the room, more from fright than obedience.

"Call Regina." I said.

"Don't worry, Regina will know soon enough, and we'll both give you what you deserve!"

"Call her, Now." I insisted. "I'd offer you my phone, but it broke yesterday." I pointed at the shattered case that was once my phone.

She barely noticed my broken phone. "You're bluffing! But I think I WILL call Regina now. This way you won't have time to think up some lame excuse." Cindy took out her phone and called. "Regina? ... Yeah never mind that. Look I'm here at Mark's, and you'll never guess what that slime ball was doing to our girls ... Uh, yeah ... Regina, he slept with them - naked! ... And get this, my pervert of a brother had them in diapers! ... What? ... She does? ... Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know ... But they were sleeping together, naked! And he forced them to have, I can't even say it, s-e-x with him too! I'm taking Heather out of this den of iniquity and bringing her back to you ... What?? ... And you're OK with that? Are you crazy?? ... Regina, you're making a big mistake! ... Fine, I promise I'll leave Heather here, but you and I are through!" Cindy hung up the phone, almost crying. "Am I the only sane person around here? Well, Regina may be blinded by your deviant charms, but I'm not. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't call the cops on you right now!"

I paused for a moment, trying to gauge whether she would bite my head off for opening my mouth. "Can I talk now?"

"You'd better say something damn good, or it'll be the last thing you ever say!"

"Cindy, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I lied to you. I betrayed your trust by deceiving you about Amanda and me. I let my feelings for Amanda get the better of me. You're my sister and that means you deserve better than what I did do you. But please understand that I truly love Amanda. You and Amanda are family. I would never intentionally do anything to hurt her, and I'm so very sorry for hurting you,

especially after what you said about Derek. You can do to me as you wish. Call the police if you want, I won't resist. Just know that my intentions for Amanda have always been that of love."

Cindy took a moment to take in what I said. "OK, I won't call the cops. But ONLY because you're my brother. And you have to promise never to see Amanda again. No contact at all. No phone calls, texts, nothing. Ever."

Never see my sweet Amanda again? I would have preferred she called the police. But I was hardly in a position to negotiate. "OK, anything you say Sis. I promise."

Cindy added, "Oh, and you're not my brother anymore, nor Amanda's uncle. You are nothing to us now."

The cuts kept coming. I cringed when she said that. Prison was looking better and better. At least if I was in jail, I could still claim to have a family. But again, I had to comply. "OK, we're <gulp> not family anymore." I had to ask though, "Can I at least say goodbye to Amanda?"

"What?? You think after what you did to her, I'm going to let you say a single word to her?" She seemed to realize that she was losing her temper again and calmed herself down. "I'll tell her for you. And I'll make sure she understands that she is NEVER to see you again."

"NO! Don't take me away! I love Uncle Mark!" Amanda yelled from the doorway. I don't know how much she heard, but she surely heard enough.

Cindy turned to Amanda and grabbed her arm, "Amanda Summers, don't make this any harder than it is. You're coming home with me, now!" Cindy then turned to Heather. "Heather, I promised your Mom I wouldn't take you out of here. But since she's on that bastard's side, I can't let you be around Amanda anymore." Lastly, she turned to me. "You and Derek can have your own private harems if you want. You'll both burn in Hell for what you've done. And if Regina wants to be on your side, then she'll burn in Hell too!" With Amanda in tow, Cindy stormed out of my bedroom and my house. Amanda screamed all the way out, begging not to be taken away from me. It was the most horrible sound I ever heard.

Heather ran to me crying, and I hugged her. "Mr. Mark, why can't I see Amanda anymore? What did I do wrong?"

I wish I could understand why kids always seem to blame themselves for tragedies. "You didn't do anything wrong Sweetie, I did. I made the biggest mistake of my life. I lied to my sister about the most important person in her life. It's my fault you can't see Amanda anymore, and I am so sorry for that." I held Heather for a long time.

I was thinking about asking Heather to call Regina to come over, but then I heard the doorbell. I faintly heard Regina's voice from outside, "Mark, it's me! Please let me in!" I sent Heather to let her Mom in while I got dressed.

A moment later, Regina burst into my bedroom and hugged me. "Oh Mark, I am so sorry this happened! This is all my fault! I pushed you into all this. Can you ever forgive me?" I held Regina close, and when Heather came into the room, she joined in and all three of us held each other.

"Oh Love, it wasn't your fault. I did all this with my eyes wide open. I deserve everything that Cindy does to me. But the true victims here are the girls." I looked at Heather. "Sweetie, you and Amanda are the ones suffering the most from this, and that's what I regret most of all."

I caught Regina up on all that was said this morning, how Cindy disowned me and forbade me any contact with Amanda, and how Heather couldn't see Amanda anymore. Regina was getting angry now. "Heather can't see Amanda?? I oughta call her right now and tell her what a bitch..."

"NO!" I stopped her. "You'll do no such thing! And don't call Cindy that!"

Regina answered back, "But she disowned you! And she's punishing the girls when it's not their fault!"

"But 'I' betrayed her," I looked into Regina's eyes. "I lied to her - about Amanda and me. I hurt her more than she could ever hurt me, especially since she's also vulnerable from Derek cheating on her. Besides, Cindy may have disowned me, but I won't disown her."

Regina looked back at me. "You won't give up on her, will you?"

"I won't give up on THEM. I've got to make this right again, somehow. But for now, at least, I have to abide by Cindy's wishes. I only hope things don't get any worse."

I needed to get out of my house for a while, so we went out to breakfast. We decided to drive out of town a bit to avoid the chance of meeting anyone we knew. We needed privacy to tend to our own wounds. Afterwards, I went to the phone store to replace my phone. Fortunately, I was able to get all my data back, and I finally got all of Cindy's texts and phone messages from yesterday and early this morning. She said that she kicked Derek out of their house for a week, and that she was grateful that she could count on at least one man - me. That made my heart sink deeper. When she needed my support more than ever, I failed her. No wonder she acted like she did.

Still not wishing to go home yet, Regina invited me to her place. We didn't do much there, mostly watched TV and cuddled. I stayed through lunch, but no one was very hungry and we only ate a little bit. I knew I had to get back home, whether I wanted to or not. Back home, I gathered up Amanda's belongings and packed them in her bags. Cindy dragged Amanda away before she could pack. I knew I was the last person that Cindy wanted to talk to, but I needed to return Amanda's things. I braced myself for a difficult conversation, and called her.

Cindy answered the phone harshly. "What do you want?"

"Sis, I need to..."

“Don’t call me ‘Sis’. I’m not your sister anymore!”

I tried again. “Sorry. Cindy, I need to return Amanda’s things. I packed them up. Do you want me to bring them over or...”

“Don’t you dare touch any of her things! You’ve done too much ‘touching’ already!” This conversation was not going well.

“Well, her stuff is already packed, but how can I get it back to you?”

“I’ll come and pick up her things. I don’t want you anywhere near my house. I’ll be there in 20 minutes.” More anger from her, but at least she gave me a solution. She hung up without saying goodbye.

30 minutes later, my doorbell rang. I opened the door and let Cindy in. “Cindy, you didn’t have to knock. Your code still works on my door.”

“Change it. I don’t want it anymore.” She answered coldly. “And Amanda better not have a code either.”

“Don’t worry, she doesn’t. She never had one. I got my phone fixed and finally got your messages from last night and this morning. I’m sorry about you and Derek, but I think you did the right thing with him. But I’m even sorrier that I wasn’t there for you when you needed me.”

Cindy almost looked like she was going to accept my apology, but she hardened her face again. “You men are all alike. You only want one thing, and you don’t care whose lives you ruin to get it!” She picked up Amanda’s bags and started to turn away.

That hurt. I never wanted to ruin anyone’s life, least of all Amanda’s. “Cindy, wait!” She stopped and turned back to me. “Please don’t punish Amanda and Heather for what I’ve done. This wasn’t their fault. I beg you to let them be friends again.”

Cindy stood firm. “Regina made her position quite clear this morning. For some deranged reason, only the Good Lord knows why, she seems to think what you did was just fine and dandy. I can’t stop her from corrupting Heather, but I CAN protect Amanda from your sinful ways. I have to protect Amanda.”

I knew what the reason was. I remembered Regina’s story, but it wasn’t my place to tell it. “At least please talk to Regina. Maybe she can explain to you...”

Cindy cut me off. “No. There is no possible explanation that could justify what she - AND YOU – did. Goodbye Mark, and I never want to see you again.” With that, Cindy took Amanda’s bags, got in her car, and drove away.

I spent the afternoon cleaning up my house and my back yard. Despite the honest effort all the girls put in to cleaning up after the party, my house was still in a state of disarray. I found a stray panty, an open

condom, and a tube of lube among the remains of the party decorations. I threw all of them in thrash. I also properly repaired the hole in the deck. If nothing else, the work gave me something to do and occupied my mind. By dinnertime my house was finally clean again. I was feeling... maybe not better, but less bad. I was hungry enough to make a light dinner for myself. Just as I sat down to eat, I heard a rough knocking at my front door.

I opened the front door and saw two police officers standing there. For a moment, I thought that Cindy turned me in, even though she said she wouldn't. I thought to myself, 'Oh well, my life is over now. I did say I'd go peacefully.'

"Mr. Michaels, I'm Sergeant Friday and this is my partner, Officer Gannon. We're searching for a missing child, Amanda Summers. Do you have any idea where she might be?" They each showed me their police badges, not that I could tell what one really looked like.

I was shocked. "Amanda's missing?? She's not with Cindy?"

"No sir. Her mother reported her missing this afternoon." He answered in a matter-of-factly way. "We were hoping you might know where she is. When was the last time you saw the girl?"

"Cindy came by to pick Amanda up this morning, around 7-ish, I think. I'm not sure of the time." I still wasn't completely sure that Cindy hadn't sent this dragnet to arrest me.

He pressed me for more, "Did you have any contact with the child since then? Phone call, text message, anything? Maybe through a friend?"

"No, I haven't. Cindy and I had an argument this morning, and... well, she told me not to contact her or Amanda anymore." I was nervously rambling on. "You see, she and Derek – her husband – broke up last night, and I wasn't as supportive as I could have been. Things kind of got worse from there, and..."

"Just the facts, sir." He cut me off. "Do we have your permission to look around to see if we could find any clues?"

I thought for a moment. Did I clean up EVERYTHING from yesterday's party? The last thing I needed was for these police to find a used condom or soiled panties. No, No! This should NOT be about me – This is about Amanda! If there was anything here to help them find her, they should have it. "Of course, please come in." I ushered them into my living room. "You can look around, but I already packed up Amanda's things, and Cindy came by after lunch to pick them up."

The two officers split up and looked in every room in my house. After a minute or so, they seemed satisfied that there wasn't anything to find. "Well, Mr. Michaels, if you do hear from the girl, please let us know immediately." They handed me a card with the police phone number, and left as suddenly as they came.

I was really worried about Amanda, so I called Regina. She immediately answered, "Mark, PLEASE tell me Heather is with you! I can't find her anywhere!" I didn't even get a chance to say 'Hello'.

Now I was more worried. Amanda AND Heather missing? “No Love, I haven’t seen her since I left your house after lunch. Did she say where she was going?”

“No, she didn’t. I thought she was in her room earlier, but when I called her for dinner, she wasn’t there. I can’t find her anywhere, and she isn’t answering her phone. Mark, I’m getting worried.”

“Well, the police were here a moment ago looking for Amanda too.”

“What?? Amanda’s missing too?” She gasped.

“This can’t be a coincidence. I have a feeling they’re together, wherever they are.”

“I agree, but where?”

“Well, do they hang out anywhere together?”

Unfortunately, Regina didn’t have any good answers. “Only in public places like the Mall, and even then, not for very long. As mad as I am at Cindy, that’s one thing she was very good about – keeping an eye on the girls. She never let them out of her sight.”

“Except when she came over to pick up Amanda’s things early this afternoon.”

Regina now realized, “That must be when they both ran away!”

“OK, I need to call Cindy and let her know that we’re looking for both girls.”

Regina warned me, “She’ll rip you apart.”

“That doesn’t matter right now. The girls are more important. We all need to work together on this. I’ll call you back shortly.” I paused a moment, “On second thought, come to my place. We’ll figure out what to do together.”

“OK, Good idea. See you soon.”

I hung up and called Cindy, bracing myself for more fallout.

As expected, she answered angrily. “What are you doing with my Baby and why aren’t you in jail?”

I tried calming the waters. “Cindy, I don’t have Amanda. And I don’t know where she is, I promise you. The police did come by, and I let them look around, but I told them I didn’t know where she is. And that’s the truth.”

Cindy would have none of it. “Why should I believe you? You brainwashed her to hate me! She wouldn’t talk to me all morning, and when she did, she just yelled at me. And she hit me! Do you know how that feels, to have the one you love lash out at you? Do you? You’re despicable!”

Something snapped inside me. I finally had enough. “YES, I DO KNOW!” Part of me knew this was not the time to argue, but I just couldn’t take it anymore. “Cindy, like it or not, you’re my sister and I love

you! Disown me if you want, but I will NOT disown you! Every hurtful thing you said to me today cut me down. I took it all because I deserved it, but that didn't stop it from hurting. I know you're angry with me, and I know you hurt – from a lot of things. And if yelling at me relieves some of your hurt, I'll take it because I love you!

I continued my own tirade. "But right now, there's a more important issue. Both Amanda and Heather are missing, and I believe wherever they are, they're together. Heather isn't answering her phone, and that has me worried too. You can hate Regina and me later on if you want, but right now the girls come first!"

Cindy didn't respond right away. I almost asked if she was still on the line, but she finally spoke up. "OK, you're right, THIS TIME. What should we do?"

My blood pressure was returning to normal now, as was my sense of reason. "Do you know of any place the girls hang out together?"

Cindy didn't have any better answers. "The only places they go together is school or the Mall, and I always drop them off and pick them up. I won't let them go anywhere else unsupervised. When I reported her missing, the police said she wasn't gone long enough. They wouldn't do anything until I told them I suspected you of taking her. I'm sorry I told them that that, but it was the only way they would do anything to try to find her."

Ouch, another cut down. Hearing her say that hurt, but that wasn't important. "It's OK, I'll get over it. I know you were doing it for Amanda." Then I got an idea. I don't know why I didn't think of this before, maybe the stress of being yelled at by my 'loving' sister. (Sorry for that dig Sis, but you have to admit you were a bit out of control that day.) "Cindy, did Amanda take her cell phone with her when she left?"

"I already tried calling and texting her. She isn't answering."

"But does she have her phone WITH her?"

Cindy was getting upset again. "Mark, you're not trying to call her, are you? I already blocked your number from her phone. You're lucky I haven't blocked you from MY phone!"

"No, I'm not trying to call her. But if she has her phone with her, I may be able to find her."

"And just how can you do that?" She asked skeptically.

"I have to show you. Come to my house right away!" I hung up and turned on my computer.

A moment later Regina showed up. I let her in and explained my idea to her. "Mark, you horny pervert, I don't know if Cindy will hug you or kick you in the balls. But I'm going to hug you!" She gave me a really long and tight hug.

I did enjoy the hug, but I had to stop her, if only to breathe. “Hold on for a moment <gasp>. Right now, it’s only an idea. I’m not even 100% sure it will work. Besides, I’m not doing anything until Cindy gets here.”

A few minutes later Cindy arrived. The three of us went to my bedroom. I explained to Cindy as I opened the mirroring software on my computer, “Last week I set up a mirroring app, linking Amanda’s phone to my computer. I can see everything on her phone, including what she’s doing.”

Cindy’s face got red with anger. “So, you’ve been watching everything Amanda’s does? Is there no end to your twisted perversions? This must be how you brainwashed her – by getting inside her phone, peering out at everything she did. - and is that ... her vagina? Mark, I’m gonna kill you!” She saw the pics I took after Amanda’s doctor visit.

“Hold on!” I stopped her. “Before you kill me, I think I can access the GPS on her phone.”

“GP What??” Cindy was confused. She never was technically oriented.

I explained as simply as I could, “I can use the link to find where her phone is on the map. If she still has her phone, and if Heather is with her, then we’ll know where they are.”

Cindy’s tone instantly changed. “Well, why aren’t you in her phone right now trying to find it? What’s taking so long?”

I was able to get in and locate the phone. It pointed to what looked like an abandoned building in the Hill Street neighborhood – an unsavory rundown part of town. Both women said in unison, “OK, there it is, let’s go get them!”

“Hold on!” I stopped them. “We know where the phone is, but there’s no guarantee that the girls are there. And besides, that’s a dangerous part of town. I don’t think it’s safe for you two to go there.”

I suddenly felt the shadow of two very desperate and angry women looming over me. I heard Cindy’s voice, low and resolute, “Mark Michaels, don’t think for one minute that we’re not coming with you. I will march through the gates of Hell and fight Satan himself to get my daughter back, and nothing - not you or anyone else - is going to stop me! Now let’s get moving or we’ll leave YOU behind!”

With that matter settled, we all piled into my car. But first, Cindy got something out of her car. It looked like a small purse. “Really?? We’re about to march through the gates of Hell and you want to look fashionable?”

“Never you mind. Just drive.” Cindy got in my car. I will never understand how women think.

When we got close, I started looking around for any activity or anything suspicious. This part of town was mostly deserted and run down. We found the building, and I drove around it to get the lay of the land and plan our exit route. The place looked deserted from the outside, but who knew what it would be like inside. I parked in a dirt lot beside the building, positioned for a quick getaway, and we got out. There was still no one around, and that made me nervous. I peered in the side door, and led my soccer

mom team inside. We cautiously explored the building, and eventually found a closed door with a small window. The window was very dusty, but I could see a large room with two small figures on the floor and two bigger figures on the far side of the room. The small ones had to be the girls. One of the big ones was sitting at a table eating something, and the other was laying down on a couch playing on his phone. It looked like I might be able to get in and get the girls out without being noticed. I motioned for the women to stay put, and I went in.

I managed to sneak my way to the girls, unseen. They were tied up and gagged, but when they saw me, they got excited. "Shhhh, don't worry, I'll get you outta here." I whispered. They got more excited as I started to untie them but then I fell to the ground, quite painfully. I turned just in time to see a big bald guy kick me in the side - again. Ooh, that hurt!

"Hey! You don't get to play until you pay!" The big bald guy said. I rolled away and managed avoid a third kick. As I sparred with this guy, I heard more commotion and the women's voices. Great, now I had to save the girls AND their moms. I managed to grab Baldy and bring him down to the floor. That made it a fair fight between us now. "Who the f*** are you anyway? You're not cops, are you? Cause I hate cops!" Of all the bad guys I had to fight, I got the one that wanted to hold a conversation. I managed to pin him down, and was about to pummel him, when I heard the 'CLICK' of a gun cocking. Baldy and I both stopped. I slowly got up, and raised my hands. I knew this was the end. I slowly turned around. I didn't want to get shot in the back.

When I turned, I saw Cindy holding what looked like a 9mm pistol. Wait - CINDY?? Miss 'Guns kill people and that's a sin' Cindy?? What's more, she was holding it like a pro. She obviously had training. She said with the same low resolute voice as before, "No we're not cops. We're their Moms!" She made Dirty Harry look like a pansy.

Then I noticed the other guy was lying on the floor, with Regina standing over him, her foot firmly planted on his neck. The second guy tried to get away, but Regina dug her foot further in. "Don't even think it!" She yelled at him, and he stopped resisting.

I was still in shock from what I saw. "You know, it would have been nice if you told me you were packing! I had no idea I was backed up by Cagney and Lacey!"

"Shut up and untie the girls!" Cindy yelled, and motioned to the girls. Baldy took the opportunity and tried to jump for me, but Cindy fired, hitting his leg. "Next one goes between your legs! Now stay down!" He fell back down, holding his now bloody leg, and he turned to protect his crotch area.

I quickly untied the girls, and they hugged me, "We need to get out of here, NOW", I told them. I grabbed their backpacks and shepherded them to the door.

Once I had the girls clear, Cindy backed up to the door, and Regina stepped back too. Regina looked like she could pounce on her guy again at any moment. Cindy announced, "If you or anyone else EVER touches our girls again, I will personally castrate you with this! Understand?" Both guys just laid there,

not moving. "UNDERSTAND?" She fired at the second guy between his open legs, a few feet short of his crotch.

"We understand! We understand!" they both said together, moving their hands to cover their crotches.

"Good!" Cindy answered more pleasantly. "It's always better when we understand each other."

Regina added, "And don't even think about following us because you'll get more of the same!"

I lead the way out, keeping Amanda and Heather close while my female Marines covered our rear. Once outside, another car just arrived and two guys were getting out. They did not look happy with the situation. The closer guy was big - and tall. I mean really big and tall, like how-could-he-fit-in-the-car big. He looked at me like I was his dinner. The farther one was a bit older, had a seriously receding hairline, and small eyeglass frames that made him look like he had beady eyes. He carried himself like he was in charge, and yelled, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

I pushed the girls into my car and closed the door, protecting them. "You gotta get through me to get to the girls!" I yelled.

The human mountain smiled and said, "No Problem!" He swung at me, but he was slow. I easily ducked and avoided his punch. I landed a solid kidney punch on him as I moved to the side. Unfortunately, it didn't seem to faze him at all. I think I would have done better to tickle him. Fortunately, just as Andre the Giant started to turn toward me, Regina caught up with me and delivered a very effective round kick to the big guy's gonads. When he bent over in pain, I grabbed his head and shoved him down. He hit the ground sideways with a noticeable thud. I thought to myself, 'the bigger they are the harder they fall'. He laid there stunned, on the ground.

"Like I said, you gotta get through me first!"

Then I heard another 'CLICK' of a gun cocking, but it sounded different from Cindy's gun. I looked at Mr. Glasses and he had what was unmistakably a 44 Magnum revolver aimed at me. "I think this can go through you quite nicely. Now hand over the girls!"

I instinctively pulled Regina behind me, not that it would have mattered. That hand cannon looked like it could shoot through a brick wall.

"Not gonna happen!" I stood my ground. I never had a gun aimed at me before and it scared the crap out of me, but neither was I ever faced with protecting the ones I loved like this. I'd give up my wallet, my car, hell even my house. But I was not going to give up my girls. "As long as I'm alive, you're not getting any of them!"

"As long as you're alive, eh? Well I can fix that, real easy!" He aimed and I flinched, closing my eyes for a moment. I heard a gunshot, but I didn't get hit. I opened my eyes and saw the guy was no longer holding his gun. Instead, he was holding his now bloodied hand with his other hand. "Jesus Fuck!" He exclaimed.

“NOBODY SHOOTS MY BROTHER! And don’t swear like that in front of my daughter!” Cindy was standing by building doorway, holding her gun, which was quite small by comparison. Hmmm, I guess size doesn’t really matter; it’s what you do with it that counts.

“Sis! The tires! Shoot them out!” Sharpshooter Cindy shot the two tires that she could see on the other car. “Great! Let’s Go!” We all piled in to my car and I floored it out of the dirt lot, raising a dust cloud that helped cover our getaway.

The Moms were tending to their girls in the back seat. They had no physical injuries, other than a few bruises. Mostly, they were terrified. There was a lot of hugging, and “I’m sorry” and “I love you” said by everyone.

Once they settled down a bit, Cindy noticed my driving. “Uh, Mark, why are you going this way? Home is the other way.”

“I know. I’m going the wrong way just in case anyone’s following us. I’ll turn north soon, and we’ll make a big circle back. I just want to make sure we leave a cold trail.”

“You should go at least a mile before turning, and don’t make the turn obvious. You want stay on main roads with some traffic to blend in, but not so much that you can’t maneuver.” Regina added.

Cindy looked at Regina and asked “And just how do you know all this?”

Regina explained, “It’s part of my self-defense class I teach. It’s not just about kicking and beating up guys, it’s getting away from a bad situation. Hiding in the flow of traffic is part of that.”

“And she’s right.” I agreed. “It’ll be a while before we get home, because I’m not taking any direct route there.” I paused for a moment, but then I had to ask, “On the subject of ‘how did you know’, how is it that you are an expert marksman when you always said you were afraid of guns?” I would have glared at her, but I couldn’t take my eyes off the road.

“Yeah, Annie Oakley, how come?” Regina glared on my behalf.

“I still don’t like guns. Believe it or not, they still scare me. But last year Derek signed us up for some gun safety classes. I didn’t want to go, but it’s a wife’s duty to do as her husband says...”

“Oh, come on, ‘a wife’s duty’?? You can’t honestly believe that!” Regina challenged.

“Yes, I do!” Cindy firmly answered back. “At least I did then. Anyway, even though I didn’t like it, I turned out to be a pretty good shot. Derek even bought me this gun. It’s only a small one, really just for self-defense. He told me ‘you never know when you’ll need it, and if you ever do, you’ll be glad you have it’. Well, I’m glad I have it now.” She turned to Amanda and hugged her, “It helped me get you back!”

Day 9 Part 2

The rest of the drive home was quiet. Once I was satisfied that we were safe, I headed straight home. We were all exhausted from the ordeal, the girls even more so. By the time we got home, they were fast asleep. I grabbed the girls' backpacks and the Moms roused their daughters.

As Regina worked on getting Heather out, she whispered to me "Looks like Heather wet herself a little in your car. Sorry."

"No problem," I whispered back, "I still have diapers in the guest room. You take care of Heather, and I'll clean this up."

"Oh Amanda, did you have an accident?" I heard Cindy from the other side of the car. "What am I going to do with you?"

I answered Cindy, "You can take her to my guest room and put a diaper on her. The girls know where the changing supplies are. I'll clean up the car."

Cindy scoffed, "My daughter does not need a diaper! You did something to her, I know it!"

I was about to defend myself again, but Regina interrupted, "Oh Cindy, get off your high horse, and come inside to change Amanda! I'm doing the same with Heather."

Cindy gave me an angry look and helped Amanda inside. I cleaned up the car seats. By the time I was done and got inside, Cindy and Regina were in the living room talking. The girls were sleeping on my guest bed. I sat down too. We all needed to talk.

I started, "Cindy, I'm confused about something. You said 'Nobody shoots your brother.' I thought you disowned me."

"OK, I'm sorry I said you're not my brother anymore." Cindy admitted, "And I'm very thankful that you helped us rescue the girls. But I'm still really angry at you for what you did to Amanda!"

"Fair enough. Yes, I did have sex with Amanda, but I promise you I didn't force her."

"A 10-year-old cannot consent to... that, so it had to be forced!" Cindy argued. She still couldn't bring herself to say the word 'sex'.

I briefly considered saying that Amanda was 10 and a half, but thought better of it. "Cindy, until a week ago, I also thought like you. But the fact is that Amanda had been masturbating before I had sex with her. Like it or not, she has sexual feelings. Even Dr. Bradley said that, remember?"

Cindy clung to her truths, "But she's only 10! And she's your niece!"

"And Heather is 11, and she has sexual feelings too." Regina added.

Cindy turned to Regina, "How can you actually permit anyone to corrupt your daughter like that? It's so wrong!"

"Is it wrong to be loved?" Regina asked.

"Doing... things like that with a 10-year-old isn't love. It's perverted!" Cindy stood her ground, "And it traumatizes the girl!"

I spoke up, "Regina, have you ever told Cindy your story?"

Regina looked at me, shocked, "Mark, you didn't tell..."

"No, I didn't." I assured her. "Look, I know you don't like to talk about it, but I think you need to tell her now."

Cindy was confused. "Tell me what?"

Regina reluctantly agreed, and went on to tell her story about her Dad. I held her hand as she talked through the emotionally hard parts. "... So, you see, my Dad didn't traumatize me. I loved him and he loved me. It was being separated from him that caused all my pain and hurt."

Cindy looked away and thought a moment, "And that's what happened when I took Amanda out of this house." She finally understood. "Oh, my goodness, what have I done! I'm a terrible Mom!" She started to cry. "I'm a terrible sister! I'm a terrible wife! I'm a terrible friend!" OK, maybe she wasn't quite at 'understanding' just yet.

I moved beside Cindy and hugged her. "Sis, that's not true! You're a wonderful Mom! You're also a wonderful sister, wife, and everything else too!"

Regina added, "And a wonderful best friend!" as she hugged Cindy from her other side. "Actually, I'm the terrible friend."

"<sniff> How are you terrible?" Cindy asked, "You didn't tell me I was going to hell, <sniff> even though I probably am now. <sniff>"

Regina explained, "Cind, I was never truthful to you about my own beliefs, or about my Dad. I was always afraid you'd reject me because of it. Now I know I should have trusted you. I'm so sorry I wasn't a REAL best friend to you."

Cindy smiled a bit through her tears. "Oh Gina, I always knew you didn't agree with my way of life <sniff>. That was never important to me. You're the best friend anyone could have!"

"You two ARE the perfect friends," I added, "But if anyone fell short this week it was me. I'm a terrible brother. I lied to you about Amanda and me, and I am so sorry about that."

"And for having s... being 'intimate' with her?" Cindy prompted.

I paused. "Sis, I love Amanda. As my niece, but also sexually. Maybe that makes me a bad person, I don't know, but I can't help feeling what I feel. I never hurt her, never forced her, and I always put her

well-being before myself. You and Amanda are my family and I feel terrible that my own actions pitted you two against each other. I never want to come between you and Amanda again.”

Cindy thought for a moment. “Mark, you’re not making it easy for me. If you won’t apologize for the ... sex (there I said it), I can’t forgive what you’re not sorry for.” She turned to Regina, “Gina, I did hear your story and understand that you believe differently, but my whole life I knew sex with children is wrong. I can’t just turn that off, not even for my brother.”

I didn’t want to lose my sister twice in one day. “Cindy, I can’t change how I feel about Amanda, but I can promise you that I won’t have any more sex with her unless you consent. And that’s forever, even after she turns 13, after she’s an adult - forever. You’re too important to me to lose you again.”

Cindy turned back to me and thought for a moment, “You can’t ever be alone with her.”

“Agreed.”

Cindy continued, “And I need time to think this over. I need you to stay away from her for... one week.”

Now it was my turn to think for a moment, “OK, But I get to say goodbye to her, AND after the week we all get together again, and talk about this – You, me, AND Amanda.”

“I can live with that.” Cindy continued her negotiation, “Also after the week, I might need to make some more rules.”

“OK, but if you do, we’ll discuss them first.”

“Agreed.”

I asked, “So we’re good then?”

“No! Not by a longshot!” Cindy sternly answered, but she softened up a bit, “But we’re getting there, and I think eventually we may be ‘good’ again.”

The three of us talked into the night. We talked about everything. The girls, each other, Derek, Regina’s Ex, even the weather (I know that sounds cliché, but we really did talk about the recent thunderstorms). When we realized how late it was, we all figured it was best not to wake the girls. Even though it was technically a school night, we all agreed that with the day’s trauma, the girls should not go to school on Monday. Regina also contacted her office that she would work from home tomorrow.

I offered Cindy and Regina my bed while I took the couch, but Cindy would have none of it. She knew Regina and I were together and she insisted that we take my bed and she would sleep on my couch. I also suspect it may have been because of the sight she saw on my bed that morning that made her never want to go near it, but she never came out and said that.

Day 10 - Monday

In the morning, we all had breakfast. (Can you guess what? Waffles!) We talked to the girls about our resolutions last night. I was to have no contact with Amanda for the week – not even texting. Also, next week, when I could see her again, I still could not be alone with her. Amanda started to cry, but Cindy and I promised that when the week was up, the three of us would talk about it together – and Amanda would have a say in some things. Heather then whispered something to Amanda, but I caught on and announced that Heather was not allowed to be a go-between for me and Amanda. The girls slouched with an ‘Oh Darn’ look on their faces. Cindy was impressed, first that I noticed the girls’ scheming, but also that I stopped it.

I showed Cindy and Amanda that I blocked Amanda’s number for the week. I also removed my mirroring app from my computer, including her pics (I shed a tear for losing those). I also helped Cindy set up a basic tracking app on her phone, so she could monitor Amanda better.

The TV was showing the local news when Regina yelled for all of us to come to the living room right away.

“... In other news, an anonymous 911 call resulted in the discovery of a child sex trafficking ring happening in our own neighborhood. The caller – an unidentified woman – reported a man shot, in the dilapidated Hill Street district. The caller apparently used the shooting victim’s phone, and would not give her name. When the Police and EMT’s arrived, they discovered not one, but two men shot with non-life-threatening injuries, and two additional men who had minor injuries. One of the gunshot victims was Clarence Boddicker, who was on the FBI’s most wanted list for multiple counts of armed robbery, drug and child sex trafficking, and capital murder. All four men are in custody without bail.

Police are unsure who could have attacked these men. The arrested suspects reported that it was a rival gang, but gave conflicting details about their identities. The attackers were reported driving away in a large black sedan.”

I smiled, because my car is tan SUV. I turned to Cindy, “Is that why it took you so long to come out of the building? You called 911??”

Cindy blushed, “Well, yes! I know I shot the guy, but I wasn’t going to let him bleed to death. It’s still a sin to kill.”

Thinking about it, I was impressed at Cindy’s forethought. “How did you know not to use your own phone? Did you know they could trace the phone that was used?”

“They can?? Oh, thank goodness I left mine in the car! I just saw the guy’s phone on the table and used it.”

We all talked a little more, but all too soon it was time for Cindy to take Amanda home. It was a tearful moment for everyone. The young girls cried, and Amanda begged to be allowed to stay with me. Cindy

waivered, but I stood with her and supported her decision. I was not going to try to weasel my way out of a situation that I put myself into. I gave Amanda a good long hug goodbye, and reminded her it would only be for a week.

Even though I knew my exile was only temporary, I was really feeling down. Regina and Heather stayed to keep me company and try to cheer me up. While I really appreciated their efforts, I just couldn't get out of my funk. Regina even made a very nice lunch for me, and Heather helped set it up outside by the pool, which went above and beyond what ordinary friends might do. Heather finished quickly (How do these girls eat so fast?), and Regina told her to go swimming. She didn't have to tell her twice, as Heather cheered and jumped out of her chair and ran inside to change.

With Heather gone for the moment, Regina asked me. "OK Mark, what's bothering you? And don't give me that 'You miss Amanda' crap. I know it's more than that."

"I don't know, I guess it's the shock of all this sinking in." Honestly, I didn't know why I was feeling so down, but she was right, it was more than just missing my niece. Somehow, she could always read me like a book.

"Bullshit!" She retorted, "You had a whole day to let this sink in. There's something else. You're not the kind to wallow in self-pity. Something's eating at you."

"Maybe, but what? I really don't..." Then it hit me. "Wait, I remember now. Damn! How could I forget?"

"Forget what?"

"Coach Wilson offered me the swim coach job at Rydell. He's moving up to coach at the high school, so he recommended me to replace him. I was going to go into the school office this morning and apply."

"So, go apply. What's stopping you?"

"Really?? You don't get it?", I almost yelled, "I can't be with Amanda, remember? She's on the swim team! I can't take the job now!"

Regina conceded - partly, "OK, I did forget that, but that's only for a week. So, you go next week and apply."

"I still can't be alone with her. And I'm pretty sure Cindy meant 'alone' to mean without another adult chaperone. Also, when she finds out I'm applying for Coach, she might just pull Amanda off the team. I can't do that to Amanda. She loves swimming too much."

"Well, at least you can talk to Cindy about it next week, can't you? Maybe you can convince her it's OK. And if not, then I can do some convincing to her myself!" Regina pounded her fist when she said that.

"Oh sure, beat my sister into submission just so I can coach Amanda. I don't see ANYTHING wrong with that!" I answered sarcastically.

"Hey, it was just an idea," She shot back with her own sarcastic voice, "I'm brainstorming here!"

"But you do make a good point about talking to Cindy though. Worst case is she says no and I simply don't take the job. You know I don't need the money."

"You just need Amanda." She answered back with a twinge of jealousy.

I felt her coldness in her statement, "You don't need to say it like that."

"Look, I'll be honest. I don't like that I've been beat out by a 10-year-old girl. But I see the way you are when you look at her. I know I can't compete with that, and I won't try to. As long as I'm..." She looked at Heather swimming, "As long as Heather and I are on your list too, I'll have to be satisfied with that."

Regina added, "And besides, it's not like I'm exclusively yours anyway. I have my own little boys to look after!" She made a cheeky grin, and I couldn't help but smile and laugh a bit. "There you go! See, you CAN smile!" She said triumphantly. She then placed her hand high on my thigh and gave me a sexy look. "No how about I turn that smile into an all-out grin?"

"Well, if you insist." I moved clear of the table and spread my legs a bit. Regina knelt in front of me and opened my pants, pulling them down over my butt, and gently pulled out my penis. My erection grew as she expertly fondled me.

"I like feeling you grow and get hard in my hands," She seductively said. "It feels good knowing that I'm doing this to your body." She kissed the head and licked it. A shiver went up my spine. Now fully erect, I leaned back and watched Regina stroke and kiss my penis. She looked up to me with her sexy brown eyes. "I love making my man feel good." She let her long hair fall on my crotch area. The light sensation tickled a bit, and it added to the wonderful feeling. I couldn't help but let out a slight moan of pleasure. Before long, she took me in her mouth. She didn't fully deep throat me, but she took a lot of my erect penis in. Inside her mouth, her tongue swirled all around me. Outside her mouth, she stroked the base with her hand. Regina briefly broke from her full-on blowjob to say, "I want you to cum in my mouth, Mark. Please fill up my mouth. Give me everything you got!"

It wasn't like I was in any position to turn down her request. I could feel myself getting close, and I warned her. Even with her mouth full, she managed a knowing smile. She pumped her hand faster and licked me inside her mouth more intensely. In a moment I felt my own muscles tense up and I fired several shots inside Regina's mouth. She took it all, never spilling a drop. When I finished, she sat up and opened her mouth, showing it full of my semen. She then grabbed her glass and drank a big swig of iced tea, and finally showed me her empty mouth.

We chatted for about 10 minutes about different things. At one point I happened to look around and I saw Heather at the edge of the pool watching us, or more likely just at me and my exposed self. She had

one arm on the deck, but her other arm was below the waterline, clearly moving. “Uh, Regina, I think we have a voyeur.”

Regina chastised her daughter, “Heather Clark, you know it’s not nice to spy on people!”

“But Mom, you knew I was in the pool! It’s not like I was hiding or anything!”

Regina countered back, “It looks like your hiding your hand though! Are you masturbating in the pool young girl?”

Heather blushed a deep red and looked away, but didn’t answer.

“I thought so. Come up here and let Mr. Mark take care of that for you.”

“But Mom, I thought you said it was OK for me to, uh, you know, um, do it myself.”

“You’re right dear, it’s your body and you can do what you want with it. But right now, Mr. Mark needs your help. He needs to make you feel good.”

In a flash, Heather leapt out of the pool and was by my side with an enthusiastic smile. “I’ll do anything you want Mr. Mark!” I instinctively put my arm around her dripping wet body.

I looked at Regina, almost in dis-belief. “Wait – you want me to, touch Heather? In front of you?”

Regina explained, in a matter-of-fact way, “Look Mark, if you really want, I can go inside, but it’s not like I won’t know what you’re going to do. You’ve already taken her virginity, and Heather told me you did great...”

“MOM!! That was private!!” Heather turned beat red again

“Hush girl! I’m not saying anything that he doesn’t already know.” Then Regina got quiet and paused. “And, well, if I’m being perfectly honest... I’m kind of curious. Heather Dear, you’re my daughter and I love you, but I’ve never seen you have sex. I admit, I’m curious and excited to see what Mr. Mark does to you. I won’t interfere. But if you’re not comfortable with that, it’s ok, I’ll go inside. And I promise I won’t peek.”

My hand was stroking up and down Heather’s side. She looked at me, smiling, “I can’t say no to you, Mr. Mark. If you want Mom to stay and watch, it’s OK with me.”

Frankly, I didn’t care either way. The whole world could have watched and I wouldn’t mind. Yeah, I know that would be a very bad thing. But I was holding a sexy 11-year-old girl in a wet bikini, who said she would do ANYTHING for me. Logic and reason simply shut down for me.

Heather noticed that my penis was still exposed. It was back to its flaccid state, but as she looked at it, she saw it start to grow and stiffen up. “I never saw your thingy when it was small. Is it – is it getting bigger because of me?”

“Oh Sweetie, you always turn me on. Especially when you you’re in that sexy bikini!” I pulled her onto my lap, facing me straddling my legs. My pants and legs got wet but I didn’t care. Actually, I was surprised that I could get it up so soon after Regina took care of me. I suppose those ‘penis pills’ must have had a residual effect on me.

“Are we gonna do, um, intercourse?”

“I’d like to, if you’re OK with that.”

“OK Sure! I liked it a lot the last time!”

“So, I heard.” I briefly glared at Regina. “OK, Sweetie, kiss me.”

I gently pulled her close and we kissed. I reached and untied her bikini top. Then my hands went down to her hips and untied her bottoms too. As I did this, she started to grind herself on my erection.

Eventually we both released, and Heather sat up straight again. Her bikini fell to my lap. “Hey! You made me naked! No fair!” She then grabbed my shirt and tried to pull it over my head. I could have helped her, but it was fun making her struggle. With much effort she finally pulled my shirt off. My pants were already partially down, so she had an easier time pulling them off. “There!” She said with satisfaction, “Now we’re both the same!”

I looked at Heather’s still wet naked body, her small but developing breasts, and her small tuft of dark public hair on her crotch. I then looked at my own stiff erection, pointing up at her. “Oh Sweetie, I think we are very different. But I LIKE the differences. Don’t you?”

Heather giggled and sat down on me again, straddling my legs just like before. We kissed again. This time I felt her vagina. She gasped when I did, but that wasn’t why I felt her. She was a little wet, but not enough.

“<Kiss> Is it time? <kiss> Are we gonna do it?” She asked.

“Not yet, Sweetie, <kiss> you’re not wet enough.”

Heather broke our kiss and looked at herself. “But I just came out of the pool! How am I not wet?”

“No, Sweetie, I mean wet here.” I stroked her vulva. “You need to be really wet down here or it won’t feel good. Last time we used lube, but I don’t have any right now.” Then I got an idea. “You know what? I’d like to see what you were doing to yourself in the pool.” I guided her hand down between her legs. “Please show me what you did.”

Heather gasped, “You mean, you... wanna see me, uh... doing it?” Then she remembered, “Oh, you mean like the treasure! OK sure!” She now rather enthusiastically masturbated.

“Oh god, you are so sexy doing that!” I had to stoke myself at the sight of Heather masturbating on my lap.

Heather saw me masturbating too. "Is that how boys do it?" Watching me stroke myself seemed to turn her on more. She was breathing harder now, "OK <pant>, I think I'm ready now <pant>. Can we do it now please?"

I felt her vagina; she was practically dripping. She was definitely ready. I placed Heather's hand on my erection and helped her guide it to her vagina. "OK, Sweetie, just like last time, guide it in and gently push down. Not too hard, don't hurt yourself."

Heather remembered well. She pushed down just a bit, and the head of my penis slipped inside. Then she eased down a little at a time, until she was fully impaled on me.

"We're doing it now, right?" She panted.

"Yes, we are! Now you can move as much as you want!"

Heather tentatively moved up and down at first, but it didn't take long for her to speed up her pace. She started pumping at an angle and grinding on the downstroke. That seemed to get her more pleasure than simple vertical thrusts. It was working for me too, because, I felt that feeling well up again. I instinctively rocked my hips to her rhythm, pushing up on her downstrokes. Her breathing got very rapid and I felt her start to tense up. I felt her pelvic muscles spasm as her orgasm took over her body. Then I felt a warm wetness. Sure, Heather was very wet, but this was more than that. I looked down and saw water flowing out from between us. Heather was peeing - during her orgasm - with me inside her! That did it for me and I climaxed too. As Heather let her pee out, I squirted my semen into her. Her pelvic muscles kept spasming, just like a hand squeezing me. It felt like she was milking every last bit out of me.

Heather collapsed onto my chest and I wrapped my arms around her. I looked at Regina. She had her hand inside her unsnapped pants. It looked like she just had her own orgasm. We made eye contact, and Regina smiled and winked at me. She just got herself off by watching me make love to her daughter.

As Heather recovered, she realized what she did. "Oh no! I'm so sorry! I - I didn't know I peed myself!"

Heather started to get off me, but I held her. "Sweetie, it's OK. I liked it!"

"Oh... you mean like when Amanda and me peed on your legs?"

"Yes, that's right! In fact, I kind of envy you because guys can't pee and orgasm at the same time. You are so lucky to be a girl, Sweetie! You can pee during sex, and orgasm as many times as you want." I squeezed her in return.

Heather smiled and blushed, "Thanks. It's still kind of embarrassing though."

Heather and I both went inside to clean ourselves up. We decided to shower together, and we washed each other. If it weren't for the fact that I orgasmed twice already in the past 15 minutes, I would have done it again with Heather. As it was, I still gave her another nice orgasm as I washed her body.

Regina put away the picnic lunch while we showered. They both stayed a little while after that, but all too soon it was time for them to go home. Even though Regina took the day off, she still had to do some work from home. They both hugged me, and Heather hugged me again, and Regina made me promise to call her if I needed anything.

Day 11-14 – Tuesday-Thursday

The next few days passed by slowly but uneventfully. I kept my part of the deal and steered very clear of Amanda. I spent a lot of time with Regina and Heather though. I was either at their house or they were at mine. A few times, Heather would start to talk about Amanda, but I stopped her right away. I could tell the situation was stressful for her – she probably felt like she was caught in the middle of things, and she kind of was. I did my best to console her with hugs and kisses, and reminders that it was just for a few more days. Heather generally accepted that and was patient enough to wait.

Regina on the other hand, was harder to placate. Her patience was much thinner. Her firecracker personality kept getting the better of her. She kept seeing this as a punishment for me, but I knew it was not. Cindy needed time to sort out her own feelings and have personal time with Amanda. Of course, I didn't like it, but I knew this time apart was necessary for Cindy to come to terms with all the everything that changed in her life.

On Tuesday morning, I got a call from Coach Wilson.

"Hey Mark, Steve Wilson here. I was wondering if you took the coaching position yet?"

"Thanks for calling, Steve, but not yet. I'm still thinking about it."

"Thinking about it?? Mark you do know what this job entails, and the – shall we say – 'fringe benefits' that come with it, don't you?" Subtle, Coach is not.

"Sure, I get that. And believe me, I DO want the job. But I need to work out a personal matter first."

"Oh, I'll bet it's about your niece, the Summers girl, eh? Let me guess – trouble with their parents? If I remember right, they're pretty conservative. Don't worry about that. Let me tell you how to get past them...."

"Thanks, but no." I interrupted him, "Like I said, I need to work out a personal matter first. I'll let you know in a week – I promise." I was surprised how close to the mark his guess was. Although, thinking about it now, it probably wasn't hard to deduce that much.

"OK, suit yourself. but I know how to keep those conservatives bamboozled. They're actually easier than the liberals."

"Don't worry, I'll let you know next week, for sure."

"OK, I'll make sure the school holds it for you for a week. But if you don't take it soon, some other lucky guy will. And HE'LL be the one to get 'lucky' with your niece, if you know what I mean! Think about that."

The thought of some strange man molesting Amanda, made me cringe. I know, technically, it's hardly any different from me molesting - no, loving – Amanda, but I couldn't stop the feeling of jealousy from

welling up. What if the next coach was a jerk? What if she didn't like him? What if he forced her to have sex with him? What if he hurts her? What if he.... No, wait – what was I thinking?? Nothing actually happened yet, and I was already expecting the worst. I forced myself to calm down. Damn, Jealousy is a strong, dirty emotion. However, Coach did make a good point, that if I didn't take that job, someone else would.

The week seemed to drag on forever. In my solitude, I had a lot of time on my hands. On the plus side, I was able to make real progress on my Hypnosis book. I wrote 2 more chapters. I also spent more time working out and running, to keep myself occupied.

There were other times when I didn't see Amanda for extended periods, and some even longer than a week. Every year since she was about 4, Cindy and Derek took Amanda on a vacation somewhere. Last year they spent a week at Jurassic Park. She was afraid to go at first, but when she came back, she said it was all just animatronic characters. She even told me that she was disappointed that no one got eaten by a real dinosaur. Kids have such strange imaginations.

Also last year, she went to her first summer camp; she spent 2 weeks at camp Wakanda. I remember she made a gift for me in her arts and craft sessions – a small clay model of some animal that I couldn't recognize. She said it was a black panther. She worked very hard on it, and even put some nice vibranium decorations on it. I still have it on display in my living room.

Then there were my travels. I've been around the world a few times, sometimes for business, sometimes just for myself. Every time I was away from Amanda, I missed her, but it wasn't like this. Maybe, all the other times were because one of us was going on an adventure, and when we returned, we could share that adventure. This time there was no adventure, and nothing to share when I could see her again. In fact, it was entirely possible I might never be able to share things like that with her ever again.

One day during the week, I happened to see the news about those child abductors we dealt with on Sunday. Some hotshot lawyer was fighting to get the charges dismissed. He didn't quite get that, but he did do some serious plea-bargaining, and got the charges reduced. They might even get out on bail. I believe in giving people a fair chance and a fair trial, but could not imagine any situation where those thugs should be released. I only hoped that Cindy or Regina didn't see that news story.

On Thursday morning, I got a call from Cindy.

"Mark I can't take it anymore! <sob> You win! You can have Amanda back. She doesn't <sniff> She doesn't... love me anymore! <sob>" She burst into tears. She was having one of her emotional crises.

But she didn't get like this unless something big happened. Something really upset her – more than just Amanda being sad.

"Sis, That's not true. I know Amanda loves you, and you know it too."

"Maybe she did before, <sniff> but now she doesn't anymore, <sob> ever since I took her away from you. She's sad all the time, and <sniff> and she never wants to do anything anymore. She doesn't even smile when I give her presents <sniff>."

"Cindy, I'm no psychologist, but maybe this just a temporary thing for this week? I mean she has been through a lot. Maybe this is just how she's dealing with everything." I was completely guessing on what to say, but I hoped it might calm Cindy down.

"<Sniff> She was so much happier before. Before Derek and I left, and you took her. When YOU TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME! MARK THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!" Now she was really out of control.

"Calm down, Cindy! I know I was a big factor in all this, but right now, I'm only doing what you asked me to do. Remember - you wanted me to stay away for a week!" I had to push back, to get her to calm down.

"I'm sorry Mark! <sniff> I didn't mean that. I don't know what I'm saying! I'm just... I'm just sad and angry and upset and hurt and I miss my Amanda the way she used to be <sob>!"

"It's OK Sis. I understand. This is a tough time for all of us. And I'm sorry that I was a big reason for it."

"No, it's not your fault. I know that men can't control themselves around young girls. Derek told me that. He said it's just how men are. It's my fault for letting all of this happen <sniff>."

"Wait – Derek said that?? Sis, that's a bunch of crap! I admit I made a mistake, but I will NOT hide behind some testosterone-based excuse. And don't let Derek do that either!" Now I knew where all this was coming from. Ever faithful – no, NEVER faithful Derek. I wanted to strangle that man.

"But it was my fault! Amanda ran away from me, not you!"

"Amanda ran away because she's a 10-year-old girl who was upset and angry. It doesn't matter who was watching her – you, me, or the National Guard. When kids get upset like that, running away is something they do. Cindy, you are the most caring, loving mother there ever was. I'd nominate you for Mother of the Year if I knew where to send the form!"

"<sniff> You're just saying that because you're my brother. <sniff>"

"I'm just saying that because it's TRUE! And if you don't believe me, ask Regina. She'll say the same thing about you."

"Thanks, big Brother. For being there for me - for supporting me - for everything!"

I offered to go to her house to talk some more and cheer her up, and she thankfully accepted. When I got there, I saw that Cindy never bothered to get dressed. She wore her bathrobe, which mostly covered some kind of nightwear, and her hair was pinned up like it was kept there for sleeping. We sat on her couch and talked and hugged, and talked some more. So much happened to Cindy in the past week; Derek cheated on her with a young teenage girl, Amanda was kidnapped, and of course I betrayed her trust by having sex with Amanda. Her whole world turned inside out in just a few days. It's a wonder she didn't completely lose her mind.

As we talked, Cindy produced a bottle of wine that Regina gave her some time ago. She kept it hidden because Derek didn't approve of the 'sin' of alcohol. I allowed her to pour a glass for me, even though she knows I don't drink. I barely sipped it. I did it mostly to help Cindy feel more comfortable. After her first glass, she said that Derek also kept a secret stash of booze in his den, so she didn't feel so guilty about keeping her own hidden stuff. The hypocrisy in that house was just staggering.

Our conversation inevitably turned to my relationship with Amanda. She still couldn't come to terms with how I loved her daughter. "Mark, you're my brother and I do love you, but you just can't do those things to Amanda anymore. I mean, the thought of you holding her down and forcing yourself on her, that's just so wrong!"

That caught me by surprise. "Back up a sec, Sis! I admit I did make the first move on Amanda, but I NEVER forced myself on her. Whenever she ever said no, I didn't push it. What even makes you think I'd do that?"

"Well, that's how... you know... it is. How.... sex is. The man imposes his will onto the woman. It's her duty to respond to him. Everybody knows that. If you went to church sometime, maybe you'd learn a thing or two."

"Is THAT what your church teaches?? That is NO WAY to treat a woman, or any person for that matter! No one should be forced to submit to another." I couldn't fathom how anyone could agree to be treated like a lesser human.

"Well maybe not exactly that, but it's how Derek interprets it and he's my husband, so that's the way it is for me. Besides, it's not as bad as you think. As long as I don't resist, it doesn't hurt. Sometimes, it even feels... kind of nice." The wine definitely loosened Cindy up a bit. She could never talk about her feelings about sex otherwise. However, the wine also made her reveal the issue of 'don't resist or it will hurt'.

"Wait – You have to worry about him hurting you?? You don't even get to enjoy the sex that he forces on you??"

"Mark, don't you know anything? It's not a woman's place to take the pleasure from the man. Really, you've GOT to come to our church sometime and learn..."

I heard more than enough. This was way past a different lifestyle, this was abuse. "Cindy, NO! YOU'VE got to get AWAY from that church, and away from Derek too! That man is destroying you! He's using

that church to manipulate you and use you like a sex slave. He preaches morality as he hides his own failures. Also, he cheated on you, and he's making YOU feel guilty about it! I know I'm no saint, but I admit my mistakes and I take responsibility for them. Any man who lies and cheats like that is no man in my book."

Cindy was shocked at my tirade. But she knew everything I said was true. She finally started to see the trap she was in, but she saw no way out of it. "But... I can't just leave him. I can't make it alone. I never even had a job before. I can't do anything. I'm useless and dumb."

"Jesus Christ, Sis! (sorry for swearing) did Derek tell you that too?" I was still riled up from my outburst. "You are intelligent and strong and beautiful. You can do anything you put your mind to. And I'll support you all the way. Oh, and what about Amanda? Do you want Derek treating Amanda like he treats you?"

Cindy's eyes opened up with a sudden fear. "Oh, my goodness! Amanda! You don't think he would..."

"In a heartbeat. He cheated on you with a 13-year-old girl. Amanda could be next." Yeah, I played the protect-your-daughter card. It was a dirty trick, but I needed it for the leverage. (Sorry about playing you like that Sis - But you know as well as I, that you needed the push back then.)

"Oh no! Not my baby girl! He better not!" Protective Mother Cindy took that just like I hoped. "But what can I do? I have nowhere to go!"

"Cindy, do you even have to wonder? You and Amanda can come live with me. I'll take care of you until you can get on your feet again – no matter how long that takes."

Still in her protective mother mode, she now eyed ME with suspicion. "Yeah, but won't you just take advantage of Amanda then?" I admit, it was a well-founded suspicion. But I wouldn't let that get in the way of helping them get away from that abusive man.

"Not if you don't approve. I already promised you that, and I stand by my promise. Cindy, I love both you and Amanda, and I never want to hurt either of you. I can't promise not to have any fantasies, but I CAN promise to remain chaste."

"You mean like the fantasies you had about me when we were kids?" Cindy gave a coy smile as she finished her second glass of wine.

"What do you mean? And where did that come from?" She surprised me again with that.

"You don't remember when we were kids and I just wore my underwear in the house? I knew you were looking at me."

"What?! But you... You mean you... But we... We were just kids!" I couldn't believe it. Cindy had me all flustered. That wine must have really loosened her up.

“Mark, my dear OLDER brother, I was a kid, but YOU were a teenager. Even back then I knew what sex was, and I was curious. I was too naïve to know any better, but I liked how I felt when you looked at me.”

“So... you pranced around the house half naked on purpose?”

“Like I said, I didn’t know any better back then.” She paused and looked down, “Just like... I didn’t know it was wrong to spy on you in your bedroom.”

“WHAT?? You spied on me?? I’m starting to wonder just who the pervert is in our family!” Cindy was just full of surprises today.

“Yeah well, when you called out my name during your... er, sessions, I couldn’t help but be curious.”

I lowered my head and covered my face. “Sis, I am so sorry about that, but it was so long ago and I was just a dumb teenager.”

Now it was Cindy’s turn to comfort me. She gently lifted my head and uncovered my face, and looked straight into my eyes lovingly. “Mark, it’s OK. I’m not mad at you. And I’m sorry I spied on you. You’re right, we were both young and we didn’t know any better.”

Cindy hugged me and I returned the sibling love. Then she looked into my eyes again. “But now I wonder, if you still could have those fantasies about me? Am I still desirable, or am I too old for someone like you?”

I almost fell off the couch. My sister - my conservative, religious sister who disowned me for having sex with her daughter, was asking me if she was sexy! How do you answer a question like that? “Um, Cindy, uh, where are you going with this?”

Fortunately, she backed off a little – but only a little. “Oh, you men are all so stupid. Look Big Brother, I need love. The kind of love that I SHOULD have been getting from... well you know who. You weren’t the only one with fantasies when we were kids. When I got a little older, I had my own, um... private sessions in my bedroom too. I didn’t know back then it was a sin to defile my body like that, but I couldn’t help it anyway. And... I was thinking of you.” Cindy blushed a deep red when she said that. “So, since we both thought of each other that way back then, I want to know if you can still think of me that way now?” She looked at my blank face and added, “And actually DO something about it?”

I was in shock. Cindy was always conservative, never sexually forward like this. No, wait. Thinking about it, that wasn’t true. For most of her teen years, she was carefree and very open. She always wanted to show off more skin. Cindy’s teen bikini was almost as revealing as Amanda’s is today. I remember Mom argued with Cindy all the time about her promiscuous and carefree nature. Then at about 17, she got connected with a church group and met Derek. From that point on, she changed. Though I was disappointed that I wouldn’t see her fun and wild side anymore, Cindy seemed happy and that was most important to me. Now, just over a dozen years later, her wild side was coming out again.

Surely, since she didn't drink normally, the wine must have really gone to her head. "Sis, I think you've had a bit much to drink. Maybe you should just lie down for bit."

"Mark, I'm not drunk. I've had more than this before and been just fine." Cindy saw my shocked expression. "You're surprised? Well I guess you couldn't know. Derek spends more and more nights out these days. He says it's church business. And he comes home very late and goes straight to his den and sleeps there. A few times I saw him come in, I smelled alcohol on his breath. He always denied drinking though. And in the morning, it was like nothing ever happened. And that's the problem. Most of the time, NOTHING happens between us. And the few times it does, it's over so quickly."

"So, sometimes when Amanda did a sleepover at Heather's, I decided I could go out and do some 'businesses' on my own. There's a place just outside of town where I go sometimes. No one knows me there and I enjoy a night out. I like the attention I get when I'm there - Attention that I don't get at home anymore. But I never cheated on Derek, though I could have several times."

"Mark, a woman needs to be appreciated. And he doesn't appreciate me anymore. The nights when I go out are nice, but that's not enough. I know it's wrong to go out behind his back, and he'd get really mad at me if he knew, but I didn't do it to make him mad. I did it because I needed to feel alive again. I guess I thought that if I could cheer myself up, I could be a better wife to him. Then maybe he wouldn't leave me alone so much anymore. I also hoped that our honeymoon would re-kindle his love for me, but it didn't. I feel like such a fool now."

Cindy started to get emotional again, "I need to be LOVED! I need to know that I'm a woman and that SOMEONE wants me - as a woman. My marriage is probably over now, and I have nothing to show for it. <sniff> Just 10 wasted years. Oh, I'm such a hopeless case! <sniff> Mark, you should just leave me too! I'll only bring you down with me. Take Amanda and run away from me as fast as you can! <sob>" She broke down and just cried.

Cindy made a faint effort to push me away, but I pulled her close. "Oh no you don't! You're not getting rid of me that easily. What's this 'nothing to show for it' stuff? What about Amanda? You have a wonderful daughter! And don't even think about saying that she's Derek's. She's the spitting image of you, and has your fire, and YOU are the one who raised her. Then there's me. OK, I'm not perfect and there are probably better brothers out there, but no one will ever be as loyal to you as I am. And don't forget Regina, who I know will stand by your side no matter what..."

Cindy shut me up by kissing me. Not a simple peck on the lips from your sister kiss, but a full-on open mouth tongue sharing passionate kiss. I instinctively embraced her with the same passion. One voice inside me said 'this is wrong', but stronger voice said 'She needs this. Love her.' After a minute we stopped, if only to breath. We were both surprised at what just happened, and either one of us could have pushed away, but we didn't. I looked in her eyes, and saw a longing to be loved. Whether it was my own need to take care of her, or just plain sexual excitement, I don't know. But I wanted this and I could tell she did too.

I felt Cindy's hair and pulled out her hairpins. Her golden blonde hair fell down, and I gently guided it over her shoulders. It was nearly as long as Amanda's. Then I untied her robe and pulled it off her shoulders. Underneath it she wore only a short pink silk Cami top that draped over her medium-large sized breasts (they were either C or D cups), and matching panties. Cindy offered no resistance, but I still wasn't sure of her motive.

"I need to know. Are you letting me do this because you believe you shouldn't resist when a man imposes his will on you, or is it because you really want this?"

She leaned forward and kissed me again. "Mark, I want this. I NEED this. I'm not just allowing you; I'm asking you. Please love me."

Now I understood that she wasn't simply submitting to me. I lifted her cami-top enough to expose her; to show what I remembered dreaming of in my teenage years. Before now, the last time I saw my sister topless was when she started puberty. Even then, her nearly flat chest fascinated me. Now, her beautiful developed adult breasts were inviting me to explore them.

"Do you like what you see?"

"You are a beautiful, sexy woman. Your breasts are perfect." I kissed each nipple once, then I suckled them. I heard her gasp, and felt her press my head onto her breast. Her nipples were stiff and erect from my playing. But now I wanted to see more of her.

"Stand up. <kiss> I want to see all of you, just like when we were young." She sighed as I backed away from her breasts, but she stood up. I saw her beautiful body wearing that pink silk mini-cami and matching bikini panties. Her breasts lifted her top away from her tummy, exposing her belly button.

She turned around, showing off a bit. "So big brother, is this what you remember seeing when we were young? Does this excite you?" She leaned forward, showing her cleavage.

She looked very different from when she was a kid. As a 10-year-old girl, she only had a hint of curves and her tiny nubs of breasts only barely made an impression through her top. But today, her panties stretched low across her hips, and her cami top barely contained her breasts. It's hard to say which view I liked better – child Cindy or adult Cindy. Both are heavenly in their own way. "Oh god, you are so gorgeous. You are the sexiest thing in the world right now!"

"I like it when you say that. I like that I'm pleasing you."

"You can please me more by undressing me." I stood up in front of her. Cindy unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off me, the same way I removed her robe a moment ago. Then she knelt down and felt my erection through my pants. She unbuckled my pants and lowered them, exposing me.

"Mmm! It looks a lot bigger than the last time I saw this!" She smiled at me. I know I'm not especially big. Last week, the adult store salesgirl confirmed that when she measured me. Still, it's does feel good for male ego to be told of your impressive size.

Cindy gently stroked my erect penis. She felt wonderful, but I also knew this shouldn't just be about my pleasure. I stood her up and pulled off her cami top, permanently showing her luscious breasts. I kissed and suckled them again, and Cindy moaned when I did. I slid her panties down past her hips and they fell to the floor.

I was a little surprised to see that Cindy was clean shaven. I felt her smooth mound. "D-Derek likes me this way. He says it's how a woman should be. Do – do you like me like this?"

"Cindy, you are a beautiful woman. And yes, I do like you this way, but remember that it really should be what YOU like about yourself. A woman should be, whatever a woman WANTS to be." I felt further down and briefly stroked her vulva. Cindy gasped. She was already very wet. I gently pushed her down to the couch and she laid on it. Again, I kissed her breasts, but after a moment, I kissed down her tummy and past her belly button.

Before I got to her crotch, Cindy stopped me. "What – what are you doing? It's dirty down there. Nobody likes that."

"I like it down there, and I hope that you'll like it too" I kissed her mound, then the top of her vulva. I explored between her inner lips with my tongue and found her clitoris.

"Oh, my!" Cindy almost yelled. "It's not supposed... to feel this good. I – I shouldn't be taking this pleasure from you."

"Oh yes you should! <lick> I'm going give you as much pleasure as I can. <lick>"

I kept up my cunnilingus performance on her, and I probed her vagina with my fingers. I curled my fingers forward, to massage the front of her vaginal wall. Cindy was now breathing heavily, and copiously seeping vaginal fluid. I lapped it up like a thirsty dog.

Every woman's vaginal secretion has a slightly different taste. What she drinks is a factor too, but there still is a unique chemistry for each woman – for each girl as well. Cindy tasted a bit sweeter, somewhat similar to Amanda. Come to think of it, Regina tasted similar to Heather as well. I wondered if mothers and their daughters shared some sort of chemistry. Then I imagined an experiment where scientists would compare the tastes of mothers' and daughters' vaginal juices. That's another experiment I would love to volunteer for!

Lost in my thought, I almost missed that Cindy was close to orgasm. She was panting and moaning. "Oh, dear God forgive me, it feels so good! Faster please!" I massaged inside her vagina as fast as I could, and felt a few preliminary spasms. A moment later, Cindy grabbed my head and pushed my face into her crotch and yelled. "YES!! SWEET GOD IN HEAVEN YES!!" I was more than happy to keep stimulating her clitoris that was now as much in my mouth as could possibly be. However, with my face mashed against my sister's private parts, I found it difficult to breathe. I held out for as long as I could, but about 30 seconds on, I had to back off to get some air. Fortunately, Cindy was on her recovery track by then.

It took her a good minute to come back to earth. "Oh, my... <breathe> that was... so sinfully... <breathe> wonderful!" I knelt beside Cindy and hugged her. After a moment, Cindy realized something. "I haven't taken care of you yet. I need to take care of you. But I'm not... well, I never did... what you did to me."

I couldn't help but let out a slight chuckle. "After I ate you out and gave you what looked like a hell of an orgasm, you still can't talk about sex, can you?"

"Don't pick on me! I'm sorry, I just can't say those words. It's... just dirty."

"That's OK, Sis, I'm just picking a little. <kiss> I still love you. <kiss> Anyway, you don't have to do that to me. No one should ever be forced to do anything about sex they don't want to. Besides, I have another idea." My pants were on the floor beside me. I rummaged through the pockets and pulled out a sealed condom packet.

"Oh no, those aren't allowed. That stops God's will from happening, and that's a sin."

"And just WHO told you that?"

"Well, Derek, of course..." Cindy stopped and had a typical blonde revelation moment. "Oh... yeah. Well in that case, I guess it's OK." She looked at the condom packet and tried to open it, but couldn't.

"OK I give up. How does it work?"

I took the packet from her hand and opened it. "Sis, I'm going to have to give you some serious Sex-Ed classes!" I showed her how I rolled it onto my erect penis. "Now, where were we? Oh yes, class is starting!" I put two fingers inside Cindy's vagina and scooped out some of her juice, then I rubbed it on my sheathed erection. Next, I took Cindy's hand and had her do the same thing.

"But it's a sin to touch myself down there!" But she didn't really resist me placing her hand.

I chuckled again, "I think that given all the sins we just did the past 15 minutes, and the big one that we're about to do, one more little sin won't make any difference!" After taking some of her own vaginal liquid on her fingers, I put her hand around my erection and guided her to masturbate me.

At this point Cindy knew what to do. She stroked me slowly at first, and sped up a bit as my erection firmed up. Once I was at full staff, she laid back on the couch and I got on top of her. She mostly just laid there though, ready for me to 'impose my will' on her. Oh well, her active participation in the act of coitus would be for another lesson. This was about her enjoyment anyway. I guided myself into her, but I kept my hand down there to massage her as we made love. I synchronized my fingers, giving her two strokes on her clitoris for each thrust inside her. At first, she just laid there, almost waiting for me to finish, but those extra finger strokes started working their magic. Cindy got more aroused and breathed heavier, just like when I was licking her. Her arousal got me going more too. I picked up my pace, and I could tell that Cindy was getting close to her limit.

I whispered in her ear. "You are the sexiest woman in the world! <kiss> And when I cum inside you, you'll be all mine! <kiss> I want you to cum for me. Cum for your big Brother! <kiss>"

That seemed to do it for her. Almost on my command, Cindy broke out in her second orgasm. She came almost as hard as the first time. This sent me over, and I shot my semen inside of her. I pushed as far as I could inside her, instinctively trying to get my semen as far into her womb as possible. (OK, the condom held it all, but that wasn't what I was thinking about at the moment. Don't take my moment away!)

This time, both of us took our time to come back to Earth. I collapsed onto Cindy, and remained inside her. Cindy wrapped her arms around me and held me. I couldn't get up if I tried. We stayed like that for what seemed like forever. Finally, Cindy released her hold on me and I struggled to get up.

I was still half-hard, and I carefully removed the now filled condom. It bulged slightly with all the semen pooled in it.

"Wow! Is that how much is supposed to come out? Derek never did that much!"

While I didn't really want to be reminded of my brother-in-law (especially just after making love to his wife – my sister – oh, this is just getting worse!), the positive comparison did give my ego another boost. "Well I don't know about him, but this is kind of my normal."

As I always try to be the gentleman (sometimes I even succeed!), I let her go to the bathroom and get cleaned up first. I did my best to clean up the wet spot – actually it was a large wet area - on the couch. Cindy returned to see my feeble cleaning attempt, and sent me away to clean myself up while she cleaned up the living room properly.

Day 14 – part 2

I went to the bathroom to freshen up. When I came back out, I noticed that door to Derek's den was open, and I saw his computer was on. A young girl's picture was on the screen – she looked very familiar. Then another young girl's picture appeared, and then another. As I watched, the screen showed files opening and moving round. I quickly realized that someone was remotely operating it – it had to be Derek. It looked like the same remote access program that I documented a few months ago. Derek was definitely uploading files to wherever he was. Then I remembered who that first girl was.

I called Cindy into the den. "Sis, do you know why a picture of Carly Kruz and a bunch of other girls are on Derek's PC?"

"No. I never touched his computer. This is his room, and I never come in here except to clean." As she talked, we both watched more pictures of girls show on the screen. They all looked to be from about 8 to their mid-teens, and in various stages of undress. They also looked like they were sleeping or very tired. "I know some of them are from church, but most, I don't recognize. How is it doing that all by itself? And why are these girls exposing themselves? Is this porn?"

"Yes, I suppose this is porn – of a sort. Derek is using a remote-control app to operate his PC from wherever he is. It looks like he's uploading a lot of files."

"He can do that??" She looked in amazement. "I didn't know he was a computer genius!"

I explained, "It's just a regular app that anyone can buy. Kind of like that tracking app I set up for you to monitor Amanda's phone." I kept watching the screen. He just started to copy a lot of files. The folders had names like 'Beckys Special Night', 'Sarahs Initiation', 'Carly and Friends', 'Reverend's gift', and so on. Clearly, these files were important enough for him to risk retrieving them this way. I looked around and saw the home Wi-Fi unit; I unplugged it. All activity on the computer stopped, but the screen was still on.

Cindy was confused. "What are you doing? Why'd you turn off that thing?"

"For some reason, Derek really wants these files. Since he wants them so badly, I'm denying them to him. This will also give us a chance to figure out what they are. We don't have a lot of time, though. He'll figure out quickly enough that he lost connection and probably call you. If he calls, just tell him the internet is down."

Cindy started to look nervous. "He won't like that. When it went down a few months ago, he called the internet company and threatened to sue them. Then he yelled at me because he thought I cancelled it. I don't even know how to do that or who to call! I'm such a dummy."

"Sis, in this case, being dummy is the best thing you can do. Play dumb to Derek. He may yell at you, and I'm really sorry about that, but you can't tell him I'm here. I need you to stall him any way you can."

Cindy agreed, and waited for the inevitable call. I looked at the computer, and found the main cache of files. There wasn't time to look at them now, so I needed a way to copy them – without the internet. I

rummaged around his desk drawers and found some memory sticks. Perfect! I copied the files to two sticks.

As the files were copying, Cindy's phone rang, as expected.

"Hello Derek, what do you want?"

...

"Internet? I'm sorry, I don't know about the internet. All the lights are out."

...

"I'm sorry Derek, I don't know how to turn them back on. What should I do?"

...

"Circuit breaker? Where's that?"

....

"I'm sorry! I don't know anything about electricity."

...

"Oh No you don't! You stay out of this house! You agreed to stay away for a week! I'll call Mark. He knows all about stuff like this. He'll be able to fix it."

...

"Don't worry - Why would I want to go into your den anyway?"

...

"Yeah well, goodbye."

I smiled at Cindy. "Sis, don't let anyone tell you that you're dumb. That power-outage bit was a stroke of genius!"

"Thanks, Big Brother, that was nothing. One thing I learned from Derek is how to lie!"

While the files were copying, I noticed a box of medicine vials in the open drawer. I showed it to Cindy.

"Does Derek take any medications?"

"No – at least not that he's told me. Do you suppose he's sick? Oh, now I'm worried about him! Maybe he's sick and he needs his medication?" Cindy looked at one of the vials. "What is this anyway?"

I looked at the mystery labels on the vials too. "I don't know, but we both know someone who does; someone who works in a drug company." I sent a text message.

MM: Gina, please call me when you have some time to talk – privately. It's important.

Less than a minute later, she called me and I answered on speakerphone, so Cindy could hear.

"Gina, Thanks for calling quickly. I have a pharmaceutical question."

Regina answered sarcastically, "Let me guess, you don't know which cold medicine you should take?"

"No, this is serious. I need to know what..." I read the bottle, "...Gamma-Butyrolactone is."

Her sarcastic voice immediately went away "Mark, that's not funny. PLEASE tell me you're joking. You'd better have nothing to do with that!"

"No joke, but I promise you It's not mine. What is it? What does it do?"

"Seriously? You don't know? It's only one of the most common date rape drugs out there! It's a super aphrodisiac and depressant. One dose of that and a girl gets all horny. Two doses and she's in a coma. Three does and she's dead. Mark, you get as far away from that stuff as you can!" I could hear real worry in her voice.

"Thanks, and I am definitely with you on that point. Which raises the next question, how can I get rid of it – just dump it down the toilet?"

"God no! Bring it to me, I know how to dispose of it. What are you doing with it anyway? Where did you find it?"

"Right now, I'm still sorting out the situation. Come to my house after work and I'll explain everything and give you the gamma-bute- whatever this stuff is."

"OK, I'll see you later. Mark, PLEASE be careful! People who have that drug do not play nice!" Again, very sage advice from her, but I kind of figured that already.

I hung up with Regina. Cindy's eyes were as big as saucers. She couldn't believe what she heard. "Why would Derek have something like that?"

I was starting to put things together. "Cindy, look at the girls' pics on the computer. Notice how a lot of them are sleeping? Others look really tired. I think I know why they're like that." I held up a vial of the drug.

Cindy what aghast. "You don't think? They're not... Oh, not Derek - He may be a lot of things, but that? He couldn't be a... I can't believe it!"

"A child rapist? I don't know, but he's definitely involved. At the very least, he's an accomplice. There's a lot of documents on his computer too." I spotted one file that looked interesting and opened it. It was a letter to a lawyer. The name looked familiar. It was about... Oh dear! "Cindy look at this file!"

She read it, but was confused. "I don't get it, There's talk about a lawyer, but... Oh my goodness! Is that about... They're actually helping..."

"Amanda's kidnappers!" I finished her sentence - again. "It looks like your church is paying for the kidnappers' lawyer." This was getting bigger and bigger. And worse and worse.

At any rate, I couldn't let Derek get these files. The copy to the memory sticks was finished, so I deleted them from his computer and turned it off. However, I knew that eventually Derek would come here to get them – and find that someone deleted them. Derek, and whoever he was with, would not be happy about that.

It was no longer safe for Cindy and Amanda to stay in her house. Whatever was happening, it was much bigger than them. So, I had Cindy pack up as much as she could quickly for Amanda and herself, and we left her house. I was worried that things might happen fast, so I texted Regina to leave work right away, and get Heather out of school ASAP. We also went to Rydell to get Amanda out of school too. As happy as Amanda was to see me, she saw our worried looks and knew something was wrong. Unfortunately, I couldn't tell her what, just yet. From the school, we went to my bank, where I opened my personal safe deposit box and put one memory stick there.

Lastly, we came home. Granted, my house was probably at the top of anyone's list to find us but at least I could protect Cindy and Amanda there. Once home, I made more copies, and uploaded the files to my own cloud storage and password protected them.

Regina arrived soon after we got home, with Heather, and a worried look. "OK, Mark, just what is going on? Why all this cloak and dagger?" She then saw Cindy and Amanda. "I thought you couldn't see them for the rest of the week? I feel like I missed the last two chapters of your life and I just saw you last night!"

"Gina, I'm sorry for being so cryptic, but things developed really fast today. Short answer is that Derek's church is into some really bad things, and he's somehow a part of it. I'm still not sure of everything, but at the very least, there's the drug thing and a lot of pics on Derek's computer of half-naked girls zonked out– at least they WERE on his PC. Now they're here." I showed the memory stick. "Also, his church hired a hotshot lawyer for Heather and Amanda's kidnappers, and he might just get them out of jail.

"You mean those kidnappers might go free??" She instinctively held Heather as she said that. "Those bastards better not even THINK of coming around again..."

I tried to re-assure her - sort of. "I don't think they will, because they're already all over the news. They'll probably disappear and pop up somewhere far from here. However, I'm sure someone else will come looking for us, and I think I know who."

"You mean Derek? Because he wants to get his files?" Cindy asked.

"Maybe, but he isn't the top person here. Someone else is pulling his strings. Besides, I doubt Derek would do anything to endanger you or Amanda. No, we'll see someone bigger."

"Uncle Mark, I'm scared. Is someone going to take us away again?" Until now, I barely acknowledged Amanda and Heather. They must have been terrified.

I hugged Amanda. "Not as long as the three of us are here, Cutie. Remember, we took out those bad guys last time. We can do it again. You and Heather just have to do what we say, and you'll be fine."

A single tear came from Amanda's eye, but she smiled. "We'll all do it together! Right?"

"Right you are!" I smiled, and I hugged both Amanda and Heather.

I turned to the Cindy and Regina. "This is our insurance policy." I held the memory stick. "As long as we have a copy for ourselves, we'll be safe. Each of you take one and keep it. I already have copies in several places. If anything happens to any of us, we give the files to the press or the police."

"Cindy, you have the added issue of Derek. These files don't have unlimited power, but you could probably get a clean divorce with a big settlement for yourself. If we play it right, you might get enough money to be set for life."

Cindy looked at the memory stick. "It's hard to believe that he's involved in all this, but I guess he is. I don't know who he is anymore, but he's not the man I loved." She took the stick from my hand and studied it, as though she could read the data simply by gazing at it. "If this is how he got his money, then I don't want any part of it. It's too dirty. I would rather be penniless than live off his sinful profits. I just want him out of my life so I can start over."

I never felt more proud of my sister than that moment. In fact, her words inspired me. "OK, I admit I thought about how much we could profit from this, but you're right, Sis. Any money we'd get from this would be too dirty. But I have an idea how we can ensure some good comes out of this." I told the women my idea and they loved it. Amanda and Heather liked it too and thought it was really sneaky, though I'm not sure if they fully understood what it meant.

It didn't take long for someone to knock at my door. My door camera showed two men. I recognized the first guy from all the news stories he was in – the famed Reverend James Jones. I knew I would get someone big, but I didn't think I would get someone THAT big. The other man was Edward Kruz.

Though I didn't expect Mr. Kruz, I wasn't really surprised. Edward had an air about him that seemed to fit this situation. We all got in position. Regina took the girls to my bedroom, and I called Regina on my

phone and muted my speaker so she could listen in. Then Cindy and I answered the door – with her gun in her hand. It wasn't that I expected any violence, but we needed to project strength, and a gun – even a small 9mm pistol – did just that.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Michaels, I am the Reverend James Jones, and I'm sure you recognize my senior church elder, Mr. Edward Kruz. I would like to discuss a few matters with you..." He looked at Cindy, "in private, as gentleman of God, if you please. Would you be kind enough to invite us into your very nice home?"

I invited them in and the four of us sat around the coffee table in the living room. Ed Kruz mostly remained silent and the Reverend did almost all of the talking.

"As I said, Mr. Michaels, I think it would be best if just the three of us spoke, as gentlemen of God," The Reverend again nodded to Cindy. "...and without the need to display firearms. I promise you we are no threat to you." I knew that was a lie. Maybe they weren't a physical threat, but I knew I was talking to power. A scary kind of power.

"Mr. Jones..." I called him that mainly to tick him off.

"Reverend Jones, if you please."

I smiled and deliberately corrected myself, "REVEREND Jones, my sister is much more involved in this than I am. If you want only one of us here, it will be her, not me. And if her gun makes her feel safer, then I will allow it in my house."

"Very well, as you wish." He seemed more annoyed that a woman was present, than about the gun. "It seems that there was a situation with Mr. Summers' computer. Apparently, some data files were removed from it. Those files belong to my church and I would like them to be returned."

I feigned politeness, "Oh, I understand completely. You know, I am very sorry for causing the problem. I'm sure that files of that nature are very sensitive. You're lucky I was able to copy them to a memory stick before they were deleted. I'll be happy to return the files to you." I gave him a memory stick.

"That's very good of you. I'm glad we can resolve this matter so easily." He took the memory stick from my hand. "Um, that is the only copy, right?"

"Well, about that – not really." Now it was getting fun – for me anyway. "You see, I had a chance to review the files and I realized how important it is to make sure these files never get lost again. So, I made some backup copies – several backup copies."

"Mr. Michaels, need I remind you that data is confidential and church property. You have no rights to keep it. We could sue you to give us all the copies, but I'd rather we don't have to resort to such things."

I had him now. "I'm sure you don't want to do that, because the files might be made public in the process." I was enjoying this dialog version of cat and mouse.

“Mr. Michaels, are you threatening us? That is not a very Godly attitude!” I could tell I was getting under the Reverend’s skin.

The whole time, Cindy kept biting her lip and wringing her hands, but she finally had enough. “Oh, you men! You keep doing this pointless polite business, when you both know you hate each other and you both want to push the other into a corner!”

That struck a nerve with the Reverend – but more because a woman spoke than anything else. “Mrs. Summers, please! We are trying to have a conversation. Mr. Michaels, can you please calm your sister down?”

I just smiled, “Sorry, not a chance. Like I said, she’s more involved in this than I am. You have to deal with her now.”

The reverend looked at me with annoyed surprise, but he recovered.

“Oh well, I suppose you haven’t learned the true place for a woman. This is what happens without the guidance of the church.” He reluctantly addressed Cindy. “Very well... young Cindy. What would you like to say?” Even when forced to talk to Cindy, he spoke to her in a condescending voice. But she took it in stride.

“OK, you got your files, but you also know we have copies of them. First of all, if anything bad happens to any of us, then we’ll release the files to the news media and the police. But if you leave us alone, we promise to keep the files hidden.”

The reverend was not impressed with Cindy – yet. “And I assume you want more than just to be left alone. Right, young lady?”

“Yes. I want a divorce from Derek.”

He smiled a little, as he might smile to a child asking for something outrageous. “I’m afraid that is out of the question. Divorce represents a sin. It is a break from God’s promise. We cannot do that. Don’t you remember our teachings?”

But Cindy already had her return volley set up. “Yes, I do remember - very well, in fact. All you have to do is kick me out of your stupid church. Then I can’t be married to Derek anymore, because I won’t be worthy. Believe me, I’ll be happy to sign the paper that says I’m out.”

“And I suppose you’ll want some sort of financial arrangement too? As the poor victimized woman of the ‘stupid’ church?” The Reverend just kept with the condescending tone toward Cindy.

“There, you’re wrong. I don’t want a penny of yours or Derek’s corrupt sinful money. But there is something else I want – well, that we want.”

“And what is that, my misguided child?”

Cindy looked at me, and I took over. “Fire the lawyer you hired to defend those child kidnappers.”

"I beg your pardon? What kidnappers?" He feigned ignorance, but I saw a flash of worry in his eye. He knew exactly what I meant.

"This might refresh your memory." I handed him a printed page of the lawyer letter.

He took a moment to read it - and to come up with a BS answer. "Mr. Michaels, we support a mission to help those who are wrongfully accused, by providing a basic legal aid. This is nothing more than that."

I'll give him points for creativity, even if it was a complete lie. "Since when does basic legal aid cost more than a hundred grand, and bring in top notch famous lawyers?"

He continued his faux explanation. "Legal fees vary from lawyer to lawyer. Projected fees are often overstated. I'm sure the costs won't amount to all that." He sounded like a politician. I bet if he ran for some public office, he'd have a real chance of winning. Damn that's a scary thought!

Cindy had no patience for our cat-and-mouse game, and jumped in again with the point. "Those kidnappers abducted my daughter. That's also DEREK'S daughter. You fire that hotshot lawyer and make sure those scumbags stay in jail forever, or your files will be on the evening news tonight!"

Again, the Reverend frowned at the need to talk to a woman, but he couldn't argue her point away. "Well, despite your rude interruption of our conversation, young lady, I think we may be able to re-evaluate our legal support in this case."

"Re-evaluate quickly, or I'm calling the Channel 6 news now." That's my sister - Straight to the point, like an arrow. God, I love her!

And it worked. The Reverend was visibly wearing down. "<sigh> very well, it's done. The lawyer will be dismissed. Is there anything else? Perhaps you would like to make more God-fearing people unemployed?"

Now it was back to me. "Just one last thing. I disposed of the Gamma-Butyrolactone from Derek's house."

"I'm sorry, the what?" The Reverend was not very good at pretending ignorance. I saw his eyes flare when I mentioned the drug. Edward, however, seemed to honestly have no clue about it.

Regardless, I had no problem explaining it plainly. "OK, you can play dumb if you want. It's a date rape drug. It's used to turn girls into semi-comatose sex slaves. But it can also kill them. Derek had a whole case of it. The pics of girls on that memory stick were victims of it - including YOUR daughter Carly, Mr. Kruz."

Finally, Edward spoke up. "What?? Sir, are you accusing my daughter of acting inappropriately?"

"No. I'm informing you that your daughter was a victim of someone giving her an illegal drug. I'm sure it wasn't her fault. Since Derek had the pic on his PC and the drugs, maybe he can tell you more."

I got the feeling that Edward was truly surprised about my revelation over his daughter. He looked at the Reverend suspiciously. Reverend Jones barely noticed Edward's look.

I continued my point. "Anyway, If I ever find out that Derek, or you, or anyone in your church has anything to do with any date rape drugs, then I think you know what will happen."

The reverend spit out more doublespeak. "You make a very strong accusation, Mr. Michaels. I can assure I do not condone such heinous activities. Of course, I will investigate this matter thoroughly, and if Mr. Summers did anything illicit, I will make sure he receives a just punishment for his actions."

Now I was getting tired of the Reverend's BS. "look, I really don't care if you punish Derek or pin a medal on him. I just want to make sure that no girls get any dangerous drugs forced on them. From now on, If I ever see any connection between your church and girls getting drugged, I'll make sure it's on the front page of the news – and in the police reports."

Cindy summed everything up. "So, Reverend, to put it all together – 1) I get a clean divorce, 2) You leave Amanda's kidnappers to rot in jail, and 3) No more drugs pushed onto girls. You do all that, and we promise your files will remain safe. You can keep your little church scam going and we won't bother you one bit."

The reverend still didn't want to talk to Cindy. "Well, Mr. Michaels, I cannot say that this was an enjoyable conversation, with all the insults and accusations. But I suppose I have no choice but to agree to your terms. If you watch the news tonight, I'm sure you will hear that your niece's alleged abductors will lose their legal representation. I only hope that God forgives both of you for taking unfair advantage of my poor god-loving church."

Cindy was about to make a smart remark, but I stopped her. We won, there was no need to gloat.

As they left, Edward hung back and whispered to me, "Are you sure Mr. Summers drugged my daughter?"

"No. I only know that she was drugged and he had a picture of her on his PC." I paused a moment. "Mr. Kruz, I don't agree with your religious beliefs – hell, I don't even like you - but I know you're worried about your daughter, and I'm worried about her too. I do hope you find out what really happened, and I wish only the best for Carly."

He started to turn and leave but I stopped him. "Here, take this." I handed him another memory stick. "In case the Reverend doesn't share ALL the files with you. I have a feeling he might 'lose' some of that data." Edward and I shook hands, and he bid goodbye. For the first time, I felt some respect for Edward Kruz.

Once the religious crusaders left, Regina appeared from the bedroom with the girls, all smiling. They heard everything.

We all hugged and the girls cheered and ran around the living room. Any other time, I would have yelled at them not to run indoors, but I let them go. To celebrate, we decided to do a cookout in my backyard, and of course, the pool. The girls cheered again – mainly for the pool time – and ran to change to their swimsuits. By now, Regina and Heather had half of their stuff at my house.

As the girls changed, the three of us sat in the living room and talked.

Regina asked, “Mark, you don’t actually trust them, do you?”

“Of course not. That’s why we have these.” I showed another memory stick. “It’s critical that we all keep our copies safe. If they ever manage to take them from us, we’re screwed. And I wouldn’t put it past them to try.”

“So, we’re not done with this yet?” Cindy asked.

“I’m afraid we’re never going to be ‘done’ with this. We’ll have to always be careful and keep our guard up. People like the Reverend don’t like to have anything kept over their heads. He won’t do anything stupid, but if he ever sees a chance to get back at us, I think he will.”

“Mark, you’re scaring me again. I thought we just won. Now we have to watch our backs forever?”

“We did win a battle, and a big one at that. And as long as we’re careful, I believe we’ll all be fine. Also, I think we just got an ally to help us.”

“You don’t mean the scumbag Ed Kruz?” Regina asked.

I nodded, “Something tells me that he’ll be there for us if we need him.”

“I hope you’re right, but I also hope you’re wrong. I just can’t imagine being on the same side as Edward Kruz. Ecchh!”

“You know, that’s exactly how Heather reacted last week, when she saw you and Jason together.”

Regina threw a couch pillow at my face.

The girls flew out of my spare bedroom and out the back door, wearing their bikini’s. I followed them outside to set up the grill, and keep an eye on them in the pool. A few minutes later, Regina appeared showing off her bikini, and set up for an announcement.

“Ahem! Presenting the new, soon to be again Cindy ‘Michaels’, and her latest summer swimwear!”

Regina opened the back door and out came a shy, but smiling Cindy. I was floored. She was not wearing the same conservative one-piece swimsuit that she always wore. Instead, she had on – or almost had on

– an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny yellow polka dot bikini. (I just couldn't resist that line!!!) Her breasts – the same breasts I caressed this morning - were not as big as Jenny Moore's, but they were still just barely contained by the small top. It was not quite as revealing as Regina's or the girls', but it was stunning.

"Well Mark, as the only man around, what do you think?" Regina asked.

"Oh my god, Cindy, you are amazing! You look positively sexy!"

Cindy blushed and smiled. "Thanks. I... I just... I wanted to look good for you. I don't know why, but I did. Is that weird? To be attracted to my brother?"

"No weirder than being attracted to my niece, my sister, and their best friends all at once." I answered. Honestly, I don't know exactly what we have here. I love all of you. And you all know I've been intimate with all of you..."

"Oh, you bad boy!" Regina looked at Cindy with a knowing eye.

"Mark!" Cindy yelled at me. I guess I forgot no one knew about me and Cindy.

"Sorry Sis. Well, you all know it now."

Cindy and Regina exchanged a knowing glance. Regina started, "So you got naughty with my BFF and didn't tell me?"

And Cindy added to it, "And now you blabbed it everyone? What will the kids think?"

Both of them got in my face and pushed me back, further and further, until I fell backwards into the pool. I wasn't even wearing my swim trunks! Once in the pool, Regina and Cindy jumped in, and they all started a splash fight on me. All 4 of them showed me no mercy. They splashed me and held me. I felt hands removing my shirt and pants. At first I resisted, but then I realized - there's no way to lose when you're attacked by a group of beautiful girls.

I let them strip me bare, but I also managed to grab a few bikini parts myself. In the end, I was naked, but all the girls lost at least one part of their swimsuits. I counted that as a draw.

We all enjoyed the evening without clothes (mostly). Later on, Cindy and Regina sunbathed on lounge chairs, while the young girls played with me in the pool. My erection was quite obvious and they took turns playing with me. They even tried using their mouths on me underwater, but they couldn't hold their breath long enough. So, they just used their hands. I was just happy for the attention. I offered to take care of them too, but they said it was to thank me for making them safe again. Cindy saw what they were doing and was about to yell at me for abusing the girls, but Regina explained that if anyone was being 'abused' it was me. I'll take that kind of abuse anytime! That's OK, I knew that Cindy was not yet used to the idea of open sexuality.

Later that night, after Heather and Amanda went to bed, we 3 adults talked.

Regina started, "Well Mark, it looks like you now have 4 girls to satisfy now. You're really going to need those little helper pills now!"

Cindy blushed, "Gina! You shouldn't talk like that! It's still a sin to... well, do it outside of marriage!"

Regina laughed, "Well I've done a lot of sinning then!"

Cindy now had her doubts, "But then aren't we just as bad as what Reverend Jones and my church - I mean his church - does?"

"Cind, Sex itself isn't bad!" Regina explained, "As long as everyone doing it agrees to it, and the proper protections are in place - By that I mean condoms or birth control pills - then I say it's OK."

I added, "Sis, what the Reverend and Derek are doing is rape. Those girls are being forced to have sex. Even your own marriage was like that. You said you had to submit to Derek anytime he wanted you. You never had a choice. Sex can be great, but only if everyone involved wants to do it. Then there's the whole drug thing. Those girls were forced to take an illegal drug that prevented them from physically resisting."

Regina continued, "Also that drug is very dangerous. Those bastards put those girls lives in danger just so they could get off on them. I'd like to see what happens if THEY were forced to take that horrible drug!"

"I guess you're right. It's just that at Church, they always preached that sex was a sinful act. And only the righteous who resist the temptation of the flesh can go to heaven."

Regina jumped on that, "And how righteous do you think the Reverend and Derek and Edward are, given the amount of sex they've had with those drugged up girls? You feel guilty because of one fling with your brother, but you're ready to give your husband and church leaders a pass for countless times they got down and dirty? That is such a double standard!"

"Sis, you're leaving the church because of the hypocrisy that they teach about sex. Now you are free to believe whatever you want. I know you're not going to change your mind overnight, and it will take time for you to settle into that you will believe. Just know that no matter what you believe, you'll always be my sister and I'll always love you."

Regina added, "And I'll always be your best friend, no matter what, too!"

We all hugged and talked a bit more. Then I remembered what the Reverend said earlier in the day, and turned on the TV to local news:

"...On the local news front, the four accused sex traffickers had another bail hearing today, after their lawyer negotiated a deal, in what was expected to be a very lenient bail. However, new evidence of additional crimes was presented at the hearing, and the judge again denied bail for them. Further, their celebrity lawyer dropped the case, apparently because of the additional evidence. Now they are expected to be represented by the public defender's office. When asked why he is no longer representing the 4, He

simply stated that his priorities changed and he could no longer do it. So, now it looks like they will be in jail for a very long time.”

Well, The Reverend followed through on one promise. We would see if he did the same for the other two.

Cindy and Amanda moved into my house. At first, Cindy slept on the couch, even though I offered her my bedroom. After a few nights of awkwardness, she finally agreed to take my bedroom. A few nights later when Amanda kept waking up by my side, we switched again. Cindy was not completely at ease with it, but she did give permission for Amanda and me to sleep together. This allowed her to take the guestroom and Amanda and me to take my room.

After about a week, we got a notice for the divorce proceedings. I already hired a lawyer to represent Cindy for this. On that day, we all went to Derek’s house – Me, Cindy, Regina, our lawyer, and I even got Coach Wilson to come as backup muscle. We met a similar sized contingent of church members there. It was a tense meeting, but everything got properly signed and everyone behaved – mostly. Regina and a church lady started to argue, but I and one of the church elders quickly stopped it. Regina also helped Cindy collect the rest of her things from Derek’s house, while church members watched them. Meanwhile, Coach and I watched the church members, and the lawyers watched each other.

Once all of Cindy’s things were packed, The Reverend Jones performed a short expulsion ceremony. It was kind of like an excommunication. At the end, the church members turned their backs on her. Cindy was officially out of the church, and single. That was probably the happiest day for her in a long time.

That was two promises that the Reverend kept. Just one more to go. Unfortunately, I didn’t really have a way to verify his last promise. All I could do was hope that no news is good news.

Epilog

Things went well for us for most of the summer. I got swim team coaching job at Rydell. After the two-day training course which mostly covered what to do if someone drowns, I was certified as a High School Swim coach and handed a coaching manual. While certainly not the pinnacle of my career, it meant I could now spend more time with Amanda when school started in the fall. Amanda was thrilled that I would be her coach, and it also prompted Heather to try out for the swim team in the fall.

Amanda grew up over the summer. She was blossoming into a beautiful teenage girl. By that I mean her breasts grew more noticeable – and more sensitive. I loved feeling how her tiny breasts got a little bigger each week. I don't think her breasts will ever get as big as her mother's, but she was a real beauty.

Cindy signed up for a vocational school to learn to be a secretary, and excelled at her studies. Yes, that's a sexist occupation, but it really is what she wanted to do. She even learned a little bit about using computers. At first, she felt so nervous about going back to school, that she asked me to drive her each day. However, as her studies progressed, so did her self-esteem, and before long, she was driving herself. She was becoming an independent woman.

Around the end of July, I still hadn't heard anything negative about the Church, and I was hoping for the best. That is, until I received a letter in the mail. It had no return address. I considered just tossing it away with the other junk mail, but then I saw in small print on back, 'Re: Carly'. I almost forgot that name. I opened the envelope and found a short, printed note.

"Please meet me at KinderLiebhaber park on Wednesday at 1 PM. Look at the pavilions. You will know where to find me there. Please come alone and be patient, or else I will not meet you. I pray you are the man of good character I knew you to be when I first met you."

This note had all the makings of a trap. Yet, I somehow believed it wasn't. It was obviously from Edward Kruz, and I had a good idea what it had to be about. Yet, I would be a fool not to go without some sort of backup. KinderLiebhaber Park was on the other side of town – almost an hour drive to get there. It's also fairly large. I ran in a 5K race there a few times. There are dozens of places where one could meet – and dozens of places where one could be ambushed.

I showed the letter to Cindy and Regina. Both of them said I shouldn't go; it was too risky. But I knew I needed to go and meet him. He wouldn't risk a meeting like this if it wasn't important. We just needed a plan.

Wednesday was the next day. We looked at a map of the park. There were a lot of pavilions – how would we know which one? Regina noticed they were named with children's names. I searched the list

and... Yes! There was a pavilion named 'Carly'. That had to be it. But it was near the back of the park. it was harder to get to, but more importantly, harder to get away from. The area was hilly with a lot of trees, and Regina figured she could hide somewhere close and be my backup. Also, I remembered that our cellphone-as-a-listening system worked the last time, so we planned to do that again. I would not be alone.

On Wednesday, Cindy took the girls out shopping. This kept them in the public eye and out of harm's way. She also had her 9mm 'protection plan' in her purse. That was the safest place for the girls. Regina left for the park about 20 minutes ahead of me, to setup her scouting position. I followed, and shortly before I entered the park, Regina called me and said she was in position. I then silenced my phone. She should hear everything around me now.

I got to the Carly pavilion right on time. No one was there, except for a strange looking case on one of the central tables. The note did say to be patient. I took the opportunity to 'talk' to Regina, reporting that I was in position. I knew she couldn't reply though – at least I wouldn't hear her.

About 10 minutes later, I saw someone approaching the pavilion, but from the back side – away from the road. As I expected, it was Edward Kruz. He did not look happy. "Mr. Summers. I asked you to come alone. Your friend watching nearby is not helping matters. I can only hope to the good Lord that she doesn't do anything rash."

I did not expect that. How could Regina, the self-defense expert, get caught? "What do you know about her?"

"Only that she's nearby, and watching us. If I were to guess, probably that wooded hill over there." He deliberately pointed to a small knoll. If Regina was watching she'd see him pointing at her. "But it doesn't matter, she can't hear us now anyway." He must have seen a look of panic in my face, because I was starting to panic. "Don't worry, she's safe - for now. As least as safe as you and I are, God willing. You don't think she'll do anything... drastic, do you?"

I knew now that Edward wasn't holding Regina; she was merely outed. So, my level of panic came down, somewhat. "As long as she sees I'm not being harmed, I'm pretty sure she'll stay put. What makes you think she might hear us anyway?"

"Because of that." He pointed at the case. "I Intercepted her call to you. I almost called off the meeting because of it. But this is too important, and I realized she wasn't with any law enforcement." I looked at the case. It had a label on it – Stingray. Edward continued, "At any rate, I changed it to jamming mode. Now it's simply blocking all cell and Wi-Fi signals, to protect both of us – and, well now your friend too. Go ahead, you can check your phone."

I looked at my phone – the call was dropped a while ago, and I had no signal. This was a lot bigger than I thought. I didn't need Regina for backup, I needed an army. But things still didn't add up. "OK, Mr.

Kruz, you have that magic box, and apparently a bunch of other aces up your sleeve. With all this power, why are you afraid of me?"

Edward dropped his forceful demeanor. "First of all, I apologize for dragging you into this. But you are the only person I can trust. For some reason, God has guided me to you. So yes, I am afraid of you, but I also need you. I don't know why God has chosen that our paths must be shared, but he has."

Now I was nervous, half panicked, AND confused. "I don't understand why you would be afraid of me. I already promised that as long as I don't hear anything back about your church, I'll keep quiet..."

Edward stopped me, "Mr. Michaels, I don't have much time, so please let me explain as quickly as I can. That 'magic box' isn't mine, per say. It's a highly classified device, used only by the government to track spies and terrorists. But this one belongs to Reverend Jones. That should tell you how powerful he is. Your list of incriminating files was only a minor annoyance to him. He pretended to give in to you, to make you think you won. That way, you wouldn't know just how powerful he really is. If he wanted to, he could have destroyed all of your lives.

"He has dedicated followers in City Hall and the state Capitol. And those who don't follow him outright, are bought off. And yes, I was a blind follower too. That is, until you came into my life two months ago. God told me to trust you. I didn't believe it at first, but it's true. I need you, and I'm begging you to help me."

"That's all very good, but can I do? I'm not part your church. And I definitely don't have any connections with anyone."

"That is EXACTLY why I need you. You DON'T have any connections. We monitored you for the past two months, and found you're not a threat. You are 'under the radar' as they say."

I was about to complain about being watched like some criminal, but given the past events and learning how powerful his church really was, I can't say I was surprised. "OK, so you've been watching me and found I'm a good asset for you. Now what?"

"I'm sure you know a new State District Attorney was hired two months ago – a woman. Well, she did some house cleaning. Some of our key followers got removed from that office. The Reverend always had problems with women in positions of authority, and he hasn't been able to... convert many the new staff to the church yet. So, this is a vulnerable time. Also, it's time for the kids to go to Summer Camp. On Friday morning, all the church children and the orphans we care for go to camp for two weeks of religious enlightenment. That summer camp – the camp I've been sending my daughters to for years - is nothing more than a training ground for the <gulp> 'sexual slavery' as you described it before. I'm sorry to say, that I helped organize the trips. But I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SEX OR THE DRUGS!"

Edward was almost crying. He had to pause to regain his composure. "I know that's no excuse for what I've done. I should have asked questions. I should have prayed more. Somehow, I should have known. But I didn't. I'm sure you know that I have been 'intimate' with Carly. And I will do the same with Carrie when she's older. It's a father's duty to introduce his children into the adult world. You probably think

it's wrong, but I am proud of Carly and her ability to please whoever will be her future husband. But it's also a father's duty to protect his children from harm. I failed at that by sending them off to that drug infested brothel!"

I immediately thought of Amanda and her camp experiences. "Did Amanda go to that camp?"

"No, rest assured she did not. Mr. Summers knew all about the camp. While he had no problem sending other church children there, he never sent his daughter. She went to some independent camp. I suppose you can count that as a blessing, as twisted as it is."

Edward managed to get himself together, and continued. "But this year it will be different. If anything, Mr. Michaels, you helped matters. With the new DA and her staff not yet in the fold, and the small risk that you might know more than you let on, the new Summer Camp is out of the state. That puts it out of reach of state law, but not Federal law. Reverend Jones does not have a foothold in the federal government, yet. But he is trying. The Feds, combined with a not-yet-corrupted new State DA, may be able to stop him. At least, they can protect the children."

Edward handed a memory stick to me. This one looked different. It was one of those encrypted models. "This has all the information needed to stop Jones. You can throw your other files away, they're useless. He already worked around them. I need you to give this to the FBI – State and local police are on the Church payroll and they will just bury this. But I also need you to wait until Saturday. My name is in there too, and I have a multitude of sins on my hands that I can never wash clean. If you wait until Saturday, then I can take my family away where even the Federal government can't reach us."

I looked at the memory stick. I recognized the brand. It had multiple layers of encryption and fail-safes. The Government couldn't even crack it. "This is password protected, I assume?"

"Yes. Think about the one you care about most. That will unlock the files."

I can enjoy a good spy episode as much as the next person, but Edward was going off the deep end with his cloak-and-dagger routine. "Dude, you said no one can hear us. What's the bloody password?"

He looked a little deflated, like I stole his thunder. "Well I suppose it doesn't matter now. The password is Amanda."

"OK, now my next question. It looks like you're bailing out before everything hits the fan. What's stopping me from going to the FBI right now?"

"Nothing really. I can't stop you. It will probably be more effective after the children cross the state line, keeping it firmly in Federal jurisdiction, but aside from that, you could turn it - and me - in at any time. I confess that am taking the coward's way out on this. It's just one more sin to add to my already too long list that I can never atone for. I can't even ask for your forgiveness, I've done so much wrong. I can only trust that God will guide you do the right thing. If that right thing is to turn me in as well, then I must accept that."

“So, after everything this Jones guy has done, you STILL believe in your church?”

“Mr. Michaels, I lost my way a long time ago, but I never lost my faith in God. The Reverend Jones is not who I thought he was. He corrupted the Church. The Church did not corrupt him. I hope, in spite of everything that happened, that someday you can find your way to the Church too, but that’s for another time. For now, God needs you as you are: an uncorrupted, independent nonbeliever.” He closed my hand around the memory stick. “Take this and turn it in on Saturday, or turn it in now. I know that God will guide you to the right path, even if you don’t realize it. Either way, I won’t see you again for a very long time, possibly never. Goodbye, and may God bless you.”

I looked at the memory stick again and thought about it. I turned to Edward, but he was gone. The mystery case was also gone. A moment later, my phone rang. I was Regina.

“Mark, are you OK?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just trying to sort out everything he said.”

“Yeah that was some heavy stuff he told you. Do you believe him?”

“Well, I – Wait, I thought you couldn’t hear us! That Stingray box thing was jamming my cell phone signal!”

“Yeah well, sometimes good old low tech can do the job better.” Regina appeared from the woods, right where Edward expected her. When she got closer, she showed me a child’s toy. It was a parabolic microphone and an old-fashioned cassette tape recorder. “I got every word, AND recorded it on tape.” We both laughed at the irony that the mighty Reverend Jones might be brought down by a classic toy.

Our meeting a success, we met up with Cindy and the girls. We all talked about what happened. Regina re-played the conversation. The girls were more fascinated by the cassette tape player than the actual conversation, but I think that was for the best. After it played, we talked.

I started. “Right now, there are two things I don’t know. Was Edward telling the truth, and should I turn this thing in now or on Saturday?”

Regina didn’t like him. “Frankly I don’t care if he told the truth or not. He’s a bastard like the rest of them. He uses women like property. He admitted to committing crimes – what he called sins – so he should go down with the rest of them.”

Cindy Countered. “How can you say that? He’s obviously sorry for what he did. He’s already giving up his comfortable life here, to live in exile somewhere – probably forever. And he’s the one providing all the evidence to stop Reverend Jones. That must count for something!”

We all debated it for a while longer, sometimes arguing. The girls mostly kept to themselves, but after about 15 minutes, Amanda and Heather asked a question. “Mom? Uncle Mark? Will Carly be OK if her dad goes to jail? She’s our friend, and we don’t want her to get in trouble too.”

That clinched it for me. I knew exactly what to do.

On Saturday morning, I went to the FBI office downtown and asked to speak to an investigator. I gave them the files – both memory sticks – and told them everything about the Reverend James Jones and his church and the summer camp turned drug brothel. I also told them about Derek Summers, and Edward Kruz. Then I gave them the cassette tape of my conversation with him. After a long interview session, which included them searching their own archives to find something that could play the cassette, they released me with the standard ‘don’t leave town’ warning.

The next day, we saw the news on TV.

“... Today’s top national story: Dozens of children were rescued overnight from a summer camp at an undisclosed location. Many of the children were found under the influence of drugs forcibly administered to them. The drug was Gamma-Butyrolactone, an all too common date rape drug. All of the children were sponsored by the Church run by the Reverend James Jones. The Reverend and several of his close allies were also arrested in coordinated raids. Mr. Jones was found with two young girls, both of which were also under the influence of the same drug.

One of the accused, Edward Kruz, remains at large. It is feared that he left the country. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Mr. Kruz, please contact the FBI.”

Within a few days, the church was forced to dissolve. It turns out that James Jones was never properly ordained by any religious organization. The now ‘Mister’ Jones was convicted of a long list of charges, including falsely representing a minister, child sex trafficking, illegal drug dealing, international kidnapping, extortion, and much more. Investigators discovered that the international orphanage rescue program that he ran, was more of an international kidnapping and sex-slavery scheme. Suffice it to say that he will never see life outside of a prison again. And even if he does, there are a dozen other countries that now have extradition warrants for him – to spend time in their jails too. Many of James Jones’ allies also went to jail, but for somewhat more limited sentences of several years. In particular, Derek should be out in about 10-15 years. Fortunately, Amanda will be an adult by then.

A few months later, a new church formed, but without the fire and brimstone of the past one. They stayed out of politics, and stuck to Sunday mass. They still had their conservative values, but were much more accepting of others’ views.

Cindy graduated from her Secretary school with high marks, and became the chief secretary of the new Church. She moved out on her own and now supports herself and Amanda on a modest, but honest wage. Whenever the weather is good, Cindy and Amanda come to my house on Fridays for a cookout and pool time. Then Amanda spends the weekend with me (and Regina and Heather – see below). Recently, Amanda told me that her mom was seeing someone special, but Cindy hasn't given me any details yet. I'm so happy for her!

Of course, Amanda is still on the swim team and Heather made the team too. Under my coaching (really, just reading out of the manual they gave me), we made it to Regionals and won first place. Not bad for a rookie coach. Of course, the entire swim team thanked me for taking them so far – with another pool party. It's good to be the Coach! In another year, Amanda and Heather will move up the to the High school. I wonder if Coach Wilson could use an assistant coach!

Regina and I are now a permanent couple. She and Heather moved in, shortly after Cindy moved out. However, neither of us want to get married, even though Cindy says we should. We both like our open relationship. I have my little girls, and Regina has her young boys. And we both have each other.

I never saw Edward again, but very recently I heard of a new church forming in a small south American country. The big news about it was that the church was responsible for eliminating most of the government corruption in that country. Edward Kruz is alive and doing well.

Characters and References:

Characters (in order of appearance or mention):

(TS = Tanner Stage)

Mark Michaels	1 st person main character. 35 Y/O. 6'2"
Cindy Summers	Mark's sister, and Amanda's mom. 29 Y/O. Was liberal, now conservative.
Derek Summers	Amanda's Dad. Conservative. Mentioned many times, but no active part.
Amanda Summers	Mark's niece. 10 ½ Y/O. BFF with Heather. Short blonde. TS 2.
Jim Summers	Derek's brother & Amanda's other Uncle. Only mentioned once.
Heather Clark	Amanda's BFF. 11 Y/O. Tall dark skin brunette. TS 3.
Regina Clark	Heather's Mom, and Cindy's best friend. Petite dark skin brunette. Very liberal.
Jennifer	Clerk at Forever21 store.
Jason	Bully at school, later turned nice boy, 11 or 12 Y/O. Big for his age.
Steve Wilson	Swim team coach. Early 40's Y/O. Stocky, but physically fit.
Edward Kruz	Carrie & Carly's Dad. Ultra conservative. Also hides a big secret.
Helen Kruz	Ed's wife. Only has two lines.
Carly Kruz	Amanda's teammate. 13 Y/O. Taller. Medium brown pigtails. TS 4.
Carrie Kruz	Carly's little sister. 6 Y/O. Only mentioned once.
Dr. Earl Bradley	Amanda's pediatrician. About 45 Y/O. Stern, but liberal.
Nurse	Pediatric nurse in Dr. Bradley's office
Dr. Rahul Koothrappali	Regina's drug supplier and past boyfriend. 21-ish Y/O. Genius doctor.
Linda Moore	Jenny's Mom. Mid 30's, Curvy Blonde. Town gossip. Very liberal.
Jenny Moore	Amanda's swim teammate. 11 ½ Y/O. BFF with Lizzy. Short. Medium blonde pigtails. Large breasts. TS 4.
Lizzy Cochrane	Amanda's swim teammate. 11 ½ Y/O. BFF with Jenny. Tall. Shoulder length red hair. freckles. TS 2.
Darcy	Adult Store sales clerk. 20-ish Y/O. Slightly overweight, curvy. Nympho.
Receptionist	Front desk Receptionist at Regina's office. Mid 20's, pretty. Has only one line.
Waitress	Waitress at restaurant near Regina's work. Only has one line.
Priya Bakshi	Amanda's swim teammate. 11 Y/O. East Indian descent. Light Brown skin, Long black hair loose pony tail, medium height TS-2 ½
Valerie Fisher	Amanda's swim teammate. 11 Y/O. Short dirty-blond hair, medium height, TS-3
Haley Parker	Amanda's teammate and former cookie girl. 10 ½ Y/O. Medium brown pigtails. TS 2 ½
Nicky Hill	Amanda's swim teammate. 12 Y/O. Taller. Long wavy bottle-blond. TS-3. BFF with Stacy.
Stacy Reed	Amanda's swim teammate. 12 ½ Y/O. Taller. Long straight medium bottle-brunette. TS-3. BFF with Nicky.
Kaiko Yoshida	Amanda's swim teammate. 12 ½ Y/O. Japanese descent. Taller. Long black hair. TS 4.
Theresa Parker	Haley's and Harley's Mom & Cookie Girl Mom. Tall, Slender & Energetic. Possibly liberal, or maybe very naïve.

Pete Parker	Theresa's brother. Only mentioned once by Theresa.
Harley Parker	Haley's little sister and current cookie girl. 8 Y/O. Had prior sexual experience.
Jeff	Pizza delivery guy. 20-ish Y/O. Has the 2 best deliveries in his life.
Billy Madison	Boy at Amanda's school. Only mentioned once.
Zephram Cochrane	Lizzy's father. Has playful and suggestive relationship with both Lizzy and Jenny.
Mrs. Fisher	Brought Valerie and Priya to the party. Only mentioned once
Mrs. Hill	Brought Nicky and Stacy to the party. Only mentioned once
Sergeant Friday	Policeman sent to Search Mark's home.
Officer Gannon	Cop #1's partner, only briefly mentioned.
Criminal #1	Big and bald, first to fight Mark.
Criminal #2	Criminal #1's partner.
Criminal #3 (Clarence Boddicker)	Head of the gang. Has a gun.
Criminal #4	Very big guy. Very tough and strong but slow. Criminal #3's partner.
Newscaster	Reports news stories of the important events on TV.
Rev. James Jones	Pastor from Derek and Cindy's church. Leads a corrupt church. Much more powerful than originally thought.

Easter Eggs:

(Some of which are educational. But others are quite libelous!):

The poetic lyric in the preface 'Porn Story Writer' is a spoof from the 1966 Beatles song 'Paperback Writer'.

The fictitious website PreteenFriendFinder.com is named after the hookup site AdultFriendFinder.com (which is just a scam site, but that's another issue). As of this writing, the site is not real, so don't bother checking – or at least clear your browsing history after you do!

The Teen Revolution is based on the sexual revolution of the 1960's. The fact that it is also named the same as an annual religious conference for teenagers is simply a happy coincidence. Honest, I didn't know about that when I made it up!

'Iron Chef' was a Japanese cooking show in the 1990's. The series spun off into different countries, including Iron Chef America.

The Twin Pines Mall, and later called the Lone Pine Mall, is named from the shopping mall in the 1985 movie 'Back to the Future' where the time travel caused the Mall's name to change.

The clothing store, Forever12, is named from the popular teen and young adult clothing store, Forever21.

The line 'Something tells me I'm into something good' thought by Mark is the title of the 1964 song, sung by Peter Noone and Herman's Hermits.

'Jason the Barbarian' is a word play on the 1982 movie title 'Conan the Barbarian'.

The word 'twitterpated' is from the 1942 classic Disney movie 'Bambi'. In case you never saw the movie, 'twitterpated' means to be in a bewildered or dazed state from being in love or infatuated. (This may not really count as an Easter egg, because the movie name is mentioned with it.)

Amanda's school, Rydell, is named from the school in the 1971 musical movie 'Grease'.

Ludwig's Cube, is a word play on the classic toy, Rubik's Cube.

The line, 'I love it when a plan comes together' thought by Amanda is from the 1980's action TV show 'the A-Team', where the leader of the group often spoke that line when they caught the bad guys.

Machiavelli was an Italian politician and diplomat in the 1500's, who made famous the idea of using trickery and deceit for political gain. Modern historians both admire and criticize him for his actions.

(Now, you learned a bit of classical history. I bet you never thought you could learn something by reading porn stories!)

Robin Red's Restaurant is named from the Red Robin restaurant chain.

Edward and Helen Kruz (Carly Kruz's parents) are based on politician Ted Cruz and his wife, Heidi. Further, the girls Carly and Carrie are named from their real daughters, Caroline and Catherine.

The Reverend James Jones is named from a real religious cult leader, Jim Jones in the 1970's. He took his followers to Central America where he created Jonestown. He also convinced his followers to commit mass suicide by drinking poisoned Kool-Aid. (And here is a bit of modern history you just learned.)

'The Scarlett Letter' mentioned by Mark is a classic novel about a woman in puritanical early America (1600's) who was forced to wear a red 'A' prominently on her clothes because she committed adultery. (Now you got a lesson in classic literature!)

the lyric, 'I wanna be loved by you...' sung by Regina is a very poor word play on the classic 1920's song of that title. It was sung by many female performers over the years, probably most famously by the cartoon character Betty Boop, and also Marilyn Monroe.

Kevorkian Community Hospital is named from a real doctor, Jack Kevorkian, who supported assisted suicide. He was also convicted of murder in 1999 for performing assisted suicides. (You can add this modern history lesson to your list too!)

Regina's doctor friend, Rahul Koothrappali, is based on the character Rajesh Koothrappali from the TV show 'Big Bang Theory'.

'Doogie Howser' was a 1990's TV show about a teenage genius doctor.

Amanda's pediatrician, Dr. Earl Bradley, is named from a real pediatrician who was convicted of serial child molesting in 2011. (After this story, we can debate who was worse – Dr. Kevorkian for killing patients, or Dr. Bradley for molesting kids!)

Cookie Girls selling brownies are based on the second youngest age group of the real Girl Scouts (Brownies), and their annual cookie sale. Also, the brownie flavor mentioned later, Amores, is a word play on popular cookie flavor, S'mores. Amore is the Italian word for Love. (And this is your foreign language lesson!)

Haley's mother, Theresa Parker, rambles on about her brother Peter, who is implied to be Peter Parker, the alter-ego of Spiderman.

Billy Madison is the main character in the 1995 movie named after him.

The phrase, 'Oops, I did it again', spoken by Theresa Parker, is title from the 2000 song, sung by Brittany Spears.

Lizzy's father, Zephram Cochrane, is named from the character in the Star Trek saga who invents the warp drive.

Hugh Hefner was the owner of the Playboy magazine empire, and his Playboy mansion was famous for hosting his sex parties in the 1970's.

Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa are the two tallest mountains on Hawaii's biggest island. They are dormant volcanoes, positioned beside each other, and take up over half of the land on the island. (Now, you learned some geography. You're becoming quite the Rhodes scholar. Just don't tell anyone you where learned this stuff!)

The police that appear at Mark's house, Sergeant Friday and Officer Gannon, are based on the main characters from the 1960's TV show, 'Dragnet'.

The Hill Street District/Neighborhood is based on the 1980's TV show, 'Hill Street Blues'.

'Cagney and Lacy' was a 1980's TV show about two women police officers.

Dirty Harry was the main character and a dark hero in a series of action movies in the 1970's.

Andre the Giant was a professional wrestler and actor, who reportedly stood over 7 feet tall and weighed well over 400 pounds.

Annie Oakley was a famous woman sharpshooter who starred in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in the early 1900's. (Another History lesson. Maybe I should re-post this story on an educational website!)

One of the criminals, Clarence Boddicker, is based on the villain from the 1987 movie 'Robocop'.

Jurassic Park is from the series of 'Jurassic Park'/'Jurassic World' movies, made in the 1990's and 2000's.

Camp Wakanda is named from the fictional African country in the 'Avengers' movie series, notably where the Black Panther character originated, and the imaginary wonder metal 'Vibranium' is produced.

Gamma-Butyrolactone is a real date-rape drug. It is a heavy-duty narcotic and seriously dangerous. Stay far away from this stuff.

'Itsy-Bitsy Teeny-Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini' is the title of the (in)famous song from 1960, sung by Brian Hyland.

The fictional KinderLiebhaber Park is from a German word, which roughly translates to 'Child Lover'. (Now you got a second foreign language lesson!)

The Stingray is a real classified device, used mainly by United States, Canadian, and British governments. But some state and local police have them too. It can impersonate a cell tower and thus intercept cell phone traffic.

The phrase 'It's good to be the Coach' is a word play from the often-repeated line 'It's good to be the King', the in the 1981 comedy movie 'History of the World, Part 1'. Sadly, part 2 was never made.