

Wednesday, August 10th, 2016

Safehouse F

As Morgan, Saoirse, and Cathy entered the briefing room, all attention was on the eleven-year-old girl, who was just six weeks short of her twelfth birthday.

“You don’t have to do this, Megan.”

“I know. I trust Chloe – I’ll be fine. Thanks for worrying, Kim.”

“Knock ‘em dead, Wildcat!” Kim replied before she turned towards the eager audience. “Now – we have some role-playing for our next bit of entertainment,” Kim explained as she turned back to the assembled *Fusion* members. “Megan will pretend to be an obnoxious bitch who hates being told what to do.”

“You mean she’ll just be her normal self,” Paige chuckled from the back of the room which caused a wave of laughter around the briefing room and lifted the mood.

“Nice – thanks, Mom!”

“Anything for my little girl.”

“Chloe!” Kim called out and the veteran vigilante came forward and stopped two feet in front of Megan.

“Megan?”

“What the fuck do you want, you steaming hussy?”

“I am going to ask you to undress so we can ensure you are not hiding anything dangerous,” Chloe replied calmly.

“Like that’s gonna fuckin’ happen . . .”

“Last chance to co-operate, Megan,” Chloe continued with a smile.

Megan raised her right hand and then her middle finger.

“Stick that up your fucking twat, bitch!”

Chloe seized the extended arm and she spun the younger girl around and threw her to the floor with very little outward effort. Megan yelled out but then all the breath was knocked out of her as she hit the briefing room floor. Chloe swiftly subdued the struggling Megan with a knee to the lower back and then took hold of Megan’s wrists in one hand while she held up her right to Joshua.

“Cuffs, Josh!”

Joshua handed over a set of steel handcuffs which Chloe did not hesitate to secure around Megan’s wrists.

“Get these bracelets off me, you fucking lesbian, before I . . .”

Chloe slapped a piece of Duct Tape over Megan’s mouth.

“One Kitty silenced!” she quipped as she reached down to her right ankle and produced a large knife.

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“Megan is refusing to be stripped of her own accord, so Chloe will do it for her,” Kim explained.
“Once you have secured the subject, you should pull on some rubber gloves, then use a knife to cut away the clothing. . .”

Chloe did exactly that, as she pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and then, inserting the tip of the knife down the back of Megan’s T-shirt, she cut down, straight through Megan’s sports bra at the same time. A couple more cuts and Chloe moved onto the shorts which were cut up each leg along with the panties underneath. Megan’s sneakers and socks were deftly removed before Chloe ripped out the hair bobble and roughly checked Megan’s hair for any foreign objects. Next, Megan’s head was twisted from side to side so that Chloe could check her ears. Chloe then smirked as she pulled away the destroyed clothing leaving Megan completely naked, but face down on the floor.

“Chloe will check Megan’s butt while she is prone on the floor. . .”

Chloe parted Megan’s butt cheeks, one of which showed off her pussy cat tattoo to the world, and then Chloe lifted the pink-faced and very naked girl back to her feet where she was turned to face the audience. Megan looked very embarrassed as she showed off her developing breasts to everybody present and her auburn-coloured pubic hair that provided a thin covering to the majority of her vulva. Plainly visible were the three pale scars from when she was stabbed.

“Unlike Saoirse, Megan demonstrates the thinner, lighter pubic hair which does not hide very much, she also demonstrates that not all girls need to lift their breasts. . .”

While Megan grimaced at the comments, Lauren giggled at those comments and she received a very nasty glare from both Cathy and Mindy, which shut her up fast. Megan could do nothing but grimace as she stood completely naked with her hands cuffed behind her back.

“If necessary, lift the breasts to check underneath. If it were a boy, you would lift up his penis and then his scrotum,” Kim went on to explain. “So far, Chloe has checked over all of Megan’s body, so the final item is the vagina. Obviously, Megan cannot part her own labia, so Chloe will do it for her.”

Megan was blushing bright red as Chloe reached down and with two fingers she gently parted Megan’s labia and shone a flashlight up inside the girl with the other hand.

“We done?” Megan asked with a little desperation in her voice as Chloe removed her fingers and the flashlight.

“Yes, well done, Megan,” Kim replied.

“Keys?”

Chloe looked at Joshua who just shrugged.

“You had them,” Chloe said accusingly.

“Not me. . .”

“Come on, guys!” Megan pleaded as she sat down in the chair that Saoirse had used and she crossed her legs to regain some of her dignity. She scowled at Mindy and her own mother, both of whom were smirking.

“Oh, I remember,” Chloe said suddenly with a fiendish look. “I gave the key to Curtis – he wanted to borrow the cuffs. . .”

“Did he now?” Megan growled as she glared at Chloe, Joshua, and then Curtis who just grinned.
“Well?”

“Search me!” Curtis chuckled with a hopeful grin.

“When I get my hands free, I’m gonna crack some fucking skulls.”

“You look hot when you’re mad, beautiful,” Curtis said calmly and Megan went silent as she glowed a bright pink.

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“Curtis!” Kim announced. “Front and centre, if you please, young man.”

Curtis stood up and stood beside his red-faced and very naked girlfriend. Kim looked directly at young Lizzie who was looking just as embarrassed.

“Right – Lizzie, please come up here and you can strip Curtis,” Kim directed.

The twelve-year-old girl was visibly blushing as she stood up and walked over to the almost twelve-year-old Curtis. She paused for a moment as Curtis took a brief glance over at his naked girlfriend seated in the chair beside him – she smirked and her face went a deeper shade of red.

“Okay, Curtis – start stripping,” Lizzie ordered as she gathered her courage and took charge. “One item at a time, please.”

Curtis nodded and he began to strip. Lizzie looked way more embarrassed than Curtis as she kept looking away from Curtis’ body as more and more skin was revealed.

“Lizzie – I don’t care if you look,” Megan said supportively causing the older girl to giggle.

Finally, and with a huge burst of courage, Curtis pushed down his shorts and he handed them to the blushing Lizzie who did everything that she could not to look at the boy’s freshly revealed crotch. However, Lizzie forced herself to look and she bit her lip with embarrassment – it was her very first penis. There was a sparse amount of light brown pubic hair and . . .

“Woah – he’s a bit small, isn’t he?” Lauren chuckled.

“Lauren!” Kim called out angrily and Lauren sank down in her seat. “Would *you* like to strip for us?”

“No,” Lauren replied insolently as her cheeks turned pink.

“Shut up, then!”

Kim passed Lizzie the wand-scanner which Lizzie turned on and she then proceeded to scan Curtis’ back followed by his front. She stopped when the device beeped.

“His dick just beeped at me,” Lizzie giggled.

There was a ripple of laughter as everybody peered to see what had set off the wand. Lizzie pointed at Curtis’ dick.

“Lift it!” she ordered getting into the swing of things.

Curtis did as he was told and everybody saw something shiny taped to the underside of his penis – it was the handcuff key. Megan showed immense relief when she saw the key and she grinned when she saw where it had been hidden. Curtis made to remove it but Megan stopped him.

“Leave it there – I’ll retrieve it later. . .”

“Kitty wants some hanky-panky!” Chloe chuckled to general laughter and Curtis went bright red.

Sophia appeared in the briefing room and she looked first at the naked Megan, and then up at the equally naked Curtis, her eyes moved down to his crotch . . . she licked her lips.

“Don’t you even *think* about it!” Curtis growled as he quickly covered his manhood.

Sometime later. . .

Megan was feeling very low after the evening’s escapades, despite her having had some fun retrieving the handcuff key from Curtis.

It had been another forty minutes before she had been able to dress – but at least the time had been spent in private with her boyfriend and both of them had come away *very* satisfied. Nevertheless, her mood continued to head south as she found her way blocked by Saoirse, Stephanie, and Morgan.

“If you three are about to give me a hard time then I’m not in the mood, okay?”

Stephanie grimaced.

“I knew it!” she almost shouted. “Stop trying to be the hard bitch for two minutes, Megan.”

Megan looked at the three concerned expressions and her stone façade crumbled as, unbidden, a tear ran down her cheek. Saoirse quickly grabbed hold of Megan’s arm and then dragged her into the currently empty armoury. The fact that Saoirse had been able to physically manhandle Megan without any outward reaction was a demonstration of the eleven-year-old’s frame of mind. Stephanie closed the door just in time as the floodgates opened.

Morgan looked at Saoirse who winced in response. It was almost unheard of for Megan to show any form of negative emotion, let alone anything that showed her to be a normal girl. Stephanie wrapped her left arm around her aunt’s back and hugged her. After a few minutes, Megan calmed down and she smiled at her niece.

“Sorry about that. I thought that today was going to be a bit of fun and maybe a bit of a dare – exposing myself and all . . . but in reality, it scared me and I felt so humiliated; I really don’t have much to show.”

“Chloe made it look very real,” Morgan commented.

“It was – it hurt, too,” Megan confirmed.

“Bitch!” Saoirse commented.

“No – it wasn’t her fault. I insisted she went the whole way but she refused until I threatened her. I told her it had to look good or . . . well, I was worried that people would see me as a pussy.”

“You *are* a pussy,” Stephanie advised her aunt. “A wild pussy.”

Megan scowled.

“We all know you like to be a hard bitch, Megan,” Saoirse said. “But you don’t have to be, not *all* the time. You have nothing to prove to anybody. You fight like nothing else and you are just the person I

want as my backup when I'm in a bad situation. I wish I was as brave as you are now, back when I was eleven."

"Thanks, SD."

"I was a pushover back then and they were talking about canning me – you know, a bullet in the head – I was struggling with everything and I was being bullied mercilessly which was why I began to bully the little Stephanie when she appeared a year or so later. I was twelve and well onto thirteen before I had much to show for myself – my breasts were little more than awkward bumps and my pubic hair was hardly worth having."

"Back when SD and me visited you in your bedroom . . . when we found that kitty collar, we. . ." Morgan began.

"I thought we agreed never to mention *that!*" Megan hissed.

". . . we told you that Curtis was a very lucky boy – and now we've had a better look at you and him, you are both very lucky and very good for each other. I assume you retrieved the key?"

Megan grinned.

"Yes – then he got hard and well, I had to deal with that . . . then he . . ."

Megan clammed up and smirked as Stephanie grinned.

"Back the truck up, Megan – what's this about a *kitty collar?*" Stephanie demanded of her aunt.

"Thanks, Morgan," Megan grouched before she turned to Stephanie. "Look, little niece, you can get to fuck!"

"Would this be a certain collar which Mindy tried to make you wear butt naked for being a bitch?"

"Maybe. . ."

"I think we're getting a little off topic here. . ." Saoirse pointed out.

"Yeah," Megan agreed. "One of the reasons I acted out so much when I was nine and ten, was that I had few friends. You guys are always around to talk to me and help me. Our little soiree in Europe healed the rift between me and Chloe – Joshua is my rock and now I don't have to feel weird about going to him to talk. You three have all had bad childhoods; way worse than mine. I love having you as friends – thanks."

"It's an honour, Megan," Saoirse confirmed.

"You were very brave, Megan – I never thought I could have done what you did," Morgan said quietly. "I'm always shy when I'm not wearing a mask and I hate it."

That same time. . .

Mindy was annoyed.

Everybody had behaved impeccably – all except for Lauren. As such, she had gone through Lauren like a ton of bricks, leaving the young girl in streams of tears. Morgan had surprised everybody with her antics but Mindy could understand her reasons for wanting to follow her younger sister. Mindy had also seen Megan looking both happy – Curtis had been grinning earlier – and unhappy. Now, as

she rested her arms on the barrier around the walkway and looked down, she was just in time to see the armoury door open and a smiling Megan appear, chatting animatedly with Stephanie. Morgan appeared, with Saoirse and both were smiling too.

That night

West Columbia

“Well done, Megan.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“I wanted to wait until we got home to say this, but you made me very proud, today. I honestly thought that you’d use the safe word. But, it impressed me that you did not. You’re growing into a lovely young woman and what I saw of you today, proved that.”

Megan blushed wildly at the compliment.

“Just you and Curtis control your sexual urges, please.”

“We’ll be careful, Mom. I’m not pissing on another one of those damn pregnancy tests!”

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Megan turned as she heard a knock on the door.

“We expectin’ anybody?” she asked.

“Don’t think so,” Paige replied.

“Chloe – come in!” Marcus called out.

“Chloe?” Megan queried.

Chloe *never* came around – so Megan felt worried, until Chloe walked into the living room, all smiles.

“Hi, Paige.”

“Hi, Chloe – to what do we owe this little visit?”

“Just thought I’d take the car out,” Chloe smiled. “You fancy a ride, Megan?”

Megan looked up at Marcus who nodded.

“Anything for some peace and quiet!” he chuckled.

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“Am I safe?” Megan queried as Chloe headed out of the street.

“I’m a safe driver – it’s just a bit weird driving legally.”

“I can believe that – so what do you want to talk about?”

“You.”

Megan frowned.

“I wanted to check that you were okay – I went a bit rougher on you than I should have done. . .”

“Chloe – I told you to be rough; I’m fine.”

“You didn’t look it.”

Megan took a deep breath and decided to tell the truth – she owed Chloe that much.

“Okay – I hated it. I was mortified. The mighty Megan is a fucking pussy with tiny tits!”

Chloe chuckled.

“You’re only eleven, Megan. . .”

“Almost twelve!”

“Okay – but I barely had even bumps on my chest when I was twelve. Your body was looking good.”

“Thanks.”

“Are you blushing?”

“No . . .”

“I thought you were really brave – I know I flaunt it, but you’re way braver than me.”

“Bullshit!”

“No shit.”

“Mind you – my mind was reeling at the prospect of a handcuffed and naked Wildcat!”

“I bet it was. . .”

The following morning

Thursday, August 11th

Wagner Road

Lauren tapped on her sister’s closed bedroom door.

“Come in . . .”

Lauren pushed open the door and then froze.

“Well, come in if you’re going to – there’s a draft,” Lizzie commented.

“What are you doing?” Lauren demanded as she closed the door.

Her twelve-year-old sister was standing in front of a full-length mirror – she was also completely naked.

“I’m going to be thirteen in six months and my body sucks. Megan isn’t even twelve, yet, and she has way bigger boobs than me and way more pubic hair. No boy will ever fancy me. . .”

“Lizzie – your body will develop in its own time. I had hardly anything at your age – less probably. You’ve enough boob to need a bra and while your hair *is* a little sparse; it’ll grow over time.”

“Just say it – I’m like Curtis. . .”

“I didn’t mean that – it just slipped out. The only dicks I’d seen previously were the men who raped me – they were grown men with big dicks . . . Curtis is only eleven, I should never have said what I said. Mindy tore me apart for my behaviour and I feel ashamed. You’re perfect, just the way you are.”

“Thanks.”

“You feel better?”

“I suppose . . . I don’t really have much choice.”

That evening

Safehouse F

Lauren looked for Curtis as soon as she arrived.

She found him in the galley, sitting with Megan and Tommy. As Lauren approached, she saw Megan’s smile vanish and her expression harden.

“What the fuck do you want?” Megan growled.

Lauren turned to face Curtis and Megan.

“Curtis – I’m really sorry about the other day. I’m really sorry about my comments – they were uncalled for and very wrong; I was way out of line. Megan – I laughed at your body which was totally unfair. You were very brave to do what you did – I could never do it. I’m sorry for letting everybody down with my behaviour. I don’t expect either of you to forgive me but I hope that in time, you can.”

Lauren did not wait for a response – she turned and she ran out of the galley in tears. The tears prevented her from seeing where she was going and she cannoned into . . .

“Mindy!” Lauren exclaimed. “I’m sorry – I didn’t . . .”

“Lauren – I heard what you said to Megan and Curtis. Well done; I’m proud of my Senior Trainee Operator – that can’t have been easy for you.”

“I bet it wasn’t,” Megan said as she put an arm around the older girl. “Come and have a drink with us . . .”

Lauren felt a little bewildered as she allowed Megan to guide her back to the table and Megan sat her down opposite Tommy and next to Curtis.

“Your apology is accepted, Lauren,” Megan said first. “Admitting your mistakes is never easy.”

“Me too, Lauren,” Curtis added.

“Thank you,” Lauren replied meekly.

The following afternoon

Friday, August 12th

Safehouse Q

“Marc?”

“More questions, Lauren?”

“Just one more. . . You were Phase 3; like Sarah and SD – did you ever see one of those sex demos?”

Marc chuckled and his cheeks went a little pink.

“Yes, Lauren, I attended several . . . and . . .”

Marc hesitated.

“And . . .?” Lauren pushed.

“I actually participated in one. . .”

“Awesome!” Megan and Lauren exclaimed together.

“I assume that you sex craved bitches want the details?” The very astute Marc commented.

“Every juicy drop!” Megan responded.

“I was thirteen – just. . . They did these once a month and this was the fourth which I had attended. I sat down with the other lads and we joked about what we might be about to see – then I heard a name announced. I must have missed it as I was nudged by several of the lads. ‘Tempest!’ came the call again. I went pale – or so they told me and I hesitantly made my way down the steps. . .”

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

I could not believe that this was happening to me!

I made it to the stage and I was positioned facing the audience of two hundred or so eager faces. I barely heard the order to strip, but I did. The T-shirt was easy and so were the trainers and socks – the joggers took a bit more effort. I had been naked in front of boys many times, but girls – none! I had started puberty about seven months before when I was twelve. I knew from looking around in the showers that I was average for my age with all the right bits in all the right places.

Finally, when I was down to my boxers, I hesitated but I knew that hesitation might cause me to be punished so I yanked them down and off. I stood up in front of two hundred kids stark bollock naked and I’m afraid to say that things had shrivelled somewhat and there were some stifled giggles from the watching kids. The wait was the worst – my biggest fear was rubbing dicks with another boy; we were trained for all types of sex, but some forms none of us wanted to experience and definitely not on a fucking stage!

A name was shouted out: ‘Stormtide!’

I felt a wave of relief flood over me – I knew Stormtide. Stormtide was a thirteen-year-old girl and from what I had seen of her, she seemed very desirable and I was about to lose my virginity to her – awesome!

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“Typical boy!” Megan growled.

“You’d have preferred I was fucking a boy?” Marc retorted. “That day was the second most humiliating day of my life!”

“Please continue,” Lauren asked politely with an angry glance at Megan.

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

Stormtide appeared on the stage.

She was about my height and she definitely had the right curves in the right places. She smiled at me – it was a nervous smile, but it was still a smile; at least she didn’t throw up at the sight of me. Then she looked down at my ‘equipment’ – she smirked. Was it a good smirk? I had no idea. . .

Stormtide was given the order to strip and she did but I noticed that her hands were shaking somewhat as she removed her trainers and socks. She dropped her joggers revealing some plain black knickers. Next went her T-shirt and she revealed an equally plain black sports bra. Then she hesitated – I think she was trying to decide what to remove next.

She surprised everybody by turning to me and smiling.

“Tempest, would you remove my bra for me?”

I looked over at a counsellor and he nodded his approval.

I had never touched a real live girl before, let alone removed the bra of one – I was just glad it wasn’t a real bra; I had no idea how they worked. . .

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“Typical boy!” Megan growled again.

“I know how to release the catches now, bitch!” Marc growled.

“Did Sarah teach you?” Lauren teased.

“Let the boy continue. . .” Sarah suggested quickly, her face turning pink.

“One question answered. . .” Megan grinned.

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

When I touched her skin for the first time, I felt like an electric current was flowing through me and I was amazed at how soft and silky her skin was – I must have tickled her as she giggled; it was a nervous giggle, but still a giggle.

I hesitated as I felt the throb of blood moving very fast into my groin and I could hear murmuring from the audience. Stormtide looked down and I saw her eyes go wide as I grew very rapidly in front of her. She nodded and smiled approvingly. I blushed badly. . .

Anyway, back to the task in hand. . . I carefully ran my fingers underneath the black material and gently pulled it upwards and then I stopped as her breasts were revealed for the first time. Nothing much more than a handful each and each topped with a very appealing and very erect nipple. It was her turn to blush as she saw where my eyes were focussed. She reached down and grabbed my erect penis and that jerked me back to reality as she very gently caressed the tip.

I quickly pulled the sports bra up and over her head – Stormtide obligingly raised her arms for me. Before she could lower them, I kissed her in her left armpit and they both jerked down as she blushed bright red and giggled again. I had remembered my foreplay lecture. . . There was a ripple of laughter from those watching but we both ignored them and focussed on each other.

Damn, I had never been so hard and our breathing was becoming more of an effort as I ran my hands down her neck and over her chest before I touched my first ever nipple . . . it was hard, but very soft at the same time and Stormtide bit her lip as I touched what must have been very sensitive nipples. I could tell that she was desperately wanting to call out but felt too embarrassed.

I ran my hands down her stomach and she kind of pulled me with her and we both fell down onto the large gym mat that had been placed for just that purpose. . .

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“What the fuck did you stop for!” Megan growled.

“Artistic effect. . .” Marc chuckled.

“Do you really want to die?” Megan said calmly.

“Do you want to hear the rest of the story?”

“Yes!” Came three voices all at once.

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

Stormtide lay on the mat and I knelt over her.

It was time for her to be naked, just as I was. I put a hand on each side of her knickers and I looked into her pale green eyes – she nodded and I gently eased the knickers down as she raised her bottom off the mat. I pulled the knickers down her long legs and off her feet without ever taking my eyes off her neatly trimmed deep brown pubic hair which matched the long hair on her head that was even now in a tight pony tail.

Suddenly, I became acutely aware of our audience. There was almost total silence as everybody stared at the two naked bodies before them. I began to feel the humiliation flood through me and . . .

“Oh, crap!” I whispered as I felt my dick begin to droop.

“Look at me. . .” Stormtide whispered as she pulled me down onto her and she kissed me – my first ever kiss; it was very wet!

I ran my fingers across each nipple and she moaned beneath me. Her body was very warm and I could feel her heart beating like a crazed drummer. Then the tip of my dick touched the inside of her thigh and I felt the blood throbbing into my groin again. Then I felt her pubic hair on my dick and I sat back up again – my appendage was pointing to the sky as I moved my shaking fingers to her pelvic region and gently entered her pubic hair and touched her labia.

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She jumped as I touched her, but she smiled at me and she *purred!* Her labia were moist to the touch and very warm, almost hot. I gently pushed my finger between her folds and Stormtide stiffened, almost as hard as I was. . . I accidentally touched her at the top of her labia and she let out a little scream. I’d forgotten what lived up there!

Her right hand moved towards me and wrapped itself around my dick; she gripped me tightly.

“Nice. . .” she whispered as I gazed down at her.

“So are you. . .” I replied.

I began to feel sensations that told me I was not going to last all that long and while spurting all over her chest could have been fun; it would have opened me up to ridicule. I think she must have read my mind as she nodded and spread her legs wider. I moved my arms so that I could gently lower myself down onto her. I felt her hands wrap around my back and I gazed into her eyes. She was so beautiful. . .

I kissed her, full on the lips and I felt her tongue push mine aside and enter my mouth.

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I had forgotten completely that we were being watched. I tasted her tongue and it was minty – Colgate probably. Her arms pulled me closer and I felt her breasts against my own chest and the nipples were very noticeable in their hardened state. Then she broke the kiss and smiled.

“I want you, Tempest. . .”

I gulped and tentatively moved my pelvic region forwards and I felt myself entering inside her. She was moist – it was the best way that I could describe it – warm and moist. . .

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“*Warm and moist!*” Megan explained. “Are you saying that I would be ‘warm and moist?’”

Megan accentuated the phrase with air quotes.

“Never got the chance. . .” Marc said with a grin.

“I should think not. . .” Megan stammered as she turned pink.

“An interesting description,” Sarah commented with a smirk at her former partner.

“Best I could come up with at the time, Discord!”

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

Stormtide shuddered as I entered and she squirmed a bit.

Then a wave of pain swept across her face and her eyes closed for a moment. I was about to withdraw, but she crossed her legs across my backside and I was pinned inside her.

“I’m okay – just stung a bit. . .” she said quietly.

I began to gently ease in and out – it was surprisingly easy and it felt really good and by the look on Stormtide’s face; she was enjoying it too. Her pelvis bucked as I moved faster and faster – her eyes closed tightly and she seemed to be having trouble breathing, then her eyes popped open very wide and she kissed me on the lips.

“Fuck me. . .” she hissed.

“I am!” I laughed as I pushed in as far as I could manage.

I cried out in pain as I felt needles in my back – she had pierced me with her finger nails; I filed the pain away and then I felt my own breathing hitching and I felt an overwhelming sensation in my groin just as Stormtide gripped me tightly and she screamed out loud just as I felt myself explode inside her. I could not thrust anymore; I was spent and very sensitive. We both collapsed at the same time and I rolled off to one side onto the mat. I looked over at Stormtide and she smiled. I felt her hand take hold of mine and she squeezed hard.

I have no idea how long we both lay there, but when I looked up, the auditorium was empty; we were very much alone.

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“That’s it?”

“Yes, Lauren, it is. . .”

“You sure. . .” Lauren persisted.

“Okay – we got dressed, kissed and then we each went back to our rooms. However, after we had eaten that night – she kept looking at me across the dining room – I was grabbed by Stormtide and she dragged me back to her room, which was empty. . .”

Several months earlier

The Urban Predator Academy

“They won’t be back for an hour – get your clothes off, Tempest. . .”

As before, I didn’t disobey, only it was a lot easier to strip when it was just the two of us.

“Sit on the edge of the bed. . .”

I did so and I felt a little stupid as my dick hardened up at the sight of the naked Stormtide. I had no idea what she was going to do until she knelt down between my legs, spreading them open, she lent forwards and she took me into her mouth. I shuddered and I braced myself as extreme sensations coursed throughout my body. Stormtide sat back for a moment and then licked her lips.

“You showered since earlier?” She asked.

“Err, no. . .”

“So . . . I must be tasting myself and that salty taste must be you. . .”

“I guess. . . Err, Stormtide, what’s your real name?”

“Shannon. You?”

“Marc.”

“Cool. . .”

Shannon dived back to her sucking. . .

The Present Day

Safehouse Q

“That was that – she sucked me off and we went our separate ways. I was deployed a few days later, with Sarah. . .”

“Yeah – I was a last minute substitution; they never told me why, but I replaced Stormtide,” Sarah commented. “I would suggest that they thought you two might spend the entire operation, err what’s the word? Fucking!”

Marc looked very uncomfortable and the girls sensed that there was more, but nobody pressed.

“That would explain why you never wanted much more than a blow-job off me – I thought there was something wrong with me. . .” Sarah commented.

“There *was* something wrong with you; you weren’t Shannon. . .”

“Nutcase!” Megan growled.

“You know, you could have been one of us; you had the right stuff, Megan – but I’m glad you never had to suffer what we did. Although, having seen you naked, I would have enjoyed seeing you down on that stage strutting your stuff. . .”

“I’m flattered you think so – my body, I mean – maybe you’ll get your chance. . .”

"I feel like I just peed myself," Lauren complained as she manipulated her jeans around her crotch.
"Damn, my jeans are damp, too. . ."

"You're not the only one," Megan commented and there was an obvious damp patch on her pants.

"That was the best stimulation I've had in a long time," Sarah confirmed. "Okay, girls – let's leave the kid be."

"Oh, Marc, you said that that experience was your *second* most humiliating thing – what was the first?" Megan asked.

"You!"

"Me?"

"Yeah – despite having a very beautiful girl lying before me, stark naked, I could not perform. . ."

Marc went bright red and he hung his head; he was very embarrassed. Megan blushed too, at his comment.

"Fuck, Marc – maybe that was just your good side coming out. . ." Megan tried. "I didn't mean to humiliate you – it just came out. . ."

"Well, we now know that your love was elsewhere. . ." Sarah suggested.

..._...

As the girls left the bedroom and headed downstairs, Megan turned to Sarah and Lauren.

"He loves that girl: Shannon."

"Yes, Megan, he does," Sarah admitted.

"We need to find her," Lauren suggested.

"My thoughts, exactly," Megan confirmed.