

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "MONSTRUM" AND "A NEW PURPOSE IN LIFE"

CLUB LOLIPOPS

THE FIRST STEP IN A SEXUAL ODYSSEY INTO THE WORLD OF GIRL'S RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS



A NOVEL BY

WINTERMUTEX

IN COLLABORATION WITH

DANIEL "BUMCOACH" SHAW

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Chapter One

"Hey Gabriel!" Dan poked his head into my new office, grinning. "Just wanted to stop by and congratulate you on your promotion. Senior Artist is nothing to sneeze at."

"Glad to be here." I smiled back as Dan came the rest of the way in and leaned against my desk.

"I know it comes with a lot of work," I said, "but I'm eager to get started."

"Oh sure, sure, yeah, it's more work." Dan made a pooh-pooh gesture with his hands. "But it's more pay too. A LOT more."

I leaned back in my chair and considered my new boss: a genial man with glasses and salt-and-pepper hair who had to be pushing his early sixties. I wondered how much of a part he had played in my promotion. As the art director for the entire company, he had a great deal of sway.

"When you get a position like this, you know, you owe it to yourself to take it easy and enjoy the fruits of your hard work." He crossed his arms sagely and nodded, as if agreeing with himself. "That's what I always say at least. You have a family, Gabe? Hobbies?"

"Just sports I suppose. Fantasy football. No family. You?"

"Packers fan and happily divorced," he chuckled. "But I've got my side girl, Sasha. She's actually into rhythmic gymnastics. You ever seen it?"

"Not really," I admitted.

"It's great. Here pull this up on your browser." He rattled off a website and I typed it in. An array of video thumbnails came up.

"Try that one," he said, pointing at the screen. I clicked on the video and it zoomed fullscreen, showing the opening clip of a gymnastics routine. A young girl sprinted across a large mat, bearing a pair of clubs. She hopped and threw them in the air, then somersaulted into a dextrous roll and sprung upwards, hovering on a single toe and catching both clubs as they came down. She spun, her leg arching up and almost touching her head, then threw a club in the air, pivoted through a one-handed cartwheel, tossed the other, and leaped nimbly, one leg kicking out. Both clubs fell into her hands and she flowed with the motion into a full-body flip that ended with her in a kneeling motion on the mat.

"Nice, isn't it?" Dan's eyes were glued to the screen.

"Wow, she's pretty good," I agreed. The girl was tiny and couldn't have been more than 12 or 13, but her talent was apparent. She was just getting started. Her body spun

on a graceful axis, shockingly pliant, legs bending into shapely forms. She rolled across the mat, hips bending in elastic motion and posed with a leg arched in the air.

I felt myself blushing. The girl's silver leotard was skin-tight, hugging her body and leaving little to the imagination. She flexed with her groin in the air, twisting in elegant rhythm, then threw a club and dropped into another limber roll.

It was strangely erotic. I had never watched gymnastics and didn't realize what I had been missing. The girl's supple form danced through an array of nimble motions, her exquisite body brimming with athletic vitality.

"Impressive." I felt breathless, blood draining from my brain and rushing elsewhere.

"You like it?" Dan seemed to be studying my flushed expression.

"Yeah. She's...amazing. And that leotard is..." I fumbled for the word, my eyes bobbing, following the girl on the screen and admiring how the garment clung to her. It hugged every curve of her body, shining metallicly under the lights.

The video ended as the girl finished. An array of thumbnails popped up. I shifted uncomfortably in the chair, trying to hide my growing erection, but I was sure Dan had noticed.

"She's incredible," I said. "I wouldn't mind seeing more of her."

"Great." He slapped his hand on my desk enthusiastically as if he had made a decision. "Listen, you know this position involves some travel, so let's fly you out to Europe for a few days. Call it a company retreat. There's a place in Amsterdam that a lot of the

senior management likes to go to and they have competitions like this. This girl is one of the performers there. I'll bill it as training. We can take it easy and have some fun for a bit, courtesy of the company. Sound good?"

"Sure." I hadn't taken a vacation in years. It sounded like just the thing.

"Perfect. I'll take care of everything." He looked at his watch. "I'm already flying out tonight for other business, but we can meet there at the beginning of next week. I'll email you."

"Sounds good Dan."

He clapped me on the shoulder and left. A few minutes later I got an email confirming a flight in four days and a hotel booking. I leaned back in my seat with a sigh.

I really did need a vacation, and Dan would be pleasant enough company. What kind of retreat hosted gymnastic competitions though? I guessed I would find out. Intrigued, I clicked to watch a few more videos on the website. Girls of all ages spun through elegant routines, wielding hoops, balls, ribbons, all seamlessly woven into the graceful interplay of their slender bodies. It was alluring, I had to admit, watching the straining leotards and exquisite physiques. For some reason, I had never really paid attention to the sport before.

I looked at the clock. Had it really been an hour already? Traffic was going to be awful. Shaking my head, I closed my laptop and grabbed my coat and briefcase before heading out.

Chapter Two

The controlled chaos of the Amsterdam airport terminal bustled around me. Long flights weren't really my thing, I thought, stretching my aching legs as I walked. It had been a long haul and the layover in London had inflicted me with a lethal boredom. I wove my way through the morose crowd of travellers at the baggage claim and found my own suitcase, then headed to the terminal exit. The airport's PA system babbled announcements in a dozen different languages as I walked. I finally found a white-gloved man was standing near the terminal doors, my name written on his sign.

"I'll take that for you sir," he murmured politely, grabbing my baggage. "And this is for your perusal."

He handed me an ivory envelope - opulent, with gold filigree gilding the corners. My name was printed in a stylish font on the front. I followed the driver out of the terminal and was surprised to find a limo waiting. First class, and now this. Dan had sprung for the best, it seemed. I was beginning to appreciate the perks of my new position. I let the driver hold the door as I got in.

The car was chic, a den of sleek black leather much nicer than I was normally used to. I luxuriated in the comfortable seat and eyeballed the minibar. Not bad. I could get used to this. The soft corners of the envelope seemed to caress my fingers as I broke the

seal and opened it. A business card spilled out, with an address printed in tasteful script on one side. I turned it over.

Club Lollipops
Exhibition Rhythmic Gymnastics Club for Men
Exclusive Invitation

The title was printed over a faded background of pink and purple that looked like a young girl with a lollipop stuck seductively in her mouth. I stared, intrigued. This must be where we were going. I had been expecting some humdrum corporate retreat, but I wasn't sure what to make of this. After a few moments, I shrugged and pocketed it. It was hardly the first unusual business card I had received.

I watched the evening sun sink slowly towards the horizon in the distance. Traffic seemed pretty light for this time of day. The highway snaked past the tinted windows and before I knew it, the limo had hummed smoothly down an offramp and we were pulling to a stop in an area just outside of downtown.

"Here we are sir," the driver announced cheerfully, pulling open my door. I got out and adjusted my suit, then looked up in surprise.

We had arrived at what looked like an old English manor, situated squarely between a sleek pair of corporate office buildings. Welcoming yellow light blazed from chandeliers inside the tall, narrow windows. I gaped.

"Your luggage, sir." The driver smiled politely as he handed off my rolling suitcase. I shook my head to clear it and then tipped him. The place had a palatial air, refined and luxurious, like something out of 18th century France. I barely noticed as the limo pulled away.

A wide arch led to the main entry: double doors of impeccably clean glass that blazed with refined light. A door-boy pulled one open and gestured me in with a smile. I smiled back, uncertainly. The hallway was panelled in dark oak, and emptied into a lavish hall with a reception desk at the far end. A man waited behind the gleaming marble counter, smiling politely.

"I'm...I'm not sure if I'm in the right place. I'm looking for...uh..." I fished the card out of my pocket. "Club...Lolipops?"

"Yes sir." The man gave a brief bow as he spoke, his accent thick. I couldn't identify it. "This is the club hotel. May I see your invitation?"

I passed over the card. He held it next to a chip reader and it beeped approvingly.

"Very good sir. Your id?"

I shifted my coat and dug in my suit pocket until I was able to get it out and hand it over. The receptionist scrutinized it carefully, comparing my appearance, before typing something into his computer.

"You're expected sir." His grin came back as if it hadn't faltered. "Welcome to Club Lolipops. The main hotel is on the lower level through the elevator, there." He nodded towards the metal doors. "You are in 143. This will get you into your room. Simply hold it next to the handle." He passed back the invitation. "If you have any questions our staff will be happy to assist you."

"Thank you." I hauled my suitcase behind me as I got into the elevator and pressed the button marked "Hotel." The doors whispered closed and the elevator vibrated with a nearly imperceptible hum as it descended.

The darkened hallways here were just as luxurious. Tiny spotlights shone in alcoves of rich wooden panelling, illuminating plants and works of art. I felt like I had stepped into a rich playboy's mansion. Signs overhead pointed the way at each intersection. A pair of drunken businessmen passed me, laughing uproariously and talking in German, clapping each other on the back, as if still reeling from the night of their lives.

Closed doors leered back at me from the dead ends of each hallway I passed, their door handles gleaming with red LEDs. "CLUB. BATHS. GYM." Some of the signs were in multiple languages. I waved my invitation at one experimentally and it buzzed and remained locked. Chastened, I kept following the room numbers until I found my own.

I had scarcely dumped my suitcase on the floor and loosened my tie when my door buzzed again and Dan walked in.

"Hey Buddy!" Dan clapped me on the back affably. "How was the trip?"

"Not bad. Not bad." I sniffed. Dan seemed like he might have had a few already.

"That's great. Ready to have a good time Gabe? This place is fantastic. Let's head to the club."

I followed Dan as he led me back down the hallways to the door marked "CLUB". He waved a grey keycard at the handle and it beeped and turned green. A lushly decorated staircase waited beyond, sloping upwards, with the same moody lighting and heavy wood panelling as the hotel.

Refined orchestral music lingered in the air we climbed. The staircase's gentle ascent was marked with wide landings circled by bannisters, with Victorian arches on the side that let you look down into the hallways that crossed beneath. Chandeliers shone with cheery light and framed art pieces decorated the walls, tastefully lit and hanging with quiet sophistication. I took a closer look at one as we passed.

A shining black border and glass encased a full-size poster: a brilliant photograph of the profile of a gorgeous young girl twirling a ribbon, its spiralling arc filling the frame. Her luscious blond pigtails were frozen in time, captured at the apex of a graceful movement. I took in the orange leotard stretched tightly over her girlish form, hugging her hips, and goggled at the translucent back section that swept from her shoulders all the way down over her butt. The thin black mesh revealed everything, hugging the rear of her waist with seductive ripples and straining where it cupped the perky slopes of her bottom.

"I saw Julie here last year," Dan said, stepping up beside me with a grin. "Show of a lifetime. She's lovely isn't she? This almost doesn't do her justice."

"Beautiful," I breathed heavily. She was. A slender, girlish form brimming with youthful beauty and tender vitality. A tiny plaque provided the caption for the piece:

PIETER GRISMANN
Rhythmic Bum Bitch

"Come on." Dan brushed my shoulder. "Plenty more to see. We wouldn't want to miss the show."

The stairway turned at a wide landing bordered by an ornate balustrade, a wide space opening beyond. I looked down to see a lounge, a party of suited men relaxing on the couches and enjoying their drinks as they talked quietly. The stairs ran up under an elaborate archway of carved plaster, with a golden plaque labelled "CLUB SEATING". I followed Dan upwards and through a pair of heavy doors.

The din of conversation washed over us. Dan led us forward into a crowded room, dimly lit, navigating effortlessly between the rows of seats. We were in a pillared, circular theater, with the outer rim full of tables and lavish seating while the center of the room was dominated by a round wooden stage, empty, burnished by white spotlights. A quartet of violinists serenaded us from a balcony. Red velvet curtains and opulent designs decorated the walls with a profusion of elaborate marble carvings scattered between them, filigree and cherubic human figures that would have been right at home in an opera house. Feeling a bit out of place amidst such elegance, I followed Dan to a pair of seats in the front row.

"It's been months since I've been able to get to one of Sasha's shows." Dan rubbed his hands gleefully as he leaned back and luxuriated in the palatial chair. "Christ. You haven't seen anything until you've seen this girl, Gabe. She's amazing. Sponsoring her was the best decision I've ever made. She does this thing with a hoop that...well, just wait until you see it." He shivered with delight. "Talented. Gorgeous too. Just take a look."

He gestured and for the first time I noticed the TVs that hung from the ceiling on invisible cords, angled down to give the patrons a good display. A young girl about the age of 10 was featured on the screen, in a pink leotard, smiling and with her head tilted back and doing the splits. "SASHA SHUBINE" was prominently titled across the top, and a countdown was ticking in one corner with just under 5 minutes left.

"So flexible," Dan murmured, gazing up at the screen as if mesmerized. I could barely tear my eyes away myself. The girl's silky leotard hugged her body in a way that left

nothing to the imagination, and her butt was thrust out behind her, the pink fabric straining between a luscious pair of buttocks. She smiled coyly at the camera with her back arched, but it was her front that drew my eye: the top half of her leotard was translucent, a thin gossamer almost invisible to the eye, and the delicate pink nubs of her nipples were proudly on display.

"Wow," I breathed. The young girl dripped with sensuality, poised in her gymnastic pose. A heated rush stirred down below, tenting uncomfortably against my suit pants. I shifted my legs on the chair.

"Yup." Dan was smiling with anticipation. "She's something isn't she?"

"I'll say." I shifted again, wondering what I was in for. The rhythmic gymnastics Dan had shown me before were tantalizing enough, but this was on a whole other level.

"She seems pretty young," I ventured. "She's doing this show?"

"Yup. There's a show every night, sometimes more than one."

"All gymnastic shows?"

Dan nodded. "Sure. Balls, hoops, ribbons, clubs, that sort of thing. Ballet, dance sometimes." His smile grew fiendish. "This is just the evening show. They have all kinds. Pretty much whatever you could want."

I leaned back in my chair, considering. It sounded too good to be true.

"Wouldn't a place like this get shut down?" I swallowed, suddenly perspiring. "You know, I mean...because of the girl's ages?"

Dan laughed uproariously and beckoned someone over. A slender form emerged from the darkness, a girl around the age of 13 in a shimmering cocktail dress. I boggled, eyes crawling over the bare shoulders and slender hips. She was a knockout, perfectly made up with dark hair spilling over one shoulder in waves. She blinked in the darkness, smiling prettily.

"Hey there peach," Dan said. "I'll have a Bum Bitch, extra vermouth. My friend will have a Pink Pussy."

"Sure." She flashed us both a tantalizing smile before disappearing again.

"Let me show you something Gabe." Dan turned in his chair and pointed. "You see that man over there?"

I turned with him. A heavysset man was lounging in the middle of a circular couch a ways behind us, with a preteen girl under each arm, both in cocktail dresses similar to our waitress. He tapped his cigar into an ashtray and said something in Dutch, grinning, and both girls tittered approvingly and snuggled closer.

"That's an attorney-general. The club keeps him happy. And do you see that man there?"

I followed his finger, eyes adjusting to the darkness, and spied an elderly man with glasses holding a martini glass with one hand and dandling a little girl in a dress on his leg with the other. He was seated at a small table, talking quietly to a woman across from him.

"He's one of the VPs of the Dutch senate. I think he sponsors more than one girl. Only rich assholes like him could even afford to do that. And that woman he's talking with is an appeals court judge. I don't know if she sponsors any of the girls but she's definitely a VIP anyways. The club accommodates all kinds of tastes."

"Oh." I looked around in the dim light with new understanding. The waitresses were all girls under the age of 14, and there were others too, entertaining the club's clients, sitting with them or hanging onto their arms and smiling, some sitting on laps and knees. Some wore evening dresses, others wore leotards, and a few wore even less, tiny girls in just their bras and panties.

Our drinks arrived. Dan gave a predatory squeeze of our waitress's bottom as she departed, and she giggled and shooed his hand away, then flipped him the bird with a smile.

"Sassy girl. Just how I like them." Dan mused for a moment, taking a sip of the blue concoction in his glass. "

"No my friend, Club Lollipop isn't going anywhere. It has some very powerful clients, and is one of the last places that truly aims to cater to a set of...unique tastes."

Unique indeed. I had never dreamed that a place like this existed. I sipped my drink and cringed. Pineapple, and peach, and maybe some kind of berries lurking underneath. Dan had ordered me the fruitiest thing on the menu. Teasing me.

The show was almost ready to start, and a hushed expectation began to settle over the club. The music stopped and the lights dimmed further as the TVs retracted into the ceiling. I took another look around, peering into the darkness. There were a lot of

people here, an international crowd of mostly men and a few women. I spotted a pair of Saudis at a far table, and another party of men, either Ukrainian or Russian. I knew enough Italian to identify the trio of bleary-eyed businessmen at the table nearest to us. They watched the stage with anticipation.

The far end of the catwalk connecting to the stage was sealed with a curtain. Fog began to roll in from unseen machines. The spotlights meandered teasingly, switching to pink, then pale blue, then yellow. A silhouette emerged and trotted to the stage: a trim, delicate girl wrapped in a snug pink leotard with purple highlights, holding a hoop in matching colors.

She reached the center of the stage and posed, smiling, holding her hoop to the side. The room waited with bated breath. The music returned suddenly as a bubblegum pop melody. The girl burst into motion.

I tried to pick my jaw up off the floor. The girl danced through a graceful routine, spinning her hoop then rolling through it, flowing to her feet, letting the hoop spiral down her shoulders and chest then capturing it with a perfect twist of her hips. It rolled around her thrusting waist in hypnotic circles, then she let it drop and caught it with her heel, flipping up the side to catch it, then spinning it over her body and hopping through it like a jump rope.

The glossy fabric of her leotard shone seductively as she twisted her hoop on the floor, hopping around it. The girl was amazing in every way. Her body twisted gracefully, lithe and fluid, beauty in motion - shoulders rolling, thighs flexing, hips swaying flawlessly with the mesmerizing motion of the hoop. It spun around her body like an extension of herself.

Hot flashes raced in my groin. My cock surged hungrily, swelling at the sight of the little girl's body. The leotard didn't cover much. I swallowed and looked around. Dan was

leaning forward, tongue nearly hanging out. We were less than a foot from the stage. The girl's motions brought her nearer, throwing her hoop in the air then catching and rolling through it as it came down. Her waist twisted and she slipped into the splits right in front of us with an audible thump, her butt against the stage and flat chest thrust proudly out, the hoop held upright by the pressure of her thighs.

"Sasha. That's my little bitch," Dan whispered. The girl smiled and rolled to her feet, then thrust her butt out an inch from Dan's face, holding a pose as she twirled the hoop around her arm. Dan leered and made to grab it, but she danced away teasingly. She jumped and spun her hoop again, shifting her weight and turning, then pulled one leg all the way up, holding it straight with her foot just over her head. The smooth patch of leotard covering her privates was on proud display, shining in the light, a straining scrap of fabric stretched between the perfect curves of two girlish thighs.

Sweat beaded my neck. I hooked a finger into my collar, adjusting it. Was it hot in here, or was it just the alluring display of a flexible little girl body on such lurid display right in front of me? I took another sip of my drink in a futile effort to cool down. Sasha's movements had grown more seductive, more teasing. Her hips thrust in sensual rhythm to the music, her shoulders rolled enticingly. Her legs flicked up effortlessly with each spin of the hoop, twirling it about, throwing it in the air, flipping through a handstand then twisting with perfect timing to roll the hoop around her arm as it came down.

"Hah, don't drop it bitch!" The party next to us leered, naked hunger on their faces, laughing together. Sasha leaned forward, balancing on one leg, the other curling up behind her to cradle the hoop against her arms and back. She spared a quick motion to flip the men the bird, and they laughed even harder.

"That's normal," Dan assured me, seeing the confused expression on my face. "A bit of sass is encouraged in the girls. You can yell at her if you want, call her a little bum bitch. If she screws up she has to start over."

"Oh." I sat back and pondered, trying to ignore the aching bulge in my pants.

"The best part's coming up though." Dan squirmed in his seat as though he needed to relieve some pressure too. "Sasha's show is perfect. Watch this."

I realized that an array of copper nozzles had risen slowly around the perimeter of the stage, pointing inwards. I was about to ask what they were for when a sheet of mist suddenly sprayed forth, droplets dancing in the spotlight, sheathing Sasha in a glittering cascade.

She launched herself into a dizzying circuit of flips and kicks, hoop twirling about as if on invisible strings, guided by the tiniest flicks of her fingers and toes. The spray coated her leotard and beaded on her bare skin. She spun the hoop behind her and sent it soaring, droplets flying off the spinning plastic, then she twisted into a one-handed handstand, legs slamming into a split position, her body a perfect T. Droplets of mist trickled down the taut muscles of her thighs and dampened the fabric of her leotard, revealing everything. I could see the trim tummy under the green fabric and the smooth sweep of her chest, dotted with a pair of dark nipples.

With perfect timing her legs arched up again, catching the hoop, spinning it around them, letting it fall to her waist. She bent with it, coming up to her feet again, and launched into a final ballet of fluid motion as the music rose to a crescendo. Her arching body evoked a similar swell in my crotch, my prick straining hungrily, threatening to rip through the fabric of my pants. The full splendour of her body was on display, a dripping treat, effectively naked through the soaked leotard. It took all my willpower to keep my hands idle, to not grab my prick and coax it to its desperate climax.

Sasha came down from a double handstand and held her hoop wide, smiling coyly as the music faded. The men hooted and hollered, showering her with adulation and

applause and the occasional cry of "bitch!". Dan clapped wildly as she bowed in each direction and then left, the perky slopes of her revealed bottom wiggling tantalizingly as she trotted up the catwalk.

The lights came up a bit and I looked around. The crowd seemed overstimulated by the dripping sexuality of the show. The Saudis looked stunned, murmuring to each other in low voices. The trio of Italians had their heads together, chattering enthusiastically. A couple men clapped Dan on the shoulder in congratulations as they went by.

Dan took something and pushed it at me: a tablet which had lain perfectly inset into the surface of the table. He took another one for himself from his side of the table.

You can vote," he grinned. "The girls who do best get ranked at the end of the season. And they get the highest bids for the next season, of course. Sasha's always in the top 10 girls."

Dan stopped and took another look at my harried expression.

"You look like you're about to cum in your pants Gabe," he laughed. "Don't blame you. I nearly did, the first time I saw Sasha." He tapped the tablet screen idly. "That's when I knew I had to have her."

I looked down. The girl's headshot was displayed prominently on the screen, under the title "SASHA SHUBINE." An assortment of bio details lurked underneath. Hair: brown. Eyes: brown. Age: 10. An array of circles labeled 1 through 10 were arrayed at the bottom. I tapped the 10 and it lit up. Looking around, I saw that most of the crowd was also voting on the performance.

"There's another show in a few minutes, but let's go backstage to the VIP area." Dan spun his tablet back onto the table. "I want you to meet her."

I stood up and followed, feeling like all the blood had been drained from my body to pool in my crotch. That girl...Sasha. She was magnificent. Her body still danced gracefully in my mind, tantalizing, succulent.

A burly man in a suit and sunglasses was standing by the VIP door, ignoring us. Dan waved his keycard and the door opened. We went down a narrow hallway, passing staff and other patrons. I peeked in a few of the rooms as we passed: a girl sat in a chair in a makeup studio in one, with a woman dressing her hair, and another was filled with racks of girl's clothing. Dresses. Leotards. Tutus.

The hallway opened into a wider room with several people in it. A few girls rested on the couches, and others stood, receiving instruction from a pair of burly men wearing tight-fitting track pants and no shirts.

"Dan!" Sasha jumped up from the couch where she had been resting and threw her arms around him in a wild hug. Dan chuckled, not minding the wet imprint she was leaving on his suit.

"Hey there sweet-pea." Dan put his fingers on her chin and guided her to look up. "How's my little bum bitch doing?"

"Good. Did you like the show?"

"Sasha I ALWAYS like your show." Dan collapsed onto the couch and pulled the giggling girl into a sitting position on his lap. "You know that."

She tittered and cuddled against him, a tiny figure in a dripping green leotard nuzzling an older man in a suit. Dan's hands roamed her body, squeezing her shoulders and thighs, then inching along her skin to take other liberties.

"Have a seat Gabe." Dan nodded to the seat on the couch next to him. I sank onto the deep cushions.

"Sasha this is my friend Gabriel. Gabe, Sasha."

"Hi there." Sasha's smile was as smouldering as her act. I sat spellbound, entranced, lost for a brief moment in her brown-eyed gaze.

"How do we greet new friends at the club Sasha?" Dan asked with a fiendish grin.

I was shocked when the little girl leaned into me suddenly, tilting her head and embracing me with a passionate kiss. A thrilling shiver raced down my back and into my crotch. Her tongue pushed into my mouth like a tiny, slippery intruder.

My heart thumped in my chest until it threatened to burst. A warm layer of saliva coated my lips by the time Sasha finally drew back.

"Nice to meet you Gabe." She smiled at me from an inch away.

"N-Nice to meet you." I somehow stuttered out, feeling like a fool. Sasha giggled again, a youthful girlish titter, then turned her attention back to Dan.

I wiped my mouth and looked around. Most of the others had left. There were just a few girls left, chatting among themselves. One of them approached me.

"Hi." She smiled shyly, smoothing her hands over her hips in a nervous gesture. She was wrapped in a gorgeous cocktail dress, the kind you would expect to find on a high-priced mistress at a millionaire's party. It crested her chest in black lace, and draped over the slopes of her upper arms, leaving her neck and shoulders bare.

"I'm Natalia." She spoke carefully as if unsure of her English. Her accent was distinct, carrying a hint of Eastern European. She looked about the same age as Sasha to me, maybe slightly older. "I don't think I've seen you before. Is your first time at the club?"

"...Yes." I forced the word out. Natalia was a vision, gorgeous and youthful, with swimming green eyes and luxurious brown hair. A tiny birthmark dotted her skin just on the side of her left eye. I swallowed, suddenly self-conscious of my sweaty collar and the obvious bulge in my crotch.

"Having a good time, hopefully." Her smile was dimpled, honest, brimming with a genuine girlish affection. "Want something to drink?"

"Another Pink Pussy Gabe?" Dan laughed next to me. His fingers were rimming the edges of Sasha's leotard, dipping inside for quick samples of her tender skin.

"God no. If you order another one of those for me I will punch you in the face."

Dan laughed. "Good man. Bring him a Stinky Gymnast. Let's get some whiskey in you. Actually make it two.

Natalia flashed her dimpled smile at us both and trotted off. She returned almost immediately, a cocktail glass in each hand.

"Thanks peach." Dan took his drink from her outstretched hand and set it on the table next to him, forgetting it almost immediately and turning his attention back to Sasha. She was practically melting his in hands, nuzzling his neck and cooing. He had worked her leotard into a tight strap until it was sunk into her behind and was squeezing her asscheeks.

"Here Gabe." Natalia flashed me an enchanting grin as she held out my drink. I leaned forward hastily on the couch, and my shoe pulled accidentally at the loose rug underneath us, jerking it forward. Alarm flashed in Natalia's eyes for a brief moment as she tripped, and the drink spilled forward, dashing itself against my suit jacket.

"Oh, shit." The drink had left an obscene splatter against the fabric and was dripping from my fingers. I shook them slightly, dazed.

"Sorry! Am so sorry!" Natalia swallowed visibly. Her arm shook as she put the empty glass on the table. "It...it slipped." She shuddered, her previous smile buried under a mortified look.

"It's ok!" I caught her hand and patted it comfortingly. I didn't like that look on her. She had seemed so cute before, now she cringed slightly, as if afraid I would yell at her.

"Natalia!" One of the burly men had entered the room. Russian. Some kind of coach, by the looks of it. He had spotted her hovering over me, and the ugly splash on my suit jacket.

"Did you spill a drink again?" He loomed over her, visibly furious.

"I'm...I'm sorry. I said I was sorry." She shrank before him, tears brimming in her eyes.

"Come on Natalia." The man grabbed her wrist before turning to me. "Please accept the club's apologies. If you talk to any of the staff, they'll make you right."

She let him lead her away, her shoulders slumped.

"Oh Gabe, wow, she really did a number on that suit." Dan leaned over, eyeballing the splash.

"Will she be ok?" I wiped my sticky fingers on a cocktail napkin, worried.

"What? Oh the girl?" He looked at me and laughed. "She'll be fine. Don't worry. Worst thing that would happen is her Bumkeep might give her a good spanking." He punctuated this with a hard slap against Sasha's wet bottom. The girl squealed and wiggled in his lap.

"Bumkeep?"

"Their coaches. They're called Bumkeeps." Dan squeezed Sasha tightly, earning another squeal. "And these luscious little fucks are called Bum Bitches."

"I'm a Club Performer," Sasha insisted, purring against his neck.

"No, you're my little bitch. My tender little bum-muffin." Dan squeezed her ass savagely. "Maybe it says Club Performer on your profile but this sweet little bum performs for me only."

Sasha tittered and squirmed with delight as Dan fondled her affectionately.

"Anyway," he said, breezing past my bemused expression, "they have showers. And they can clean that suit by morning. I'm telling you they have everything. No need to talk to the staff. I can show you where to go."

Sasha hopped off his lap and he got up, the throbbing tent in his pants plainly visible. I followed as he led me down one of the narrow hallways, Sasha skipping happily ahead.

"Just down there." Dan pointed down a corridor with a plaque next to it, helpfully labelled "SHOWERS." "You can just leave your suit on the laundry counter. There's a bath area beyond. Why don't you take a shower and then meet me in there?"

"Sounds good." I let them stride off, Sasha hugging his waist and Dan's hand planted on her bare back, then went into the showers. It was empty when I stepped in. I found the counter easily enough and doffed my suit, stripping naked and leaving everything in one of the baskets on the counter. Even the shower felt opulent, with splendid tiling and marbled arches that made it resemble a greek bathhouse. The water came out warm.

I had barely stepped under the stream when a little girl spotted with freckles stepped into the area, buck naked. I tensed. Co-ed showers? She just smiled at me and stepped under one of the shower-heads. I guessed I shouldn't have been surprised. I tensed and turned away, my erection slashing in the air, wondering if I was in the wrong place. Did Dan send me to the girl's shower for a laugh? An older man entered a moment later, as naked as I was and bulging with muscles. A whistle hung on a chain around his neck. He stepped under the water with the girl, resting a hand on her shoulder in a familiar gesture.

Oh. I don't know why I should have blushed after what I had seen, but I did anyway. The girl raised her arms over her head and the man I presumed was her Bumkeep began washing her, stroking her arms gently. He was hung like a horse, massive, his half-erect prick dangling like a log between his legs.

I tore my eyes away from the couple. A TV was mounted behind a waterproof screen at the other end of the room, transitioning slowly through a slideshow. Pictures of the baths. Pictures of the girls performing, on-stage and off. A slide came up with a closeup of a grinning young girl's face, shampoo bubbling in her hair, and a list of rules next to it.

CLUB LOLIPOPS BATHSPACE RULES

Hours: 7:30AM to 3:00AM

No running or jumping in bath-space!

No rhythmic gymnastics gear allowed in the bath-space

Only patron clients, Bumkeeps, and performers are allowed

Performers are limited to the following dress only:

Leotards

Towel

Swimsuit

Bra and panties

Nude

The girl and her Bumkeep finished and left. I followed meekly behind, wrapping a towel around my waist. It did nothing to hide the obvious erection throbbing underneath. The corridor turned and opened into a wide area.

For a moment I thought I had died and gone to heaven. The kind of heaven where tight little girls with nubile bodies waited around every corner. They were everywhere:

girls in leotards and swimsuits, or nude, dipping their feet into the massive pool, diving into the water with playful shrieks. Several luxuriated in the long row of bubbling hot tubs in the alcoves that lined the far wall. Fine white tile covered everything, and the room was dotted with faux-pillars in a Greco-Roman style. There were plenty of men too - mostly Bumkeeps by the looks of it. A few were obvious sponsors of the girls. I watched an elderly gentlemen step slowly into a hot tub, accompanied by a dripping preteen girl, both of them fully nude. His age did nothing to dampen his bobbing erection.

Well now I didn't feel so bad. It was an unfamiliar feeling, stepping into a room with your crotch straining hungrily and realizing that you didn't stand out. I walked along, eyeballs bulging, looking for Dan but finding my attention captivated by each girl I passed. A sweet redhead with green eyes and wet hair sat on the lip of the pool, kicking her feet lazily in the water, while a pair of girls in the water splashed her and laughed. Her one-piece swimsuit was pulled down to her waist, exposing the faint slopes of her pre-teen breasts. Another girl passed me, blonde and dripping wet, and my eyeballs plummeted to crawl over the tiny pussy lips of her exposed cunt. Beautiful. Luscious. Totally bald. An innocent little slit hiding shyly between a pair of puffy lips.

My cock ached. This towel might be soaked with a different kind of fluid in a minute, I thought. I forced myself to walk around the pool until I found Dan seated on a bench in one of the alcoves that enclosed a hot tub, with Sasha on his lap.

The naked girl wasn't just on his lap, I realized. Her legs were spread, her arms wrapped around his neck, with his cock buried snugly in her little pussy. She was leaning forward, swaying against Dan's chest and moaning.

"Hey buddy," Dan groaned. His hands had a tight grip on Sasha's cute little butt as he bounced her in a gentle rhythm. Her body flexed up and down, her back arching seductively. I caught a flash of taut meat as she rose up, Dan's prick bulging inside her, and it was hidden as she pushed slowly down again.

"You look like you need to unwind a bit." Dan chuckled at his own joke, bouncing the little girl like a fucktoy on his lap. "Doesn't my friend look tense Sasha?"

She turned her head, still resting against his chest, and smiled at me. Waves of pleasure shuddered visibly up her body from the thrusting motion of her hips.

"Lean back a bit baby." Dan shifted and let Sasha lean back in his arms, the tiny girl quivering from the pumping motion. The delicate lips of her hairless cunt were spread wide around the older man's cock, splitting obscenely as Dan stroked into her and squeezing back together on the out-stroke.

"Come on Gabe." Dan grunted between thrusts. "Take off that towel. Why don't you cum on this little 10-year-old's face? These little fucks love it."

He must have seen a brief hesitation in my eyes, because he beckoned me impatiently. "Come on. It's ok. Usually only patron clients and Bumkeeps can touch the girls, but I'm telling you it's ok."

Sasha twisted her head upward to look at me, smiling invitingly. I yanked off my towel and let it drop, setting my twitching cock lashing in the air. It steadied and Sasha reached up to touch it, her little girl fingers spreading tentatively around the shaft. Her body bounced up and down, Dan's pace increasing, spearing the tiny frame with his cock. She warbled and a twitch of pleasure dashed across her face.

Sasha's body moved with a supernal grace, flexing just like it had during her show. Her hips flowed gracefully, her shoulders rolled. She kept her fingers wrapped around me, gently spreading precum, as her eyes began to flutter. I felt the swelling heat building up, coaxed to a boil by her tiny fingers. The sight of her tender 10-year-old body on

display, locked in sexual congress and flexing with innate grace, pushed me over the edge. I heard Dan grunt wildly, pounding his prick passionately into the tiny snatch, their thighs slapping hectically together at the nadir of each thrust, and my own orgasm exploded like a wildfire in my crotch, a devastating eruption stoked by the dripping performance we had had earlier and the torturous cocktease of my circuit around the bath area.

Cum fountained out like a geyser, a warm jet that smashed into the tiny girl's face. She spasmed and cried out, eyes closed, mouth open, bucking crazily. Another shot lanced off her tongue. My cock spewed warm seed like a firehose, spurts of white semen lashing her upturned face. Dripping globs landed on her forehead, on her nose, pooling on her lips and dripping in gooey trails down her cheeks. Her body thrust downwards with a final slam, Dan locking his cock inside her, buried to the hilt. The girl shrieked with pleasure, twisting as she was impaled, her own climax ripping through her body as she was fed with semen from both ends.

"Ah...aaaaah..." Our moans combined, two men and a girlish warble. The world slipped by, hazy with steam. My hand rubbed the final shudders of ecstasy from my prick, spreading slippery fluid.

"Good girl. That's my young little fuck." Dan murmured. He grabbed his phone off the bench and held it up, snapping a picture of the smiling little 10-year-old with her face and a mouth covered with cum. "There's one for the profile," he chuckled.

He helped her stand up, her knees shaking unsteadily. I felt pretty unsteady myself. "Ok sweetpea, towel off and go find your Bumkeep ok?" He slapped her naked ass hard and she squealed with laughter, then scampered off.

"Phew. Not bad eh?" Dan towelled himself then offered me a clean one from the rack. "It costs an arm and a leg to sponsor a girl here but they're worth every penny. Especially Sasha."

I felt dazed as I towelled off. I had just cum on a preteen girl's face while another man fucked her, and it had been the most intense experience of my life.

"She's amazing," I agreed. My voice was weak. This place had stimulated my senses past the point of overdrive.

"Feeling a bit weak in the knees?" Dan looked with me out into the main pool area where a swarm of young girls swam and splashed and laughed, their tender bodies on display. "Don't worry. This place has a way of reviving you. Come on. Let's get you something to wear."

We walked along the side of the pool, out of the bath area, then followed a short hallway and emerged into a carpeted room. The wood-panelled walls seemed to swallow the sound of our movement after the echoing bath area. A woman waited politely behind a counter on the side wall, unperturbed by the two naked men approaching her.

"Picking up. Both of us." Dan swiped his grey keycard against a reader on the wall. "I also need a set of club clothes for my friend here."

"Certainly sir." The woman eyeballed me with an expert gaze, then disappeared into the back, only to emerge again a minute later with a folded bundle of Dan's clothes and a casually formal outfit for me, folded neatly into the little basket with the rest of my things.

The clothes fit perfectly, to my surprise. Dan noticed my expression.

"Elektra's been doing this a long time. She can tell just by looking at you. I'm telling you, this place spares no expense."

I couldn't disagree. After pulling everything together, we exited into another long hallway with several intersections.

I stopped short when we passed through one. To the side was a small gymnasium. A few girls were training, but one in particular caught my eye: green eyes and wavy brown hair, with a tiny dot of a birthmark by her eye. Natalia.

She was in a yellow leotard, practicing some kind of move where she bent forward and arched her leg up behind her to nearly touch her head.

"Gabe? You coming?" Dan saw me falter and checked his watch. "We should hurry if we want to catch the last show tonight."

"I um...I'll catch up." I let Dan shrug his shoulders at me and continue on. Something seemed to draw me into the gym, some mysterious magnetism pulling me on, my eyes fixed on the little girl. I felt bad. I had to say something.

"Ok, arch, just like that. Ok again, but faster." The muscled man in the grey training shirt and black shorts sighed at her. "Faster, Natalia." She tried again, returning to a locked position with both feet on the ground, then bending forward and snapping her leg up behind her.

"Forget it." The Bumkeep seemed upset with her. "Show me your handstand again."

Natalia pitched forward into a graceful handstand. She hovered, legs in the air and perfectly balanced, waiting for instructions.

"Hi," I said, feeling suddenly abashed when the coach turned to look at me. He had a stern Russian face, with a severe nose and a bald head.

"Oh!" Natalia squeaked and suddenly fell. She got up again immediately, flushing with embarrassment.

"Yes sir." The man's voice was thick with a Russian accent. He squinted at me. "Oh, you're the patron from the lounge. Allow me to apologize again sir, for the egregious-

"No no." I held up my hands. "It wasn't actually her fault." I looked down at Natalia, who was blushing and looking at the floor. "It was my fault. I accidentally made the carpet slip."

"As you say sir. I assure you the club will happily cover all costs associated with the accident, no matter the cause."

"Well, that's just fine." I assured him. The formal speech and solid gaze were somewhat unnerving. I turned to look at the girl.

"Hey, Natalia."

The girl looked up bashfully at me.

"It's ok," I smiled. "Don't worry about it."

A grateful smile blossomed on her face. She looked relieved.

"Natalia," her Bumkeep said, "please go practice with the clubs and give us a moment to talk."

"Sure Vladimir." Natalia skipped over the mat to the other side of the gym where the clubs waited on a rack.

"Thank you sir. I believe she'll feel a bit better about this now." Vladimir said to me. His accent was thick, but his English was impeccable, if overly formal.

"Hey listen, I wanted to ask you something," I said. "She seemed upset after the incident earlier. Very upset. Is everything all right with her?"

Vladimir seemed to consider me, looking me up and down. "Oh," he said. "I think I understand. That's why you came in."

I nodded.

"First off, let me assure you that Natalia is treated extremely well. All of our girls are."

"I don't doubt it," I said hesitantly.

"Natalia is a very emotional girl. If she seemed upset, well, it is because her future at the club is uncertain." He frowned as he said this.

"Uncertain?" I prompted.

"Yes...Natalia came to us from Ukraine 2 years ago. She had a sponsor then, a wealthy man from Turkey. Unfortunately, his sponsorship has ceased. We have not seen him at the club in some time."

"What does it mean for her that she has no sponsor?" I asked.

Vladimir sighed. "Natalia was not able to secure sponsorship from a patron client for this season. We have allowed her to stay so far, but in the absence of sponsorship, we will have to send her back to the school in Ukraine. This isn't her first incident, and the club can't have girls that spill drinks. She's rather clumsy off the mat."

"Oh." I scratched my chin, thinking, then blurted it out.

"I could sponsor her."

Vladimir looked me up and down again, his expression unreadable. "Yes sir. Are you a club member sir?"

My heart sank. "No."

"First time?"

"Yes," I said.

His expression finally softened somewhat.

"Who prepared your invitation?"

"Daniel Shaw."

"Well..." now it was his turn to scratch his chin. "Normally memberships are auctioned off at a fixed rate each month, and then only to those who have had a successful trial period." He turned to look at Natalia, who was spinning through a routine involving throwing the clubs in the air and then twisting athletically on one toe before catching them.

"It's not unheard of for exceptions to be made, though. Listen, I'll see what I can do. Natalia's performance has been lacklustre but sometimes all it takes is the right sponsor." He fixed me with that severe Russian gaze. "You'll hear something by tomorrow morning."

"Great." I shook his hand, trying and failing to read his expression.

"Natalia!" He barked. The girl scampered over.

"Say goodnight to our guest."

"Good night Gabe." Natalia latched her arms around my waist in a hug, looking up at me, the fabric of her yellow leotard shining like plastic under the gym lights. My hands came naturally to rest on her back, feeling the sleek fabric and the tight skin underneath. Her smile was adorable.

"Good night Natalia," I chuckled. She let me go and they waved goodbye as I left.

The last show in the club was probably over by now. It was late. I followed the signs until I found an elevator, then stepped inside and pressed the button for the hotel. The darkened corridors greeted me when I stepped out, and I quickly found my room.

I flopped on the bed, exhausted. What a surreal day. Memories buzzed in my head, a hive of restless insects: Sasha's show, with its surprisingly sensuality; the bath-space, with its plethora of prepubescent girls splashing in the water; Sasha with my greasy cum squirting on her face, in her hair, as she gasped with delight; and Natalia. There was something in that smile that she gave me, something that drew me like a magnet and fixed itself in my mind. One by one she drowned out the other thoughts with the gentle sweep of her wavy hair, with the enchanting green eyes, with the perfect little beauty mark that rested by her eye like a ladybug.

I shook my head, trying to dispel the vision and the hot rush of blood in my groin that accompanied it. I grabbed for the TV remote and turned it on.

The default channel was playing a slideshow like the one in the bath: performance photos, Club Lolipops rules, an advertisement for the club store. It lingered on a full-page feature for tomorrow's show:

Danique Van Puten
Dutch, Age 11
B 30 W 28 H 31
JUICY PEACH

A gorgeously smiling girl with twin braids hovered next to the text. I wondered if her show would be as good as Sasha's. Musing, I undressed and crawled into the bed, then

drifted off immediately into a dream flush with images of little girls twisting about, dancing, flexing supple bodies in graceful motion.

Chapter Three

A ringing phone jerked me awake. I rolled over, fumbling at the nightstand groggily until I found it.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Watts. Good morning."

I sat up and rubbed the sleep from my eyes, blinking.

"Yes. Vladimir. Good morning." I suppressed my yawn.

"I have some good news. After talking with the club president, Mr. Pohlmann and our senior Bumkeep, Mr. Drugov, approval has been granted for your sponsorship of Miss Petrovska. Your friend Daniel was very enthusiastic when we contacted him. He has vouchsafed a temporary membership for you."

"That...that's fantastic." My sleepy brain struggled to process the information. "Thank you. What's the next step?"

"If you inquire at the front desk of the hotel, they will direct you to the Patron Client Service Desk. I will meet you there in half an hour."

I looked at the clock, eyes bleary. "Ok. Sounds good. I'll meet you there."

We said our goodbyes and hung up. I tumbled out of bed, slightly hung over, my prick still engorged from the sexy dreams that had haunted me. It threatened to shatter like glass as I stood up and got dressed.

The receptionist directed me to the proper elevator with the same obsequious deference as last time. It went up this time, and I emerged into a comfortable waiting room on an upper level, lavishly decorated and dominated by an enormous window. A long counter of polished oak waited on the far side, with a receptionist working through a stack of papers.

"Have a seat please." She gestured to the chairs, so I sat to wait.

The view of the downtown area was magnificent. I watched cars crawl along the streets, still shaking cobwebs from my brain, until I heard a woman call my name.

"Gabriel Watts?"

I stood up and shook her hand. She was an olive-skinned woman with a medium build and an extraordinarily generous bosom. Her blouse was cut deep and her lapis earrings flashed blue in the light.

"Hi there. I'm Shana Parks. A pleasure."

My response died on my lips when her arms went around me and she buried me with a kiss. A slippery tongue wiggled its way inside my mouth and duelled with my own. The silky blouse rustled against my fingers as I instinctively hugged her, and the shiver in my spine became a warm flush that crept up my stiffening cock.

A wet pop signalled our parting. She must have seen the confusion in my eyes.

"I know you're new, Gabriel. Don't worry. That's our customary greeting at the club." She flashed me a dazzling smile, brilliant white teeth a contrast to her dark skin. "To show just how very much we appreciate our patron clients. And speaking of that, Mr. Mikhailov is already waiting for you."

I tore my eyes away from where her tits were threatening to spill out of her blouse and followed her into a small conference room with an ornate table dominating the middle. The room was palatial, like everything else in the club, and exuded an air of refined wealth and opulence. Shana took a seat in a high-backed chair next to Vladimir on the opposite side of the table.

"Everything is all ready for you, Gabriel," Shana said, opening a folder and sliding it over to me. "Your membership form and Natalia's sponsorship papers are here. The costs are outlined on the second page, here."

I felt my stomach clench. Club dues. Gymnastic equipment. Medical costs. Meals and clothes and spending money and a host of general expenses. It was more than I expected, but I didn't hesitate to sign anyway. I could afford it now with my new job, and Dan said it had been the best decision he ever made.

"And your initials here..." I scratched the pen.

"...and here..." Another scratch.

"And your signature here."

I signed the paper and slid the folder back over to Shana. Vladimir beamed at me.

"Excellent. Welcome to the club Mr. Watts. Here is all of Natalia's orientation material." He slid a fine leather-bound folder over to me and then offered his hand. I shook it.

"The club appreciates your patronage" he said. "You'll find everything you need in the folder there." I let him guide me back to the elevator, butterflies in my stomach the entire way.

"So, what now? Can I go see her?" I asked uncertainly.

"Of course," Vladimir said. "You're welcome to come and watch Natalia's morning training. It's in gym 5 in an hour. Follow the signs."

"I'll be there," I said. A brief image of the tightly-stretched leotard I had seen last night swirled in my head. I shook Vladimir's hand again then took the trip back down to my room, and found my suit lying in a plastic wrap on the bed when I walked in. The stain had come out perfectly.

I dumped the contents of the folder out on the bed next to it. It was crammed to the brim with material. Her bio, complete with measurements. A health assessment. A pair of DVDs. Page after page of different club services. Glossy photos in a wrapper: headshots, Natalia smiling from a variety of angles. Very professional. A thick pamphlet came with them:

Club Lolipops Photography Services
More shots available
Gymnastic • Studio • Explicit • and More
Call Extension 473

I shook out the rest of the folder and a grey keycard bounced out onto the bedding. Just like Dan's. I fingered it thoughtfully and then pocketed it.

There was much more here than I could go through. I checked my watch and realized how much time had already passed, and hustled out the door. My keycard opened the way to the gym area, and I followed the signs, passing more and more Bumkeeps and leotard-clad girls until I finally found gym 5.

The hallway let out on a balcony that ringed the gym. A dozen girls pranced on the mats below, practicing handstands, kicks, flips, or just stretching their supple bodies under the direction of their Bumkeeps. I spotted Dan leaning against the bannister to the side, watching Sasha practice down below with a hungry look on his face.

"Gabe! What's this I hear about you wanting to sponsor a girl ALREADY?" He laughed and slapped me on the back. "I figured you'd want to at least shop around a bit first."

"I signed this morning," I said, feeling sheepish. "There she is, down there."

He looked, squinting, and then laughed again.

"The girl who spilled that drink on you? Hah, well that explains why you wanted to talk to her. I figured. You had this lovesick look in your eye when you asked about her." He clapped me on the shoulder, chuckling.

"She's pretty cute though. You're a sucker for a pretty face Gabe. That's ok, I am too. None of these girls are cuter than Sasha though."

He stared at the girls with a wide grin, and suddenly yelled down to where Sasha was practicing.

"Hey Bitch! Don't drop that ball or I'll have to come down there and give you a good balling!"

Sasha flipped him the bird without missing a beat in her routine. Dan cackled and slapped the bannister in amusement.

"Gotta give them some encouragement, you know," he chuckled.

"Does...does everyone do that?" I asked. I noticed a few other men watching the girls, occasionally catcalling at them. The girls didn't seem to mind, and responded in kind, usually with a middle finger.

"It's pretty much expected," Dan laughed. "You can call these little girls anything you want. Shout it out. 'Bitch' is pretty typical, or 'young fuck', since that's what they are. They like it. Watch."

"Hey you luscious little fuck!" Dan called down from the balcony. A few girls looked up but he had eyes only for Sasha.

"Turn around and show me that prize-winning little ass!"

Sasha tossed her head scornfully, but turned around and shook her rear with a sassy thrust of her hips. Dan chuckled as he leered.

"She has a medal you know. Romanian Nationals. I made her wear it once as I fucked her. Pretty much all of the club's girls come from the best of the best."

"Who are they?" I asked, nodding at a pair of women in their mid-twenties wearing leotards of their own and working with some of the girls.

"Choreographers. The club has a lot of them. Almost all women." He shrugged. "They get a lot of privileges too. Most of them worked here at the club as girls too."

"Ah."

We both watched our respective girls for a few minutes. Natalia was working with Vladimir with a ball of her own, a golden sphere the size of her head that she rolled across her arms and shoulders with sinuous grace.

"Let's go down," Dan said. "I can't watch Sasha training and not want to give that pretty little hiney a squeeze."

We took the stairs down and emerged onto the floor. Natalia abandoned her routine when she saw me and streaked across the mat, slamming me with a hug that nearly knocked me over.

"Oooof-" I grunted. "Careful girl."

"Thank you!" Natalia's eyes were shining with excitement. She squeezed me around the waist until I thought I would pop. "Vladimir told me! Thank you so much, is best thing you won't regret and promise you can watch me train every day and will be good and won't let you down and my show is having tomorrow and you can come watch will be great I promise-"

Her words tumbled out, heavily accented and tripping over each other, excitement overcoming her careful English. I chuckled and rubbed my hands over her back, feeling the smooth skin. She felt nice, a tight package of girlish eagerness pressed up against my crotch, coaxing the inevitable male response. She finally stopped when she felt me digging into her chest, just long enough to grin up at me and blink her green eyes.

"That sounds great," I laughed. "Can't wait. What do you use in your show?"

"The ball. I'm best with that." She released me suddenly. "Wanna see?"

"Sure."

She raced across the mat and grabbed her ball, then took a deep breath and tossed it in the air, then launched into a gliding routine, catching the ball, rolling it across her body, twisting with it, flicking it into the air and the catching it with a short hop that she leveraged into a tight spin, twisting on one foot.

"Hey she's not bad after all," Dan chuckled next to me. "Girl's got some talent." Natalia caught her ball and waved at me excitedly as if seeking approval, and I smiled and waved back.

We both watched her continue to train with Vladimir, a pair of panting idiots with our erections pressed against our pants like tentpoles.

"She seems like a sweet girl. So do you know what you're going to do next?" Dan asked.

"Get some breakfast. After that I'm not sure. They gave me a folder with a lot of stuff in it."

"Well it's up to you, but I recommend the Fitting Room."

"That...sounds like fun. Where is it?"

He gave a low chuckle. "Third floor. Get something to eat and then go there. You're in for a treat."

Chapter Four

I closed the door behind me. The small room was darkened like a theater, with small spotlights shining upwards in a row along the walls, illuminating the wood panels. A pair of chairs were arranged in front of some sort of screen on the far wall.

"Welcome sir." A man was already waiting for me, dressed in a formal suit with white gloves on his hands. He was holding a sleek black tablet in front of him.

"Hi. Uh...is this the Fitting Room?"

"Yes sir. Would you like to have a seat?" He waved at one of the chairs with an almost offensively genteel gesture.

"Sure." I seated myself in one of the chairs and let the man take the other. Both of us were angled so we were facing each other and the screen.

"Your girl, sir?"

"Natalia Petrovska."

The man pressed some buttons on his tablet. The room darkened even further and suddenly a 3d image of Natalia sprung up in front of us.

"Wow!" I leaned forward, shocked. It was a flawless projection. Natalia stared straight ahead, thoroughly naked, her body rotating slightly.

"Is this...what is this?" I asked, moving my head. I could see the grid of the projection if I moved my head far enough, but the illusion was perfect from the the seated position of the chair. It was like VR without the goggles.

"A pseudo-stereoscopic orthographic projection, sir. A gift from one of our Japanese VIPs. It's still a prototype."

"Japanese eh?"

Yes sir. They are patron clients of many of our girls here."

"Very impressive," I murmured, sitting back and letting my eyes feast on the image of the naked young girl. A pair of light nipples dotted her flat chest, a gentle sweep of tender girl-flesh that stretched all the way down to a muscled tummy and a delicate bellybutton. Even the skin tone was right. A pair of puffy lips and a dark little slit waited between her legs. Only the resolution and the dim lighting kept it from being perfect.

A caption hovered in the air over the little girl's body.

Natalia Petrovska
Ukrainian, 11
B 31 W 28 H 33

"Is this really her..." I began, then trailed off.

"Yes sir," the man said, taking my meaning. "We take detailed scans of every girl during their monthly medical examinations. I assure you her proportions are up to date. Now if you would like to take that tablet there, we can get started."

I realized that a tablet of my own was resting on the little end table. I picked it up.

"Shall we start with her dress, sir?"

"Sure."

The 3d image zoomed in slightly, focusing on Natalia's upper body, then shifted her to the side. An array of selections appeared next to her, and an identical list appeared on the tablet.

"Simply press the selection that you want sir."

There were a lot of them. I touched the first one, labelled "PERFORMANCE." The options in the air vanished, and an array of 3d-modelled clothing appeared, each piece hanging in the air as if on an invisible mannequin.

"Hmmm." I tapped up and down arrows on the tablet, scrolling the grid. It was massive. Dozens of kinds of leotards, tutus, and dresses. I touched the option for one

of the leotards, a green one, and it zoomed from its place in the air to Natalia's body, resizing itself and conforming to her perfectly as if she were wearing it.

"Wow," I laughed again. The naked girl was now clothed, albeit in a tight-fitting leotard that hugged her skin. I tried a few other options. Leotards were available in a multitude of colors. I applied them one after the other, judging how they looked on her body, until finally I found one in white, with blue edging and an adorable little heart cutout just above her buttocks.

"Perfect," I said. "This is what she'll wear for her shows?"

"Yes sir. Until you select something else." He tapped his own tablet, confirming my choice. "What size sir?"

"Oh uh, I guess, her size..."

"I recommend her size minus 2 sir. Most of our patrons find that to be the most...stimulating option."

"Let's do that then," I grinned. The man tapped a button on his tablet, and suddenly the leotard shrunk and stretched realistically, shiny fabric straining tightly against the virtual body.

"Your next choice, sir?"

We were back at the start. I selected "DANCE". A variety of dance gear hovered in the air. I tried some of them on Natalia, the clothing zooming seamlessly to her body and gluing itself on, and settled on a pink tutu.

"Very good sir. Your next choice?"

The next option down was "EVENING WEAR". I selected it with a touch of my tablet. A variety of ravishing cocktail dresses appeared in the air. The black one with the loose shoulders that hung over her upper arms was already selected.

"Is this what her previous patron selected for her?" I asked.

"This is the same profile, yes sir."

The dress was nice but I picked a different one: a dark green affair that hugged her body tightly and stretched over one shoulder. I figured it would match her eyes better. Natalia's avatar looked absolutely stunning in it.

"You have all this clothing at the club here?"

"Yes sir, we have an extensive wardrobe. We also have a staff of tailors that can custom-make anything you care to order."

The next option down was BEDTIME. I was sweating already, playing virtual dress up with a naked girl, but I picked it. A host of different kinds of lingerie popped up: bra and panty pairs, teddies, babydolls. I selected the babydolls, and spent a good 10 minutes grinning as I fitted each piece to Natalia's naked body. The man waited patiently. It was hard, but I eventually settled on an adorable pink affair that was mostly transparent, and matching panties.

"Excellent choice sir. As you can see, we also have an array of fantasy options available, if you have any unique tastes." He pressed a button on his own tablet, selecting the "FANTASY" label. An array of options scrolled by: VICTORIAN DRESS. MAID OUTFIT. DISNEY PRINCESS. DEBUTANTE. ROPE S&M. The last one was a full-body web of tied ropes that passed over her shoulders, waist, hips, and under her cunt.

"Oh." I swallowed, my cock thumping in my pants. "Maybe I'll try those later."

"Yes sir. What hairstyle and makeup would you prefer?"

Natalia switched on the screen again, an array of hairstyles popping up. I tapped my tablet to select them one after the other. Her current selection was a bun on top of her head, secured with a tie. I switched it to a braid. Much better.

"You can do all this?" I asked.

"We have a full-time staff of makeup artists and stylists, yes sir. We can also do custom hairstyles and makeup if you prefer, or provide supplies if you wish to dress her yourself. Our goal is to give you total control to dictate her appearance."

"Great," I muttered. I switched her makeup to include lip gloss and rosy cheeks, and a light sparkle of glitter on her cheeks and forehead.

"That takes care of her dress sir, unless you have any custom instructions. Would you like to set her choreography now?"

"Sure," I said. Natalia floated to the side and text options appeared next to her, hovering in the air.

"Rhythmic gymnastics are included, of course," the man said. "Please pick which equipment you prefer."

It seemed I could pick any or all of the following: BALL, HOOPS, RIBBON, ROPE, CLUBS. I didn't really have a preference, so I left the selections on BALL and CLUBS.

"Any additional training activities sir?"

DANCE and BALLET were the options here. They were already selected.

"This is fine," I said.

"Very good sir. She'll have a full schedule. Do you have further instructions for her handling?"

The options hovered in the air next to Natalia: DISCIPLINE, S&M, SEXUAL PUNISHMENT.

"Wow," I murmured, tapping my tablet to explore. Everything from nipple clamps to collars to butt-plugs. I selected SEXUAL PUNISHMENT and then SPANKING.

"A very good choice sir." The man was infuriatingly unflappable, but he probably did this all day. I wondered what dark desires the other patron clients selected to fulfill with their girls.

"What would you like for Natalia's sexual curriculum, sir?"

My choices floated in the air next to Natalia's smiling head: FELLATIO, ANAL, COCKTEASE, EXOTIC POSITIONS, TOYS.

Good grief. I swallowed and mopped the sweat off my forehead. Blood thundered painfully in my crotch. If the Natalia in front of me were a real flesh-and-blood girl I probably wouldn't have been able to keep my hands off her.

"Let's see, uh..." I selected FELLATIO and COCKTEASE. That was good, right? The man confirmed my selections with a tap of his own tablet, his face inscrutable. Maybe he thought I was boring.

"I can always change these later, right?"

"Yes sir. You can visit the Fitting Room at any time, day or night, to select your preferences or leave custom instructions."

Fantastic. So I guess if I wanted to turn her into an anal princess, all I had to do was make a few selections in this program and they would get right to work on training her. I realized I was breathing heavily.

"Your last choice, sir."

INTERCOURSE floated in the air. I tapped to select it. Two sub-options came up: CONDOMS, and INTERNAL.

"I uh...um..." My brain had ceased to function, deprived of blood. Natalia's avatar smiled back at me innocently.

"Condoms sir? Or will you be ejaculating inside her?"

These were not questions I was used to answering. My face was burning.

"It's your choice sir. Condoms are of course available at any time in any size, gratis. But the club can also supply the finest pills that are guaranteed to address any and all concerns you may have. At a premium price, of course. Please note that one of the options is required. The protection of our gymnasts is paramount."

I had never liked condoms but the dollar amount next to the other option was dizzying. I picked it anyway. Only the best.

Natalia disappeared as the projection went dark. It almost pained me to see her go.

"Wonderful sir." The man stood, and I rose to shake his hand. "Your selections will be communicated to her Bumkeep to take effect immediately."

"Great," I said, hoping that my profuse sweating and bulging erection were not too obvious. He guided me out the door and I ended up out in the dim corridor again, with a cock hungering for pussy and a stomach hungering for lunch.

My phone buzzed - a message from Vladimir, asking me to meet him for lunch at the club restaurant. I sent him a confirmation and then followed the signs to the upper levels. The door handles beeped and turned green when I waved my keycard at them.

The restaurant was as classy as the rest of the club, elegant and spacious, with a dining room that opened onto a wide veranda with an astonishing view of the city. I let my waitress guide me to where Vladimir was waiting at one of the outdoor tables.

"Mr. Watts." He shook my hand as I sat down. "Natalia's training for the morning is finished, so I wanted to see if you had any further questions for me. Lunch is courtesy of the club, of course."

"How is she doing?" I asked, looking around. A fountain bubbled happily, and roses threaded a long trellis with gorgeous blooms overhead. This was undoubtedly the most lavish restaurant I had ever been in.

"Quite a bit better, today. Natalia has rarely had discipline problems but she was very let down by the loss of her last sponsor." He unfolded the pristine white napkin and shook it, then placed it in his lap. "I think with your help, she'll continue to improve."

"On the mat," he went on, "she is passable, but I think she has some of the highest potential of any of our girls. She's holding back, though. The routines she practiced under her previous sponsor never really seemed to hold her full attention."

He scratched his chin thoughtfully and continued.

"That's why I agreed to work with her this season to develop some new routines for her show."

"I can't wait to see it," I said.

"She'll be ready in a couple more days," he smiled. "Her test performances so far have been very impressive. Most of the other Bumkeeps really enjoy watching Natalia."

Our conversation took a break as our salads arrived. I dug in, still thinking.

"Ok I have to ask..." I broke the silence uncertainly. "What's your relationship? As her Bumkeep I mean. I know you train her on the gymnastics side..."

"You're wondering if we fuck the girls." He smiled and held up his hand at my protest. "It's alright. I know yesterday was your first time at the club, Mr. Watts. This is all in the folder we provided, but allow me to elaborate: yes, each Bumkeep fucks the girls he trains on a regular basis. Natalia had a different Bumkeep last season, but I elected to train her since then."

"I'll give you an overview," he said, wiping his lips with the napkin. "All aspects of a girl's training are under her Bumkeep's purview, except for the following: choreography, which is coordinated by our assistant Bumkeeps - women who have outgrown the club's sponsorship program - and her explicit sexual training, which is performed by professional madames that we retain for that purpose."

"Your instructions from the fitting room, for example. You asked that Natalia focus her skills on blowjobs and cock-teasing." He looked at his watch.

"Right now she is training with a madame, practicing on a dildo. Later she'll work on her flirting. She'll practice every day, until you change her training."

A waiter suddenly appeared. I let Vladimir order for both of us, my brain fevered with the image of the little girl with the green eyes bobbing up and down on a massive

shaft of slippery plastic, saliva bubbling on her lips while an older woman kneeled next to her, giving her pointers. I swallowed nervously as the waiter left.

"There are certain areas of the club where you can do whatever you wish with Natalia. It's allowed, even encouraged. By becoming her patron client, you get full access. Whatever you want is what you get. Our job is to keep her happy when you're not around."

He leaned back in his chair, regarding me with a tight smile.

"Normally I fuck Natalia in the gym before lunch. She can be quite a handful during the afternoon and it helps keep her focused. The relationship between a club gymnast and her bumkeep is intensely physical. We are in contact for most of the day. Although the choreographers guide her routine, I train her to perform it. I know where she is sore. I know when she is tired. I know exactly where her limits are. I get her medical reports and I can tell when she is frustrated or horny even if she is trying to hide it."

He was looking at me carefully, judging my reaction. I hadn't realized how intimate of a connection the girls shared with their Bumkeeps. I pondered the image of the tiny girl, writhing under the muscled hulk of her Bumkeep, impaled against the gym mat by a thick rod of throbbing manhood, and found it strangely arousing. The Bumkeep I had seen in the showers was well endowed. Vladimir probably was also.

"But now that you are her patron client," he said, holding up a finger, "all of Natalia's activities are at your sole discretion while you are visiting. You can leave instructions for her to be taken care of if you're otherwise engaged, but really, you should take your time and enjoy her as much as possible. She's a wonderful girl. Spirited, and talented." He eyed me knowingly. "She just needs the right kind of encouragement."

"I see." I took a long drink of the ice water, trying to cool the smouldering arousal baking my loins. It made a strange sort of sense, that the club took all aspects of a girl's physical needs into account. Apparently Vladimir would take a back seat while I was here and tend to her when I wasn't. That was fine with me. My brain fixated on the image of Natalia's leotard-clad body, squirming as she was ground against the gym mat by her coach. All aspects of her training were accounted for.

Vladimir was studying my pinched expression.

"Do you know how much longer you'll be staying at the club?"

"A few more days."

"Good. You'll be able to see the first performance of her new show. It will mean a lot to her."

Our food arrived abruptly. Tortellini and mushrooms with white wine. I was ravenous.

"There's one more thing," Vladimir said. "Normally Natalia would follow the training plan you laid out, but she asked for an exception. She's not in the club's main performance tonight, which I assume you'll want to attend, but she wanted to give you her own show, afterwards. She said she wants to do something special for you, to show how happy she is that you're sponsoring her."

"Sounds fantastic," I said.

"Great." Vladimir popped a forkful of pasta into his mouth. "She'll be very happy."

We passed the rest of the meal chattering about the club. Vladimir had trained girls here for years, apparently. After we were finished, he pushed back his chair and stood up.

"Well I should get back to the gym. Those girls won't keep themselves in line. They need a firm hand." He smiled knowingly. "Make sure to check out the material we gave you, Mr. Watts. The club's services are extensive."

He shook my hand a final time and left. I finished up and returned to my room. The materials from the folder were scattered in disarray. I picked up one of the booklets, a finely-bound volume of laminated pages. "Club Lollipops Programming Services" was emblazoned on the cover.

"...Patron clients enjoy round-the-clock access to our information systems via website, mobile app, and in-room television services..." it read. I looked at the TV: a massive thin-panel display mounted on the wall at the end of the bed, glittering black with a nearly invisible bezel. Like everything else, the club had spared no expense. I picked up the remote and turned it on.

The menu was packed with options. There were recorded performances, girls prancing in tight leotards in gyms and contorting themselves sensually as they demonstrated their skills with hoops and balls. Another section was devoted to more erotic shows like Sasha's, performed and recorded from intimate angles on private club stages. The amount of selections was dizzying: room service, wake-up calls, a massage parlour, catering, lounge bookings for parties, and dozens more.

I scrolled through, overwhelmed, and stumbled on an option called "Performer Profiles". I pressed the button and a directory of names greeted me, each with a headshot of a luscious, smiling girl next to it. There were hundreds. I scrolled down with the remote and found Natalia.

God, she was gorgeous. There were hi-res photo galleries of her from every angle, performing with her ball. I went through them, simmering currents beginning to flow through my cock again. Intimate photos of her bent over with her butt in the air, the fabric of her leotard stretched tightly over the sweet little cheeks. There were recordings of all her shows too, an extensive career history, and an astonishingly complete statistics section, featuring everything right down to her shoe size.

I engrossed myself in the performance videos - Natalia racing across gym mats in shiny leotards, kicking, twisting, flipping effortlessly into handstands. Her tight little 11-year-old body flexed and contorted itself into inconceivable shapes, hands flung out and legs splayed open. I winced at a painful jerk in my groin when she pulled her leg up behind her, the tiny strip of her leotard crotch thrust proudly in the air, as if to say "here it is."

I jumped a foot in the air when the knock on the door broke my reverie. Sweating, I flicked off the TV, smoothed my pants in vain, and answered.

"Hey Gabe, ready for the show?" He looked down at my noticeable bulge. "I guess you are, hah."

Fuck. I had lost track of time, watching Natalia bend and flex for hours. I could have watched her all day, I thought, gazing at the limber muscles of her tender body shifting in graceful interplay.

I let Dan lead. We took a different route this time, turning left and passing through a tiled corridor to a different set of elevators. Dan pushed the button and an expectant chime sounded.

"You have your keycard?" he asked me. I fished in my suit pocket and found it.

"Swipe it."

I flicked the grey card at the reader and the elevator doors rolled open.

"It should get you in almost anywhere," he said, pushing a button after we got in. The doors closed smoothly and cab vibrated with barely-perceptible motion.

"The Bathspace. The Club floor. The lounges. The special gym." He ticked his fingers off one by one and smirked. "The private rooms too. Lots of fun behind closed doors here."

"I'll bet." There were at least a dozen buttons on the elevator panel. How much of this place was underground? Quite a bit, it seemed.

The doors opened and an older man in a rumpled suit staggered in, his arm wrapped tightly around the shoulders of a young girl in a blue leotard. They were both snickering together. A strong scent of whiskey accompanied them and the girl was practically glued to his waist. She looked about 12, utterly gorgeous, her brown hair in pigtails and a rosy glow of makeup on her face. She flashed a heart-melting grin at the man, batting her long eyelashes.

Dan and I politely ignored them just as they ignored us. All of the man's attention was focused on his girl anyway. He leaned against her, squeezing her gently against the side of the cab, hands caressing the sleek fabric of her leotard. She giggled and cooed, wiggling seductively. His hand crept down her back and groped her butt, teasing the scrap of fabric wedged between the taut pair of asscheeks.

The doors opened again and they got out.

"Come on," I caught the old man murmuring as they left. "Time to give me another show sweetpea." The girl squealed with laughter as the doors closed, a reaction to another tight squeeze of her butt I assumed.

"You'll see a lot of patron clients in these areas," Dan said. "The normal visitors can only access a few areas but because you're sponsoring a girl, you can get in anywhere. Just don't lose this." He tapped my pocket where the card was resting.

"Don't worry," I muttered. I had no intention of losing anything. My mind wandered, distracted by the thought of Natalia wrapped around my waist just like the girl in the blue leotard. She was soft, I bet. Taut muscles on the gym mat but tender girl-flesh as she put her arms around me, wavy hair brushing my arm, melting against me and cooing. I felt myself flush again. I had never been this preoccupied with a girl before, especially not one that was 11 years old.

Well, I assured my stiffening cock, I'd see her after the show.

The elevator opened onto a short hallway of the Club's customary wooden panelling. We followed it through an intersection, past a few milling parties of older men in fine suits talking amongst themselves in Dutch, and ended up at a heavy door leading to the main Club.

"This girl is really something." Dan was grinning as we threaded the tables and picked a pair of elegant seats with high backs closest to the stage. "I've seen her show a few times. She even gives Sasha a run for her money."

He gestured to the monitors hanging from their alcoves in the ceiling. A young girl with a sassy smile was grinning back, her hair tied in a tiny bun edged with lace. The slideshow faded between still frames, showing the girl's luscious body as she posed with a pair of gymnastic clubs.

Danique Van Puten
Dutch, Age 11
B 30 W 28 H 31

She was a knockout. The pictures faded into each other slowly: Danique posing on-stage with her arms upflung for an audience, captures of her twirling about, lavender leotard stretched tightly over her nubile body, a close-up of the leotard cupping a perfect pair of tender little butt-cheeks. The main monitor near the center of the stage was larger, and had its own slideshow announcing the details of the performance.

"'Juicy Peach' with Danique van Puten will commence shortly. Total performance time is 15:42."

"Danique will perform a clubs routine in her signature custom leotard. Sweet, pretty, and lusciously curvaceous, Danique has been with the Club for 3 years, under Bumkeep Simon Welles."

"Please feel free to be as loud and vocal as you want. Express yourself to the girl as hard as possible. There is no such thing as rude or inappropriate language during our shows, so let loose!"

A young girl emerged from the darkness. Dan grinned at her and ordered our drinks, then sent her on the way with a slap on her ass. I settled back in my seat, watching the countdown in the corner of the screen with bated breath. Danique grinned at me alluringly from the monitors, a sexy, knowing smile with just a hint of playful scorn. The

seats were comfortable, thankfully, and I wiggled slightly to try to relieve the growing tightness in my crotch. The throbbing ache had lingered almost the entire time since I had arrived at the Club, teased by the constant stimulation of tantalizing displays. I had cum on little Sasha's face yesterday, the first time I had shot a load of sperm onto a moaning preteen's face, and it had been magnificent, but my cock ached for more.

The clock hit 0:00 and the lights dimmed. The monitors retracted soundlessly into the ceiling. Purple backlights framed the tiny silhouette of a girl walking across the stage towards us. A pair of spotlights suddenly blazed from the darkness, illuminating a vision of beauty, poised with a club in each hand, ready to begin.

For the second time my jaw dropped. She launched into a graceful swirl immediately, twisting, then throwing a club into a lazy spin in the air and spinning around to catch it. I felt my breath catch in my throat. It wasn't the feminine grace of her body, or the girlish undulations of her narrow hips, or the faint sparkle of glitter in her perfect hair: it was her leotard - ravishingly tight, hugging her body, and perfectly translucent everywhere, shining under the spotlights as if made from plastic. My eyes followed her the tiny dots of her nipples as she spun across the stage, hopping with a foot in the air and spinning into a cartwheel, catching her clubs as they came down. Every part of her was on perfect display, from the beautiful sweep of her flat chest to her tightly-muscled tummy, the shapely curves of her hips, perfect thighs, and a narrow strip of nearly-invisible fabric stretched so tightly between her legs that it had sunk slightly to form a perfect little camel-toe.

Music swelled as her routine picked up speed. I had barely noticed it, blood thundering in my ears. Danique spun and rolled with serpentine grace, her clubs like an extension of herself, thrown and caught again in effortless motion. The supple motions of her body were hypnotizing, and my eyes were drawn again and again to the delicate pair of puffy lips and the tender gap between them. The little girl was effectively naked, her nimble, prepubescent body on display for the crowd of patrons.

"Don't drop them sweetheart!" Catcalled a man behind us.

"I'll show you where you can shove those things!" another man hooted.

The crowd had taken the invitation to be vocal to heart, it seemed. Dan had been right that it was normal at the Club. We were getting into the spirit, a raucous energy that was growing as the men watched the little girl dance her heart out, flicking clubs into the air, cartwheeling, a limber display of athletic prowess.

"Might as well lose the leotard, bitch." I laughed as I joined in. Danique honoured me with a brief flick of her middle finger, which made Dan laugh uproariously and clap me on the shoulder. I wondered if the crowd would last - they were charged to a fever pitch, intensely aroused by the sensual display of little girl flesh gleaming on the stage. The music blazed through a crescendo and then faded as the song ended and Danique spun a series of cartwheels that carried her to the side of the stage.

Laughter and applause and catcalls rang out, but she wasn't done yet. This was just an intermission. She posed with her hands thrust in the air as a muscular man - her Bumkeep I assumed - stood next to her at the edge of the stage with a plastic squeeze bottle of some kind of oil in his hand. He dipped a finger into the back edge of her leotard and pushed the pointed tip of the bottle in, squirting a generous helping of oil inside, then reached around and did the same for her front. The fluid glistened under the lights as it drizzled slowly down her chest inside the tightness of the leotard.

Danique stood perfectly still in her pose. Two more generous helpings of oil went into the tight garment, then her Bumkeep began to rub it in, hands massaging the fabric, flowing over her chest, her belly, her hips, spreading the juice evenly over her body until every inch of skin gleamed under the leotard.

The music rose again, a rising swell that matched the stiffening feeling in my prick. Danique pranced out to the center of the stage again, slick with oil, brilliant reflections from the spotlights dancing across her leotard. The oil inside it created a gooey sheen, transforming the garment to a shining plastic coat that slithered seductively over her pink skin as she moved.

Every man in the audience seemed to lean forward simultaneously, a crowd hanging from the edge of their collective seats. I felt myself panting. Danique spun with brilliant grace, lights dancing on her supple skin. She threw the pair of clubs in the air, letting them spin as she balanced on one foot and pulled her other leg vertical next to her head. A graceful flex of her back, and both clubs fell into a hand and her leg swept down and she flipped, kicking into a one-handed handstand, then falling with the motion into a flexible somersault on the stage.

The music beat faster, and Danique matched the tempo. Her body flashed in the light, oily skin gleaming. The leotard was soaked through, plastered against her body, like a wet t-shirt that had been drenched and then pulled tight against the skin. My eyes flicked, following the rise and fall of her nipples, then sliding down the glossy skin to linger approvingly on her butt when she faced away. Such a perfect, plump little pair. Danique was a vision of luscious loveliness, bursting with childish vitality and swaying sensuality. A few more tosses of her clubs, and she switched to a series of spinning motions, legs kicking high, then rolling, her back arched at impossible angles.

A flip brought her closer to the edge of the stage, and another, the juicy, spinning body heading directly for me. A club went up and she flipped a final time, catching it, then rolled into a handstand at the edge of the stage, legs kicking into the air, facing me upside-down from a foot away.

I barely noticed the flecks of oil that had landed on my face. Danique was a lithe pillar, a shining prepubescent body slick with oil and sweat from the hot lights. I marvelled at the heaving motion of her naked chest, her flat, drippings breasts squished against the

tight fabric. Slowly, she brought her legs down to either side, unfolding like a flower. The juicy slit of her cunt blossomed open like a pink invitation, hairless cunny lips greasy with juices. Blood rushed in my ears, nearly drowning out the snapping noises of people taking pictures with their phones. Danique's legs came down into a wide split, her body a perfect T of supple perfection. She held her position on her hands, trembling only slightly, as the audience showered her with adulation. The rhythm of the music hit a crescendo, and Danique snapped her legs back up and flipped back onto her feet on the stage.

The crowd went wild as she bowed and walked off the stage. Some men blew kisses, their faces flushed red and pants tented obscenely. Others laughed, calling for an encore. I leaned back in my chair, exhausted, pulse through the roof, a pounding drumbeat that surged through my straining prick. Jesus, what a show.

"Gabe!" Dan beckoned cheerfully to me. He had been talking over his shoulder with someone, a muscled, boisterous man with sandy hair and a bursting physique. He hadn't been there when we sat down, and I realized he was the man that had rubbed oil on Danique during the show. We got up and moved to the seats at his table. I walked gingerly, wondering if it was possible for my tortured manhood to explode from too much stimulation.

"Yup, she's mine," the man laughed. I tried to place his look as he hoisted his cocktail and took a long drink - Scandinavian maybe.

"Danique really is a juicy peach," he went on. "Can you believe that when I began training her a year ago she was still a virgin?" His drunken chuckle was infectious, and Dan and I laughed along with him.

"10-year-olds. I'm telling you man." He flashed a wide grin at me and Dan. "Nothing beats 10-year-old pussy. Once they get a taste of how good a cock feels, the little girls go nuts. Can barely fight them off."

"Gabe, this is Simon Welles," Dan said with a gesture. "Danique's Bumkeep." I shook his hand.

"Her sponsor gave her a rough schedule at first," he went on. "Sexual training 3 times a day in addition to her gymnastics. It paid off though. That girl is a TIGER!" He laughed uproariously. "Now she can't even focus unless she gets fucked twice a day."

"I'll bet." Dan was grinning as Simon took another long swig of his drink.

"She was being sassy before the show," Simon said. "So we held her down, and her sponsor gave her the choice he always gives her: which one of us goes at which end."

His grin got even wider as he winked at me.

"I took her mouth that time. Left a nice little load of sperm in her mouth and her sponsor came in her pussy. That girl," he said, shaking a finger unsteadily. "She rarely does a show without cum inside her somewhere."

Simon hiccuped, and we both grinned. My brain conjured an image of that tiny little slit, opening up as she spread her legs during her handstand. She had done her routine with a buttery helping of semen just inside that little snatch, and more melting in her belly.

The thought of the little girl grunting with pleasure as she took a cock at both ends suddenly made me jerk upright. I had almost forgotten.

"I've er...gotta go. Nice to meet you Simon." I shook his hand hurriedly.

"Not staying?" Dan arched an eyebrow at me.

"I've gotta go see Natalia," I blurted. "She uh, wanted to say thank you, or something. Some kind of private show."

Dan squinted in mock suspicion at me, then burst out laughing and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Try not to have too much fun Gabe," he chuckled.

I shifted my pants in vain as I walked. It was hopeless. My erection was a permanent feature, rock-hard and pulsing uncomfortably. Seeing Danique's slippery body gallivanting through an array of impossible contortions had jammed it into overdrive.

"I'm looking for Natalia Petrovska," I said to the young man at the desk in the lounge just outside of the main Club. "I'm not exactly sure where she is...something about a private show."

"Yes sir." He smiled politely and typed something into his computer.

"Room 54 sir. It's a private stage room. Down that hallway," he pointed. "Take a left and continue on and you'll see room numbers. Your keycard will get you in."

"Thanks." I walked gingerly through the wide lounge, passing a large number of men and a few women too, all seemingly talking about the show.

"I last saw her 6 months ago. She's even better now!"

"How'd you like to be her Bumkeep? Rubbing oil all over that little body, god, that lucky fuck."

"You could bid on her next season and do just that," someone suggested.

"I couldn't afford her. Her patron client pays top dollar every season."

I worked my way slowly through the party and found the hallway. Signs with room numbers led me on through the luxurious corridors. The chatter and the thump of music died away behind me, and the scuff of my shoes against the carpet was swallowed quickly by the dignified silence.

"48...49..." The doors were heavy wood, set far apart, with handles that shone with polished bronze in the dim lighting. A red LED glowed on each one. Silence engulfed the hallway, as if the private rooms were soundproofed.

Finally, I found it. Room 54. The door beeped and the light turned green with a swipe of my keycard. I hauled open the door and went inside.

The room was dim like a theater, with three chairs arranged in front of a small, semicircular stage at the far end. Soft backlights edged the curtain in purple at the rear of the stage. I took a seat in one of the chairs - a refined affair with a high back and

polished wooden armrests. The space was just small enough to be cozy, just dark enough to be intimate, a private space for a personal performance. A light violin track was playing on the room's audio system.

The curtains swished and a girl peeked out at me from the center: Natalia, holding the curtains in front of her.

"Hey." She smiled warmly. "Am still changing. Almost done. You sit there, ok?"

"Not going anywhere," I smiled. She flashed a grin and then disappeared with another swish.

I adjusted my pants in vain, trying to find the position of least discomfort. I'd have to get a suit tailored to be more generous in the crotch. Danique's show had left me at a slow boil, especially the mental image of the tight little body squirming as it was speared with two stiff cocks right before she walked onstage. I wondered what Natalia's show would be. Was this a preview of what she had been working on? Something else? The stage was at knee height and the chair was right at the edge of it. Whatever it was, it would be close enough to touch.

I didn't have long to wait. A rippling melody began to play from the room's invisible speakers. The curtain parted by itself and the lights came up automatically, illuminating the stage. There stood Natalia, posing in the girlish pink tutu and ballet slippers I had selected, her hair done in an elaborate french braid. She was holding a slender rod with a long ribbon attached to the end.

She launched into a spin, moving in time with the music. The ribbon came up, arcing gracefully through the air. It fluttered through a series of whirling circles, Natalia rotating it around her body in a slow orbit. Then she kicked a leg, balanced on one toe, and spun, ribbon trailing a sinuous track in the air. The pink skirt of her tutu flared and

the white ballet slippers followed the arch of her foot. Her leg bent, and her spin slowed, and she hopped onto the other foot, dancing, shifting her weight in a rhythm that matched the airy balletic melody. The ribbon slashed over the stage, obscuring her body with long circular trails of fluttering pink.

I pulled at my suit collar, sweating. Natalia had spun close to me, standing only a foot away, the pink bodice hugging the supple contours of her body as she flexed. Every detail of her entrancing shape was on perfect display. My prick strained for freedom, jammed against the confines of my suit pants. Natalia's body arched and flexed, spinning, whirling on her toes, lithe muscles shifting. My eyeballs crawled everywhere, lapping it up: the tightness of her flat chest, the sway of her slender hips, the perfect shapeliness of her thighs. The short tutu skirt flounced seductively, teasing with flashes of the perky bottom and the tiny scrap of fabric that barely covered the sweet spot between her legs. She was so close. My fingers twitched with temptation, desperate to reach past the racing ribbon, to feel the smooth silk that hugged her skin so tightly.

She was gorgeous, like some primal virgin goddess dancing in the moonlight. The soft stage lights lent her a subtle, vibrant glow. The music swelled and she raced with it, spinning on a toe, kicking with her foot into a hop and using the motion to spin the other way with the ribbon flashing behind. Her braid trailed heavily through the air, a beautifully-woven affair that hung to her waist. I hadn't realized how long her hair had been. Green eyes flashed at me, gauging my reaction. I swallowed and realized I had been panting.

I had never really paid attention to ballet; I wondered why. Was there anything more enticing than the sweet curves of a little girl as she twisted and contorted herself, bending at the legs, arching her back, spinning with youthful vigour? Natalia's ballet skills were impeccable. Every movement was brimming with grace, every bend of her leg a tantalizing proof of her young body's surprising flexibility. She spun through the last vestiges of her routine as the music climbed to a shuddering peak of violins. Curling her arms, she spun one last time, the skirt of her tutu bobbing and the ribbon trailing its wide spiral, and came to rest facing me.

"Was good? You liked?" I realized she was waiting expectantly, blushing, while I had been staring like an idiot with hot blood rushing in my ears.

"Beautiful." The word was a strained gasp that clawed its way up my throat.

She preened slightly, grasping the edges of her tutu and giving me a little curtsy, then giggled and sat down on the edge of the stage, legs kicking playfully.

"I was best in my school back in Ukraine. Was trying out for national ballet team before I came here."

"They'd have been crazy not to take you." My fingers reached out on their own, driven by a feverish hunger, and caressed her legs, feeling the delicate weave of her stockings. She held her legs up for me, and I ran my fingers hungrily up her thighs, squeezing the perfect curves.

"Did you really like it?" She seemed self-conscious, even as I fondled her legs, feeling the tight, slender muscles. "My last sponsor didn't like ballet, so, haven't done in a while."

"Honey I've never seen anything so beautiful." I leaned forward and squeezed her waist, then ran my hands up her sides, delighting in the silky texture. The bodice of her outfit was so tight it was practically painted on, clinging to every delicious curve of the little girl. I rested a hand on her chin, losing myself in the emerald gaze. She really was beautiful, her girlish skin lit by the soft glow of the lights, the beauty mark lingering by her eye giving her an exotic allure.

Like a whirlpool, I was drawn in. Her smile was expectant, inviting, drawing closer until the warm pressure of her lips against mine sent a thrill racing down my spine. I pulled her into a hug, revelling in the sweet friction of my hands rubbing up and down her back. The frilly cusp of her tutu brushed against my crotch, sparking an angry shudder from my already tormented prick.

Slowly her head tilted back, our lips writhing a slow dance together. Her kiss was girlish, but enthusiastic. My hands slithered over the satiny surface of her bodice, feeling the pleasing curve of her back, rubbing the tender shoulders, then finding the lace that kept the garment tied in the back. I pulled, blindly, and felt it loosen.

Our kiss broke with a gasp from each of us. Natalia fixed me with her green eyes, warm and shining, as my hands fumbled clumsily behind her, pulling at the criss-cross of laces. The skin-tight bodice finally loosened. She helped me with the shoulder straps, both of us panting, and I finally grasped the fabric and pulled it hastily down to her waist.

Her naked chest glowed in the dim light, a perfect field of peach skin, flat except for the pair of pink nipples that dotted the slight mounds of her breasts. I ducked, my lips finding one of those perky dots by instinct and wrapping around it. I felt the gentle shudder of her chest, felt the quiver racing up her spine, felt her body tremble as I suckled her little girl tit, relishing the sweet, innocent taste of that prepubescent nub.

Fingers clenched in my hair, a desperate squeeze. A gasp squeaked its way out of her throat. I switched, my mouth sampling her other breast as my fingers lingered, pinching gently, feeling the tiny bud stiffen with delight. She was delicious, smelling lightly of sweat and sweet little girl excitement.

She twitched against me, electric, jerking as another gasp forced its way out of her throat. I let her go, admiring the twin circles of saliva I had left shining around both of

her aureolas. Her tiny body swayed against me, and then she leaned back, fixing me with that hungry gaze again.

Keeping me pinned with that look, she dropped slowly to her knees on the luxurious carpet. The straining bulge of my pants hovered in her face like an obscene demand which her fingers rushed to satisfy. I helped her pull down my pants, then my underwear, and my prick lashed out like a caged animal that had finally tasted freedom.

The smouldering gaze was spellbinding. Her eyes were locked on my own as her mouth opened and that sweet pair of lips wrapped themselves hesitantly around the throbbing stick of meat in her face. The sudden caress of warm friction made me jerk in the seat, and she took it in stride. The erotic sight of the sweet little 11-year-old kneeling in front of me, her top pulled down to her waist and the perky folds of her tutu brushing the floor nearly sent me over the edge right there. I struggled to resist. I wanted this to last.

A squirming tongue slithered under my cock as she sucked another inch in. It wiggled teasingly, massaging the tense flesh with gooey strokes. I groaned, eyes fluttering. All I could see were those green pools looking up at me. All I could feel was the intense caress of her mouth on my manhood. Another inch slid between her puckered lips, and my tumescent prick throbbed with exhilaration as the sucking tunnel welcomed it in.

I moaned with delight when my tip touched the back of her throat. My cock was stuffed in an 11-year-old girl's mouth. My hungry organ was buried between her lips, sparking an electric thrill. She stared up at me, adorable, her expression brimming with a desire to please and saliva shining on her puckered lips. I had never met a girl so beautiful. Her elaborate braid and subtle makeup made her look like a princess, a princess with her full attention devoted to the aching manhood in her mouth.

If the slow slide down to my hilt had been euphoria, the heavy suction as she drew back up again was a paradise indescribable. I lurched slightly, panting, senses careening in disarray. Natalia's tongue rasped up my shaft and her cheeks worked rapidly, slathering me with a warm tornado of pleasure. Every other blowjob I had ever had paled in comparison to the raw fountain gushing out from where this little preteen girl was pleasuring me with her mouth.

I was a wreck already, hair slick with sweat, chest heaving. Natalia seemed to read me like a book, beginning a gentle bobbing motion that sent lightning shivers racing up my spine but kept me tottering just on the edge of climax. Her lips and tongue were instruments of ecstasy that thrummed over my taut flesh, her cheeks the percussion of the mounting beat of pleasure racing in my groin. My fingers clenched the armrests of the chair as if I might fall off, sucked overboard by the delicious current of the little girl's mouth wrapped around my cock.

Natalia's head bounced eagerly, her tutu rustling, the straining shaft of flushed cock-meat disappearing between her lips only to re-emerge coated with saliva. Through it all those lustrous orbs of green stayed fixed on me, dancing emeralds that rode with me even as the rising tide erupted like a volcano in my groin. My balls clenched and my cock surged as the first spurt of cum exploded into her mouth like white lava. Another followed immediately, and another, my body jerking, filling her mouth with a sticky flood. She had buried my cock in her throat, I realized, her nose tickling my pubic hairs. Warmth gushed out erratically, draining quickly away. I saw the muscles in her neck working, swallowing frantically. I exploded again. I lost track, fireworks bursting in my brain with each continuous spurt of semen into that twitching tunnel. My senses dwindled away, edged out by the blinding euphoria centered on where my crotch was connected to the little girl.

The heavy rush of breath is how I knew I was still alive. I felt my fingers buried in someone's hair. Natalia's. She was still locked to the hilt on my prick, swallowing the last vestiges of melting fluid I had left in her mouth. My prick tingled, hypersensitive, as

she slowly backed off, letting my dwindling cock slip out of her mouth with a gooey slurp.

I lay there panting, incoherent, reeling after the most intense orgasm of my life. Cumming on Sasha's face had just been a preview. Natalia smiled warmly up at me from her kneeling position, slick juices shining on her face in the dim light.

"Was good? I had practice today and they taught me a few things." Her smile was eager, drooling strands coating her chin as she searched my twitching expression as if to be sure I had enjoyed it.

"Amazing..." I mumbled, my hands idly patting her hair. I felt like I had been crushed by an avalanche.

"Why even practice?" The words were thick in my mouth. "You're perfect already."

A happy grin blossomed on her slick face.

"Well, trainer says I still have a lot to learn. She showed me how to do thing with the eyes today and we practiced swallowing."

Well fuck me, I thought. It figured that the Club spared no expense for any kind of training. I let Natalia's fingers play with my cock for a little bit, the girl seemingly amused by its magic deflation.

"What else do they teach you to do?"

She shrugged nonchalantly. "Anything you want. You said blowjobs and cockteasing, so I do that between normal gymnastic training.

A brief chime sounded from the room's speakers, pleasant and unobtrusive.

"OH! I should go." She stood up, the tutu rustling stiffly. "I'm scheduled for Club service tonight."

"So soon?" Disappointment washed over me. "Can you stay?"

She shrugged again. "Is the schedule you set. Can't skip this one or Vladimir will be mad. But you know...if you want to adjust the schedule..." She batted her eyes suggestively at me. "Normally we don't have to do them when our patron client is visiting."

"I...I'll see what I can do." My brain was still foggy, as if all my cognitive processes had liquified and drained out of my flaccid cock.

Natalia beamed at me. We stared at each other in silence for an awkward moment, and then she leaned forward and pecked me on the cheek.

"Thanks." She said, blushing suddenly as if embarrassed. I squeezed her hand and she turned to go, stepping up on the stage and going back behind the curtain.

I pulled my pants up, mulling over our parting. Her kiss had been quick, spontaneous, as if she had forgotten her training and it was something she had just wanted to do. And she had blushed. Being half naked with me hadn't done that. Sucking my cock

while it pumped like a firehose hadn't done that. But one quick peck on the cheek and her neck had gone crimson.

My legs felt like lead. The heavy afterglow of my orgasm was still lingering. I left the private room and trudged down the corridors, my footsteps swallowed up by the soundproofed walls. I wondered what kinds of private shows the Club's other clients were enjoying.

My phone buzzed. A message from Dan. He was drunk already. Grinning, I pocketed my phone and went to meet him.

Chapter Five

The world returned as a savage drumbeat, a pulsing ache flaring in my head. I groaned and turned over, and realized I was tangled like a knot in the sheets.

Sunlight slammed me like a hammer-blow when I kicked away the covers. I shielded my eyes, groaning. What a hangover. Dan and I had met in the champagne room on the fourth floor. Some kind of party was going on. He had ordered me a triple bum-something. I couldn't remember. Things were even more hazy after that. I remembered stumbling back to my room, and a queasy night haunted by the alluring memory of a pair of green eyes flashing at me from between my legs.

The desk phone fell off the end table when I fumbled at it. Groaning even more heavily, I reached down and picked it up. "DIAL 0 for all requests and services," it said on the sticker, so that's what I did.

"Good afternoon sir. What can I do for you?"

Afternoon? I forced my eyes to focus, and saw the clock. I had been out like a light all day.

"I need something...for a hangover," I mumbled. Even my own voice seemed to boom painfully in my ears.

"Of course sir. I will have something sent right up. Our guests find it to be very effective. May I ask sir, if you have are allergic to any medications?"

"None." I held the phone cradled to my head as I ducked under the covers again, escaping the cruel sunlight that blared through the windows.

"Very good sir. It will be up in a few minutes. Thank you for calling."

I hung up with a groan and curled under the blankets like a baby. What the fuck had Dan ordered for me? Never again. Next time I'd shove that drink right up his ass.

The knock was a booming intrusion into my throbbing world. I forced myself out from under the covers, forced myself to stand, forced myself to walk over and open the door.

"Here you are sir." She was young, and incredibly pretty. 18 maybe. She held a tray out for me, a glass drink of some thick orange liquid sitting on it.

"Thanks," I mumbled, taking it. Her eyes darted down, then back to my face, a quick flash. I looked down stupidly, and saw my naked prick standing at attention, straining with a dire case of morning wood.

"Sorry." I felt myself flush. She smiled politely. Perhaps she was used to seeing this and more, considering where she worked.

"Have a good day sir," she said. I managed to shut the door after she left.

The drink tasted like a cross between orange juice and medicine. I forced myself to down the whole thing, and then tried to piece together my shattered memories of last night. I remembered the show with Danique. I remembered Natalia, her lips wrapped around my cock, sucking frantically as I pumped load after load of jizz down her throat. That had definitely happened, hadn't it? I remembered Dan texting me to join him in the champagne room. There had been a lot of people there. Some kind of open party. Things got hazy after that.

I gave up. Twenty minutes and one hot shower later, I was feeling almost entirely recovered. Whatever was in that drink was a miracle. Was there anything that the Club's services couldn't do? I knew I'd probably feel the pain later, when I saw the bill, but for now I was flying high. I shaved and then dressed quickly, buttoning my shirt and straightening my tie in the mirror.

And speaking of Club services...I began to paw at the contents of the orientation folder that I had laid out on the table. There were inserts for Club rules, some of which I had already seen, such as the Bathspace rules. Advertisements for upcoming shows, lavishly illustrated. A brief biopic of their winner from last season posing in her leotard with her Bumkeep. My eyes fell on the photography services inset again. I unfolded the pamphlet and looked inside.

Club Lollipops Photography Services
Bespoke Photography, Tailored to Your Tastes
Pieter Grismann, Lead Photographer

Gymnastic * Studio * Candid
Fantasy * Intimate * Explicit

Preview Samples Available Through Any Club Lollipops Media Service

I plopped onto the bed, imagination racing, and found the remote in the covers. The Club Services menu greeted me when I turned the TV on, and I quickly found the photography section.

The gymnastic and studio previews were self-explanatory. Dozens of sets were available, showcasing a healthy array of gorgeous, smiling girls. The studio's best work, presumably. I recognized a few of the shots from the glassed-in portraits I had seen decorating the Club's walls. Girls frozen in time, mid-leap, perfection in form.

The candid photographs were more varied - girls in a variety of settings: the main Club, in restaurants, out in the city, sometimes with men I presumed to be their sponsors. Slices of life and special moments.

The text of the next row turned red when I selected it, and a prompt came up with a padlock icon.

"Please enter the member id number located on the back of your card."

I fumbled in my pockets until I found the card, and entered the number. The prompt disappeared and I selected the Fantasy section.

Holy fuck. This must be where dreams came true, I thought. The first photograph was a high-res shot of a girl bent over, looking back at the camera with her naked rear in the air and her bare pussy on display. She was wearing a dainty little red cape with a hood. "Little Red Riding Hood" was the title of the set. I paged through, beginning to salivate. The girl appeared in a variety of increasingly seductive poses, losing small amounts of clothing each time. These must be the fantasies the Club patrons ordered. I browsed some of the others. One had a girl dressed up as Belle, the princess,

complete with the exquisite braid and impossibly lush yellow dress. I marvelled at how it came off in pieces. There were others too: Japanese Schoolgirl, a fairy outfit, leotards and dance costumes and even a latex dominatrix that looked about 12 years old. All beautifully framed in vivid colors.

The intimate section wasn't focused on costumes, but rather sultry views and tender expressions. Lingerie. Bra and panties. Coy looks in bed and closeups of perky nipples and luscious bottoms, all softly lit and tastefully seductive.

The shock hit my stiffening prick full force when I looked in the explicit section. The title was an understatement. I goggled for a moment, and then picked up the phone and dialled 473 with shaky fingers.

"Club Lolipops Photography Services. Adam speaking. How can I help you?"

"I...uh...I'd like to..." My mouth was suddenly dry, my eyes locked on the television.

"Sir?"

"I'd like to schedule a photography session."

"Your girl, sir?"

"Natalia Petrovska."

I heard distant typing from the other end.

"Am I speaking with Mr. Watts?"

"Yes."

"Her schedule has her booked for the day sir, but we have a slot available at 2. Would you like to pre-empt her training?"

"Oh um...yes. That's fine." Hadn't Natalia said something about changing her schedule? I kicked myself for not remembering until now.

"What kind of session would you like sir?"

"Um, I'd like the...uh...the explicit...kind."

Tappity tappity tappity. "Very good sir. We'll notify her Bumkeep so she can be ready. Do you have any special instructions for the photographer or for Natalia?"

"No, I guess not."

"Then we look forward to seeing you and Natalia at 2 PM Mr. Watts."

I thanked him and hung up, my heart thudding. The prices listed for the photography services on the television were eye-glazing, but I had pretty much signed my bank account over to the Club at this point anyway. Taking a deep breath, I backed out of the photography section and browsed until I found an option labelled PERFORMER SCHEDULE. Natalia's profile flashed up automatically.

8 AM - Rhythmic Gymnastic Training 10 AM - Rhythmic Gymnastic Training 12 PM - Blowjob Training - Madame Merkulova 2 PM - Rhythmic Gymnastic Training 4 PM - Cocktease Training - Madame Volesky 6 PM - Dance Training 8 PM - Ballet Training 10 PM - Club Service

Holy cow. I hadn't realized how saddled she was. My choices were there but the pace must have been set by her previous patron. Each slot could be selected individually so I set some of them to FREE TIME. She might as well take it easy after her show. No need to drive her so hard. Besides, I was planning to keep her plenty busy anyway.

"Selections will take effect starting tomorrow. Continue?"

I slapped the ok button, and the calendar changed to reflect the new choices. Special notes were pinned to the current day indicating that she had a photography session at 2 PM and that her Club show was scheduled for 8 PM.

I stood up and then winced as my suit pants clawed at my aching erection. I wondered how many stains I would find on the sheets. Bobbing green eyes had haunted my dreams all night, and it still hungered for more, especially after seeing the photography previews.

I went for the tuck-down-the-leg, with limited success, and headed for the Club cafe for breakfast. Or lunch, whatever. The crepes served equally well for both, and as usual the Club's service was second-to-none. I had finished up and was slurping down my coffee with post-hangover enthusiasm when Dan sent me a text.

"Isn't she cute? ♥" He had attached a selfie of him and Sasha, the little girl posing in her leotard with an adorable grin on her face. He must have been watching her training again this morning.

"U wouldn't believe what this little thing did with her mouth last night. Saw Natalia leave early from training. She good?"

Oh shoot. I checked my watch. Almost 2.

"Yeah we're just doing this photo thing together..." I texted back.

I swore I could hear Dan's cackle as his reply came in. "Ok break a leg :D"

I gulped my coffee and then sprinted for the elevators. Luckily the photography suite was easy to find. I burst in through the door, fearing I was late, and almost careened over Natalia.

"Hey Gabe!" She squeezed me with a hug as I bounced into her, green eyes sparkling.

"Hey sugar." I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her back just as tightly, hands coming to rest on the smooth curve of her back. She was a picture of loveliness, clad in the white-and-blue leotard I had picked out yesterday. The fabric stretched tightly over her slender body, and a light sheen of sweat beaded her forehead. She had come directly from training. I could have left instructions for pretty much anything, I figured, but as I let my eyeballs squeeze over the tender slopes of her 11-year-old body, crawling over her hips and the puffy camel toe between her legs, I realized that this was perfect.

"Come on in," the photographer said. He was a young man with black hair and vaguely asian features, beckoning us into the studio with an amiable wave. "I'm Brian Hu. Nice to meet you Mr. Watts. Natalia." He nodded at us both.

An assortment of standing equipment was already set up, flooding the far side of the studio with light. A bed waited in one corner, soft and inviting, with silky peach covers that were alluringly translucent. Brian fiddled with the camera hanging from his neck, a massively complicated affair bigger than his head, while Natalia sat on the bed smiling at me.

"Here you are, Mr. Watts." Brian handed me a DSLR, a modest tool that looked almost pathetic compared to his own unwieldy camera.

"Oh." I took it in my hands, fiddling with it nervously. "Didn't realize I'd get one."

"Our explicit photography is a very hands-on experience." Brian's smile bordered on a smirk. "You'll get a full set no matter what, but we encourage you to take any shots you like." He tapped a button on the top of the camera. "It's as automatic as it can be."

I thumbed the button, thoughts whirling with anticipation, then turned and snapped a shot of Natalia before she could even smile.

"Hey I wasn't ready!" She protested.

"Exactly." I looked at the display. A perfectly candid shot, Natalia sitting on the bed, her braid pulled over her shoulder, twirling it with a finger while she glanced off to the left with a shy look. Gorgeous. How could an 11-year-old girl be so beautiful? Her demure expression was captivating, full of an unwittingly feminine allure.

I met her pouty expression with a sly grin. Brian chuckled.

"Let's get started," he said. "Do you want to stand over there Natalia?"

She hopped up and stood in front of the backdrop for us, switching almost effortlessly into a sweetly seductive pose that made my cock bounce in my pants like a spring. The poor thing was nearly bruised by now. Brian knelt slightly and positioned his massive camera, the shutter clicking rapidly as he found the frame he wanted. I was content to take some more humble shots.

"Good. Beautiful smile, absolutely beautiful. Show me how beautiful." His camera clicked frantically. "Wide, show me some teeth girl. Rawr."

He feigned a catlike motion in the air and Natalia giggled. His camera clicked and captured the laugh forever.

I let Brian lead the show, guiding Natalia through a variety of charming poses. Hands on hips, head cocked. Profile, bent backward slightly. Facing up at the camera, hands clasped behind her back, smiling with girlish allure. I took a few of my own, framing her how I liked, focusing on how the leotard clung to her sides and hips and how her pert little nipples dotted the tight fabric. Natalia was a rare beauty, possessed of a subtle flirtatiousness and an almost unwitting charm. Was it the cock-teasing classes that had taught her to pose like this? I turned the camera sideways, honing in on the provocative curves of her body. Luscious hips. A perky bottom that begged to be squeezed. Tight, slender calves and a trim tummy without an ounce of fat anywhere. She crossed her arms above her head, and bent her head back slightly like a swimsuit model, and I zoomed in, capturing the beguiling smile and the straining mesh of fabric that hugged her flat chest like a second skin, showing off every sweet ripple and dip of her supple form.

Someone was panting and I realized it was me. It was hopeless. I couldn't look at her and not get hard. Couldn't keep my heart from racing and filling my cock with a

throbbing pulse of excitement. Brian snapped a few more shots of her in profile, then gestured to us both.

"Great. How you guys feeling? Got some energy going?" He nodded at the bed. "Why don't you guys have a seat, loosen up a bit. Let's get some of you both."

I set the camera down and sat with Natalia on the edge of the bed, her braid brushing my arm as I rested a hand on her shoulder. She smiled sweetly up at me, a grin brimming with the kind of honest and sweet affection that is so undiluted in little girls. I heard a cavalcade of snaps.

"You guys look so cute together. Doesn't she look sexy, Gabriel?" Natalia squirmed slightly at the compliment, managing to blush. I still couldn't quite figure out why some things made her do that, but it was endearing.

"I'll bet she feels as good as she looks." Brian made an inviting gesture in between shots. I scarcely needed the encouragement. My fingers hunted over the surface of the leotard, caressing her curves until they found her nipples. Natalia tensed slightly in my arms, then squeaked when I pinched them. The tiny nubbins began to stiffen, poking at the fabric.

Natalia looked up at me, fixing me with those intoxicating green eyes, biting her lip slightly with an expression that dumped a torrent of fresh hormones into my bloodstream. My cock surged in my pants. I eagerly fingered the tiny straps of her leotard, feeling the rub of the stitches, then pulled them down over her shoulders and tugged her leotard down her sides until I had exposed the sweep of her flat chest. That perfect pair of tiny pink nipples was waiting. Gliding over the smooth skin, my hungry fingers closed on them again.

For all her experience and training, there was still so much of a little girl about her. The shy dip of her head, as if it were the first time a man's hands had squeezed her prepubescent chest. The little moan, her excitement growing quickly. The shudder, leaning into me, melting in my arms. I heard the snapping of a camera, far off, irrelevant in the face of the hormones pounding their hungry drumbeat in my head. I pulled her closer, massaging her chest, coaxing a slow warble of pleasure from her lips. They were parted, panting slightly, her 11-year-old body responding to the gentle touch of my hands.

A pair of tiny lips locked against mine, pressing hesitantly at first, and then pushing more firmly. I kissed her, savouring the taste of little girl, the scent of sweat and young arousal. My hands dug, squeezing her chest harder, until her back arched by itself and her kiss broke with a wild gasp.

Brian was making a down gesture with his hands. Lose the pants, they said. I stood up and yanked, pulling pants and underwear down over my cock with great difficulty. Natalia leaned forward, needing no instruction beyond her own body's prompting, lunging for my lashing prick like a starving girl finding food.

The savory warmth was just as heavenly the second time around. Tiny lips brushed the taut flesh of my prick, squeezing, pulling me into the sucking heat of her mouth. Snap after snap sounded, Brian capturing the smooth glide of cock-meat into the little girl's eager mouth. I bent and grabbed my own camera, pointing it down, framing the cherubic face, the puffed cheeks, and the ravishing green eyes that stared up at me even as my stiff prick disappeared between her lips.

Jesus I was fucking close already. I might have lost it right there without Brian's expertise.

"That's great Natalia. Time out real fast." She pulled back and my cock pulled out of her mouth with a slurp, trailing a gooey runner from my tip to her lips. I groaned regretfully.

"How about we get some variety before the money shot?" He motioned for me to take a seat, and I sank onto the silky bedding with my cock waving painfully in the air. Natalia crawled into my lap and I wrapped my arms around her, and Brian nabbed several shots of us together, the tiny girl cuddling in my lap, naked from the waist up, nuzzling my neck as my taut cock brushed the skintight leotard.

The hot rush of blood drove everything else out from my brain but the snuggling like bundle of soft girl in my lap, but luckily Brian kept his head. He got a shot in profile of us, Natalia straddling my lap and facing me, looking down at my jutting erection with an expression of awe. We laid down on the bed and I fondled her from behind, cock poking her bottom and brushing her hip with desperate tension. I lost count, my brain frothing from the stimulating friction of Natalia wiggling against me in every conceivable angle: cringing on her hands and knees on the bed, looking over her shoulder at me with the cameltoe of her leotard poking timidly in the air; on her back, me hovering over her, lovers on the cusp of penetration; pressed against me, head resting on my chest. My prick ached, tortured through shot after shot. I was heaving, sweating. I ducked to taste her nipples again, suckling the flat skin. Natalia squirmed under me. I fondled her shoulders, gripped her hips, massaged her sides, fingers luxuriating in the supple skin. Her scent fogged my brain. Her form dazzled my mind. We twisted together as the camera captured us in still-life.

Brian was gesturing at me. I stood up, on the verge of exploding. Natalia leaned forward and opened her mouth in invitation, and the singular sight of that sweet expression sent me over the edge. My balls clenched like collapsing balloons and a maelstrom of cum rocketed up my cock and blasted her in the face. It splattered like a firehose against her lips, eschewing her open mouth, spurts landing in haphazard globs on her nose, her eyes, a thick rope of gummy white splashing her chin. Cum fountained out even as I tried to hold my prick steady with a shaking hand. My eyes fluttered. I lost

control, climax lifting me up like a wave and then plunging me into the depths of ecstasy.

It was a wonder I managed to stay on my feet. Rapid snaps clicked like a far-off metronome, measuring the hazy stretch of time. Euphoria washed over me and drained slowly, and through it I saw Natalia, her face covered in ropes of cum, smiling at the camera. It dripped down her chin. A glob hung from her ear. It had covered the flawless sweep of her breasts with a crosshatch of gooey slime and drizzled down, coating the white fabric of her leotard in a dozen places.

The timeless scene was captured on camera: a little girl, smiling sweetly, tacky deposits of semen draped obscenely all over her bare body, dribbling down her scanty clothing. Brian knelt for a closeup, and Natalia bubbled a frothy elixir of cum and saliva on her lips, teasing the camera. I swayed and collapsed into a sitting position on the bed out of frame.

"Good girl. You've got talent sweetie." Brian was showering the dripping girl with praise. "Show me that again. There. Beautiful. Do you like being covered in cum sweetheart?"

Natalia flashed him the bird and a sassy smile, the customary retort at the Club, and Brian laughed.

"Of course you do." He finally stood up and lowered his camera. I was panting on the bed like a drowning man rescued from the ocean. Natalia had made me cum so hard that I thought I might never walk again.

"God I love my job." He grinned fiendishly at us. "You two are quite a pair you know that? There's definitely something, some spark. I think these will turn out fantastic. Maybe some of my best work."

"I can't wait," I murmured, sitting up again. Natalia leaned into me, wiping dollops of cum from her chest and licking her fingers.

"I'll give you two a moment." He checked his watch, all business once again. "My next shoot is in 15 minutes. These shots should be available sent to you in a day or two Mr. Watts. And of course, they'll always be available on Natalia's profile. Do you subscribe to Bumkeep Monthly by any chance?"

I shook my head. "I'm still new at the Club."

"Well you do now. I'll have this month's issue sent to your room. Most of our best features from this studio are in there." He paused to consider us both, as if framing us in his mind. "If these turn out as good as I hope, I think we'll have a spread for Natalia next month."

"Yay!" Natalia jumped up in happiness, still dripping with cum. "I've never been in the magazine!"

"Well it's about time sweetie," Brian laughed. "A luscious little fuck like you. I can't believe I've never seen you in my studio before."

"My last sponsor didn't care about photos." She sat and leaned into me again, hugging my arm. "Now I've got a better one."

Brian chuckled and shook my hand then left us in privacy.

"This was fun. Can we do it again?" Natalia beamed at me, a half-naked preteen, draped haphazardly with semen, looking for all the world like a little girl who had just had her first roller-coaster ride. I exploded with laughter and then patted her head.

"Of course. We'll do one every time I visit. Would you like that?"

She nodded vigorously. "Yeah. I hear they do costumes too. Could be fun."

I nodded, though I could scarcely imagine Natalia in any costume more enchanting than the gymnastic leotard she was wearing. It hung loose about her waist, messy with globs of stray semen.

"You'll be at my show tonight right?" She suddenly blurted out.

"You asked me that already," I chuckled. "I wouldn't miss it for the world Natalia."

Her expression was a strange mix of excitement and concealed nervousness. Jitters maybe. Couldn't blame her.

"Come on scamp." I helped her stand up and then pointed at one of the signs leading down a hallway that said SHOWERS. "Let's clean up."

Chapter Six

The neat rack of DVDs stretched on endlessly. I picked one at random: "Betty Duncanson, Scottish. Age: 13" it read. The cover featured a slim young girl in profile, in a glittering, metallic leotard and holding a gymnastic ball while a lollipop dangled seductively from her lips. She was heavily made-up, her face decorated with a sheen of blue sparkles like trails of stardust leading to her eyes.

I turned the DVD over. More of her stats were listed. Review blurbs. Quotes. "Club Lolipops Official Champagne Pussy Series, Volume 2" was printed above the triple-X rating sticker. The pictures gave a titillating preview of the young girl spinning through a sensual gymnastics routine before engaging in some more intimate activities.

She was beautiful. Tight-bodied, slim-chested, with a pleasing arch to her behind. The tight leotard hugged the crack of her ass suggestively. Gorgeous. The teenage body radiated the seductive quality of a girl on the cusp of blossoming into womanhood.

I put the DVD back. They were all like that. I had wandered into the Club Lolipops Store after leaving Natalia after our photo shoot, and stumbled upon this seemingly endless selection of recordings. Every adorable little girl that had ever performed for the Club had been captured and digitally immortalized. There was plenty of other

merchandise too: the music rack stood opposite the DVDs, soundtracks and bonus features to go with the each girl's performances. A grid of close-up head-shots covered the wall, each autographed, some with shining imprints of lipstick kisses. There were Club yearbooks and photo-books, glossy pages featuring high-quality shots of rhythmic gymnastic routines. Packs of trading cards featuring the girls year by year. T-shirts. Jewelry. I felt like a kid in a candy shop. The counter was busy with a long line of Club clients waiting to purchase mementos of their favorite girls. I looked but couldn't find anything with Natalia; maybe they only had merchandise for girls with sponsors.

The magazine rack was tidy, the covers shining under the lights. "Bumkeep Monthly" seemed to be the premiere Club publication. I picked up an issue at random. A girl crouched on a mat on the cover, looking up at the camera, legs stretched into a split. Her face was locked in an expression of adorable astonishment.

"Bitches, Bums, and Leos!" The headline proclaimed. "The best new gymnasts for the 2017 fall season. All girls rated!"

I leafed through the articles, feeling my cock stiffen involuntarily. "2017 New Leotard Designs." "Dresses, Panties, and Makeup for Your Girl!" "How to Spank and Shower Your Gymnast" "The Best Shows of 2017: A Retrospective." It was fantastic. I couldn't wait to get the issue with Natalia in it. A strange sort of pride fluttered in my chest at the thought.

The store was large and roughly divided into three sections. I left the magazines and crossed idly into the next one. The lighting here was much more somber, the decor more dignified. Pinups and framed art decorated the walls, similar to the art pieces I had seen around the Club.

"Can I help you find anything sir?"

I jumped, feeling embarrassed. The woman had popped up out of nowhere.

"No...er, I mean, yes. Maybe." Surprise tangled my words together. She was a stunning woman in her mid-20s, with dark hair and olive skin, wearing a formal blouse and skirt that emphasized her stunning assets. I forced my eyeballs away from the captivating cleavage and the short, tight skirt that hugged her thighs.

Her laugh was girlish, and utterly disarming. She leaned against me, pressing her breasts against my arm. "No need to be nervous. I'm Nadine, the art curator here at the Club."

Before I could reply she leaned in and buried my lips with hers. I shivered and moaned involuntarily. Her embrace was sensual, her breath hot against my cheek and luscious lips writhing against my own. I could feel the sticky residue of lipstick after she pulled back.

"It's nice to meet you." I almost stuttered, but the Club had long ago surpassed my ability to be shocked. She squeezed my arm, and I almost lost myself in her smile.

"I'm...I'm not sure what I'm looking for," I said.

"I see." She fixed me with a look at once both sultry and professional. "Well, we have a wide selection of art pieces and memorabilia" She swept her hand expansively around the store. "Things for every kind of taste. Perhaps we can find something to please you." She made it sound deliciously suggestive.

I looked around, then gestured at a full-height glassed-in case with a mannequin bust standing on a square podium inside. A soft spotlight shone down directly on it, illuminating the dazzling red leotard that covered the mannequin.

"What's this?"

"Ah." She faced the glass case with me. "This is the leotard that Leah Abbot wore on her second anniversary performance. It was a very personal show. Only a few select Club guests were invited, including the Club president Reiner Pohlmann. Things got very heated, I believe, when she flashed him the bird during the performance." Nadine was utterly nonchalant, hands clasped behind her back as if reciting the history of a popular Rembrandt.

"Mr. Pohlmann's biography later covered the event. Apparently the girl ended the show on her hands and knees, with most of the guests having ejaculated on her multiple times. I think she got more than she bargained for."

That explained the ripped fabric and the dark stains that still covered the garment. I peered at it, picturing the girl bent over on the stage, surrounded by a ring of furiously spurting cocks.

"It's an important piece of Club history," Nadine informed me. She beckoned me to the next case over, with a slightly smaller mannequin clothed in a tiny set of girl-sized bra and panties.

"Yana Rusovich was one of the first performers at our Club when it was founded. She was wearing this underwear when her Bumkeep, Viktor Drugov, first took her virginity. I believe she was 10 years old at the time. Mr. Drugov helped set the standards for training that our Bumkeeps still use today."

"I see." I peered at the underwear, wondering how it would look on display in the pool room at my house. Only hypothetical, of course. The price printed under the plaque on

the case was astronomical. Owning such intimate pieces of the Club history was a bit out of my league.

"You seem to know a lot about the Club's history. How long have you..."

She smiled and led me to a framed poster on the wall. A young, olive-skinned girl balanced on a toe on a gym mat, the center of a vortex of trailing ribbon. The aquamarine leotard was open in the back, but hugged the rest of her body tightly. The print was slightly faded, but still managed to capture the feeling of the graceful movement of her limbs.

"A Club recruiter spotted me at Germany's millennium performance. I jumped at the chance." She shrugged and smiled prettily at me. "I performed here for a number of years. Later I developed an interest in art. The Club's scholarship program was very generous. I've worked here ever since."

The cheerful demeanour carried the subtext of just how much she enjoyed it. I took a closer look at the poster's title card. "Nadine Köhler, German, Age 11. 2000 Berlin Competition." The girl's trim body was deliciously curvaceous.

"God, she's so sexy..." I murmured, then kicked myself.

"I mean, YOU'RE so sexy," I blurted out, then felt my face burning with embarrassment.

Nadine laughed - a rich, womanly sound - and patted my arm.

"These are beautiful," I said, gesturing around me and trying to change the subject. "But I think what I'm looking for right now is more of a gift."

"For your sponsored girl?"

I nodded, and let Nadine guide me by the arm to the next section of the store. It was darkened, the door framed by a velvet curtain and lit by soft red light inside.

"I think you'll find just the thing in here sir." She beamed one last time at me, a flash of brilliant white teeth, before leaving me to it.

Sensual music thumped inside this section of store, a distant strip-club drumbeat coming from the walls. I stepped hesitantly, then felt myself gawking. Racks of lingerie faced me, lace panties and bras, teddies, frilly scraps in sizes that could fit a woman all the way down to impossibly tiny pieces for little girls. I fingered a few of them, feeling the silky fabric. What would Natalia like? I didn't even know. I'd have to go with my gut.

There were leotards and gymnastic clothes too, some cut very provocatively, others transparent in the chest or the butt, or even the crotch. My poor cock began to stand at attention again just thinking about the girls who wore these. There was even more beyond the clothes: nipple clamps, fuzzy handcuffs, anal beads, a vast selection of naughty goods. The far wall was dedicated entirely to a tiered rack of dildos, with suggested ages helpfully printed above each. Veiny monstrosities lined the right side under "adult", decreasing in size until they reached finger-sized toys on the left. "Ages 8 and below," they said.

It took me forever, but I finally found something. It was perfect. It would go with her eyes. The clerk eyed me when I finally reached the front of the line at the counter.

"Just this, sir? Would you like a gift wrap?"

"Yes please," I said, then waited while he filled a pink box with tissue paper and placed the gift delicately inside. I hugged the box to my chest as I took the elevators back to ground level.

The Club's corridors seemed endless. The restaurants and lounges and party rooms were plentiful, every one of them top-notch, but it was the overwhelming variety of services that kept me in awe. Not even the poshest Hilton could compare. They provided everything - not just the luxuries needed to keep their guests in total comfort, but everything for the girls and staff to live there as well.

My membership keycard seemed to get me in anywhere now. I passed through several doors, watching the directory signs at each crossing passageway. CONCORDIA ROOM. RECEPTION HALL. CLINIC. OFFICES 100-165. I pushed on, exploring, a vague restlessness fuelling my stride. I was just waiting for Natalia's show tonight. She had been practicing hard, I knew. Would it be good? I had watched her in the gym, the girl spinning gracefully through sets of rhythmic gymnastic exercises. She had taken the loss of her last sponsor hard, Vladimir had said, but she seemed to have gained a spring in her step that hadn't been there when I first met her.

I followed a lavish stairway up to a hallway with a series of extraordinary bay windows. It wrapped around the front of the manor, giving a beautiful view of the downtown area outside. The Club was huge. The entirety of the hotel was underground, and the manor itself seemed to be connected to half a dozen of the surrounding buildings. I peeked down one of the branching hallways that led away from the manor proper: VOSSIUS GYMNASIUM was printed on the sign. Curious, I followed it. This didn't seem to be part of the VIP section of the Club. There were no electronically locked doors, just normal ones. I pushed through a pair of double doors and emerged into the stands of a large gymnasium.

A pair of coaches were drilling a class of girls on a large mat in the center of the gym. They all looked around 8ish, clad in a colorful array of skin-hugging leotards that were

cut rather more modest than the ones I had spent the last few days ogling. The coaches waved their hands and shouted, herding the girls into a straight line along a balance bar with each resting a hand on it. One coach blew his whistle, and on queue all the girls lifted their right leg as high into the air as they could, holding it next to their head with their free hand. Some of the girls seemed better at it than others. The other coach went down the line with a clipboard, taking in each girl's form, scrutinizing the spread thighs and the proud display of each shiny leotard-covered crotch between them.

I took a seat in the stands, looking down at the gym floor. A few others were also scattered among the seats, watching idly. I wondered if I would be able to keep things in my pants if I had that man's job. The row of tender little bodies was entralling - girlish forms, perfectly lined up, each locked in vertical splits with just a scrap of fabric between their legs to cover the sweet little flowers that waited just underneath. A neat row of little-girl crotches, open and waiting. The coaches barked another order and the girls dropped their legs and began stretching. Did the men work for the Club? They weren't dressed like Bumkeepers; they seemed to just be regular coaches.

"This is just the entry-level class."

A middle-aged man with commanding Russian features was sitting just to the side in the row in front of me. He turned to offer me a tight smile.

"Rhythmic gymnastics is a sport that takes years to master. Some of these girls will show promise, and with the right training they might go on to become national champions. We've even had some girls compete in the Olympics."

"Quite an accomplishment," I murmured. The man had a shaved head and steely eyes. His t-shirt was stretched tightly over his bulging biceps and pecs. A Bumkeep.

"Viktor. Viktor Drugov." The Russian accent was thick. He offered his hand and I shook it.

"Gabriel Watts." I offered back.

"Enjoying your first time at the Club, Mr. Watts?"

Shit, was I that obvious? Maybe I shouldn't have been leering quite so hard at the display of prepubescent girls currently flexing on the mat.

"It's been...extraordinary," I said. Hell, might as well be honest. "Fantastic actually. I never imagined a place like this in my life."

He chuckled knowingly. "I've been the head Bumkeep here for 30 years and I still feel that way. Some things one never tires of." He nodded down at the center of the gym where the girls were practicing splits on the mat, leaning forward on their bellies and stretching their hands out.

"Is this the Club's gym? I didn't realize there were others outside of the main building."

"We own most of the surrounding property," he said, waving airily. "This gym. The dance studios. The strip-club. The girls academy behind the manor. It helps us to maintain a certain level of legitimate operations, and of course, we are always scouting for new performers. Girls come here from all over, from every walk of life. We select the best."

"Personally," he went on, looking back down at the class of girls, "I like to keep my eyes on any upcoming talent."

Down on the mat, a slender little girl in a pink leotard was demonstrating a sitting splits position, one leg forward and another back, her back arched at an extreme angle. She seemed to be the one Viktor has his eyes on. I marvelled again at the amazing flexibility that those supple bodies could achieve.

"Have you really been here for 30 years?" I asked.

"Since the beginning," he chuckled. "When it was just me and Reiner and a pair of Polish twins." He was a very good agent, and I was a very good coach. You've never seen rhythmic gymnastics until you've seen these girls. They both performed in Barcelona in 1992. Barely lost the bronze to the Unified team."

His gaze went distant, remembering. "Those girls were absolute tigers," he said. "If you ever get a chance to fuck a pair of Polish preteens, Gabriel, I highly suggest you seize the chance. Nothing like it."

His gaze travelled back down to the mat, a wolfish gleam in his eye.

"There are around a hundred new girls at Vossius this season. Maybe there will be another Roksana or Sonia in this bunch."

His watch beeped politely and he tapped a knob to silence it.

"Ah. I must get to an appointment. It was good to meet you Gabriel." I shook his hand and then watched his muscled form stride away.

I watched the girls for a little longer, and then headed out myself, following the helpful signs back to the Club and using my keycard when I came up against the locked doors with their red LEDs. The elevators took me back down to the hotel proper, and I had barely sat down on my hotel room bed and begun to loosen my tie when my phone buzzed.

"Mr. Watts? This is Vladimir. Look I'm sorry to disturb you but there's a little bit of a...problem. With Natalia."

"What?" I blinked in confusion. "What's the matter?"

"She's scheduled for her last gymnastic session before her show tonight. When she didn't show up at the gym, I went looking for her, and found that she's locked herself in her room."

"Now, normally I'd override it and go in there and give her a spanking according to your instructions, but I wanted to give you a call first. I mentioned that Natalia can be an emotional girl, and I think this situation is unusual. Maybe you can help. She seemed very animated after her time with you this afternoon and mentioned you several times."

I sat there on the bed in the empty room, holding the phone to my ear, wondering if I was hearing him right. Despite Vladimir's robotic professionalism, the worry in his voice was palpable.

"Of course, as her patron client we can handle the situation as you dictate. If you want me to discipline Natalia, or you want to do it yourself, you're welcome to-"

"No no. That won't be...look, I'll be right down, ok?"

"That's fine, Mr. Watts. Her room is 358."

The line went dead. I scrubbed my fingers through my hair nervously, then attempted to straighten my rumpled suit in the mirror. Was Natalia ok? Vladimir had been pretty vague. Worry began to gnaw at my stomach as I left my room and followed the signs to the section of the Club that housed the performer's private rooms.

It was fairly quiet here. The place was a bit like a dormitory, tastefully designed but lacking the lavish decor of the rest of the Club. It felt like a place to live in. I passed a few girls, some in street clothes, others in their leotards heading out to training. A door was open as I passed a bend in the hallway, and I briefly spotted a young girl laying on her stomach on her bed in just her bra and panties, chewing gum and listening to music as she read a magazine. She didn't notice me.

I found Vladimir leaning casually against the wall outside of Natalia's room in his typical tight-fitting t-shirt and training shorts. With his muscled physique he looked like he could break down any of these doors without even breaking a sweat, but maybe it said something that he had called me first. His expression was mostly unreadable, but I detected a faint trace of worry as I shook his hand.

"Thanks for coming," he said. "This is unusual even for her, but maybe she'll let you in. I don't want to complicate things so I'll leave you to it."

I watched him go, then knocked on Natalia's door.

"Go away Vlad!" The call was distant, but I detected the unmistakable sound of sniffing with the words.

"Natalia? It's me Gabe. Can I come in?"

I thought she wasn't going to answer me. The silenced stretched on for an uncomfortable minute, but then the door clicked suddenly from the other side.

I pushed it open and came in cautiously, then shut the door behind me. Natalia's room was large, and generously furnished: TV, fridge, a closet stuffed with clothes, a few bookcases with books and figurines and a pair of stuffed animals on the shelves. On the wall was a framed poster of a girl frozen in a gymnastic leap while cameras flashed from photographers kneeling in a row behind her. The floor was dirty with her clothes - panties, shirts, a familiar yellow leotard. I stepped around them. Natalia had thrown herself on the soft-looking bed in the corner and buried her head in the pillow, sniffing.

"Hey." I sat on the edge of the bed, resting my hand on her shoulder. She was probably supposed to be dressed for training but she was still wearing a thin pink tank top with a blue miniskirt.

"Natalia, is everything ok? Will you talk to me?"

"Mmmmf." She hugged the pillow tighter, still sniffing. It felt awful seeing her like this.

"I think they missed you at training. Has the schedule been too much?" I stroked her bare shoulder up and down. "I adjusted it so there's some free time but I think it doesn't start until tomorrow."

She finally turned her head, one eyeball peeking out at me, rimmed red with tears.

"Do you think I'm any good?" Her voice cracked as she spoke.

"I think you're great!" I said, feeling shocked.

"Well, I'm not. You wouldn't say that if you had seen my last show."

"I don't know about that." I patted her braid comfortingly. "I've watched you practicing in the gym. It makes me dizzy just watching how you can spin around. Why do you say you're not any good?"

I thought she wouldn't answer, burying her head into the pillow again. I kept up the slow massage on her shoulder, not pressuring her. Finally she rolled onto her side.

"Vladimir's been having me train all month to get ready for the show. You've seen it. He says I need to do something to make my show stand out. But I can't do it. I'm not good enough. Well I sort of can, but if people are watching I get nervous and screw it up."

"What is it he's trying to get you to do?"

She sniffed a final time, looking at me indecisively, then rolled to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. I waited patiently while she scrubbed her eyes. She stood up suddenly, and walked over to retrieve a golden gymnastic ball from next to the dresser.

"It's called a leg catch. I can't really do the whole thing here, but basically I have to throw the ball up, then catch it with my legs in a handstand. Like this."

She tossed the ball upwards, then snapped into a handstand in the same motion. The ball hovered at its apex for a tantalizing millisecond before catching neatly between her thighs.

"Whoa!" I was stunned. Natalia hovered like that for a moment, shapely legs thrust perfectly in the air with the golden ball motionless between them. Her braid was pooled on the floor, and her skirt rode up her belly. I couldn't help but ogle the little pair of striped panties.

Her feet came down with controlled grace and she flipped upright again, the ball still lodged between her knees.

"That's amazing!" My stunned expression wasn't just from the delicious flash of her underwear. The whole movement had been lightning-quick, flawless. Natalia still seemed morose though, staring at the ground.

"Normally I'd throw it higher then flip as I came down from the handstand. That part's not very hard. It's the catch that's the hard part. Vladimir says none of the other Bumkeeps would even have their girls try it. He says if I do it in my show they'd never forget it. I mean I've done it before, but..."

"But what?" I prompted.

She dropped the ball onto the carpet and kicked it away. Moisture sprung up again at the corners of her eyes. She flopped onto the bed next to me and buried her face in her hands.

"I used to do it all the time, but I dropped it during my show in Kiev. There were so many people watching, I just...they were all watching, my coaches were all watching. Everybody saw it. The judges penalized me really hard. I finished last."

I put my arm around her, trying to comfort her. She was hiccuping, on the verge of sobbing.

"I mean here if you drop something they just call you bitch and you have to start over. So it's fine. It's not the same thing. You don't lose." Natalia had leaned into me when I hugged her, her fingers clenching my shirt. She scrubbed her face with her other arm, trying to dry her eyes. She seemed embarrassed, like she was angry at herself.

"But I...I can't do it anymore. I know if I do I'll drop it, and everyone will see it, and-"

"Hey!" I wrapped her in a bear hug before she could get carried away. "Shhhh, it's ok. Take it easy." I patted her on the back. She was so small, soft and vulnerable in my arms. She trembled on the verge of tears.

"You'll probably...ditch me too...like my last sponsor." She was sniffing, her words almost frantic. "He didn't think...I was very good. He never took me for photos."

I was stunned. I knew Natalia had been training hard all this time, but hadn't thought about what it was like, the pressure to perform she must feel. Her profile had been stuffed with years worth of performance recordings. She had been doing gymnastics since she could walk. Suddenly having nobody to support her after her last sponsor must have hit her hard.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't have a way with words. Natalia was rubbing up against me, trembling. I just held her, rocking slightly, massaging her shoulder and

arms, fingers gently squeezing the yielding flesh. I felt like a cad. She had been working so hard, training around the clock for months. The Club's girls devoted themselves entirely to pleasing their patron clients, but until now she hadn't had anybody. It must have been overwhelming for me to suddenly breeze in on the eve of her show, putting all that pressure into tangible form.

"Shhh," I whispered, rocking her gently. "It's going to be ok. I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere." She was as tense as a spring, with her arms wound around my chest just as tightly. I let us linger in silence, the minutes passing by, with just my touch to comfort her. Somehow it worked. I felt her breathing gradually slow, her racing heartbeat taper. The tension drained out of her and she relaxed in my arms.

"You really are great, Natalia." I brushed the loose hair out of her eyes, and she looked up at me, those enchanting green orbs still sparkling with moisture. "Maybe nobody has said it, but you are. *I* think you're great. Whether you do that move or not, you're going to go out there and knock em dead. I don't care if you get top marks from the audience. I don't care if you mess something up. If you do, it just means I get to watch a pretty and sexy little girl for twice as long."

The miserable expression on her face finally began to fade and the faintest hint of a smile replaced it. I stroked her hair affectionately.

"Maybe you get nervous if people are watching, but you know, you showed me how to do that move like you weren't even thinking about it at all."

"Well it's easy if it's just YOU watching."

"Maybe. But I think you've been practicing that for years. I'll bet you could do it in your sleep."

"Probably."

"I'll bet you could do it even if you flipped 5 times at the end."

"The flip's easy. You just have to keep your legs tight." The grin was growing reluctantly.

"I'll bet you could do it even with 2 balls."

"Now you're being stupid," she snorted, but the smile was solidifying on her face like it had never left.

"I'll bet you could do it with one hand."

"I tried that once," she said ambiguously.

"I'll bet you could do it naked while the whole world was watching."

She shrugged, unfazed. "I can do a lot of things naked. Want to see?"

I shivered, looking down at that coy smile. She blinked back at me through long eyelashes.

My head dipped slowly. Her chin rose. We met in the center, the warm pressure of our lips coming together. Our arms tightened around each other, drawing close, bodies rubbing each other even as our mouths explored each other's taste. She was so soft

and light, the sweet tenderness of an 11-year-old girl melting in my arms. Her kiss was gentle at first, hesitant, then firm, then pressing up urgently as her body swayed against me.

Our kiss broke. The bedsheets rustled. She was on her back, with me hovering over her. My hands dipped and wandered, exploring the contours of her tiny body, finding her firm hips, brushing her sides, feeling the tight skin of her belly. She moaned when I touched her chest, a high-pitched little girl sound of mounting delight. The fabric of her tank top was thin, almost sheer.

The dull throb in my crotch grew rapidly into a beating pulse of desire. I knew she could feel the jutting meat brushing her thigh. I bent and kissed her again, hungrily, a hot rush of hormones pumping through my bloodstream. Her hips wiggled. Her lips writhed against mine. Another moan rumbled in her throat.

We parted, gasping. She was breathing heavily, a stray glob of spittle on her lip, looking up at me desperately. That gaze caught me, held me spellbound. Green eyes, intoxicating, dancing in the lamplight. A face full of innocence, fresh, young, only 11 years old. But she knew what to do as much as any woman. She was no virgin, but there was something honest, I thought, something genuine in that beaming smile. Something betrayed by the flush in her neck, by the way she swallowed nervously, her chest heaving. Something vulnerable that hadn't been there before she had opened up to me.

My fingers found the hem of her tank top. I pulled it up, and she lifted her arms with me. The thin top was light, almost ephemeral, a scanty covering for a little girl. I tossed it away.

The thin slopes of her breasts were warm under my fingers. I squeezed hungrily, feeling the tender squish. I had never imagined that a tiny girl's flat chest could be so

exhilarating before I came here. Before I met her. She was entrancing, her braid trailing on the pillow, her youthful skin burnished orange by the lamp. I raised a finger, trailing it down past the little dot of the beauty mark by her eye, brushing away the moisture that lingered there.

The pulse became a thud, then a racing drumbeat, thrumming painfully in my cock as it strained against my pants. I twisted awkwardly, yanking them down, my brain struggling to cope with any thought other than the angelic form of the soft little girl smiling beneath me. My fingers raced down my buttons, and I pulled off my jacket and shirt. Natalia wiggled impatiently underneath me as I straddled her. At last I was down to my underwear, the cotton fabric stretched ludicrously by the massive tent between my legs.

I dived hungrily, as if the precious seconds spent divesting my clothes had been unbearable. Natalia squealed in surprise, then laughed. My lips wrapped around a nipple, teasing it with my tongue then titillating it with warm suction. They were so tiny, delicate pink buds that peeked up shyly from her soft skin. My fingers roamed everywhere, exploring the delicious curves and valleys of her preteen body. Tender hips, graceful shoulders, trim belly - every inch soft but firm, smooth girl flesh backed by the tiny muscles of her training. I felt fingers curl in my hair and a little girlish moan come from above me. The twin prizes of her nipples were perking up, growing stiff from the attention. I switched, comparing the taste, letting the pressure of my tongue caress the little gumdrop, bathing it in saliva and coaxing another moan from her throat.

She was twitching uncomfortably, fingers tight in my hair. I took the cue and grabbed her miniskirt. She lifted her hips as I pulled them down her slender legs. The striped panties waited, unassuming, a little strip of cloth hiding her greatest treasure just underneath. I took a moment to caress her thighs, kissing the skin, feeling their graceful arch, before hooking the sides and pulling them down. They inverted, showing the speckle of moisture on the cotton insides for a brief moment before rolling up as they slid down her legs.

There it was: the sweetest little slit between her legs, hairless, slightly puffy and blushing red with excitement. I held her legs and tapped a finger gently, feeling the heat radiating from it. Natalia jerked and squeaked, but I held her steady. My fingers traced the rim, feeling the hint of moisture, then found the apex where her special button lurked just underneath. A quiver flashed through her whole body when I touched it. Just a tap, a little flick. Her thighs jerked in my hands. A tiny press. She squeaked and twitched, warbles of excitement tapering into a heavy panting rhythm.

Little girls were so excitable. I watched the flutter of her eyelids as my finger kept a gentle grind on her clit. Her head tilted back on the pillow. I rimmed the sensitive little crevice again and pressed. Her back arched with a squeal. I played with her for a moment longer, exploring the slippery regions of her genitals before gently sinking a finger into the welcoming heat between those lips.

Her pussy clamped almost immediately, a tight ring that trembled with pleasure. Natalia was gasping, rocking on the bed, on the verge of climax from my touch alone. I had never had a girl get so aroused from so little. Her eyes flashed, heavy-lidded with desire, staring at me with desperate need. I sank my finger in farther, a gentle invader probing the sucking tunnel, feeling the surge of energy that tightened in her crotch. Her legs spread instinctively, raising higher, her 11-year-old body responding to the sweet rush of penetration.

I added another finger, sinking in to the second knuckle. The crushing pressure pushed back, squeezing frantically, enveloping my fingers, then finally easing as her muscles relaxed. She was incredibly tight. I thought of the little finger-sized dildos on sale in the store and wondered how small I would need to buy one to fit her. I needed to loosen her up a bit. I gently worked my fingers out, and then back in, a slow rhythm, playing her tightened body like a violin.

Natalia's head shuddered on the pillow. She grabbed her own thighs, pulling her legs wider apart, and whimpered at me. I built my fingers to a steady rhythm, stroking them in and out. She was right on the cusp already. I could feel the mounting heat growing in her belly, coming out through her open mouth as grunting passion. I worked my fingers faster, gliding into the slippery little pussy, enduring its squeezing attack and pushing back with eager pressure.

The bed jerked suddenly as Natalia exploded. Her braid kicked on the bed as she threw her head back, chest thrusting up, hands still clutched around her shaking thighs. A tempest of wild clenching squeezed my fingers as I thrust them inside as far as they would go. She cried out, a sound of raw pleasure as shudders racked her body. I kept my fingers in her cunt and bent forward, finding her shaking mouth, and buried it with my own. She came in my arms wildly. The heat of her naked body rubbed against me. Her lips writhed hysterically. Her pussy ground my fingers with slippery spasms. Her legs jerked together instinctively, clamping on my arm, knees knocking together.

I held her tight, squeezing her at both ends, riding out the storm with her. She gave one final jerk and then sagged back onto the bed, spent. Her heavy breath was hot against my cheek.

"Ohhh...oooh...uhhhh." Her eyes were glazed. Drop of saliva coated her lips. My fingers were still stuffed in the slick mess of her pussy. I rested my face an inch from hers, feeling her panting, watching her eyes flutter. They finally steadied, and fixed on me.

"Gabe." The word came in a rush, breathless, drawn out, pregnant with meaning. I gave her another kiss, and squeezed her chest again, feeling her heart still racing like a horse underneath.

Nothing more needed to be said. Our motions were our words. I scooted down again, pulling my fingers carefully from her sopping pussy. The cotton prison of my underwear was a barrier I could bear no longer. I yanked it off. Natalia spread her legs in invitation as I knelt between them on the sheets. My cock lashed in the air, then steadied, a tumescent organ that throbbed with hunger after its release. I pressed it against the sticky slit.

Eagerness burned like green fire in her eyes. Natalia swallowed and nodded at me. Carefully, I lined up, steadying my glans against the tiny crevice. She was so small, delicate despite her perfect physique. Slick wetness shone on the lips of her pussy as it waited nestled against my pulsing manhood.

Her thighs were soft in my hands. I held them steady and pushed forward gently, feeling the tip of my prick pop inside. Tight, gripping heat engulfed me, the sweet squeezing warmth of 11-year-old pussy. I savoured it, shivers running up my spine. Natalia was gripping the bedsheets, her throat tight.

I went slow. Despite her training, she was still little, and I didn't want to hurt her. I fed an inch of prick inside, and was rewarded with a squeezing massage. I had never realized that a little girl's cunt would feel so amazing - all heat and tightness and quivering energy. I could feel her muscles trembling, clenching at the invading flesh and then easing up, welcoming me in with glorious spasms. Natalia twitched as I entered her, her tiny nipples stiff, her knuckles white against the sheets. Another inch, taut flesh disappearing between the pair of slick, puffy lips. I watched her carefully, saw the flush rise in her chest, felt the trembling that began to race up from her crotch.

If I had thought Natalia was beautiful when she was flexing through her gymnastic routines, then the sight of her twisting and wiggling as my prick pushed up inside her was heavenly. Breathy moans alternated with tiny peeps each time I pushed farther inside. The sucking haven had embraced me fully now, most of the resistance gone. I wondered how much she could take. Did they train her even for this? The Club was

thorough in everything. I pressed forward, stuffing even more of my meat inside the tiny girl until she finally squeaked when I bottomed out.

Jesus, my balls were touching her bottom. Did this little girl take an entire 8 inch cock inside of her? I looked up. Her eyes were watering slightly, but she nodded again at my unspoken question. She was ok. She wanted more, that look said, and she couldn't wait any longer.

I pulled slowly out, prick emerging from the straining hole glazed with juices. Natalia's hips jerked slightly, then quivered in ecstasy when I pushed back in. God, little girl pussy was tight. I built up our rhythm carefully, inch by inch, stroke by stroke, a rising symphony of pleasure that hummed in our bodies. Push in, her pussy muscles whirling around me like tornado, and pull out, the heavy suction of her tight space resisting my withdrawal. A mounting cadence built between us, our bodies moving in concert, brushing each other, dancing in lockstep. Faster and faster I pumped, my full-grown manhood hammering at the little girl's tiny hole. She squealed as she was pushed beneath me, and I marvelled at the sight: the young girl, prepubescent, her face tight with pleasure and her tiny frame rocking on the sheets with her legs held in the air as a virile shaft of meat pounded between them. I thrust forward, frantic, body kicking in animal motion. So tight, so wet. The wild caress of her spasming cunt wrapped me like a sticky vise.

Our grunts built together, slowly rising to a shared howl. Natalia's pelvis was jerking back and forth, slammed by my powerful blows, the full length of my cock reaming the quivering passage. I felt her pleasure build beneath me, palpable, like a shared heartbeat that thumped with my own. My own orgasm was close, boiling in my crotch. We slammed back and forth in tandem, the creaking noise of the bed drowned by our passion. The mattress bounced beneath us and the bed-frame drummed against the wall.

Natalia jerked and cried out. Like a rising wave, my own orgasm rose up underneath me, driven up by the pumping heat of our connection. I slammed my crotch into the little girl a final time and collapsed against her, muscles twitching, white fire exploding in my brain. A flood of warmth rocketed up from my balls and raced down my shuddering prick, erupting deep inside the quaking chasm that engulfed it. I felt Natalia squirming beneath me, her flat breasts rubbing against my pecs. Legs wrapped around my convulsing hips, locking me in, demanding that my rigid tool stay buried deep in her insides. Blinding, sticky heat gushed from the connection of our crotches.

Warm friction rubbed my skin. Heavy breathing brushed my neck. Natalia cooed underneath me, her tiny body engulfed by mine. Trembling arms were wrapped around me, clutching the nape of my neck. Slender thighs squeezed my hips. Her frail limbs clutched me like a drowning girl, holding tightly to a frame that dwarfed hers as the storm passed over us. Fumbling, I found her neck and kissed it. A sated gasp whispered in my ear. I had speared her to the bed with my softening prick, and as our hips shivered, I felt the gooey fluid sloshing inside her, a thick, syrupy dose of my seed spewed into the tiny 11-year-old's insides, flooding her womb.

We floated together, drifting in foggy bliss, my senses overloaded by the intoxicating presence of aroused little girl. Her shoulders, her flat little breasts, the trailing softness of her braid, the silky touch of her lips on my cheek. My eyes crept open, and found her beaming up at me. Funny. She almost seemed to glow, her skin burnished by the warm lamplight. I had seen that look once before, as Sasha had twitched her way to orgasm from the pleasure of a grown man's cock stuffed in her cunt. Maybe all little girls looked like that after being properly fucked. My fingers trailed over her skin like water, feeling the slick softness, the light sheen of sweat that our love had brought to the surface.

My cock slipped out with a wet pop, still tingling madly from the heavenly confines of little girl pussy. We rolled onto our sides together, facing each other, and I pulled up the sheet to cover us.

Natalia cuddled against me, murmuring inaudibly. I let my hands travel the sweet curves of her body again, our legs twisting together. I kissed her forehead.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

"Yeah." A pleased wiggle accompanied her words. "I haven't really done much...I mean..." She had that cute, embarrassed look again. "He mostly liked it when I sucked him. Same with Vlad. We never did much in bed."

"I'll fix that," I said, patting her hair. "We'll take it easy on training after your show. We'll get a lot of time together."

She smiled and snuggled against me, a satisfied look on her face. I wrapped my arms around her and we dozed for a time, our breathing slowing, hearts beating contentedly together.

"Hey Gabe?" I opened my eyes and looked down when she stirred against me, and saw those hypnotizing green orbs staring back. God, I could lose myself in those, I thought, like a sailor lured overboard by a siren and lost in an emerald whirlpool.

"Do you think I should do it? The leg catch?" She was frowning uncertainly at me.

I squeezed her bottom encouragingly, thinking.

"I think you're better than you give yourself credit for," I said. "Forget about anyone who said you weren't good. I'll bet if you go out there and try it, you'll nail it, and everyone watching will be shocked. And even if you're nervous, even if you don't get it

the first time and have to try it again, it doesn't matter. You're still a star in my eyes. I'll love watching you no matter what."

It was true. Natalia had real spirit, and I believed in her. It made my heart flutter like a little boy to see her smile at me like that.

I had just pulled her in and buried her in another kiss when a knock came from the door.

"Natalia? It's prep time."

We broke with a heavy gasp.

"Coming Vlad!" she called.

"We have to get ready a couple hours beforehand," she said, slipping out of my hug regretfully. I watched her as she sat up and got off the bed, then bent over to retrieve the white leotard with the blue edges. I leered at the perfect view of her plump little bottom.

"There's makeup and hair and clothes and stuff like that." She slipped the fabric up over her thighs and around her hips. "And Vlad will want to go over the routine."

"Hmmm, I can't wait. I'm sure you'll put on a hell of a show." I lay on my side on the bed, watching her slender form appreciatively. She gave me a tentative grin when she was dressed, then bent to kiss me.

"Thanks," she whispered. I squeezed her hands and grinned back at her.

"Do they really keep you for 2 hours?" I asked. "Can I see you before the show? I want to give you something."

She shrugged. "Sure. It's more like an hour but they want us ready to go on. A couple other girls will have their shows first. You can meet me backstage."

"Perfect." I watched her go, a regretful tingling in my cock, my eyes glued to the little heart-shaped cutout just above her butt. Vlad was at the door. He flashed me a smile, seeing me lying in Natalia's bed with the sheets in disarray. He seemed encouraged by the spring in her step. I let them leave before getting dressed.

I floated back to my hotel room, still buzzing from the pleasure of cumming in an 11-year-old girl. She was so sweet. I was hooked, completely smitten. The dwindling part of my brain that could still be logical almost found it absurd, but the rest of me felt feverish, aching for the chance to see her again even though we had just parted.

In my room, I made a feeble effort to straighten my suit in the mirror. A slight rumple had crept in after peeling it off to fuck a little girl. I pulled at the pants, fighting the creases. It would have to do. I grabbed the pink gift-box off the table. It was light in my hands, almost substance-less.

I still had a bit of time to kill. I took the elevators back up and found one of the many bars that peppered the Club's premises. It was swanky, stylish, like everything else here. I ordered a bourbon and took it to a private table.

One of the pervasive monitors was nearby, flicking slowly through its slideshow. It stopped for a minute on an advertisement for tonight's show.

Natalia Petrovska
Ukrainian, 11
B 31 W 28 H 33
DANGLING BALLS

"Natalia has prepared an elegant ball routine that is sure to leave you breathless. Fiery, spirited, and sensual, Natalia has trained vigorously at Club Lolipops for two years under Bumkeep Vladimir Mikhailov."

The caption flashed over a gorgeous portrait of Natalia, bent and looking over her shoulder at the camera, her perky behind filling the frame with its delightful curvature. She looked fantastic, the white-blue leotard hugging her body tightly. Right on cue, a warm thrill began to dance in my cock. That sweet little camel-toe under that tiny strip - I had been in there, pushing my prick between those cunt-lips and pounding until she had shrieked in climax. Already I felt flushed, and not just from the bourbon, wondering when I'd get to bend her over and do it again.

Only a few others were in the bar, scattered and talking quietly, but one conversation caught my ear. A pair of men had been watching the same monitor I had.

"God, what a sweet little thing," one laughed. "I can't wait to see her show."

"What I wouldn't give to test her flexibility," his partner agreed. "You think they can bend as much in bed as they do on stage?"

"Dunno," the first man laughed, the pair clinking their drinks together in a toast. "But if I was her patron I'd yank that little braid until she hollered."

"Hmmm...you think she'll be up next season? It's almost here."

"Depends on if her sponsor wants to give her up. He has to win the bid for her to continue as her patron."

The pair went on, laughing drunkenly. No way was I giving Natalia up, I thought. I'd empty my bank account if necessary. The Club already owned me anyway.

I checked my watch, and realized how much time has passed. Setting down my drink and grabbing my package, I hurried out, finding the elevators and riding up to the main floor of the Club. I turned to the side just before the doors to the Club stage, following the signs that led me down a series of narrow hallways, my keycard granting me access through a series of doors with a polite beep at each one.

This must be the backstage area. I passed rooms with large vanity mirrors, girls seated inside and being fawned over by fussing hairdressers. Lipstick. Eyeshadow. Curling irons. The artists were in the process of working their magic on the little girls. I looked briefly, but didn't see Natalia with them. I pressed on through racks of leotards in all shapes and sizes - solid, colored, decorative, glittering, metallic, some with frilly skirts and some without, all neatly lined up. Other racks held the dirty ones, the rumpled fabric dangling from hangars, some wet with stains.

I stopped short when I saw her; she had been transformed. She had been lovely before, but the makeup had elevated her to a level of surpassing beauty. Sitting in one of the vanity chairs, she was patting her hair while looking in the mirror, trying to get it perfect. A rosy blush tinted her cheeks, and the shadows of her eyes had been deepened slightly, emphasizing the girlish look while enhancing the almond shape of her eyes with an exotic curl at the tips. A faint patter of glitter sparkled subtly on her face, and the beauty mark by her eye had been accented. Her braid had been redone, banishing the mussed hairs it had acquired when I had been ramming her against the bedsheets.

"Gabe!" She saw me while I was still stunned. The chair spun as she bounced off and sprinted over, barefoot, to wrap my waist in a tight hug.

"How do I look?" She was bubbling happily

"Marvellous." I managed to force the word out with a heavy breath. Her eyelashes were even longer now. I felt myself staring. Her leotard hugged her body like a second skin. She giggled when she felt something hard poking her in the chest.

"I...I got you this." I swallowed, trying to regain my composure. I held up the gift. It was a small box of pink cardboard, tied with a large bow of purple ribbon.

"Oh cool!" She took it, bouncing on her toes with excitement. "I don't usually get stuff. You're so nice Gabe." She hugged me again, snuggling her face against my stomach.

"Here." I took a deep breath to tame my burning erection, and knelt down. I held the box while she yanked the bow and pulled the lid off. She reached into the tissue paper, and pulled up a garment of green fabric, tightly folded.

I helped her shake it out. The leotard dangled from her fingers, silky smooth cloth with a fine weave. It looked small enough for a baby, but I knew it would stretch out.

"Nice." She turned it around, looking at the rhinestones that speckled the transparent back and rubbing the cloth between her fingers. It had a wide neck, and tiny dangling cuffs on the arms just under the shoulders. "It's really pretty."

"Hopefully it's comf-" the word cut off as Natalia suddenly buried me in a strangling hug.

"Thanks," she sniffed, squeezing me tightly. I patted her back, hoping she wouldn't cry again. Maybe she wasn't used to getting gifts either.

"I'm going to try it on!" she spurted suddenly, breaking the hug. "I'll wear it for the show." She yanked at the spaghetti straps of her show leotard, reaching across to pull them down her arms. Then she turned around, looking over her shoulder at me mischievously. "Want to help?"

I laughed, squeezing her bare shoulders, then reached to pull her leotard down her sides and past her hips, exposing her naked back and perky bottom. The fabric bunched up into a tight curl as it rolled down her legs, and she stepped out of it.

"There." She turned around, giving me a full-frontal view of her 11-year-old body. I marvelled again, my cock dancing in my pants, my eyes falling down the flat swell of her chest like a waterfall. Her body was perfect - trim and tight, a flawless blend of slightly muscled definition and girlish smoothness. I felt myself panting like a dog. Her belly button was a tiny divot, planted in the exact center of a belly with a tiny hint of plumpness to it. Her nipples poked the air, small and shy, pink treasures.

She wore a smirk as she took the green leotard from my paralyzed hand and let the white-blue one drop to the floor. She stepped into it and hauled it up over her legs, then up her hips and sides. I managed to break out of my stupefied leer and help her adjust the backside when she turned around. The fine mesh hugged her back like a stocking, nearly transparent, stretching from her shoulders all the way down to a cute little V above her bottom.

"Well?" She held her arms out, then twirled gracefully on her toes. "How does it look?"

My brain steamed like a locomotive engine about to boil over. She was gorgeous. The leotard had all the flair of an elegant performance piece, the deep green a perfect complement to her eyes. Her nipples protruded against the tight fabric, which hugged her chest and belly like it was painted on. The riveting sight sent another surge of blood to the tortured organ straining in my pants. I wondered how much more the poor thing could endure.

"Five minutes Natalia" A stagehand with a headset knocked on the doorframe then left quickly.

I stared at her, taking in the innocent pose with her hands clasped behind her back, the immaculate makeup, the gloss shining on her lips. She blinked coyly at me.

"That's enough time, right?" she said.

My throat locked up and my cock surged in my pants.

"Eeek!" She squealed with sudden laughter as I pushed her back against the vanity. The chaos of makeup tins and spray bottles rattled threateningly. I grabbed her shoulders and turned her around, then bent her head down against the wood. A raving passion was spinning in my head, a mounting animal hunger that had boiled over explosively. I had to have her. I had to fuck her. I had to get inside that 11-year-old pussy before I burst like a balloon. I fumbled for my belt, freeing my cock to lash wildly under the harsh glare of the vanity lights.

A pair of bottles fell and rolled off the vanity, smacking onto the floor. The sound snapped me out of my daze. I realized I was holding Natalia down, my hand wrapped tightly around her head.

"Gabe?" She looked back at me, realizing I had paused. She fixed me with a single eye, her cheek planted against the surface of the vanity.

"It's ok. You can be rough." Her lips were smushed against the wood. "They train us. Plus I like it." She managed to smile at me, a girlish smirk tinged with lust.

I needed no more encouragement. My prick bulged hungrily against her crotch as I lined up. The little scrap of fabric that covered her cunt was preposterously tiny, like a g-string. I pulled it aside, and rested my glans against the quivering little slit. Natalia's hips jerked, feeling the touch of a man's cock brush against her, and more bottles tumbled and rolled to the floor. We were making a mess, but I didn't care. Raw passion drove me on, a primal need that burned in my loins. Natalia didn't need cocktease training. She could already excite me with a glimpse, tantalize me with a smile, summon my raging erection with just a few words.

Her tiny pussy lips parted just slightly as I poised myself against them, heat escaping like a wet furnace. I pushed in. Heavenly warmth enveloped me, a slick vice that sucked hungrily at my turgid flesh. I felt her shudder beneath me, her tiny body quivering as her genitals were pushed wide open.

Animal grunts escaped my throat as I stuffed my prick into the little girl. An inch, then another, tumescent flesh flexing, then sinking between the puffy lips as they pushed past her resistance. Her leotard rustled against the wood surface. I slammed forward, rocking the vanity, earning a squeak from Natalia as her little body was impaled between the grown man and the heavy furniture.

God, nothing felt as good as 11-year-old pussy. The lurid thought burned itself into my brain as I savoured the sweet massage that wrapped my straining prick. It pressed deeper, plumbing the depths of the little girl. I was almost all the way in. My pubic hairs

began to tickle her shivering cunt-lips. My heartbeat was heavy in my ears, thrumming with passion for this little girl who danced and sucked and fucked with such enthusiasm. She had sparked me into a frenzy, and I lost myself in the heavy current.

I pulled back and thrust, sinking myself balls-deep into the tiny struggling form. She squealed. Her cunt lips clamped tightly around my prick as I pulled out again, then spread wide when I hammered home. My pelvis jerked in rhythmic thrusts, driving the little girl against the vanity. Her hands flailed, knocking the tins of makeup everywhere. Wooden rattling and girlish cries filled the room.

My hand was against her neck, holding her down. I could feel the racing heartbeat in her muscles. She was twisting her waist, her legs dangling with her feet off the floor as I rammed her from behind. Spittle flecked her lips and drooled onto the wooden surface. She was out of control, her hips shaking, babbling wordlessly. I was losing leverage. She was getting away from me. I grabbed her arm and pinned it against her back, steadying her, then switched my other hand from her neck to her braid.

My hips thrust wildly, jackhammering the bucking girl. Natalia squealed, a heavy cry of ardor that lingered on the cusp of orgasm. I yanked her braid, pulling her head back. The girl in the mirror lifted up with her, head bobbing wildly from the tempo, eyes fluttering and her mouth wide open with lips twitching. Raw pleasure danced on her face, the sweet glow of a little girl riding a wave of pumping sexual pleasure. I pulled harder, ramming her pelvis down below and forcing her back to arch hyperbolically until she was facing the ceiling, testing her flexibility.

"One minute Natalia." The stagehand knocked the doorframe to be sure we heard him, then left us alone, unfazed by the sight of a prepubescent little girl jammed against the vanity with a grunting man slamming his cock into her from behind.

"The girl...before me...must be...done already..." Natalia was panting like a bitch in heat, words expelled by each heavy thrust of my prick.

"Let's get you ready then," I murmured. I felt her hips jerk and her muscles begin to spasm wildly, her slick pussy beating my cock like a hurricane as she climaxed. I rammed my cock into her one final time, splitting the trembling 11-year-old pussy as wide as it would go, turgid manhood buried against her cervix as a steaming flood raced up my prick and erupted like a geyser. Liquid heat flowed through us, a sticky torrent that gushed out and coated her insides and then overflowed into a squishy tide, fluid rising with each frantic spurt.

The vanity rocked a final time as we sagged against it. I held Natalia in an iron grip, her back tightly arched, her eyes open, glazed with pleasure and staring upside-down at me. Pumping spasms washed through our conjoined bodies, my pelvis jerking with each spurt of cum, her hips shaking from the heat of each heavy splash against her insides. It seemed to last forever, my body locked in coitus with this tiny girl, pump after pump of my seed filling her belly.

All at once my muscles drained, my balls having squeezed themselves out. Natalia flopped out of my grip and I sagged against her, barely registering the clatter as the final spray bottles tumbled to the floor. We rested with the girl sandwiched between me and the vanity, her eyes tightly closed with her mouth open and her chest heaving.

My cock popped out with a gush of fluid and I stood up, feeling dizzy. Natalia straightened herself out with visible effort. I hoped I hadn't left her too sore to flex out there.

"Ready Natalia?" The stagehand waited with a clipboard in his hands, a polite expression on his face.

"Yeah. I just have to...have to...uh." Natalia was wobbling. She looked at herself in the mirror, dazed.

"Here." I managed to collect myself and pulled my pants up, then knelt behind her, pulling out the kinks of her leotard until it was smooth again. She was gooey down below, but I pulled the little g-string strip over her cunt, and straightened the fabric over her butt-cheeks. Luckily we hadn't done too much of a number on her makeup, at least that I could see. Her braid was a bit frazzled from where I had been jerking it, but there was no helping that.

"That's better." I grinned at her in the mirror. "You ready to go out there and tear it up kiddo?"

"Yup." Natalia had collected herself, as if she hadn't just cum wildly on a man's cock 30 seconds ago. She grinned back at me.

"The intermission's almost over. You'll be the last show of the night," the stagehand reminded us.

"Perfect." I ran my hands a final time over her hips, pretending to straighten her leotard. "You're gonna do great."

"You'll be up front, right?"

"Front and center," I laughed. "Don't worry. You worked hard for this Natalia. I'm proud of you no matter what happens."

There was that curious blush again. She gave me a shy peck on the cheek and then went with the stagehand.

We had left a stain on the dressing room floor and the items on the vanity had been scattered everywhere. I picked a few of the spray bottles up, but it was hopeless. Ah well. They were probably used to it. Not wanting to miss the show, I left and followed the signs back to the seating area of the main Club stage.

"Gabe!" Dan waved to me from the front row of seats. He had saved me one. I worked my way down there and flopped into it.

"I was wondering where you were," he chuckled. "Giving Natalia a nice sendoff I presume?"

"That obvious?" I slumped in the chair, feeling slightly deflated from cumming so hard.

"Let's just say that I rarely let Sasha go out there without some liquid encouragement," he cackled. The countdown on the monitors had finally expired, and they lifted into the ceiling as the house lights dimmed.

The pulsing beat of a Europop song poured out of the speakers. Natalia stalked into the spotlight at the far end of the catwalk, and it followed her as she walked to the main stage, her golden gymnastic ball in her hands. The green leotard shone brightly in the spotlight, reflecting a faint sheen, the rhinestones on the back glittering.

How did she do it? It was like magic, the mere sight of her chasing away my post-orgasm weariness, replacing it with a latent tingling. I sat up straight, peering intently at her along with the rest of the audience. Her eyes seemed to be searching the crowd,

probably a sea of darkness from up on the stage, but she smiled in relief when she eventually saw me.

The music swelled into sudden verse, and she exploded into motion. She threw the ball high into the air, then collapsed into the splits, catching it and then bending over backwards to let the ball roll along her chest with the motion. In one fluid motion, the ball went up her arms, teetering on her fingers, and she vaulted forward onto her hands, waist rising up as if by magic and twisting over her head, the ball nestled in her back as her legs came up and over. One foot found the ground with the other held high in the air, then she completed the motion as she rotated quickly into a standing position again, hands coming up off the ground and holding the ball steady against her back.

Christ, how could she contort like that? It was amazing. I saw Dan lean forward in surprise out of the corner of my eye, but all my attention was on Natalia. She ducked down, the ball riding up her back, then flicked her head to launch it into the air, hopping gracefully, catching it with one hand and pivoting to let the ball roll over her arms and shoulders, coming to rest on the tip of a finger on her other hand.

I sat spellbound with the rest of the audience, even the normal catcalls silenced. Natalia's leotard flashed in the light as if it was set with jewels. Her braid twirled about her, a graceful trail. She flexed and contorted, pulling a leg into the air and twirling in a vertical splits position, the ball dancing like a graceful extension of her body.

Her feet tapped like a ballet dancer, matching a flourish in the music, and she bent over backwards, a leg rising in the air, with the ball held in one hand. She twisted with the motion, her torso upside-down, her other hand grasping her ankle, and she spun into an astonishing twirl that made my jaw drop, my eye scarcely able to follow the motion as she came up at an angle back to a standing position, the ball held high over her head.

It wasn't just the phenomenal act of grace and balance that had shocked me. I had got a good look at her crotch as it whirled at face level, at the tiny little string that did so little to cover it, and realized that the leotard was so tight that the dainty g-string was snugly buried between the puffy pussy lips. Her little 11-year-old cunt was on proud display for the audience.

Well, I hadn't *exactly* planned this. I knew it was small, but I had planned to give her the leotard after her show. It seemed to be working though, I realized as I looked around. The men in the audience were on the edge of their seats, mouths hanging open, spellbound by the sweet sight of the glittering little girl spinning like a jewel under the spotlight with her genitals so shamelessly displayed.

"Holy fuck," I heard Dan mutter, as Natalia pulled off another graceful maneuver, leaning back and spinning her ball in a wide circle. I felt the same way. She danced forward, falling into the vertical splits again with her body held forward, and twirled three times with the ball held at the center axis of her rotation, just in front of her crotch.

Dan ribbed me during a lull. "What have you been *feeding* this girl?" he asked, his eyes bouncing as he followed another of Natalia's twirls.

"Just my cock," I grinned.

"Obviously," he said dryly. "But holy fuck Gabe, if your prick has this kind of power, I'll let you fuck Sasha any time you want."

"I'll think about it." I might take him up on that, but Natalia was the one who had captured my heart and mind. And my cock. It hummed gleefully in my pants, unaware that it should be resting after having been spent inside this little girl just a few minutes ago.

Natalia's ball went high up in the air, and she twisted in a sort of side-roll on the stage, catching it between her feet, then vaulting effortlessly forward, a leg rising in the air with the ball clenched in the forward part of her foot, held between her toes and her lower leg. A few catcalls came out of the darkness, but most of the men seemed to be as hypnotized as I was, watching this talented young girl flex through a series of physically impossible maneuvers on the stage, their eyes following the pretty lips of her exposed pussy.

I had only seen a few scattered bits and pieces of her routine during training, but as the music swelled I couldn't help but feel like the climax was coming up. Natalia completed a vault and stood upright, holding her ball in front of her. She took a deep breath and leaned forward, letting the ball flow over her head and down her back like water, then kicked it into the air with her heel. Immediately she flipped forward into a handstand, and the ball dropped perfectly between her thighs, she rolled seamlessly with the motion, flipping forward, vaulting onto her feet and then her hands again, the ball held perfectly still above her. Slowly her legs came down as a pair, the ball snug between them, and she rotated onto her feet again. The whole thing had taken less than 5 seconds.

"Yes!" I clenched my fist and hissed, but my excitement was lost in the growing cheer of the crowd. They had come alive as they watched her, and the last maneuver had set them off like a powder-keg. Some men were standing up, catcalling, others were clapping or cheering or taking pictures with their phones. It wasn't just the leg catch, I realized, though that had been shockingly impressive: Natalia's handstand had lingered long enough, her thighs spread around the ball and her body illuminated by the white spotlights that everyone had had a good chance to see the slick mess of fluid that I had left all over her crotch. A tiny trickle was winding down her thigh now that she was upright again, a gooey rivulet jarred loose by her last flip.

"Haven't seen them this excited all season," Dan mused, looking around.

"She's pretty good isn't she?" I had only known her a few days and the work had all been Natalia's, but I couldn't help but feel proud anyway as I watched her spin through the last of her routine with my cum flowing down her leg. The leg catch hadn't even been the end. She held the ball in front of her, focusing her balance, then vaulted forward onto a single hand, using the rotation to throw the ball high in the air with the other. She completed her spin and flipped again, then came up just in time for the ball to drop neatly into her arms.

It was over, I realized, as Natalia bowed to the audience. I was sweating, my cock thumping in my pants like a tortured drum. She incorporated the ball into her bow, rolling it across her arms and shoulders as she faced each side of the stage. Then she faced away from the crowd, giving a mock bow and thrusting her butt and her exposed little pussy into the air. The glossy shine of semen around her exposed genitals reflected brightly under the harsh spotlights.

The audience went nuts, clapping and cheering. A flurry of clicking sounds could be heard as every Club member pulled out the tablets embedded in their tables and pressed the button to cast their vote for her score. I saw Dan press the button for 10. I mashed the 10. The guy the next seat over from me pressed a 10. Judging by the crowd, she was going to get a perfect score across the board. I wondered if that was a first for Club history.

"Natalia!" An elderly man with glasses was standing at the edge of the stage near us, beckoning to her. "Natalia sweetie, come over here!"

"Hi Mr. Pohlmann." Natalia trotted over to him instead of leaving. The noise of the crowd was dying off as people quieted to listen.

"That was one of the finest shows I have ever seen Natalia, and I've seen more than a few." The man was elderly, his hair faded white with age. He took Natalia's hand,

drawing her closer to him. Spotlights framed them both from above. "You remind me of some of the girls we had at the beginning of the Club. They were very talented, and so are you."

"Thank you Mr. Pohlmann." Natalia was blushing.

"Who is your patron client Natalia? Is he here?"

Natalia pointed, and the man's eyes caught mine. Natalia hopped off the stage and walked with him to where Dan and I were sitting.

"Gabriel Watts," I said, extending my hand.

"Reiner Pohlmann." He shook it, his grip firm. "Club President, but retiring."

"Pleasure to meet you."

"Natalia," he said, raising his voice for the benefit of the onlookers. "It's always been my tradition to pick out one girl each season to feature as my personal little Fuck Peach. Now I may be retiring this season, but I think after seeing your show I'd be remiss if I didn't call one more girl for her outstanding performance."

Natalia was blushing fiercely. Scattered murmurs of approval came from the crowd. I felt like the odd man out, still being a newcomer at the Club. Dan was looking at Reiner with awe.

"You are the juiciest little fuck I have seen all season Natalia," Reiner went on. "The Club is lucky to have you, and I'm proud to name you my Fuck Peach."

She squealed with joy and hugged him around the waist, beaming, while the audience applauded and catcalled. She looked so happy. I joined in, clapping my heart out. She deserved it.

"Natalia," Reiner said after the applause died down. "I'd like to have a traditional Club photo of you, if you don't mind. Something for a retiring old man to remember you by."

"Sure!" she blurted. Reiner nodded sagely, then turned to talk quietly to a man next to him who was holding a large camera.

I bent forward to whisper to her. "What's a traditional Club photo?"

"Oh." She was grinning like a fiend. "Here, I'll show you."

I was expecting a kiss or something, a sweet little girlish peck captured by the flash of the camera, but instead her hands went to my crotch.

"Oh!" I nearly jumped. She gave me a sultry look, commanding me to stay put, and so I leaned back and shivered as she pulled my zipper and fished my turgid cock out right in the middle of everyone. She stroked the throbbing flesh for a moment, then knelt, her mouth enveloping my erect cock.

"This is Pieter Grismann," Reiner said, motioning to the man next to him. Pieter's camera hung from a strap on his neck, sporting a long scope. He nodded at me. I recognized his name from all the photography that decorated the Club's walls.

"N-nice to meet you." The words came out shaky, my fingers digging into the armrests as Natalia slurped her way down my manhood, coating me with saliva. Pieter nodded at me again, then raised his camera. It clicked rapidly, capturing the timeless moment.

Natalia pulled off abruptly, deciding I was wet enough, then turned around and hopped up on my lap. She reached down and pulled aside the little string that was wound through her pussy lips, exposing herself.

I looked around. The crowd was watching with anticipation. Dan was beaming. Reiner and Pieter waited expectantly. I reached under her arms and lifted Natalia up, positioning her little body, and let her impale herself on my stiff meat.

"Unnnngh." A trembling, animal moan escaped my throat as the little girl sunk slowly down, my prick disappearing inch by inch into the slick heat of her 11-year-old pussy. Reiner gave us a grandfatherly smile as Pieter snapped photo after photo, the camera flashing. Natalia posed with a happy grin on her face, smiling for the camera with her legs spread wide open and a meaty cock visibly plugged in her pussy.

"Perfect. Lovely." Pieter's camera flashed, immortalizing the sight of the prepubescent girl happily pleasuring herself on her patron's jutting manhood right on the main floor of the Club. I twitched beneath her, shivering from the ecstatic waves that pulsed in the slippery tension of her cunt. Might as well go for broke, I thought. I reached up and pulled her leotard down to her waist, fondling her flat breasts, pinching her nipples to make her squeak for the camera.

The camera flashed rapidly. The Club patrons cheered us on. The slippery pleasure of her sucking pussy and the excruciating excitement of an entire crowd watching me as I fucked a little girl pushed me over the edge right then and there. Natalia's show had wound me up hopelessly, and I couldn't hold back anymore. My hands flew to her hips,

holding her steady, and my head jerked against the chair as the first spurt of heated jizz erupted inside her.

The deep lens of the camera's eye captured the moment, the twisted ecstasy on my face as I came inside Natalia. It seemed to satisfy Reiner.

"Thank you Natalia," I heard him say, after I had finally stopped twitching. "It's been a pleasure watching you."

I dimly remembered shaking the offered hands, first Reiner's, and then the members of the crowd that stayed to offer their personal congratulations. They leered at the topless girl sprawled against my chest, her eyes closed and murmuring with pleasure. My cock was still hard, stuffed inside her, keeping the warm helping of my cum plugged up where it could soak into her womb. I brushed the stray hair out of her eyes and kissed her ear when they finally let up.

"Did you like the show?" She was looking up at me, her eyes wide, seeking approval.

"I loved it. Everyone loved it. You were fantastic." I nuzzled her neck and kissed her again.

"Good." She purred contentedly and closed her eyes again, leaning back against me in the chair, with her crotch still speared on my manhood and a smile of blissful contentment on her face.

Chapter Seven

I set my suitcase down with a regretful sigh. The clerk at the desk looked up.

"Checking out sir?"

I nodded, and he gestured at the grey keycard reader. I swiped my card, and it beeped with pleasure. He typed something on his screen.

"Thank you for visiting Club Lollipops, Mr. Watts. We always aim to deliver exceptional service to our sponsors. Did we meet your expectations?"

"Surpassed them in every way," I chuckled.

"Very good sir." The clerk was all cool professionalism. "Will you be visiting us in November for the new season's bidding?"

"You bet your ass I will." I smirked to myself as he typed on his computer. I had a girl to bid on - and win.

"Your reservation will be waiting sir. Oh, I almost forgot." He reached under his desk and pulled out an ivory envelope. "Every Club member gets one of these per year. A special invitation, for one Club guest for which you can vouchsafe."

I took the envelope. It was the same kind as the invitation that had brought me here. I pondered who I would invite.

"Thanks," I said. I pocketed the envelope, then grabbed the handle of my rolling suitcase, pulling it behind me as I exited the Club.

Chapter Eight: Epilogue

I kicked the door shut behind me and tossed my keys towards the coffee table. They missed and landed on the rug.

I didn't care. I wasn't paying attention. The mail had come, bringing with it this month's issue of Bumkeep Monthly. I dropped my briefcase and my jacket, forgetting them in the entryway, and loosened my tie as I headed for the couch.

It had come in an opaque package. Prudent, given its contents. I pulled it open, and a thick, glossy magazine covered with clear plastic fell out onto my lap. I sucked in my breath: right there on the cover was our photo, Natalia sitting on my lap with her green leotard pulled down, with my cock plugged snugly in her pussy. She was grinning happily - a true exhibitionist.

The cover was festooned with headlines:

"How to cum in in your gymnast! - Condoms are great, but medical advancements can guarantee your gymnast's protection even with a heaping helping of sperm inside!"

"Natalia Petrovska pinup! See the Club's newest rising star - and her sweet pussy! Pgs 7-8"

"Reiner Pohlmann's Retirement Interview! - Listen to the exiting Club president spill all his dirty secrets of 30 years of running Club Lolipops! Pgs 16-25"

"Tilde Andrèn! - Will this unknown girl from the Netherlands sweep the next season's rankings? Find out! Pgs 42-50"

Here it was. I split the plastic and pulled the magazine out so I could read it better.

"Full-page spread of Natalia Petrovska's amazing show, with bonus featurette of her mouth plugged with cock and jizz all over her leotard! What a good girl! Pgs 87-107"

A tumble of thumbnails next to the headline previewed the series, our lewd little photo session made public for the whole Club to see. The aching memory throbbed in my prick. Just one more month, and I would fly out to participate in the bidding for the new season. I had resolved to snag Natalia no matter how much she cost, and the Club rules gave me preference and capped the maximum bid to only 10% over last season. One month, and I'd be holding her in my arms again. We texted each other constantly, but it wasn't the same.

My cock was already thundering in my pants. Sighing with pleasure, I thumbed the pages until I found her section, ready to lose myself in those green eyes all over again.

“An erotic thrill-ride filled with slippery preteen bum and cunt – being enjoyed to the full by older men. True erotic pornography...”

- Asstr.org Forums Recomendations

AN UNDERGROUND WORLD WHERE THE ARTS OF SENSUALITY AND GYMNASTICS COLLIDE...

With little more than a vague invitation in hand, Gabriel Watts follows his friend on a company trip and is introduced to the experience of a lifetime. Club Lolipops awaits, where luscious young girls spin through erotic performances, wowing crowds with their rhythmic gymnastics skills and electrifying them with intimate displays of youthful sexuality. The club is where a patron's dreams come true, with lurid performances on stage and even more behind closed doors. After an unexpected encounter, Gabe finds himself caught up in a hidden world where client satisfaction, in every form, is the number one goal. **Welcome to Club Lolipops.**



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