

## Gardener's delight

Alan was fifteen when, by chance, he met middle aged Jan, and became involved in designing and installing a new garden for her. Then he fell in love with a French girl, but before that went anywhere he became much more involved with Jan. And what had his sister taught him?

MF, FF, MFF rom

Alan was walking home from school one evening. As usual, he was taking a short cut which led through a cul-de-sac via a footpath between two houses, then it was only a short distance to his home. At the end of the cul-de-sac there was a car turning point which circled a small grassed area. As he approached the circle, he saw a bunch of lads playing a game of football, and, as he passed, one of them kicked the ball into a garden where it bounced up against a window, fortunately without breaking it, but leaving a round muddy mark. One of the boys ran into the garden to retrieve it, and, as he did so, a woman appeared at the front door.

'Would you boys please be a bit more careful' she called out.

The reply was immediate from the biggest of the boys.

'Shut yer face you fucking fat ugly old cow.'

Just then a rather large man appeared from another house and told the boys to clear off, and, as he didn't look like the sort of man to argue with, they duly cleared off. The woman called out a thank you to the man and closed the door. As Alan walked on he was seething with annoyance at the loutish behaviour of the boys, and wondered if there was anything he could do as some form of apology.

The next day was a Saturday and in the morning Alan knocked at the door of the house where the woman had been insulted. He was carrying a large bunch of flowers. The woman answered the door.

'Yes, what can I do for you?'

'Well, I was passing last night when some yobbos were extremely rude to you, and I thought perhaps that a bunch of flowers might be a bit of an apology.'

'Why should you be apologising? You weren't involved. I saw you, you were just walking past.'

'I know, it's just that I felt rotten that boys of nearly my age should be so offensive. And they were wrong on all three things'

'Hang on, he called me a fucking fat ugly old cow. That's five things – which ones do you agree with.'

Alan grinned. 'Sorry, I was ignoring the noun as you patently have only two legs, so you can't be a cow. As for the adjective, I don't have any knowledge on that score, so I can't comment. But you're not fat, or ugly, or old.'

'No, just a touch over weight, no oil painting and middle aged. Oh, come on in – I was just going to have a cup of coffee, would you like one – or a tea, or some lemonade?'

'Thanks, I'd love a lemonade.'

'Good, it's home made. Now, tell me, where did you get these flowers? Obviously they didn't come from a shop, they're too fresh and they aren't professionally wrapped. Are they from your Dad's garden, and does he know?'

Alan was a bit miffed at the idea that he might have taken flowers for her from a garden without permission.

'If you don't like the presentation I'll take them away. I didn't nick them, they are from my garden, and I wrapped them myself.'

'I'm sorry, that was most ungracious of me. But when you say they are from your garden, do you mean that you actually do the gardening at your house?'

'Yes, my Dad does the vegetable garden and my Mum used to do the flowers, all the borders and stuff like that. A couple of years ago Mum was ill and couldn't cope. Dad has to travel quite a lot for his job, and he suggesting digging up all the flower beds and putting it down to grass, so that it would just be a question of mowing it all. I could see that Mum was really upset at losing all the work she had done, so I said that I'd do all the work if she told me what to do. She was really happy at that idea, though Dad looked a bit doubtful. I must admit I was horrified when I realised what I'd let myself in for, I'd said it without thinking. Anyway, once I started I found that I really enjoy it, and it seems that I've got green fingers, judging by the results.'

'To judge from these flowers, you're doing pretty well. Perhaps I can give you lessons in flower arranging.'

'Thanks, but Mum's already threatened me with that. I'll just stick to growing them for now, I've still got plenty to learn about that.'

'Come and look at my garden, and give me your informed opinion.'

They went into the garden and Alan cast a critical eye over it.

'Do you want my honest opinion?'

'Yes, please. Don't spare me.'

'It's a mess. It's got no plan to it, and what's there is half smothered in weeds. It's not my idea of a garden. Do you look after it yourself?'

'I pay a man to come in and cut the grass, and he has a perfunctory attempt at maintaining the flower beds, but, as you see, he hasn't got much idea. He's an old boy, and only does it because he was a friend of my parents. It was a lovely garden when Dad was alive. I don't suppose you'd fancy taking it on – I'd pay you, of course?'

'It would be a bit of a challenge, and I'm not sure I've got the time to do it. I've got loads of school work to do, it's exams this year.'

'What are you taking?'

'A whole lot. Most of them are under control, but I'm struggling with my French and Spanish'

'Well, how do you fancy some free coaching in your languages, plus being paid to do the gardening?'

'Are you good at languages?'

'I run a translation company, and I do simultaneous translation in four languages, so I think you could say I'm quite good at it.'

'Sorry, what do you mean by simultaneous translation.'

'It's what you get on TV and at conferences. While someone is talking in one language, I'll translate it into another language at the same time.'

'That sounds impossible.'

'It's easy when you know how. I did it for the EU at Brussels for a bit, but now I've got my own company I tend to manage things rather than do it myself.'

'And you'd be willing to help me? That would be great – our French teacher's useless, and the Spanish one's not much better. Look, I'd love to have a go at the garden, if you'd pay for someone to come in with a digger and root out the rubbish and give me a decent start. Would I have a free hand to design it?'

'Absolutely. You say, I'll pay, and anything you do will please me. Oh, one thing, I don't much care for these architectural gardens, all paving slabs and complicated brickwork. Would that bother you?'

'No, I want to do gardening, not building. Some paths would be nice and maybe a miniature wall to separate off the veg garden. You would like some salads, and so on?'

'Marvellous. Now, what are your parents going to say to all this?'

'Good point. I was getting carried away a bit. They might think I've got enough to do already.'

'I tell you what, why don't I give them a ring and invite them round to lunch tomorrow. I'm a pretty good cook, though I say it myself. Do they eat anything?'

'Pretty well. My Dad's favourite is roast lamb, but Mum's not up to doing a lot of serious cooking these days, so a full Sunday lunch doesn't come his way very often.'

'Great, I can get a gigot in from my butcher, could you bring some mint from your garden? It's always better fresh.'

'Hey, you'd better phone first before we get carried away with the menu. And what's a gigot?'

'Your French does need some help. It's a leg of lamb. Right, let me phone. Hang on, I don't know your name, never mind your number.'

'I'm Alan Johnson, and I'll write down the number for you.'

'Right – hello Alan! I'm Janice Wilson, but call me Jan.'

She made the call, and arranged lunch for the next day. Alan's parents, Jim and Anne hit it off at once with Jan, and were delighted with the suggestion that Alan should do the gardening, especially as he would get language tuition as a partial reward. As a result, Alan started work on creating a garden layout, using a special computer programme that he had downloaded. When he had finished, he showed Jan what he was proposing on his laptop, and she was delighted with the design.

Jan gave Alan a free hand to organise the heavy work, though she insisted that he got alternative quotes for the major expenditures. He soon had a firm come in with a mini digger and rip out the scruffy old shrubs and trees, then they ploughed and cultivated the whole garden so that he had a clear area to start on. There was to be a large grassed patch, and he ordered a firm to come in and turf it, so that a decent lawn would soon be in place. He started a quick display of colour by buying in bedding plants and began planting shrubs. In a remarkably short time the garden was transformed and his plans began to become reality.

However, there was still a lot of work to be done, and Alan spent a lot of time in Jan's company as they worked together on the project, Jan acting as assistant to her young gardener. They began to learn a lot about each other, and generally liked what they found.

At this time, Alan was just fifteen. He was a tall, good looking boy, with fair curly hair and a fine physique. He was competent at team games, playing rugby, soccer and cricket, but he wasn't sufficiently interested to put in the effort to excel at any of them, though he was good enough to play in his house teams. He was a good all round athlete, and enjoyed physical exercise, kept himself fit, and ate sensibly, encouraged by his Mother's cooking. He hadn't bothered a lot with girls as yet, and had only gone out with a group, not on a "date" basis. However, there was one exception to this lack of interaction with the opposite sex – his sister.

Alice was four years older than he, and they had a normal relationship, in other words she thought he was an amiable form of low life, while he considered her as a just human bossy pest. They were mostly on friendly terms, though at times it seemed more like an armed truce. However, things changed just before his fourteenth birthday. Alice wasn't a great one for boys – not a typical teenager – but she did occasionally go out with a bunch of her mates. One evening she came home earlier than might have been expected after a night out. Alan was in the house on his own, and he could see that she was upset.

'What's the matter, Sis? You don't look as though you've had a lot of fun.'

'It's that bloody Stewart Clark. He managed to get me on his own, and started coming on a bit hard. He grabbed me and kissed me, which wasn't what I had in mind. I struggled a bit and the dirty little shit grabbed my boob with one hand, got the other round the back of my neck, and not only kissed me but he stuck his tongue in my mouth.'

'What did you do.'

'Knead him in his bollocks, what would you have done?'

'I doubt he'd try and stick his tongue in my mouth. Anyway, was that so bad? I thought that was French kissing, supposed to be fun.'

'You might think so, it didn't impress me. Here, I'll show you what it was like.'

With that, she grabbed him round the neck, grasped at what she could get of the flesh on his chest, and crashed her lips onto his and stuck her tongue deep into his mouth. After a moment, she pushed him away.

'See what I mean? How crass was that?'

'Yeah, well, doing it like that is certainly not desperately romantic. But, on the other hand, if it was done a bit more subtly, it could be OK, I think. Want me to show you?'

'What, ask you to kiss me – you must be joking.'

Then she giggled. 'Seeing as how I just assaulted you, perhaps I should let you get your own back-but no touching my boobs.'

Alan had never kissed a girl since he was five, and that hadn't given him a lot of technique. However, he cautiously approached Alice and very gently took her head in his hands, then he leaned in and planted his lips softly on hers. He was amazed at how good it felt, her lips were soft, warm and slightly moist, and he felt them yield to his touch. Remembering what he was supposed to be demonstrating, he eased his tongue between his lips until it just touched hers, and he moved it slowly to and fro. She made no attempt to withdraw, and he felt her lips part a little, so he pushed

a little further between her lips till he touched her teeth. He wanted to be sure that she was happy with this incursion, so he released her and looked at her quizzically.

'Well, what do you think?'

'Much better than I expected. Oh, hang on, I think Mum and Dad are back.'

That brought the proceedings to an abrupt end. It was several days later that the two found themselves alone in the house. They were sitting on the sofa watching a fairly boring play when the on-screen actors went into a passionate, but not terribly realistic, clinch. Alan watched for a few moments, then turned to Alice.

'I reckon I could do better than that.'

It would have taken wild horses to drag a confession out of Alice that she had rather enjoyed being kissed by her little brother, but that was indeed the case, much to her astonishment, and it was much the same for Alan.

'You do fancy yourself, don't you. You reckon you are one of the world's great lovers, or something like that.'

'Not yet, but with a bit of practice....who knows?'

'Go on then, Lothario. Impress me!'

'Right, Sis – prepare to be ravished.'

Alan moved along the sofa till he was close to his sister, then he slid his arm round her shoulders. He leaned forward till his lips brushed hers, and again he found how soft and welcoming they were. As he pressed towards her he felt her lips part just a little, and he parted his own in return, then slowly pushed his tongue forward between her lips. He flicked over her teeth, then he felt her tongue respond till the two were sliding over each other, and then he pushed again and his tongue entered deep into her warm, welcoming mouth. He explored around her teeth and palate, then he withdrew and felt her respond by thrusting firmly into his mouth.

After a few moments, he withdrew from her and they looked into each other's eyes. She was breathing a little more heavily than usual, and her face was a little flushed. He, too, was conscious that his heart rate was higher than usual. Alice spoke first.

'OK, I'm impressed. I hate admitting it, but that was rather good. It's also incestuous, but if we only consider it as a learning process, it can't hurt can it?'

'Definitely educational. More?'

In reply, she pulled him towards her, and their lips locked together again. This time he pushed her backwards, and he finished up half laying across her. One arm was round her shoulders, the other round her waist, and she, too, was holding him. He could feel her breasts pressing against his chest, and became very aware that he was getting a monster hard. Her leg was against his thigh, and he moved uncomfortably so as not to thrust his penis against her. The kiss seemed to last forever, neither of them wanted to break off, but finally she pushed him away. She didn't want to admit to him that her whole body was on fire, and that she desperately wanted more.

'I think that had better be enough, don't you?'

'For now, anyway. That was a bit more than I expected.'

They sat, side by side, looking at each other, both thinking the same thing but not daring to say it. Then she suddenly giggled like a little girl, a bit hysterically.

'That was fun, wasn't it?' She said. 'I think our friends might be a bit astonished at what just happened. But, please Alan, you won't go telling any of your friends, will you?'

'Of course I will. Imagine "I've been snogging my big sister". That would really make me look grown up – not!.

Again several days passed before the two found themselves alone together. This time they fell into each others' arms without any discussion, and their lips were locked together as their tongues searched out the recesses of each others' mouths. They were again on the sofa, and Alan was sprawled across Alice, their arms around each other, his legs crossing hers and her breast pressed against his chest. After a bit, his hand crept round from her back, to her side, and then slid up to her breast. He cupped the warm, firm globe in his hand, feeling her nipple pressing against his palm, but, as he began to caress her, her hand took his and moved it away.

'Please, Alan, I don't want to go any further. At least, I want to, but I know we mustn't, and so do you.'

'Does that mean you don't want to kiss and cuddle any more?'

'Oh yes, but only if you promise to behave.'

For answer he kissed her again. After that, they restricted their activities to kissing and embracing. He was careful not to push his erect penis against her, but, after every session, he would go and masturbate, and, though he had no idea, she invariably had her hand between her legs as soon as she got into bed.

Alice was a very bright girl, and, at nineteen, she won a scholarship to study at an American university, which meant she would be away from home for three years, with not much chance of paying many home visits. On the morning of the day she was to leave by an evening flight, she called to Alan, asking him to come and help her close her suitcase. As he followed her up the stairs he was treated to a glimpse of her bare bottom under her short skirt. Then she was in her bedroom, and she shut the door behind him, and he heard the key turn in the lock.

'Alan, this is going to be goodbye for ages. Give me a kiss to remember.'

He took her into his arms and held her gently as their lips met. At once the knowledge that this would be the last time hit him, and he grabbed her close. Their lips were parted, their tongues stabbing deep in and out, desperately trying to capture the sensation for the last time. He felt her breasts pushed against him, and, to his surprise, she took hold of his hand and pushed it up under her tee shirt. He slid up till he was holding a warm, firm globe, and he stroked across the surface till he felt the little bump of her nipple. As he was squeezing it he realised that his cock was rock hard, and he drew back a little so that it wasn't pressing against her, but this wasn't what she wanted.

'Don't pull back, I want to feel your cock p-pressing into me. Hold me tight.'

He slid my other hand down to her bottom, and felt the luscious delight of her buttock. Then she murmured into his ear the one word : 'Underneath.'

He hitched up the thin material of her short skirt, and grasped the naked flesh. He rolled her buttock in his hand and his fingers found the crack of her arse, and he probed just a little way into it, but was scared to go too far. They stayed like that for what seemed like an age, their bodies pressed hard against each other, his cock rammed into her belly, and both hands loving the feel of her young flesh. At last their lips separated, and she pushed him away from her.

'It's time I got changed for the journey.'

She kicked off her shoes, then stood and faced him. She took hold of the bottom hem of her tee shirt and pulled it very slowly up over her body, and over her head, baring her breasts. Then she undid the fastening of her skirt, and allowed it to drop to the floor. She slowly turned around, letting him see her in all her naked glory. He had seen plenty of pictures of nude women, but had never seen one in the flesh – and what lovely flesh it was. He took in her high, softly rounded breasts, with their pale pink nipples, her flat belly and slim hips and her long, slender legs, topped by a triangle of fair hair, in which he could see the outline of her crack. He didn't move, just looked.

'You're beautiful.'

'Thanks.'

She stood a little longer, then turned away, giving him another look at her firm buttocks. She picked up a pair of knickers, then bent down as she put them over her feet, giving him a quick glance at her pussy lips and her little puckered anus. Then she quickly pulled the garment on, followed by a bra, a tee shirt and her jeans. She was facing him as she finished dressing, and he suddenly realised that tears were streaming down her cheeks.

'What's the matter, Sis?'

'You're the matter, you bloody fool.'

'Why, what have I done?'

'It's what you haven't done, stupid. I get you to grope my tits and my arse – nothing. I do a striptease for you – nothing. How thick can you be to not know what I wanted, or are you queer or something.'

'You mean you wanted me to...'

'Fuck me, what else.'

'But I thought you said that you didn't want to, not with me, and, anyway, that would have been incest and...'

'Of course it would, and why the hell did you have to believe what I said? You don't normally believe a word I say. Oh, Alan, of course you were right not to do anything, but I desperately wanted you to be my first. I wanted it to be your cock that would tear my hymen, make me bleed, and maybe hurt me, and dear sweet Alan, you were just too good for me. No, it's too late now, my morals have come back.'

Alan had moved towards her, but she pushed him away. She mopped up her tears, and then picked up her suitcase and went downstairs. When the taxi arrived to take her to the airport, she gave him the briefest of kisses on the lips, then she was gone. The next time they met, she was no longer a virgin, and their loving together was just a happy memory.

And then there was Jan. She had described herself to him as a touch over-weight, no oil painting and middle aged.

In fact she wasn't over-weight, except that she might be considered a little heavy for her size. She was a tall woman and big boned. As she exercised regularly she was well muscled, and, as is well known, muscle weighs heavier than fat.

Truly, she was no oil painting. There was absolutely nothing wrong with any of her features taken in isolation, but, when they were put together, they just didn't quite fit. However, when she smiled – which wasn't as often as it should be – her face lit up, and could be described as, not pretty, but

pleasant.

When Alan met her she was in her late forties, so middle aged was an accurate description. It would be wrong to say that she had had a hard life, but it could have been easier. Her parents had been quite well off, but, as an only child, her life had been quite circumscribed. Her mother had suffered several miscarriages before Jan was born, and was well past forty before her only live delivery, and, as a result, she was over-protective of the girl. Add to this the fact that she was a bit of an ugly duckling and very shy, and the result was that she made no real friends. She was a studious child with a phenomenal gift for languages, so she immersed herself in her school work, and was generally considered a swot. She went on from school to university, but, with persuasion from her Mother, she chose to attend a college near home so she did not have to live away.

Her mother was a frail woman, and Jan found herself spending all her free time looking after her. She got a job doing translation work with a local office, so that she did not have to leave home. Then, in her late twenties, her mother died, and she then decided to apply for a job with the European Commission as a simultaneous translator, which involved her going to Brussels for two years. Then her father became ill, so she gave up the lucrative job and returned home to look after him. She did a lot of work from home, and got such a good reputation that she decided to set up a small company offering translation of documents, etcetera. This was quickly successful, and she took on several assistants, basing them in a small office in town.

The result of working hard and looking after her parents, added to her lack of social graces, was that she never had a serious man friend. It wasn't that she didn't want male company, it was just that it never happened. When her father died, a couple of years before this story, she was left as the inheritor of a substantial house and garden, plus a very useful sum of money from his insurance policies and investments.

So, there we are – a middle aged spinster and a bright teen aged boy. The two quickly became good friends. Alan enthused Jan with his love of gardening, and she put a lot of effort into teaching him French and Spanish, and also got him interested in French literature. His spoken French improved to the extent that nearly all their conversations were in that language, Jan having to buy a French gardening book so they could discuss plant names. She had no close relatives, and Alan and his parents became a substitute family for her.

By the autumn the foundation of the garden was well established, and the plantings were giving some colour, and it was obviously going to be very attractive. With the ground work done, there was relatively little to be done over the winter, which was just as well as Alan was due to take part in a school exchange visit with a French school. The plan was that the visit to France would be for two months in the winter, with the French scholars coming to England later in the year. Alan made sure that all was tidy in the garden, leaving instructions to Jan as to what she should be doing in his absence. As she said, somewhat ruefully 'I'm just the bloody under-gardener'.

The school party travelled to France by coach and ferry, and when they arrived at the school it was late afternoon. The pupils were assembled in the school assembly hall to meet the families who were to host them. The names of the English pupils were read out, together with the names of the welcoming family. When the list arrived at Johnson, however, the Christian name that was called out wasn't Alan, but Alice. Somehow the school's records had got screwed up and had printed out the wrong A Johnson. This wouldn't have mattered, apart from a lot of Micky taking for Alan, but the French school authorities had paired off what they assumed to be a girl with a French girl, Chantal Demail.

She was there with her mother, and a rapid discussion took place as to what could be done to rescue the situation. Her mother soon came up with a solution.

'Not to worry, he'll have to stay with us just the same for a few days while we sort out another boy for him to stay with. Fortunately we weren't planning to put them both in the same bedroom.'



This produced some laughter, which Alan half shared. He wasn't convinced about the muck up, and had been looking forward to staying with a boy, not a girl. However, he was too polite to make difficulties, so he just smiled and greeted Chantal and her mother. Soon all the pairings were made, and Alan was driven off to the Demail family home. There he was greeted by Chantal's father, who seemed quite pleased that it was a boy who was coming to stay. He was shown his room, then the family sat down to eat dinner.

This was his first chance to take stock of these people who were welcoming a rather unexpected visitor into their home. Following the excellent tuition from Jan, he was gratified to find that he had no trouble with the language, so it was easy to converse with them. The parents were a very pleasant couple, he was a bank manager while she was a teacher. However, his principal interest was in Chantal. She was just fifteen, some months younger than he, and was tall with a very pretty face surmounted by a head of deep auburn hair – what his mother would have described as her crowning glory. She was slim, with long legs encased in jeans, and a pleasant swelling under her sweater.

After a pleasant meal, they chatted for a bit, then it was time for bed. The next morning when he went downstairs he found that the father was seated at the breakfast table alone. He stood up and shook Alan's hand, which was a bit of a surprise, and told him to help himself to breakfast. He had just started when the mother entered, and she came across to him and bent and kissed him, first on one cheek, then the other. Despite Jan having told him a lot about French life and manners, she hadn't mentioned the kissing bit, so he was a bit startled. However, when Chantal entered the room and went to kiss her parents and then him, he decided that this was a habit he could get to like.

After the meal, Chantal and he went outside into the road where they were picked up by the school bus and taken to school. Here began a long round of introductions, made easier because both the French and English students had been given name tags (his with Alice crossed out and Alan inserted). Each fresh person had to be greeted with either a handshake or a kiss, as appropriate, and this became a morning ritual, which he found boring with the boys, but pleasant with the girls. Once the formalities had been gone through, the English students were assigned to classes appropriate to their age and subjects, and they then went and sat in with the French students. Some of them with poorer levels of French found this very hard work, but, for Alan, it was challenging, but enjoyable. Chantal was not in the same year as Alan, so they did not meet till lunchtime, then again at the end of the day when they caught the bus for the return journey.

While they were dining, Chantal's mother asked Alan if he minded staying with them, as the school was unable to find another family who could accept him. He had already decided that he liked the family, his room was comfortable and the cooking was superb, so he was quite happy to accept, and that was agreed. They talked over the sort of things that they would arrange for him, social and educational, and he guessed he was going to have a pleasant stay.

Over the next days he settled into a routine at school and during his free time, and he and Chantal found each other very congenial company. They both enjoyed walking and cycling, so they had plenty of opportunity to be alone together. They made it a habit that she should speak in English while he used French, correcting each other sometimes, as the mood took them. He realised after a couple of weeks that he was becoming very fond of her, but he made no effort to make physical contact. His fear was that, if he did and she found his attentions unwelcome, it would make living in the same house with her very difficult, so the most he did was to occasionally hold her hand when they were walking.

A few days before the visit was due to end, a dance was held at the school. It was quite a formal affair, with some of the town's dignitaries attending, and a very decent band had been engaged. Alan was a reasonable dancer, thanks to Alice insisting that she should teach him a bit of ballroom and disco. She said it was to save his future girlfriends getting their toes squashed, but it was also an excuse for a some legal cuddling. Hence, he spent most of the evening on the floor, mostly with Chantal, but also with some of the other girls, both English and French. At the end of the evening, the lights were turned off except for the rotating crystal ball, and a smoochy waltz was played. This time Alan and Chantal were together, and, as the dance progressed, she came closer and closer

into his arms. He could feel every curve as her breasts pressed against him and the full length of her torso moulded against him. He felt the pressure of her pubis against his genitals, and the inevitable happened.

As his erection grew, he tried to pull away from her, but she held him close so that he couldn't get free. He decided that she obviously knew what was happening to him, so he just slid his hand down her back until he was holding one of her shapely buttocks and held her close. His cock, which was caught in his underpants so that it was basically pointing down, was pushed against her mons, and was throbbing as it tried to get upright. They were cheek to cheek, and the feel of her soft skin against him, with the gentle aroma of her perfume, was making him more and more aroused. He could see that many of the couples around him were kissing, but he was still reluctant to make this step, which would be a disaster if she found it unwelcome. (A bit irrational considering the way she was hung onto him like a leech, but teen aged boys don't always see the obvious in these matters). While he was trying to make up his mind, the dance ended, but she hung on to him till he drew back a little from her, and she reluctantly released him. They stood, face to face, while he concentrated on trying to lose his erection. Obviously the guy controlling the lighting realised that some, if not most, of the boys might have a problem, and, by the time the lights went up, at least most of them were able to stand without embarrassment.

Alan and Chantal walked off the dance floor, retrieved their coats and left, to walk the half mile or so to the house. She didn't speak, except to say goodbye to some of her friends, and, as they walked, he couldn't think what to say to her. That last dance had got him so aroused, and not just physically. He realised that his feelings for her were really deep, and he was asking himself if this was really love. As they passed under a street light, he looked at her, and realised that she was crying.

'What's the matter, Chantal?'

'You're the matter, you bleeding fool – no, I mean bloody fool, I think.'

What's wrong with me, he thought. Those were the same words that Alice had used. He obviously totally failed to understand women.

'What have I done wrong?'

He sort of guessed what the answer would be, and he was right.

'It's what you haven't done. How could you hold me like that with your...your thing pressed into me and not kiss me. Don't you like me? Aren't I sexy enough for you? Or are you just a frigid English boy?'

'Oh darling, you're certainly sexy enough. And I more than like you, I think I...oh, I don't know, I like you more than any other girl I've ever met. I just wasn't sure that you wanted me to go any further, and it would be so embarrassing if I you rejected me and then I've got to live with you for two more weeks.'

'You're so slow, you English. Did you think I'd push my body against you if I didn't want to be kissed? I couldn't have done much more without taking my clothes off, could I?'

Alan giggled: 'That would have been fun, wouldn't it.'

While they had been talking, they had continued walking, and they were going down an ill lit lane. She stopped, and turned to face him.

'If you don't kiss me now, I'll probably kill you.'

He needed no further prompting, and took her in his arms and kissed her. Her lips were delightfully

soft and slightly parted, and he tasted her sweet flavour. He was tempted to use his tongue, but thought better of it and contented himself with moving his lips against hers as the pressure increased. He had drawn her body close to him, and she needed no further prompting to press herself against him. Although they were wearing winter clothing he felt the swell of her small breasts and the full length of her torso welded to him. He pushed one of his legs between hers, slid one hand down her back to grasp her firm globe and held her close. He felt his penis starting to harden, but he made no attempt to withdraw, and let it throb against her. After a while they had to come up for air.

'Oh Alan, that was even better than I thought it could be. Obviously all English boys aren't frigid.'

'Why, how many have you kissed?'

'Hundreds – well, one actually, but every French girl knows that the English are frigid, but you must be the exception. Anyway, let's get home – I'm cold, so you'd better hold me close.'

They went back to her house, and found her parents waiting up for them. Her mother noticed that some of Chantal's lipstick seemed to have transferred itself to Alan, and smiled to herself. She liked Alan, and was quite happy that the two were getting on so well. They went upstairs together, but, as her mother was rather hovering, they just caught a quick kiss before parting.

Next day Chantal kissed Alan on the cheek as normal at breakfast, but as they waited for the bus to go to school, she looked round to see that no one was watching, then gave him a quick firm kiss on the lips, to which he happily responded.

'You do still want to kiss me then? I was afraid that last night was just because you had drunk a glass of champagne.'

Just wait till we are really alone and I'll show you.'

'Oh good, I can't wait. My parents are going out to dinner tonight, so we'll be all alone for hours and hours.'

The day seemed to pass very slowly for both of them, but at last they were back in the house. The parents were getting ready to go out, so Chantal was able to demonstrate her considerable cookery skills by preparing dinner for the two of them. As their parents left, her Mother told them to have a nice evening, giving Chantal a broad wink as she left. Alan approached Chantal to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

'I'm busy cooking, don't distract me or everything will get burnt.'

She served up an excellent meal for him, and with it they drank the remains of a bottle of red wine. Afterwards she still kept him at bay till they had cleared the table and set the dish washer going. Then she made coffee and poured two small glasses of Eau de Vie, which she said her Grandfather made himself. It was quite a fiery spirit, and what with the wine they had drunk, their inhibitions were well lowered.

Chantal took his hand and led him across to the big settee. They sat together, not touching, suddenly shy again. Alan was drinking in her lovely features, her cheeks slightly flushed from the dinner and the alcohol, and then he looked down to her chest, admiring the small firm mounds in her blouse. He slid his arm around her shoulders and gently drew her close. Their lips met softly, both slightly parted and they savoured this first contact. After a while his experience with his sister came into play, and his tongue lightly stroked her lips, and when he withdrew, hers followed his, letting him know that she was happy to accept this intrusion. As they enjoyed this contact, their tongues became more and more active, till they were taking turns to thrust deep into each other's mouths, exploring deep into the warm, moist caverns, searching teeth, tongues, palates.

After a while they paused for breath, then Alan moved from her lips to kiss her cheek, then towards her ear, where he nibbled her ear lobe, causing her to giggle. Then he kissed and gently bit down her neck till he came to the collar of her blouse. At the same time his hand slid round from her back to her side and slowly ascended till he felt the swell of her breast. She caught her breath as his hand enfolded the small, firm mound.

'Alan, darling, that feels wonderful. I want you to do everything to me, my body is asking to make love to you, but...but...'

'But what, cherie?'

'But I'm only fifteen, I'm still a virgin, and I'm not taking the contraceptive pill and I've only known you for six weeks. In two more weeks you'll go away and I shan't see you for months and we can't be sure that we'll still feel the same. If you want to carry on I couldn't stop you, I want you so much, but...oh dear'

Alan reluctantly withdrew his hand. His mind was in a turmoil. This was so like what had happened with his sister, but this time he hoped he would only be delaying the day when he could make love to her, not abandoning the possibility.

'You're right, unfortunately. I want you too, and if I go any further you'd probably have to fight me off, and it doesn't seem likely that you'd try very hard. I've never been serious about a girl before, so I don't know whether what I feel for you is serious or not. Is it all right to carry on kissing you? I'll try really hard to be a good boy.'

'Oh, please kiss me lots, and hold me ever so close so I can feel when you get excited.'

Alan duly obliged. He drew her close to him, then pushed her backwards so that they finished sprawled along the length of the settee. His lips closed on hers and their tongues were soon dancing together. He lifted one leg and placed it over hers, so that his thigh was between hers and his cock was against her thigh. As they kissed his cock became hard and was trapped pointing down his leg, and the more he pressed against her, the harder it became. After a kiss that seemed to last forever they broke away.

'Alan, you feel so good against me. I can feel you all hard and it makes me feel all funny inside.'

'Wait a moment, let's get more comfy.'

He eased his body away from her and pushed his hand down inside his trousers so that he could rearrange himself more comfortably and pointing in the right direction, then he moved back so that he was draped across her body. She parted her legs and he slid down so that he was between them. Now his cock was pressed against her pubis and he could just sense the groove of her lips as he settled into firm contact with her. He was also conscious of the mounds of her small breasts against his chest. His arms were around her and he slid one hand down to hold her rounded buttock and pulled her even closer. Their lips were dancing over each other as their tongues searched out the moist caverns. When they came up for air, he could hear her breaths as she was gasping for him. He deliberately moved his hips to slide his cock up and down, rubbing against her clitoris and making her moan with joy.

'I don't think I can do this for very long or I'll be raping you.'

'You won't have to rape me because I won't stop you.'

'No, not now, not yet. But we will one day, won't we?'

'Oh please. When I come to England I'll be sixteen and I'll be on the pill and if you still want me, I'll be yours. That's if you haven't forgotten me by then.'

'I'll never forget you. Now I'm going to go away just a little bit so that I can stay in control at least a bit.'

He climbed off her body and they rearranged themselves side by side, and although they did a lot of kissing, they made sure they didn't get to the same level of arousal as before. Before too long her parents returned, and soon after that they went to bed. Needless to say, as soon as they both got into their beds, they both started masturbating, Alan into a tissue, Chantal just rubbing her clitoris till she came to a not very satisfactory orgasm. They both knew how close they had come to making love and wished that they had, while knowing that they had done the right thing.

For the few days that were left they took every possibility of kissing and cuddling, but without letting it go very far. Soon the day came for him to leave, and, early in the morning Alan was awakened by Chantal coming into his room and kissing him awake. She had turned on the light and he was aware of her flushed face and dishevelled hair as she sat on his bed in her dressing gown.

'It's not time to get up yet, is it?'

'Not quite, but I wanted to say goodbye to you very privately. I want to show you the present I'll give you when I see you in the Autumn.'

'I love presents, what's this going to be...oh, I see. That's one hell of a present!'

Alan's eyes were opened wide as he stared at Chantal. She had undone her dressing gown and shrugged it off her shoulders so that it slid slowly to the floor, leaving her standing totally naked. He sat stock still in the bed taking in the beauty of her young body. His eyes slid down across her shoulders to her small breasts, firm and proud, the white skin surmounted by pale pink aureoles centred with darker pink nipples which were quiescent and soft. He reluctantly looked away down to her flat tummy with its neat navel, to her slim hips framing her lower belly above her mons, a small mound of flesh surmounted by a triangle of dark hair, through which he could just glimpse the crease of her outer lips. On down the length of two long, slim legs to her pretty little feet. After he had gazed at her for some time, she slowly turned around and he was presented with the view of a long back above two smallish round buttocks.

He was totally entranced by her beauty. He had only ever seen the one naked girl, his sister, who, being older, had broadened out to a more womanly form, whereas this was a body that was in transition from being a little girl to a young woman. Her skin seemed to glow in the soft lighting, and he could just see the faintest remains of her summer tan where the bikini hadn't covered it.

He got out of bed and stood in front of her. He was only wearing boxer shorts, and he pushed these down and stepped out of them, facing her as naked as she was. She, in her turn, was admiring his body. He was a well built young man, well muscled and in excellent physical condition, the product of a good diet and plenty of fresh air and exercise. Her eyes were drawn down across his chest, which had a sprinkling of hair, down to the dark mass of hair over his belly and to the penis hanging above his scrotum. Despite the sight of her body, he was still hanging nearly limp, so he wasn't particularly impressive. She had never seen a naked man in real life, so she had no idea if he was big or small, but she realised that he would probably grow when he was aroused, and she remembered the feel of him against her when they were embracing on the settee.

Alan stepped forward and held out his arms to her. She slowly moved forwards, and he felt the touch of her warm flesh, first the firm breasts, then on down the length of her body until she was touching him from her toes to her lips, which she offered up for his kiss. They folded their arms around each other and stood quite still, savouring this first contact of their naked bodies. Then their lips opened and they were locked in a passionate kiss as their tongues savoured each other. His hands were roaming across her back, up and down till one hand cupped the firm young flesh of her arse, and he squeezed it as he drew her even tighter to him. His penis was now awakening, and, as it hardened, it tried to rise but was trapped downwards. She felt the pressure against her thigh

and parted her legs so that it could find its way into the space and was pressed hard against her pussy lips. She moved against him and her outer lips parted, and the length of his throbbing tool was held against her clitoris and her inner lips.

They stayed like that for what seemed like eternity, then they both released their hold and stood back a little from each other. She looked down at his penis, which had sprung upwards as soon as they parted, and was now visibly pulsing and with a drip of pre-cum on the end. She was amazed at the size of him, and how much it had grown from its previous soft state.

'It's big, isn't it? Is it a normal size.'

Alan laughed. 'Well, I've only seen other boys when they are limp in the shower, but I think it's about normal.'

'Oh, then I guess that's all right.'

She tentatively put out her hand and her fingers gently stroked the length, from the root down to the silky foreskin, then she folded her fingers round the shaft, and felt it pulsing under her touch, before she released him.

'I want it in me, do I have to wait till I come to visit you.'

'You can't want it more than I do, but I think you'd better go away, or it won't be right for either of us. I rather think I love you, and I want our loving to be long and slow.'

'And I love you.'

Her lips brushed his, then she grabbed her robe and disappeared, leaving him with the image of her long back and legs and her round cheeks moving deliciously as she went. As she left he remembered his affair with his sister. That time he had turned down the chance of making love to her and wouldn't have another chance. (Well, probably, but you never know!) He knew he had done the right thing then from a moral standpoint. This time he was sure that he was just delaying the moment when he could take his first lover.

He said his goodbyes to the family, and being invited to return for a visit any time he wanted. Then he went off to join the rest of the school party for the return to England, with just a quick parting kiss for Chantal, not to mention all of the other girls who had been in the exchange group, and by the evening he was back home with his parents.

The next day being a Saturday, he went to visit Jan to see how "his" garden looked. When she came to the door to meet him, without thinking, he kissed her on both cheeks. She grinned at him.

'So you've gone native, then.'

'Pardon?'

'The kiss. Two months in France and you're into their funny little ways already.'

'Oh Lord, I'm sorry Jan. I found it a bit odd at first, but it just became automatic. I promise not to do it again.'

'Au contraire, mon ami. I've always found it rather a charming custom and I'll expect the same treatment as if I were French. I should have warned you that that would happen, I bet it was a bit of a surprise for you.'

'It was a bit, but I soon got used to it. Kissing all those girls wasn't too unpleasant, though shaking hands with all the boys every day was a bit of a bore. Anyway, I'm quite happy to keep in practice

for my next visit.'

He spent the day working in the garden with Jan, and he gave her a blow by blow account of the visit. She already knew that he had been boarded with a girl instead of a boy, and she quizzed him about Chantal.

'I suppose you're madly in love with her. Oh dear, by the look of your face I shouldn't have said that, should I. And it's none of my business, anyway.'

'It's OK. I seem to have fallen rather badly, and I've no idea if it's real or not. I'm hoping I'll have got it straight in my head before I see her again. I think it must be serious, because I could have...you know, done it with her if I wanted to, but I was afraid it would spoil things, so I didn't. Do you think that proves anything?'

'I guess it proves that you are a decent young man, and I hope it turns out well for you. The first time you fall for someone is very special. I remember....no, that's enough of that. I'm not the right person to give you any advice, but I'll just say do what your heart tells you. I think you'll know well enough with any girl whether it's love or lust – or both. Now I'll shut up, but if you ever want to talk about it, I'll listen.'

Alan spent all his spare time in Jan's garden. She had paid to have a small greenhouse built and Alan was able to try his hand at raising bedding plants from seed instead of buying them from the Garden Centre. As he was still looking after his Mother's garden, his time was very fully taken, not to mention his school work.

He was now in the habit of kissing Jan when he arrived and left her house,. He didn't realise just how much it meant to this woman who had had virtually no physical contact with a man since her university days, when she had had a short lived relationship with a fellow student, which she broke off when he rather forcefully tried to put his hand up her skirt. One evening, as he was leaving, he kissed her on each cheek as normal, when she remarked that in some parts of France they kissed three times and in others even four. Alan said 'Oh, in that case' and leaned forward to kiss her cheeks again. However, she wasn't expecting this, and did not turn her head. As a result, instead of kissing her cheek, he landed firmly on her lips. He was totally embarrassed.

'Oh Jan, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do that, it was just that I expected you to turn your head, and you didn't, I mean...'

'Don't apologise when you kiss me. It was very pleasant, and you can do it any time.'

Just to show she meant it, she leaned forward and kissed him again on the lips, just a light touch. He grinned at her and said his goodbyes and walked home. As he walked, he remembered the touch of her lips. If he'd have thought about it he would have expected it to be like kissing his Mother, who was about the same age as Jan. After all, to him she was quite old, and it was a surprise to him that her lips were so soft and warm and slightly moist, and, although not in the slightest way erotic, it was a pleasant sensation and one he'd be quite happy to repeat, if that was what she wanted. What he would never have guessed was that those brief contacts had been like an electric shock to Jan. A warm glow had spread through her body, and she felt a completely novel sensation of moistness between her legs, and she had slid her hand into her knickers and felt an unaccustomed damp patch between her pussy lips. She had never masturbated, as she had been told as a child that it was dirty to touch herself "down there", but in bed that night she found it difficult to keep her hands away, and it was a long time before she could go to sleep.

After that, whenever they met or parted when they were alone together, they kissed on the lips. For Alan it was always a pleasant but unarousing experience, while for her it was something she looked forward to, as it stirred up latent feelings inside her that she had not imagined. She managed not to display any particular emotion to him, but, when she was alone, she began to have fantasies and dreams involving vague images of what she guessed sex must be like.

One night Jan had been invited to dine with Alan's parents. Over dinner Jim's job came up in the conversation. He explained that he had been offered a six month posting to America, where he would be based in California to aid in the installation of equipment that his company had sold, but he wasn't sure whether he should accept.

'Why ever not?' asked Jan. 'It sounds like the chance to really do something a bit different.'

'You tell him.' said Anne 'He won't go because I can't go. At least, I could go and the company would pay for me, but I obviously can't do that.'

'Why not. Six months' sun and no work would do you a power of good.'

'Well, I can't just go and leave Alan on his own, and then there's this French girl who'll be coming to stay later on. And what about the house? No, it's just not on.'

'Right, first thing, Alan can come and stay with me. Next thing, when Chantal comes, she can stay with me. I've got bags of room as you well know. As for your house, your neighbours will keep an eye out and Alan can drop in every day if necessary to make it look lived in. OK, when do you leave?'

'Oh Jan, I couldn't impose on you like that.'

'Impose nothing. I'll have a live-in gardener, what more could I ask? That's assuming that he doesn't mind putting up with me for six months.'

Alan said it was fine by him, and when all three of them set about convincing Anne she finally gave in, and it was agreed that Alan should move in with Jan a couple of days before his parents left. In due course he packed clothes and his immediate requirements and got installed in the big bedroom that Jan had allocated to him. Like the two other principal bedrooms it had an ensuite bathroom with big walk in shower, so he would have no need to share with Jan. The room was nicely furnished with a double bed, which he told Jan was a lot bigger than he was used to.

After his parents left, he soon settled into a routine with Jan. They were very comfortable in each other's presence, and, after a few days it felt just like home. His life was very full, with school work in a major exam year taking up a good deal of his time. He also took part in school sporting events, playing both cricket and tennis for his house teams. Added to this were his efforts in Jan's garden, plus maintaining his parents' garden and checking out regularly on the house.

When she was not otherwise engaged Jan would help him in the garden, acting as his assistant. One day they were busy doing the Spring planting, and by the time they finished in early evening they were both tired and dirty.

'Let's go and shower, then I'll make some sandwiches and we can have a glass of wine to go with it while we watch the telly – there's a programme I'd like to see, if you can stand it. When Alan came down after his shower he found that Jan was already in the kitchen, dressed in a towelling bathrobe, and making the sandwiches. They sat together as they watched the TV, which was a film about a middle aged woman who got sexually involved with the young apprentice working for builders doing work on her house, and showed fairly graphic shots of them making love. When the film ended, Alan turned to Jan and was amazed to see tears in her eyes.

'What's the matter, Jan?'

'Nothing.'

'Looks to me as though you are crying. Perhaps I should kiss it better.'



He leaned towards her and placed his lips gently on hers. Somehow, this felt different from previous kisses, and he was in no hurry to stop. Their lips pressed closer together, and he placed his hand behind her head and drew her closer. He felt her lips part a little, and he touched them with the tip of his tongue, then he slipped inside her mouth and over her teeth and his tongue played with hers. The kiss lasted for a long time, till at last they parted.

'Alan, come to bed with me, please. Oh please, I want you so badly, it's been coming for weeks and now I'm begging you, please make love to me. At last I've found someone I want to give my body to, you won't refuse me, will you. I think I'll die if you do. I'm grovelling and I don't care, just please, darling Alan.....'

He stopped her flow of words by kissing her gently. He was startled by her pleas. He had never thought of her as a woman who might have sexual desires, and certainly not that she might want him. After all, she was, well, old, and he was only a boy really, but when he had kissed her, it had suddenly made him realise why she had sometimes made body contact with him for no particular reason, and that the feel of her lips and her body was by no means unpleasant. So, could he really have sex with her? Well, why not? Then he briefly remembered Chantal, and the promises he had made to her – well, he hadn't really promised anything, just implied that he'd be faithful. And this was a real live woman who was begging him to make love to her, and it would be rude to refuse, wouldn't it?

He stood and, taking her hands, drew her to her feet. She turned and led him upstairs and into her room. She stood with her back to him, and undid her robe and pushed it back off her shoulders. It slid slowly to the floor, and revealed her naked body to his amazed eyes. Her shoulders were wide, and her back flowed in to a surprisingly narrow waist, then out to her broad hips, enclosing her arse. She was a big woman, tall and well muscled, and she had the classic "pear drop" figure, and her arse cheeks were rounded, full and firm. Her legs were long, with slim ankles and calves surmounted by shapely thighs. As he watched, she bent over to take off her shoes, and he had a brief glimpse of her outer lips and the puckered anus before she stood up and turned round.

What he saw was a total shock to him. There were several reasons why she had had no feminine attraction for him, the main one being that she always dressed in such a manner that she gave out no femininity. His Mother had once remarked that she had "all the dress sense of Worzel Gummidge", the television scarecrow. Her clothes were usually ill matched and never close fitting, with never a hint of what might lay underneath, so, if he had ever thought about it, Alan would have probably guessed that she would be a bit podgy, not to mention saggy. Her rear view had been a pleasant surprise, but the front view he found simply amazing.

His eyes were immediately attracted to her breasts. They were large and just a little pendulous, and were tipped by large pale brown aureoles, slightly raised, and surmounted by nipples of a darker hue. The whole effect was of a beautifully rounded area, which was crying out to be caressed. He dragged his gaze downward to her belly, broad and just a little rounded between the luscious flesh of her hips, and curving down inwards at its lower part, then curving outwards to her pubic mound. Then he took in the dark triangle of curly hair, pointing down to the junction of her legs and disappearing between them, hiding the delights beneath. Her legs in the front view were as agreeable as from behind, long and shapely with firm thighs.

Her skin was a pale white, and only her arms and face showed any sign of ever having seen the sun. Nevertheless, her skin tone was superb, and practically glowed with a soft sheen. Although her pubic hair was quite dark, she had virtually no visible body hair, and she had never had cause to shave her legs, and only her armpits were hairy, but not excessively so.

The effect on Alan was quite overwhelming, and he just stood still gazing at her.

'You look shocked. Do I look that bad?' she asked, with a wry smile on her face. 'What did you expect, a big bag of wrinkles? I'm only 47, not 87.'

'I'm sorry. I'm just a bit overwhelmed. I'd never thought about you having a body – not like that, I mean, not sort of physically – I suppose I mean sexually. I've only seen a couple of young girls naked, and the tit pictures in the red top papers are always of young women. It's a total surprise to find out how beautiful you are, and desirable.'

'Thank you, kind sir. Just as well you find me desirable, considering what I hope we're going to do together. And, by the way, you must tell me about these two young girls you've been looking at. Now, may I see what you have to offer, please?'

Alan was wearing pyjamas, and he kicked off his shoes, pulled the top over his head and then quickly pushed down the shorts and was naked before her. She looked at him, the first man she had seen naked, and liked what she saw. His fit young body she had seen wearing just brief shorts, as he worked in the garden, but now she saw his hairy pubis and his penis, hanging limply over his scrotum. She knew that it would be more impressive when it was erect, but she had no idea as to how much it would grow.

He moved towards her slowly till her breasts were brushing his chest, then his arms folded around her and drew her gently towards him so that each felt the other's warmth and soft skin.

'I've never done this before.' he said. 'You'll have to guide me, tell me what to do.'

'Oh, when you said you had seen two naked girls, I thought that you had...done it. I'm not going to be much help, because I haven't done it either.'

He was astounded. 'You mean that you're a.....a...'

'A virgin is what I think you're trying to say. A rather elderly virgin.'

'But how can that be when you are your age.'

'Quite easily – I've never met anyone I really wanted to do it with – till now. So, let's not talk about it, let's work out how it's done between us. It can't be that hard, lots of stupid people do it.'

He started laughing, and she joined in, and their bodies were shaking together. Then suddenly the laughing stopped, as Alan's lips found hers. Their lips were parted, and his tongue searched out the warm recesses of her mouth, and all the experience of kissing his sister came into play, as he held her head close and they enjoyed the exchange of tongues and teeth and the taste of each other's saliva. His hand slid down her back, and he drew her close to him.

She soon became aware of an intrusion against her pubis as his penis became engorged with blood and tried to rise against the obstruction. She pushed him away from her so that she could look down and see what had happened to him. As soon as their bodies separated, his erection stood up and she saw it standing half hard, much bigger than the limp thing she had seen earlier, and she wondered if most men were this big. In fact, he wasn't huge, just a little on the large side of average, but to a woman having her first sexual experience, it looked pretty impressive.

'That's lovely – may I touch it?'

'Feel free.'

She stroked a finger along the length of his penis, then she cautiously enclosed the shaft in her hand. As she did so, the blood pulsed in him and he swelled beneath her touch, till it was at its proud maximum, and she felt it jerking against her enclosing fingers. She let go and admired the weapon with which he would take her virginity, and she felt a little worried as to how easily it would enter her body. Then she began to stroke the soft foreskin, and saw that it moved and was withdrawing a little. She gently held it between her forefinger and thumb and slowly pushed it backwards, and, as she did so, saw the tip of his glans appear. She wasn't sure what to do, and

she looked up at his face. He just murmured "Don't stop", and she pushed further till his glistening helmet was fully uncovered. She saw the slit of his urethra and a small bead of white fluid emerging.

'Is that urine, or what?' she asked.

'No, it's a drop of seminal fluid, to be technical. It leaks when I get aroused, and I think it's a sort of lubricant to make...things slide easier.'

She released him, and he realised that she was trembling slightly, so he took her hand and led her across to the bed, where he encouraged her to lay down, and he lay beside her, resting on his elbow and looking down at her. He lowered his head till their lips were touching, and they shared a long, soft kiss. His arm was around her waist, but then he slid his hand upwards till he cupped her breast, which had flattened a little as she lay down, but was still a luscious handful. His fingers moved on the soft skin, till he came to her nipple, and as he gently stroked, he felt and saw the brown flesh pucker and stiffen as it grew under his questing fingers. He hadn't realised how much the nipple grew, though he thought later that it was pretty obvious that it would need to stick out for a baby to suckle. He squeezed the firm nubbin and rolled it between his fingers making her gasp, and he thought he had hurt her.

'I'm sorry Jan, I didn't mean to hurt you.'

'You didn't hurt me, just the opposite. It was just a surprise, but a nice one. You can do that as much as you like, but just now would you mind just...just getting on with it. I'm a bit on tenterhooks, in fact I'm scared, and I think you'd better put me out of my misery, if you don't mind.'

'If you're sure you're ready'

'As ready as I'll ever be. I seem to have got a bit wet down below, and I guess that means something.'

Alan went to mount her, but her legs were firmly closed together. He placed his hand on her thigh and gently drew her legs apart. He saw the outline of her outer lips, with their furry covering, and as they parted slightly he glimpsed the rose pink delights within. He climbed over to lie between her legs, supporting his torso on his elbows, and as they both looked down he moved up to bring the tip of his penis in contact with her lips, and he gently pushed forwards, but he wasn't really in the right place, and he wasn't sure where he should be, so he did the sensible thing and asked for help.

'I'm sorry Jan, I'm not sure where I'm going – I think I need you to help guide me.'

Jan didn't reply, but slid her hand between her legs and, grasping his cock, she drew him forwards so that the tip of his cock was parting her inner lips. He needed no further help as he felt the warm moist lips starting to enclose him, and he pushed slowly up her birth canal, till he felt a slight obstruction as he hit what remained of her hymen, already well stretched by years of monthly insertions of tampons. He pushed a little harder, and suddenly the fragile skin tore and he passed further inside. The sensation of her warm flesh enfolding his eager member was an experience way higher than he had ever felt before, and, like so many millions of men, he found this first penetration something that he would never forget, and would never quite be repeated. When the remains of her hymen tore, Jan made a little squeal of pain. Alan was afraid of what he had done to her.

'What's the matter – did I hurt you?'

'You just took my virginity, and it was just a little pain as it went, but it's fine, and you feel wonderful inside me.'

Alan was relieved, as he had no real knowledge of what the hymen was, though he had heard about it as being the test of a virgin. As she seemed happy, he decided to move, and he slid back slowly, but misjudged it and pulled right out.

'Don't go away, I want your lovely thing inside me, put it back please.'

He was only too willing to oblige, and this time he found his way back in without her help. Again he slid slowly in, this time finding no resistance except for the tightness of her unused channel, till he was buried deep inside her and their pubis were firmly locked together, and she felt his penis pulsing in her vagina, and in turn she also contracted a little, holding him closely. He was still supported on his elbows, and as he drew back they both watched his shiny wet cock draw open her pussy lips, then turn them back in as he pushed in again. He began to move a little more quickly as the urgency built up inside him, and then he felt the build up of pressure in his balls as the fluid began to seek release. Now he was thrusting urgently, and soon – far too soon – he took the urgent release that his body was seeking as the first rush of fluid shot up the length of his cock and jetted into her waiting canal. Again and again he thrust, and she felt the hot spurts entering her body and the pulsing of his cock, till he was spent.

He didn't know quite what to do next. He hadn't been instructed in the etiquette of sexual congress, and he thought that it was all over, so he began to withdraw.

'Don't go away yet, I want to feel you for a bit longer, but you seem to be shrinking a bit.'

'That's what happens, I suppose.' he replied.

He was still leaning on his elbows, and he bent his head down to towards her breasts. He gently brushed her nipple with his lips, then enclosed it and drew it into his mouth, where he raked it with the tip of his tongue. He heard her make a quiet little noise of pleasure under her breath, and he realised he was doing just the right thing, so he sucked hard on her breast and drew the aureole into his mouth, where he licked her and softly bit on the firm mound. As he was pleasuring her breast, he felt a small spasm in her vagina, and the sensation there had an immediate effect as his penis began to harden.

'Oh Alan, what's happening? You seem to be growing again ..... that feels good. Does that mean you are ready to do it again?'

'Do what, Jan?'

'Do me, you idiot. Screw me, shag me oh for God's sake, fuck me!'

'Dear dear, what naughty words. I don't quite know what I can achieve, but if I move a bit, who knows what might happen'

He began to slide gently in and out of her well lubricated channel, and he felt her muscles clasp him as she became more and more aroused. Then she pulled his torso close to her so he could feel the pressure of her breasts. She spoke quietly into his ear.

'Don't be so gentle. I want to feel your weight crushing me, bounce on me, ram your cock hard into me, Shag me like an animal, take my breath away, forget that you are a nice young man, be rough with me till I scream for mercy.'

He needed no more telling. He dropped his full weight onto her, withdrew till he almost left the warm embrace of her vagina, then rammed deep into her. He put his arms round her so that he was holding a firm buttock in each hand, and pulled her up onto him. Her legs were parted wide and she lifted them high in the air, then brought her heels down to dig into his arse cheeks. He withdrew, then rammed again, and then again. They were so closely locked that he was having to slide up and down her rounded belly, and the sound of skin on skin was clear. Each time he thrust

his pubis slammed into hers, and her clitoris was taking a hammering so that she made a little squeal as she pushed back against him. His movements got faster and harder, and she was moaning louder and louder, and for a moment he wondered if she was really screaming for mercy but decided that it was pleasure, not pain. In any case, he couldn't have stopped no matter how loud she screamed, as he was feeling the pressure in his balls building up till suddenly all his senses were subordinate to the rush of fluid up his cock and deep into her vagina. He spasmed over and over again, and as he did so he felt her vaginal muscles contract hard on him as he unloaded his seed into her. She gave a loud scream, and her back arched so that her bottom was clear of the bed, and they were locked there for what seemed an age.

Then they both began to come down from their highs, and their grips on each other slackened, and they lay quietly. She was still holding him so that she was bearing his weight. No words had passed between them till now, and at last she broke the silence.

'To think I've waited nearly fifty years for that to happen, and every minute of those years was worth it. I never guessed that a man could do that to me, to wake up my body and make every nerve ending alive, If I never have sex again, I'll still have wonderful memory. Not that I'm planning not to have sex again, if you'll be so kind as to keep me supplied with orgasms for a little bit longer – and, by the way, that was my first orgasm.'

'I had no idea it would be that good. Your pussy is much more stimulating than my hand.'

'I can't guess what you mean by that, you'll have to explain some time. Have you noticed that we are disgustingly – no, delightfully – sweaty, and I hate to think what my lady parts are like. I don't want you to take your body away, but shall we go and have a shower together? Who knows what that might start.'

They reluctantly separated, and when he looked down at her pussy he saw the white fluid oozing out. He pulled her up, and they walked into the bathroom, where she immediately sat down on the toilet seat.

'Excuse me, I can't wait' she said, and he was fascinated to see through her parted thighs a stream of liquid emerging, and he heard the sound as it hit the water.

'Hurry up, I'm busting.'

She moved back on the seat, and opened her legs wide.

'I'm going to be some time, show me how good your aim is.'

He was amazed at what she was suggesting, but did as she suggested and moved nearer to her, took hold of his penis and aimed at the gap. As the golden stream poured out she put out her hand and, pushing his away, she grasped his penis and directed the stream deliberately onto her pubis, then up her body to her breasts. The urine was splashing everywhere. and her nipples hardened under the shower At last he stopped, and she shook him gently till the last drop fell. She sat still, looking up at his face, her body glistening from the liquid which was running down from her breasts and dripping onto her stomach, then down between her legs.

'I don't know what made me do that – I hope you aren't too disgusted. It just seemed the right thing to do, and it felt wonderful running all over me. God knows what's happening to me – from virgin to slut in one evening.'

'Search me, but I'll happily accept anything that's on offer. Now you really need a shower.'

The whole bathroom was a wet room, originally intended for easy access to a disabled person in a wheelchair, with the shower in one corner. He took her hands and drew her up from the toilet seat, and they crossed to the shower, which he turned on and waited till it ran hot. He drew her under

the stream and then took the flexible hose and began spraying her body. As the spray hit her breasts her nipples hardened again, and he gave them each a quick twist with his fingers. Then he sprayed down over her stomach and, with the jet at maximum, he pointed it at her pubis, then moved slowly down till finally he was holding it pointed up between her legs, which she parted to give him access. As the hot stream doused her pussy lips, she cried out with pleasure.

'All these years I've had a shower and I've never thought of doing that. It's magic, but stop it now and wash me, please.

Alan was delighted with the effect he was having on her. He found it hard to believe that this sedate, middle-aged woman had given her body to him, and was amazed that his sketchy knowledge of female arousal, which had been gleaned from a few porn magazines that had been passed around the school, plus a couple of videos that a friend had found in his Father's drawer, appeared to be more accurate than he could have hoped. He took a sponge and poured some shower gel onto it and began to wash her. First her shoulders and arms, then her generous breasts, around and over, giving her nipples a brush of his fingertips in passing, then down over her rounded belly and hips to the swell of her pubis, with its dark triangle of hair, now hanging limply over her crack. He briefly dealt with this area, then dropped on one knee and washed down one long leg, then back up the other. He turned her round and started at the top again, washing her shoulders and down her firm back and waist to her generous arse cheeks.

He gave the rounded flesh plenty of attention, then dropped the sponge and poured some gel into his hand and began to probe down the crack, moving up and down in tiny movements but always going a little lower with each move. At last he felt the texture of the soft skin change as his fingers began to brush her anus. He wasn't sure how she would react to this, but, as she made no complaint, he rubbed round and round the puckered orifice, putting on a little more pressure as he reached the centre. Now he pressed more firmly, and felt his fingertip begin to ease its way inwards. He heard her take in a sharp breath as even more pressure began to open the reluctant sphincter, and, quite suddenly, the resistance stopped and his finger slid into her anal canal, and was gripped by the firm, hot muscle. He wasn't too sure what to do next, but decided it was time to explore elsewhere, so he withdrew.

'Another surprise. I would have thought that anyone exploring my bottom would be disgusting, but it wasn't and I hope you'll do it again.'

'Sure, but just now I wanted to finish cleaning you up, and find out what other joys you've got hidden between your legs.'

'I thought you'd worked that out already – at least your cock seemed to find its way with no trouble.'

'That was just good guesswork, now I'd like to get a bit more scientific. In any case, you said it needed washing, so here goes.'

He dropped to his knees in front of her, and she lifted one foot and rested it on the shower seat, exposing herself fully to him. He saw her puffy outer lips, with their covering of hair, parted to show the pink flesh of her inner lips, and above that the hood covering her clitoris. He explored her gently with his fingertips, and, as he passed over the hood, he heard her gasp, so he caressed the loose skin gently and felt it fill as her precious love spot stiffened, then he saw the tip of the clitoris protrude a little. When he touched this, there was no doubt about her reaction as her body jerked at the sensation, so he squeezed it gently with his soapy fingers and she moaned "Oh yes, there, do that". He carried on rubbing the sensitive spot, and she dropped her hand on top of his and pushed his fingers firmly against it, and as he continued to rub, she suddenly collapsed forward against him as she was hit by an orgasm, her legs shaking with the impact of her nervous reaction.

By this time his prick was rampant again, and he needed to sample her body again. He remembered that, when she had bent down to take off her shoes, her vulva had been exposed to his gaze, and he wondered how practical it would be to take her from behind. He turned her round

and pushed her head down to make her bend.

'What are you doing? You aren't going to smack my bottom, I trust? Because that isn't the sort of game I want to play.'

He tapped her very gently on her buttock.

'No, this is the game I had in mind.'

Her outer lips were still swollen from her orgasm and slightly parted, and, as she bent, he could see her pink pussy lips protruding slightly. He guided the tip of his penis to the inner lips and pushed gently, watching the lips part to allow him access. He pushed harder, and felt his penis slide smoothly up the tight channel, till his pubis was pushed hard against her firm buttocks and he was deep inside her. He started to move, but she stopped him.

'Wait a moment, I need some support, or you'll push me over. Let me get to the seat.'

There was a folding seat mounted on the shower wall, intended for old people to sit on while they washed their feet and legs. She drew forward so that his cock pulled out, and she moved so that she was still bent over but holding the seat. He moved up behind her and again watched her pussy lips parting as he slid smoothly into her. Now he began a slow thrusting, sliding back till he could see the base of his glans emerging, then entering again to his full depth. He leaned forward over her and took hold of her breasts, which were hanging down so that he felt their full weight in his hands. As he moved, his fingers searched out her nipples which were hard under his touch. He gradually increased the tempo of his thrusts, and they heard the slapping of wet flesh on flesh as his thighs beat onto her rounded arse cheeks. He realised that she had put one hand between her legs, and he could feel that she was rapidly rubbing her clitoris. She was panting audibly and, as she neared her climax she was crying out with each thrust. At last the moment of release came, as his penis jerked under the spurts of fluid being shot into her vagina, and she gave a great cry as she, too, came to her orgasm. He stayed still for some time, then she began to stand up and his cock slid out of her passage, bringing with it a flow of white fluid.

'Well, that was a nice surprise, but you'd better wash that bit again, it seems to be rather oozing man juice.'

He laughed and took the shower head and directed the full stream between her legs and up onto her vulva. She parted her legs widely to allow the warm stream to douche her leaking vagina, and she giggled with pleasure.

'Do you know, I've never thought of doing that. It's giving me a cheap thrill.'

He finished hosing her, then they towelled each other dry. They walked towards the bedroom when she stopped.

'I could do with a drink after that, how about you?' He agreed, and she went on 'I'm going to do something I've never done in my life – I'm going to walk downstairs naked. Coming with me?'

They went down and sat together naked on the settee in the lounge, drinking a glass of red wine.

'I feel really decadent doing this. You've changed me completely, and I feel like a different woman. I can't decide whether to be annoyed that I've spent all these years as a virgin prude, or glad that I waited till you came along. Fancy me having a toy boy!'

'Well, I'm glad that I've made you happy. I never for a moment thought about sex with you, and, if I had, I'd never have guessed how good it could be. If it's never any better than this, I'll not complain.'

He moved along the settee towards her, and put his arm round her shoulders, and their naked bodies nestled together comfortably.

'Jan, there's something I need to ask you.'

'Well, don't be shy.'

'Actually, I am a bit. You see, I know we've already had a wonderful time together, but I'm not sure of how far to go with you.'

'Sorry, I don't understand. What do you mean by "how far"?''

'Oh, this sounds a bit silly, but I saw a couple of porno films at my friend's house, and there were couples doing all sorts of things that I would never have thought of, and I'm not sure whether they are the sort of thing that most couples do, or whether they were perversions.'

'Do tell me more – you've got me fascinated. Go on, what sort of things?'

'I wish I hadn't started this, it's a bit embarrassing.'

'You won't shock me, I don't suppose. Tell me anyway, I promise not to get all upset.'

'Well, for instance, the man was kissing the woman all over, especially .in between her legs. And she was kissing him down on his thing, and putting it in her mouth. And one time he put his thing into her...her bottom. Oh, they were doing all sorts of thing that seemed pretty disgusting. One film the woman was wearing plastic clothes with just her bits sticking out and he handcuffed her to the bed and...look, that's enough, I can't say any more about it and you must be pretty disgusted that I watched it.'

'I'm not a bit disgusted. I expect most men would watch porn given the chance – and a lot of women too. I never have, but that's only because it never came my way. Look, it's like this. I'm willing to try anything once – well, except sado-masochism, and I'm not that thrilled by the thought of plastic gear. If we don't enjoy something together, we just won't do it again, but if you are afraid that I'll be upset if you suggest something that you might think a bit too dirty, don't be. Now kiss me, please.'

Alan duly obliged, and their lips were soon locked together, their tongues exploring each others' mouths, nibbling at their lips and alternately crushing, sucking, licking, and tasting each other. Soon Alan's hand slipped down to Jan's breast, and he began to circle gently, feeling the weight of the firm globe, then letting his fingers approach nearer and nearer the firm centre. When he found her nipple he rubbed his finger to and fro across it, and felt it stiffen under his touch, then he began to squeeze it and tweak it as it grew larger and firmer. He released her lips, and began to kiss down her neck and onto her shoulders, then progressed till he mounted the swell of her breast. He stuck out his tongue and began licking around her aureole till he centred on her engorged nipple. He licked across the tip, feeling her body respond under his touch by her sharp intake of breath, then he drew the turgid flesh in between his lips and held her gently with his teeth, while his tongue raked across the tip.

As he assaulted first one breast, then the other, his hand began to roam across her belly, feeling the firm flesh under the soft skin of the slightly rounded surface. He moved to and fro, feeling the curve of her hips, then back to the centre as he moved slowly down towards her sex. He felt the top of the triangle of curly hair over the mound of her pubis, and moved down a little further, then he stopped.

'Jan, I don't really know your geography very well. Do you mind if I have a good look, and you can explain the tricky bits.'



'I think you are doing just fine, but you are welcome to look as much as you like – well, not just looking, feeling would be nice as well. By the way, why don't we go back to bed? It's more comfy there.'

'No, I like it here, it feels really degenerate, making love on the settee.'

'I'm glad you think we are making love, not just having sex. Anyway, if you like it here, we'll stay here.'

He disengaged from her and slid down onto his knees in front of her and pushed her knees apart. Now, for the first time in his young life, he could really look at a woman's most private place. He saw a pair of plump lips, covered with curly hair. They were slightly parted and he saw just the pink tips of her inner lips, and, above this a small triangular bulge of loose flesh. He pushed her legs gently wider, and the thin vagina lips were apparent, rising from the recess between her outer lips. As he looked a little closer, he became aware of a slight musky odour, which he found rather pleasant.

'Have you worked out what it's all for?'

'I get the general idea, but I'd like you to tell me.'

'Well, you can see my inner lips, and they part to let your lovely cock into my vagina. In front you need to look very closely and you'll see my urethra, that's where I pee. Then above that is the interesting part. You see that lump of loose flesh, and that's the sheath that covers my clitoris, which is the most sensitive part of a woman's body. If I rub my fingers over it, the clitoris grows and hardens and sort of peeps out from under the sheath, and it gives me a wonderful feeling. When I was little I was told not to touch it, and I still feel guilty if I do, but I still do it now and again. It's how a woman masturbates, and, according to what I have read, it's the equivalent of what you men do – or some of you, anyway, I wasn't accusing you.'

'I guess I'm one of "most men" I'm afraid. Something you might not know about men is that if we don't masturbate from time to time we get what are known as wet dreams, and we leak seminal fluid, which makes your pyjamas all sticky and you'd rather your Mum didn't find them.'

'So you do it from time to time.'

'That's most times – just to be certain, not because it's a nice feeling. That's my excuse, anyway.'

'Will you do it for me – I'd love to watch.'

'Yes, but not now. You're putting me off.'

'Sorry about that. Now, slide a finger into my vagina.'

Alan did as he was told, and found that her pussy was hot and slippery with her juices. He pushed deep till he could go no further, and could feel her pulsing, and felt her grip his finger gently.

'If you hook your finger round towards the front and slide to and fro you should find a patch of skin that feels different from the rest.'

He began sliding his finger to and fro and found the patch that she had spoken of, and felt the coarser texture of the skin. As he did so, her body twitched slightly and her vagina spasmed, gripping his finger more tightly.

'Oh God, that's good. You've just found what's known as my G spot, and it's amazingly sensitive. I've touched it myself sometimes, but it's completely different when you do it.'

'Do you think I could kiss you down there? Or would that be too disgusting?'

'You weren't paying attention, were you. I said I'm willing to try anything at least once. If you want to try some cunnilingus, feel free.'

'Is that what it's called?'

'Oh I know the name for it, even if I've never experienced it. By the way, the word is Latin, so obviously the dirty old Romans did it too.'

Alan didn't reply, but cautiously approached her vulva with his lips. As he neared her, he was more conscious of the musky smell of her aroused vagina, which he found exciting. His lips found her outer lips and he felt the hair covering the plump flesh. As he pressed in a little he came to her vagina lips, hotter and slippery with her juice, which he began to taste. He gently slid his tongue forward and parted her lips and entered a little way into the warm channel, and now he was getting the full flavour of the fluid which was flowing more strongly within. This new experience, which he had thought might be a bit nasty, he found more than a little enjoyable, and he pressed his head harder against her, and started probing firmly with his tongue, in and out and probing deep into her. He felt her hips lift towards him, and her hand was on the back of his head pressing him tight. Then she spoke.

'I think I've just gone to heaven. Please touch my clitoris and I'll know I'm there.'

He licked up her lips until his tongue found the bulge of her clitoral hood. He could feel the hardness within, and as he probed around he felt the little bud growing under his touch till it was protruding from its hood. He closed his lips around the area and drew the love bud into his mouth, where his tongue raked it as he sucked. The effect was amazing. Her legs clamped round his head and her back arched, thrusting her sex hard into his mouth, and he felt and tasted the rush of fluid as she exploded into orgasm. After a while she relaxed a little and released the head lock with which she was holding him.

The sensation of her body's reaction had an immediate effect on Alan, and he didn't hesitate. He got to his knees, pushed her torso back on the settee and plunged his rampant penis hard into her very wet vagina. She screamed at the sudden intrusion, so he quietened her with his lips, pressing his tongue deep into her warm mouth. He slid both hands around her and grasped a buttock in each hand, then began thrusting hard and fast. There was no subtlety about this mating, he just fucked her as hard as he could. It didn't take many strokes of his rigid member before he felt the rush of fluid from his balls, and he jetted it deep into her welcoming flesh. His lips were still on hers, but he softened the pressure and then released her. As he had filled her with his juice, she had had a second orgasm, and she lay under him, gasping and unable to speak for a while. At last she managed to get some words out.

'Oh Alan..... Oh my God, what have you done to me. First you make love to me, then you ravage me, and I don't know which I like best. I thought I was going to explode just now, and every nerve was on fire. And to think that I was a virgin only a few hours ago.'

'I'm sorry if I was a bit rough, when you came on my mouth, it was too much for me, I was a bit of an animal. Did I hurt you?'

'Well, my arse is a bit tender where you grabbed it, and my pussy can still feel that you've been there, but it's the best hurt I could imagine. The only problem is that I'm a bit twisted on this settee, why don't we go to bed? ' Oh Lord, I can feel your juice running down my leg, this sex is a bit messier than I imagined.'

'Wait a moment, I'll clean you up.'

He dropped to his knees and pushed her legs wide apart so that her pink vagina lips were gaping

and the creamy juice was running out. He leant forwards and quickly began to lick the salty juice, getting the taste of their two secretions mixed together. He quickly wiped from back to front, pushing his tongue deep into her pussy to mop up the last drops.'

'No Alan, no more, please. It's lovely and you'll get me started again, but I don't think I could manage to do it again tonight, it's too much for me.'

He reluctantly withdrew, then pulled her to her feet and held her warm, naked body close to his. He kissed her gently, then they went up to her bed. He had thought that he might try again, but when they lay down together under the bed clothes, their bodies intertwined, he fell asleep, like a the young animal that he was. She listened to his soft breathing, then she disentangled herself, turned over and was soon asleep as well.

Next morning he awoke to find her leaning on one elbow and smiling at him.

'Good morning, my toy boy, my lover. Did you sleep well?'

'I heard a joke that the sleep of the just is not half as deep as the sleep of the just after. That was just after, and I slept like a log. I hope I didn't snore.'

'Not that I heard. I've been looking at you for a few minutes, and I've had a lovely idea. Well, I think it might be lovely, I'm not sure what you'll think of it.'

'Try me.'

'That's just what the idea was.'

He was baffled by this remark. 'Sorry, what do you mean.'

'I'd like to try what you taste like.'

'Oh, I see – I think. Shall we go and have a shower first?'

'No, I'll taste you just as you are, if you don't mind.'

She leaned over and kissed him, and their lips and tongues mingled for a while, then she began kissing his neck and down to his chest. She pushed down the bed clothes and began sucking one of his nipples, which he found surprisingly arousing, but she soon pushed the bedding right down so that his genitals were uncovered. His cock was flopped over to one side, and she took it gently into her hand. Then she kissed all the way down across his stomach, pausing only to thrust her tongue into his navel. Then she arrived at the root of his penis, and her tongue timidly touched his skin, finding also that it was part covered with his curly pubic hair. She released his cock with her hand, and stroked further along the length with her tongue. As she did so she could see and feel him stirring under her touch as the blood coursed into his turgid flesh.

She tongued nearer towards the tip, and tasted and smelt the slightly stale smell of the mix of his and her secretions from the previous night. Then she reached his tip, and she slowly slid her lips over the head and, as she enclosed him, she could feel the swelling of his now fully aroused cock. As she pushed her lips forwards she realised that his foreskin was moving with her and she felt his exposed glans intruding into her mouth. She drew back and looked at the glistening flesh, and her tongue searched him out. She held him still with her hand and began raking him with her tongue. As her hand pulled back, she saw the moist slit of his urethra opening slightly, and she pressed the tip of her tongue into the gap, which caused him to jump with surprise and his cock to jerk upwards. She drew back again and, as she looked, she saw a bead of liquid appear at the orifice.

She licked the drop off, finding the taste slightly salty but not unpleasant. Once again she took him deep into her mouth and began to move slowly back and forth, all the time swirling her tongue over

the sensitive glans. He moaned quietly as he felt his passion arising, and she, sensing his urgency, began to move quicker. He knew he was reaching the point of no return, and knew he should warn her.

'I'm going to come any moment.'

He expected her to withdraw, but she continued, her tongue and her lips inflaming him. Then she felt the sudden expansion in the channel in his cock and a great surge of fluid hitting the back of her throat. She gagged a little, but swallowed rapidly as his flesh jerked in her mouth time and again, delivering the hot liquid and filling her mouth, so that she sensed it was forcing its way past her lips and onto her chin. She held him as his spurts slowed and finally stopped, then she released him. She watched as his cock subsided slowly, then she leaned forward again and licked him clean. At last she released him and moved up the bed to him. She leaned over him and kissed him, and, as she did so, she released a mouthful of his come into his mouth, and stirred it around with her tongue, so they could both share the taste. Finally she drew back and gave him a beaming smile.

'Well, that was fun, wasn't it.'

'It certainly was from my end, but I never guessed you'd take me in your mouth like that. You looked lovely with your mouth holding me like that, and now I know that there are two sets of lips that can work wonders.'

'That only leaves one place, doesn't it.'

'What other place? You don't mean...?'

'What don't I mean?'

'Your...your bottom.'

'You wouldn't be the first man to sodomise a woman. But perhaps that had better wait for another time. Perhaps when we get bored with what we've been doing.'

'I can't imagine I'll ever get bored with that.'

'Anyway, it's time we got up.'

They showered separately, then dressed and went down, where Jan made breakfast. Suddenly, despite all that had gone on between them, they were awkward with each other. They had gone from being lovers to just an older woman with a boy, and they didn't quite know how to make the transition. They ate together in near silence, then Alan said he was going to tidy up some of the flower beds, and went out into the garden. After a while, she came and joined him, kneeling to pull some weeds out. She was quite close to him, and the shape of her big rounded arse was clearly visible through the thin cotton dress she was wearing, and he could see the line made by the seams of her knicker legs. He remembered how it had felt under his hands last night, and placed a hand tentatively on a firm buttock. She said nothing, but stayed where she was, and he began to stroke and squeeze the luscious globes.

He visualised how she had looked when he took her from behind in the shower, and quickly pulled her skirt up and her knickers down. Once again, he was looking at her parted buttocks showing her brown puckered anus and, below that, her plump vulva. He pulled down his shorts, and his penis leapt to attention as it was released. He didn't hesitate, but crouched behind her and pushed forward, holding his member to aim for her vagina lips, and, as soon as he was engaged, he pushed forward and plunged deep into the hot slippery depths. She grunted as he filled her depths, and then he moved onto his knees and began thrusting forward and back. His arms were around her, and he grabbed her full breasts, feeling the weight of her as they hung in the thin blouse she

was wearing, and he realised she was not wearing a bra. He wasn't particularly gentle, digging his fingers into the soft flesh and pinching her nipples, which he felt growing hard under his probing fingers. Then he released her breast with one hand, which he then pushed down between her legs, His fingers sliding through the pubic hair end finding the top of her slit, then pushing further till he reached the hood of her clitoris. He began to move his finger tip rapidly to and fro and she cried out as the little bud hardened and grew.

Now he felt his own climax coming, and he grabbed her hips with both hands and rammed in and out of her till he sensed the flow of fluid starting, and he held her firm and thrust short strokes six or seven times as he flooded her vagina with his sperms. They stayed locked together for some time, till his penis softened and he withdrew, looking down and seeing her still parted lips with a trickle of white fluid oozing out. Now it was done, he was horrified at his animal behaviour, and was terrified that she would react badly, instead of which she just looked over her shoulder at him, with a smile on her face.

'Have you finished yet? Because this isn't ever so comfy, I've got a stone sticking into my knee.'

He leant down and offered her his hands to pull her to her feet, when he took her into his arms and kissed her.

'I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. I saw your lovely arse and I just couldn't resist.'

'You don't need to resist making love to me – ever. I was a bit scared that you would be disgusted at what happened last night when you saw the cold light of day.'

'It was just the best thing that's ever happened to me. I think I'm madly in love with you.'

'Well, I'll settle for you being in love with my body for a few weeks. I've got a lot of years to make up, and I hope you won't get bored with sex with me.'

'I can't visualize I'll ever get bored with making love to you.'

'Well, let's see. Your French girl friend will be here in a few months, and I'll be grateful if we last that long. Now, if you don't mind, I'll pull my knickers up. I can feel your goo running down my leg, but if we go in and shower, we'll never get this garden sorted. It's a novel feeling for me, having a vagina that's all squishy as I move, so I'll just enjoy that for a bit'

That was just the beginning of several months of pure joy for both of them. They made love at every opportunity, especially enjoying stripping nude and doing it in every room in the house, not to mention in the garden, on sunny days and moonlight nights. On one occasion they did it in a rainstorm, getting covered in mud in the process, but they decided that that was a bit too cold to be really enjoyable.

One thing that he did find difficult was telling Chantal what had happened. He had talked about it with Jan, and she refused to advise him one way or the other. She pointed out that she had an interest in him falling out with his French girlfriend, as that would keep him close to her, so she told him he had to make a moral judgement. If he wanted to not tell her, she, Jan, would be totally discreet while Chantal was staying with her, so that took that risk out of the equation.

After a very short time he decided that Chantal must be told, so he phoned her and explained what had happened. She hung up on him, and he assumed that his French love affair was over. However, the next day she phoned him, and said that she had been awake all night thinking about it and had finally talked about it to her aunt, in whom she always confided any problems She had pointed out that it was traditional for French young men to be introduced to sex by an older woman, and she should be glad that he hadn't gone to a prostitute. After that, she decided that she still wanted to be come to England.

'I promised we would be lovers when I'm sixteen, and I'll be sixteen when I come, so if you don't mind introducing a young virgin to all the sexual skills that Jan has taught you, I'll be more than happy to be instructed.'

So that set his mind at rest, and made his lovemaking to Jan even more enjoyable.

It had been arranged for Chantal to come to England a few days before the rest of the school party, and she would be coming into London on the Eurostar train. However, just before this was due to happen, Alan's uncle died, and, because his parents were abroad Alan was asked to attend the funeral, though he hardly knew the deceased. Unfortunately, the funeral was on the same day as Chantal was due to arrive. The intention had been for Alan to meet Chantal at St Pancras station, but, as he would be in the North of England at the funeral, Jan went to meet her instead.

As both of them knew that Alan was Jan's lover, they were both a little nervous as to how the meeting would go. They need not have worried. The two of them hit it off straight away, and, by the time they got back to the house, they were chattering away as though they had known each other for years. When they arrived Jan showed Chantal to the bedrooms. One contained a single bed, the other had a much larger bed and was obviously Alan's room, and Jan posed a question that took Chantal entirely by surprise.

'Which room would you prefer to sleep in? The spare room or Alan's room?'

'But Alan sleeps with you, doesn't he? I mean...you are ...lovers, aren't you. And surely you want him to sleep with you, that's natural.'

'Look, Chantal. Alan and I have a loving relationship and we have great sex together, but we aren't lovers in the way you mean. I've always known that it couldn't be permanent. I knew it when I asked him to make love to me for the first time, and I've never had any doubt that it could only last until Alan found someone his own age. Now he's found you, and I hope that it's something very special for you both. So, do you want to sleep with him? You might be at risk of losing your virginity, but I guess that won't bother you too much.'

'Oh Jan, you are so generous. Please, I'd like to share his bed, and all that goes with it. But also I will be very happy to share him with you, at least while I'm back in France.'

Jan took the French girl into her arms and they held each other close for some time. Then Jan slackened her hold, but kissed her softly on her lips. Both were surprised by how good the contact between their bodies and their lips felt, and as they parted it was with some reluctance.

'Chantal, you're very sweet, and, if it's what he wants, I'll be very glad to keep him in practice for you! So, you'll sleep in his bed. He should be back soon, and I have no doubt that he'll thoroughly approve of your choice.'

Just then the telephone rang, and Jan went to answer it. It was Alan, and after a short chat, she rang off and told Chantal what had happened.

'There's been a major train failure and he is stuck. It looks as though it will be some hours before it's sorted out, and he may not get back till the morning.'

'Oh well, as long as he is all right, I'll just have to wait. I'm very tired, with the travelling and I had to get up very early. Would you mind if I go to bed.'

'Of course not, it's better if you are well rested and full of energy when he gets back.'

Soon after she had gone to bed, happy to know that it was Alan's, the phone rang. It was Alan again to say that he would be home in a couple of hours and that he was getting a lift. It was about an hour and a half later that he arrived.

'What an evening. The train broke down just outside a small station. The guard told us that it would be some time before they could hope to get the thing fixed, as they'd have to send in a diesel loco to tow us clear, and then they'd arrange for a bus to take us on. There were only two of us in the compartment, and the other chap said that he had no intention of waiting. He got on his mobile and found the number of a taxi service near to the station where we were stopped. He ordered a cab to meet him at the station. We had been talking earlier, so he knew that his home is not far from here, and he offered to take me with him. I said I couldn't really afford a long cab ride, but he said that he would pay and then claim the money back from the train company. We went and found the guard, and he said we couldn't leave the train where we were, but my new friend just said "Try and stop us" and led the way to the nearest door, which was in the guard's space and had manually operated release. We climbed down on to the track, walked alongside the line back to the station, and the cab arrived a few minutes later. So, here I am.'

'Sounds like quite an evening. By the way, since you forgot to ask, Chantal's gone to bed.'

'Well, you told me that she is here, and I guessed she would have gone when she knew I wasn't likely to be back tonight. Anyway, another bit of news. The man who gave me the list - Tom Wilson is his name, by the way - runs an import export business, and he has had trouble with his translation service, so I gave him your card, and he'll probably be in touch.'

'That could be useful, we're a bit short of work. I've been spending too much time playing interesting games with the gardener, and not enough to work. Still, you're going to be otherwise occupied for a few weeks, so perhaps I'll be able to concentrate better.'

'Hey, you're not going to blame me for you going bankrupt, are you?'

'Oh, it's not as bad as that, and, anyway, if it was it would be worth it for the pleasure you've given me.'

Alan took her in his arms and gave her a long loving kiss. As he held her, he murmured into her ear.

'You're just amazing. You realise that I love you, don't you.'

'Yes, but you'll never be *in* love with me. But I'll be happy just to be your mistress for a little while. Now, go to bed, and I'm sad that it will be to your bed, and not mine. Oh, by the way, I have to go to see a client in the morning, and I doubt I'll be back before mid afternoon, but I guess that that won't worry you!'

Alan went upstairs and walked into his room. The bedside light was casting a gentle glow onto the bed, and he was delighted to see a mass of wavy auburn hair framing Chantal's lovely face on the pillow. She was fast asleep, and he decided to try not to wake her. He quickly undressed except for his boxers, and carefully slipped into bed beside her. She stirred, opened her eyes and said hello, then turned over and went straight back to sleep. Her back was towards him, so he stretched out behind her and moved carefully towards her, till he was just touching her, then he slid his arm around her, and found that, at least her upper body was naked. He cautiously touched her bottom, and found that he was touching her bare skin there as well. He felt his penis starting to swell, and was tempted to start exploring, but thought better of it, withdrew his arm and turned over. He had wondered how prepared she would be to make love with him, now he had no doubts, and he happily went to sleep.

In the morning he was having a dream that involved being out in a gale, but then he woke to realise that Chantal was propped on one elbow, gently blowing on his face.

'Hello sleepy. Are you awake enough to be kissed?'

'I'm always ready for your kisses. It's been a long time.'

She leaned forward and her lips were soft and warm against his. She gently nibbled at him, and just touched him with her tongue, and he slid his hand behind her head and drew her firmly against him, and their tongues began to explore more urgently. He knew that this was just the start of what would be passionate lovemaking, but then he realised that he had a problem.

'I'm sorry darling, but I have to go and pee, before I have a disaster.'

'I'll come with you. I've never watched a man peeing.'

He was a bit startled at this reply, but he got out of bed, and, as he did so she pushed back the bedclothes to follow him. She was gloriously naked, and he was sorely tempted to grab her, but his need was too great and he led the way into the bathroom. His boxers were hugely tented and he pushed them down, hitching them over his very erect cock, which he took in hand and pointed at the lavatory basin. Chantal was perched on the side of the bath, and she watched with fascination as the pale yellow stream began to splash into the water.

'That's the first time I've seen a grown up penis properly – I didn't really take it in when I touched you in my bedroom. Does it always stick out like that when you need a pee? And then go a bit limp when you do it?'

'Yes, it's a bit confusing to start with when you realise that it stands up for two different reasons'

'What's the other reason – oh, silly me! I suppose it wouldn't sort of - go in if it was limp.'

'No, it sort of won't. That's why a girl can do it any time, but a man has to be aroused to get it in.'

'How interesting. You're going to show me just how it works very soon.'

'I was rather hoping to.'

He shook the last drop off his penis and moved away so that Chantal could take her turn. She sat down and the rush of her urine could be heard hitting the water.

'I've never been naked in front of anyone since I was tiny, except you for those few minutes with you at my home. Even at school we had separate showers so we were always private. But now it just feels natural to strip off in front of you, and to sit here peeing. Am I becoming degenerate, or is it just because I love you that I want to share my body with you.'

She took a piece of toilet roll and mopped herself between her legs, then stood up.

'Now take me and ravish me, over and over till your penis is too limp to go in me.'

'I'll do my very best.'

They went back to the bedroom, where she turned towards him and moved into his welcoming arms. He held her close, his hands caressing her back, one descending to the her small, firm buttocks. He felt her breasts pressing into his chest, and his cock started to grow as it pushed against her pubic mound. He released her, and they sat side by side on the bed, his arm round her back as his other hand gently cupped her small breast, then he put his arm under her legs and swung her round onto the bed. She lay full length, and he lay beside her, raised on one elbow looking down at her, then his lips found hers. The kiss started gently, their lips brushing each other, then he began to slowly push out his tongue till it was touching her lips, moving slightly from side to side and entering her warm moist mouth deeper and deeper. She responded with her own tongue and soon they were exchanging the taste of each other as their kissing became more fierce.



As they kissed, his hand was fondling her breast, and his fingers circled her nipple, stroking the pale pink aureole, till it began brushing the nipple itself. They stopped kissing and both watched as his searching fingers began to arouse the darker centre and he saw and felt the soft flesh harden and raise till it was a gentle protrusion. He moved his hand to the other breast and began the same actions till soon both breasts were aroused. She gasped as he squeezed her nipples and twisted them a little.

'Oh, you are a naughty rough man – no, don't stop, it's lovely.'

Then he lowered his head and began a series of kisses and licks that began at the hollow of her neck and slowly moved to her shoulder, then to the swell of her breast. He had learned with Jan the importance of being patient and taking his time, so again he circled her aureole with soft kisses till he finally began to flick his tongue across her sensitive nipple. She was making little moans of delight, and when at last his lips enclosed the warm, firm bump, she cried out loud. He sucked at the tip, drawing it out and nibbling gently, then he opened his mouth wide and enclosed a large part of the small breast, sucking it into him and raking the tip with his tongue. Now she was pushing her breasts up towards him, responding to his pressure with her own.

As he was kissing her, his hand was beginning to explore downwards. He caressed under her breast and down onto her flat belly, his fingers searching out her navel, which he probed gently, causing her to giggle. Then he moved to and fro across her, fondling the mounds of her hips, then moving across again, always moving steadily closer to the bulge of her pubic mound. When his fingers felt the soft hair, he moved away and caressed the tops of her thighs moving ever closer to the delights of her vulva.

Now he stopped kissing her breast, and moved his head so that they could both watch the inexorable progress of his hand. He caressed and squeezed the firm thighs, then his fingers moved down to the warmth of her inner thigh, and her legs parted a little to allow him access. He slid up her firm thigh until his fingers reached the crease at the top, and he moved along the length of her vulva, feeling the soft hair, then he slowly mounted the curve of her labia, and caressed the soft bulge. At last he reached the parting of her lips, and now he began to explore the valley between. He found that she was slightly moist, and his fingers slid easily along the slippery groove. Now he caressed along the closed inner lips, and she instinctively spread her legs wider, and his questing fingertips began to probe his way between the warm lips and to penetrate slowly into the tight passage, already slippery from her arousal.

Chantal was now getting more and more aroused, and she was whimpering softly, and murmuring encouragement to him.

'Yes, oh yes Alan. Your hand feels so good, please let me feel your lovely penis inside me soon.'

Alan didn't answer, but pushed his middle finger further into her her tight vagina, feeling the muscles spasmodically gripping him, till he came to the barrier of her hymen. He moved his finger in and out a little, then withdrew, and moved up till he felt the bulge of her clitoral hood. As he rubbed his finger across it, he felt the little bud underneath it hardening and his finger, lubricated from her moist vagina, touched the tip and made her gasp. As he caressed the sensitive centre of her sexuality, he felt her body tense.

'Please Alan, do it. Do it now.'

He needed no further bidding, and he moved between her legs. His penis was rock hard, and he guided it with one hand as he supported his body on the other. When he was lined up with her vagina he pushed slowly forwards, and he could see the tip of his penis start to enter her tight passage. Her pussy lips began to spread and his foreskin was pushed back as the engorged member penetrated her virgin channel till he felt the resistance of her hymen.

'Are you ready to lose your virginity?'

'I've been ready for months, please do it.'

He began to gently pressurise the frail membrane, then he withdrew a little and then forward again. He repeated the process, applying more pressure each time, till at last he heard her cry of pain as the last remnant of her virginity tore, allowing his penis to penetrate deeper into her, and he felt it being gripped by the tight, virginal passage.

'Are you OK?'

'Yes, it hurt a bit, but it feels good now.'

He withdrew till he could see his glans start to emerge, then he slid slowly back in. Her vagina was well lubricated, but it was so tight that he had to push quite hard to enter her, so he slid back again. Forward, then back, and the pressure on his penis was reduced as her body stretched to accept it, and he increased the tempo till he was plunging deeply into her and his stomach and thighs were slapping hers. The noise of their flesh colliding was augmented by the slurping of his traverse. She was starting to move a little against him, her movements matching his, and she was moaning with joy at each thrust. He increased the tempo, and soon he felt himself coming to his climax, and Th he knew he could hold back no longer. He felt the rush of his semen from his balls into his penis, and he jerked hard against her as he spurted the hot fluid high into her vagina. As he did so, he felt her vaginal muscles clamping down on him in spasms, as she, too, came to orgasm. He jerked several times as he disgorged the content of his balls into her loving body. Finally he was done, and he felt her body calm down, till she lay quiescent under him. He was still taking his weight on his elbows, and he looked into her lovely eyes, then bent and kissed her softly.

'Thank you for not hurting me.'

'I was scared that it would be painful for you.'

'No, just a little hurt, then it got better and better. Did I tell you I love you?'

'That's good, I want to be your lover, not your sex toy.'

'What are you going to do to me now, lover?'

'Well, first of all I'm going to stop squashing you.'

'Don't worry, I'm enjoying it. The only thing is, your penis seems to be getting a bit limp, have I offended it? In fact, it seems to be falling out, which is horrid because I like it inside me.'

'Sorry, that's what happens. If you want it hard, you'll have to do something about it.'

As he spoke he rolled off her and lay beside her. She looked at his limp penis, wet and glistening with the juices from their two bodies. She cautiously stroked the soft flesh with her finger, then she realised that there was a reddish tint to the wetness and guessed what it was.

'I think I've bled on you, I do hope you don't mind. I suppose I must look a bit of a mess down there.'

Alan leaned across to the nearby dressing table and picked up a hand mirror. Her legs were parted, and he could see his spunk oozing out of her vagina, and that it was streaked with blood. He gave her the mirror, and she held it so that she could see the state she was in.

'Oh dear, it looks bit mucky, doesn't it. Pass me a tissue and I'll clean it up.'

'I've got a better idea. I'll use my tongue'

With that he slid down the bed and in between her legs.

'No Alan, that's disgusting. You shouldn't do that.'

He ignored her protest and lapped her vagina lips from front to back, then began to carefully lick her inner and outer lips and right back to her perineum, stopping only on the verge of her puckered anus. She was murmuring that he shouldn't be doing it, that it wasn't a nice thing to do, but her protests faded as his lips found the little bud of her clitoris. He enclosed the sheath, then his tongue probed firmly under its cover and raked across the swelling hardness that was pushing forwards against him. Her response was virtually instantaneous, as her hips lifted and pushed her vulva firmly against his face. He felt a rush of warm wetness as her juices poured from her, and she cried out with pleasure. He felt her body shaking, and he sucked hard on her clitoris till she finally quietened down and pushed his head away.

'I didn't know you were a vampire, darling. I'm glad you didn't stop when I asked you to, it was wonderful – again. Do you expect me to clean you up the same way?'

'I don't expect anything, but I'd love it if you think you can do anything so degraded.'

She didn't answer, but slid down the bed and examined his flaccid penis closely. It was shiny from their mixed body fluids, and there was a streak of red from her virginal blood. She stroked it gently with one finger, and giggled when it gave a little twitch, then took it gently into her hand, and, as it began to grow, she touched it with her tongue, tasting the mixture of their flavours. She started to lick from the root to the tip, then back to the root and quickly across his balls. Forward again to the tip, and now it was becoming bigger and harder and a small drip began to form at the tip of his foreskin. She took it onto her tongue, then opened her lips and slid them over the end of his penis. As she enclosed him and pushed forwards a little, she could feel his foreskin sliding back with her movement, and she continued till she felt it come to its stop. She released him and looked at the shiny purple glans that was now on display, and started to lick over and round the slippery surface. She held his member in her hand, and she saw the gaping slit of his urethra, and she pushed the tip of her tongue into it, which caused an enormous jerk in her hand.

She had seen a few porn videos, so had a good idea what to do next. She slid her lips over his glans and down his shaft, taking him into her mouth until she felt him at the back of her throat, then she slid forwards again. Now her tongue was swirling around his shaft and up over his glans, and at the same time she was moving slowly back and forth. Alan was in heaven with the sensations she was creating for him, and he knew that, although he had excellent control over his ejaculations, something that he and Jan had found out together, he just didn't want to hold it back.

'Darling, I'm going to shoot any moment, you'd better let me go.'

She just carried on what she was doing, and very soon she could feel the pressure building up under her hand, and then she felt the rush of his fluid into her mouth. She liked the salty taste of his semen, and quickly swallowed, but it was more than she expected and she withdrew as he gave a last burst, which landed on her cheek. She looked up at him, grinning and with white goo oozing from her mouth and running down her cheek. She crawled quickly up the bed and, leaning over him planted an open mouthed kiss on his lips, so that his semen ran into his mouth. The kiss lasted a long time, their mouths and tongues passing the fluid between them, till finally they released each other.

'Well, that was fun, wasn't it? I like the taste of your juice. What shall we do now?'

'I think it might be a good idea if we took a shower, then had some breakfast – unless eating me is enough.'

He took hold of her hands and pulled her to him for a quick kiss, then they moved into the shower.

There was room for both of them in the big enclosure, and soon they were washing each other. As he washed her back he slid his hand down to caress the lovely tight globes, then slid his soapy fingers down into the cleft between them. He moved up and down till he reached the indent of her anus, and gently fondled her.

'Are you sure you know what you are doing? You aren't supposed to be there?'

'Why not, does it feel nasty?'

'Well, no, actually it feels quite nice, but it's a bit dirty, isn't it?'

'That's why I'm giving it a good wash.'

He continued to slide his finger around the puckered spot, and gradually increased the pressure on her centre, till he felt it start to enter her anus. He withdrew and soaped his finger, then started again. This time he pushed in further, and he felt the resistance of her sphincter, which she was holding closed. Again he pressed, and suddenly he felt her relax, allowing him entry into her hot passage.

'Oh, Alan, that feels good. I'll have a really clean bottom if you keep doing that.'

He withdrew again, got some more soap, and entered her again, this time sliding his finger in up to the full depth, then moved slowly in and out. At the same time, his other hand slid across her flat belly and down into the top of her crack. He found the hood of her clitoris, and rubbed it till he felt the little bud harden under his pressure. She was starting to moan, and he quickened his movements on both hands, till he felt her body tense as she came to her orgasm. She shuddered against him, then went limp in his arms. He held his hands still until he was sure she was finished, then he moved them away from her sensitive parts and held her in his arms.

'That was good for you, wasn't it?' he asked.

'Everything you do to me is good. I'd never have guessed that that part of me would be so sensitive, but I'm learning fast. I've read about people going further and...well, doing it with bigger things than fingers. Have you ever done that...oh, sorry, I shouldn't ask what you and Jan have done together, it's not my business.'

'I don't want any secrets from you, and, yes, I have done it to Jan and we both enjoyed it. Perhaps you and I can try it some time, but there are lots of more normal things I want to show you first. Anyway, let's get out of this shower before I start on you again.'

'You can if you like, though I must confess I'm just a little sore inside.'

They managed to finish their shower and towel each other down without starting another attack on each others' sexuality, then they put on robes and went down to make breakfast. In fact, they had spent so long enjoying each other that it was nearly midday, and, while they were eating, Jan returned.

'Well, children, are we both happy this bright, sunny morning? I trust you weren't too tired to say hello to each other properly.'

'Thank you, Jan, I've never been happier.' replied Chantal. 'Thank you for putting me in Alan's room, he didn't disturb me too much.'

After some more light banter, it was agreed that Alan should show Chantal around the town and that they should meet up for dinner later. Over dinner, they discussed a programme for Chantal's visit, outside of her attending school with Alan. One of the topics was the impending school dance. This was a regular annual event, organised by the Parent Teacher Association, and was attended

by the senior pupils and as many of their parents as wished to attend, and was quite a formal affair. Alan had invited Jan to attend as she was acting in *loco parentis* while Alan's parents were away.

'It's all very well, but I haven't been to a proper dance for years – or any other kind of dance for that matter' said Jan 'and I haven't got anything half decent to wear. Chantal, will you come shopping with me and help me pick an appropriate dress. I'm sure that you'll have more idea than I as to what to wear. I guess your Mother is a bit more sophisticated than I am.'

Chantal laughed 'You haven't seen my Mum, I don't think she's ever been called sophisticated. She says she's just a French peasant.'

'She's kidding' said Alan 'her Mum scrubs up very nicely and she always looks smart when she goes out, though I will admit that she does wear some odd clothes when she's doing the gardening.'

'Does "scrub up nicely" mean what I think it does? I suppose she has got quite a good eye for clothes.'

'There, then. So you'll be ideal to help me choose. We'll go tomorrow, if lover boy will let you out of his sight for a few hours.'

That was agreed, and they finished the meal and returned home. That night Alan and Chantal spent a deliriously happy time finding out more about each others' bodies and trying how to arouse each other. Alan asked her if she wanted to try some different positions, but she said she was very happy being very conventional, as she loved the feel of his body on top of hers. Finally they slept, like two tired children – which is really what they were.

Next morning they slept until quite late when Jan came into the room – after knocking discreetly – bringing them coffee. Chantal sat up in bed, the covers falling away from her lovely young breasts, and Jan thought how beautiful she looked, and felt a pang of anguish that she had never had a lover when she was young. She reminded Chantal that they were to go shopping, so, after she had left, the two lovers briefly embraced and then took it in turns to use the bathroom. As Alan pointed out, if they went together they could well find themselves distracted, and get rather delayed.

The two women went off shopping after breakfast, while Alan went to play tennis with friends at the school. It was late afternoon before he returned to the house, and he found Jan and Chantal drinking wine on the terrace in the sunshine, and he kissed them both before pouring himself a glass and sitting with them.

'Well, did you have a successful shop?' he enquired.

'Great' replied Chantal 'and Jan insisted on buying me a dress as well. Oh, and we bought some other things as well.'

'What sort of other things?'

'Just things – girly things.'

'So are you going to show me.'

'Shall we, Jan?'

'I suppose we should. Come on, let's go and get tarty and show him how lucky he's going to be taking you to the ball.'

With that, the two stood up and left, telling Alan to wait till he was called. After what seemed an age

Jan called down to him to come up to her bedroom. There he found the two women both wearing blue dresses, but of a completely different style. Jan's was just below knee length and had a rather conservative neck line, cut deep enough to just suggest a glimpse of cleavage, and with quite wide shoulder straps and no sleeves. What was a revelation to Alan was how good she looked dressed to kill. The dress wasn't tight on her, but just clung enough to show off the curves of her breasts, her hips and her generous bottom. The gently roundness of her belly was seductive, rather than fat, and the overall effect was of a very sexy lady. He was too dazzled to realise that she was wearing high heels for the first time in his experience. She normally wore flatties at home or low heels when she was meeting a client, but the heels showed off her excellent legs, which hitherto he had only seen naked or wearing trousers.

Then he looked at Chantal, and was delighted, but not surprised. Her dress had only very thin straps and the swell of her breasts was well displayed. Again, the dress was form fitting, accentuating her slim figure and little rounded buttocks. The skirt was well above her knees, and she was wearing rather lower heels than Jan, but together with the short skirt, her long slender legs were well displayed.

'Well?' was the query from the two women.

'You both look gorgeous. I'll be very proud to escort you both to the ball, and I bet an awful lot of my mates will be jealous of me, and so will their dads. The only thing is, what about the girly things that you said you had bought?'

The two girls turned their backs to him and Jan told him to undo their zips. He took one in each hand, and slowly lowered the zipper, letting the dresses hang open. They turned round together – he realised later that they had rehearsed their moves – and Jan pushed off the shoulder straps and the dress slid slowly to the ground, and she stepped clear of it. He realised that Chantal was holding the neck of her dress, but as soon as she released it, hers followed Jan's to the floor.

Now Alan could admire their purchases. Jan was wearing a black lacy bra which lifted her generous breasts and was cut so low and with such a deep cleavage that it just covered her nipples, which were visible as dark shadows under the flimsy material. She wore French knickers, of a silky material, and with wide cut legs that ended just below the top of her thighs. The material clung to her like a second skin, and the mound of her pudendum was clear below the swell of her belly, and when she turned round he saw that it clung to her full arse, just showing the cleft. She was wearing black stockings with a discreet pattern, and they were supported by a matching thin garter belt. The whole ensemble made Alan realise what a sexy lady his older lover was.

Chantal's undies could not have been more different. Her bra was a black strapless long line, cut low enough for the top of the aureoles round her nipples to be just visible. She was wearing just a thong, made of a lacy black material, and only just big enough to cover her pubis, and, when she turned round, her small firm buttocks were fully displayed as the string was deep in her cleft. She was wearing no stockings, and her tanned long legs were accentuated by her bare upper thighs.

'You both look beautiful, is this the end of the show.'

'We bought something else, which has had rather a dramatic result.'

'Well don't just stand there, show it to me.'

The two women looked at each other, and laughed at Alan's curiosity.

'Shall we show him?' said Chantal.

'I think we should ' replied Jan. 'Altogether now.'

Again, in a synchronised move, they turned away from him, and both reached behind their backs

to unhook their bras, which they allowed to fall to the ground. Then, looking cheekily over their shoulders, they wriggled their way out of their knickers and finally turned round. Alan was gobsmacked at what he saw. He feasted his eyes on the lovely breasts on show, Chantal's firm and high, Jan's bigger and more pendulous, but it was lower down where the surprise lay. Chantal's pubis was completely bare, with no trace of hair, and, below, the lips of her vulva were on clear display. Jan's vulva was also shaven, but a small triangle of hair remained on her pubic mound.

'What the....how...I mean?'

'Stop spluttering, and let's sit down and we'll tell you.' said Jan 'It was like this.'

When Jan had chosen the dress that she wanted the assistant had suggested very politely that, as the dress was sleeveless "Madam might like to consider trimming her underarm hair." Jan lifted her arm and looked at her hairy armpit, which she had never shaved and, after a chat with Chantal she agreed that it was probably a good idea, and had asked the assistant where she could buy the appropriate equipment. She had recommended a nearby hair salon that she said would either do it for her, or sell her the wherewithal to do it herself. When they went to this shop, the girl that she could either shave it or wax it, and finally sold her a bundle of bits giving her the option as to how to do it.

When they got back to the house Jan took the electric razor that she had bought and trimmed the hair down to a short length. She was nervous about shaving herself, so Chantal offered to do it for her. It was soon done, and Jan admired herself in the mirror and wondered why she hadn't done it years ago – not that it would have mattered as she never went out in a sleeveless dress or blouse, so no one would ever see it – till Alan came on the scene and all of her was on display to him. One thing that the shop assistant had said had slightly baffled Jan, when she had asked which part of her body she planned to shave. She hadn't like to ask at the time, but now she asked Chantal, who was at first disbelieving that Jan was so innocent, and explained that any body hair could be removed. Jan asked if she really meant everywhere. Chantal told her that she had seen pictures of girls with all their pubic hair removed, and had herself seen shaven girls at the swimming pool changing rooms.

Jan was astonished by this revelation and asked Chantal if she had ever thought about doing it, and was told that she had, but up to now she hadn't quite had the nerve to do it. The two women had drunk some wine with their lunch, and were feeling in what one might call a mellow mood, in other words very slightly pissed. Afterwards they couldn't quite recall who had suggested they went ahead and did it to give Alan a surprise. After all, it could always be regrown if they – or he - didn't like it.

She told him that they did each other, using the razor and then the wax, but what she didn't say was that they had each found the touch of the other's hands on their vulva surprisingly enjoyable, and, when Jan had touched Chantal's clitoris as she was stretching the surrounding skin, the young girl had reacted by having an orgasm. She had been totally embarrassed by this, but Jan had told her not to worry, and that she had been aroused by Chantal touching her. Finally, when the waxing was complete, Jan had said that she hoped Alan would like it, especially when he was kissing down there. Chantal replied that they ought to do a kiss test to see if they had made a good job, and they took turns to kiss each other, though neither stayed long enough to do any serious sexual arousal. After this, they both accepted that maybe lesbianism wasn't too bad an idea, but decided that they would stick with what they had got, although...then they hatched a plan.

'So that's how it happened – do you mind.'

'I think it looks great, and I can visualise certain other benefits. But, Jan, I don't think I will benefit from your shaven pussy, I suspect Chantal might not approve of me sampling your charms any more.'

'Don't be silly' said Chantal 'I'm very happy to share you with Jan, and when I go back to France I don't expect you to behave yourself – at least, not with Jan if she wants you. If you've got Jan to keep your filthy animal lust assuaged, with luck you won't go chasing after any of the local nymphomaniacs. Now, Jan, I think Alan ought to do the kiss test to see if he approves of our efforts.'

'Good idea, but I don't think it's fair for him to be fully dressed when we are naked. Let's strip him.'

Alan didn't resist when four hands invaded him and removed all his clothes leaving only his underpants, which were well tented. One pair of hands on each side pulled out the front of his boxers and slid them down over his well aroused penis.

'Hm, it looks very tempting, edible really, even if it is dripping a bit. Better not touch it yet or it might explode.'

The two of them left him and laid down on the bed, side by side. They both raised their knees, then slowly spread their legs apart. He was treated to the sight of two naked vulvas, both slightly parted so that their inner delights were just revealed. Chantal's outer lips were plump and slightly pink, while her smooth inner lips were a darker pink and glistened as her juices had already begun to flow, while Jan's skin was darker and her inner lips were not quite as smooth and even as the young girls'. Alan knelt on the bed between Chantal's legs and leaned forward. He brushed his lips over her naked pubis, enjoying the sensation of the smooth skin, then he moved to her inner thigh and began to slide his lips up to her vulva. He found that the lack of hair enhanced his pleasure, and he began a series of kisses and licks along one engorged lip, then the other, then, as she began to whimper, his lips descended on her inner lips and his tongue sought out her vaginal passage. She began to writhe against him as he plunged his long tongue deep into her, then he abruptly moved to her clitoris, which was already peeping out from under its hood. As he sucked the little bud and raked it with his tongue, she exploded, crying out with pleasure and thrusting her hips up against his face, and he felt a trickle of liquid against his chin from her flowing pussy.

As she quietened, he pulled back a little, then licked up her juice, finally drawing away from her and looking at her flushed smiling face.

'Well, do you like it?' she asked.

'Lovely, I'm definitely in favour of this naked pussy.'

'Well, now it's Jan's turn for the kiss test, to see how you like her new hair style – or lack of hair style.'

Alan moved across the bed and began the same treatment to Jan's shaven skin. Once more he felt the smoothness of naked outer lips, and after a while he moved to her vaginal entrance. As he looked up he was amazed to see a hand caressing her breast, and realised that it was Chantal's, and he saw her stroke Jan's nipples with her fingers, then squeeze them till they swelled and stiffened. Then she bent over and took the nipple into her lips, and as she did so she was looking at Alan and smiling. He found this sight intensely erotic, and felt his erection throbbing as he lapped his tongue over Jan's lips, then thrust it deep into her vagina. The attention of the two mouths made Jan go wild, and she was thrusting her hips up against his face. When he moved to her clitoris and raked it with his tongue, she began moaning and was close to orgasm.

Suddenly Alan felt his head being pulled away, and realised that it was Chantal doing it. She had released Jan's breast and now she leaned down, took his engorged penis in her hand, and pulled him upwards. He had no choice but to move up on top of Jan and he felt his cock being guided into her very wet and slippery vagina.

Soon after the three of them had started their games he had had a faint worry as to how Chantal would feel if he were to go all the way with Jan, but now his doubts were over. He slid deep into the



hot love canal and felt it contract and grip him as his hairy pubis locked against her shaven skin. He rested a moment, letting her feel the throbbing of his cock, then withdrew till his glans was nearly all exposed, then slid back in again. This time it was different because he found that a hand had been pushed down between them and Chantal's fingers searched for Jan's clitoris and began to rub the sensitive spot vigorously. Now Jan was going wild, and Alan was rapidly losing his self control. He was supporting himself on his elbows, and Chantal's other hand was working its magic on Jan's nipples. He began plunging into Jan with all his strength, and felt her body thrusting back up at him.

It couldn't last long at this intensity, and very soon he felt the onset of his orgasm as his hot juices began to rush up his shaft to be pumped deep inside her. Again and again he thrust, with the strongest orgasm of his young life, and her vagina was so filled that the fluid was forcing its way past his throbbing penis. She gave a loud scream as her orgasm hit her, and her body went rigid, her back arched and lifting them both clear of the bed. Then she slowly subsided, and he lifted his weight from her, allowing Chantal to withdraw the hand that was trapped between them. They both felt his penis slowly subsiding until it was on the verge of falling out, when he withdrew and rolled off her.

The three of them lay quietly together, and for a long time nothing was said. Jan lay with her legs parted and his juice was oozing out from her, while his penis was glistening from the liquid as it finally shrunk back to its normal state. Finally it was Chantal who spoke.

'That was exciting, wasn't it? I never thought I'd enjoy watching two people making love, especially when one of them is my lover – or maybe I should say both of them.'

'Thank you, both of you' said Jan 'I can't believe that you'd both make love to me at the same time, and I thought I was going to burst with the sheer excitement of it. The only problem now is that Chantal hasn't had her turn. Do you think that this poor little thing might be brought back into action in the near future?'

She fondled his penis, which was still totally limp.

'I expect it might, with some suitable encouragement.'

'Like this?' said Jan as she bent over Alan and began to stroke his penis with the tip of her tongue. This brought about a noticeable swelling of the soggy flesh, and when she slid her mouth over the end, pushing back his foreskin and sucking on his exposed glans, the engorged flesh rose to full prominence.

'Come on Chantal, I think you'll need to help yourself.'

The young French girl knelt with her legs astride his hips and Jan took hold of his penis and guided it to the warm wet lips spread wide to receive him. Chantal lowered herself onto his willing member, and settled on him with his tool firmly embedded and her naked pubis nestling in his pubic hair. As she sat there Jan moved alongside her and began kissing her, their mouths open and sliding tongues busy. Jan was squeezing Chantal's breast and her small pink nipples were hard, and when Jan dropped her mouth to the little protuberances and began sucking first one, then the other in between her lips, Alan could feel his penis being gripped by her vaginal muscles as her excitement grew. Then Jan's hand slid over the flat belly and across the hairless mound of her pubis and her finger slid between the moist lips to find her clitoris. As she rubbed the sensitive button, Chantal began to rise and fall on Alan's cock, and, as Jan released her breast, her movements became more urgent. He took no part in the proceedings at first, but, as she began to speed up and stoke the full length of his member, he began to play an active part, and started to thrust up against her falling movement, and they were soon thrashing against each other. Jan still had her finger in Chantal's now soaked pussy, but she drew it away as the girl began to scream as she reached the pitch of her orgasm, and when she felt Alan throbbing inside her as he hosed his juices into her hot channel she flopped forward to lay on top of him as their bodies climaxed.

together.

At last it was over, and she was gently kissing him, and murmuring words of love into his ear. Jan lay beside them and put her arm round the two satiated sweaty bodies, caressing them both as the three were linked together. At last Chantal realised that Alan was no longer in her body, as his penis had softened and fallen out, and she lifted herself above him, letting their juices leak out of her engorged lips.

'Thank you, you two lovely people. I've never been so happy.'

'I've never felt so delightfully knackered.' said Alan 'I'm not sure I could manage that too often.'

'You're just a wimp' said Jan 'and you'll have plenty of time to get your stamina up. All you need is a bit of regular practice, say every night, for instance. In the meantime, let's go and shower and then have a meal. Sex makes me hungry, I've decided.'

That was the start of a delightful *ménage à trois*, and for the next six weeks the three lovers tried every combination they could think of. They passed the nights, and quite a lot of the days swapping from bed to bed, sometimes in twos, sometimes all three together, and couldn't have been happier. Then the happy proceedings got disrupted when Chantal's mother, Candice, arrived to stay for a few days, and the three lovers reverted to sleeping alone. Although she was a teacher, she had studied psychology at university, and, as she was a very shrewd judge of people, she wasn't easily fooled, and after a few days she had summarised the situation. After dinner one evening, when she had helped Jan to cook a delicious meal, and they had drunk the wine that she had brought with her, plus some Armagnac for luck, she explained her understanding to the three of them.

'Now I know you don't have to answer me truthfully, but I'd like to propose to you what I think is the situation in this house, and I promise you I won't be judgemental – or tell my husband.'

The three looked at each other. Jan spoke for them all.

'OK, Candice. I'll answer you truthfully, and I think this pair will as well?'

Alan and Chantal nodded their agreement, and Candice carried on.

'I have several ideas, some more confident than others. First of all, Alan and Chantal have been lovers for some time, and have only gone back to separate beds for my benefit.'

The two nodded, and Candice went on ; ' Yes, I would have bet on that, and it was pretty obvious that would happen. I've also got a very strong feeling that Alan and Jan are lovers, the way you act with each other shows a degree of affection that is way beyond just friendliness, and I rather think that Chantal knows this and is quite happy about it.'

'Yes Mother, you are right, they were lovers before I got here.'

'He is a very attractive man, isn't he? I certainly intend to seduce him in due course. It's an old French custom for mothers to bed their son in laws.'

'Mother, don't be disgusting. There's no such custom, you just made that up, and in any case how do you know we will ever marry each other.'

'Of course you will, and it's certainly the custom in our family. Your father has been having sex with my mother since about a year after our wedding, as soon as I got pregnant.'

'You aren't suggesting he's still doing it with Grandma. She's over seventy.'

I'm not suggesting, I'm telling you, and why shouldn't she have sex when she's over seventy. I certainly intend to. Anyway, we can talk about that another time, let me finish my analysis. Now I'm really guessing a bit, but I suspect that the three of you have spent happy hours in bed all together.'

'Yes, your guess is correct' said Jan 'you really are very percipient.'

'Well, my time at university wasn't all wasted. There's one last thing that I'm not even going to try and guess but I'll ask you. Are you two women having sex together, even when Alan isn't involved? There seems to be a certain chemistry between you that's more intense than I would have expected.'

'I'm afraid you are right. Does that disgust you?'

'Far from it. I'm curious. I imagine it could be a lot of fun, but I've never been had a relationship with another woman that could have led on to that sort of thing.'

'Perhaps you aren't quite such a good psychologist when it comes to your own relationships, and you just haven't been able to recognise the signals that some of your women friends have put out. I think that I have had advances made without realising it, it's only been since Chantal and I have become lovers that I realised that it could happen without being a lesbian. If you'd really like to find out a little more why don't we let these two young people sleep together tonight – they've been sex starved since you've been here – and you and I go to my bed and see whether we can enjoy each other's bodies?'

'That's the most disgusting suggestion I've heard in years. Right, let's do it.'

And they did, and Candice decided that bi-sexuality was a lot of fun.

And so, eventually, Chantal and Alan were married, and in due course Candice seduced Alan, though it didn't come as any surprise.

Oh, and by the way, you've probably forgotten Tom Wilson, the man who had given Alan a lift after they were stranded on a broken down train. Well, he came to Jan's company for translation services and eventually he realised that he was inventing business just to see her, and they finished up in bed together, and then married. And every now and again, the two happy couples do a little swapping, and everyone lived happily ever after.

