**An Attachment Is Made**

byDrmaxc©

**Part 1 — Dislocation**

"Ladies and gentlemen an attachment is about to be made. Please stand clear of the closing doors."

It had been an unusual train journey from start to finish. The guard had smiled at Sally in a friendly way as she had boarded the train but there had been something odd about his eyes which had made it difficult for her to look away. It had been the same when he had checked her ticket. It could not have lasted more than a second but it somehow seemed as if a long time had passed between her looking up at him, being caught by his strange eyes just as she handed him her ticket, and him handing the ticket back.

Sally settled back into her seat, putting her ticket away in her handbag, and looked around her. There seemed nothing amiss, nothing out of the ordi­nary; there was no indication that anyone else felt like she did—that some­thing odd had happened. But there was something, she felt it quite distinctly, something had happened when the ticket had been checked. But nothing could have happened—there was no time for anything to have happened. She had looked up as the guard had approached, had offered her ticket, he had taken it, she had noticed his peculiar eyes; not that she could quite think what was odd about them—given, after all, there had been just the two—he had punched a hole in the ticket, a little crescent, and given it back to her with a smile. Yet de­spite the un-remarkableness of the exchange Sally felt odd.

It was only when she decided to get her magazine out of her bag that she noticed—noticed by the feel of her blouse against her skin that she was not wearing a bra. Sally looked down at herself for confirmation, a hand to her breast but no, she was not wearing a bra at all. She frowned; she distinctly re­membered putting one on that morning—the new one she had bought last week from M&S. Yes, she had put it on, had had to adjust it; had admired its pretty shape in the mirror; yes, she was sure of it... but it most definitely was not there now. Sally was puzzled. How could she have forgotten to put on her bra, it was not something you forgot — any more than you forgot your panties (she was re-assured to check that she was indeed wearing those)? She was sure she had not forgotten. It didn't matter really, no one was going to notice providing she didn't stick her chest out, and it wasn't as if her nipples were standing. She could buy a new one on the way into work; put it on in the 'Ladies'. It wasn't a problem.

Sally opened her magazine, 'How to dump your boyfriend,' was the first thing that caught her eye. How appropriate, she thought, should she? She pic­tured Jerry. He was OK and it had been fun but, but it wasn't going to last. The feeling had been growing on her for days. Jerry was OK and fun but that was about it and 'OK' wasn't something to build 'forever' or even a long term rela­tionship upon. The summer holiday had been super though, yes fun, and she had really enjoyed that. Sally thought back to the week in the sun. Jerry hadn't told her where they were going, she'd thought it would be a hotel in Spain or Portugal, which would have been good, but he'd surprised her with a Greek is­land. It had been a long drive from the airport, on the wrong side of the road, but he'd done that and when they arrived it was not an hotel but their own small little villa. It was really sweet with its white-washed walls, Hibiscus and Bougainvillea growing in profusion and its view of the Aegean. It had its own swimming pool—all to themselves—and it was private, very private—not over­looked at all. And that was why when, almost immediately, Jerry suggested a swim and she'd said she'd find her costume, he'd asked "why?" So, feeling a little odd, she'd just dropped her clothes on the ground and stepped out hand in hand with Jerry into the sunlight completely naked. She'd looked to right and left but there was no one to see, no way for anyone to see—it really was pri­vate. And the feel of the hot sun on her skin after the rain in England- deli­cious!

"It's lovely," she'd said and kissed him.

She had the photos. Jerry had been snapping left, right and centre through­out the holiday. It was a good record and she'd been able to show her Mum nearly all the photos and given her a good impression of the holiday and how beautiful the island and its beaches had been. The photos she didn't show hadn't been rude ones. Jerry had wanted to but she hadn't acquiesced to that: though certainly a few had shown them without clothes on. Yes, 'them,' the self timer and little tripod had let Jerry take shots of them together. Sally par­ticularly liked the one of the two of them standing hand in hand, naked, by the pool as it reminded her of the anticipation of that first swim, just standing hand in hand looking out at their pool—yes, their own swimming pool for a whole week with the inviting blue water, the sun loungers and table and chairs with the cream parasol just sitting there waiting. It had all been just perfect. And it had been a perfect week under an unbroken blue sky, eating, drinking, exploring, swimming and... well, yes, she smiled at the recollection, it had in­deed been 'sun, sand and sex.'

The sex had been good. The photo of the two of them standing naked was an indication that it was going to be. Jerry was a good looking bloke—there was no question of that and her friends said so. There was no unnecessary fat on him, his was a strong chest, little bottom, neat curly hair and he stood six foot two. She smiled to herself again, yes and then there was his cock. Well that was all right too! It didn't show in that picture, well it showed but it was just there, just hanging there as it did, all surrounded by black curly hair but, whilst the photo reminded her of that first swim, it hadn't been like that on that first day standing looking at the pool before they'd got into the water. It had been up, big and hard and it had made her laugh.

"What's that for?" she'd said and slapped him on the rump making the erection bounce.

In the train carriage Sally shrugged to herself. Perhaps she should have let Jerry take some rude photos. She would actually rather like to have had one of Jerry standing erect beside her, to remind her of the biggest cock she'd seen—and ridden! Oh she'd miss the sex but that was hardly what a relationship is about. Yes, it had been fun but she was going to have to end it. She was edging to a decision. But when? Not tonight certainly; they were going out with some of his friends and then she was staying in his flat for the weekend. That meant quite a bit of sex and riding that big cock. She grinned in anticipation. A week­end of passionate sex and then on Sunday night just as she was leaving, tell him? Well, that hardly stacked up. She'd have to think a bit more about how to do this. How to hint it was over? It wasn't that she did not like Jerry, she did and would want to keep him as a friend, if she could, but, but it was not a rela­tionship with a future. Well, a long term future—so should it still have a short term future? Sally was cross with herself, she was moving away from a deci­sion, becoming indecisive. But, of course, the sex would be good...

It had been good that first time by the pool. Despite her saying, "What's that for?" She'd not been unmoved by the situation. They had walked down the steps into the pool hand in hand, gone into the surprisingly warm water and swam. Sally had not swum naked before, had not swum without a bathing costume or bikini and was surprised how different it felt not having even the thin material of a swimsuit on. It felt different between her legs as her thighs alternately opened and closed in the rhythm of breaststroke and it felt differ­ent on her breasts as they moved in the water, unrestrained. She had liked the feeling straightway and she'd liked seeing Jerry's body moving through the water un-obscured.

They had swum around, Sally had got up on the lilo and been tipped off by Jerry, gone underwater, got a nose full of water and her hair all wet but she'd come up laughing to find Jerry now lying on the lilo, his cock lolling across his hair. She'd tried to push him off but he'd held on, laughing at her ef­forts. And then she'd started sucking him, slipping his soft cock into her mouth. That had quietened him and he'd lain there docile as anything as his cock had grown big in her mouth. Of course, he had then been completely un­prepared for her lunge and had fallen right off the lilo and underwater. Sally had been away and was sitting on the pool edge before he'd surfaced, laugh­ing.

"Come and kiss me," she'd said to him. And he had, right there on her lips, right on the lips between her legs as she'd sat on the pool side. It had been lovely sitting there, legs over his shoulders, his face buried deep in her sex, his tongue moving with purpose, looking up at the so blue sky and simply letting Jerry bring her off—and he had done, she'd shuddered as she stared at the blue, blue sky, revelling in that lovely tingling orgasm feeling and the pleasure of holiday anticipation.

"Come on big boy," she could remember saying, "my turn." She'd slipped off the pool edge and swum out as Jerry had pulled himself out of the water. She had swum back towards him, admiring that big cock of his standing up ready; she'd cupped his balls and said, "What do you want me to do?" Sally had known what he'd say; it was his expression, what he liked to say.

"Drink me."

And she had.

Sally liked the feel of the head in her mouth, all silky smooth. She could run her tongue happily around it. She was not so sure when Jerry tried to push too much into her mouth—he really was rather big but the head was nice to suck on and suck she did. Sally soon had him close to coming, she could tell be­cause he always started a bucking motion which she didn't really like because it often nearly choked her.

"If you're going to do that I'm going for a swim." And she had, leaving him on the pool side all erect and frustrated—but she came back. Rather than putting his penis back in her mouth she licked it like an ice cream cone, right to the top.

Sally bit her lip and looked up in the train carriage, pausing in her reminis­cence. The guard had come back into the carriage and was walking through. It was lucky he couldn't read her thoughts or know what she'd said next to Jerry. It was so embarrassing what lovers sometimes said to each other, private things; it had been "drinkies time." She winced—baby talk when she was blow­ing him? But it had set him off. Sally hadn't been expecting it and she was still sliding her tongue up the long shaft and had just touched the smooth head when (out of focus because she was so close) she saw the first shot rush past and felt it landing on her forehead and hair. She had the head in her mouth in an instant and a hand on his balls as she flicked her tongue around the little hole whilst the semen streamed out. Typical Jerry, there was always a lot!

She had opened her mouth to show Jerry the semen, just as in that ridicu­lous movie he'd got her to watch, and she'd winked before swallowing the salty 'drink.' She recalled thinking at that moment that the holiday was going to be simply a perfect one and, looking back as Sally was now doing, it certain­ly had been.

The guard walked past and Sally realised she was smiling — not at him but at her recollection.

"Morning Miss," he said catching her smile and eye.

And it was as if a frame or two of a film was missing as her image of him seemed to jump fractionally sideways. It was very odd and stopped Sally's day­dream of her holiday. She glanced down at the magazine on her lap—only it wasn't there but on the seat beside her, opened at a different page. How pecu­liar, she did not remember putting it down and, and another thing, her trousers did not feel right as if, as if she was not wearing panties: but she was, she had only checked minutes before when she had realised she had no bra. Sally looked slowly around her; the people on the seats near her were en­grossed in their newspapers or books, so she slipped a hand into the waist­band of her trousers—to feel short curly hair but no cotton panties. She was sure she had felt them only minutes before; she was sure of it, but they weren't there now; they could hardly have been removed whilst she sat there, so they could not have been on at all; she must have been mistaken and forgotten to put them on that morning; how very, very strange and not something she could imagine herself forgetting at all. But like the bra it did not matter as she could buy some more at M&S—perhaps they still had that shell pink colour she liked.

It was not a short train journey and they still had to pick up another train before heading on to London and it was not long before Sally's thoughts drift­ed back to the holiday. They had gone to a little taverna for dinner which had been delightful—even the Retsina had been just about drinkable. That had been Jerry's choice—he said he really had a taste for it—but it was certainly not her choice later in the holiday! The Calamari, Souvlaki and Greek salad with a chunk of Feta had been good though, again, she was not so sure about the small cup of Greek coffee tasting of cardboard.

Back at the villa they had lain on the double bed without a stitch on or even a sheet, trying to stay cool with just an electric fan and no air condition­ing. Lying naked and rather sweaty next to Jerry it had not been surprising that her thoughts had turned to sex—she could feel herself getting nicely wet. She'd reached out towards Jerry in the dark towards his groin and found his mind was working in the same direction — his cock was like a rock. She'd not worried about much foreplay, a few tugs and she was astride him pointing his big cock straight up with her hand and letting herself down on it. She smiled at the recollection. The heat of the night, the two of them slippery with sweat in the pitch dark and with the whirr of the fan for company. She had let herself down slowly, filling herself with Jerry's cock until there was nothing left to go in.

"Comfortable?" she'd said, and his hands had come to her breasts, squeezing and playing. She'd lent forward, kissed him and begun to ride.

They'd needed to shower again after, it made them cool for a moment again, and satiated with sex she'd slept through 'til the morning

She had awoken a little bleary and gone to the bathroom for a pee. Com­ing back Sally remembered she'd stood and looked at Jerry still fast asleep but with a morning erection. She recalled wondering what he was dreaming about and had stood there playing with herself looking at his cock, which occasional­ly twitched suggesting the dream was a good one! Coming back to herself on the train she bit her lip in amusement remembering that she'd suddenly been worried he would have a 'wet dream' and all that hardness would disappear in a fountain of semen. The image of Jerry's cock spurting without a hand or any­thing touching it was erotic and her fingers had moved faster, she recalled, but she certainly hadn't wanted to waste the erection and had thought the sooner it was in her the better. It had been soon. She was on the bed, straddling and in­serting, just as the night before, in a trice.

Jerry had woken only to complain he desperately needed to pee but Sally had not let him get up and had ridden him to her orgasm as he lay rather unre­sponsive under her watching as she pulled her nipples by herself, using him.

He'd limped to the bathroom as soon as she got off and she heard the splash in the pan go on and on—she'd felt a bit guilty. He really had been bursting. Even so, she'd laughed at him, she remembered, as he came back to the bed with his penis still very erect, very wet from her and bobbing about. He'd put her over his knee and smacked her like a little girl before planting her back on the bed on all fours and taken her doggy style. She'd reached under and played with his balls. He had not been long in coming!

Sally looked up again with a smile on her face at the recollection to see the man opposite her looking at her. He looked away. Yes, there had been a lot of sex that holiday.

Picking up her magazine again she'd settled down to read. Outside the window the countryside crawled by. She frowned and wondered why the train always, well nearly always, went so slowly at this point in its journey. Surely the signalmen knew it was coming—it did, after all, do the journey every day.

There was a noise behind her and the guard walked past and once again she had that feeling of disconnection and her view of the carriage seemed to jump.

Yes, she had been thinking about sex but it had not got her particularly 'ex­cited', it was just pleasurable reminiscing, not really causing her to get wet, yet all of a sudden she felt 'sopping.' Sally moved her thighs, yes, undoubtedly she was as wet as she'd ever been and no it wasn't wee, she'd have felt herself going and she hadn't wanted to anyway, plus it felt different. How could she suddenly be all wet and ready for intercourse; it didn't make any sense; she didn't just become wet; she had to be aroused and feel the moisture slowly coming and her lips engorge but, as far as she could tell, they weren't; it was if she was ready for sex physically but not in her mind; how very odd. She clamped her legs shut hoping the wetness wouldn't seep through her trousers — why hadn't she got panties on?

The journey was proving something of a trial. First she had discovered she had no bra, then no panties and now all this sopping wetness between her thighs. She wondered if she should go to the train lavatory and take a look. She must have looked a bit worried, or flushed or something because the guard—why was he moving up and down the train so much—stopped and said,

"Are you feeling all right, Miss?"

She'd mumbled something in reply, "Sort of."

And he'd smiled and nodded, whilst looking at her. Again that feeling of dislocation — was she sickening for something but now she felt something dif­ferent. Her nipples were standing and feeling, feeling like they did when Jerry (or one of her earlier boyfriends) had been a little enthusiastic in his sucking and... and most peculiarly her clit felt the same way, as if it too had recently been vigorously manipulated and she was still feeling as wet as before. But she was aroused now—how had that happened — and there was a jumble of words in her mind—and the word 'attachment' kept coming into her mind.

The train guard was still there, "You're looking a little flushed?"

"No, no, I'm OK really." But she wasn't, certainly not how she normally felt on her morning commute into London.

The train slowed and came into a station. The doors opened and stayed open. Sally knew; knew from regular travel that they had to wait for the other train to join them and it was late—again.

Sally shook her head to clear it. She didn't feel right and wondered if standing would do her good. Perhaps she should cross the platform and go home? Getting up, she moved over to the open train doors and stood looking out at the platform. A few more people got on.

Sally heard the announcement. The announcement that the other train had arrived and was about to be coupled:

"Ladies and gentlemen an attachment is about to be made. Please stand clear of the closing doors."

As the second train was joined to the first there was a jolt as the one set of carriages pushed the other set. Sally felt the jolt through her body but it was as if a cock had pushed hard right into her. She gasped and came in a stun­ning, jolting orgasm leaving her clutching the carriage partition and half falling to her knees. The woman next to her was looking startled as if she had seen a ghost or something very surprising.

"You... the guard..." she'd said and then stopped and looked away, "...nothing, I..."

Sally staggered back to her seat, feeling confused and very weak at the knees. She could not understand what had happened at all. One did not just come like that and what about the sensation of penetration and the woman looking at her in that way? The woman was still looking at her now with a very puzzled expression. Sally looked away. And she felt even damper, as if that was possible, almost as if a man's ejaculate was running out of her. She crossed her legs feeling very 'squishy' there and stared out of the window.

After a few minutes she got up and holding first one seat, then another walked up the carriage, past the woman, and then into the next carriage to reach the lavatory. She was surprised to see the guard again, right by the lava­tory. He'd even opened the door for her as she'd reached it, as if he'd known where she was going—but of course where else would she be going? There was no buffet on board.

Inside, with her trousers down, she found she was not particularly gooey at all. In fact she'd felt drier as she'd stepped through the door. The seam of her trousers inside—where the legs joined—looked damp though. Peculiar, she had felt so soggy walking up the carriage.

Resuming her seat, Sally settled back with her magazine and everything felt quite normal until the train got close to London. Then the strange feeling of dislocation occurred again. She couldn't wait to get off the train.

The walk from the station to the office had been a trial for her. Not only had she all the strangeness of the train including her orgasm to contend with but she had to do some shopping at M&S for the items she had not put on that morning and worse, she had noticed it the moment she'd stood up, there felt as if there was something inside her—yes there!

And there was. Sitting on the 'loo' in the office she'd felt and extracted with a little difficulty a silver coloured cylindrical object, rounded at both ends, as if ideally made for vaginal or even rectal insertion. Sally was fright­ened. How had that got there? She held it in her hand staring at it. What was it? After a time her fingers moved — the object unscrewed, there were two halves joined by a screw thread, and inside it was a piece of folded paper.

'Once upon a time there was a girl on a train, first her bra went, then her knickers. Was she stuffed – oh, I think so!

I would so like you as my friend and plaything for just a month—but that is all: then you are free and I will let you go. Promise!

So Monday morning it is Pink blouse for yes: blue blouse for no.

Pink blouse to receive instruction in the message box.

Blue blouse, then you'd better have a coat because, sure as eggs are eggs, the blue blouse will disappear just like that!

Oh yes, you can write to me. You know where to leave the message!

Your friend.'

Sally re-read and re-read the message and just sat and stared. What had happened, what had she to do, what was this all about? How had the message been inserted in her vagina without her knowledge? How, what, why?

**Part 2 — Junction**

Sally really did not know what to do. A message for her in a container pushed into her vagina without her knowing anything about it. That could not be: but yet it was.

She wanted to talk about it but couldn't seem to get the words out to her friend, Jessie, at work. It was too unreal, too peculiar to start with—how could she explain it to Jessie or Jerry. And could she confide in him, given she was (probably anyway) about to dump him. She was subdued all day and not exact­ly brilliant company with Jerry and his friends that evening.

Back at Jerry's flat she had tried to make the effort. She'd dropped her clothes to the floor, as soon as they were in.

"I'm sorry I've been so dull this evening Jerry, I've been a naughty girl and need spanking."

He'd picked her up in his arms, she liked a man to do that and put her over the settee back. She'd been helpless, her bottom in the air, the material of the settee-back on her nipples. And he had spread her legs.

"No, headmaster, please don't stick your thing in me I haven't been that bad." She giggled trying to forget what was really on her mind. Trying to make it good for Jerry, play acting, trying to make amends.

There was a pause. Was Jerry going to stick himself in her? She could feel herself moistening in anticipation not like the morning. No, she mustn't think of that, mustn't spoil Jerry's evening and Monday was a long time away. But what had happened, what....

She jumped—what was Jerry doing? It tickled, he was tickling her bottom, no, her bottom hole, her arse, with a feather—and it tickled. She tried to rise but in her position, his hand on her shoulders and standing between her thighs there was nothing she could do but submit to the tickling. It was almost unbearable, she was ticklish and, of course, her bottom was very sensitive. She wriggled and cried,

"Stop, stop, please I'll do anything..."

But Jerry obviously knew that.

"Please, please Headmaster, I'll suck your cock every day, I'll..."

There was a pause and then the smacking started. Still Sally could do nothing and she had, after all, asked for it. She was excited now, properly wet, she wanted Jerry's fingers between her thighs, touching, stroking teasing.

"Please, please your big cock, Headmaster."

But it was not fingers or the smooth dome of Jerry's inevitably hard cock but the feather again. It tickled her clit and she squirmed in pleasure as it light­ly flicked again and again.

There was a pause and then she'd felt it. Jerry's big cock sliding slowly and easily into her right up to the hilt. He'd stroked in and out, sliding on her wetness for quite a time as she'd squirmed helpless, bent over the settee be­fore he'd withdrawn still holding her down.

"Time for bed," he'd said but not before he had pushed the quill end of the peacock's feather into her bottom so when, at last, she'd been allowed to stand up she had had to walk around with it sticking out of her bottom like a tail.

"It suits you," he'd said and she had chased him into the bedroom where they had fallen on the bed and fucked to a mutual orgasm.

Later, in bed, she'd tried to tell Jerry but the words wouldn't seem to come and almost immediately, of course, he was asleep. Sally lay beside him awake for a long time thinking about what had happened. How, who, why? Well, the why seemed pretty obvious. A month, a month only. Should she tell the police, what, that she'd been raped on the train (had she?), what had that women seen? The woman had said 'the guard' — was it him? He'd certainly been around a lot and been, well, not quite odd. But how? It was a long time before Sally slept.

Monday came around. Sally was feeling defiant—and why not to some­thing she did not understand and could not, in any case, possibly be real? Her bra and panties were definitely on, as she was sure they had been on Friday with a blue blouse and a jacket. It was an uneventful journey despite her initial worry when she had got on, all the way until the station when the other train joined. She had heard the usual announcement,

"Ladies and gentlemen an attachment is about to be made. Please stand clear of the closing doors."

Once again, she had that odd feeling of displacement and looked around the carriage but the guard was not to be seen. Sally was about to turn back to her magazine when she noticed the young men opposite staring at her, staring at her chest and nudging each other. To her shock and dismay she realised all she now had on were her trousers and jacket. Through the opening of her jack­et her pinky-brown nipples were peering out like little pink piggy noses sens­ing the air—much to the pleasure of the young men opposite. The jacket was a short one. Sally did not like to think of the embarrassment had her trousers gone as well. She buttoned the jacket up tight and tried to ignore the young men. Her mind was in a whirl. The guard, if it was he, had struck again—most effectively—and there was clearly nothing she could do about it.

Sally was not surprised to feel something inside her again as she got up to get off the train. She understood the import of the cryptic 'message box.' What would it say now? And would she have to buy a pink blouse to wear on the morrow?

'One, two, three and the blouse is gone!

Honestly, I would still like you as my friend, I mean no harm, just for you to be a plaything for a month—what is the difficulty in that?

So Tuesday morning it is Pink blouse for yes: blue blouse for no.

Pink blouse for instructions in the message box

Blue blouse then...

Your friend.'

Friend? Sally snorted; hardly the actions of a friend.

Sally wanted to talk, wanted to tell but couldn't. Couldn't get the words out if she tried—and she did try explaining to Jessie but the words just did not seem to come.

There was nothing for it. She could miss a day or two at work but then she would have to go back, it was just putting off the time. Could she go a different way to work—difficult—the train was the only sensible way without a car and driving into London every day was not ideal even if she had a car (and could drive).

A rather worried Sally, in a pink blouse, sat on the train Tuesday morn­ing, magazine in her lap. Nothing very strange happened. The guard came down the carriage and smiled at her just the same as on Friday and said,

"Thank you, miss."

As he took her ticket. She frowned at him. Was that a thank you for the ticket or the pink blouse? He just nodded at her and kept smiling.

"Very good, miss, very good."

There was, though, a message, a message she found later in its silver con­tainer, a message hidden in her...

'Well done. That's the ticket!

Thought I'd see you in the pink.

Thursday evening at the junction. Wait outside the station.

Your friend.'

What junction? It must be the station where the trains were joined.

It was not, of course, her usual stop. Sally ordinarily just passed through that town and station on the train but this time, on the Thursday evening, she got off and stood in trepidation outside the station with a small bag. Was she staying? She had brought her night things and clothes for the next day at work. What was going to happen? She could not think it would be anything but sex—sex with a stranger—cheating on Jerry but she was still in two minds about him. Perhaps she would know about him by the end of the month, the month mentioned in the cryptic message.

Sally looked about her. Commuters were hurrying home and not giving her a second glance. She felt something in her hand—a piece of paper.

'Good to see you. You are looking a peach.

Walk down Station Approach, turn right, and then left.

Your friend.'

Sally started walking. How was he doing this? Was this magic? She turned right then left, should she keep walking? Another paper appeared in her hand and she followed the instructions

'Up the street, first left, second right, no. 32.

Your friend.'

He was taking her to his house. She walked up his street looking for no. 32. The door was open Sally walked in.

She stood in the hallway and put her bag down. There was no sign of any­body and she was uncertain what to do. After a moment she called "hallo."

All of a sudden the door into the front room was open. She walked in and there he was—it was indeed the guard—sitting in a chair. He rose,

"Hallo Miss, good of you to come."

Sally's hands went to her hips. "What do you want?"

"Wasn't my message clear?"

"Yes."

"Well you tell me!"

"Plaything, you wrote."

"Yes, meaning?"

Sally didn't like to say it, didn't like to say it about herself, "Sex toy, sex object, you want to have sex with me for a month."

"Yes, please, and?"

"And?"

"And what else."

"Else?" Sally thought back to the notes.

It came to her. "Be my friend! Hardly. What sort of friend does this?"

"Does what?"

"Whatever you do?"

"And how do you think I do that?"

"I don't know—magic, hypnosis, whatever."

"It would be a much nicer month if we are friends, you know. Surely you don't want me forcing you."

"You've already done that once."

"Well yes, so I have, but not really forced—you didn't resist did you?" He chuckled. "Didn't even know about it 'til I let you. Didn't you like coming on the train, all of a sudden? I'd really prefer if you were willing. It's only for a month, after all, that's a promise."

"This is not willing."

"You have come all prepared to stay the night though."

"No I haven't."

"You have—it's all in your bag."

"You can't have looked, you haven't had the time."

"Ah, well, that's the trick, you see, I have all the time in the world." He smiled. "I can stop time at will."

Sally looked blankly at him but then he wasn't there.

"You see, I just stop time and move, then restart and hey presto, nobody knows what I've done in the meantime or mean-not-time if you like." The voice came from behind her.

Sally whirled around and the guard was sitting just as before but in a chair behind her.

"So it was easy to remove your bra, your panties and, another time, your blouse—even fuck you—and there was nothing you could do about it!"

"But the orgasm. I don't just come like that."

"Well, I have found that a little whispering, when time has stopped, in someone's ear has a certain force. It's odd but people seem to act on it. So miss, how is it to be, because we might as well get started. Are you going to take those clothes off for me all by yourself because, whilst I have seen every­thing there is to see and have taken your clothes off before, having you animat­ed will be so much better; or would you prefer if I just take them off you as you stand still unknowing as a statue or shall I whisper in your ear and you find yourself doing a strip tease? I am sure I can find some appropriate music. I'd prefer the former, so much more being friends!"

Sally did not know what to say.

"Would you prefer," he went on, "would you be less embarrassed if I got naked first?" He got up and took off his jacket.

"I..." it was coming to Sally that she really was about to have sex with this man. His tie was off now.

"I'm not sure about this," she said as his shirt came off.

He wasn't a bad looking bloke. Shorter than Jerry but, like him, not gone to fat, tight bottom and actually not bad looking. If she was going to have to have sex with this man it could have been worse: he could have been flabby and fifty or sixty whereas the guard was only about thirty and certainly in rea­sonable trim.

"Look, do we really have to do this? Can't I just leave and forget about it?" His shoes and socks were off now and his hand was on his belt.

"Come on, miss, I've gone to a bit of trouble to get you here. Now how's it to be—voluntarily, it just to happen or under the influence? You decide, but I did say I'd strip first so you weren't embarrassed."

Embarrassed? This wasn't about embarrassment thought Sally. But then there he was completely naked. She couldn't help herself, her eyes dropped to his cock. It was going to be in her in a few minutes and there was nothing she could do to stop that. Unless she sucked him off, of course, but that would just be putting off intercourse probably until the morning — he would no doubt want to fuck before work. What should she do, what could she do?

He was looking at her expectantly. With a shrug of her shoulders Sally began to remove her pink blouse. The guard smiled and nodded,

"Just the ticket," he'd said.

**Part 3 — Please**

Sally walked down the road to the station in the morning. She sighed. It hadn't been that bad. She could cope; it was only for a month after all, or so the guard had said, but how was she going to juggle this -- this what? How should she de­scribe it -- juggle this new obligation with being with Jerry? Jerry would sus­pect she was seeing someone else... and she was—actually. Well that was one way to dump him, if she did want to, especially now.

She thought about the guard and his cool confidence. He hadn't even asked her name -- probably knew it anyway.

Despite her initial resolution she hadn't been able to go through with it—stripping off for the guard. He had sat down and looked at her all expectantly but she'd stopped halfway through un-buttoning her blouse.

"I can't."

No sooner had she said it than she found the blouse in her hand with her standing there in trousers and her white bra but with the guard still seated as if he hadn't moved an inch.

"Nice. What next?" He had nodded encouragingly.

"I can't believe you just did that," she'd stammered.

The guard had just smiled. "Do you need any further help?"

Sally did not want help but the inevitability gave her courage and she had unhooked her bra and let it fall forward into her hands. She had frozen; really not wanting to go any further and unsure how to go on.

The guard had stood up and very gently taken the bra from her and she'd let him. "Nice," he'd said again and touched her, touched her breasts.

She'd pulled away.

"I can't do this."

"Of course you can. Let me help you" and his hand had moved to the waistband of her trousers and before she could stop him, the trousers were around her ankles. He had done 'it' again.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"None of your business."

She was almost naked.

"I don't want to do this."

He'd nodded as if understanding her difficulty and smiled and comple­mented her on her body. "You should be a model."

"Page 3," she'd said with a snort.

"Well yes, but I was meaning fashion not Men's Mags."

He began slowly rolling her panties down her legs. Trembling, she let him. He took her hand and she stepped out of her panties and he led her around the room, both completely naked.

"So here we are. Two nudists at home."

It did feel a little like that to Sally.

"Do you sunbathe naked? Do you and your boyfriend like to be naked to­gether outside?"

Sally thought of Greece, "Yes, on holiday."

"So there is a boyfriend."

Sally grimaced. His simple trick had worked.

"Please tell me about it."

And, what was surprising, she had told him about the holiday. About the little whitewashed villa and how she had dropped her clothes on the ground and she and Jerry had stepped naked into the pool. She found herself telling him about the sex and her worry; whether she and Jerry were suited; whether she should end the relationship or give it a few more weeks. And all the while he had listened, as they sat side by side naked on the sofa with her hand in his, him nodding but saying very little, just listening as she tried to make sense of her feelings.

"What do you think?" she had said—asking him his opinion about her re­lationship. She was surprised at herself. Not only had she told this man, this man who had forced himself upon her—well not today so far, but he had cer­tainly forced her here and to become naked—told this man some of her most private thoughts but was actually asking him his opinion. It was like coun­selling—nude counselling — forced nude counselling.

"Jerry sounds a good bloke, he does all the right things, that is what you are saying but you are also suggesting something is lacking. You don't want to be precipitate. Perhaps you should set a time limit and if your feelings haven't settled then call it a day."

"I'll give it a month," she'd said. Not quite counselling — he had ventured an opinion but it was what she had been close to thinking anyway.

"The same for us," he'd replied bringing her back to the present. Her pre­sent situation naked with this man, indeed about to have sex with this man she did not know, a man she was not romantically involved with—it wasn't even a one night stand with a man she had met having drunk too much. Not that she had actually ever done that, but plenty of her friends had had casual sex—sex for the sake of it, for the shear animal pleasure. No, she had not been like that. It had been with boyfriends; of which there had been quite a few lead­ing up to Jerry.

"I don't want to do this. I don't want sex." She was surprised he had not al­ready touched her, not already tried to get her to open her legs. Instead he had listened, gently holding her hand, as she had told him far more than she would have expected to—about her feelings for her boyfriend. Why had she done this? He seemed to be, or was trying to be, so friendly yet he had virtually taken her clothes off.

"Perhaps if you relax a bit, it will be easier. I'm not going to force you, you know, it's not something friends do, is it? But I would like to have sex with you, proper sex and not just for my own pleasure but I want you to come too, to or­gasm, I want to see your pretty face with that especial look of ecstasy."

"I don't know you, I'm not in love with you, and I'm not excited at all. That is not going to happen."

"You think not? Well I wonder. Perhaps you are a little frightened; hardly the right state of mind for sex. Would it make you relax if I promise not to have sex with you unless you ask for it, as a friend?"

"Not very likely, is it!"

"Do you like being stroked? My cat does."

"Well, depends by whom, doesn't it?"

The guard's hand touched her naked arm and he began to stroke.

"You're not going to get me excited and wet just by stroking me even if you were to massage my breasts."

"Well we shall see, now just settle back and relax. I'm not forcing you just stroking, now is that nice?"

"It's all right."

He kept stroking her, first her arms, then her head, then her shoulders. It was actually quite pleasant and, yes, relaxing. It was not too bad. His hand moved to her chest, between the valley of her breasts. Obviously they were going to be touched next.

"It's not working you know, I'm relaxed but not excited any more than you are." She had glanced at his cock; it was just lying limply across his thigh pos­ing no danger to her.

His fingers were stroking the undersides of her breasts now, just gently, an easy stroking movement, then they moved back to the valley, climbing up ei­ther side before moving around the breasts but keeping away from the peaks. Sally closed her eyes; this really was quite relaxing but not stimulating. Stimu­lating was different. The guard's fingers were now slowly circling the mounds of her breasts. She smiled as the fingers began circling closer. The Guard did not hurry like Jerry.

"Shall I touch your nipples now?"

"Please." Oh, what had she said, she hadn't meant it as an invitation. It had just been she'd wanted to be stroked there. She opened her eyes. Oh relief, for a moment she'd thought her nipples were standing. She watched as the fin­gers came round and round almost touching her areolae. Then he stopped.

"Do you think, perhaps, a little massage oil?"

He didn't wait for an answer but picked up a little bottle from a side table, Sally didn't remember seeing it there, and, unscrewing the lid, he let drops of oil splash onto her nipples. She shuddered, that was really good, oh no, her nip­ples were both rising, forming themselves into little hard buds without his fin­gers touching her at all—just by the feel of the oil dropping cool and slippery onto them. His fingers strayed into the brown of her areolae. Sally bit her lip, his fingers felt good—but they shouldn't.

"Three little erections now, I see, but when will we get a fourth?"

What? What was he talking about? Three or four erections, surely there would just be his, oh, unless he meant her nipples, that would make three—and the fourth must be her clit. She'd never really thought of herself as having erections! But he said little?

Sally looked and, yes the guard was erect, but it wasn't much to write home about. It was not at all like Jerry's impressive shaft.

"Embarrassing isn't it," he said as his fingers closed on her now oily nip­ples, fingers just touching the sides as they went round and round, "not some­thing to impress the girls with. Some men like big breasts, some men like little breasts but I've never heard of a woman with a fetish for small cocks."

"It's not size that matters—but what you do with it," said Sally tritely. She had at first meant to say something derogatory but his candid comments had unsettled her, she did not like to be nasty. It was not friendly.

"They can be too big," she said, perhaps a little unconvincingly.

His fingers were on her nipples now. It felt really good, good like it shouldn't. The guard had made her nipples hard, he was making her excited, and her body should not be reacting like this. She did not want that. Even so, she was not dismayed when he dropped yet more oil on her nipples and began gently drawing the areolae and nipples up in his fingertips, pulling them away from her body until they slipped back through his oily fingers. It was a lovely feeling and Sally was conscious it was being transmitted to lower down; she could feel herself becoming a little wet. How was he doing this, making her sex­ually excited? He was tricking her, using his whispered suggestion out of time, but how was she to fight it? The guard dropped a little oil in her tummy button where it pooled; he dipped a finger in and began a circular movement across her tummy. How was she to fight it? Did she want to?

"You'll get oil on the sofa," she said practically.

"Stand up then."

Sally stood in front of him; naked between his knees as his fingers drew oily patterns across her tummy; she could feel a little oil, just a droplet, run­ning downwards and, in her mind, she could imagine it running down through her forest of golden hair to reach the little valley and fall into it, to run on down and down into the deeper valley and to pool around her clit, an oily warm pool around the island of her clit; only, given she was standing, the pool would have to obey gravity and slowly the oil would creep down, or was it up, that little round hill to form a drop once more right on its summit, elongate, pulling at her clit, only then to fall from her to the carpet. She could almost feel it, as if the adventurous drop of oil had really made the journey. Sally's thighs pushed tightly together, the image had been intensely erotic.

The guard's fingers were on her thighs now, spreading the oil, fingers slip­ping upwards, stroking upwards towards the vee of fair curls. Sally desperate­ly wanted to open her thighs, even if only just enough, and let those fingers in. She mustn't let him though, if he did that she would be lost, he would have her, she would let him, no ask him: she knew she would. But he wasn't trying to force his way between her thighs, he was just stroking, stroking her thighs with oily fingertips, creeping into her curls, running his fingers down the join of her legs to her pubis and, yes, running an oily finger down her crack. She was leaking now; she knew her wetness was seeping onto her thighs.

It was no use, standing there before him, standing between his knees, his hands on her; she was going to have to open her legs, stand legs apart as his fingers made their way up her inner thighs to touch her sex. She didn't want to ask him, there was no surrender in just letting him—was there?

It was a relief just to spread her legs a little, move her feet apart, open her­self to the fingers she knew would soon touch her. The guard's hands stroked inwards to the soft skin above her knees before moving upwards but so frus­tratingly slowly. She mustn't ask him to hurry, mustn't plead but she could feel a trickle of her own lubrication running down her right thigh towards his fingers. She felt beaten — he'd soon feel that, feel her excitement, know he had won. He was so much gentler than Jerry, prolonging her pleasure, his touch so designed to stimulate, bring out her reaction. Surely he must be feeling her wet­ness now; he was so close to her sex. Sally shook as the guard's fingertips brushed the curly hair at the join of her legs to her labia. He held his fingers completely still and leant his head forward to kiss her gently just above her pubic hair before settling back on the sofa, his fingers unmoving.

The waiting, the lack of movement, the lack of stimulation was too much for Sally. "Please," she said, "please fuck me."

The light touch of his fingers ceased as the guard lent back on the sofa and with a small hand gesture indicated his standing penis. Sally realised it was not going to be him fucking her but the reverse: it was for her to fuck him. "Fuck it," she thought, "I need that inside me." She straddled his thighs; her knees pressing into the sofa either side of them, the guard made no move to help her. She settled herself down feeling for the tip of his cock. She felt it all right not slipping into her vagina but bang on her clit, she jumped, "fuck," she said, and moved and settled down again slightly closer to him.

Sally looked at the guard's face expecting a look of triumph but instead she received an encouraging nod and he said, with a completely straight face, the familiar words, "Ladies and gentlemen an attachment is about to be made. Please stand well clear." It was funny.

She was right on target. With her wetness, entry was easy and she began to ride, feeling his knob rubbing against her as it slid up and down, up and down.

"My breasts," said Sally, "please play with them."

The guard obliged.

Sally was close to coming now and she moved faster, bouncing up and down on the sofa, hearing the springs creak. The guard was pulling her nip­ples and then it happened, Sally's eyes closed, her breathing came in short pants and she screwed up her face; lips parting as she came in waves -- real waves of pleasure.

"Oh that was good, that was good," she said as if she had been in bed with Jerry. She opened her eyes, "I mean..."

He was staring at her face, "What a picture of ecstasy on your face, really something to capture in a photograph, such a pretty image."

She was still on his cock; the penis of this man she did not know was still inside her, she could feel its hardness; she looked down, their curly hair was to­gether shiny wet with the exertions of sex.

"Have you come?" she asked.

"Not yet. May I?"

It was an odd question to ask given the position of his cock, the mere act of her pulling upwards to separate them might set it off; given his power over her he could really choose what to do — if he asked her to go on all fours and stick her bottom in the air there was not much she could do but comply and, anyway, wasn't it her who had asked to fuck? Maybe he had tricked her, or used his influence, but she had desperately wanted to fuck—there was no get­ting away from that — and if she had come and he hadn't it was only fair that...

"Yes," she said and slowly started the fucking movement again drawing herself up his cock and down again, ensuring her wet sheath caressed it and stimulated it towards ejaculation. It was she who did the moving, she who stimulated it, she who encouraged the spurting of the man.

The guard's hands returned to her breasts and she watched him as she moved bringing on his climax, watched him as his own face showed the half surprised, half ecstatic look of orgasm, as he came inside her, releasing his seed in what should only be Jerry's place.

Sally had indeed stayed the night. She had just assumed that was what was expected and the guard had cooked for her and cooked really well. He had obviously gone to trouble; trouble to make sure she had an excellent dinner and a good bottle of wine.

"Jerry doesn't cook."

"Jerry?"

"My boyfriend."

"Ah."

And of course she had had to sleep with the guard. She had hardly expect­ed her own room and of course there had been sex. He hadn't asked nor had he forced himself on her: she had just accepted it as part of the deal. Indeed, as she recalled the next day on the way to work—a shorter journey than usual—it was she who had instigated it, touching him under the bedclothes when he had joined her fresh from his shower. Waking the next morning she had been momentarily lost, wondering if Jerry had turned over a new leaf for someone was actually asking if she wanted an early morning cup of tea. It was, unfortu­nately, the guard not Jerry. Yet, looking back, you could not fault him... as a host. Forcing his attentions on her, forcing her to be his plaything for a month was quite another matter but he had looked after her well.

**Part 4 — Walking**

Naturally that was not the end of it. A month was not up—not for another thir­ty days. He had asked her when she was free again. Sally had tried to say not for a week but he had quizzed her and she had to admit that, whilst she was seeing Jerry later in the weekend, Saturday was actually free. He had suggest­ed a walk in the country. She had thought of simply not turning up and there­by escaping one day of her apparent month as a 'plaything' but, she reasoned, the guard might simply (and with justification) add an extra day on; he might, in any case, be less friendly, less amenable if she crossed him; a walk in the country was not, after all, the worst way to spend a Saturday and so Sally had been content to agree.

Sally expected a pleasant walk, perhaps lunch in a pub (the guard seemed aware of the niceties of social intercourse: if not of sexual intercourse) and sex once, or perhaps twice, in the undergrowth. Her undergrowth she thought rue­fully... still it had the potential to be not a bad day. It was actually quite like that.

The meeting at a particular railway station was by agreement and she found the guard already there and all kitted out with shorts and walking boots. Sally had gone for a dress, hat and sensible shoes. It was a hot day and she was happy to have a dress flowing freely around her rather than trousers or shorts tightly bound. The guard was in a jolly mood and full of compliments; back to his modelling theme of two days before. He had his camera with him and he said he would 'pose her.' Sally could guess what that meant and was resigned to being photographed naked, squeezing her breasts and pouting, climbing a stile with her labia very obviously the focus of the shot from below or lying wanton on the ground with her fingers dancing between her splayed thighs. Possibly, no probably, the guard would also want to take photographs of intercourse or her blowing him. But she was wrong. Instead he had her leaning against a beech tree with the sunlight catching her, walking through a wood holding the hem of her dress, looking up and laughing. All very artistic and well, yes, modelling shots.

"I thought you'd want me naked." The thought came out verbally—she hadn't meant it as an invitation. The guard raised his eyebrows.

"Would you like to be? I thought you looked so pretty in your dress and that was what I wanted to photograph. I could do naked if you like."

They had come out of the wood and reaching the top of the hill where the path followed the ridge for a little way.

"You'd look wonderful just walking along naked, sort of nature's sweet child, all innocence and grace."

"Someone might see." Sally was surprised at herself. She was virtually agreeing to the idea but, well it would be a bit like being back in Greece naked with Jerry. She'd liked the feeling. "I wouldn't want to be seen."

The guard had smiled at her and winked, "I can easily hide you, you know, we could walk hand in hand as naked as the day we were born and be quite safe. I can stop time, pick you up and hide us behind the gorse before anyone coming along realised we were naked. And we haven't seen anyone yet. Shall we be daring?"

Sally noted the 'we.' "Well, oh all right, yes!" She'd looked all around her and then taken off her dress, bra and panties to stand just in her sensible shoes. It had been so different from that first time, only two days before.

"Best take the shoes off too"

So Sally had walked a little way along the path looking out across the countryside from her vantage point on the hill feeling remarkably free of any restriction. She'd stretched and turned to see the guard taking his pho­tographs. Sally had walked back to him. The photos were not bad. She had to admit he took them well and her body did not let her down.

They had then both left their clothes hidden under a bush and with just boots and shoes had indeed walked hand in hand down the main path atop the downs. It was strange at first and Sally kept thinking of what Jerry would think could he see them but after a time she forgot her nakedness and was so en­grossed in conversation that it was only when a couple of hikers got very close did she remember her predicament.

"Oh, we need to hide, we need..."

"A bit late to stop time, they would see us disappear. Just act natural it will be all right."

And it was, the guard said 'good morning.' She'd said 'lovely day to be out,' and then blushed at what she'd said, and the two young male hikers had mumbled a greeting in return with their wide eyes staring at Sally as they went past.

"Well, that was all right wasn't it? If you turn they'll be looking at your bottom."

Sally had turned and the hikers had stopped and were indeed looking at her. She'd waved making her breasts move and they had waved back.

"There you are, a bit of exhibitionism! Did you like it?"

Well, actually she had. She'd liked being admired and had known the guard would keep her safe.

"Would you have liked it if they had been naked?"

That was another question. Did she like looking at naked men? She thought back to Jerry naked by the pool and glanced at the guard naked beside her. "Suppose so."

"And erect?"

Sally had looked hard at the guard, "Unlikely to see a couple of male walk­ers sauntering along like that. The erections wouldn't last."

"I wonder if seeing you had a rising effect upon them?"

Sally had laughed. It was a funny thought the effect a sexy woman could have on men: the thought in their heads and up came the willy!

"Must be a problem in nudist camps. Women are a bit less obvious. How long can men stay erect."

"Hours, suitably stimulated."

"Like now!"

The effect of their talk on the guard was visible. His cock had bounced up to a stubby erection.

"I expect they would have had rather more to show."

"But not as thick — far better than long and spindly, believe me." Sally had appreciated the guard was sensitive but realistic about his small cock. She reached and stroked. "It's nice, honestly. Let's see if I can keep it hard as we walk but please we must hide next time—certainly with you like that!"

They had walked on, Sally holding and stroking the guard's cock, no longer hand in hand but hand on cock. She was surprised at herself at how pleasant she was finding walking naked and to be walking fondling a man's cock was, certainly different. She thought back to the two hikers and imagined holding their cocks, one in each hand. Would she want to make them shoot as they walked along in the sunshine or take her in turns in the undergrowth? Yes her undergrowth!

Further on, they saw more people coming towards them but it was an easy matter to nip behind a gorse bush and lie in the sunshine until they were gone. It was very pleasant there just lying on the grass and looking at the view whilst the people walked by. Sally had opened her legs and felt the sun's rays directly on her sex, a good feeling and it had made her feel more interested in sex than she had at all expected to feel on the walk—which had been nil.

The sound of voices passed and Sally took hold of the guard's cock once more easing it up to erectness. She had watched her hand as she gently pulled the foreskin to and fro over the large head. "I suppose," she said wistfully, "that you could have made those hikers naked for me?"

"Yes," he had said, "and erect if you'd liked. But what would you have done with them?" He'd glanced down. "One in each hand?"

"I do like playing with them." She'd given his cock a particular tickle to show what she meant. "Penises I mean, not that I've ever played with more than one at once you know." Sally was surprised how easily she found herself revealing intimate thoughts to the guard, thoughts she would not have spoken (of course) to her girl friends or even, perhaps, Jerry. "I like to watch them come, see them spurt but the trouble with that is they are then no use to me. Hard in me is best!"

Sally leant over and took the guard's stubby cock in her mouth and sucked gently on it, her tongue occasionally aiding in the massage with a slow stroke. After a little while she unbent and lay back on the grass still watching as her hand played with the now wet penis.

"Sally," said the guard, "your choice is approaching. Either you let go quite soon or you'll find me coming all over your hand. Would you like that, should we do something different or just walk on?"

Once again Sally noticed the guard was not forcing himself on her but let­ting her choose, within of course the bounds that she had not chosen this rela­tionship at all. She'd let go of his cock and had lain there feeling the sun be­tween her still open legs, conscious the wetness had come.

"I think I'd like," she'd said turning over and getting up on all fours, "as we are outside, after all, to be fucked like a ewe or a sow or a cow for that mat­ter!"

"Nice udders," he'd said and he'd pushed himself up onto his knees and pretended to milk her breasts pulling on the nipples as if working a milk cow's udder. "You can almost hear the sound of the milk splashing into the pail."

Sally had liked that, gentle humour in the sunshine; sunshine falling warm on her naked skin, on her upturned bottom; the guard's penis was close to her face and she bent a little and sucked on it as he continued to pull at her nipples.

"Sally," he'd warned, "whilst your breasts are not really producing, the same is not going to be the case with my cock if you keep doing that!"

She was half minded to let the guard come and drink him down as she often did with Jerry. It would be nice in the sunshine drawing out the semen as her breasts were squeezed. But equally it would be nice to be fucked. She let go and kept her position waiting to see what the guard did next. He let go of her nipples and went around behind her. Sally waited and nothing happened, the anticipation made her even more anxious for a touch but there was nothing.

"What are you doing?" She'd said.

"Nothing, just resting a little and admiring your bottom."

It was then she felt just the lightest touch of finger tips on the insides of her thighs where her knees were buried in the grass. Their slow progress up the insides of her thighs were torture. She wanted to be touched—there!" Even­tually she felt the fingers at the top of her thighs just touching her outer lips; she could feel them lightly brushing the few hairs she had there. Almost there, almost there!

But no, the fingers were withdrawn. What was the guard doing? Sally looked under herself, past her hanging breasts with their standing nipples and to her sex and there, approaching, was the guard, his cock moving in ready to touch. The anticipation electric as she saw, before she felt, its tip touch her wet­ness and slip in. Sally had a perfect view of herself being fucked, could see the shiny head pushing into herself and disappearing, see the shaft sliding on her wetness and watch the balls swinging. Supporting herself on one hand she let the other touch her clit. The feeling was strong; she was going to come soon and hard.

All of a moment there were voices nearby. The guard stopped moving and they both listened. The voices were coming closer and closer; Sally was mo­mentarily worried she, no they, were going to be caught in such an embarrass­ing pose with the guard kneeling between her open legs lying across her back as they very obviously fucking in the manner of the beasts. Worse still they could suddenly have come across the guard and her, caught at the very mo­ment of her coming; she trying to hide her nakedness as the shuddering climax coursed through her and, worse, what if the guard was coming as well, pulling away from her with his cock shooting semen into the air to the shock of the onlookers?

But there was a bit of a blur and Sally found herself in a different place, on a different patch of grass.

"Sorry about that," said the guard, "people looking for a picnic spot. Why they had to look where we were... never mind, had to move us, now where were we?" The guard had lost his erection but it started rising as he spoke. "Given me a bit of time to recover — I shouldn't come so quickly now."

To Sally there had been hardly an interruption but, there again, she hadn't had to carry her inert body from their previous place of concealment to a new one and was very happy to carry on. The penis slid back into her sheath and Sally carried on watching as it slid easily in her liquid, feeling the push of the guard's thighs against her bottom. Once again she was building towards her orgasm, closing her eyes as she came, animal like on all fours, covered by the guard. The guard had not missed a stroke at her climax and simply carried on. Sally watched as the thrusts suddenly became faster, more urgent and then slow and firm as she felt a squirting inside her. The guard slowed and stopped; Sally stayed in her position watching under herself, noting the penis losing its firmness, sagging a little and then sliding out backward to hang wet and limp as a trickle of creamy semen left her vagina to drip onto the grass. "Sex really is messy," she thought, and how much more so if she had had those two hikers to contend with as well!

It was pleasant walking back naked hand in hand along the path in the affterglow of sex, enjoying the sunshine and chatting. Whether the picnickers saw them she did not know, there were few people about and they only hid from some. Whether a young couple they passed noticed that she had semen trickling down her right inner thigh Sally, again, did not know but by the amused glances and the hold the pretty girl had on the young man she thought she would not be the only girl on the downs to have such a trickling feeling that day. And why not? It was such a lovely, sunny and hot day -- just right for frolicking in the undergrowth.

Retrieving their clothes they walked on to lunch in a pub, more walking in the afternoon and, Sally was not surprised to find, more intercourse in the late afternoon sunshine.