**Espied**

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**Espied Pt. 05**

It seemed the members of the photography club had really enjoyed the change from showing their photographs of wildlife or still life and wanted to photograph the nude again. The question had come whether Sal would 'mind' posing a second time. Members who had not been at the first shoot were particularly keen and Mr. Soames certainly was full of praise for Sal. She had eventually agreed, not as reluctantly as once she would have done, indeed had felt a certain hesitation was appropriate even if her mind was all for immediate agreement. She would have been cross, in fact, if someone else, perhaps Mrs. Riley or even Mr. Soames, had volunteered.

Sal had showered and dressed in an easy to remove dress not even bothering with panties. It had been strange driving into town to the club gathering and getting out of her car with no panties on. Her mind was on the meeting as she opened the driver's door and swung her leg out to get out of the car. It was not a large car and it was always a bit of a manoeuvre to get herself out. She was not as careful as she would normally have been in a dress - normally when she would have had panties on, that so essential need to keep legs together. The man approaching her across the half empty car park must have got an 'eyeful,' an eyeful of Sal's open legs and exposed sex beneath a rather rucked up light cotton dress. His face betrayed what he had seen. Of course, he said nothing, just carried on to his car but Sal, somewhat suddenly flustered and embarrassed, could see how he had stared and then turned back to look at her. She was sure he was watching her lock her car and walk away across the car park. She had the distinct feeling of being watched, that every movement of her buttocks under her light dress were being examined. A few weeks before she would have been horrified, unable to get the thought of a man seeing up her skirt out of her mind. In a way this was still the case: but now she was rather excited by the thought. A stranger had got a most improper view and she had liked it. Moreover, she was also about to be seen totally naked, if not by strangers then certainly by some people she did not know very well at all. There might even be new members of the club present. There were!

The polish upon the old mahogany table in the centre of the hall was impressive. The old dining table had been at one corner of the room for every meeting she had been to. Normally covered in a cloth and used for their tea things, it had been brought out and given pride of place in the centre of the hall. Sal was sure the polishing - and the smell of bee's wax and turpentine was strong - had been Mrs. Riley's doing.

Gone were the soft furnishings, the chaise longue and the carpet. The idea of the study was the contrast between the polished hardness of the mahogany table and the softness of naked skin - Sal's naked skin. The gorgeous deep red brown of the table and the comparative paleness of Sal's skin, though her recent visit to Weston Mouth had perhaps bronzed it a little. Whether the members noticed the change was doubtful. There was, of course, no tell-tale distinguishment between skin covered by bikini or bathing costume - Sal had not been wearing any. Once more Sal removed her clothes in the kitchen and stood naked where she had so many times washed up after the club's meeting.

Again, a little steeling of herself. Sal was about to walk out into the hall and be the only one naked - and it was not just the usual members. A married couple had joined and two new men, one rather elderly, the other possibly still at school. She found the idea both unnerving and exciting all at the same time. It was like on the beach showing herself to strangers but this time the strangers were not naked - though nor had been the two young lads who had ogled her by the rock pools - everyone but her was fully clothed, if in light summer clothes. Sal stepped out and everyone turned to see.

It was like a jolt of electricity, a stab at her body right from her clitoris, an unexpected physical high. Sal did not, but it was almost like she was walking on tiptoes towards the polished table.

And then there was the getting up onto the table. Walking to it was the easy bit but she was to pose upon it. Like getting out of a car in a skirt, how did one climb upon a table with dignity with a skirt: or indeed out of a skirt or anything at all? She reversed onto it. Her bottom on the table, a bit of a jump and she was sitting there, but she was suddenly conscious of just what the effect had been on her breasts - they had bounced up and down. She swung her legs up - tightly closed and asked, "how do you want me?"

She meant what pose but there was another interpretation - a naked woman lying down and asking, 'how do you want me?' There was not a hint of a snigger, not so much of a wider smile from anyone but Sal was sure the double entendre had not been missed.

The club wanted a contrast of textures and changes of pose. Sal, at first, lay on her left elbow on the polished-wood dining-room table, lower leg straight and her right bent at the knee not quite at right angles to the left leg. The pose concealed her mons and curls. The club members moved about around her, getting in each other's way and discussing camera angles lighting and so on while they did their thing. Although Sal had been listening to them at first, her attention had now been usurped by awareness of contact between her stiffened left nipple and her forearm. What she wanted to do was rub her arm across her nipple, to and fro, but she knew if she did that more than once it would look like a sexual action - and indeed it would be! Between her legs her sex was getting rapidly wetter. Sal hoped nobody's sense of smell was refined enough to catch a hint of her arousal. It was one of the differences between people and cats and dogs - the acuteness of the sense of smell. Sal smiled, and several members' cameras clicked to catch that. She was not covered in fur either and did not have a tail extending from her backbone all pleasingly curled upon the mahogany. Neither a dog nor a cat would have missed her arousal - Sal coming into 'heat,' so to speak.

In a way, Sal was desperately hoping no-one noticed her arousal, yet she had a strange urge to reveal it. An urge to open her legs and display her now swollen labia and prominent clitoris and pinkly wet sex. What she would, moreover, have really liked was being touched there. A stray comment from Mrs. Riley came to her ears. It was about the whole object of the nude study, the contrast of the polished hardness of the mahogany and soft skin. But to her mind came not the thought of the polished table but an image of a beautifully polished wooden dildo, perhaps an antique, so realistically carved in red brown mahogany and polished conceivably by Mrs. Riley with the cloth she had used to polish the table but perhaps also by centuries of use! The thought of that being used upon her. It being pushed into her as she lay - helpless maybe in sexual need - upon the table. Mrs. Riley could do the deed, or Mr. Soames or one or two of the new members. That, or a real penis. The thought of her being photographed whilst copulating, the thought of being photographed as her virginity was taken. The thought of having a real penis inside her moving and pleasuring her was - exciting!

At the foot of the table she could see two of the new members, the older man and the almost boy, cameras raised. Sal, on impulse, moved position. It was a languid change, she straightened her right leg, bringing her curls into general view but as she turned to lie on her other side she did not keep her knees together. Rather she let them slowly fall open as she turned over giving the older man and lad a real view between her legs. The older man was the quicker. His camera clicked.

Sal settled herself on her left elbow keeping her face impassive but watching the two men's reaction. There was a definite look of pleasure on the older man's face and the boy's eyes had widened. Sal felt a real thrill. She had exposed not just her most intimate parts to the two, but they would have seen her wet arousal. It was exciting. A strange, so sexual excitement. Moreover, she had felt her nether lips part, their wetness had held them together until she had really parted her legs. It must have been a bit like the opening of a flower to the two men. Had she made them erect? The idea was pleasing.

Her mind drifted back to the beach, to Chloe and Paul and what she had seen them do. She had watched sexual intercourse, seen Paul tonguing Chloe's sex. She had seen a great deal and photographed it all. Back home she had the photographs and, as promised, had sent them to the couple. She had had a lovely reply, seemingly from Paul. It had described what he thought of Chloe in rather intimate detail. He had become almost poetic in describing his girlfriend's sex. Sal had enjoyed that. He had said they hoped to see her on the beach again.

It was rather wonderful being so exposed upon the table and letting her thoughts run a little riot in her head. Sexual thoughts, thoughts of sexual intercourse and naked bodies. How she found she did enjoy being naked with others. Again, a thought of the two swimming costumed lads on the beach and their so obvious erections. How good it would have been had she got them to expose themselves and perhaps let her make them come - one in each hand! Was she being greedy - Chloe had, after all, let her make Paul come. It had been her own hand grasped around his cock - his lovely cock - and moving it whilst she cupped his warm balls that had made it come, no doubt with more than a little help from Chloe's mouth. And what would that be like - having a man come in her mouth? What would it be like having a man in her mouth? Would perhaps Chloe have let her try? Perhaps not, but they had not been on the beach the next day for her to ask... not that she would have done, her natural shyness would have prevented that! It was a good thought to have, there on the mahogany table. Perhaps Chloe would have offered. The thought of the two of them passing Paul's erection from one to the other like girls sharing a cigarette - not that Sal smoked!

Sal was asked to lie on her front but the pose she chose was to rest upon her folded arms lifting her breasts off the table, so they hung and then also to lift her feet up, bending her legs at the knee. She knew it had an element of a girl ready to 'play' about it. Had she had a Playboy 'bunny' costume on it would have been just right. It was a bit of fun. And that was a question - was the club engaged in nude studies or 'Glamour' photography - that term for sexual but not 'hardcore' nude photography?

She wondered if it was giving the men erections. Were all around her those interesting male appendages rising hidden away in trousers? It gave her a funny feeling.

"I think," said Mrs. Riley, "we should really have a male model next time."

Sal, leaning on her folded arms asked, "any volunteers?" That was a bit unlike her. She was normally a bit more reticent when she joined a discussion. There were no offers.

A final pose of Sal sitting cross legged on the table. A difficult pose to get into with dignity, without exposing her very private areas and, sitting like that, she was a little more exposed to the camera. Perhaps that had been the idea - Mr. Soames' idea. She sat cross legged for quite some time as the photographers fussed around with the lighting and their cameras.

The session over, Sal eased herself to the edge of the table and off. There was a pool of wetness on the table. It was not exactly large, but it was there. Sal could see it and knew how it betrayed her arousal. The other members, though, were looking at her, not at the table. All except Mrs. Riley. Sal caught a frown and then a wink as quick as anything she wiped away the tell-tale liquid with a cloth. Perhaps it was to preserve the beeswax polish Mrs. Riley had so carefully built to a perfect shine: perhaps it was to keep Sal's secret.

The group seemed keen for more nude modelling. It was a change, but they were not pressing Sal. They now wanted to photograph a man. There was talk of musculature.

"I have a friend," said the young lad, "he models clothes. I expect he would model for a fee. He's a strong bloke."

And he certainly was. A big black bloke, at least six foot six with a deep voice to match. Quite a man! And they had asked him to oil his skin to add to the complexity of the photography - the reflections and effects of the light. He had not modelled naked before. There was a definite nervousness, even given his size, as he went into the kitchen alone to prepare himself at the club's next meeting. There was a wait and the photography group readied the lighting around the mahogany table. And then the kitchen door opened.

Sal doubted if anyone present's eyes had not dropped to his cock - male and female - as he came from the kitchen. It was the natural thing to do.

Sal wondered about the oiling. Had he perhaps erected in the kitchen as he had rubbed the oil on his skin? Sal herself had felt excitement in that very kitchen when she had prepared herself to be naked before her group. How much more might she have felt aroused had she covered her body in oil? He had taken his time in the kitchen. The wonderful thought in her mind of him standing there with a cock as upright as her neighbours - perhaps bigger - and willing it to go down. It was bad of her but how pleasing it would have been if he had not succeeded and had to walk in to do his modelling like that. So bad of her but her thoughts did so drift that way more and more.

Like Sal, he was to be displayed - posed - on the mahogany table. It was lovely to see. The nude study does not at all require a perfect body - but that is what they had. Sal had already admired the young man's chiselled features, had found the shaved head interesting in showing the complete shape of his skull un-obscured by dark hair, but he was similarly shaved all over. It was oiled body and nothing else. Such a fine tight bottom. They had him at first sitting on the table's edge as they clicked away before taking photographs of him lying on his front. Was Sal alone in wondering when he turned again whether his penis, squashed against the mahogany as he lay upon it, might have grown? It had not, the penis simply flopped or rolled from side to side as it moved. Perhaps the lack of hair behind it or even on it made it look the larger. It seemed to Sal big when not big!

The thing happened just as Sal hoped. There was no apparent reason, but it certainly happened. Mrs Riley had asked him to stand on the table, his bare feet on the mahogany and him posing as if looking into the distance. The lights were arranged pointing upwards, so the shadows came above rather than below. It gave a rather dramatic feel but as the cameras clicked everyone saw his penis began to move - everyone but the model blinded by the upwards pointing lights.

There was a hush, all of a sudden, in the room as up it went. Sal recalled her own sex opening like a flower on that very table when she opened her legs briefly, but the slow rising and the slow rolling back of the man's foreskin was even more like a plant - the growing of a bud before the flower opened. And then there was the thickening and lengthening of the stem. It was like time lapse photography of a young plant shoot, newly pushed from the ground, growing upwards and waving a little from side to side as it did so. Up and up it went until fully erect. Gloriously erect and so big and dark. And whilst he could no doubt feel what was happening he could not see it whereas everyone else was just staring.

The model's body had had much of the polished mahogany of the table about it but his cock even more so. A shade or two lighter than the rest of his body, it was a mahogany red brown and it was as if carved from wood, beautifully carved from hard wood and polished to a perfect shine. It was a beautiful and large specimen of manhood. Everyone just stood and stared, and the poor young man trapped on the table could do nothing to hide it.

Sal felt for him. She had felt the same embarrassment yet, yet she had enjoyed the exposure, of being naked, even being obviously aroused whilst other people looked. Did he perhaps feel the same? It did not, though, look like it! How could she help him, how could she reassure him - apart from taking her own clothes off and climbing onto the table with him?

"Thank you," she said, her voice quiet at first but growing in strength, "that is just so impressive. Beautiful..." she knew she was going rather far, perhaps embarrassing herself in revealing her private thoughts, but it was true, "... you have such a wonderful body and are being so kind showing it to us in all its, can I say it, manly beauty." She had set the tone, prevented laughter or even scorn, stopped nervous laughter or laughter to cover embarrassment. The cameras began to click again. Studies of the nude male - erect.

It was wonderful - to Sal anyway - that the young man's penis did not deflate. It just stood, full of blood, strong and masculine - and so photogenic! Finally, they let him go, let him come down from the table and escape to the kitchen to dress. But even the climbing down was fascinating for Sal to see and the lovely way he walked to the kitchen with his penis pointing at the ceiling. Sal could not help herself. She was as wet as anything. Perhaps Mrs. Riley was the same, certainly she raised and widened her eyes to Sal and whispered, "Well, I enjoyed that my dear. What you see when out and about without a gun," a pause and what seemed to pass for a giggle from Mrs. Riley, "and what a gun he has!"

Sal overheard the young lad and his friend talking in the car park. She had got into her car and opened the window. It was hot, and she certainly felt very flushed. She sat in the darkness for a few moments and heard the two young men coming closer.

"What were you doing - I never knew you had a dong like that!"

"I dunno, I... I just suddenly found the whole thing - you know - sexy - everyone, like, looking at me... and I got a stiffy."

"You got more than that! Fucking enormous!"

"You should try."

Sal assumed that was about trying the nude photography not having a large penis.

There were the sounds of car doors opening.

"No way!"

"You won't know 'til you try. I dunno, but I liked showing off and the more so when I got a stiffy!"

Sal sat a little longer as the sound of the two lads' car faded. Thoughts of the mahogany 'dong' in her mind. She knew what she was going to do when she got home... or should she perhaps creep out and around to her neighbour - see if he was... would he like to see her naked?

Opening her front door Sal's thoughts had not settled one little bit. In her mind the thought of the young black lad standing on the table. Would she have liked to have been there naked with him? The male and the female, the black and the white naked and exposed! It made her tremble. She imagined Mrs. Riley saying, 'Go on hold him, dear,' and knowing she meant the man's penis, so strongly erect. The thought of her standing there with that big mahogany brown cock in her hand, feeling its warmth and its strength and sliding his skin - wanking him as the cameras clicked, perhaps even making him come on her skin as her neighbour had done. The cameras catching the spurting and then the flowing down her body. Sal shivered again. It was not from being cold. She pulled off her clothes and opened the back door.

It was a moonlit night. Warm and without a hint of air movement. Sal stepped forward, she wanted to be out naked, she wanted to be seen and to see. Her hope was that her neighbour was up and about - with the emphasis on the up. There was a glimmer of light from next door suggesting someone was home - or the light was left on. Perhaps he would have visitors, perhaps he would not be at the back of the house. Dressed or undressed did not matter. She would let herself be seen. It was, however, as she had hoped.

Sal was not a woman with experience of men, yet, standing a little away from her neighbour's house, she was seeing her second erection of the evening. Not as impressive as at her club meeting but impressive enough. Her neighbour was not a small man in the penis department. He was standing near the French windows talking on the telephone. He was both naked and erect. As he spoke, every so often he gave himself a little stroke. Sal wondered who he was talking to, a girlfriend - or boyfriend - with the other person similarly engaged on the other end of the line? Perhaps instead it was a business call that had interrupted her neighbour's little session and he was idly maintaining his firmness ready to return when the call ended. Sal watched - and very much did the same in a rather more feminine way.

It was only when he put the 'phone down did she advance. Sal walked towards the glass wanting to be seen. The man jumped a little and let go of his penis - he had seen her. A sudden apparition appearing outside his window clearly startled him for a moment but then he smiled, a smile of welcome, and he too stepped towards the glass.

Sal began to play with herself, her fingers to her breasts and her sex. Her neighbour watched and then began to stroke himself. Sal watched his hand, so enjoying the sight of a man exercising himself. How she would like to have seen that other boy on the table doing just that. Sal's fingers were inside her body, her thighs rather splayed there on the man's patio. Perhaps she was even dripping on the flags. There was, perhaps, a foot between them - and the glass, of course. Sal stepped forward allowing her nipples and breasts to squash against the smooth glass. It was good to slide them against the hard glass. The man too came forward, so they were both pressing against the glass. So close yet separated by the twin panes of double glazing and the vacuum between.

Sal came: a mixture of her earlier arousal, excitement of walking naked and the intimacy of her neighbour and herself through the glass did it. Strong spasms of female orgasm, so warm through her body. She stepped back blinking in the aftershocks and the man did the same. No longer was the glass clear and un-obscured. Running down it, the man's creamy semen. He too had come pressed against the glass. Sal crouched and watched it running and then looked up at her neighbour behind the glass, his penis was still pointing as well as dripping and he was looking down, perhaps at his semen on the glass but more likely through the glass to Sal's open thighs and her sex.

She gave a little wave and walked away. She did not look back even when the patio light clicked on bathing her in bright electric light. She walked knowing her neighbour was watching her retreating naked bottom - her neighbour standing with his penis still erect.

**Espied Pt. 06**

She had got to do it, she knew she had.

Sal had a real wish to go beyond the end of the garden, not just creep into her neighbour's garden but go further afield. Indeed, into the fields and woods.

It had just so not been her plan to meet a group of ramblers. She had scouted her route out whilst clothed one morning: well clothed in a light cotton dress, though not actually anything else. She had stayed clothed most of the walk but had dared slip it off for one short stretch just 'to see what it felt like.' It had felt good. Her first attempt had gone like clockwork. She had been up with the lark slipping out of the door in her back wall dressed in just sandals and absolutely nothing else in the morning light and had made her whole two-mile circuit completely alone.

Her second outing was somewhat different. Again, an early rise, and again she had slipped from her garden door with the morning light only just appearing and even that seen through a film of vapour. There was a light mist that somewhat obscured everything and gave an other-worldly feel. And other worldly was a bit like Sal felt as she set off. As if it was another self, not really her, walking out naked. The sun had shone weakly, at least at first, through the obscuring mist with the trees down the path behind her house showing rather ghost like above her. Sal had stepped over the stile, loving the way it made her part her legs -- a feeling of exposure -- before walking across the field of standing wheat down the little path made by the few people who walked that way following a right of way.

In the midst of the field Sal felt wonderfully exposed. She could only go forwards or backwards and the path was so narrow meeting someone would have meant a real meeting, even a touching to pass. She could not even see the end of the field and, when she stopped and turned, could no longer see the stile. The photographer in her knew how wonderful the setting would be, preferably a shot taken a little distance from her, perhaps from the path or into the wheat: 'naked girl in the early morning mist.' It would have been admired at her photography club.

Sal knew if someone was coming towards her she could scamper back before really being seen: someone behind her would be more of a difficulty -- she would have to run on ahead in her sandals. But she had a feeling of being completely alone and she was. She walked on across the field and into the wood. There was less mist in the wood and the light a little stronger, but she could see the mist beyond the trees and it gave a certain enchantment to the scene as if the wood was a hidden secret place in a dream world. Sal walked on as happy as anything up the hill and out onto the high field. Crossing that she walked out above the mist and for a moment found herself with it around her ankles but herself above it as if she was walking on a cloud. Sal naked on a sea of white. A wonderful picture had she had her camera -- and a tripod to set it away from her. But even had she had a camera it was all too fleeting, and the mist flowed away leaving her exposed in the midst of the field -- but exposed to just a few cows watching her. Sal walked on and through the small wood beyond the field.

There were eight of them, five men, three women and there was nowhere for her to hide. Moments before she could have slipped into and under bracken, a couple of minutes earlier would have had advance warning by seeing them in the distance and could have disappeared into the wood: but at the point she met them she was hemmed in by brambles either side of the narrow path and, as the path turned, there they were -- and there she was.

As one they halted.

"It's a dare," Sal said. The words had not just come to her but had been what she had planned to say if she had come across someone. It had seemed unlikely, or so she had thought so early in the morning, but naturally she had thought about it. Of course, she had, because the risk of being seen had been part of the excitement of being out and about -- naked. It had been a risk but now it was reality. Sal felt a twinge, the same as she felt in her photography class when modelling, the same as when upon the beach, the same as when Paul and Chloe had looked at her. And the men, certainly, were looking at her.

She was engaged in conversation, perhaps more so by the men anxious to keep her with them so they could look at her closely -- and they did. She had to make up more about the dare. An imagined friend, waiting to see if she really did the deed.

"What is the bet -- how much?"

"I get to fuck her boyfriend." Sal said it to shock. It was so unlike her, not just the 'F' word but the whole idea -- Sal saying something to shock,

"Yes, well," said one of the women starting to move off but the others tarried. "Alone?" asked one of the women -- perhaps she found the idea arousing.

"Oh, no, I'm sure she will want to supervise. She is a terribly jealous sort and she tells me he's got an awfully big cock." Sal grinned. She was not just being exhibitionist with her body but her words. "And I'm looking forward to seeing that."

Sal pressed past the group trying to avoid scratching her buttocks on the brambles and walked on. She knew she was being watched but turned just for confirmation. She wondered if all the men were erect. It was rather nice thinking of the effect she could have.

To have a further person there on her trail seemed rather overdoing it. She had been completely on her own the other two times she had walked it. Not another soul had appeared. Perhaps it was not such a good choice of walk after all. The second time it was a horsewoman, high above her on a bay in jodhpurs and riding hat. They met as the path turned by another wood. The woman looked at Sal in surprise: the horse just looked at her.

"I rode my horse once naked as Lady Godiva around my circuit..." The woman said after a moment, "is this much the same?" There was an element of authority in her tone

Sal was looking up at the horsewoman. "Probably," she said, feeling so much under scrutiny "it rather depends why."

The woman smiled wryly, "It certainly left a wet patch on the saddle. Firm leather you know -- very firm."

Sal nodded, "The same reason then."

"Sexual. Makes one do odd things. You going back to someone special to... having warmed up a bit?"

"No."

"No? Hmmm seems a pity -- for you. My husband was waiting in the stable with something big for me! A fantasy of stable boys -- naked and erect!"

The thought gave Sal a pleasant tingle. She liked hearing what the woman said. "Sounds nice," she replied.

The contrast between the confident and properly dressed horsewoman and the idea of her leading her horse, naked, into its stable and finding a naked man there with 'something big' seemed surprising. Of course, how people appeared to their friends, colleagues or strangers and how they were with their sexual partners -- or indeed sexually on their own -- might well be a very different thing. What was Mr. Soames like in the bedroom or Mrs. Riley? She knew rather more about sweet little Chloe though she did not know what Chloe's friends knew about what she and Paul got up to. Was their naturism a secret, did they know Paul and she copulated in semi-public on the beach? Would this woman's friends imagine her doing such a thing in the stable?

"It was. You know, young lady, I might do the Lady Godiva again tomorrow. You have inspired me. I hope to see you walking then." She raised her eyebrows.

It was so much a command. Sal felt like saying, "Yes ma'am."

There was no one else on her morning walk. Sal slipped through her garden door and bolted it with a smile on her face. She wondered as she walked towards her house whether she was being captured by her neighbour's camera. Had it seen her slip out in the mist? A vague but clearly naked wraith?

Sal got back into her bed and had a pleasant time lying there playing with herself and thinking of her walk, recalling who she had met, the feel on her skin of clothes as she had brushed past those hikers and then meeting that woman on her horse.

The next morning found Sal again slipping outside in the dawn. Another naked escapade, another naked leaving of the safety of her garden, another walk through the wheat to the wood.

They met, horsewoman and naked walker almost at the place they had met before. This time Sal heard the horse. There was some risk it might be another person -- perhaps even the woman's husband but the likelihood was it was the woman again. It was, but whilst she still had the riding hat, the jodhpurs had certainly been dispensed with along with everything else and, unlike Lady Godiva her hair was not long enough to cover anything, indeed it was tucked up inside her hat.

A mature woman. Horse riding had no doubt helped to keep her stomach and thighs in trim. Men would no doubt have enjoyed the movement of her ample breasts as she rode towards Sal. They were certainly fine. Her thighs apart on the saddle and, of course rising and falling correctly as she rode. There was definitely something of the sexual in the way her sex left the leather saddle and then plumped down again. Sal could not see but wondered if the saddle was wet!

"Good morning, we meet on equal terms today!"

They did indeed. Sal had certainly made a point of being there, but she had not really expected the woman to be there and naked. The woman dismounted. As tall as Sal, fair haired and rather more substantial but clearly so in trim. They talked for a bit and then, "Do you ride?"

"I did ride as a little girl... a bit." Sal did not like to admit her shyness had caused her to stop. There had been too many people coming and going at the stables.

"Would you like...?"

The woman helped her up. No doubt in the process seeing rather more of Sal but that hardly mattered. They were both women, after all. They were soon quite intimate women when she joined Sal on the horse, sitting immediately behind her.

It gave such a different view. Being on a horse places you quite high up. They walked along, the woman's arms either side of Sal holding the reins. Sal could feel the woman's breasts pressed into her back. She could feel the woman's fur tickling her back, as well. They were seated, naturally, very close. Sal did not know if the woman was simply being friendly in giving her a ride or whether there was an ulterior motive in having Sal's body against her own.

"This would be a bit different if my husband was taking you for a ride."

"Why?" And no sooner had she said it than Sal realised it was pretty obvious what would be different.

"Because, my dear, you would feel something pretty hard and warm against your bottom."

"I suppose so."

"And if he set the horse to a trot probably something wet on your back don't you think."

"It's what men do." She had seen it with her neighbour and with Paul.

"Don't they! Would you like that?"

What was Sal letting herself in for -- if she was not careful. Would she like that -- almost certainly yes! The feel of the woman's body behind her was warm, the steady movement of the horse -- such a big animal -- was pleasing. The feel of a man's body, hard as men were both in body and...

"Have you... have you copulated on a horse?"

In her ear the woman breathed a 'yes.' Sal wondered about that as she was let down to continue her walk. Was the woman's husband going to meet her at the stable. Was he suitably dressed or undressed? Perhaps in boots but little else and his penis all hard.

What was the woman's husband like? Might the woman send him out another day to meet Sal? She imagined a tall and powerful man dressed in riding boots and hat but nothing else, trotting towards her with his muscular buttocks rising and falling from the saddle and his penis both raised and peeled. The photography could be exceptional. The thought of being pulled up onto the horse to ride to his front just a bit stimulating to Sal's increasingly fertile imagination.

"Morning Sal." It was her neighbour at the shops. "You are looking nice with your clothes on."

Sal swallowed and looked anxiously around. Nobody was close enough to have overheard, "And you," she said.

What a greeting, though, to be overheard by another shopper. What a thing to tell a friend: 'You can't guess what I overheard in the street.'

They talked for a bit and then her neighbour asked where she went in the early morning.

"What do you mean?"

"You go out of your garden and come back a lot later -- and you go naked."

He was certainly watching her. Perhaps there was a movement sensor which triggered his camera. It was intrusive but... but it excited her.

"I go for a walk. A morning stroll in the fields or woods."

"Can I come too?"

Sal shrugged her shoulders. "If you like, I suppose. Dawn tomorrow."

An assignation -- almost.

All was quiet as Sal stepped out of her house. Again, there was a mist with the sun only just making itself felt. She wondered whether her neighbour would be waiting for her or was it too early? Would he be clothed or naked like her? Sal liked the idea of being naked with someone clothed. She would quite like -- really -- to have joined the hiking group as a naked member. If she was honest with herself, she would have to admit that she would not have minded having her bottom patted as she walked or other liberties taking. The hikers taking advantage of her exposure.

He was there, not, as she had rather expected, naked, but fully clothed, not with light sandals but full brown brogues as if for serious walking; a rather nice green and yellow checked cotton shirt, fawn chinos neatly pressed and a green corduroy jacket. The contrast with Sal rather striking. It gave her one of her twinges. She had thought they would be walking naked together; perhaps his plan was to put his clothes into the bag he had with him later in the walk; she had rather been intending to photograph him with the camera slung over her shoulder, naked and hopefully erect in the middle of the corn field; if she could get the light right, coming over the stile with his genitalia hanging in silhouette; perhaps photograph him naked in the wood. Sal had rather thought there would be some form of sexual activity, perhaps just solo until they returned when he might again ask if he might eject his semen onto her body. She would agree.

"I thought," she said, "we were going for a walk together."

"Yes, yes. I have been looking forward to it. Shall we go?"

Sal stepped forward in the direction of the fields and the wood, the way that led past the back of a few houses before turning across the field. But the man reached out and took her hand.

"No, I thought we would go this way."

Sal's forehead wrinkled. She knew that was not the right way, it was a way past a lot of houses yet, yet there was something which made her turn and go with her neighbour. There was a certain clear decision in his voice, an impression of steely resolve closely sheathed in his apparently mild manner. Perhaps it was being out and about naked, perhaps it was being naked with a clothed man or else being told what to do but between her legs she could feel her sheath moistening and unfurling as he led her along the green lane in the opposite direction to the one she had intended to take. Sal looked at the backs of the gardens of the houses as they passed one and then several. All was quiet. This was a much more dangerous route -- the danger of being seen -- than the other way. The other way they would already be crossing the stile. Sal almost shivered at the thought of how exposed she would be to her neighbour had she climbed over. Perhaps he might have taken the liberty of touching her -- there, between her legs. He had not done that.

"Where are we going?" She knew, the lane eventually came out onto the main road leading into the town. She did not want to go this way - did she?

He smiled at her. "You'll see," he said gently. Again, his voice gentle but firm. She shivered, wordless.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"No, no, it's not really cold is it?" She smiled back at him and his concern. It was not, though, entirely true. The tops of her thighs were being slightly chilled by her sexual fluid cooling in the early morning as it trickled down. The extraordinary sensation caused her to walk unevenly, it was quite a feeling; he put his arm round her waist seemingly in case she stumbled or was it merely to touch her? The feeling of his corduroy jacket-sleeve as it slid across her naked back was strangely pleasing; bringing forth yet more moisture from her as faint early-morning traffic noises grew steadily louder.

Sal stopped. "It's the main road, "she whispered. It was unlikely -- so unlikely -- anyone would be out and about but the complete lack of air movement and the mist all around them made everything so quiet. Not even the birds seemed to be making a sound despite the developing light. "I can't, I won't walk along a road like this."

"You won't. Come on Sal, keep walking." His arm was around her waist urging her forward.

Ahead Sal could see a footpath sign in the mist pointing off the track. It became obvious to her they were going down that, it no doubt looping around in some way and back towards their houses. A new path, a new naked adventure. It was exciting. Would her neighbour now undress? Was this part of his own sexual excitement to hold off removing his clothes until really excited? Sal glanced down at his trousers. Was he already in possession of a hidden erection. She was looking forward to seeing that, it added to her wetness. She liked seeing penises -- her neighbour's, Paul's and the nude model at her club to say nothing of all those flaccid ones on the naturist beach. She had not realised how different they were. Would she hold it as they walked?

Her thoughts of penises -- erect and otherwise -- were broken by her neighbour completing ignoring the footpath turning. "I...I... what are we doing... I'm really not prepared to walk along a road. You can see the headlights..."

There were lorries and cars passing the end of the lane not one hundred yards away -- and closing as Sal was propelled forward.

"You are not walking along the road naked. Trust me."

Sal was shivering again but not from cold. The strange thought and anticipation of being caught naked in the headlights, exposed to big burly truckers and besuited business men on their way to work.

"Please..."

And then her neighbour removed his arm and began to undress. Surely not -- surely, they were not both going to stand at the side of the road and be seen. Her neighbour perhaps with an erection. It might cause an accident. Perhaps, perhaps they were just going to walk naked to the end of the lane, be seen by one or two lorries and cars and then come back and walk delightfully naked down the footpath in the mist. It was only his jacket he was taking off.

"Put this on."

It was the corduroy jacket and he took her camera and helped her into it.

"But I want to be naked -- naked with you." She said. He did not seem to be taking anything more off.

"I said you would not walk naked down the road and you won't be." A hand just under the back of her jacket patted and pushed her bottom cheeks. "Come on. Another fifty yards and we'll be there." He did not give her the camera back but put it in his bag.

Sal had to admit she was now 'clothed' -- after a fashion. The jacket was a three button 'straight' and she buttoned up all three. The hem of the garment was reasonably long on her, she felt, and she was pretty sure not even the curves at the bottom of her bottom cheeks would show -- unless she bent forward! She began to walk, doing what she was told.

"Oh -- ooh." It was a whisper but audible. The sudden feeling of the ribbed corduroy material rubbing over her nipples at the edges of her nipples, the material flicking against them as she walked was remarkably stimulating to an already excited girl.

"You OK, Sal?" The man put his arm again around her.

As they approach the main road, Sal felt she was rather, and rapidly, losing all semblance of control. She was much more excited than she would have expected so early in a walk. She looked down and realised that whilst her bottom cheeks might be well covered the same could not be said for her patch of fur and below she could see wet, unfurled sex-lips peeking -- and they were not wet from the mist. The dampness she could feel on the corduroy as she put her hands in the pockets to push the coat's edges together, was from the mist: the dampness between her thighs was quite different. The edges of the corduroy jacket almost covered her sex from view, but she found herself rubbing the edges against herself, pulling on the skin and it in turn pulling at her clit. Lovely intense feelings and, with barely yards to the road and the flashing headlights, she found she could not help it -- could not stop the impending orgasm.

Sal came there in the green lane, crying out and stumbling. Her neighbour who had had his arm around her back to keep her moving, turned to her and pushed his other hand down, forcing it easily through her slippery thighs to grab her pulsating sex, actually holding her up by his hand there as Sal sagged downwards. Her whole body racked by electric and sexual sensation, whilst she could feel herself suddenly so very wet, perhaps even her liquidity trickling through her neighbour's fingers as he held her.

Never before had a man held her like that -- he had her sex in the palm of his hand, soft, pliable and no doubt very wet. He had not, though, raised a digit, had not inserted himself into her, was not even directly tickling her clit: but his hand was very much there supporting her, holding her up..

Sal felt her legs coming back to her. "Thanks," she said, raising herself up off his hand. It did not follow her, it did not stay clamped to her sex and was withdrawn. She looked at the hand. It was, indeed, very wet and she knew what with. "Oh," she said, "your hand is all wet."

A very large lorry roared by as her neighbour raised his hand up to first his face and then her own. The scent of aroused woman was there, and he touched her lips with his hand, "Lick," he said.

Sal had settled into doing what she was told. She licked and wondered as she tasted herself had her neighbour been naked and rather than cupping her sex had made himself come into his hand whether she would as easily have licked his semen from it. She rather knew she would.

"Do you want to...?"

The man looked at her.

"Do you want me to... shall I make you come... would you like me to wank you?"

"Of course -- but we have a bus to catch. Come on, run!"

The bus stop was but twenty-five yards down the road and he pulled her along by the hand -- running. Sal wondered whether the flap of the jacket was flapping up and down giving passing motorists a view of her naked buttocks. Her neighbour had seen the bus coming and waved it down. Sal had not time to think as she was pulled through the opening doors. She had no money, but her neighbour did. The bus driver did not really look at her neighbour, but he certainly looked at Sal. The bus was a double-decker bus and virtually empty, no doubt because of the early hour, empty except for one man sitting near the stairs going up to the upper level. Sal did not know but certainly wondered if he watched them ascend. Again, that strange thrill. He would have seen up inside her neighbour's corduroy jacket to where it was very much not her neighbour. The man would have had an eyeful of not just pudenda but wet, fleshy, engorged pudenda.

There was no one upstairs and Sal let go of the sides of her jacket. She had not held them whilst running but had most certainly held them together as she got on the bus. It was only as she sat down in one of the front seats and felt the coarse material on her bottom did she remember the driver had a periscope view of the upper deck. It was only after they had seated themselves did the bus start. Sal was sure the driver had been watching them -- or rather her. Another man had seen more than he should have. He would have seen her furry patch between the two leaves of the jacket, framed by green corduroy. Perhaps the bus was now being driven by a man with an erection.

It was early, but not that early. Sal looked out at the increasingly light world as they passed another bus stop and then another without stopping but then they started to stop at every bus stop to let people get on. She could hear people climbing the stairs and sitting behind her, people no doubt safely dressed: not like her in just a corduroy jacket.

Her neighbour had reached, shortly after the bus had first started, not to touch her intimately, just to pat her knees apart. He had then taken her hand and moved her fingers folding the little finger under her thumb and leaving the other three together. He had then very carefully pushed those fingers up into herself. Apart from her knees and hand he did not touch her but there she was on the bus with fingers stuffed into her vagina.

"Off you go," he said, "make yourself come again."

And she had found herself again complying with his wishes -- and he had not let her take her hand away even as people got on the bus. It was inevitable someone would sit in the other front seats. They were always the most popular seats on a double decker bus, perhaps because of the view out of the front window. Two schoolgirls talking nine to the dozen plonked themselves down. It was early for school, perhaps they were keen sixth formers anxious to get good grades at 'A' level so they could go to a good university. Identically dressed in maroon gingham cotton dresses but with similarly maroon blazers over. A school still with a strict dress code even into sixth form. Sal knew the school, knew it was like that: or certainly had been when she had been there. She had worn similar clothes on that very bus though she would never have dared sit in the front seat. There had been a pecking order of girls. She had not been at the top.

Sal did not know the girls. They did not know her and did not, at first, notice her -- not at first. Their giggles, their pointing and their whispered conversation gave so much away. Her neighbour was so clearly aware despite looking straight ahead out of the window. He grabbed her wrist when she attempted to extract her fingers and only released it when she stopped pulling.

Sal had to keep masturbating whilst both her neighbour, from the corner of his eye, and the two schoolgirls watched. Worse, and not completely to her surprise, the fact of watching strangers, even girls, excited her -- excited her too much. The girls would have seen her hand moving faster and harder, perhaps caught glimpses of exposed curls through the rather open jacket. She was almost coming and then, to make things worse, her neighbour reached and undid the buttons of her jacket. It was too much. The now freed lapels moved with her, brushing her hard and exposed nipples. It was too much stimulation. Sal came, making little whimpering noises. The people behind must have wondered what was happening. The school girls knew exactly. They were staring at Sal.

Sal withdrew her fingers from her so sensitive sex but again the man reached for her wrist and lifted her hand up. Her fingers were still bunched and upon them and upon her hand, Sal's sexual lubrication not simply wet but glutinous in the way she could be when excited. The man held her hand up and then turned to the girls. Perhaps he raised his eyebrows. Sal could not see, perhaps he offered it to the girls, certainly she felt his lips and tongue on her fingers. Their wide-eyed look of astonishment from the girls was worthy of a photograph, but her camera was in her neighbour's bag.

Again, he made her suck her own fingers. She glanced at the girls with her fingers in her mouth and their eyes met. What were they thinking? Would they talk about it later -- probably -- what would they make of it? Sal's sexuality was expanding. Had it expanded their view of what people did? Almost certainly. Might one or other of the girls imagine what it would be like to be exposed like Sal. Sitting there naked whilst her neighbour looked at them with obvious enjoyment. Of course, they would know about sex and their own bodies. Perhaps the night before each had lain in her own bed and played at that space between thighs. Maybe like Sal they had sucked her own wet fingers. What people did in private was a secret to them. The most respectable, the most normal seeming people might have very unusual desires and practices. Few, though, would have done what Sal had just done and shown themselves like that to complete strangers.

The bus emptied at the terminus and Sal, with her corduroy jacket again tightly buttoned and lapels held close together followed her neighbour back up the bus and down the stairs. The man who had first been sitting there when she had got on was still sitting seemingly in no hurry to get off. Sal was sure she knew the reason. There was no way she could hide his view up her jacket as she came down the stairs even keeping close to her neighbour. Again, Sal was exposed.

The bus terminus was almost deserted, the passengers from the bus hurrying their various ways but the two girls looking back. From his bag her neighbour produced a pair of high heeled shoes.

"I don't wear..."

But already he was unstrapping her sandals. The high heels fitted but were not comfortable. The heels clacked on the pavement in the quiet of the terminus as they left it and walked slowly, and in Sal's case with difficulty, into the shopping precinct. It was almost deserted - but not quite empty -- the hour was early. Shopkeepers, preparing to open up, gawked at her; their eyes travelling up and down her bare legs wobbling on high heels; the swell of her breasts between the lapels of her jacket revealed and a-jiggle as she walked leaning on the man with her for support.

The feeling of arousal which had stayed on the bus had not disappeared -- not one bit and the rub, rub of the corduroy on her nipples did nothing to lessen it. Sal tried again holding the lapels but was not sure that did not open her jacket below rather wider and show she had nothing beneath, revealing her curls to shopkeepers and the occasional pedestrian if they were minded to look at that early hour. Sal felt constantly upon the edge of orgasm; her face, she was sure, was flame red with embarrassment and arousal. She wanted to touch herself again, but it was not the place at all, not one bit of it and her neighbour clearly had a purpose in mind. It seemed clear he would not let her stop and do something about her dripping sex. She was sure, if she looked behind her, she would see she had left a trail of drips upon the pavement! Sal was not going in a direction of her own volition, but of her neighbour. The high heels were difficult. She was so unused to them and the way they made her walk. She did not dare not let go of her neighbour for fear of falling over.

Eventually, and it seemed like that to Sal, they paused at a rather unassuming door in the blank wall to the rear of a building. They had slipped through an alleyway into what seemed a service area. It was deserted but for a single rather fine car, a Jaguar. There was no one in it, indeed no one in the whole area.

"Could I have my jacket back?"

"I..." Sal looked around. There really was nobody there but, as she did as she was told, she was conscious that whilst the yard might be empty that did not mean there might not be faces at the windows of all the buildings surrounding the small courtyard. Unseen eyes might be watching. Again, she shivered as she looked down at her completely revealed self. Naked but for a pair of high heels shoes, naked with perky erect nipples, naked with wet thighs.

Her neighbour slipped on the jacket, fished in a pocket and pulled out a key. Sal watched as he unlocked the door, her thoughts suddenly rushing at her. What was through the door, where and to what was he taking her?

Sal had the sudden and terrible thought he was taking her to audition as a stripper or a waitress at some seedy club where she would wear a fox's mask, a busy tail and nothing else whilst she served drinks and her body was examined by strangers.

He ushered her through the door.

**Espied Pt. 07**

It was anything but some seedy club, merely the back entrance to an office block. There was no one at reception at that early hour and only Sal and her neighbour in the lift. It was one of those well mirrored lifts reflecting back images of herself -- and her neighbour -- mirrors facing each other and therefore reflecting multiple images back and forth so that whether Sal looked right or left she could see herself so naked standing holding the arm of a fully clothed man. The image held her. Her naked self, after naked self, after naked self, going on and on into the distance of the mirrors each holding onto a fully clothed man in a corduroy jacket. Sal -- Sals -- naked and exposed.

The ping of the lift as it reached a floor broke Sal from her reverie, to the worry that when the door opened there might be someone or some people there, perhaps a whole office full of people staring. There was nobody.

"This is where I work."

He took her into a fine office room with wooden furniture and a view over the town.

"Coffee?" Such a commonplace enquiry.

Sal sat on a chair in front of his desk as her neighbour busied himself with the coffee. She would have liked to have had the corduroy jacket back, she glanced at the window and wondered if people in the facing office block could see in -- could see her curls. Her breathing was slowing.

"Why am I here -- why have you brought me here?"

"Don't spill the coffee."

The saucer and cup were now in her hand, suspended over her curls. It would not do to spill.

"Did you not enjoy the walk, Sal? I know you did, I thought you would. Your wet sex betrays you. Mr. Soames..."

An audible gasp came from Sal. She heard and felt it. "What!"

"Oh, I know about your little exhibition at the photography club, I know you enjoyed exposing yourself. Mr Soames told me all. He saw your arousal. He knows what you like. He wants to photograph you, Sal, but more -- um -- intimately."

Awfully Sal felt a little jolt of excitement, felt her clitoris enlarging once again -- her little erection.

"But that is for another time, Sal. I shan't tell him I have told you, but you will know when you meet him next. You will know what he is thinking. How he wishes to see you displayed."

She knew she was biting her lip.

"But I don't see why you shouldn't practice."

"Practice?"

"A full display, Sal."

"For you?"

Her neighbour smiled. "For me... and somebody else."

Again, a little jolt of excitement. What had... what was happening to her? Her reactions so different from how she would have expected just weeks before.

"The owner of my firm is, well, not in the first flush of youth and confided in me the other day he no longer can get 'it' up. I have a bit of a wager with him. He is always in early. Come, finish your coffee and then show him everything."

"Why?"

"To get him up -- of course -- I know you'll like doing that. You like exposing your body to give men erections don't you. Didn't you think you were giving all the men at your club an erection? All those hard cocks standing hidden in trousers all because of you? Mr Soames confided in me he had quite a damp patch in his boxers. "

"Are you?"

"Yes Sal, do you want to see? Do you want to feel?"

She was sure her neighbour knew the answer.

"Come on Sal, show me yours. Show me your clit."

And she did just as she was told, opening her legs and showing him her smooth, swollen little button.

"Very good, Sal, come and show it to Mr. Grant."

She was allowed the corduroy jacket to walk along the corridor. A respectful knock at a door.

"This is Sal, Mr Grant."

He was old, a tall, wiry stick of a man with half-moon glasses and grey almost white hair neatly cut. Sal was struck by the prominence of his cheek bones giving him an air of authority not that that was lacking at all when he spoke. He was clearly used to command. No doubt ex-services and had probably run his company in very much the same way as he had his men.

"Oh, indeed?" He rose from his desk putting down his fountain pen. He frowned as his eyes dropped to the hem of Sal's jacket.

The meeting did not seem to have been arranged. Her neighbour spoke, "She is a friend I have brought for you to have a look at carrying on from our conversation the other day."

An eyebrow was raised.

"Might she lie on your desk, she has something -- quite a lot to show you. Sal, may I have my jacket back?"

It was not at all like being already half naked and seen in the shopping centre or disrobing in the kitchen and then coming out to the photography class. It was more like being on that beach and taking her things off as the old man there had watched her disrobing. But on the beach taking clothes off is expected, and it had been a naturist beach, after all: this was in an office block in the managing director or chairman's office with a thick pile carpet, not sand, underfoot. She was going to be showing herself to this complete stranger -- showing her body and her sex. Again, that throbbing in her clitoris, a feeling of wetness coming again. Sal undid the buttons to her jacket. The old man was looking at her breasts over his half-moon glasses, or the valley peeping through her lapels.

"Very nice, very nice indeed!"

She felt a tug and her neighbour was taking his jacket from her, sliding it off her shoulders and down her arms revealing her body entire. It was sudden exposure, sudden revelation to two clothed men.

"Ah, unshaven. That is best, don't you think? This really is most thoughtful of you." She was being discussed. There would be more.

"Come on, Sal, up on Mr Grant's desk."

It was like the mahogany table in the hall for the photographic club only this time she was being instructed to open her legs. It was just so not what she had done on the table.

"She is very wet." Mr Grant's interest had clearly been raised.

"Yes, indeed, isn't she! Prolonged arousal and frequent masturbation."

Mr. Grant's examination was intimate. He did not touch, merely asked if she might possibly move position. His voice so cultured, soft and refined. Sal felt even more exposed than she had on the mahogany table at her photography class. There she had been simply a nude model -- at least that was the presumption, not an object of prurient examination (though she had had her doubts about Mr. Soames confirmed) - here, though, there was no question about it. Mr. Grant's interest was sexual, his questions lewd and seeking lubricious replies.

"Wonderfully fragrant." Was he referring to her perfume? She had put very little on that morning.

Again, Sal's position was changed.

"What a lovely bottom you have, such a pretty arsehole. Has a man ever penetrated it -- to depth?"

She was on all fours on the desk, her knees well apart and her bottom high. She could feel her cheeks had opened wide and her anus so visible in the light now streaming through the window.

"No!"

"But surely, men would wish to..."

"She is a virgin, sir -- everywhere."

"But it is so perfect, so small and tight, such a pretty fawn colouration and so wrinkled. Might I just -- with a finger."

"No, sir, you may not!"

Such a strange boundary. Being exposed to men but not touched -- not touched by the men but she was soon encouraged to touch herself. Touch her wet sex, tickle her standing and so revealed clitoris, hold it for the men to see and then insert her fingers into herself and make sticky, sloshing sounds for their pleasure as she pulled them in and out.

"You half win your bet, you know. I am up as I am sure you are but whether... whether I can come is quite another matter."

"Go on try. Get it out sir!"

It was a conversation Sal was not part of. She saw Mr. Grant fumble at his fly and extract an erect penis and begin to wank it. It was much the oldest penis she had ever seen. She wondered what it had done in its time. The wanking was enthusiastic and no doubt pleasurable but not yet reaching a successful conclusion. Perhaps if she let him slide it into her that would help, but that would not be a good idea. She was just as her neighbour had said a virgin, a penis had not slid into her and she was unprotected. Sal imagined even the semen of an old man like Mr. Grant, perhaps octogenarian, was still fertile. She felt having her own fingers in herself was some sort of wise precaution, a contraception!

"I... it is not coming. Please, would you also... show me. It may assist. I have certainly not had a stand like this in years."

The request was not to her but her neighbour. Sal was certainly showing how girls masturbated. A very visual demonstration. A second erection was brought out into the open, a second erection which she already knew, looming over her and aimed at her body.

Sal was being used and knew it. A sex object, a masturbatory aid, a visual stimulation to men. And the fact of the masturbating penises above her added to her excitement. A just so inappropriate image came to her of all the men in her photography class gathered around her, penises exposed and erect, whilst they photographed her fingering herself with her fingers in her quim and at her nipples. All the men demonstrating their appreciation of her nakedness. On the table, spread out she would be on a level with the penises, whichever way she turned there they would be, hard and pointing. It was not quite like that with the desk -- there were only two of them.

"Show me!"

And her neighbour did as his superior requested. From his penis issued dollops of semen raining down upon her nipples. He was certainly showing! The older gentleman was clearly trying to emulate. It seemed a shame to Sal if he was unable to make it, given the efforts her neighbour had made on his behalf.

"Please Mr. Grant, come on my tummy

Perhaps it was that request, the naked woman requesting ejaculation, perhaps it was the sight of semen being expelled and then running down her breasts or, maybe, it was simply the culmination of a whole variety of things but there was indeed a gasp and a cry of triumph from Mr. Grant.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes -- I really am going to..." And he did. It was not spectacular: quite the opposite but, as his fingers moved his old, very wrinkled foreskin at speed, from his knob issued white liquid. Not a lot, but it dripped down upon Sal's stomach all the same. Her neighbour had won his wager.

Sal had not thought she could be more exposed: but she was wrong. Lewdly spread on a desk had certainly been an exposure but being ushered from Mr. Grant's office and back down the corridor naked and with semen so obviously running down her breasts and stomach -- semen, from its locations upon her body, clearly placed there by different men, was a quite different sort of exposure. An exposure that revealed to anyone just what had been done to her. That there was no one in the corridor was not something Sal could know until she was once more in the safety of her neighbour's room. She was invited to 'tidy herself' and then be taken home.

Sal had not been chauffeured before -- still less in a Jaguar. Mr. Grant had put his car at her disposal. She was conscious of eyes in the mirror of the car all the way back out of town. Mr. Grant's chauffeur observing her in just a corduroy jacket.

Sal had come out without a key -- or anything -- there was no point being dropped at the front of her house. The front door was barred to her and the front side gate locked. The Jaguar dropped her at the start of the green lane just up from the bus stop where she had caught the bus that morning. Sal again with her sandals and her camera -- and the corduroy jacket. She had walked that way before in that coat but with her neighbour. Now she walked it alone, all the time fearing someone, particularly someone she knew might appear. It was fear only. She walked in the sunshine alone.

Such a relief to open her garden door, step through it and close it behind her. A wall now between her and the outside world.

Sal sat in her armchair. On the side table pictures of her late parents, another of her grandparents and another of her brother in Australia. Sal was so not being the girl she had been brought up to be, not recently. What had triggered this arousal, this change, in her? The answer was clear: seeing her neighbour naked from her balcony through the wisteria. She was still a virgin but hardly a prim and proper one. Prim and proper virgins did not walk around naked, did not submit to men ejaculating over their naked bodies. Prim and proper virgins did not masturbate and come whilst men watched. She had done more than be exposed on the photography club's table: she had been aroused and her arousal had been so strong.

Once again, her fingers went to her sex, her so abused sex. Not abused by men but by her own fingers making her come again, and again, and again. She put one thigh over each arm of the chair and worked herself. In her mind the recollection of her neighbour and Mr Grant standing over her, looking at her, using what they saw for their own sexual gratification. She imagined Mr. Soames there too, and Paul and the black lad all with penises extended and pointing at her. Every man jack of them being exercised. Her legs so apart, her sex so exposed -- and vulnerable. Her virgin and fertile sex. The delicious thought of her neighbour laying a small white napkin, hot, wet and steaming like you get after meals in some restaurants, over her sex to protect it. The sudden touch of such wet heat from the towel to her standing clitoris a pleasure as above and all around it the semen began to spurt from all those penises onto her and onto the towel.

Prim, proper, quiet, shy Sal came again there in her armchair with thoughts of a most salacious nature. |It was all so unlike her: yet across the room on another armchair, casually discarded, was her neighbour's corduroy jacket, a very real and present reminder of her day's escapade. It would be there for several days; her neighbour had told her he would not be returning for a whole week. A business trip abroad took him away.

The question was, quite how should Sal return the jacket? On the face of it a simple matter, she needed merely to hand it over. Her indecision was not about whether to parcel it up, perhaps in brown paper and string, or to return it as it was. There was no need to wash it or have it dry cleaned, as it was as pristine as when she had first put it on. It did not even need pressing. It was more the question of whether to be wearing it or not and what to have underneath. Sal was rather minded to feel the excitement again, the fairly safe excitement, admittedly of just of going around via the back gate of her house and into her neighbour's garden otherwise naked and taking it off and returning it whilst he stood there. He might touch her, might explore her nakedness, tell her to stand still whilst he inspected her. It was something she thought about as the days passed. She even put the jacket on again over her naked body, even looked at some of her special photographs whilst wearing it.

**Espied Pt. 08**

Sal's photography group had an evening, a few days later, out in the town photographing buildings. How strange for Sal to walk with the group in that very shopping mall where she had walked almost naked and even to see again and photograph from interesting angles the building where she had been spread across a desk naked and exposed to men. Sal found the visit a really good evening, enjoying the late summer light on concrete and brick. The group seemed, though, to be a little dissatisfied and to want to return to softer, nude studies rather than hard buildings. The members wanted the young black boy to be photographed again.

The young man who had brought the model along seemed to Sal to not really be promoting the financial interest of his friend. He did not immediately volunteer his friend. Surely the black lad wanted the work? Towards the end of the evening as the group were packing up and talking of a drink before going home, Sal spoke to him. He explained, a little red faced that the black lad would be happy to do the same again only, only he feared erecting again. It was so sweet seeing the lad look down at the ground when he said the word 'erecting.' Sal, though, was pretty sure that was exactly what the group was hoping would happen! She too would not be averse to seeing it again or, she thought, this other young man's own erection.

"Perhaps if he... if he was to before he came to the meeting... Take away the risk."

The young man really went red at that. "He says that would be no good because he... he, it doesn't take him long to get it up again."

The difficulty the lad had in saying it all reminded Sal so much of her own easy embarrassment, yet she seemed to find it easier now to talk of sexual things, "What about in the kitchen just before he models? Or could you perhaps model, yourself?"

It was, perhaps, the last suggestion which achieved the promise of him asking his friend. A pity, the group might well have been pleased to have a different model - or better still both. A pleasing contrast of skin tones and perhaps, just perhaps, the sight of two penises rising up into the air!

"I'll ask him... and suggest, um, the kitchen."

On the evening, of course, everyone knew the black lad had been wanking in the kitchen before he posed. Everyone had seen him go in and had carried on talking as if nothing untoward was going on right where the washing up was undertaken. They had been told what would happen to prevent the embarrassing repetition of the time before. Sal had explained to Mrs. Riley who had explained to Mr. Soames who, in turn, had explained to everyone to avoid questions like 'why is he taking so long?'

It might have been, or rather would have been quicker had somebody helped him! Eventually he walked out naked and with not a hint of an erection: except, in a way, it was worse. What he had been doing was clearly betrayed when a late seepage crept from his urethra for everyone to see, just as he climbed up upon the table. 'It,' and it was what everyone was looking at, looked different in any case. It was not simply flaccid but had a 'spent,' rubbery look.

Despite the so sensible precautions against involuntary tumescence, it happened again. The young man's refraction time was clearly short and his libido high! Sal felt for him even if she could understand why he found the exposure on the table exciting as well as embarrassing. She had found the same. And it had been wonderful to see - and she knew it was not just her who thought so. Several cameras had clicked, following the progress of the erecting cock right up to the moment when, nearly pointing at the ceiling, the foreskin had rolled back of its own accord revealing the shiny, coffee brown head. The poor young man once again unable to escape, stuck on the table with the photographers all around. Stuck there with a full standing erection, and a big one at that.

"Just carry on. It'll go away." Perhaps Mrs. Riley spoke from experience. Perhaps Mr. Riley's tended to 'go away' rather easily! The young man's erection did nothing of the sort. A succession of poses all with the erection so obvious and so big. Even at the end of the session when he got off the table he was erect. Naked and erect with a group of clothed strangers. He was erect as he walked to the kitchen. It was simply magnificent in size and appearance.

His friend was not there that evening and Sal talked to the model a little when redressed and before he left, particularly about how grateful they were to him for posing. She thought, too, she should say how sorry she was at his embarrassment at his erection notwithstanding her suggestion - and she said it was her suggestion - of the wank in the kitchen. He said how awful it had been at first, like the time before, had hoped it would not happen. Sal had expressed fellow feeling, had talked of her own nervousness modelling and had said 'her reaction had been the same.' He had looked puzzled.

She had talked of her own feelings when exposed on the table and been rather amused as his eyes had gone up and down her clearly imagining what it had been like to see her posing. "I erected too. I got wet." It was a bit bold for her, but she wanted to stress fellow feeling. She felt she should explain.

He had then talked of his own feelings and wondering whether to do more nude modelling only perhaps he needed more practice so as not to react so 'strongly.' "I've thought, I had not realised... you know. I... I like being naked, not just in the shower or my bedroom. I've wanted to be naked outside but where? I live with my parents in a flat. A balcony is hardly the place - nor the park."

Sal had described her garden, her so private garden and how much she liked being out naked in it. "You're welcome to try. Come around and have a naked wander. I've even, in the early morning, gone a bit further."

"A walk!"

"It's countryside. Nobody around at that hour." She did not mention the odd Lady Godiva.

There was indecision on his face, "Might I? The idea... a garden! Is it big?"

It was a strange sort of assignation, but the young man had, indeed, come to visit a few days later as arranged. Sal had heard the knock at the door. He had been charmingly bashful, clearly a little embarrassed at why he had visited. Sal had been delighted.

"You'll find the garden very private, not overlooked at all. I'll leave you to it. Let you undress and wander in peace. I've some things to do and will come out with some coffee later. It looks a lovely day so I'm sure you'll be more than warm without clothes."

Sal left him to it. Did not even look from the window. Did not watch him undress or anything. But later she stepped out into the morning sunshine with cups of coffee for each of them. He did not see her at first.

Sal had not even peeked from a back upstairs window and certainly not used her prying camera. She truly had left him to his own devices for quite a time - and then she made coffee. Proper coffee in the old percolator her mother had used. She brought it out in two cups on a tray with a jug of milk and sugar. She had thought of taking her dress off and joining him naked in the garden but felt perhaps she should ask him first. Being seen by a clothed person seemed somehow to give a thrill. At least it did to her. Sal wondered if his seemingly ready erection might have come. She would enjoy seeing that again, perhaps he might let her photograph him like that. She thought she might take some interesting photographs with dappled shade, perhaps with him gardening with fork or spade strangely naked and even more strangely erect. Perhaps contrast his standing erection with the lupins.

The door to the garden was open, and Sal stepped through and out into the morning shade at the back of her house. Perhaps it obscured her a little from him as his eyes were accustomed to the bright sunlight, but he did not see her at first and she was able to watch him walking about. A fine figure of a man, a tall man and walking so upright and erect though not as regards his sexual organ. That seemed to have remained at rest or, at least, was at rest now. Such beautiful skin shining with a little perspiration.

Sal looked at his penis with the interest of a woman. It rolled from side to side as he walked about the garden. The scene reminded her of her earlier espying of her naked neighbour - she watching, or peeking, with the man unaware. Sal wondered what it must be like to have a penis. That so visible indicator of arousal was very much more dramatic than that of a woman. The rolling, black penis was not like that at that moment but even so, it gave her a thrill to think of not just being exposed naked but to have an involuntary erection there in front of people. What that must be like!

And then there were those dangling things below. They were sort of hidden by the lolling penis but when the penis erected they would be unobscured. Behind the obscuring penis she could see the twin organs, hanging there in their very black and wrinkled sack. Would he erect in her garden?

The young man paused, standing half in shade, half out; the sun so beautifully catching his black skin; then he turned a little and his penis which had been half hidden in the shade swung back into view. What a beautiful boy she had decorating her garden!

"Coffee?" She called and delighted in the lad giving a start as his eyes flicked to her. Sal walked towards him carrying a tray, her dress swishing a little against her thighs. He was not close, and she had to walk much of the length of the garden and as she did so, delightfully, the boy's erection came. Her body was not revealed so, she thought, the arousal must be purely in being seen by a clothed woman. The pumping up was just so lovely to see. She so wanted to film it in slow motion. Perhaps he might agree. It became fully extended - fully erect - as big and as impressively male as she remembered. The foreskin rolled back of its own accord - so sexy! It was such a fascinating subject for photography. Always changing and, and, it did things...

Was it really embarrassment or pleasure at Sal seeing him like that? Nice to stand with him like that, sipping coffee. She said nothing about it as if treating it as a commonplace. The tall and strong young man so beautiful to look at and so fully masculine. They talked as Sal walked him around the garden pointing out flowers.

"Might I photograph you?"

"I'm sorry about this." He indicated his dark truncheon which was just so there in front of him reminding Sal of the mahogany of the table. 'Truncheon' was the word.

"Don't be, it's... it's what you do, you men. I like seeing it, so natural!"

Natural? Well, yes and no. Unusual certainly with a coffee mug in hand. That had to be set down for the photography. Sal so liked watching her guest walk back down the garden with his and her mug, so gentlemanly for him to offer to put them in the kitchen and so pleasant to watch his back view with his tight and strong buttocks and long back and then his front view as he walked back up the garden: tall, naked and so erect. A real pleasure to a woman.

Sal had been pleased photographing him upon the mahogany table but now with the bright and colourful contrast of flowers against his skin it was something different again. The colours, the contrasts, the shadows and the light! She even had his erect penis poking out through Dahlias. A close-up or two of just the organ and the flowers.

He was photographed against the hard orange of the old brick wall at the rear of the garden, a texture she had used when photographing herself. She had him with his hand on the handle of the green painted door as if about to enter or exit through the wall. Such an odd composition, a man naked and erect perhaps about to greet a visitor - like that! It led to her suggesting that he opened the door and posed as if he was coming through it into the garden.

"But what if someone is outside?"

"So unlikely!" But they had both peeked together through the half-opened door and then gone out to really see. There was no one there and Sal and the young man had stood looking up and down the path.

"Is this where you walk?"

And Sal had pointed out where she had gone out into the countryside. She did not mention her walk with her neighbour. "Down there and then across the fields. With nothing on, just sandals."

"Nothing at all."

Was his look wistful? She added, "We can, another time. An early morning walk. Would you like that?"

"We might be seen."

"We might. Who would you like to see you?"

He was not looking at her, "I have this idea, this thought in my head. I imagine myself back at school, at the swimming pool, the girls in their one pieces, Miss Doughty in hers and the boys all in their trunks but me..."

"Yes?"

"I have forgotten mine and I'm standing there with everyone pointing."

"Are you... erect?"

"It happens. Yes, as they point and the girls giggle, up I go in front of everyone." He shivered yet it was as warm as anything and there was no lessening in his erection.

Sal knew back at school she would have 'died' if naked in front of her classmates like that - just her - being the object of attention. Different from the showers with just the girls. But what now? She knew if accidentally she found herself exposed before all those young and virile boys and the girls or even, perhaps, an older group of men and women at a swimming bath she would be both horrified and aroused. She would be horrified, even appalled, yet there would be involuntary and strong arousal. Her sex would drip.

"It is rather noticeable!"

And it certainly was noticeable in the photographs she then took of him framed in the doorway as if entering or leaving. Such a big cock and despite its size it stood so well. Sal rather wanted to touch - to handle it - what did it feel like? It was bigger than Paul's - the only cock she had handled - it was bigger than her neighbour's. Would he like her to stroke it?

"I am sorry but... I do really like this," he said. I didn't know, but being naked with you and all those at the photography club... I like it."

"It certainly shows... showed - how much you liked it!"

"I was so embarrassed the first time. Naked modelling is one thing: but to get stiff in front of everyone. I thought the second time I'd be OK by..."

"Masturbating in the kitchen."

He nodded. "Yeah, but up I came again and... and you know, I liked it. Showing off my cock. Awful but at least..."

The lad stopped. What was he about to say. Sal thought she knew. She looked at him expectantly.

"I think, had I not... in the kitchen, I might well have just come up there on the table that second modelling time. I really do. The excitement of all those people watching me."

Sal swallowed. The thought of the young man standing high up on the mahogany table and his penis suddenly spurting sexually as she had seen her neighbour and Paul do. It gave her a funny feeling.

"I really would like to have seen that. Can I see... can I see you do that in my garden? Can I photograph you coming?"

He nodded. "I really would like to cum. I'm sorry but I really would."

Sal was honest, "Don't be sorry. I would really like to see."

It was a sexually charged situation. Sal's panties under her dress were soaked. She had thought of undressing too but was worried where it might all lead. She was a virgin, an unprotected virgin with the most masculine and erect young man in her garden. Would his cock fit in her vagina?

"Can I make you cum? May I use my hand?"

It would put temptation out of reach if he came - but nonetheless it would be so pleasant to grasp. He turned to her clearly offering his erection. Offering it for her to hold. He even said 'please.' She did not immediately grasp, instead she set up the camera on the tripod. She was going to be in the ejaculation picture.

And she was. Standing next to him, facing the camera she reached out and her hand closed on his warm and so chunky cock.

"Oh, thank you," he said as her hand took him and began to slide.

Sal could so easily have said 'thank you' in return. It was so lovely to be holding it, squeezing it and then stroking it. So warm, so soft and hard, so masculine.

The camera did not just respond to her clicking of the remote, it also had a multiple shot mode. It was the mode designed to catch an image of a racing car rushing by at the race track. Instead it caught the ejaculation in the air multiple times. Sal reviewed the photographs on her computer later after the lad had gone. She sat there looking at the screen, a screwed up and very damp pair of panties removed and on the desk beside the camera. She reviewed them with her fingers stroking the wet flesh between her thighs.

Sal shuddered as a second orgasm came. Why had she not had the young man running his fingers through her curls and making her come? His thick, strong, manly fingers. She had made him come - the evidence was on her computer screen. She had wanted to make him come again but he had had to go. He had a modelling appointment. Not a naked one but one modelling tailoring. He had thanked her for coffee and showing him her garden. A lovely broad grin as he had said how much he had enjoyed being naked outside.

"You must come early one morning."

He had been quick and said he often did!

"No, you must be here, and we shall go for a naked walk and then I'll make you come again. If you like!"

It had been straight from closing the door to her computer screen to both see her photographs and gain relief from her sexual excitement. She had removed her panties on the way. It proved to be rather a long reviewing session. Sal had taken a lot of photographs and she enjoyed examining them carefully one after another. She did so one handed as men and women looking at arousing photographs tend to do.

A shower and then a quiet lunch in the shade of her garden. A pleasant little salad, carefully prepared, as Sal sat quietly thinking. Later she went inside and picked up the telephone as, once more, she looked at the photographs still on her computer screen. Her interest did rather seem to have changed from ornithological photography!

Sal put the telephone down. She had made an appointment to see her doctor. It was clear to Sal that her body wanted penises inside her; swollen male organs pushing at her and penetrating; thick, bulbous penises stroking and pulling at her wet flesh; penises that would inevitably ejaculate. She looked again at her favourite picture of the morning. It was quite an image. Strange and intriguing to anyone who had not been there - and there had just been the two of them - Sal standing in her dress and sandals, arms at her side and a blank expression on her face looking straight at the camera, her young friend, tall handsome, with the sun gleaming off his damp so brown skin also staring straight ahead; a strange composition of clothed woman and naked man: yet, not just a naked man but a naked and erect man with his penis so long, thick and so upstanding; moreover, issuing from it a stream of frozen whiteness a copious ejaculation up and up into the air. Her friend must have seen the flash of it in front of his eyes because it reached that high! It was a remarkable photograph as were the others showing the ejaculation in different stages, but none had quite the strangeness or perfection. Did Sal dare to show that to her club?

The composition had been her own idea. As Sal had wanked him she had told him what she wanted to achieve, told him of her thought of him spontaneously coming upon the mahogany table at the club. He had agreed, a little reluctantly. "It's nicer being stroked as I come." To be fair, she had grabbed the ejaculating cock once she was sure the shutter had caught the ejaculation and the latter shots of the spurting penis had caught her first with hand reaching and then with hand pumping. The strangeness of that one shot was, though, by far the best.

Three days later there was a knock at her door. It was a knock by arrangement. Sal opened the door and greeted her young friend. It was still dark, but a clear sky held the promise of a sunny and hot day. Her alarm had awoken her, and she had leapt from bed with the thought of walking naked in the countryside, together with her young friend, reason enough to get up. It was just so exciting. She had showered and not bothered to dress - why dress only to take clothes off again? It had surprised the young lad to be greeted at the door like that. It was quite the reversal of nakedness of a few days before and he had already been erect when he took his clothes off prior to them going out into the early morning half-light. Sal had unlocked the French windows, said 'come on' and reached and pulled him out by his 'handle ' and taken him at a trot down the garden, so keen was she to get going. There was just the door in the wall at the rear of the garden. She opened and stepped through.

"Come on."

"I don't know if I can - like this."

"Of course, you can." And again, Sal had pulled him by his cock and then she had patted his bottom to encourage him forward. Wonderful to see how his erect cock pointed the way. Sal was delighted. Down the lane they went behind the houses and then turned, over the stile, and out onto the path across the cornfield, the standing wheat so ripe for harvesting either side of them. In the middle of the field she paused.

"How's this?"

The light was growing, there was a smile on his face as he slowly turned around looking back to where they had come, forward along the path and out across the standing wheat.

"I can't believe it," he said stretching out his arms, "I'm out in the country with not a stitch on. I feel so free and so alive and so..."

"Erect," said Sal, "Your lovely cock is so firm, so masculine. This lovely light. I've got to photograph you. Pose, pose with your cock."

Superb photographs of the tall young man in the yellow light of dawn. The sun-bleached wheat and his mahogany body plus his big cock looking as if carved from wood. Did Sal want to touch him again, did Sal want to do things with that cock? Of course, she did but they had a walk to undertake first. Mutual masturbation, not four hundred yards from her house was not going to progress the walk.

Even with the stimulus of being out naked and having a naked woman beside him was not enough to maintain the big erection for the whole walk. It weakened and swung downwards as they walked through the wood. In some ways, as decorative swinging flaccid as swaying from side to side when tumescent. Some lovely photographs of a naked man walking through the wood.

It was a perfect early morning to be out and about. Two naked figures moving through the trees and fields. Not, as it proved, completely alone. Ahead of them they saw a horse and rider coming towards them.

"I love horses," said her companion, "but we are going to be seen. I thought you said there'd be nobody..."

Not only were they going to be seen but had already been seen. The rider and horse broke into a trot. It was the woman Sal thought of as 'Lady Godiva.'

"Good morning Sal." Her eyes, though, were on the young man, "and who is your friend?"

Sal made the introduction. Her friend was clearly fascinated by the horse. "So big," he said patting it on its nose.

The woman looked at Sal and then down to the young lad's genitalia and raised her eyebrows. Sal nodded in reply. It was not just the horse that was big. The young man walked around the horse, his hand upon its coat clearly aware of the importance of letting the horse know where you were.

"Do you ride?" It was a question directed at the young man.

Sal wondered if the woman was intending a double meaning. She could well imagine her young friend and Lady Godiva coupled. She had seen Chloe and Paul. She would enjoy watching the young man applying himself to the horsewoman, or would it be the other way around? The woman astride the young man's hips and lowering herself onto his erection and forcing it in. Sal knew she would like to watch, even assist, grasping and directing the big thing into the woman and then watching her riding it. It made her wetter than she already was.

"No, never had the opportunity. Never even been on a horse. Some of the girls at school rode. Used to spend their Saturdays at some stables mucking out and the rest, they talked about that and horses a lot. I was jealous. My friends thought it sissy."

Sal could not think that there was anything 'sissy' about the lad. She also thought it pretty typical of boys regarding things girls did as 'sissy' and unsuitable. It cut them off from a lot - worse it enabled girls to colonise what were originally boy activities. Being in the cavalry of old, being a cowboy, racing a horse or gallant huntsmen chasing Reynard was hardly 'sissy.'

"I would not be averse to having a young, strapping lad like you around my stables if you wanted to help. There is work for a man. Bales of straw can be heavy and wheelbarrowing to the muck heap. Perhaps," she smiled, "I could find other work for you to do."

To Sal the meaning was so obvious, and it seemed as if it was to the lad as well. He had been sexually excited earlier; his wonderfully wooden looking mahogany coloured cock had looked so fine against the yellow of the wheat and now it was going to look just fine again. The young lad's libido so strong that the slightest sexual impulse seemed to give him an erection. Perhaps the presence of not one but two women watching him, one clothed in riding gear, added to the effect. There was nowhere for him to hide. Lady Godiva had a commanding view from her horse and missed none of the movement, the swelling and rising up of the cock.

"Oh yes! Excellent. What a fine specimen of manhood. Let it grow, let it grow! A bit like Champion's"

Sal understood straightaway. The woman was referring to her horse. But the stallion, at that moment anyway, was clearly not thinking of frisky fillies in a field. The young man's was the only erection present. Lady Godiva with practised ease and grace, slipped down from Champion to the ground before the naked lad. The woman simply reached. It was so like how she would have been inspecting a horse - not that you grasp a horse's penis. Sal had asked before touching. The woman just reached out with her gloved hand and grasped.

"A real horse dick you've got here." She was sliding his foreskin, exercising it without so much as asking. "Have you?" It was a question clearly directed at Sal.

"No, no... I've made it come though." The woman had a way, a tone which compelled answers. She watched the gloved hand. There was something strangely erotic about a gloved hand exercising a penis. "May I?" And the photographer in her was active once more. Careful shots as always, angle, exposure, shutter speed with a consciousness of shadow and colour. Fine shots of the gloved hand on the hard and big penis. The dark skin of the penis, the lighter coffee brown of the knob, when revealed, the tan colour of the gloves and a backing of the brown of Champion's coat. A study almost in sepia!

Sal stepped back, "May I?" The shots now not just of penis and gloved hand but portraits of all the participants.

The woman smiled by way of permission and Sal took a photograph of the horse with the dismounted rider. The woman's hand was raised to hold its bridle and the other held the upstanding truncheon of the naked lad. An amazing photograph - bizarre in subject matter. And it got more so. The hand was not just holding but exercising. The wrinkled foreskin was being moved, uncovering and recovering that smooth knob so well shaped for opening and entering the sexual orifice of women. Lady Godiva was very much fondling, clearly enjoying the feel of the hard flesh in her hand. The young lad was unable to hold back his pleasure at the attention he was receiving. As Sal clicked again the lad began to spurt. Once more, not with herself this time, Sal caught the lad letting fly on camera - and let fly he did there on the path out in the countryside.

"Well done, well done," said the woman patting the boy's backside. "First rate. Lovely to see. Excellent. A first-rate show."

He for his part had a slightly confused and astonished look to him. Perhaps it was all a little much. Not just to go for a naked walk in the countryside with a naked Sal but to have his nakedness and penis admired and worked by a mature and authoritative horsewoman. The patting on his bottom was almost proprietorial.

"Do come along. I'd be delighted if you'd like to help in the stables and we can give you lessons on how to ride. We'll set you up with a docile little lass, Fiona, until you've got the hang of riding."

She saw the look on the lad's face and laughed,

"No, not one of the stable girls, Fiona's a mare. I don't suppose she'd notice much difference from Champion if you wanted to poke her with this."

The boy's penis was not yet fully deflated, and the woman bounced it up and down in her gloved hand.

The woman was still laughing as she got back upon Champion. She lifted the reins, "But there are stable girls too, though I think they might find you too much as a jockey." Her eyes dropped to the shrunken cock. "A bit too big for them. You might need restraining if you were to cover them." She held out her hand to him. "Well are we going to see you at the stables? I have work for you and... your dick."

They turned and watched the woman trot on.

"Did she mean what I think she meant?"

"I think," said Sal, "the offer was genuine if you want to learn to ride and help in her stables." She smiled, "I also think she'll want to do more than handle your penis. I think if you fancy rolling in the hay - the right expression for stables - she was very much indicating that was a requirement. Perhaps I can come along and do some more equine photography."

They walked on, the discussion for the next few minutes very much about Lady Godiva, the stables and even the stable girls. Her young friend seemed as much excited by the thought of the horses as enjoying the woman. Sal wondered what the woman's husband would think about the new young stallion in the stable. She was sure the stable girls would be pleased.

They saw no one else. A lovely early morning's walk in the sunshine. In a way Sal was disappointed Lady Godiva had been the one to play with the lovely big cock swinging away next to her. It was simply wonderful though to be out and walking in the beautiful summer's morning. Wonderful too to be naked and feeling free.

"Well how was that?" Sal asked as they stepped through the door in the back wall of her garden and closed it.

"I really enjoyed that. Scary we might be seen but just being out naked is such a joy. Nice meeting your friend too. I did, though, feel awful at erecting but then..."

"You liked doing that?"

"Yeah, I like showing it off. I like the feeling of it growing and I can't stop it - whilst people watch."

"Your imagined display to your classmates when you were at school. The girls giggling and wide eyed. The boys' showers not working and you've borrowed theirs only for the whole hockey team to troupe in unexpectedly. You standing there with your so big cock at attention as they all stare. But then they start to undress..."

It had been deliberate. Sal had wanted to see him rise. She was not disappointed.

"There'll want to pet you and then make your come." Her hands reached and touched. Not yet his cock but his warm skin, damp with perspiration. Such beautiful, shiny, black skin. As Lady Godiva had done she patted his taut, manly buttocks. He was a big lad, tall and strong and what a cock! "How many girls hands do you think could be on your cock at once?" Her hands cupped his big wrinkled ball sack. "How long could you hold out before they felt not just the warm water of the shower on their hands but another liquid?"

"Not long, Sal, not long."

He might well have come copiously not that long before in the horsewoman's gloved hand, but his second ejaculation of the morning was still impressive and spurted strongly from his penis. One of Sal's hands to his penis, the other holding up and fondling his balls. Strong warm spurts right onto her tummy.

"Nice?"

"Very nice, thank you. So nice you talking about what I have only thought about in my head. So comfortable so easy."

"Shall we go walking again, another day?"

"Oh, yes please!"