**Espied**

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**Espied Pt. 09**

The green corduroy jacket hung in the wardrobe in Sal's bedroom nestled between her own clothes. It was a strange intimacy with a piece of male clothing from a man she really did not know at all well. One thing if it belonged to a boyfriend or a lover, a husband even, but quite another for just a neighbour. Perhaps she should have hung it in one of the spare bedroom wardrobes not between two of her dresses. Once or twice she did take it out just before bed and even wore it again with nothing beneath looking at herself in her long mirror and wondering at how she had both been on a bus and walking through town like that. Certainly, her curls were hidden when she pulled the two sides together - just. Her fingers had felt within the jacket, touching her breasts and then her sex before she had settled herself on her bed and watched her fingers playing in her sex in that mirror whilst still wearing that jacket.  
  
Sal's thoughts had wandered as she masturbated. Thoughts of men dressed in green corduroy suits, handsome men with crisp white shirts and colourful ties, men in brown brogues. Thoughts of large male hands slowly lowering the zips at the fronts of their trousers and releasing hard, strong penises - powerful masculinity sticking up out of the corduroy. Not one but several.  
  
She thought too of when she would return the jacket to her neighbour. She thought of him standing there in his house waiting for her to come down the garden, waiting, probably dressed, whilst she came in through his French windows and took off the jacket revealing her nakedness. That appealed, it made her fingers move the faster.  
  
And so it was, a few days later, that a newly showered but completely naked Sal stood in the dark of the evening at her back door, contemplating the night and her imminent revealing of herself once more to her neighbour. Her thoughts taking her back a whole week to the bus ride and walk through the early town. It was easier looking back than actually doing it - easier to enjoy the memory than experience the reality. It had been quite something to have placed so much trust in her neighbour, a man she did not really know very well at all. It had been trust. He had not forced her to go for a walk, even though the walk had turned the other way from her original plan. He had not forced her onto the bus and he had not forced her with Mr. Grant anymore than he was forcing her way of returning the corduroy jacket.  
  
The grass was a little damp between her toes as she made her way down her garden. From her neighbour's house she could hear faint voices from the television - he was not, then, watching recordings of her in her garden and probably, she surmised if watching the news or some other programme, not naked.  
  
He was not. Sal could see him through the window glass as she came down his garden, standing with a drink in hand in trousers and shirt - perhaps he was missing his jacket. Sal's excitement of the morning had returned, and she was intent on revealing herself, thinking of the shivering thrill of undoing the corduroy jacket's middle button and exposing herself. A tap at the glass door and she was seen. A smile from her neighbour as he opened the door and Sal stepped in. "Your jacket," she said, and that strange feeling came to her as she opened it and slipped it down her shoulders. Her breasts were pushed forward, and her curls were there to be seen. Sal rather hoped her neighbour might cup her sex as he had done in the green lane that morning.  
  
It only then that she paid a little more attention to the television, perhaps because the voices had stopped as if it had suddenly been switched off. There was, though, no remote control in her neighbour's hand to enable him to turn the sound down and the television was not actually on - and nor was the radio. To Sal's surprise and horror her neighbour was not at all alone. He had visitors and Sal had just exposed herself to them. Worse, the jacket was half way down her back, its sleeves trapping her arms, so she could not pull it easily back on.  
  
She turned to her neighbour and felt his hand pulling the jacket from her. He was grinning almost as if he knew Sal would come with the jacket and do what she had done.  
  
"Evening Sal. Would you like a drink? These are my friends, Vince and Al."  
  
Sal's mouth was opening and closing like a fish as her neighbour pressed a glass of wine into her hand. Vince stepped forward, holding out his hand. Sal had to swop the glass from her right to her left hand in order to shake the offered hand, conscious she was being inspected and unable with her one hand holding a glass and the other shaking the man's hand to do anything about covering herself up. She was unexpectedly exposed to men.  
  
Her neighbour introduced his friends and she shook Al's hand as well. Three fully clothed men drinking wine and having the unexpected - if it was - pleasure of a naked woman standing with them. Sal had no illusions about how decorative men found naked women or the pleasure they took in their bodies. She was also under no illusion about the prospective danger of her situation - her predicament - men had penises and liked to use them. Against three she could have no defence and a very reasonable question might be why she had come around to her neighbour naked, indeed why had she walked out into the night naked in the first place. They sat. Sal and her neighbour on the settee, the other men in armchairs. Sal sat primly with her knees together as if she was wearing a skirt... only it was not simply a matter of not giving the men opposite a glimpse of knickers up her skirt - it was all rather more she would be showing.  
  
She sipped her wine and the conversation flowed. Eyes remained upon her. She had no knowledge of whether three, two, one or no penises were raised. She, though, was conscious of wetness between her legs and a raised clitoris. What would happen? Would she simply bid the men 'goodnight,' thank her host for the wine and walk out into the night with three pairs of eyes watching the rising and falling of bottom cheeks? Would she hear laughter as she walked back down her own garden or would 'something' happen first?  
  
"Sal is a keen photographer."  
  
Al and Vince professed interest. Perhaps that was why they had been eyeing her body so carefully... or perhaps not.  
  
"She is particularly interested in bird photography but also does nudes. Don't you Sal?"  
  
Sal had to admit she did.  
  
"Both at her photography club and in the wild - well in gardens anyway. Why don't you go and get your album, Sal, your special album? Do you need my jacket?"  
  
Sal said she did not, but as she walked back up her neighbour's garden she thought she had been unwise not to accept the offer. It would have mostly covered her nakedness from the additional men on her return and... and, why was she going for her album anyway? It was a private album. Why should she show it to them? The standing clitoris between her legs rather gave the answer.  
  
She half expected the men to be naked on her return, waiting with upstanding penises for her. She could imagine her neighbour would have told his friends more about her. About how he had come upon her, about that walk in town and about Mr Grant and he, together, coming across her spread out body. Surely, they would wish to do the same? Men were very visual - they would wish to look and touch, but they must not go further. She was still unprotected. She had started taking the pills, but the doctor had told her to 'abstain from unprotected sexual intercourse' until they took effect. She had not liked to tell him she had never experienced sexual intercourse. She thought, though, there was a real risk of having not one but three penises entering her on her return to her neighbour's house.  
  
Sal stood with the album clasped to her breast just inside her house. Should she simply lock the door and go to bed - albeit to play out possible scenes in her mind as her fingers made her even wetter - rather than return. Should she avoid any risk? Sal opened the album and there in front of her was one of her photographs of Chloe and Paul. Sal had thought it a lovely photograph of the couple smiling at the camera, but not a simple holiday snap. Sal had got the exposure and timing so right. It was blown up to a good size and showed pretty Chloe on her hands and knees with Paul very visibly taking her from the rear - his cock was so there in the photograph. She turned the page and smiled at the memory of Chloe riding 'cowgirl' and then, again, at a photograph of Paul's shrunken penis coming wet and sticky from Chloe. The latter made her shiver. It was so intimate, so very personal.  
  
She had sent most of the photographs, the ones she had taken of them on the beach, to Chloe and had received a very nice reply. She hoped to see them again and, indeed, had even been invited to stay. What might that lead to? Certainly, more exposure on that delightful beach. Sal bit her lip. That would be nice, and what might happen on a visit? But there were immediate concerns. Should she or should she not? Should she just go to bed or return for an uncertain outcome next door? Again, she looked at the picture of Paul's flaccid penis as it withdrew from Chloe's sex. Sal thought Mrs. Riley might have said 'disgusting' if she had seen the picture. Sal thought Chloe's sex looked so pretty and Paul's shrinking penis 'sweet.' Sal swallowed realising her sexuality had got the better of her, she could not control it. She wanted those men to ask to see her sex, she wanted to open her legs to them, not really to their penises but to their eyes. They probably would not force her into intercourse. Her neighbour, after all, had not sought that with Mr Grant or at other times. It would not be that. It might though be other things. She might get to handle penises. Sal shut the album and turned to walk back, out of her house and up her garden path.  
  
As Sal walked down her neighbour's garden she could see, contrary to her fear, the men were not undressed, they had not even unzipped their flies. Perhaps there was a surprising safety in numbers - a safety for her - the men too shy to reveal the indications of their arousal to each other. It excited her, the thought of aroused men unable to do anything about their excitement. Perhaps that was how it was at the photography club with her upon the table or the young male model. A supressed sexual excitement, a hidden excitement, an electric feel in the air but no lightning! It made Sal feel the more sexual, the thought of teasing these men but them doing nothing.  
  
Sal awoke in the early hours, a strange dream in her head, a dream of bound men, bound naked men. Men bound with leather straps, their hands and bodies tied but their erections free. She knew she had been dancing, slowly revealing her naked self to all of the bound men, scrap after scrap of coloured silk floating to the ground. How she had teased them, in her dream, as they had strained against their bonds unable to touch her or themselves.  
  
She stared out into the darkness of her bedroom, panting. It had not just been the men who had been sexually excited. Her fingers pulled up her nightdress and slipped between her thighs. She had awoken with her mouth inches from one of the dream penises and about to suck. It had looked so good, soft and bulbous and with a single drip at its end. Weeping in sweet frustration! Had she not awoken would she have sucked? She knew where the dream came from. Thoughts of leather straps came, she surmised, from the meeting with Lady Godiva and thoughts of the tack in her stables; the idea of sucking from the night before when her neighbour had asked her to suck and she had declined. It had been an extension of her teasing the men with her album and posing for them on her neighbour's table whilst being pretty sure they would do nothing about it.  
  
But her dream had been so erotic. In her mind the thoughts of the bound men with their extended penises. Sal did imagine sucking their penises, yes, teasing them at first by not touching but then relenting and letting her lips slide over their knobs. But she had no experience, could only imagine what it was like. She bunched her fingers together, all wet from her sex, and pushed them into her mouth, one hand and then the other as if sucking on multiple penises but it was not the real thing. Sal could only imagine what that would be like, not just the sucking but the spurting as well. She had felt male spurting on her skin but not in her mouth.  
  
Certainly, Sal came, imagining the spurting, but as she lay there feeling very comfortable in a post orgasmic glow she knew she should go around to her neighbour and apologise. It had been rude of her, really, not to suck his cock. A discourtesy. She would make amends.  
  
He was in his pyjamas, striped pyjamas, having breakfast.  
  
"Sal, what a lovely surprise." He stood and offered her coffee from a cafetière. It smelt good.  
  
"I've... I should have sucked your cock last night. I'm sorry. I want to do it now."  
  
There was something so erotic about the way the penis grows, Sal thought, to see her neighbour's genitalia poke out of the fly of his pyjamas all by itself and then rear up with the foreskin sliding back ready for sex. It certainly did it for her. It was definitely erotic for her. It was not deliberate on his part, just the way he had been sitting, a pair of pyjamas without fly buttons and the fly and penis in just the right position so, as he erected, out, or rather up, it came. Indeed like a bird peering out from its nest.  
  
Her neighbour looked down at how it had all of a moment grown out of his pyjamas and Sal was certainly looking at it as well. She was tempted, looking at her neighbour seated on a kitchen chair, to just walk over, raise her nightdress a little, straddle his thighs and lower her sex on his upright penis and make the proper sexual connection, slip up and down feeling what it was like to have a penis inside her and make him come inside her - inseminate her. But she was a sensible woman, though with a new tendency to lose control a little when really aroused, she knew the pills from the doctor would not yet have taken effect. Sal knew, though, the time was not far off when she would do just that: but not yet.  
  
The urge to do something sexual was strong. Sal was going to suck that cock.  
  
"Stand," she said. The man complied whilst Sal, with a single movement, pulled her nightdress over her head revealing her full breasts, not simply hidden and wobbling in the nightdress, but out in the daylight with nipples hard and extended. It seemed so right to kneel in front of her neighbour, her neighbour dressed in pyjamas but with his cock poking out of his fly. To kneel totally naked and make amends. A thick and meaty cock stood right there in front of her face. For the first time in her life, Sal opened her mouth and moved her head forward. Sal was sucking cock.  
  
Sal had thought it would be big in her mouth - it was. Soft and firm at the same time. Gently she moved her head to and fro, getting the hang of the task, keeping her mouth full of saliva, keeping her teeth out of the way and enjoying what she was doing. And it was surprisingly enjoyable. Perhaps she should not have been surprised. Chloe seemed on the beach to relish that - it had not seemed simply about keeping her man happy - not that Paul had looked anything other than happy, of course!  
  
"I did enjoy showing you off to my friends, Sal. They were very impressed. They said very complimentary things about your body and they saw it all didn't they, every inch?"  
  
And Sal knew they had. How could they have missed anything with her lying, as she had, on the man's dining room table with her legs wide apart. It had been a strange experience. The men had indeed done nothing to her despite her being completely naked with them. They had sat together and looked through her album. She had seen the looks on Al and Vince's faces as they saw so much. There had been clear embarrassment on their part when they had seen photographs of her neighbour naked and tumescent. Nervous laughter and a comment of 'you stand well.' She had thought she might then see how the others stood. Having admired naked photographs of her and asked about her beach visit with Chloe and Paul, her neighbour had suggested they might like to see everything about her 'in the flesh.' There was perhaps not a lot more to see but her neighbour had her lie on his dining room table and then slowly she had parted her legs, indeed to show where babies came from but rather more to show where baby making penises went!  
  
As she parted her legs it was like a switch being turned on - Sal's excitement just grew or perhaps gushed - it certainly ran. The required exposure was such a turn on for her. The men - not just one but three - examining her did something to her mind; she could feel their breath on her sex as they moved as close as focal distance allowed. Any moment she expected the touch of fingers, fingers poking into her, or else the sound of zips being dragged down and the men all wanking furiously with the intention of covering her body in semen or, else, suddenly having her hips pulled to the end of the table and a firm male fleshy pole sliding into her so well lubricated sex. It, or they, would have gone in so easily. A 'gang bang' - she knew the term. Multiple men fucking a single woman, sequential and rapid insertion and insemination. Sal the virgin's first experience of sexual intercourse being with three men at once. A strange introduction to copulation: not a quiet fumbling at the edge of a field in the summer with an inexperienced boy or on the sofa in one's absent parents' house but a very public and multiple defloration. It excited her. Sal's breathing was ragged, the men could see everything about her.  
  
"Sal, make yourself come."  
  
And she had. It was as if her neighbour knew her thoughts, her secret desires, knew she really wanted to show herself to these strangers. Be not just totally exposed but show them herself in the throes of orgasm. Her fingers had played their private game very publically, her fingers had opened, her fingers had twirled and stroked showing them what she did when alone in the dark warmth of her bed.  
  
There had been a tension in the air, undoubtedly of men on the brink of a loss of control. Sal, through the haze of having just come, heard - she did not know if it was Al or Vince - say 'we'd better go' and moments later there was the sound of the front door closing and there she was, alone with her neighbour. She on the table, he standing looking at her.  
  
"They've gone?"  
  
"Yes, Sal."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Did you want them - us - to do things to you Sal?" He was smiling at her, looking at her with that same fascination she had seen before. "Did you want to hold our penises in your hands, did you feel greedy and want three penises all to yourself, did you want us to line up and you suck us one by one or did you want them between your legs, was your desire to be taken one by one on my dining room table?" He was undressing as he spoke, his erection - the single remaining penis - hard and leaking, he had evidently been erect for some while.  
  
"All of those!" The words were out before she could stop herself. She had got up and was sitting on the table, not modestly, her sex was open and on view to her neighbour. His penis upright and there, her vagina open and on show.  
  
"Why did they go?" It came out a little strained, a little quavering. It revealed her thoughts, her arousal at the thought of what had been missed. She had wanted to hold, to fondle - to suck. The thought of three standing male organs - delicious!  
  
"I think they were shy or perhaps your sexuality frightened them. Men can be frightened by a woman so on heat, in oestrous."  
  
Sal spun herself around and over on the polished table top and came to rest with her breasts pressed against the table top and her face - and mouth - at the edge of the table inches from the standing man and his erection. "Like a horse - a mare - in oestrous?" Her eyes were on his penis, sticking up right before her eyes, peeled and so hard. Such an object of desire.

"A horse, Sal? Why do you think of that and not a gently grazing heifer in the warm summer pasture as the bull comes up behind her?"  
  
She looked up and could see he was looking down at her stretched out across his table, he was probably looking at her bottom. Her eyes returned to the penis pointing at her. It was wet around its little mouth, plump and so sexual.  
  
"So, I don't frighten you?"  
  
"Not a bit Sal. If you got too frisky I would simply smack that plump bottom of yours."  
  
The penis moved an inch closer to her mouth. Perhaps he was moving closer to reach her bottom - or was it simply to be sucked? Sal's lips opened and for a moment she was about to move forward and take a penis into her mouth for the very first time but then she moved back and sat up.  
  
"Oh," he said, the disappointment registering on his face.  
  
Her neighbour might think he understood her: but she was not sure she understood herself. He had made her do things on the bus, had made her do things with Mr. Grant. She had thought she would like to suck his cock, knew he would like that but, perhaps, not yet: she was suddenly more her old self. Surprised at what she was about to do, all at once a little nervous at the thought of sucking upon a man's cock and having him come in her mouth. What had she come to? A woman who had been shocked at her neighbour's private garden nudity now contentedly about to suck his cock and drink his semen.  
  
Sal sat staring and unsure in the middle of the table. A naked and aroused woman looking at a naked and aroused man. His penis, all swollen and standing did look very 'nice.' She had, really, thought that all along from when she had first seen it in his garden. And there had been that shock when it had actually ejaculated. That first time when she had seen his seminal fluid 'appear' in her viewfinder as the camera had clicked away in 'sports mode.' She had, at the time, seen her interest as purely technical, taking photographs as she might have done of a bird in flight. Instead, it had been a man's cum in flight being produced, geyser like, from his penis. But her excitement had been sexual when she had seen the results of her photography and it had led her on and on. Where was it all leading to?  
  
No, she was not going to suck her neighbour: instead she was going to make him come himself. She would like to see that again. In a way it was a pity his friends were not still there, because she would like to have made him do that in front them. The thought excited her. She playing with herself whilst he did that in front of his friends. He had very much told her what to do with Mr. Grant, he had told her to go and get her album, so why should she not turn the tables a bit and tell him what to do. Perhaps even tried telling Vince and Al what to do. Perhaps there might have been three penises erect and in a row, all coming at her command - she knew she would have wanted her camera!  
  
Sal sat in the middle of the table and slowly spread her legs as she looked at her neighbour.  
  
"Go on, see if you can reach, see if you can spurt this far, see if your cum can touch my..." She almost used the 'C' word. Sal!  
  
Sal was surprised at herself. But was she not surprised at herself again and again? The idea had come out of nowhere. All three men could have played that game, a coconut shy with all the three men not so much trying to knock a coconut to the ground as get their semen to her vagina. Perhaps more like the rifle range at the fair with the men and their 'rifles' trying to hit the bulls eye! Sal looked at her neighbour's pointing erection and hanging balls. She smiled, his balls were hairy like miniature coconuts - just the right shape - it amused her the comparison but equally they excited her. She knew once the doctor's prescription had taken effect she would be feeling those hairy coconuts up close against her sex and with his 'rifle' inside her body ready to shoot. Her fingers went once more to her sex. Could she make herself come again as she watched her neighbour wank?  
  
"Won't you suck?"  
  
The disappointment real. It made Sal tingle. The tables had turned. She was in control.  
  
"Wank and come. I want to see you spurt. Send it to me. Go on, faster, make yourself come."  
  
"Oh. Not just a little suck?"  
  
Sal lifted her hand away from her sex exposing it to her neighbour and touched her fingers to her lips and licked. A little suck but not on his penis! How could she have imagined, not so many weeks before, that she would be sitting naked on a table waiting and wanting a man to ejaculate, teasing him with wet fingers and refusing to suck?  
  
"No."  
  
It was lovely to see when it came. Strong spurts across the table towards her - aimed at her. Sal counted all ten out loud, all coming towards her, out of the eye of his penis, until he was done. Such a thrill to see. More than a thrill, actually, she had come too.  
  
From the man and straight towards her across the table lay streaks of white reaching to within an inch of her sex - almost but not quite! It would have been quite a picture - or two had she set her camera up.  
  
"Thank you," she said, moving backwards away from the semen and then she swivelled off the table, picked up her album and walked out into the night. It had not at all ended as she had perhaps expected but she was very satisfied. It had been fun, sexy and amusing - and she had come twice - it was only in the morning that she thought she had perhaps not been very kind - unneighbourly even! A tease?  
  
Her neighbour had been there in the morning in his striped pyjamas and this time Sal had no compunction about sucking. She had thought some more since the night before - and dreamt some more. Lovely and big in her mouth - soft and hard all at the same time. With her free hand she undid the pyjama cord letting her neighbour's pyjama trousers fall. Her hand reached and in the palm of her hand were those two miniature, hairy coconuts she had thought about the night before, nestling there like eggs in a nest. She fondled. Were men not so lovely - so sexy.  
  
"I am going to come, Sal. Shall I, in your mouth?"  
  
Sal did not reply. How could she with her mouth so full - of cock - but the fact she carried on stroking his knob with her tongue and sliding her lips to say nothing of her fingers playing with his 'coconuts' rather indicated an affirmative.  
  
Not this time across the table top or even across her body but actually in her mouth. Strong, hot spurts. For the first time Sal was experiencing a man coming inside her body: not in her vagina but in her mouth. Between her legs her sex throbbed. Sal reached and touched. She was very wet. The pulsing warmth of the semen had been a surprising pleasure. Her imagination had made the act quite something in her mind and, perhaps surprisingly, the reality had not disappointed. It had been an intensely sexual act, having her neighbour's penis spurting in her mouth. She swirled the thick man fluid around her mouth and swallowed as she had seen Chloe do. What a thing!  
  
Her neighbour was blinking as he looked down at Sal. She in turn looked up at him with his cock still in her mouth, her tongue still upon it. What must the scene look like? Her neighbour in just pyjama top, Sal kneeling before him and with his penis in her mouth. She knew she would do it again but next time with her camera all set up.  
  
It was only when she felt a lessening of size in her mouth that she moved backwards and let the man's penis fall from her lips.  
  
"You've got cum on your chin." Her neighbour reached, and Sal felt his finger stroking up her chin to her mouth, she licked and on her tongue was more of his semen. "Now up you get, Sal, hop up on the table like a good girl and I'll do the same for you."  
  
"But..."  
  
"No buts, do as you are told." And he had the effrontery to smack her bottom.  
  
And Sal did as she was told. She had seen Paul do it to Chloe, could recall a few of her schoolfriends giggling about what they had done to each other, but it was new to her - as so many things were. She got up onto the table and opened her legs to him. It was a sexual surrender - the opening of legs to a man - but it was not the ordinary surrender. There was no unzipping of flies, no raising of the kilt, no extraction of firm penis or simply its presentation - there was no erection. She was undoubtedly showing herself to a man, letting him see the long diamond shape of her pudenda from the heart shape of her pubic hair down across the rise of her fleshy clitoral hood, the wet separated lips, her little pee hole and her open vagina. Letting him see where his penis might go - if it was not floppy and dripping from recent use.  
  
Sal closed her eyes as she felt his breath moving her curls and then there was the touch of his tongue, not to her lips, not to her clitoris but at her opening. She shuddered as she felt the tongue rotating, not outside but just inside the entrance, as if feeling its way. Sal had had fingers but never a tongue inside her.  
  
The delicate touch of lips and tongue to her sex was a delight and she gave herself up to it. Eyes closed she just lay there on the table, her bottom smarting a bit, whilst her neighbour explored her intimately with his lips and tongue. So different, so much more tickling and exciting than mere fingers. The delight, the sensations, exquisite, Sal just flowed onto his lapping tongue. And lapping it was. As she had drunk his semen he was drinking her wetness, his tongue running up her sex from her opening, across her pee hole to her clit, moving on to tickle her hood before running back again. Up and down, up and down as she wriggled and moaned. Could anything be better? Perhaps a penis: perhaps a tongue and a penis at the same time!  
  
Sal! You naughty, naughty girl. She rather thought she should be spanked for the very idea, a penis hard and working in her vagina whilst another man licked at her clit and sex.  
  
She came - of course she came - how could she not under the sometimes softly rasping, sometimes tickling onslaught of her neighbour's tongue. It even pushed into her vagina.  
  
He brought her coffee afterwards. She had lain upon his table with eyes closed after he had risen from her sex. She had heard him moving about but had stayed basking in the feeling of having come really well. Only when he had said 'coffee?' had she opened her eyes and sat up. There he was in his pyjama top and nothing else with two mugs in his hand. Her eyes had dropped, fallen to his penis.  
  
"No Sal, it isn't going to stand up for you just yet. Men cannot do that so quickly. I'm sure if Vince and Al were here... well, you could ask."  
  
"I'm not that..."  
  
"Obsessed?"  
  
"I'm not."  
  
"But you'll come back this evening won't you and be sucked and suck again."  
  
"I might." But she knew she would.

**Espied Pt. 10**

And she was right. A naked, freshly showered Sal stepped out of her French windows into the summer darkness. The day was over, and it was nearly time for her bed, but she had something to do first. Something to do with her neighbour.  
  
How Sal liked being outside naked! She did not straightway go to her neighbour but instead walked a little away from her house and then across the field. There was barely any moonlight but enough to see a path familiar to her. Half way across the field she paused thinking about how she had photographed her young black friend right there. The thought of his so lovely and so big cock in her mind. She knew she wanted to suck it, take his big plum in her mouth and make it come; she knew she wanted to be fucked by him as well. As she walked on her thoughts were of him and whether he would be strong enough to do what was in her mind. Could he carry her across the field with her legs either side of his hips and she sitting on his embedded penis, feeling it sliding and pushing simply because of his moving hips as he walked?  
  
At the edge of the wood she paused and shook her head. Her thoughts really had got quite out of hand. So not what they had been in the past. Leastways when she had had such thoughts they had been very much 'bed' thoughts but now not only did they come at other times but she was not simply imagining things but doing them. In the house next to her own her neighbour would almost certainly be ready for her, knowing she would willingly come and suck his cock until ejaculation. She caught herself running her tongue over her lips. Sal shook her head. She was becoming so naughty. A good spanking was needed or Lady Godiva's riding crop across her buttocks. Sal imagined the scene, she bent over the woman's knee, before adding the thought of the woman gently easing her thighs apart, exposing her soft sex before she pushed the black lad's penis into her.  
  
Sal!  
  
She was touching herself, enjoying her naughtiness of being out naked in the moonlight with her thoughts. It was time to go back and suck her neighbour's cock, feel it big and meaty in her mouth and be sucked herself in turn. But ahead she heard a noise. Someone or something was approaching, Sal turned to the side and made her way with a little difficulty into the trees to hide. It was a rider and a horse. Lady Godiva? But no, it was a man. Difficult to make out in the faint moonlight. Clearly it was a man who knew his way as he was not holding a torch to guide himself and his mount. Perhaps Lady Godiva's husband out for a late ride. Sal could see the man was clothed. She smiled as, behind a tree, she watched the rider disappearing unaware he was being watched by a naked and rather sexually aroused woman. Perhaps it was Lady Godiva's husband, though Sal had always rather pictured him to herself riding naked and with a large, erect penis rising up before him. A silly idea in the saddle of course.  
  
It was the way of her thoughts. She was becoming fascinated by penises and there was one perhaps waiting for her at her neighbour's house. Or, might he be waiting there with his friends or Mr Grant. Three or four penises to enjoy and suck. Would she do it? Would she kneel and suck one after another? Sal had now seen four - her neighbour's, Paul's, Mr Grant's and, of course, her young black friend's. Lovely to see, lovely to photograph, lovely to touch. In the darkness Sal giggled, lovely to suck too.  
  
An aroused and sexual Sal made her way back and down her neighbour's garden. She could see him through the windows. He seemed to be naked, sitting upon a settee with his back to her. Sal looked for a time, even touching herself, before stepping through the French windows. He must have heard her.  
  
"You have a friend?" He said it without turning around, his eyes on the television screen. Upon it the evidence of Sal's friend, her young, black friend and her. The two of them walking in the garden. Sal dressed, but the black lad naked and sporting his rather large erection. "A young friend, I see. A well-endowed friend. Have you?" The black lad was erect on the screen and, as Sal looked down, so was her neighbour. It stood up between his thighs. The images on the screen must have aroused him.  
  
"No."  
  
"Have you sucked his penis, Sal? It looks very suckable."  
  
A shake of her head and a 'no.'.  
  
"You have not done very much then. Have you wanked him?" He laughed. "But I know you have."  
  
And, as easy as anything, the man brought the evidence up on the screen. There was Sal with her friend's big, black penis in her hand. Not just erect, not just really big, not just held with her fingers encircling, but actually ejaculating there in her hand. She had hardly forgotten the scene but had not really expected to see it again or for her neighbour to see and know. He could even see the tripod and her camera and would know she had been photographing.  
  
"He comes very well, Sal, has he come on your body? You must suck him as you must suck me again. Where did you meet?"  
  
And Sal had to explain. About the photography club and using the young man as a nude model. She stood behind her neighbour looking at the scenes of herself on the screen and then down at the man. He was both naked and erect, his knob up in the air. He was not wanking, at least not whilst she had been there, it was just standing showing his excitement at what he was seeing. Or was it also because of her behind him? He had not even looked at her. Did he know she was naked?  
  
She looked down at her neighbour's erection. She liked the male organ, had developed a real taste for them... Taste! Yes indeed, she had come around to his house with every intention of sucking upon his penis. She had not sucked upon her young black friend's penis, but the thought did not displease her at all. Far from it.  
  
"A fine model for your class. Good enough to have him modelling again in your garden. I like the way you pose him. Come and pose me."  
  
Sal came around the settee, knelt and touched the erect penis, sliding its skin. It was lovely, being able to just walk around and play with her neighbour's organ. Not as big as her black friend's but certainly as firm and as male. What a pleasure to have them both seated there and to not only fondle but to compare and - yes - suck each in turn. Sal leant forward and opened her lips. She liked that. She worked him with both hand and mouth at the same time, as Chloe and she had done with Paul. In her mind the thought, but not the reality, of her young black friend seated next to her neighbour and she able to go from one to the other.  
  
"Sal, go and lie on the table. Let me eat you before I fill your mouth. Come on. Leave it!"  
  
He smacked her bottom as she got up and turned for the table. A liberty, but she liked it.  
  
Her neighbour watched her climbing up onto the table. It gave her a thrill to slowly open her legs and show her sex to him. He walked towards her, penis pointing. Had she been closer to the table edge - if her sex was close - he could have walked straight up and inserted. Made the connection of man and woman. What would that be like? Sal had certainly visited the doctor's for The Pill. Sal was going to find out soon. She wanted to see, she wanted to feel. Her recent sexual arousal - so heightened and present compared to the Sal of only a few weeks before - was driving her on.  
  
It was not the man's penis but his tongue that entered her. Sal spread her legs the wider almost as if she could draw it further in. The feeling so good. The intimacy so utterly pleasurable, the wonderful feel of her neighbour's wriggling, rasping, stroking tongue exploring her sex entire - going everywhere. She was wet, very wet and knew he was effectively drinking her as she would him. His so mobile tongue tip slipping along her lower lips, touching her clit - no, flicking it before returning to enter her body, was just so right.  
  
Sal bit her knuckle - rather hard - her neighbour had sucked her clit and the soft, moist flesh of her sex into his mouth. The thoughts in her head were of wanting to be fucked - for a man, or men, to stick hard and big penises into her and push and pull at her - perhaps she might suck a man whilst her neighbour did just that to her. Mr Grant's, her black young friend's, Vince's, Al's, Paul's - even Mr Soames' - Sal was not worried. She wanted cock!  
  
Sal pulled herself from her neighbour's tongue, swivelled around on the table, grabbed his penis and had cock in her mouth in almost one fluid movement. Mmmmm - cock! She was almost out of control, so aroused, so wanting - cocks! She sucked and stroked up and down the penis with her wet mouth wishing one was in her vagina as well. Her neighbour tried to pull away, but she grabbed his balls. He was not going anywhere - he was going to come in her mouth. And, of course, he did, almost immediately. Warm, spurting, salty pulses of man!  
  
And Sal would have taken more - more penises - had they been there. 'Aroused' was not the half of it. Again, she spun around offering herself to the man, his semen still unswallowed in her mouth. And rather than stuffing his penis into her as she had half wanted, her neighbour did the right thing of bending and pushing his face into her sex once more - it must have been like a hot, steaming and so wet flannel to the touch! He brought her off, really quickly, his lips holding her clit and his tongue flicking it. She was thumping the table with her fists as she came.  
  
Finally, Sal got up from the table and stood. She felt weak at the knees. She knew her wetness was running down her thighs. Her neighbour stood looking at her with wet, soft penis, his foreskin drawn back and it showing rather creamy at the end. Two adults recently engaged in 'sex acts.'  
  
"I'll... I'll be going," she said.  
  
Her neighbour patted her bottom as she turned to go. "Do come around, Sal, any time. We can do that all over again."  
  
Sal had tried watching television but had been restless. It was two days since she had been spread upon her neighbour's dining room table and been 'eaten.' It seemed almost degrading to feel the urge to go around to next door and ask to 'do things' but he had very much issued the invitation. She did so want the touch of other fingers than her own and, perhaps a tongue! There would be no harm in just going around in the dark and peeking to see if he was there. If Vince and Al were there too, then perhaps she would scuttle back home. And if there was no one there she could perhaps have a nice little play on her neighbour's lounger on his patio as she thought about 'things' and men in the dark.  
  
Vince and Al were not there, and her neighbour was not how she liked to see him - naked. He was there, though, sitting and working at his dining room table. Should she leave him be or... It was the 'or,' her arousal did not permit her to simply leave him be: not with the prospect of lying across that table and being eaten! She knocked, and he looked up.  
  
"Vince and Al were interested in you club, Sal, they like the idea of photographing intercourse."  
  
"It's not like that. It's not that sort of club. We are a photography club. We photograph nudes not sex." She was indignant. What would Mr. Soames or Mrs. Riley say at the idea?  
  
"But you said he erected."  
  
"An accident, nothing more, men..."  
  
"... have erections and you know how to deal with them, don't you Sal. Mr Grant was asking after you. Would you help him again? Would you suck his penis? He wondered if he, we, could take you out to dinner and then you might..."  
  
Sal's arousal grew. She could not help it. So wrong, but two penises to suck...  
  
"Think about it. He's a nice old boy and was so grateful. It will be a very good dinner I can assure you. But, as to your club, you told me, you and the black lad are going to pose together. Surely, he will erect and..." he smiled, ..." can you resist touching, Sal, you know how you like to touch."  
  
"He'll have... he'll have come beforehand."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yes, in the kitchen. Where we get ready."  
  
"The two of you taking your clothes off - together?"  
  
"Yes, of course, if we are to model!"  
  
"I'd like to see that, watch you in the kitchen when you make him come."  
  
"No, he'll do it himself."  
  
"No, he won't Sal, now will he?"  
  
He was undressing as he spoke. His penis was already hard. Sal knelt as she knew she would. Knelt and opened her mouth. It was becoming a habit.  
  
"Sal?"  
  
She raised her eyes up to her neighbour, "Yes?"  
  
"You will suck Mr Grant won't you, after dinner?"  
  
"I'll, I'll think about it." It was awful, just not right for a nice woman to think, but the idea of having two cocks before her, not just the one, one in each hand, each to be sucked alternately, was very pleasing. Mmmmm! What was becoming of her?  
  
Sal stood naked in her garden, the taste of her neighbour's semen once more in her mouth. A few moments before she had been in her neighbour's house with his cock in her mouth. What was becoming of her? He had been good to her again. Had spread her on his table and eaten her. She had just agreed to have dinner with Mr Grant and her neighbour in town. He had asked again and she had agreed. Where would they take her - afterwards for the sucking? Had she really agreed, effectively, to suck two cocks together?  
  
The day, or rather the evening, of the photography group meeting came around. Sal showered and put out a dress on her bed. In the mirror she looked at her naked body, she turned this way and that looking at herself. Should she perhaps trim her 'bush' a bit more? But it was not a beauty contest. She would be there - naked - as a model for the group. A natural model. The interest was in the nude form with a special emphasis on the contrast between the male and the female and perhaps the different skin colour between her young friend and herself: it was not glamour photography or, worse, about sex. That would be dealt with in the kitchen. There was no need, the lad could take care of his penis himself but, she knew, she would offer to help him come - ejaculate his penis so he did not embarrass himself or her, by becoming erect and showing his arousal to the whole club. She would offer to help so it all happened quickly with little delay between them entering the kitchen and appearing as nude models. She reached out with her hand and brought her fingers to an 'O' shape as if practising to... to extract semen from a male. Slowly she shook her head. Sal, Sal, Sal!  
  
Sal knew she would become excited but perhaps the club would think her erect nipples were a response to the cold. Mrs. Riley, though, knew - knew too much about her. Sal had seen her eyes drop to the pool of wetness that had dripped from her sex the time before when she had been on that table and had seen her wipe it away with a cloth before the others had noticed. Maybe Sal had not been the only aroused person in the room. Had there been several stiff penises hidden in trousers? And when her young black friend had been exposed upon the table had quims moistened at the sight of his naked body and then his engorged penis? It was difficult to imagine they had not. It had been such a sight and she had seen it again in her garden and on their walk. Both an erotic sight and, without question, a beautiful sight. The way it had matched the polished mahogany of the table, it, the boy's penis, was a gorgeous reddy brown colour and did stand as if carved from wood, and polished to a perfect shine. In the mirror Sal saw one of her thighs slide against its neighbour, even the thought of her polishing his cock in the kitchen made her excited.  
  
Even before she had parked her car outside the hall Sal found she was aroused. Turning off the engine she opened the car door. Mr Soames had just parked and was waiting, camera bag in hand, for Sal to join him. He was smiling in his usual friendly fashion. Sal was careful to get out of the car in a ladylike way, not one foot followed by the next, but swinging herself around so both feet touched the tarmac at the same time with knees together. So easy, if not making the manoeuvre with care, for the material of the dress to ride up her thighs and even expose her sex to the man. She had not bothered with panties - she was going to be taking her clothes off anyway in a short while - but, actually, that made the whole careful attempt at maintaining modesty a bit unnecessary. Mr Soames was going to be seeing her naked and very likely, depending on pose, between her legs as well. Of course, a sudden glimpse of thighs and curls might well be highly erotic whereas simple nudity on the big table not at all... but she was not sure.  
  
Good to chat away with Mr. Soames, good to see Mrs. Riley and others; so normal, just like another meeting, all enthusiastic photographers together carrying camera bags: until the young black lad arrived. It was the cue for the models to get 'ready,' for the table to be prepared and the lighting set up. It would all be a little difficult for club members - dark skin and light skin require different settings - it would be a challenging evening. No doubt the photographers would relish that.  
  
The closing of the door of the kitchen behind them left both a little nervous and tongue tied. From the babble of noise in the hall to the quiet of the kitchen. They had been left alone to prepare.  
  
"Well," said Sal, "here we are. You OK?"  
  
The boy nodded, "There are a lot of people here. More than last time."  
  
Sal nodded. As a photography group it had been steadily growing for some time. Though she had been a little surprised to see not only her neighbour, but Vince and Al come through the door. Her neighbour had said they were interested in photography and joining the group, but she had not really believed him.  
  
"Are you still up for this then?"  
  
The grin that broke out on the lad's face was a delight, such white teeth contrasting with his beautiful skin. Sal wanted her camera and to take his portrait.  
  
"Just a bit 'up,' Sal! He was undoing his belt as he said it. Down went his trousers and pants and he pulled off his tee shirt.  
  
There was no doubting he was 'up.' His penis was as strongly erect as when talking to Lady Godiva, it was there in all its male glory.  
  
The enthusiasm with which he had exposed himself revealed that he did, indeed, like revealing himself to her. "You're looking well tonight!" she said.  
  
Another flash of teeth and then Sal watched him bending as he removed his trainers, socks and the dropped trousers and pants. What a firm bottom! Lovely to see her friend once more completely nude. Even in the bareness of the hall kitchen Sal was thinking of photo opportunities. He would look fantastic in just a pair of rubber gloves - yellow ones - washing up and turned to the camera so his cock showed hard. Best if perhaps the crockery being washed was also yellow to aid the composition and colour mixes. The closed curtains were already so right, yellow flowers on a pale brown/beige background. It would work. It would work and be not only a wonderful photograph but amusing with it - the male of the species aroused by washing-up!  
  
"We'd better do something about that." It was going to be 'we,' Sal's level of arousal was not going to let her not touch it!  
  
The boy nodded, "Wouldn't do to walk into the hall like this." He was deliberately presenting himself - and he really was big!  
  
Sal thought it would be a fantastic picture, the two of them walking into the hall. She, leaning on his arm, as they walked out of the kitchen with his penis so big and prominent. And everyone watching! She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter at the thought. Perhaps, or certainly, she not in her dress but walking out as naked as he. As easily as he had removed his tee shirt, Sal lifted her dress over her head. There was no hiding the way the boy looked her up and down, no hiding the bobbing of his penis. His reaction to the sudden nakedness of Sal was sexual. His eyes told it all. She knew too, that the reality was he would enjoy - a strange nervous, embarrassed enjoyment - in walking out into the hall erect with her. The strange sexual excitement of total exposure she felt. Sal was sure it must be even stronger when one had had a cock to expose. And what a cock to expose!

"Shall I make you come? We don't want to keep everyone waiting."  
  
The last time in the kitchen the lad had made himself come but Sal was having none of that.  
  
The lad looked a little sheepish, "It might speed things up but... but I think I'll oil myself first."  
  
The club liked the look of his body shining with oil. It gave the look of well polished wood to his whole body. His cock a mahogany brown, his body rather darker.  
  
"I'll do it." What a job for the working girl, spreading oil all over a, handsome, tall naked black man! Sal did it properly but, of course, the touch of her hands to his skin were exciting nonetheless. How could the touch of a naked woman oiling one be anything else? Crouching to oil his legs and then thighs with that big thing sticking out; lovely to be oiling his smooth tight buttocks, the edge of her hand sliding all oily in the crack of his bottom; a careful oiling of his delicate balls in their wrinkled sack as she tried not to open her mouth and absorb his knob right there in front of her - and, of course, she had left the best until last.  
  
Sal grabbed: so big and warm in her hand, a big brown truncheon with such a lovely knob at the end. As hard as anything - and how could it not be with her oiling the lad all over. So upright, so big, so strong, so sexual! She wanked it, her oily hand riding up and down making it all shiny with oil - giving it a real polish! Sal loved the feel and the action, but it was not enough, not enough in her state, not enough having covered every inch of him with her fingers. She let go and, instead, grabbed his hand, pulling it to her, between her opened thighs to her sex, the fingers were bent and uppermost and she pushed them up and into herself. "Do me too," she hissed.  
  
Outside the club members were preparing - perhaps - little realising what a photographic event was going on in the kitchen. How many would, perhaps, have rather it had taken place on the table in the bright light and seen from below just what those big fingers were doing to Sal. For a few minutes Sal just revelled in being fingered before her hand once more closed on her friend's erect penis. The feel of the thing, so slippery, so substantial and firm in her hand. In her mind the thought of it pushing between her thighs, the big smooth head, streamlined, and with the sliding skin right back easing her open and then filling her - filling her first with cock and then with semen.  
  
It was not really the moment to hear Mr. Soames call, 'we are ready for you,' but there was, in fact, no call. In the kitchen the mutual pleasuring continued undisturbed. It would have been worse had, rather than calling, Mr. Soames or Mrs. Riley knocked and come into the kitchen and seen what was happening. It was not that they were unaware of what the young lad's 'preparation' had involved the last time. After all Sal had seen, and no doubt they had, the tell-tale oozing of semen from his foreskin as he had joined them in the hall but would not, surely, have expected him to do that whilst Sal was 'changing,' still less that she would do the 'thing' for him. Perhaps, in reality, the club members were hoping he would 'display,' again, happy in the idea of seeing Sal not only naked but with a tumescent big man. A display so much more likely if he had not recently ejaculated.  
  
Worse, if they had come into the kitchen just as the inevitable happened. They did not, but what must they have thought out in the hall at hearing Sal at the moment of her orgasm? She was quite unable to supress its vocalisation. She cried out as electric spasms came from her clitoris making her shake and gasp whilst the lad's strong and big fingers pushed inside her and his thumb flicked that erect little organ. Her hand pulled the faster on his penis and, whereas he might have been intending to use kitchen paper - there was a roll to hand - instead he came freely, spurting upwards and over Sal's breasts and down onto her tummy. Sal not only felt the hot cum spurting onto her but saw it shoot out of the end of his cock.  
  
Standing there, semen dripping from his erect penis and with the recent production dripping and running down Sal they both looked at the door. Sal had been loud. Would it suddenly open and expose them to Mr. Soames, Mrs. Riley and perhaps everyone looking through? What had they thought of Sal's cry, might they think something was wrong, that the lad had 'lost control' and was 'taking her?'  
  
But the door did not open, they were not seen with the guilty evidence of what they had been doing running down their bodies. They were left to make their final preparations - mostly involving kitchen paper!  
  
There was then, indeed, a call of "Are you ready?" and somewhat sheepishly they came out of the door to appear before the assembled club members. All eyes turned to the couple. Sal could not know what everyone was thinking, was there a surreptitious excitement about the evening's potential, was everyone really there for the photography? Whether or not that was so, had they also been greeted by a rising of every penis in the room albeit hidden within trousers, to say nothing of a moistening or real wetting of pudenda, nestling warm and snug in cotton or even silk panties?  
  
Sal's excitement had not abated, the thought of penises rising by way of a greeting and appreciation of naked bodies pleased her. People could clap, whether they really thought something deserved applause or not. The rising of penises was involuntary - if they rose then the appreciation was real! The two of them walked, smiling, to the table and the lad helped her up - a gentlemanly act - but it was perhaps not quite so gentlemanly how so many of the club's members' eyes dropped to the inevitable exposure of what was between her legs as she got onto the table. A difficult manoeuvre to do with dignity.  
  
Up hopped her friend onto the table, his penis safely deflated, it flapped against his skin as he jumped up onto the table, safely under control. And then the two of them adopted poses as instructed by the members. Not, of course, sexual poses though it might be debated what were and what were not sexual poses given both of those modelling were stark naked.  
  
The trouble was, for Sal, her arousal had not abated and all those lenses, all those cameras and faces pointing towards her and seeing her exposed body did nothing to lessen that. She liked being seen and it was not as if she and the lad were not touching. Even innocent poses, like sitting back to back on the table with legs outstretched, was contact, backbone to backbone, skin to skin, and it all had her feeling sexual. They stood together as the cameras clicked, they pretended to walk, she was lifted and held so his body was vertical and hers horizontal, they sat facing each other with lower legs and feet crossing over but with genitalia respectably far apart. The members had her standing, hands resting on his shoulders with the man squatting in front of her. She saw the photographs later and found the eye drawn to his hanging balls and penis dangling against a white background. It seemed to Sal to be a deliberately sexual pose showing the meeting's interest had been in the sexual right from the start, before..., before things got out of hand. Mrs. Riley, she recalled, had suggested the pose.  
  
It was when they had her kneeling and him standing again that it happened. To be fair there had at first been kneeling together, staring at each other as instructed, the lighting arranged to give dramatic shade; then they had had her standing with him looking up at her, but it was when she was kneeling again, and he was instructed to stand, that it happened. Inches from her face - inevitably - was his cock and it began to thicken. The lighting had created dramatic shade below. Sal just stared as it began to rise. At first only the shaft of the hanging penis visible in the light, the balls certainly all hidden, and then only the glint of the oil revealing where it was, its blackness merging with the shade. Sal could see it was growing, could hear the clicking of shutters but was rooted to the spot. Again, her friend's sexual organ was reacting, reacting to her, not privately in her garden or in the hall's kitchen but where all in the room could see.  
  
Up and up towards her it came and, as it did so, the light caught it, as if the light was moving down the shaft rather than it coming up into the light, and then the light caught the curved, bulbous end, his knob. It was like the phases of the moon. At first a narrow crescent of light, then it grew, the crescent thickening until there was a semi-circle of light, the half-moon of the penis. Up and up it came up into the light until the full moon of the glans penis showed. Big - and there was no denying its bigness - and round, the light catching and showing it to her in complete detail, the little opening at the top and the taut fraenum. It looked so sexual, so... appetising.  
  
It was, of course, not just Sal seeing the steady rising of the penis up into the air. It was everyone in the room.  
  
Sal had come perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before but had not lost her arousal one little bit. It was probably the thought and knowledge of being watched that did it, but something snapped. She was completely unable to prevent a very public meltdown in full view of all the camera lenses, despite nobody so much as touching her! Everyone present saw it happen, one moment she was stock still, kneeling before the other model, the next she was reaching up and then down with her mouth, engulfing the head of the cock in front of her and rather noisily sucking upon it. Did the cameras then click!  
  
"Down a bit Sal, bring it to the horizontal, lovely pose, yes, that is it!" It was her neighbour, Sal could recognise the voice.  
  
"Sal! What are you doing?" Mrs. Riley's voice.  
  
"Sal!" Mr. Soames' ejaculation.  
  
What was she doing? But it was too late now. She had passed the boundary. It had moved from nude photography to... to... hard core in seconds. Sal could not help herself, her friend's knob in her mouth was so big, so soft, so good. How much could she get in?  
  
There was certainly no 'deep throat' for the photography enthusiasts but when Sal saw the photographs later - the best ones of course - she was both embarrassed, impressed and aroused all in one. She had taken a lot of it but moreover the way her lips encircled the oiled shaft, the juxtaposition of mouth, penis and balls was so pleasing - as a photograph and as erotica. And then there was Mr. Soames' so impressive shot when her friend had pulled away, it showed her mouth so open, the knob so full and between them strands of her saliva. It was the wetness glistening that made the photograph. Wet mouth, her wet tongue just showing and the wetness of the sucked penis. "Sex is very liquid," was Mrs. Riley's slightly surprising comment at that later meeting to review the photographs,but all the members present and looking at the photographs had agreed. The contrast between the session and the very proper viewing meeting rather stark.  
  
Sal stared around wildly from the table top, in front of her the beautiful oiled body of her friend, his cock rigid and glistening with oil and saliva looking so like polished wood - a perfectly detailed mahogany cock, an antique dildo for ladies to pleasure themselves with, a thing to stuff in the warm, wet place between their legs and pump; around her the members of the photography group with mouths open and cameras raised; her friend looking down at her with his eyes so wide. What had she done?  
  
"Well, well, well, Sal," it was Mr. Soames, "that was a bit of as surprise. But, whilst there's the opportunity, might we try some other, err, um, erotic poses?"  
  
At first there was no a sound from the other members but gradually there were murmurs of agreement. There was a certain tension in the air. More than a slight tension. It could, indeed, have been cut with a knife.  
  
"On your hands and knees, Sal." It was her neighbour.  
  
Easy to move from kneeling to being on all fours. Easiest in her confusion at what she had done to simply follow instruction.  
  
"Now you stand behind her, no, don't touch your cock, just let it stand over her. Yes, that is it!"  
  
There was the clicking of shutters.  
  
Mr. Soames spoke, "Close your eyes, arch backwards and clench your fists, yes, bit further. Right! Just as if you are about to spurt!"  
  
"Mr. Soames!" It was Mrs. Riley, but her camera clicked.  
  
"Now kneel behind Sal, yes, as if you are about to - penetrate..."  
  
Seemingly Mrs. Riley did not object to her neighbour's use of the word 'penetrate.'  
  
"... not too close. Lovely."  
  
Sal could not see but she saw the photographs later. Photographs taken by different members at different angles: perfect sides views of the two models with the lad's penis pointing arrow-like to her; A view from the end of the table with her looking at the camera and the black lad immediately behind her and her hanging breasts the only really sexual element exposed; a view down her side showing the pointing penis straight on and rear views emphasising her exposed sex with the side of the mahogany coloured shaft and a rear view of the flared knob. So peculiar for her to be seated looking at photographs at the later meeting of her most intimate areas and hearing her fellow members commenting as if they were photographs of wild birds. But as Sal knew, because the photographs were shown in sequence, there were more dramatic photographs to come.  
  
Sal turned her head and looked at her friend, his eye caught hers. Was he hating it or, as he had said, really revelling in the exposure, his cock up and hard in front of all these people, the more so as he had had his cock publicly sucked and now pretending to be about to fuck. She could just see the long barrel and rounded, exposed end of his cock beyond her bottom. The cameras clicked at the new view of her looking back.  
  
"Could you move a little closer, closer, yes," her neighbour again, "Sal, look to the front. Could you spread your legs a bit more, no, not you Sal, yes, bring your cock down a bit, you're aimed at the wrong hole! That's it, perfect."  
  
"That's a bit rude," said Mrs. Riley."  
  
To Sal that seemed, somewhat, an understatement. She blinked rapidly and bit her lip. Behind her she knew, inches or perhaps even just an inch, from her sex was her friend's big erect, as firm as if carved from mahogany, cock; she was dripping with sexual excitement, both at the exposure and the thought; it was awful but she could so feel the wetness, was revelling in being seen like that, knew it was not just her friend whose sexual arousal was shown by his tumescence but her own too was revealed to all, not just in the pointing of her nipples but in the shining lubrication she could feel running from her sex onto her thighs - it would be seen! The thought of being exposed in her excitement seemed to stoke her arousal the more; her nipples were as hard as dried peas; Sal closed her eyes, she was breathing hard - another indication to the company - if someone was to touch or brush her nipples she thought she would come - visibly in front of everyone. The cameras clicked.  
  
"Would you hold Sal's breasts?" Her neighbour again.  
  
It was as if her neighbour could see inside her head, as if he knew what would happen when her young friend did that. Sal held her breath, waiting for the touch.  
  
'No,' she thought, 'don't do that.' But she did not say it and the touch came.  
  
The young man must have leant forward a little, perhaps being so careful not to touch her with his penis - she did not feel that - yet. He cupped both hanging breasts as instructed. Strong male fingers curling around her soft skin, her nipples hard against the palms of his hands. Sal quivered in excitement, perhaps enough to spoil the crispness of a photograph if taken at a slow shutter speed. The feeling from her breasts intense. Cameras clicked.  
  
It was like the blowing of a fuse in her brain or the snapping of the coupling of a train allowing the trucks, that had been patiently following the locomotive up the hill, finding they were free, to change direction and travel faster and faster away from the locomotive, running to their destruction back down the hill. The strain of holding herself in check had become too much. Sal had certainly come not half an hour before in the kitchen but that had not assuaged her desire for more. She was no longer the woman who only occasionally masturbated quietly in the warmth of her bed. She had changed or else found her real self.  
  
A cry from her lips and Sal pushed back hard with her bottom seeking the penis of the man holding her breasts. It was both involuntary and deliberate - a contradiction all at the same time. So well lined up was the penis and its rounded knob that it went straight in in one. It was not the young man who did the deed, it was not him who took Sal's virginity, but herself, not on a normal sized penis but upon a big one, not in the soft seclusion of a bed between crisp sheets, not privately but very publicly. One moment the two sexes were separate: the next inches of thick cock were up inside her banging at her cervix. It was anything but a gentle penetration, but Sal was, after all, very wet, open and supple - more than ready for the insertion of a big cock.  
  
Not a camera caught the act, but they certainly caught what followed. It was not just penetration, Sal kept on pushing against her friend, pushing and pulling, completely absorbed in the new feel of a cock sliding in her vagina. Her mouth hung open and her eyes were screwed tightly shut as her orgasm built the more and then overflowed. She felt it all and, in a way, awfully saw it all at the later photography group meeting, the joined bodies, the cock inside her, her held breasts and her face in orgasm, in ecstasy. All had been recorded by the members' cameras from their different positions around the table. A complete study with no detail missed.  
  
And as her own thrusting back at the cock had slowed the young lad had taken over, pushing against her, holding her breasts hard and really pounding at her - yes, fucking her. She had slipped forwards, dropping onto her forearms leaving her bottom raised the more. She saw the photographs later - obscene or artistic? Certainly, it was of a woman being really 'taken' by a big and strong man. How his skin had shone in the photographs - oil and perspiration - and then there was the one... The photograph!  
  
It was a photograph taken by Mrs. Riley. It was from Sal's front and showed her wide eyed, seemingly in surprise, and with the lad grimacing. The lighting was perfect, the shade glorious in bringing out the detail, the colours so right against the pale backdrop at the other side of the table, the lovely sheen of the polished mahogany table so mirrored by the equally beautiful skin tones of the man together with the contrast with the paleness of Sal's skin. Around the table the watchers could be seen, but blurred and out of focus, only the joined couple in crisp focus. It looked as if the picture had been taken, though might not have been, at the exact moment the lad came in the male way, Sal looking like she was feeling the first spurt from his penis. It was a picture that seemed to tell a story. Her neighbour, she understood, was not the only one to possess a copy blown up to poster size in a frame. It hung in his bedroom, as Sal later saw.  
  
The silence was palpable when the joined couple's movements ceased. Such a contrast with the earlier sucking, squelching noises from the energetic copulation. Eventually her neighbour voiced perhaps what others had been thinking. "Does anyone else wish to pose with Sal?"

**Espied Pt. 11**

The implication of her neighbour's question was obvious - "Does anyone else wish to pose with Sal?" It would not simply be posing nude with Sal: there would be an erection and more. You could have heard a pin drop. Nobody said a word. It was an invitation to fuck or be fondled or sucked by Sal - nothing more and nothing less.  
  
"Well, if no volunteers, I'll do it."  
  
It took some courage, thought Sal, to undress just like that in front of everyone: not only to be naked but also already erect in front of them. Sal doubted there was any man in the room not tumescent. Or at least she thought those things in retrospect. At the time Sal was thinking very unclearly. Her arousal had not abated, and she still had a cock inside her – even if it was not feeling as filling as before.  
  
Her neighbour was indeed erect, just as Sal had seen him quite a few times before. His was one of the penises she was familiar with. Unfazed by the audience he swung himself up onto the table and simply presented his cock to Sal. Her breasts were held, a penis still occupied her vagina, it seemed almost natural to open her mouth to take in her neighbour's cock. She had sucked it before.  
  
"Hold!" It was Mrs. Riley again, anxious to catch the pose. Again, Sal was impressed with the photograph when she saw it. There was something about an open – female – mouth and an erection waiting to enter. It was very sexual. The club later tried to capture the feeling using fruit and vegetables – bananas, aubergines and cucumbers. 'Eroticism with vegetables' had been one evening's theme. The intention had not originally been to have nudity but Sal and then Mr. Soames had been persuaded. It had been quite a giggle what could be done with juxtaposing the human form with fruit and vegetables!  
  
Her neighbour held the pose and, again, it was not he who made the connection but Sal. Despite the clicking cameras and the jockeying for position by the club she just could not resist what was presented to her. She moved forward feeling the now limp cock pulled a little away from her. Sal's lips encircled half of the soft glans, paused as the camera shutters clicked and then sucked the whole of her neighbour's knob in. But she did not stop there, on and on she went, the penis slipping into her mouth but with the corresponding effect of the lad's penis slipping from her sex. She felt it. A member photographed the one cock going in and the other falling out.  
  
"Oh," said Sal, feeling suddenly empty.  
  
"Oh," said Mr. Soames, "I rather wanted that photograph, err, um, both ends you know."  
  
"That's all right, I'll volunteer," said Vince.  
  
"Me too," exclaimed Al.  
  
Al, though, was the quicker at undressing. He vaulted onto the table as the black lad, penis hanging got off. Al's penis was not at all hanging and the photographs club were treated to a further example of penis variety – a subject, perhaps, for a future photography meeting – in that Al's penis had a pronounced forward curve, that is its curved side was uppermost.  
  
Sal felt his hands on her hips before rather loudly, and with emphasis, Mrs. Riley uttered a single word – "socks!"  
  
Sal did not turn to look, she had a mouthful of cock, but the meaning was obvious. Men really did not look their best in just a pair of short socks. There was a pause, presumably whilst socks were removed and thrown away out of sight of the cameras onto the floor. Again, the feeling of hands on hips and, without invitation from Sal, Al posed as requested – sort of – by Mr. Soames. Al's pose being six inches deep in Sal.  
  
"Yes, that's almost it," said Mr. Soames.  
  
'Almost' was right. The photographs lost something of their quality with the loss of the young lad' photogenic skin, but it did not stop the photography or upset Sal's enjoyment of the moment. She sucked and was fucked – and very willingly. The thought that there was something peculiar at having multiple cocks entering her on the evening of her de-flowering not really entering her head – then. She was just too far gone, too close to further orgasms, too out of control. Greedily – and that was the right word – she consumed Al's semen after her neighbour and he had swopped places: not at the request of anyone but seemingly by mutual agreement, though the photograph of them passing each other atop the table just at the moment their erections crossed and with Sal sprawled beneath them caused some comment at the later showing. Mrs. Riley had been particularly enthusiastic. "Nice to see two at the same time," she had whispered to Sal.  
  
Vince, who had been waiting, took Al's place. His cock lacked a degree of firmness – certainly not flaccid but not anywhere near up to the black lad's mahogany truncheon she had so felt in her mouth minutes before. The firmness, though, came as soon as it was in Sal's mouth. It was not, of course, as big as the black lad's, not big at all but there was a pleasing rigidity and firmness to it. Sal sucked and Sal came again.  
  
"Another position!" Mr. Soames again.  
  
Vince came out of Sal's mouth and her neighbour from her sex. Even that produced a good photograph. Sal looking dishevelled and a little lost with two men with erections standing over her at either end.  
  
The 'doggy' position was dispensed with and then everyone had ideas, revealing a certain knowledge of sexual positions amongst the club. Vince was made to lie on the mahogany table and hold his penis upright as Sal was asked to sit on it cowgirl style. She did as she was told and was soon bouncing up and down with her arms high in the air as Vince fondled her breasts. Sal found she liked that – riding a man. She could imagine Lady Godiva liked that.  
  
Of course, Vince came like that. What man would not? And then the club had her on her back with her neighbour returning to the tableau and lying atop her. 'Missionary' intercourse. A new experience for Sal to have the weight of a man on her, pushing her down, she wriggled a bit and felt his hard penis enter her. Face to face, her breasts squashed against his, he began thrusting at her, the fourth penis of the evening to enter her. "You OK, Sal?" He whispered, his mouth close to hers.  
  
"Yes, very, I think I can come again."  
  
"I meant, with all of this," his penis gave another lunge within her.  
  
"I... I like sex." She was not thinking straight, not with that feeling coming again. Her sex felt a little abused and her clitoris a bit over sensitive, but she was 'OK.' Fuck! She was really enjoying herself. Her own hips pushed up against her neighbour as the cameras clicked again.  
  
And her neighbour came inside her. Once again that feeling, a spurting inside her. He had come but she had not come again. "Anyone else?" It was Sal speaking. The words just slipped out like a boob from a loose bikini top. "I mean, does anyone else fancy posing with me?"  
  
The youngish seeming boy who had joined the club only a few weeks before when Sal had first modelled was pulling his tee shirt over his head but the older man who had joined at the same time was also undoing his buttons.  
  
The young lad's penis was long but thin, it had a newness to it as if it had not yet been much used. Indeed, Sal found out later, it was his first fuck. He posed all right, not very good poses really before he was on top of Sal and mauling at her breasts. There was no finesse and no holding back. In reality he was not modelling at all, just desperate to fuck, the whole scene making him almost as out of control as Sal herself.  
  
Sal felt the spurting of semen – spurting with some force admittedly – as soon as the lad was 'in.' The warmth and wetness had obviously set off the inexperienced penis which, from all the visual stimulation earlier, had probably been on a knife edge for some time. It did not make Sal come and the photographs were not memorable other than the portrait Mr. Soames caught of the young lad's smiling, ecstatic face as he rose from Sal. 'One happy little bunny,' had been Mrs. Riley's summation at the later meeting.  
  
The older man was somewhat less 'chirpy.' He did not leap up on the table like the young lad. Down to his boxer shorts – a nice Paisley pattern – and no socks, he seemed to have second thoughts whilst waiting for the young lad. Even when the boy got off the table and, despite the evidence of his excitement visible in his boxers, he paused, "Perhaps Sal has had enough of men, err, posing with her."  
  
Mrs. Riley chipped in. "Well, I'm not posing with her. Not today, not today anyway. Another day maybe if you'd like an older woman modelling." Mrs. Riley looked at the other women. There was a shaking of heads. It seemed the other women were not up for modelling. It would be up to the men and in particularly the older man in his boxers. "But, if Sal's agreeable I do like the look of all that hair on you."  
  
Clean shaven and balding, it was not at all the same for his body. Thick, dark, greying in places but more than plentiful and all over. Hair covered his chest and was even a little on his back. Within trousers and shirt all this had been hidden.  
  
"And," said Mrs. Riley, "you've clearly something hidden you'd like to show us."  
  
It was obvious the man was excited. His boxers did not hide the erection and there was a wet spot right where its end poked at the cotton.  
  
"Down with them – or do I have to do that?"  
  
"Mrs. Riley!" It was Mr. Soames turn to admonish.  
  
Again, the difficulty of exposure for a man. The old man clearly swallowed and then dropped his boxers catching his erection as they went down. The bounce of his cock making its hardness the more obvious. Even the cushioning of his hairy stomach did not prevent a very audible slap as it bounced upwards against his skin. He went red. He was also not close to the table, meaning he had to walk through the members with them all looking at him. Upon the table, having been helped up by Mr. Soames his hairiness was even more stark. His balls were almost hidden in hair and it grew up the shaft of his penis to about half way. His penis did not stand straight up but curved in the normal direction upwards, with quite a curve bringing the knob, a rather big knob, up to the vertical. Not large but rather nice – or at least that was Sal's thought as she watched it above her. She swallowed – it was her sixth of the evening. What was she thinking? Another cock as 'nice' – but it was. He looked a little like a shaggy bear standing above her. Very photogenic really, in a rather strange way.  
  
The man stood upon the table and looked down at the company and at Sal lying on the table. He shook his head slightly. Sal thought he must be wondering how he had got himself into this position, standing naked and tumescent above a naked woman on that table – with an audience.  
  
"How... I mean, how should I, err, pose? What do you want me to do?"  
  
Seemingly the photographers rather liked him standing over her. The hairy maleness being a different contrast to Sal's pale rather hairless body. She had a rather different view of him – directly from below. He was asked to kneel between her spread legs to give the photographers a nice comparison of her own hairy sex and his own hirsute genitalia. Mrs. Riley even made that comment. He was asked to go closer and certainly Mrs. Riley's photograph of just their joined genitalia, hairy from one body to the other, running from his massed pubic hair, down the hairy half of his cock to where it was buried in Sal's hairy bush, was admired as 'strange.'  
  
The man's face was a picture. Being asked to pose half into a woman who was not his wife's vagina and just hold still! And then asked to fully engage and to pause whilst his and Sal's limbs were arranged by others into the wanted pose with Sal's ankles crossed over his back.  
  
Probably that would have done for the posing for photographs but having got so far – entered the woman – it was a bit unlikely it would all stop there, and for the man simply climb off Sal and get down from the table. His natural instinct took over and Sal felt him begin to move – and it tickled! His hairy penis tickled her opening and on the in-thrust his hairiness really tickled her clitoris. It was different, and it was nice – Sal responded and once again a somewhat out of control Sal was pushing upwards and copulating with enthusiasm. Certainly, the old man reached his peak and ejaculated – an inevitability given the slippery, warm and sexual stimulation – but so, again, did Sal. The sexual sounds of wet intercourse were added to by Sal's moans. No photographs were taken, the members just stood and watched the joined bodies copulating.  
  
And what does one do, when the desire to rut has gone and one becomes acutely conscious of being atop a woman - naked and embedded on a table beneath bright lights and watched by twenty or so people of both sexes? It would probably terrify most men as a prospect. Pressed down on Sal the old man looked around almost in panic. "Oh," he said, "oh." He had had trouble taking his boxers off, difficulty in standing exposed and tumescent on the table but that had been with desire coursing through his veins. Everyone was looking at him and no one was saying anything  
  
"I think, perhaps, that is enough for the evening." Mrs. Riley spoke, breaking the silence.  
  
"Yes, yes," said Mr. Soames, "if you could, um, get off the poor girl. I think she might be a bit exhausted. Err, um, thank you to everyone who has modelled tonight. This has been a, um, rather different meeting from usual. I am sure we shall have some wonderful and, err, interesting photos for our next meeting. And, don't forget to book for our Autumn outing, we need to arrange with the coach company the size of coach and..."  
  
Mr. Soames went on with club arrangements as normal as anything. Finally the older man summoned the courage to rise and separate himself from Sal's vagina.  
  
"It's gone. It's disappeared." Mrs Riley's exclamation caused everyone to look and she was right. No longer hard and tumescent the man's penis had disappeared inside his hair. "We must use you again," she said, "so different, it's as if you are covered in fur!"  
  
It had gone, his curved member was no longer hard and excited or even visible. He slid, sheepishly, off the table towards his clothes to leave Sal as the only remaining naked person.  
  
Sal sat up and blinked, looking around at all the faces and the still present glare of the lights. What had come over her? She looked down between her thighs at her sex, her no longer virginal sex. Semen, the product of not just one man was running from her. The pool of white just got bigger and bigger beneath Sal's spread thighs. She caught Mrs. Riley's eye who was looking at the pool of semen, clearly worried it might leave a mark on the mahogany table.  
  
It is always a risk to polish if something gets spilt. And, certainly, a lot of semen had already been spilt into Sal and now out onto the table! Mrs. Riley turned towards the kitchen and then hurried to it and back with a freshly laundered tea towel and mopped firstly at Sal's dripping sex and then the table. The tea towel was soon soaked.  
  
The members started to pack the equipment away.  
  
Mrs. Riley seemed now to take an almost motherly interest in Sal. She said had never seen a woman quite so overcome with lust as Sal. And to think what a quiet little timid sort she had always seemed. Appearances were deceptive. Mrs. Riley and Sal both looked at the wringing wet tea towel in her hand. It would need washing. Left as it was, Mrs. Riley commented in her practical way, it would be as stiff as a board in the morning as if soaked in Robin starch.  
  
Mrs. Riley helped Sal down from the table and back to the kitchen. She closed the door on them giving Sal privacy in which to dress. "You have a lovely body, my dear, Mr. Riley will be so sorry he never joined the club when I tell him all about this evening. Perhaps you might, perhaps you might consider a private shoot sometime. Just me and my camera – and Mr. Riley of course."  
  
Sal drove home. Probably she should not have driven. She had not had one drink and most certainly was not under the influence of illegal drugs but... but, she was wobbly on her feet and her mind was in turmoil. She had driven to the photography group's meeting a virgin but was not anymore...  
  
Now she had more than a little experience of men. Six men, no less had slid their so strange, but so pleasing, organs into her. The evidence of that was still within her. With one hand on the wheel Sal felt under her dress. She had had no knickers on when she drove to the meeting and she had none now. Her sex felt so different from normal, a sticky mess of... fluids. She brought her fingers up to her lips – the taste of men. She felt 'used' but not at all upset; she did not feel sore and, indeed, even after all that, her arousal had not subsided. Sal needed a shower but was not sure she would not play with herself before and during the wash. She hoped her fellow photography society members had been happy with the evening's poses and their photographs.  
  
It had all been meant to be just the black lad and her posing but, well, things had got a little carried away – out of hand even - and then he had needed to be replaced once the group had found a taste for photographing tumescent penises. She understood that. Had she not been the same when first espying her neighbour and photographing his penis 'in the wild' of his garden? Perhaps, at a future meeting, the club might concentrate on that. She would love to be one of the photographers. Perhaps with all the club men one after another upon the table and being able to photograph erect penis after erect penis or even two or more in juxtaposition - 'a conversation of penises' perhaps. Had she invented a collective noun?  
  
Sal unlocked her door and walked through her house. She pulled off her dress, noting, by the wet patch where she had been sitting in the car, that it would need washing. She stuffed it into the washing machine, walked to the French windows, and stepped out into the night. It was a hot, sultry night, just so appropriate for what had happened. Sal stretched, thinking she might take a little walk, it would be cooling and quiet. It was but a matter of putting one foot in front of the other and there she was at her garden door. All was indeed quiet as she unlocked it and stepped out into the faint moonlight.  
  
Sal sat on the stile looking out over the field, the polished wood, where people had climbed over, under her buttocks. She sat quite still thinking about herself. Her sexuality had surprised her. She would not have thought she could so easily give into her impulses, how easily she had been aroused by the so delicious dark body of that boy and his polished wooden cock right there in the kitchen, and she so knew it was her that had pushed back onto it in the glare of the photography lamps, there upon the table. Not him but her. And had she not invited the other men – really?  
  
Her thighs opened, and her fingers found her sex and played, enjoying how sticky it felt, how tactile, how sexual. Not the usual slippery feel but something else! So sensible of her to have gone onto the Pill. In her heart she had known what was coming: she just did not expect to have so many men all at once. Multiple men spurting their seed into her, men competing to fertilise her – only those million of spermatozoa from so many men would not find an ovum. Just as well! But the thought - virile men with hard and spurting penises. She shook her head. It was happening again, her arousal building. Abruptly she stood and turned to retrace her steps. Perhaps her neighbour was home.  
  
There was light at the end of his garden and silently she moved towards it. The thought that perhaps his friends, Al and Vince, might be there as well. That would be too much. She just wanted to fuck a little... not a lot! Her neighbour, though, was alone, moving around tidying, still in his light shirt and trousers. She knocked on the glass though the French windows were open. He turned,

"Are you OK, Sal?"  
  
She stepped through the windows.  
  
"Mmmm. I've just been for a walk, after the evening."  
  
"You must be exhausted. I'd have thought you would have gone straight to bed. A nice shower and then..."  
  
"I haven't yet. I couldn't settle. Too much..."  
  
His hand reached and cupped her sex, palm resting on her mons veneris and her curls, his fingers curling under.  
  
"Excitement? "You're still..."  
  
"Very wet and messy."  
  
His finger had found her little erect clitoris and was toying with it. He did not need to know she had been playing with it herself atop the stile not minutes before.  
  
"Come," he said, "I've a nice shower, let me wash you."  
  
Sal was not so much led upstairs as pushed from behind, a hand on her bottom. He was right. It was a very nice shower indeed. Not so much a cubicle as a space. No curtain or door, no shower tray, you just walked into the water – and there was room for two, if not three. The walls and floor were tiled.  
  
Her neighbour turned on the water, undressed and propelled Sal in. She had not been in a shower with another person before, still less finding herself being soaped by another. He had clearly recovered from the photography session: his penis was hard and pointing upwards. Sal reached, she liked holding penises. She had not soaped one before.  
  
"I'll wash your hair too, kneel."  
  
Sal knelt, her knees on the tiles and leant forward as her neighbour began massaging her hair, getting it wet. She leant forward to take his penis into her mouth. It seemed such a natural thing to do, such a pleasant thing to be able to suck whilst having your hair washed and, indeed, such a lovely thing to suck. So big, so smooth, so fleshy and male!  
  
Sal awoke to the sun bright behind her curtains. She lay there in her own bed having declined her neighbour's offer for her to spend the night – in his bed. She had been on that bed most definitely, but not stayed. She had not had sexual intercourse again; her neighbour's penis had not travelled into her vagina, but his tongue had. She had come with his penis in her mouth and his tongue on her clitoris – the sixty-nine position she had read about. Sal on top. She had seen stars with half his penis in her mouth, her tongue unmoving but her lips opening and closing like a fish – or rather a fish that had caught something rather too big to eat!  
  
She had then fellated him some more as his face had stayed between her thighs. She had been so gentle, delicate movements of mouth and tongue, seeing how long she could play with him before he came. Only when he finally began to shoot his stuff into her mouth did she really move, her wet lips sliding up and down his shaft and smooth knob at speed, her tongue flicking, milking his cock into her mouth.  
  
Sal had risen and swivelled around to sit on the still erect penis, feeling its hardness all along her wet sex rather than pushing it in. She had smiled down at her neighbour, leant forward and opened her mouth a little to let his semen run out, down it went, elongating till it touched his mouth. He grinned back, and it ran into his mouth. His face was soaked with her lubrication. Sal bent and touched his mouth with her lips, her tongue sliding over them, tasting her own wetness. His tongue pushed into her mouth and she regained some of the semen. They kissed, a very moist joining of lips and embrace of tongues. Again, a first for Sal. Her first French kiss and accompanied by the male taste of semen and the female taste of her own wetness. She giggled. Had Al or Vince – or indeed both of them – or Mr. Grant or her young black friend or... been there, she would happily have engaged in more sexual play.  
  
Instead she had got up off the bed.  
  
"You can stay the night."  
  
Sal picked up his penis and wobbled it in her hand, its still swollen knob going this way and that on the end of its now soft stalk. She slid the foreskin wanking it. "No, thanks, it's not much use to a girl now. Perhaps tomorrow!"  
  
What a change from the woman who had first looked out on her neighbour naked in his garden. Sal smiled up at the ceiling in the comfort of her own bed the next morning. The session at the photography club the night before and her easy preparedness to go around to her neighbour for yet more sexual satisfaction was the culmination of the change. What would she do now? Her relationships had become sexual with quite a few people but they were not romantic liaisons. Paul had his Chloe, the young black lad was not, she thought, interested in that way – and nor was she – and whilst she liked her neighbour, there did not seem to be those tender feelings. Perhaps they might come. But what of the future? She touched herself. There was much in prospect.  
  
Chloe and Paul had invited her to visit, which, no doubt, entailed a visit to the naturist beach and perhaps more; there was the black lad's prospective visit to Lady Godiva and she would be most interested to see what became of that; her neighbour had mentioned Mr. Grant inviting her to dinner and she knew that would lead to sucking Mr. Grant's and her neighbour's cocks – at the very least; she could not but think there would be more sessions at the photography group of one sort or another; and then there was Mrs. Riley's suggestion of private posing with Mr. Riley – was she agreeable to that; and what of her neighbour and his friends Al and Vince, she could see she might well be invited around perhaps for drinks but more likely, what was the phrase, a 'gang bang?' Sal's fingers roamed as she smiled to herself. She was rather looking forward to what was to come. She had changed so much since she had first espied her neighbour and his penis.