**Fay and the boys next door**

Fay had sperated from her husband and returned to live with her parents which meant she had a lot of time on her hands particularly as she would get home from work a long time before they did. Next door to her parents lived a couple with two boys and at times she would help look after them , it helped fill her day.

This day Fay had returned from work slowly drinking a cup of tea with a long wait for her parents to return. She was still in her work clothes of a white blouse and turquoise skirt and neck tie , for some reason she kept thimking of a dream she kept having over and over where she was in her house and people were trying to get her , she was racing around trying to shut all doors and windows , what did these people want of her , what would they do to her , why did she always wake up at this stage? Her friends had told her it was a popular dream that many experience but it had Fay enthralled.

Her deliberations were then interrupted by a hammering at the door , it was the neighbour Mrs. Nelson with her two boys and another four boys that were their cousins. Poor Mrs.Nelson was in a fix , she had to dash out and had no one to look after the children , could Fay possibly help?The boys had been pulled in from the garden where they had obviosly been playing Indians as they were all there in their feathers , bows and arrows .

Of course Fay was only too pleased to help , she invited the boys in and told Mrs. Nelson not to worry . Now Fay had to think of what do you do with six red indians in your house? It had started to rain so the garden was no use. Fortunately the boys fro next door , Alan and Ronnie , were full of ideas.

"Lets play indian raid, " suggested Alan. "Wow yeah , have you got a room with a lot of doors ?" Asked Ronnie. "Yes the sitting rooom has three internal doors , why?" Replied Fay. "That will do fine then , that will be your ranch and we are the indians trying to get in and you have to keep all the doors shut," explained Alan.

This is very like my dream , Fay thought to herself , and even the boys were surprised at how quickly she agreed.

So the game began , the boys would try to get in one door and Fay would rush to shut it , only for another to open and she had to close that one .Fay thought it a fabulous giggle but the doors were opening constantly and she was getting out of breath and so it was no surprise when having just managed to close one door , the rest of the boys came hurtling through another , as she had tried to reach the door they had burst through landing on top of her .

Now Fay thought game over but the boys were still on top of her , in fact they had her pinned to the floor and noticed that there was a cousin sat on each arm stretched to the side , more sat on her legs and Alan sat right on top of her.Alan looked into her eyes and then cupped her right breast with his left hand , she tried to react but the cousins held her firm and Alan calmly stroked her breast through her blouse, then he did the same to the left breast before covering both with his hands and rubbing them .

"Paleface been captured," said Alan. "Hey do we all get a feel of her tits ?," asked Ronnie. "Mmm heap good idea , all braves have feel of Paleface tits," mocked Alan. They then shifted their positions so that each had a turn on top of her squeezing her boobs through her blouse , it got more embarrasing with each boy as the order was in descending ages with the last cuusin spending as long as Alan did , relishing his lucky day.

Fay could have died of shame , but now Alan was perched back on top of her. He flicked her neck tie up covering her face , Fay unable to move blew it out of the way , just in time to see Alan undoing her blouse buttons , "Oh my God , please .." uttered Fay , just as Alan slipped his left hand inside her blouse and cupped the right breast again but this time he went straight inside her bra and felt the breast , marvelling in the warmth and softness, squeezing the bareness of her breast as the nipple hardened in his grasp.Then a delve into the other bra cup , so that he had felt them both.

"I have got to have a go of that, " stated Ronnie .And they did , all six of them , Fay pinned to her mothers sitting room floor whilst six boys felt inside her bra. "Just think of all the times you have looked after us and now we have felt your tits ," teased Alan. "Let's have a look at them ," suggested a cousin. Fay shrieked but no avail , she was told to lift her back up and immediatly felt hands at her bra strap , a little fiddle and it popped open.The blouse was fully opened and Fay's white bra was pulled up and her small breasts flopped out , "Awww aren't they cute , " said a cousin , just before they disappeared in a sea of hands . Order was eventually reestablished with each boy taking his turn sat astride her feeling her bared breasts.

Still immobile , she heard the words, "We haven't finished with you yet." Fay felt her skirt hoisted up right up to her chin exposing pale yellow knickers, "I can spot a bush ," said Ronnie. "Lets make this as humiliating as possible," suggested Alan , he turned to the youngest cousin and said, "Pull her knickers down." With the broadest grin imaginable , the cyoung cousin hooked his fingers into her knickers and peeled them down , her black bush of hairs tumbled out to a loud mocking cheer and the sea of hands descended again all over her thatch. "If you haven't seen one before , come and have a look , " announced Alan to his cousins. "Fay's got her knickers down," sang Ronnie. "We've seen your minge Fay," a cousin joined in. "I could play with this all day ," volunteered another cousin as he examined her hairs and Alan rubbed her slit.

Eventually they had her stripped off completely and Alan told them to spreadeagle her on the floor with a boy to each arm and foot, "Go and see if anyone else is out playing , " he said to Ronnie , "tell them we've got Fay stripped off and see if anyone wants to have a look."

Ronnie managed to rustle up three more , two of them being girls , one had asked Ronnie if Fay was totally naked and on being told yes had come armed with a comb , they all burst into laughter at the site that befell them , the girl with the comb sat between Fay's legs and proceeded to comb her bush , "I often wondered what it was like , now I know ," she said and stroked the hairs into a series of pretty patterns whilst all laughed and joked at her hairdressing skills .

And if Fay thought her humiliation was complete , little did she know that Mrs.Nelson was about to return.