**Fay is an exhibit**

Fay was worried. Those boys had promised to come back, and she knew they would; with some of their friends. They had threatened to tell her husband that she had allowed the teenage boys to take down her panties, if she didn’t cooperate. But the boys didn’t know half the truth, and why Fay was so nervous about their return: She was not nervous about the boys telling her husband at all. On the contrary, she couldn’t possibly explain to the boys why she dreaded their return; that in fact, her husband knew everything that the boys had done - how they had taken down her panties, stripped her entirely naked, and stimulated her to orgasm. He had come home, to find his twenty-one year old wife still lying naked on the kitchen table, passed out after the boys had stimulated her to multiple sexual climaxes. She had been made to tell him every detail of what had happened, as she and her husband made love. Not only had he learnt the details of that afternoon, but he found out the intimate truth of Fay’s earlier encounters with the boys.

Her husband was not jealous; on the contrary, it had excited him to know that his young wife had lain, helpless to protest against the teenage boys’ advances. He knew that the boys would not attempt intercourse with her. In any case, he was confident that his wife would resist that possibility if it had come to it. But her encounters were proving erotically stimulating not only to the helpless Fay; but to her husband as well.

So as Fay waited for the boys to return the next afternoon on their way home from school, she knew that she would be helpless to resist their approaches; and in a secret compartment of her mind; she unconsciously welcomed their attention. When Fay saw them approach her front gate, she knew she should flee; run out the back door before she heard that dreaded knock. But she couldn’t do it. She heard the light rap on the front door, and opened it to find the leaders Simon and Philip there, as well as two younger boys, and two girls. She gulped, and despite her better intentions, stood aside silently, as the school children filed through her front door, grinning.

“Well, Fay, as we promised, we’re back; and you’d better cooperate; or else we’ll tell your husband how you’ve taken down your panties, and let us play with your pussy.” “Oh no, please, not again;” Fay pleaded, but she knew the boys would pay no notice. “This is Ewan and Dean” the older boy said; “They’ve never seen a real woman naked before, so we promised them they would this afternoon” Fay shook her head; but although her mouth opened and closed, she was incapable of saying anything. She wondered why the two girls were there; but she didn’t have to wonder for very long long: One of them brandished a pair of dressmaking scissors: “Simon told us how hairy you are; so WE thought we would come to give you a trim.” “Oh no, you can’t do that’ I…”

Simon just smiled, and advanced on Fay. She was backed against the lounge, and fell backwards, her calf-length skirt splaying out in front of her. He grabbed the front hem before she fell backwards, exposing her long shapely legs to the admiring glances of the other boys. “Come on; get her undressed!!” He didn’t attempt to touch her. Instead, he kept hold of her skirt, and stood aside to let the other boys have their turn: “Come on, get her blouse unbuttoned;” he said to one of the younger boys. They needed no further encouragement, and immediately she felt his short fingers struggling with her buttons. In no time at all, her blouse was undone, and pulled out of her skirt, and off her shoulders. Fay was mortified: He husband had recently bought her a whole new wardrobe of underwear; very lacy bras and panties; knowing that her see-through bra would expose her breasts to the admiring glances of the boys, should they return. “Look! Her nipples are already sticking out!” cried Ewan. “Go on,” Philip encouraged the younger boys; “give them a feel!” Fay winced in shame; as she felt the young boys’ hands massaging her small, firm breasts through the thin material. Her nipples were soon fully erect.

But the children had hardly even started. As the boys continued to fondle her breasts; sliding their hands inside her bra to feel her erect nipples, one of the girls spoke up: “Let’s get her skirt off; we’ll see if she is wearing matching panties!” Fay felt surprisingly strong teenage hands lift her bottom off the sofa, allowing Philip to pull her skirt down her thighs and off her legs in one swift movement. The children shrieked in glee: “Wow!” said Simon; “Look! Didn’t I tell you how hairy she was?” “Not for long;” one of the girls said, brandishing the scissors.

Simon first turned to the younger boys: “Come on, here’s your chance. Get those panties off her.” Fay felt young hands at the waistband of her thin panties; tugging at her last garment. She lay back; completely exposed, her panties down around her knees, and her flimsy bra pushed up above her breasts. “Have a feel boys, before we strip her naked.” The young teenagers weren’t sure what to do, and ran their fingers through Fay’s curly pubic hairs. She was already wet in anticipation, but before the boys could explore any further, one of the girls said: “OK, that’s enough for now. Now it’s our turn. Get her onto the floor!”

Fay was amazed once again how easy it was for the young teenagers to raise her bodily off the sofa, and place her gently on the carpet. She made no resistance, as they removed her underwear completely, and spread her on her back. One of the girls took a position between Fay’s spread thighs: “Now don’t struggle. These scissors are sharp, and I wouldn’t want to cut you!” Fay found her voice at last: “No; you can’t! But the girls showed no mercy. As one stroked her pubic hair with a comb, the other clipped her thatch, as close as she could manage. It was too much for Fay, the girl holding the comb was also stroking her labia, and her fingertips played against Fay’s clitoris. Whether it was deliberate or not, Fay couldn’t tell; but even before the girls had finished giving her a trim, she exploded into a sexual climax. The girls sat back, as Fay trembled in the throes of her orgasm. One of the younger boys was amazed: “What’s happening; is she having a fit or something?” “No silly;” Simon scorned: “She’s having an orgasm. All women can do it” The girls too were amazed, and watched in awe, as Fay squirmed in the throes of her sexual release. The boys had promised them ‘something special’, and they hadn’t been disappointed.

But Fay’s ordeal wasn’t yet over. Each boy took a turn to rub her pussy and stroke her clitoris. Simon demonstrated to the two younger boys what to do; and she was subjected to the four boys exploring her vagina with their fingers. She came twice more; before they had all had a turn. Finally, the children left Fay lying on the floor, totally spent. “We’ll be back;” said the older boy. And we’d better not catch you wearing panties again, or else we’ll leave you naked down at the Mall.” “And finish the job we started;” one of the girls added: “we’ll be checking that, too.”

The children then left laughing; leaving Fay to reflect on the fact that she had been brought to orgasm by two girls, neither of whom would have experienced an orgasm themselves, yet.. She was still lying on the floor, when her husband returned home from work. He gently picked up his wife, and carried her upstairs. There, he laid her on their bed, and finished off the job the girls had started; shaving Fay as clean as a whistle. The boys had learnt from their previous experience; and had brought Fay to her sexual climaxes through gentle manual teasing, rather than rough handling. Her body was still tingling from the stimulation, and she and her husband made love three more times that evening, before she fell into a contented sleep; wondering what lay ahead in the future.