**Fay is caught baking**

It was a glorious afternoon , but with husband Julian away for the day , Fay decided to amuse herself by doing some baking.Not something she was particularly good at , but it would fill in the day. So there she was in the kitchen with her hands submerged in a mixing bowl and well covered in flour .

"I'll make Julian some nice home made biscuits and a fruit pie as well , I have a tin of forest fruits so that will be just the job, " she muttered to herself.

Now she was no wizard in the kitchen and pretty soon there was flour and biscuit mix together with pastry all over the work surfaces , in fact it was becoming too much for her , she would brush her hair back in temper , only to get flour and dough in her hair. It was getting every where , on her blouse , her skirt , even dropping down her legs.

If things were not bad enough , there was then a knock at the door.

"You'll have to let yourself in , I am up to the elbows with my baking ," Fay shouted .

The kitchen door opened , in walked little Timmy from up the road, "My mam wants to borrow some sugar , " he explained. "There's some in that top cupboard , just help yourself , if I try you will get covered in this pastry mix , " an exasperated Fay said. "You are in a right state , " commented Timmy , "it's all over the place , you've got flour in your hair and look it's on your top and skirt. "

Fay turned to face Timmy , she had her hands to her side holding the counter behind her , she looked totally frustrated with her hair flopping over her face. Their eyes met , Fay had a look of defeat about her , Timmy had a look of opportunity.

"Your husband is not going to like this mess , look at the mess you have made of the kitchen , look at the state of your clothes ," and as Timmy said it he picked some mix off her skirt. "It's even here on your leg , " said Timmy as he picked off some more mix from her bare knee . As he did so , he put his hand back on her knee and gently stroked his hand above her knee and under her skirt.

Fay was startled and confused , she would have pushed him away but that would cover him in flour and no doubt lead to his mother complaining , so she stood transfixed with her hands gripping the counter behind her.

Timmy was now stroking the front and back of her upper leg , his fingers tracing her hamstring, "I am sure I could be convinced not to tell your husband, " Timmy teased with his hand now well up her skirt.

"No ...no ," Fay protested as she felt his hand stroke further up her leg , " please Timmy you mustn't , it's just that .... well you see ....," "What's the problem Fay , I'm doing you a favour ," Timmy added as his fingers squeezed the back of her quadricep. " You must stop , you see I've got no knickers on , everything is bare under there."

Timmy did not stop. With purpose he moved his hand from the top of her thigh , accross to her groin , his fingers combing into her bush. " Whose got a hairy one ,Fay? " Timmy teased. "Oh please , " she tried to protest. " A nice hairy one to play with , " he commented as he started to play with a few hairs , pulling them out and letting go.He brushed his hand in and out of her bush at will , delighting in feeling the bareness under her skirt , stroking the top of each thigh and then sliding his fingers back into her nest of hairs.

"Please don't tell anyone you have felt me, " she requested. "Maybe ," replied Timmy , "but it will cost you a rub , " and at that he slipped two fingers onto the lips of her vagina and gently circled his fingertips. "Aaah , oh my God , " Fay cried as she tried to come to terms with her ordeal. But Timmy was rubbing away , up and down , clockwise and anti-clockwise. To her horror ,Fay was becoming moist.

"Oh what a nice sound your lttle fanny is making, " Timmy embarrassed her further , and to emphasise his point , just as Fay felt it could not get any worse , he slipped two fingers inside her. "Nooo..," she cried in vain . "Tell me what I'm doing Fay , come on I want to hear you say it , tell me or I won't stop ," he commanded as his fingers beat a rythym inside her. "You .. you , well you are giving me the finger in my own kitchen, " she volunteered. "Who is Fay , I want to hear you say it ," "you are , I'm sorry , I mean it's well you timmy you are giving me the finger.

Timmy looked satisfied at her humiliation , he stopped his thrusting and instead stsrted to lift up the hem of her skirt, "Right let's have a look at it ," "Please no, " Fay pleaded. But Timmy was not going to stop , up and up came the skirt , Fay gripped tightly onto the shelf behind her , knowing that any second... Well that second was now, Timmy was holding her skirt right up and staring at her exposed bush. "Orrr , isn't it cute ,now I can see all those lovely black hairs , nice thatch Fay , that is one nice hairy triangle you have there."

Fay just died of humiliation , to be in her own kitchen with her most private part on show to a neighbour's son , well it was more than she could bear , or even bare , if you like. "Hmmm, " pondered Timmy , " I think a little forfeit is required for being found with no knickers on. " He picked up the open tin of forest fruits , and tipped the contents over her bare bush , the filling seeped down through her hairs , the fruit sticking in the hairs while some fell to the floor , he placed the can back on the shelf and then gently massaged the mess into ner crotch.

Fay sighed and gasped , her hairs matted together in the syrupy mess , yet still his hand swirled the fruit through her bush. "That will teach you not to wear knickers and deny me the fun of pulling them down , yes that pleasure will have to wait until another time , won't it Fay?" Fay was shellshocked and unable to speak. "Yes I think I will be coming round again , Fay , to pull your knickers down next time , and I think a few friends should be here , don't you Fay ? "You you mustn't , but you can't , " she said to no avail. "Oh yes , next week Fay , a select group of my friends and your knickers are coming down in front of them, bye for now."