**Fay settles the score**

Fay’s husband Steve was surprised the next weekend, when Fay announced that she wanted to go to the beach again: “We should take advantage of this uncommon spell of good weather. For all we know, it might rain for the next two weeks!” But the thought didn’t enter his mind that Fay might be seeking some form of retribution: that sort of thing wasn’t in Fay’s nature (a fact he had taken to his advantage several times in the past). Indeed, Fay seemed to have completely put the previous weekend behind her, and was her usual cheery self. He was put even more at ease when she even suggested that they invite Liz and the teenagers to come with them. “You ring and arrange it;” she said; “after all; I’m sure that you have HER number handy!”

When he rang Liz, she immediately accepted (she wasn’t going to miss the opportunity of seeing Fay at close quarters in a swimsuit again); but she was not quite so at ease as Steve: “Are you sure that Fay has not planned something?” she asked. “No, Fay’s not like that;” Steve replied; “she just loves the water; she was a champion swimmer at university.” So it was arranged; they would all meet at the bus stop the next weekend, and travel to the beach.

When they met, Fay seemed very sociable and was almost bubbling with friendliness; even to the teenagers. She sat beside Liz, with Steve opposite, and the kids behind. They traveled light, and Fay had only brought a small straw bag to hold her and Steve’s belongings. At the beach, they were fortunate to find the very same spot they had occupied the week before available, against the concrete wall at the rear of the beach.

Faye was ready to hit the surf as soon as they had organized their gear; but Liz wasn’t so keen: “You lot go ahead; I’d like to finish a chapter of this book first. I’ll look after the gear, while you lot take a dip.” So the teenagers, Fay and Steve headed for the water. After splashing around for a while, Fay and Steve swam out a bit further (Steve was also a good swimmer; but not as competent as Fay). Soon he started to tire, and headed back towards the kids. When Fay joined them, she pointed out that something was slightly amiss: “Hang on dear; there’s a loose thread hanging from your swimmers.” Steve looked down, and as he did, Fay took a grip of the thread, and pulled firmly. Steve felt the thread run up one side of his shorts, and down the other. Fay gave one last firm tug, and his shorts parted in two pieces, still attached to the strong thread. Before Steve could react, Fay was holding both pieces of material in her hand: “Oh dear, it looks like your swimmers have come to pieces.”

Steve made a move towards Fay, but she was too quick for him. The water was still more than waist deep; and with a few strong strokes she quickly swam out of his reach. She then turned and waded towards the shore, leaving Steve surrounded by the four grinning teenagers. The girls smiled, and turned to follow Faye, and they in turn were followed by the boys. Steve then found himself naked in the surf, in the middle of a knot of half a dozen strangers. He couldn’t stay there forever, and eventually would have to make his way to the safety of the rear of the beach, as best he could.

None of them had any idea that Fay had been planning such an effective retribution (she had replaced the seams in Steve’s swimmers with strong nylon thread, sewn in a running stitch); but they all enjoyed the joke as they watched her hapless husband wend his way through the crowd, covering his ‘vitals’ as well as he could. Now Steve wasn’t hugely endowed, but he felt that Fay had nothing to complain about his ‘size’, and it still took both his hands to cover himself adequately. The others were in fits of laughter by the time he reached the relative safety of their spot at the rear of the beach, after having minced his way bare-bottomed through the throng of beach-lovers.

He glared at Fay as he stood in front of her, but he was hardly in any position to comment. She smiled, and held out a towel to him; not a beach towel, or even a bath towel such as the one he had provided her the weekend before; she had gone one better, and was offering him only a small tea-towel. “What’s this?” And where is all the other gear?” “Oh, the boys took it; save us the trouble of lugging it all home later.” Even Steve had to concede Faye’s cleverness in copying his own tactic.

But that touch of irony did nothing to help Steve out of his predicament. In the absence of any alternative, he seized the tea towel, and passed it from front to rear, like a sumo wrestler’s groin strap. As Steve covered himself as best he could, he took stock of the situation: Even the girls had kept nothing to wear over their swimsuits; the boys had been given everything to take home, including the beach towels and the girl’s tees and shorts. The only things remaining were three low lightweight beach chairs, which the teenage girls and Liz were occupying. He sat down on the damp sand in a huff, as the four females enjoyed his discomfort.

Fay then turned towards Liz, and suggested: “Come on dear, it’s about time you hit the waves. I don’t think Steve will be going anywhere; and the girls can look after our money.” She reached down to pull Liz from her chair, but as she did, she passed her hands suggestively over Liz’s bosom. Then, as Liz rose to her feet; Fay pulled the straps of her swimsuit as if to straighten it; but again pressed her hands even more suggestively over Liz’s breasts; this time lingering long enough to feel both nipples harden under her palms. Liz shuddered in response, and realized straight away that Fay was teasing her in revenge for her part in Fay’s embarrassment the week before; but she nevertheless willingly followed Fay into the surf. The girls stayed behind with Steve; which only added to his humiliation.

Fay waded out until the water was chest deep. She knew Liz wasn’t a confident swimmer, and went out just far enough for her to feel a little uneasy, as the waves rose and fell around them. She turned to face Liz, and then kissed her. Liz exclaimed in response: “You’re just t…;” but Fay interrupted: “: You know it’s funny, but we are quite alike physically, the same height and what are you? 34C?” Liz was so taken aback by the unexpected remark that she only nodded. But then Fay’s next move was a complete surprise: She reached out, and pulled one strap of Liz’s swimsuit off her shoulder, exposing her breast. She caressed it in the palm of her hand.

For a second, Liz thought that Fay was about to strip her naked then and there. Instead, Fay replaced the strap and reached under the water to lightly stroke Liz’s pussy through the swimsuit, until Liz cried out: “Please, I can’t stand it! OK, OK, I apologize, but I couldn’t help it. I, I mean you’re so pretty; how could I resist?” Fay smiled, and responded: “Well, I don’t know. So what’s it like, licking a pussy, I mean?” Liz recovered her wits, and answered the testing remark: “Well, what’s it like, fucking a man?” Fay was slightly taken aback by Liz’s acute response: “Do you mean that you’re a, I mean you’ve never been with a man?” Liz smiled, and Fay added: “…a thirty year old virgin!” Liz answered: “I’m only twenty eight, actually. I was ten years younger than my sister, and at eighteen just old enough to become the boys’ guardian, when they lost their parents.” Fay looked at Liz with Admiration: “You certainly gave up a lot for them!” “It was no trouble, really. And as they grew up, I think it was an advantage having an Aunt only thirteen years older than them.” Then Liz added: “I may be a virgin, in your definition of the word, but if you MUST know, I’m not inexperienced otherwise.” Fay grinned: “If you don’t mind me commenting, I think I can guess; Marie Rayne for one.” (Marie was the owner of the towns café-restaurant, and rather obvious in her sexual preference.) “Well, I MIGHT mind your invading my private affairs; but yes, Marie and I did have a dalliance for a while; and seeing as how you’re so curious, Joan Turner as well; although we never hit it off.” “The owner of the tanning salon? Well; I haven’t forgotten HER part in my embarrassment yet.” “Well, now I’m between relationships you might say. Besides, I’ve already admitted that it’s YOU I fantasize about.” I was a tactical error, and Liz immediately regretted the remark. Fay responded: “It’s strange how people often desire what they can’t obtain; instead of accepting what they can!” Her remark caused Liz to gulp, and then she added: “Of course, neither should they give up hoping!” Was that a remark of encouragement; or was it another teasing comment? Either way, Liz thought that Fay’s revenge had been rather cruel.

In the meantime, Steve was sitting beside the girls, feeling the gritty sand working into the skin of his backside. He wasn’t prepared to sit in the vacant chair; at least from his position he could remain rather inconspicuous. He couldn’t see any way out of his situation; especially after the girls had refused to help him by going across the road into the bargain shop to buy him a pair of shorts, despite his offering them a five pound bribe. In response, one of the girls said: “Of course; we COULD help, but it will cost a little more than a fiver!” Steve was desperate enough to accept any terms that would release him from his predicament, and asked: “What do you mean?” One of the girls picked up a clutch bag, and extracted a small packet: “I just happen to have an emergency sewing kit. Carry it everywhere – you never know when it will come in handy! For a fee, we’ll sew your swimmers back together again.” Steve was desperate: “OK, it’s a deal” “- For ten pounds;” one of the girls said. “Each!” her sister added. “What! That’s daylight robbery!” “Well, go home in your little lap-lap, then.” “OK, OK, I guess I have no choice.”

The girls smiled, and one responded: “Let’s see the cash first!” “As if I’m carrying any money on me! Where do you think I might be hiding it? But I promise; I’m good for the money.” “OK then, but we want the money before we leave – you’ll have to ask Fay.” Steve knew they were rubbing salt into his wounds and only made that demand to increase his feeling of humiliation.

To his relief though, the girls and started to sew Steve’s swim shorts; each working on one seam. As they sewed, they started talking about the boys: “They’re quite cute really. I suppose because we’re all twins, there’s something extra in our friendship.” “You know;” the other sister continued; “they’re unusual for teenage boys – they never masturbate!” Steve looked shocked at the frank talk, but the first twin added: “Yes; because we’ve done it for them, ever since they turned fourteen.” As they chatted, the girls’ talk became more and more suggestive: “Of course; they have to return the compliment!” “Our mum and dad are quite OK about it, as long as we promise not to go all the way.” “We promised the boys that when we turn sixteen, we’ll start giving them blow jobs; as long as they promise to give US oral!” “And when we turn eighteen, then we’ll, well you know.” All the suggestive talk was having the unavoidable effect on Steve. Try as he could to think to take his mind off the smutty talk, the sight of the two pretty teenagers talking openly about giving their boyfriends was producing its inevitable response. Now he had the problem of trying to hide his growing erection – an impossible task, covered only in his thin tea towel. The girls sniggered, as they saw the effect of their talk; and it only increased Steve’s sense of embarrassment.

Just then, Fay and Liz returned. Fay immediately sized up the situation: “Shame on you, getting aroused in the presence of these two girls – and they’re only fifteen!” Liz sniggered. Seeing a man in such a state of subjugation was one of her great pleasures; even though she was quite fond of Steve and had been partners-in-crime with him over Fay’s earlier humiliation. Steve couldn’t reply, but Fay’s comment had one fortunate consequence – his erection almost magically retracted.

One of the girls then held up the result of their handiwork: “There you are. Maybe not the best needlecraft, but it’s held together OK.” “Be careful;” the other added; “it’s only cotton thread, so don’t do anything extreme.” “Better not get yourself into a state of excitement then;” Liz laughed.

Steve made a grab for the shorts, but the girls whipped it away from his hands: “Forgetting something?” Steve turned towards Fay: “Could you give the girls twenty quid, please?” “What for?” Steve could only shrug. “OK; but it’s coming out of YOUR bike money!” (Steve was saving up his spare cash for a motorbike.) Finally, the girls handed Steve his swimmers. He rose awkwardly, holding the towel between his legs, and shuffled off towards the showers.

When he returned, the others were all ready to board the bus home. They were not worried about raveling in their swimsuits: if anyone had a problem, it was Steve, who had to be careful that the seams of his swimsuit didn’t split. Finally, the bus reached the stop where the girls and Liz would get off. As they stood to leave, Fay suddenly remarked: “Why don’t you come to dinner, Liz. The girls can entertain the boys for the evening.” Liz knew that Fay may be making the offer only make her feel more perturbed, but she was a sucker for punishment. She couldn’t resist the opportunity of spending time in the company of the person she desired the most; even when she knew that any desire she felt would be thwarted: “Ok, I’d love to.” “Sure;” Fay responded; “come as soon as you like: we can spend some time together before dinner.”