**Little Yellow Dress**

by Isabella

I took some small items that I no longer needed into the charity shop for them to sell to make a little money for their good cause. While I was in the shop I spotted a yellow halter dress, it sent a shiver through my spine when I saw it hanging on a rack. Okay, it would be a little short for today's dress style but when I was thirteen years old that was the exact dress I'd worn to my first dance...well, not the exact dress but the same style and colour, almost to the last stitch, just a little larger but according to the label in the dress it was my size right now and it was priced at just five pounds, the label said it was designed by Westwood but at a guess it was Stanley Westwood rather than Vivian.

I'd had my first dance with my husband wearing that dress, I was thirteen and he was fifteen years old. I think it was the vast expanse of flesh left exposed at the back of my dress that attracted Johnny, a senior, to ask me, a junior, to dance with him. I didn't complain about his hands wandering over my back that first time, even when they dipped a little lower down the back than the material covered. The dress had attracted him but the fact that I didn't overreact when his hands slipped down below the surface at the back of my dress kept him interested. I didn't say anything when he managed to get his hands down inside the back of my knickers either. Johnny danced me into a darkened corner, he bent down to kiss my collarbone and as his upper body lowered his hands slipped further around my buttocks and his fingers eased into the cleft between my buttocks, he was trying to over extend his reach to get to my vagina from the rear. I still didn't stop him, I just kissed his ear and whispered, "I don't feel safe in here, if you want to do something, you should take me to the cinema some time or someplace a little more private."

Johnny was perfectly happy to just dance and kiss a little for the rest of that first meeting because I'd made it clear to him that I wouldn't stop him if I felt safer about the place we were when he did go further. After that first dance Johnny invited me out on a date, the cinema was mentioned but rather a loose reference rather than a firm commitment, it was going to happen a week later, the following Friday. I told my mother that I was going to the school dance again and she dropped me off at the school gym, she waited in her car until I was safely inside the building before driving off, as she always did. I stood just inside the doorway until I saw her drive away and then I met Johnny outside. We were going to watch an adult film, I had no idea how Johnny was planning on getting me into a cinema that would be showing an adult film but that was his problem. The way I looked at it, it was a warm night, if we couldn't get into the cinema I'd go with him and sit on a park bench with him for a kiss, cuddle and to let him get to third or fourth base if he wanted to do.

I'd worn the same yellow halter dress that I'd been wearing the week before because Johnny had asked me to. We kissed; it was far more passionate than the week before, Johnny had learned a few tricks since the previous week, "What film are we going to see?"

"Have you ever heard of Deep Throat?"

"No!"

"That's not surprising, it was made twenty years ago but there's a new version out now, it has out-takes that never made it into the film that was shown in the cinema."

"So, how are we going to get into an adult cinema?"

"Baby, in that dress, you look way over eighteen years old and I get to watch that kind of film all of the time."

Johnny locked his lips over mine again, his hand slipped up from my ribs to cup my breast as his tongue slipped into my mouth, pushing it in as far as he could, "Feels like you'd be able to deep throat already..."

There was the sound of a car starting up and then a quick 'Toot' of the car's horn and Johnny stepped away from me, "...my dad is getting restless!"

Johnny took my hand and pulled me over to his father's car, he opened the rear door and he stepped in, pulling me in behind him. I was like the rabbit that got caught in the car's headlights, I was terrified but I was unable to move in the back of Johnny's father's car.

Johnny kissed me a few times as we drove to their house but I didn't respond to him at all, I was just fixated on the reflection of his father's eyes in the rear view mirror. We drove onto his driveway, right up to their front door before getting out of the car, I was actually just a few hundred feet away from home, our house was on the next road to Johnny's house, I even remembered the house going on the market, remembered walking past the house a few times as it was being remodelled.

I slipped into the house and was met by Johnny's mother, Susan, in the hallway, she hugged me against her body and kissed me, she was wearing just a fine silk caftan, her body heat transferred over to me through my thin cotton halter dress, my hand brushed over her hip, it could have been an accident but I felt that Susan had deliberately positioned and moved her body as we hugged so that my hand would brush that area, it served to confirm that Susan wasn't wearing anything at all under her caftan.

Susan took my hand and said, "Johnny has been talking about you non-stop since he met you. He's been driving Paul and me crazy ever since, it's so good to finally meet you and I have to say, seeing you in that dress, my baby wasn't exaggerating in the slightest." As she guided me into their TV room, well, the room had a TV in it and two sofas that stood side by side in front of the TV but as Paul, Johnny's father walked through the door he pressed a button on a control panel that lowered a cinema screen from the ceiling above the TV. There was also a movie projector standing on top of a tall cupboard behind the sofas, the cupboard appeared to be full of cans of film.

Paul laced up a film as Johnny poured four drinks, Vodka for me so that my mother wouldn't smell it on my breath even though I'd never tasted alcohol before. I probably wouldn't have said no if Johnny had asked me if I wanted a drink anyway. As the film started rolling Paul turned the lights off so that the only light in the room came from the screen. Johnny sat next to me, on my left, his mum was on the left of the other sofa so she was to my right and Paul sat on her right. The film had hardly started before the woman on screen was sucking on her co-star's dick. Johnny wasted no time in getting his hand up inside my dress, his hand went straight for the crotch of my panties, I looked over at his mother and father, Susan's caftan had been pushed up under her chin by the time I looked at them and Paul was just slipping her caftan over her head.

I gasped when I realised that Susan was now sitting next to me totally naked and her husband began fondling her body as he looked over at me with a huge grin on his face. I relaxed somewhat, took another sip of my vodka and let Johnny push my legs open. I was torn between watching Paul and Susan making love on the sofa next to me, looking up at the sex on the big screen and looking down at what Johnny was doing between my legs.

I let Johnny take my knickers off and then heard Susan gasp at my side, I looked over and saw that she had moved, her face was still towards the screen but now she was sitting, straddling her husband's lap, she was slowly rocking back and forth and bouncing up and down at the same time. Paul was fucking his wife but he was still looking over at me watching as Johnny was easing the bottom hem of my dress up, exposing my pussy to his and his father's eyes. Johnny began to massage my labia, gentle pressure, up and down my slit. He lifted my right leg up and pushed it over the arm of the sofa so that my lower body was wide open. I was now watching Paul and Susan more than I was watching anything else. Johnny carefully sought out my clitoris, massaging it slowly, gently; I rocketed through my orgasm, not just because of what Johnny was doing to me but from watching his mum and dad fucking as well.

Johnny slowed down until I dropped from my orgasmic plateau, he whispered, "We don't have very long left, we need to get back to the dance before your mum gets there, will you give me a hand to get off before we have to go?"

"Erm, what do you want me to do for you?"

"Haven't you ever wanked a boy off before?"

"No, never."

"Will you wank me if I show you what to do?"

I looked back at Paul and Susan before I nodded my head, agreeing to do what Johnny wanted me to do. Johnny slipped out of his trousers and underpants, he wasn't anywhere close to as big as his father but his cock was erect, hard and glistening with sticky liquid. He pulled my hand over to his cock; he formed my hand into a fist and began to move my hand up and down his cock shaft. I soon got the picture and took over the job for myself. Both Susan and Paul were now watching me masturbating their son, they were both smiling at me, my leg was still over the arm of the sofa, Susan had one last shuddering orgasm and then she slipped off of her husband's knee. Susan sat on the arm of the sofa and brushed her fingers through the hair on the back of my head, as she slid further onto the arm she was pushing my legs open wider and turning my body slightly.

I felt slight pressure on the back of my head; Susan was pushing my head down towards her son's cock. I'd just watched twenty minutes of oral sex on the screen so I guessed exactly what Susan was encouraging me to do. Because the only example I'd ever had of oral sex was the film that I'd just been watching and the way the woman was doing it was my only reference so I thought that was what I was expected to do as well. The woman only seemed to be able to orgasm in the film if the man's balls were pressing against her lips and his cock was deep in her throat. I opened my mouth and aimed Johnny's cock into it.

Johnny just sat there impassively as my mouth slipped further and further down the length of his cock shaft. He wasn't big enough to reach my tonsils so it didn't worry me, when my lips reached his scrotum I knew that the head of his cock would still be nowhere close to my throat. Susan set the pace, she had gathered a fist full of my hair and was pulling my head up and pushing it back down, she was giving me advice about suction, licking, twisting and turning my head, all designed to get her son off as quickly as possible. My body jerked as something wet touched my pussy, I opened my eyes wide and spotted the little bald spot on the back of Paul's head as he licked my pussy bringing me to a much more powerful orgasm than Johnny had given me with his fingers earlier.

As I jerked through my orgasm Johnny chose that moment to erupt into my mouth and as I was gasping for air at the time it caused me to choke a little as I fought to stop Johnny's semen being taken down into my lungs. I felt Susan let go of my hair and I rolled back upright, still coughing and spluttering. Susan smiled at me and said, "Was that okay?"

It was such a crazy situation, a boy I'd only known for seven days, a boy I'd only met twice, a senior while I was just a junior, his mother was sitting at my side, she was totally naked while I was uncovered from the waist down and her husband was licking between my legs delivering me a mountain of pleasure and she just smiled at me and asked if it was okay sucking her son's cock, as casual as if she was asking if I was warm enough or if I wanted something to eat! Well, that was a little prophetic, the part about her asking me if I wanted something to eat that had just run through my head as her smile widened, "If it wasn't too bad, how would you feel about doing it for Paul now as well?"

My body stiffened again, another wave of pleasure rocked my world, Paul was looking after my body's needs far better than his son had done so I couldn't see why not so I shrugged my shoulders before nodding my head. Susan patted Paul's shoulder, "Victoria is willing to give you oral sex darling, that's if you want her too!"

Paul almost sprang to his feet and he pulled Johnny out of the seat next to me, Paul replaced his son at my side and Susan wrapped my hair around her fist again and she pushed me down onto Paul's reinvigorated cock, once again, Susan was guiding me, directing the speed and depth of my sucking and then I felt that wet feeling on my pussy again as Johnny began licking me but he was nothing like as expert as his father, he did get me to my orgasm but it took him longer and my orgasm was nowhere close to the peak that Paul had taken me.

I choked slightly as Paul's cock hit the back of my throat several times and my lips were still nowhere close to his balls.

"Relax Vicky, you've seen the video, the woman in that film was able to take a much bigger cock down into her throat, all you have to do is relax and swallow." I tried to follow Susan's instructions as she pushed my head down harder and harder onto her husband's cock; I heard a pop in my ears as she finally managed to get her husband's cockhead past my oesophagus. I was trying hard to relax and I was swallowing hard, as hard and as fast I could but still I was choking and spluttering...

"Can I help you madam? Can I get you a drink of water or anything?"

I was standing in the charity shop holding a yellow halter dress, I'd come close to an orgasm and I was coughing and choking as I remembered my first experience of oral sex all those years ago. I blushed a deep crimson, "Erm, no, no I'm okay thanks, just got caught up in my memories from when I last wore a dress like this. I'd like to buy this dress please, have you got a bag?"

"You can take the bag that you brought your donation to us in in; I'll go and find it in the back of the shop."

I rushed off home; my panties were so wet that they were uncomfortable as they rubbed between my legs. I'd have to see what Johnny had planned for tonight; I could really do with a damned good seeing to and no mistake.

I changed into the little yellow dress, okay, it was a little yellow halter dress but that was the only similarity with what I'd owned when I was thirteen. The open back went far lower than my old dress, I had to use the mirror in my compact to see the back view of my new dress in the full length mirror, two and a half inches of my knickers were on show at the back, that wouldn't have been so bad apart from the fact that I was wearing bikini panties, the sides of my knickers were only two inches wide so that if I was going to wear my new dress to turn my husband on and encourage a night of passion, I'd have to wear it without panties. The front of the dress was different as well, my old halter dress had a very tight chest, designed to pull tightly over whatever breasts I had back then. The front of my new dress was looser, it was designed to fall in pleats over my breasts but it wasn't one simple panel, it was split all the way down to my navel.

I stepped out of my panties just as Johnny ran in through the front door. He skidded to a halt and whistled at what he saw. He scooped me into his arms and kissed me, "Looks like someone is planning a night of loving!"

He shouldn't have said it, statements like that were guaranteed to be a bad omen and as soon as the words finished reverberating through my head his telephone rang. He walked away from me as he spoke on his phone, I could tell from his body language that it wasn't good news. I saw his cock shrinking inside his trouser leg as he spoke and then he kicked at an imaginary stone on our bedroom carpet before closing his phone down. "Bad news baby, I've been called in to start an early shift tomorrow, I'll have to be in work at four thirty in the morning!"

"Well, at least we'll have a few hours to play this evening."

His face turned into a frown, "I'm playing darts tonight, I was just coming home to get changed and a quick shower and then I have to go over to the pub, I'm going to have to try and get my games brought forward so I can take my turns before I have to go to bed, I'll even have to sleep in the guest bedroom so I don't disturb you when I get up at three o'clock. I'll need a rain-check on that night of fun, sorry to disappoint you but we could have an afternoon of pleasure tomorrow."

I tried not to look too disappointed, I really did but I couldn't hide it, I really was disappointed after my halter dress flashback to my first date with him, I really needed a good fucking and not just a little tickle. I was going to end up sitting at home alone just brooding on what might have been and try to control myself and wait until my husband got home from work in twenty hours time or so. I never usually went with my husband to the pub on darts night, I didn't drink very often and didn't usually like to be around those that did drink so I was surprised when Johnny walked in drying his hair and said, "Why don't you come with me tonight?"

"I'll need to change first; I can't go over the pub dressed like this!"

"No time to change, anyway, you look great. We've got to go now so that I can get all my games pulled forward so I can finish and get home to bed by nine o'clock."

I was very reluctant to go with Johnny to the pub, especially dressed the way I was, there was no way that the sharp edge of my need would be dulled by forty men all ogling me all night, in fact, that would probably sharpen the edge of my needs.

Johnny was doing a little running around to rearrange all of his matches for the evening. The last man he talked too was a muscular man from the visiting team, his upper body looked triangular but that wasn't what stood out the most about him, he stood out because he was wearing a tight T-shirt that was the exact same colour as my dress.

Johnny played the first match with the muscular banana and he lost, he went to the bar with the guy and they chatted while Johnny was being served. I had to smile when I saw that Johnny had bought me a vodka and ice, the same drink that he made me all those years before on our first date. I noticed that Johnny had also bought the guy he had just played at darts a pint as well and the two of them came to the table that I'd chosen to sit at because it was the furthest away from the dartboard.

Johnny introduced me to Ray and we sat chatting while two other players had their match, this time our team's player won his game. Arrangements had been made for Johnny to play all of his games in the shortest time possible but he needed to have another game played in between each of his games to stop any claims of unfair play, it could be said that Johnny had a chance to get his eye in if he plays nine consecutive games against players who were fresh at the board.

As Johnny played his second match Ray flirted with me, Johnny won that game and returned to our table with another drink for me, as he would be leaving so early in the morning he was only allowed to drink one pint, so he had to make it last. The time passed really rapidly, I was getting along well with Ray, especially when Johnny went up to play his games.

Johnny's last game was against Ray again, this time Johnny beat Ray convincingly, I checked my watch, it was nine o'clock, Johnny needed to get to bed or he would be in danger at work if he was overly tired, he ran a machine that could rip his arm off if he blinked at the wrong moment. I still had an untouched drink in front of me but that didn't bother me very much, I would happily leave the drink untouched and follow Johnny off to our house.

Johnny and Ray were slapping each other on the back as if they had been friends all of their lives, they were honours even having both won one game each. Johnny looked at my full glass and he kissed me, "I've got to go to bed early but there's no point in you sitting at home all alone, bored to death while I sleep in the spare bedroom. You should stay here, finish your drink and get to know Ray a little better. Give me at least thirty minutes to get to sleep before you come over home, you know that once I'm sleeping it would take an atom bomb going off next to me to wake me up."

I wanted to argue with my husband but he kissed me on my lips to stop me, as we kissed I felt his lips curl up into a smile, he patted my knee, "Stay, enjoy yourself, let me know how the match turns out tomorrow afternoon."

As soon as the door closed behind Johnny's back Ray moved in closer to me, Ray's right hand slipped onto my knee and his left hand slipped onto my bare back, right down at the base of my spine. He leaned in and placed his lips against my ear and whispered, "I got the feeling that Johnny was hinting that you and I should have a little fun together tonight, I just have one more game to play and then I can concentrate on you!"

I gave an awkward smile, I have to say that I'd reached the same opinion, especially because Johnny had told me to give him thirty minutes to get to sleep before I went home and that he'd be sleeping so deeply that it wouldn't matter what I did, there would be no chance of waking him.

At nine-thirty they brought out the food, a tradition of darts matches up and down the country was to provide a supper of faggots, mashed potatoes and mushy peas during a darts match, I'd just finished my drink as the players lined up to collect their food from the buffet table, Ray had just finished his last game, he'd lost the match but then he was a little distracted, he kept looking over at me instead of paying attention to the game he was playing. I saw Ray look over the food on the buffet table before he came back to the table to join me, his hand went straight for my knee again and he looked at me seriously before saying, "I hope you aren't hungry, the food looks great but I'd much rather take you over to your house and eat you out instead of what passes for food in this pub!"

I had to laugh, the abiding comment from my husband after a darts match at our local pub was, "Have you got anything I can eat, the supper over the road was inedible!"

Ray took my hand and started to stand, "Well, am I leading to the food table or am I leading you back to your house?"

I looked to the buffet table, grey mashed potatoes, grey mushy peas and grey faggots, no contest really, even if I'd not eaten for a month I'd still make any choice rather than eat the food in the pub. On the other side of the coin, I'd been on a sexual high for six hours, the dress had started me off on that path, Johnny had added to it, stoked my inner fire and then he'd handed me over to Ray to continue adding fuel to the fire, I was desperate for sex, I'd prefer that service to have been delivered by Johnny but he'd given me tacit approval to play with Ray, he'd even hinted that he'd like me to provide him with a blow by blow account of what Ray and I did together after he went to bed.

I didn't say anything, I just gestured with my head towards the door out into the street. Ray and I left the pub hand in hand and as the door closed the pub erupted, all of Johnny's and Ray's team mates were catcalling, jeering and whooping, my head sank slightly into my shoulders and I said, "I'd rather hoped that with the food and everything they'd miss us slipping out of there!"

"No chance, most of them haven't taken their eyes off of you all evening, Johnny and I will catch hell from our team mates next match night."

'I'm sure that I'll get far more trouble from Johnny's team than he will, I'll be the target of every horny man in the area once news gets out that I'd taken Ray home from a darts match, especially the way I was dressed, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that I was looking for sex. Ran through my head as I guided Ray over to my front door.

I looked back as I opened my front door, twenty men were standing outside the pub, they were still cat calling after Ray and me, he looked over his shoulder too and then he looked at me and grinned, "They're so childish!"

We went through the door and Ray took me in his arms and kissed me passionately before the door closed, loud wolf-whistles emanated from in front of the pub opposite as the door slowly closed. Ray dragged me up to my bedroom, I opened the bedroom door, "Don't turn the lights on, they'll see it across the road."

Ray flicked the switch and the room erupted in bright light, another round of wolf-whistles sounded out from the pub across the road but now the sound was attenuated by the closed windows. Ray pulled me in front of the windows and turned me sideways on to the pub, he kissed me again and then he pulled the halter strap of my dress over my head. As my dress slid to the floor the noise from across the road stopped, there was an audible gasp as Ray stepped away from my body and turned me to face the window, totally naked, my bare pussy mound just visible above the low windowsill.

I stood there with my arms at my side, I counted twenty men outside the pub and more men were spilling through the door, each team took twenty men to a match so that would be forty men in total, I stood there until I counted thirty-eight men, the thirty-ninth man was standing next to me grinning like a fool and the fortieth man was in the next room sleeping.

Ray said, "You can close the curtains now if you really want to!"

I reached up and grasped the two leading edges of the curtains and as I was about to pull them closed I felt the heat of Ray's cock against my buttocks. I forgot all about closing the curtains, I gripped them tightly and Ray grasped me around my waist and lifted my lower body off of the floor, pulling me onto his cock. It was a good thing that Johnny had fixed the curtain pole above the window well and he'd chosen solid brass rings to hold the curtains onto the rail because I was holding most of my weight on the curtains as Ray fucked me from behind as I looked down on thirty-eight men watching the action from in front of the pub.

I started my orgasm and my mind wandered to my first date again. Susan had just managed to force my head down far enough to engage her husband's cock in my throat, I was coughing and choking because it was the first time anything had been that far inside my mouth, panic had set in but I was trying to force myself to calm down, sex was supposed to be an enjoyable experience. I'd managed to get to thirteen years old without really seeing any form of affection pass between my parents and there had been little real demonstration of affection towards me either. I'd seen more touching and kissing between Johnny's family in the past hour than I'd seen at home in thirteen years.

I managed to calm down enough to stop coughing and struggling against the cock in my throat and Susan let go of my hair, "Try and get Paul a little deeper into your throat, keep swallowing, breath as deeply as possible, it will help you to keep calm but from now on take your own time, just do what feels good to you and what you think will feel good to Paul. I got the impression that Paul was in no hurry to climax, especially as he'd already cum in his wife's pussy just a few minutes earlier. I felt Susan pull Johnny away from my pussy and she took his place, she was on her knees, licking my cunt, she was even better at giving a girl oral sex than her husband was. As she licked and sucked between my legs I felt her body begin to move rhythmically against my cunt, I opened my eyes and twisted my head slightly so I could look down at my pussy and Susan, Johnny was on his knees behind his mother and he was fucking her from behind.

Now don't for one moment think that I was totally stupid but I had never been taught anything about incest, I'd never been told anything about sex at all officially as my father had refused permission for me to go to sex education lessons, he'd also refused to allow me to go to religious education lessons as well. My family were on record as being Atheists and to be honest, I had no idea what an Atheist was and as none of my teachers were really sure either I tended not to get any education other than what was in the syllabus, just in case one of the teachers mentioned something that could be classed as religious and so infringe my human rights. So here I was, lounging on the sofa with my date's father's cock deep on my throat and getting deeper by the moment while my date fucked his mother as she was giving me oral sex and to be perfectly honest I could see nothing wrong in any of it. I guess that if I'd been given the same education as all of the other kids in my class I might have thought it wrong what the four of us were doing but ignorance is bliss and as Susan gave me more pleasure I tried harder to get my lips to touch Johnny's father's balls.

Johnny gasped through his climax into his mother, Paul fired off deep into my throat and I shuddered through my millionth orgasm as Paul's semen flooded down into my stomach. I just wanted to lie back and bask in the afterglow of my first sex act but Susan and Paul were rushing to get dressed. Susan dressed in just her caftan and Paul in jogging pants and T-shirt and nothing else. Johnny dressed too and then he pulled me to my feet, he didn't bother to insist on my putting on my knickers, he just opened my handbag and dropped my knickers inside. All four of us headed for the car, it crossed my mind that Susan was inappropriately dressed, all she was wearing was a flowing caftan that was almost see through, if it had pulled tight against her body it would have become see-through, then it dawned on me that all I was wearing now was a little yellow halter topped mini dress, okay, the material was far thicker than the caftan but if I moved too fast or bent over I knew that people usually got a flash of my knickers, not now though, I didn't have knickers on.

We pulled into the car park and I had to duck down because my mother had just arrived and was getting out of her car to go to the school gym to fetch me. Susan said, "Wait here, I'm going to distract your mother, Paul will drive right up to the door and you two jump out and run inside as quickly as you can."

I heard Susan greet my mother and turn her in her tracks, as soon as my mother's back was to the gym Paul drove slowly forward and slipped his car between my mother's back and the door into the gym. Johnny and I ran inside the building and started to dance together. I was trying to dance slowly so that my dress kept me covered but Johnny was trying to encourage me to dance a lot faster.

The thing about the school dance was that there were three boys there for every girl so there was always an audience around the outside of the dance floor that was made up of mainly boys hoping to spot an opening so that they could rush in and cut out an unsuspecting girl. At past dances I'd seen the act, a boy would make a dash for a girl, dance a few steps towards an exit and then they would disappear. I'd often been curious, I'd hoped that a boy might make a dash for me the way I'd seen so often before but they never did. I got lots of dances but because I was classed as the school weirdo, no boy wanted to do more than dance with me.

"Johnny stop! Everyone will see my..."

Johnny leaned in and kissed me to stop my complaining, he kissed around to my ear and whispered, "I want the other boys to see that you don't have any knickers on, I'll get a kick out of them all knowing that I took them off of you."

I let Johnny twist me around giving twenty, thirteen year old boys a good flash of my lower body, the only thing that made me stop him continuing flashing my pussy and bum to the eagerly watching boys was seeing my mother walking through the door. I kissed Johnny on the cheek and left him to join the rest of the watching boys as I joined my mother, she looked agitated, I wondered if she had seen Johnny flashing my naked lower body to the other boys but that wasn't it at all, as soon as we got outside the gym she said, "I've just bumped into one of my old school friends, I couldn't believe the way that she was dressed, I could see everything whenever the wind blew her dress against her body. Funnily enough, she married one of my old boyfriends and she just told me that their son is a senior at your school, they just moved back to our area and we're neighbours, well, they live just over the back from us."

"Did you see your old boyfriend as well, or just the woman?"

I was so crapping myself; she hadn't mentioned her friend's name or that of her old boyfriend but I just managed to stop myself saying 'Did you see Paul and Susan?' Instead of what finally came out as, 'Did you see your old boyfriend as well, or just the woman?'

"Yes, he was sitting in his car; they were here to pick up their son."

"Did you talk to him as well?"

My mother looked uncomfortable. She blushed and looked down as she fiddled with her car keys. "No, I didn't, I just talked with my old school friend."

"Wasn't it awkward? I mean, he was your old boyfriend and she married him! How long did you date him?"

"No, it was a little strange but I didn't feel awkward, well, not until the wind caught her dress and I realised that I could see everything, I mean, she was totally naked under her dress..."

My mother looked down at my legs and the very short hem of my dress, I froze momentarily, could she see that I didn't have any panties on?"

"...mind you, you don't have much more on than her but at least your dress isn't see through! You know that your father hates to see women dressed like that?"

"I guess so but I don't know why?"

"Because he wants you to remain a virgin until you're thirty years old but I think it's time that you discovered boys."

That statement took me by surprise. I'd thought that my mother was just as uptight as my father, the little yellow halter dress had been a gift for my thirteenth birthday from my grandfather and I'd thought that my father had put the dress to the rubbish bin. When my mother gave me the dress back six months later I'd been surprised, doubly surprised when she gave it to me on a Friday evening, our school's usual dance night and she told me to wear it to the dance. Cog wheels were falling into place. My father had started to work on Friday nights the previous week so he hadn't seen me wearing the little yellow dress, 'YET.

As we drove home my mother asked me if any of the boys had taken a special interest in me since I'd started wearing the new dress. "A boy called Johnny; he danced most of the dances with me last week and every dance tonight."

"Was he the boy that was dancing with you when I came in to collect you?"

I nodded my head, "Yes he was."

"He looked a little older than you."

"Yes, he's fifteen."

"You should have introduced him to me. It looked like you were having a great time dancing with him from the little I saw."

"I'm a little worried that he might be your friend's son, he only came to the school recently and he lives somewhere over the back from us."

My mother smiled, "He did look like he danced the same way that his father used to dance with me all those years ago!"

"What do you mean?"

"Paul loved to throw me around so that I flashed my stockings and suspenders off to the other boys in the room..."

Now I was really shocked, I just couldn't imagine my mother wearing stockings and suspenders when she was younger, she never even wore tights; she was usually dressed in long frocks or skirts with socks or bare feet in her shoes.

"...he preferred me to wear very shorts dresses with plunging necklines so he could show me off to all of his friends. My dad remembered how I dressed as a young girl and how much fun I used to have when I went out with Paul, that's why he gave you this dress for your birthday."

Now I was uncertain, had my mother actually seen me flashing my 'Goodies' at the boys in the gym for Johnny and she didn't mind or had she missed that part of my dance with Johnny. I remembered how reluctant I'd been to let Johnny show me off to my school friends but how turned on it had made me when he pointed out the effect I was having on the other boys at the dance and how strangely turned on I'd been on the drive home with my mother's confession about the way she had behaved with Paul before she married my father. That night was the very first time I'd flashed other people, I'd say men but the boys at school were far from men. When I stepped out of my mother's car at home I was embarrassed to see the wet patch on the leather seat under where I'd been sitting but more so when I realised that my mother's seat was equally as wet when she slipped out of the car.

I suddenly felt warmth flooding through my body, my arms and hands had cramped up from helping to support my weight on the curtains, Ray was grunting through his climax and another jet of semen shot up inside my cunt. I looked across the road, thirty-eight men all standing in total silence watching the impromptu floor show, I looked at my bedside clock, it was a quarter past ten, Ray had been fucking me for over thirty minutes solid in front of the window.

Ray's cock suddenly fell from my cunt dropping excess semen over my laminate flooring and he gently lowered my feet back onto the bedroom floor. I tried to pull the curtains closed; usually an easy feat but I'd stretched the round brass curtain rings into a kind of egg shaped ovoid and they jammed constantly as I struggled to pull them closed, Johnny would have to take the curtain rail down and replace the damaged rings.

Ray and I tumbled into my marital bed, Ray turned me so that my shoulders were against his chest and then he reached down and placed his palm on my bare pussy mound before pulling my backside against his hips into a spooning cuddle, he nipped at the soft flesh at the nape of my neck before whispering, "I've never known anyone go off as fast as you did, you were boiling over before I'd got my cock all the way in you!"

"I'm not usually being watched by thirty eight men as I commit adultery."

Ray laughed, "If we take a nap now, can I wake you when I get hard again?"

"Aren't you going home?"

"Not tonight, I'm going to play a lot more before I go home, Johnny said that you have nothing on tomorrow so we can have all the time together that we need."

"Well, I guess I might as well stay in bed all day tomorrow, I won't get very far if I try to go out anyway. At least nineteen of my neighbours will be hitting on me every time they see me from now on, and the guys that watched us fucking in here tonight will tell their mates as well so the number of men sniffing around me will grow exponentially."

Ray's breathing changed as he fell asleep with his soft cock pressing against my buttocks, his left arm under my neck and his right arm over my hip, his hand on my pussy mound. I looked at the pool of yellow cotton tangled up on the floor, my new halter dress and Ray's T-shirt and as I drifted off to sleep my mind rolled back over twenty years to the day after my second date with Johnny...

I woke early but sat in my bedroom instead of going down to breakfast, I thought I had my mother pigeonholed. She had been a repressed woman, a repressive mother, strict to the point of a Taliban Cleric but had I been wrong about her, was she just acting, performing a role that my father had written for her. I opened my wardrobe, my skirts were all the same, dark, colourless cotton, the shortest would reach four inches below my knee and the longest reached down to my ankle. My dresses were all similar lengths too, similar length and similar colour pallet. No wonder my classmates all thought I was weird.

There was a knock at my door and a whispered, "Are you awake?"

My mother was on the landing outside my bedroom, I opened my door and she handed me my yellow dress, she had already washed, dried and ironed it, "Here, remember to hang this at the back of your wardrobe, out of sight."

My mother saw that my wardrobe doors were wide open. It looked like I was looking for something to wear for the day. My wardrobe could easily belong to an elderly Victorian schoolmarm. She stepped into my bedroom and ran her hand along the rack of clothes, "Not very colourful is it darling, I'm sorry, I should have insisted on you having a little colour to choose from, when I was your age I had lots of colourful clothes..."

'Way to go mother, rub my nose in it why don't you!'

"...your father won't be up for ages yet, why don't we take your gymslip down to my sewing room and see what we can do with it?"

"I'll get dressed and come down."

"You'll be fine in your nighty. Your father didn't get home from work until four o'clock this morning, so long as we don't make too much noise he'll sleep until after noon."

I'd never been out of my bedroom unless I was properly dressed before, it felt strange walking down the stairs dressed in my white Winceyette nighty, I hadn't even bothered to put my slippers on, I was walking barefoot, if my father caught me he would have gone ballistic. I followed my mother into her sewing room, I was shocked to see that there was a length of red silk on her cutting table, red silk, my father definitely wouldn't like to see material like that in the house.

"Are you making a dress for someone else?"

My mother made most of my dresses and skirts, she was a very good seamstress and made clothes that were exact copies of dresses she'd seen in the shops. She only had to see something once and she could reproduce it but usually in black, dark blue, grey or dark green.

"I had a moment of madness after my father gave you the yellow dress, I bought the red silk to make a copy of the yellow dress but when your father threw the dress away I hid the red silk. I got it out again after I gave you the dress back the other week."

I felt the material, "But you haven't started it yet!"

I saw a slight blush cross her cheeks, "Erm, no, I got a little caught up a little in another project!"

"What?"

My mother opened one of her drawers and pulled out a carrier bag, she pulled an item out of the bag, it looked like a pair of football shorts but in the red silk that was laid out on her table.

"Why have you made red silk football shorts?"

My mother laughed at me, "Not football shorts, they're French knickers, I tried them on last week, they felt wonderful as I walked around in them, a massive turn on, didn't do me any good though, it wasn't your father's regular day to...well, let's just say that I went to bed disappointed!"

She laid the French knickers on her table, "I liked the feeling so much that I made normal knickers..." She pulled a pair of normal sized panties from the bag, "...they felt nice too and these..." She pulled out a pair of ultra-small bikini style panties, "...well, I didn't try these on, I think they're more your size than mine, I guess I had you in mind when I made them."

She handed me the panties, "Try them on for size!"

I hesitated slightly before I took my big white cotton panties off from under my nighty, I was looking into my mother's eyes as I slipped out of my drawers, thirteen years of having a dress code drummed into me by my father mainly but to some extent my mother too and suddenly I'm outside my bedroom wearing my nighty and I'd just taken my knickers off. I stepped into the silk bikini panties and wriggled them up over my hips, they were a little on the snug side but felt great against my skin, I'd never experienced silk against my skin before in my life and now I know what I had been missing.

"Here, put your gymslip on, I'll pin the hem up a little higher, should I go to minimum regulation length...or..."

I smiled at my mother, "Perhaps an inch shorter than regulation."

"I'll alter it to that length but it's up to you not to flaunt yourself in front of your father, if he feels uncomfortable seeing you dressed in a school uniform he'll stop you wearing it."

"I'll try and remember to leave it in my wardrobe until the last minute, change just before I go for my bus to school."

I pulled my nighty off over my head and stood there in my mother's sewing room wearing red silk knickers and nothing else, my mother looked at my breasts and shook her head, "God I wish I was thirteen again knowing what I know now, perky breasts, perfect size and shape for your body and no need for a bra. I looked exactly like you do now when I was thirteen and I had every boy at school drooling after me."

I pulled my gymslip on over my head and my mother turned me from side to side, she giggled and then said, "I wish I'd had the courage to go to school dressed like that!"

With no blouse on under the gymslip and no bra either it did look very erotic...or was that exotic? 'I'm sure that Johnny would love me to dress like this next Friday at the dance so he can show me off to the rest of the boys!' I smiled to myself, even in my mother's new open world I couldn't say anything like that to her.

My mother spent twenty minutes pinning the hem of my gymslip to the new length, just shorter than regulations at school allowed and then I left it with her while I ran up to my bedroom with my nighty in my hand, giddy with the freedom to run through the house with my titties bouncing up and down.

I dressed in one of my dowdy frocks that brushed the floor as I walked, I didn't put a bra on, if my father spotted that he would mention it to my mother, tell her to keep a tighter rein on me! I felt excited all morning as I wandered around the house with my nipples rubbing against the course material inside my dress and my thighs rubbing against the fabulously slippery silk of the panties my mother had made for me. I was excited for hours but when my father woke up and came down to the living room my excitement level stepped up massively, just knowing that my father was in the room while I was dressed so...inappropriately, well, in his eyes at any rate.

I went to bed uncharacteristically early for a Saturday, not because I was tired but because I just couldn't put off ridding myself of the frustrations that had built up during the day. My mother called me into her sewing room and handed me another pair of knickers that she had made after sewing the hem of my dress, "I'm sure that those panties you're wearing are way beyond needing to be washed by the way you've been purring all day, don't put them in the washing basket though, your father might see them, slip them into a pillowcase in the morning and give them to me.

I now had two pairs of super-sexy silk panties, I decided not to wear knickers at all in bed, they would feel great but by the morning I'd need to change them again, especially as I planned to masturbate myself to sleep!

I went to bed early, went to sleep very late and got up at noon on Sunday, I wore my boring white knickers, I would have loved to feel the silk against my skin again but I'd abused my clitoris so much the previous evening that I really needed to give my pussy a rest.

On Monday morning I wore my dressing gown to breakfast instead of dressing in my school uniform after taking my shower as I usually did, my father made a comment about it but all I did was look over towards my mother and she ran blocker for me until after I finished my breakfast. I left it until the absolute last moment before I put on my freshly washed, freshly pressed and freshly shortened by eight or more inches, gymslip and ran from the house. I didn't know if my father was able to see me as I walked quickly towards the bus stop but as I walked I held my school satchel against the backs of my legs to try and block his view of my arse if it flashed out from under my shortened gymslip.

I jolted to a halt momentarily when I saw Johnny standing at the back of his father's car looking in my direction, I looked over my shoulder nervously, I didn't know what I expected to see, if my father was watching me from the house I wouldn't be able to spot him. I stopped at the bus stop and Johnny looked surprised that I hadn't run to him. He walked over to me but I turned my back on him, I tried hard to keep my lips still as I said, "My dad might be watching, I can't let him see me with a boy!"

Johnny didn't understand why I would want to keep my friendship with him a secret but he turned his back on me and said, "My dad is offering to take you to school with me, it only takes fifteen minutes in the car but an hour by bus!"

I rocked from side to side while I thought about my options, there were three people waiting for the bus, it was a service bus that ran into town and I'd have to swap to another bus to get out to school, the bus would stop for around forty seconds, during that time I could easily slip into Paul's car while the bus was blocking my father's view from the house. I knew that Paul and Johnny had only come to collect me so that they could have some fun with me on the way into school, well, at least I hoped that was their plan!

"Go and wait in your father's car, leave the door open for me and I'll come over when the bus blocks the view from my house."

I was ready as soon as the bus stopped, I ran for Paul's car and jumped into the back next to Johnny. He grinned at me and I looked at Paul's rear view mirror, Paul kept looking in my direction as he drove away from the kerb. The back of Paul's car had blacked out windows which was a very good thing because before the wheels of the car had turned one complete revolution Johnny had pulled his trousers down around his ankles and was pulling my head down into his lap. As I leaned over to the side I smiled at Paul's reflection in the mirror and then opened my mouth to take Johnny's cock.

I dipped my head right down his cock shaft, my lips reached his testicles and his cockhead brushed against my tonsils. Either my mouth had got smaller over the past sixty hours or Johnny's cock had grown slightly, I knew which one I'd put my money on. I worked hard to bring Johnny off as quickly as possible and while I sucked his cock he pulled the hem of my gymslip up, exposing my knickers to his father through the mirror. I didn't do anything to stop Johnny as he reached over and pushed my knickers down and started to rub between my legs, he managed to get me off faster than I did it to him but I was rewarded by a teaspoon full of Johnny's semen. I didn't much care for the taste the first time I had Johnny splash in my mouth but it wasn't really all that bad after the third time I tasted it.

Johnny leaned forward between the front seats, he used the console between the seats to control the motors, he slid the front passenger seat as far forwards as it could go and then he pressed the seat recline button. I had to move in behind him on the rear seat so that I didn't get squashed by the seat as it slid down. Johnny only stopped the seat for a moment to pull the headrest out of the back and drop it into the foot well before continuing to lower the back of the seat, covering the headrest under it. The nearside seats were now forming an almost flat bed that was just short of six feet long and eighteen inches wide.

Johnny manhandled me into position on the newly formed bed as his father slid his own seat a little further back so that I could get my head in between the steering wheel and his abdomen. I pulled Paul's zipper down and his trousers open and went to work on his cock with gusto, I was really happy that I managed to get his cockhead into my throat with hardly a gag even though our positions and all of the angles weren't perfect. The only danger really was that the front windows were all clear glass so now that I was sucking Paul's cock anyone close to the car would be able to see what I was doing but fortunately not what Johnny was now doing to me in the back seat. Johnny took me to several orgasms with his mouth while I was working on pleasing Paul.

We stopped just short of the school gates and as Paul turned the car's engine off he started the climb to his orgasm. Johnny patted my bottom twice and then said, "I'm sorry baby, I've got to run, I'm 'Library Monitor' all this week so I have to go into the library early to put yesterday's books away and tidy up, will you be okay sorting my dad out and then tidying yourself up?"

I was a little disappointed but I just nodded my head while I carried on sucking his father's cock.

Paul flooded my stomach and his cock shrank away rapidly, I expected to just pull my knickers back on and run for school but Paul kept me there for ten minutes kissing and cuddling with me.

I left the car and walked down the driveway into school. I saw four boys from my class waiting at the end of the drive, four boys that I'd known for two years and in all of that time the only comments they'd ever made in my direction were to call me a weirdo, the problem was, all four of them had been at the dance, they had all seen me dancing with Paul, they'd all seen me flashing my lower body in the half light of the disco and now, all four were standing across my path looking at me.

Sam Gamble was the 'Alpha Male'. He was flanked by Alan Smith, Ben Richards and Colin Fletcher.

As I got close Sam stepped forward blocking my path, "We saw you on Friday at the disco, you were flashing at all the boys there."

I sidestepped Sam or at least I tried to but he was back blocking my way, "It wasn't me, the boy I was dancing with was spinning me around too fast, he made my dress fly up!"

"You didn't look like you were wearing any knickers!"

I shrugged my shoulders but didn't confirm or deny what he had said. "The problem we had on Friday was that it was too dark to see you properly and we want to see you now!"

A shiver ran through my body, I should have been worried, should have felt threatened or angry at Sam for thinking he could demand to see my cunt but the shiver was pure, or rather impure excitement. Johnny had talked me into flashing my school friends or should I say he had forced me to flash them, I'd been reluctant, very reluctant to expose my pussy in the crowded room but after Johnny forced me to flash I'd been very excited, I'd even gone further, more wild than Johnny had asked me to, flashed for longer, flashed to more boys, I wanted every boy to see me and now four boys were coming for payback!

It was really hard to rationalise it to myself but after thirteen years of being forced to hide my body from everyone, I really did want to show myself to these four boys but there was a problem, we were standing on the driveway leading to the teacher's car park at school, "I don't mind showing but the problem is where will it be safe for me to do it?"

Sam looked at Ben Richards his trusted lieutenant but Ben just shrugged his shoulders, it was Alan Smith who had the idea, he simply said, "Ashtray Ally!"

Sam and Ben both nodded their heads in agreement and Sam reached out for my wrist and pulled me behind him towards the side of the school building, Ben, Alan and Colin followed closely behind us. I was pulled past the main school building, across the quadrangle to the music block that had been built away from the main building because of potential noise, down the side of the music block to the pathway at the rear and to the bike shed that hadn't seen a bike in it for the two years that I'd been at the school, no bikes but a thousand cigarette ends all over the floor. The bike shed was just two brick walls joined together by a wriggly-tin roof with a tangle of scaffold poles under it for the non-existent bicycles to be padlocked to. Just past the far wall of the bike shed was the sports equipment shed, a wooden structure canted off the line of the bike shed by around thirty degrees. The front of the sports equipment shed was touching the brick wall of the bike shed forming a triangular void, the base of which was facing the brick wall at the rear of the music block.

I was pushed into the void and the four boys followed me in. I had a momentary panic to myself, "If I show you, you have to promise not to touch me!"

Sam looked over his left shoulder at Ben and the two boys nodded at each other, then he looked over his right shoulder at Colin and Alan, all three boys nodded to each other, Sam turned to face me again and with a lecherous sneer said, "Okay, we agree, you show us and we won't try anything on with you!"

"Okay then, what do you want me to show you?"

Ben blurted out, "We want to see your tits!"

Sam jabbed his left elbow back into Ben's stomach, "We want to see everything, show us everything!"

Another shiver ran through my body, Sam hadn't said it in so many words but the only way I could show them everything was if I stripped off totally naked because I was wearing a gymslip, there was no way of showing my breasts unless I took my gymslip off first. I was on the edge of an orgasm, I knew that I was going to take all of my clothes off at the back of the school but there were considerable dangers:

Once I stripped off there would be no way I could fight off four boys that were bigger and stronger than me.

Once naked another student could come past and see us or worse, the teacher on playground duty could stumble on us.

Sam or one of the others could grab my clothes and run off.

A gasp escaped my chest and my knees went weak, I had to reach out and steady myself against the equipment shed as the murmurings of an orgasm ran rife through my body at the thought of four boys gang raping me or a teacher catching me naked showing off to four boys but the final straw was imagining being left naked at the back of the school and no way of getting out without being caught by loads of people.

I took a deep breath, multiple scenarios were running through my mind as I checked my watch, the bell for the start of school would ring in forty minutes time, if I was going to make the most of this once in a lifetime opportunity I'd have to start right now.

"Okay, I'll show you guys everything but you can't touch me and you have to stand back on the path so you can see if anyone comes. If we get disturbed, don't worry, we can come back here at lunch time and try again if the coast is clear!"

All four boys looked smug; they looked like a clowder of cats that got the cream. Sam turned and pushed his friends back out onto the path, he was still in front of the other three and he wasn't quite out on the path, 'He's going to touch me once my clothes are off, there's no way he'll be able to just look, will I let him or will I try and fight him off?. Another shiver ran through my body, there would be no way I'd be able to stop Sam touching me if he wanted too, the others, I looked at the three faces, nope, if they all wanted to fondle my body I wouldn't want to try and stop them.

Deep breath, I looked all around, the one last obstacle to me taking all of my clothes off was the fact that there was nowhere that I could put my clothes down that was clean, if I handed my clothes over to the boys to hold to keep them clean that would leave me open to them running off with my clothes, leaving me stranded. I suddenly spotted a nail sticking out of the side of the sports equipment store that had been driven in too far, it was about six inches above my head, it was rusty but once I slipped the shoulder strap of my satchel over the nail it would be fine to hold my clothes safely and I would be between my clothes and the boys.

I hooked my satchel over the nail, took another deep breath and I bent forward and grasped the bottom hem of my gymslip and before the last niggling doubt could win and stop me doing it I yanked my gymslip up and over my head. I draped one shoulder strap of my gymslip over my satchels shoulder strap and looked at Sam's feet, the boys could see my knickers but the rest of my body was hidden by my blouse and bra. I fought the temptation to look into Sam's eyes as I slipped the knot of my school tie and pulled it from around my neck, I draped the tie over the shoulder strap of my gymslip.

I continued looking at feet; I'd flicked from Sam's feet to Ben's feet, took another deep breath and started unfastening the buttons down the front of my blouse. I was on the very ragged edge of my orgasm, just one touch between my legs and I would have gone off like a firecracker. It took every ounce of my self-control to stop myself ripping my blouse off or worse, shoving my hand down the front of my knickers and to hell with my audience, I'd dull the edge of my sexual needs on my own.

Another deep breath and I calmly unfastened the buttons at my cuffs, some of my blouses had cuffs that were so loose that they would pull over my hands even if still fastened but this blouse wasn't one of them. Deep breath, shudder running through my body and I slowly pulled my arms out of my sleeves and turned to hang my blouse by the collar over my school tie. It seemed like it had been an age since I'd last looked away from the eight shoes belonging to my audience.

I turned back to face the boys, I fixed Sam in his eyes and reached behind my back to slip the double clasp at the back of my bra and free my thirty-four, 'C' cub breasts to an audible gasp from all four boys.

Sam shuffled forewords, his eyes fixed on my tits, "I want to touch, just one touch and only me!"

I would have allowed all four of them to play titty-grab but Sam was the best looking and fittest of the four of them so I would be perfectly happy for him to touch me. Sam reached out with both hands and pinched my nipples; I jumped backwards and covered my breasts with my forearm, "You have to be gentle or no touching!"

I looked at my wristwatch as I covered myself, it had taken me just four minutes to get down to just my panties, we still had thirty-six minutes left before school would start. Sam looked shocked, he lowered his hands and looked like he was about to step back to join his friends, my throat went suddenly dry and panic set in, I lowered my arm and reached down for Sam's hands and I placed them on my breasts, guiding him to do what felt nice to me, he started out following my instructions to be gentle but got progressively more violent in the way he was handling my tits and all the while my arms were at my side and I was looking into the eyes of Ben, Colin and Alan. 'If they want to play with my breasts as well I'd better tell them to take it in turns, at least that way it'll soak up a little time!' I told myself.

Ben was the first to grow a pair of balls, "Sam, let her finish undressing, we want to see her cunt!"

Sam reluctantly let my breasts go free and took a step backwards and all four boys stood looking at me with building anticipation, another shiver of excitement ran through my body, only my knickers stood between me and total nudity now. I hooked my thumbs over the waistband of my panties and pushed them down, I kept bent over so that I could reach low enough to step out of my panties without leaving any dirt on them. I stood up slowly to allow them to see my totally naked body. I checked the time, twenty-eight minutes left to entertain the boys before school was due to start.

No one said anything so after two minutes that felt like twenty I lifted my left leg and placed my foot against the rough brickwork to help me hold the weight of my foot off of the floor while I rubbed myself between my legs. Just three or four passes of my finger over my clitoris was enough, it didn't take me nearly long enough, I still had twenty-five minutes left before school!

Sam, Ben, Colin and Alan just stood there looking at me, they were the frozen rabbits caught in the car's headlights, they seemed unable to move apart from their eyes moving from my tits to the small triangle of sparse straggly hair covering my pussy. I'd have to do something myself if I wanted to move ahead with my own version of sex education. So far I'd sucked two cocks and I'd been licked out by a man, a boy and a woman. I didn't know just how far I wanted to go with Sam and his friends but I'd agreed to go with Sam Gamble just because he was the 'Alpha Male' of my class and if any of the eleven boys from my class would be experienced enough to want to take me to the next level it would have been Sam, strike that, should have been Sam but sadly he'd become 'Cunt Blind', all he could do was stand there looking at my body and drooling like a fool.

Okay, I had some experience of my own but not much, if I took the lead and did what I knew, hopefully Sam or Ben would wake up and decide to push me on to the next step in my sexual evolution.

"Are you guys happy to just look at me or...I'm fine with that but if you want anything else..."

I let my comments hang in the air as I lowered my foot back to the floor, placed my hands on my hips with my elbows standing away from my sides and waited. It was actually Alan who broke the spell the boys were under, "Like what? What will else will you do for us?"

I was looking into Sam's eyes when Alan spoke, I flicked to the left and looked into Ben's eyes, then to the right into Colin's eyes and finally into Alan's eyes before I answered, if I moved forward one small step that would hopefully help one of the boys to take a massive leap forwards.

"I could give one of you a blow-job!"

I was fixed eye to eye with Alan Smith as I said blow-job and then Sam stepped between us, "I want a blow-job, give me a blow-job!"

I thought about it, I'd give any one of them oral sex, I didn't really care but Alan Smith seemed to have all the ideas, he had the gumption to ask me what else I'd be willing to do for them so really it should be him that I sucked off if anybody but Sam was still the dominant character in the group.

I looked at my clothes hanging over the nail and then I got an idea, I lifted my clothes slightly away from my satchel and flipped it open, I pulled out an exercise book and opened it to the middle pages, fortunately they were blank. I dropped the book open side down and then knelt on the book on the floor in front of Sam. I pulled his zipper down and eased his erection out of his underpants. I took his cock in my left hand and pulled back his foreskin. I rubbed the strands of lint from his cockhead and from under his foreskin before dipping my head foreword and sucking his cock.

Paul and Johnny were the only two males that I'd had any experience of sucking off before and both of them lasted a long time in my mouth before letting go of their semen, Sam wasn't a long player, three minutes tops and his sack was empty and still nothing extra for me. Ben replaced Sam in front of me, he opened his own trousers, opened them wide and let them, and his underpants, fall to around his knees. I repeated the process but as I was sucking his cock all that I was thinking about was would Colin or Alan be third to stand in front of me!

The thought had hardly gained any leverage in my head before I was swallowing Ben's teaspoonful of semen. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and looked up to see Colin standing in front of me. I started sucking his cock and before I'd got into my stride Ben cleared his throat and began to walk down the path in the direction that we'd all come from earlier. Colin tapped the back of my head and pulled his hips away from my face, leaving me sucking at air where his cock had been.

Alan stepped forward, he pulled my bra and knickers from my pile of clothes and quickly stuffed them into his own school bag before handing me my blouse, "Here, put this on quickly!"

Sam and Colin drifted away leaving just Alan and me standing in the triangular void between the bike shed and sports equipment shed, Alan told me to just fasten the top two buttons of my blouse, he was already holding my gymslip ready to help me pull it over my head. Before I had finished pulling my dress down Alan was slipping my school tie around my neck, "Just leave the tie open, leave it hanging!"

I was dressed just in time, Alan pushed my back against the rough brick wall and he covered my mouth with his own, a gruff voice barked out, "Two demerits each people, Mr Smith, I expect this kind of behaviour from you but Miss Clarke, I'm surprised at you, especially the way the school bends over backwards to fit in around your family's demands on sex education and religion!"

I looked sheepish and said, "Sorry sir."

"Right, cut along both of you, out into the playground, you have fifteen minutes before the bell."

I was out of the void first with Alan close behind me, I started laughing, it was mostly nervous laughter though, I looked over my shoulder at Alan, once again he'd been the quick thinker and while Sam, Ben and Colin had run without warning me of the approaching teacher Alan had kept his head, he'd been positive in his actions, instantly working out what I absolutely had to wear and what I shouldn't waste my time putting on, allowing me to appear fully dressed in seconds and avoid a very embarrassing meeting with the teacher patrolling the school grounds.

Alan had also avoided any awkward questions from the teacher, unnecessary delay that might allow the teacher to spot that I wasn't quite as dressed as I appeared to be, Alan had given the teacher something to focus on, something that he could punish without a thought and move on, like the murderer who admits to taking part in a bar brawl on the other side of town to take himself out of the spotlight for the murder, a two demerit kiss to avoid the teacher seeking the real reason that we were there. I tried to thank Alan on the run but as we turned the corner at the end of the music block I collided with Colin, I ran straight into his back and Alan couldn't stop himself quickly enough so he crashed into my back...

...I felt his hot cock pressing against my bare buttocks and the flat of his hand on my stomach, pulling me back into his body, he nipped the back of my neck playfully and then he whispered, "I'm fully awake now, are you ready for seconds helpings?"

I checked the time, it was midnight, we'd slept for around an hour. I giggled and wriggled my body around so that I was lying on my left side facing Ray, I lifted my right knee and covered his left hip and I began to hump my cunt against his cock, I gave myself thirty seconds to get engaged and when I failed I used my trapped left hand to guide Ray's cock into my body, I managed to get three inches of his cock in me and started humping again, I had to be careful though because it would be easy to accidentally expel his cock from my body. Because I had to be careful Ray wasn't getting much pleasure from the act but because of the strangled angle of entry I was actually getting a mountain of pleasure from my slow fucking motion. Ray busied himself with kissing and biting my neck for two or three minutes before frustration overtook him and he clamped his arm over my lower back and he rolled onto his back taking me with him into 'girl-on-top' position, his cock digging in deeper than he had been so far during the evening.

I did all the work and it was hard work to make him climax while he just lay back and took the pleasure from me. As the warmth of his semen flooded through me he pulled my upper body down on top of his chest, crushing my breasts against him as he rained kisses up over my face. We remained locked together for a few moments as his cock retracted back into his body and slipped away from me. He pushed my face away from his, "Another little nap and we'll have pudding, I'll do all the work when we have thirds!"

I checked the time again, the whole act had taken just thirty minutes, it was certainly different fucking Ray, we'd fucked twice so far and both times had been over quite fast, the first time, while I was being watched by close to forty men had lasted an hour but that was because Ray was 'Grandstanding' to his friends, sex with my husband was never over so quickly, Johnny was more interested in trying to drive me insane with pleasure before he emptied his balls. Sex with Johnny often lasted four or five hours, not cock in vagina for the whole time, Johnny alternated between fucking and foreplay, switching between sexual modes often, adding as much variety to the mix as he could but the common theme for the whole time would be me, fighting for breath as I powered from one orgasm to the next with no respite between peaks of pleasure. All that being said and the fact that on special occasions Johnny was capable of going all night long, once Johnny climaxed he was done, lights out and an undisturbable sleep no matter what I did next to him.

Ray was already asleep, something he and Johnny did have in common, they fell asleep very rapidly, I just couldn't do that, no matter how tired I was, I had to work hard to will myself to sleep, often resorting to a daydream that could transition into a proper dream as I slowly drifted into sleep...

I was still thanking Alan in the playground as I struggled to fasten my blouse under my gymslip without anyone else seeing me. There was no way I could put my bra back on, I'd have had to strip myself totally naked to do that, as soon as the bell sounded I'd be able to rush into the toilets and put my knickers on, that would take just a few seconds but the problem there was that my underwear was still in Alan's satchel and we hadn't had enough privacy for him to be able to pass them to me without us being spotted by the rest of the kids in the playground.

I went to my usual seat in the maths classroom, the seat I'd used for two years, the seat that no one else in the class would ever sit next to in case they caught 'Weird' from me. There was no redeeming feature of the desk that I'd been forced into from the very start of my time at that school, it was the furthest from any window or door, it wasn't close to the back of the classroom where the 'Cool' kids sat, it wasn't close to the front where the 'Geeks' sat, it was the hardest seat to see the blackboard from and the seat that got the least effect from the room's lighting system. A black-spot in more ways than one!

I slipped into my normal seat, leaving the seat closest to the wall empty as usual. There was even less light than I usually got and when I looked to see why I realised that Alan was standing at my side, there was an expectant look on his face, he was waiting to sit in my seat, he was expecting me to automatically slide over into the seat by the wall. I didn't know what to do, I'd spent so long on my own in that desk that I didn't understand what I was expected to do, Alan smiled down at me and said, "I could climb over but it would be easier if you moved over so I could sit here!"

I felt so stupid, I looked around the room, every eye was on me now, they all looked totally shocked that Alan Smith was willing to catch something off of me. I slipped over into the seat by the wall and Alan looked down at the seat that I'd just vacated, there was a wet spot right under where my cunt had been, I was still so turned on that I'd wet my seat. Any other member of our class would have made a big thing of the wet mark, they'd have claimed that I'd pissed myself but Alan just sat right on top of my juice and he grinned at me as he did so.

I was quite good at maths but I'd never had anyone to discuss working methods with or ideas, Alan, well, he might be a quick thinker, he might be good at real life problem solving but he was really shit at mathematics. As the lesson went on I helped him a lot, our maths teacher had passed close by several times and had spotted that I was helping Alan out with understanding the processes needed to figure out the answers. Once our teacher was happy that I was helping Alan and that he wasn't 'Bothering' me we were left alone and the teacher concentrated on spending time with Sam and Ben who were even worse at maths than Alan was.

About forty minutes into the lesson Alan was happy that the teacher was busy and he slipped his right hand under the table and slipped it under my dress. It took me a few seconds to work out that, even though we could be seen by other students if they chose to look, we were safe from being caught by the teacher, so I relaxed and sat back in my seat, sliding my bottom forewords in my seat, opening my legs wide so that Alan had unobstructed access between my legs.

Alan didn't give me an orgasm, that would have been bad in a classroom full of people and he didn't really have any idea about female anatomy, all he knew was that he wanted to touch me in my most intimate place. I actually taught him what felt nice to me, our heads together, looking down, from our teacher's perspective it looked like I was helping him with the questions still but for thirty of the remaining forty minutes I was letting him look between my legs as I guided his fingers, explaining how my clitoris worked. I would have reciprocated, I'd have happily wanked him off under the table but because he was sitting on the outside of the desk the teacher could see his hips and legs from the side so I was guiltily taking all the pleasure and giving nothing back.

Alan had passed my bra and panties back to me under the table and I'd slipped both into my satchel just before the bell sounded for mid-morning break. We walked out into the playground together and we were spotted by Johnny, he was crossing the playground to the senior's common room but when he saw me with Alan he diverted. I stood awkwardly with Alan on one side of me and Johnny on the other, Johnny was looking closely at Alan, I thought that Johnny was psyching Alan out, Johnny had wanted me to flash the boys on Friday night and Alan was one of the boys that had seen me and that is what had started today's train of events off, Johnny pointed at Alan, I thought it a threatening act, "You live on Craven Drive don't you?"

Alan was starting to look worried, he'd seen me dancing with Johnny, he knew that Johnny was a senior and that Johnny could have turned him into fish food if he'd wanted too but Alan hadn't made a run for it, he'd stood his ground next to me. I saw Alan relax slightly, "Yes, I live at the end of Craven Drive. Why?"

"You live close to us, we can all hang out together...look darling, I've got to go to the common room, I've got to see my guidance counsellor.. Are you going to early lunch or late?"

That came out of the blue, "I usually go to lunch early."

Johnny leaned in and kissed my cheek, "I'll go to early lunch as well, you guys will find me close to the serving hatch, I'll save you both a seat, see you later."

Alan looked relieved as Johnny walked away. "I didn't realise that you guys were going out together, I thought that he was going to kill me."

"Well, we've had two dates so far I guess, so you could say that we're going out!"

"You'd better not tell him about earlier, I thought he was going to kill me just for walking along talking to you."

I smiled, he wasn't worried about being caught with me naked behind the bike shed, he'd kept a calm head and directed things so that we both just got a two demerit punishment from the teacher and he'd had no problems in the classroom finger fucking me in front of the whole class with the teacher just a few feet away from us. I didn't dare contemplate the punishment for that, two demerits for kissing on school property would mean a thirty minute detention for both of us on Friday afternoon, if we'd been caught in the classroom I guess we'd have a lifetime's detention, lasting long after we'd left school and started working for a living, all of that he didn't mind but he was terrified at the prospect of me telling Johnny what we'd been doing.

"I don't think he'd mind one little bit."

Alan looked surprised at my response, "Well, if you don't mind I think I'll be going to late lunch today!"

"Well, you can if you want but if you don't agree to come with me to lunch I won't sit next to you in double English after break and it was going to be your turn to sit by the wall!"

My comment about it being his time to sit by the wall didn't slip past Alan, in fact I thought I might have to put my hand on top of his head because his grin was so wide that the sides of his mouth was in danger of meeting at the back of his head.

"I hope that you're going to make it worth my while in the English classroom because I'll probably be dead before History this afternoon."

We just stood chatting as several hundred eleven to fourteen year olds ran riot around us. Mr Dover, the teacher who almost caught me totally naked earlier was standing on the steps leading to the main entrance to school, he was watching Alan and me like a hawk would watch a field mouse, he wasn't even on playground patrol for this break so he should really have been in the staff room drinking tea or gin or whatever, not standing above a draughty playground spying on Alan and me.

When the bell sounded calling us into our classroom, Alan and I had to walk past him on our way to the English classroom. As we walked up the steps he walked down, he stopped and turned to watch as I took the last step.

"Miss Clarke, can I speak to you for a moment?"

I looked at Alan, "You go and sit at my usual desk, remember, you have to sit by the wall this time!"

Alan smiled at me and nodded his head, he turned and walked away. I turned and walked back down the steps and stood in front of the teacher. We stood in silence as the last few stragglers went past us. Mr Dover shouted at a couple of the boys for messing about on their way into school before he turned to face me.

"Tell me Miss Clarke, why did your parents make such a big thing about you not attending sex education classes or RE classes?"

"I have no idea sir, my parents didn't include me in on their decision making process, my guess would be just as good or bad as yours."

"You've recently developed a very smart mouth Miss Clarke, can you enlighten me as to the punishment for a girl attending school without a regulation brassiere?"

"I think that would be five demerits and three periods of detention after school on Fridays!"

"You seem to know the rulebook very well Miss Clarke, now can you please tell me what the punishment would be for a girl turning up at school wearing no underwear at all?"

Now I lost my smart mouth and attitude, if he had given me demerits for not wearing a bra I would have been willing to fight the punishment, I would have taken a grievance to the student council, I would have proposed the argument that as boys weren't required to wear a bra then under sex discrimination laws I couldn't reasonably be punished for not wearing one but now all I could do was look down at my feet and kick at a small stone that was sitting on the path.

"You should take my advice Miss Clarke, if you intend to walk around the school without your panties on you should at least wear a regulation length gymslip so that me and half the boys in school don't see your fanny as you walk around. Right, what classes do you have this morning?"

"Double English."

"And this afternoon?"

"Single History, single Independent Study and Citizenship."

"Right, I'll give you a choice, you can tell the teacher in IS that you have to use the library resources for your project work and meet me in my office for the forty minute lesson or you can stop in your IS classroom for the forty minutes and come by my office on your way home to collect a letter for your parents describing how you were dressed for school today and that I observed you behind the cycle racks, totally naked in front of Samuel Gamble, Benjamin Richards, Colin Fletcher and Alan Smith. I'll also detail how you masturbated yourself to an orgasm when the boys refused to touch you and as a last resort, you orally raped Samuel Gamble, Benjamin Richards and Colin Fletcher before I could step in and save Alan Smith from your attentions."

I was well and truly in the crapper, I'd given one of my teachers a way in to blackmail me into doing something I might just not want to do. He scribbled a note on a pink slip for me to hand in to my English teacher so I didn't get into even more trouble for being late to class. As I walked to my next lesson I had to ponder on my little problem with Mr Dover. I'd been willing Sam, Ben, Colin and Alan on to doing something, anything, just to move me on in my newly discovered sexual life and in the end they'd left me disappointed and frustrated, the fact that Alan had spent the best part of forty minutes fondling me between my legs hadn't helped at all, he'd just left me even more frustrated. So, I wanted a new experience with a new person and it looked like that person would be a fifty year old man rather than a fifteen year old boy and it looked like even if he asked me to do something I definitely didn't want to do I'd just have to do it anyway.

I walked in the room and handed my pink slip to the teacher, he read the note, checked the date and time and then double checked the signature, "You can be sure that I'll be checking with Mr Dover to make sure that this is genuine! Now go and sit down, open your book and try to catch up, because you're late, you now only have thirty minutes to read chapter ten and then forty minutes to write your report on it."

I turned to walk to my seat and I cast a glance around the room, I spotted Sam and Ben sitting next to each other, they both looked like they were struggling with the task of reading without speaking out loud, I spotted Colin, he blushed and looked away from me, 'It was him, it was Colin that gave the game away to Mr Dover, it had to be him, there was no way that Mr Dover would have known what we were up too, no way he could have seen any of what he said he'd seen through the gap, it had been too dark inside the void, there wasn't any light getting through behind me when I stood 'Performing' for the boys.'

I settled into my seat at the side of Alan, he was against the wall and I was sitting in the aisle seat, "Here, we have to share the book, he wouldn't leave one in your place even though I told him that Mr Dover had held you back in the playground and he ran out of books on the other side of the room."

As we were reading for the first half of the double period and would be writing for the second half I got right down to business with Alan, as I read away I slipped my hand under the table and opened his trousers, I was surprised to find that he had a bigger cock than Sam, Ben or Colin, I worked him gently, I didn't want him making too much noise as you could hear a pin drop over most of the room apart from the zone around Sam and Ben because they were mumbling as they read.

After about ten minutes Alan whispered for me to speed up, "Go faster, I'm really close!"

I looked over to the teacher's desk nervously, from the side I could see that he had his mobile phone under his desk and he was engaged in a text conversation with someone, he kept grinning and chortling as he read and then there would be a flurry of thumb action as he typed his reply so he was more in his phone than he was in the room with us so I brought Alan off under the table, he flooded the back of my hand with his semen. I didn't have a tissue to hand so I licked my hand clean as Alan popped his tackle back into his pants. I didn't really know how close he'd been to his orgasm because he didn't make a sound, he just gasped and then I had a wet hand.

"Okay, time's up, stop reading now, you have until the lunch break to write your report, the resulting mark will count as one tenth of your final mark for this year so please be careful, do your best work, handwriting, spelling and grammar will all count towards your mark equally with the content of your report!"

I wasn't sure exactly what I'd written, my mind was focused so much on what I could expect to happen to me during the middle period this afternoon that I paid scant attention to my book report. We were expected to write a minimum of two sides, I'd written four sides of 'A4' paper and it wasn't that I had been writing in a large font like Sam and Ben usually did, they both wrote big and they had fewer lines per page than most of the rest of us. Alan had struggled to reach a page and a half of writing for his assignment but he was reasonably happy with what he'd written.

We walked to the refectory, I called it the dining room, Alan called it the cafe, we all had different names but in the end we went there to eat. Alan and I had to queue outside the room and wait to be let in, Johnny and the other seniors entered through a different door and had no impediment, they just bypassed the teacher feeding us into the room slowly. Johnny took one of the tables for four, one seat on each side of the table and actively discouraged anyone from joining him until Alan and I arrived.

Johnny welcomed us and Alan and I sat on the seats on either side of him. "So, what have you been doing since I dropped you off and went to tidy the library darling?"

I was just putting a fork full of food into my mouth as Johnny asked what I'd been doing, I looked over to Alan sitting opposite me, he was chewing what looked like a tough piece of meat but he had frozen when he heard Johnny's question, I swallowed my mouthful of vegetables and then looked back at Johnny, "My morning was pretty uneventful, I got thirty paces down the drive before anything unusual happened."

I was looking back at Alan; he had visibly relaxed for about ten seconds, Johnny had a smile on his face, he could see instantly that I was playing with Alan, "What happed that was unusual darling?"

"I bumped into Alan and three of his friends that had been at the school dance last Friday, they told me that they liked what they saw of my pussy at the dance but that it was too dark to really get a good look."

Johnny looked at Alan, Alan's face was bright red, he had been so shocked by what I said that he had gasped and some of his food had been drawn into his windpipe. "I'm sorry that you guys didn't get a really good view Alan, I was trying hard to let everyone see."

Alan looked even more shocked at what Johnny said, his eyes left me for the first time and he looked over at Johnny.

Johnny looked back at me, "And what did you say to that darling?"

I finished my next mouthful of food, "I told them that I'd be happy to let them see me better in the light..." Johnny nodded his head "...Alan came up with a great place for the five of us to go so that I could undress for them. It was reasonably safe, reasonably private."

I went into great detail about what had happened in the void behind the music block, how Sam Gamble had fondled my breasts, how he had been too rough and how I'd had to teach him how to do it to give me more pleasure. All the time that I was recounting my 'Void' experience Alan was sitting there frozen, fighting his body, trying to force himself to breath and resisting the temptation to make a dash for it.

"...And then Ben Richards just suddenly walked off because he saw Mr Dover heading our way, he didn't warn us or anything and I was just starting to suck Colin Fletcher's cock as well. Sam realised that Ben had walked off, he tapped Colin's shoulder and both of them followed Ben, if it hadn't been for Alan's quick thinking I'd have been caught in the nude by Mr Dover."

"Mr Dover, is he the weirdo that has the classroom in the basement, the one that teaches photography, design and media studies?"

I shovelled another forkful of food into my mouth and nodded my head, Johnny looked back at Alan, "And what did you come up with to save Victoria Alan?"

There was no point in Johnny asking Alan a question, Alan's brain was on reset, he'd gone through overload and had closed down, there was just a glazed expression on his face and his disbelieving stare was fixed on me.

"Alan took over masterfully, instead of running out on me with his friends he stepped up, he stopped me trying to put my knickers and bra on, he made me put my blouse on first and to only fasten the top two buttons before I put my gymslip on over my blouse, it only took seconds for me to look properly dressed and then he pushed me against the wall and kissed me to give Mr Dover a crime to punish us for rather than an excuse to investigate what we'd been up to back there. Alan was brilliant, when I was getting dressed he hid my bra and panties in his satchel, I got away with just two demerits and detention on Friday afternoon."

Johnny slapped Alan on the back, "Well done mate, I think that you'd be better off not hanging with Sam, Ben and Colin, those guys sound like a bunch of losers to me..." Johnny turned to me, "...so when did you get dressed properly?"

I put my fork down and pulled at the front of my gymslip, moving the armhole just enough for Johnny to see the side of my breast and then I pushed my seat back slightly and parted my legs so Johnny could see up under the bottom hem of my gymslip to my cunt, just a quick flash.

"It was quite handy not having knickers on though, Alan sat next to me in maths and played with me keeping me happy all through the lesson..." I smiled in Alan's direction, his face was now almost purple, "...I did have to teach him how to give a girl pleasure down there, I don't think he'd heard of a clitoris before!"

Johnny looked like he was almost getting off on the way I was describing how my morning had gone up to midmorning break, "Sounds a little like the pleasure was all a little one sided to me girl!"

"You're right, we swapped over for English after we saw you in the playground, Alan sat by the wall and I wanked him off during English class."

Johnny laughed at that and he slapped Alan on the back again, "I'll bet that was your best morning at school so far Alan!"

"It was my best morning at school so far as well. There's only one fly in the ointment..."

Johnny stopped smiling for the first time since we'd entered the dining room and he turned to look at me with a serious expression on his face.

"...someone, and I think it might have been Colin Fletcher, told Mr Dover exactly what I was really doing behind the music block with four boys and now he's blackmailing me to go to his classroom during middle period this afternoon. I don't mind losing my virginity but I'd rather it be someone closer to my own age and not an old git like him!"

Johnny's brow was furrowed now, he looked more thoughtful though, rather than angry, "So, you don't go to his classroom and what? He sends a letter to your parents!" There was a very long pause as Johnny looked like he was running his internal computer at a million transactions a second, he pointed his fork at me, "It's up to you Vicky, I could come along to this Dover bloke's classroom with you, put him straight, tell him that I know what he's up to and that I'll be happy to report him to the police or beat the shit out of him for trying it on with my girl..."

I reached out my hand and patted his forearm, "No, I don't mind going alone, I don't even mind what he wants to do to me, I just don't want to lose my cherry to him."

The smile returned to Johnny's face, "Who would you like to lose your virginity to?"

"I don't really mind, it's not anything I value that much, you can do it if you like..." I looked in Alan's direction; his face was finally returning to a slightly more normal pink colour, he seemed to have restarted his breathing protocols and was slowly getting back onto an even keel, "...Anyone will do though really, just someone young who's nice."

Johnny slapped Alan on the back again, "What do you say Alan, you want to deflower my girlfriend?"

Alan choked again, he'd only just started eating his food again and now he was spitting his mouthful of food all over the table. "Wha...what, what did you say?"

"Come on Alan, stop playing with your food, come with us and help Vicky get rid of that nasty virginity of hers."

It took Alan a moment or two to process the information and he suddenly placed his half-finished plate of food back onto his tray and he stood up, ready to take his tray back to the stack for washing.

"Alan's suddenly in a hurry baby, come on, let's get the ball rolling!"

The three of us all walked back to the void between the music room and the sports equipment store just chatting innocently as we walked, Johnny went around to the front of the wooden storeroom leaving Alan and me standing like lemons in the void, Alan looked like he was having second thoughts, I stepped in to him and kissed him on the lips, I took his hand and pulled it down between my legs, he fingered me and I could hear that disgusting 'Squelching' sound like someone trying to pull their wellington boots out of a mud pit.

There was the sound of breaking wood and a moment later Johnny returned with a crash mat from the sports store, I was still kissing Alan and he was still playing in the marshy ground between my legs as Johnny returned. Johnny folded two corners of the thick mat to a point so it looked like he was making a paper dart, a very large paper dart, "Step out here for a moment guys."

Alan and I stepped back out onto the path as Johnny covered the muddy patch that was the floor of the void with the crash mat, the folded portion of the mat matched the shape of the space and he placed the folds facing down so the weight of the mat kept them in place. Johnny gestured to the mat, "Okay, are you undressing again darling?"

I slipped my foot out of one shoe and stepped onto the mat and then kicked the other shoe off. I stood in the middle of the mat and pulled my gymslip off over my head, Alan and Johnny just stood there watching, I pulled my tie off and then unbuttoned my blouse, I was now totally naked again in the void. Johnny slapped Alan on the back, "Go to it Tiger!"

Alan unzipped his fly as he stepped onto the mat, he didn't undress, just his fly open and his underpants pulled down below his balls, he knelt between my legs and his cock slipped into my body with absolutely no resistance. He fucked me for less than two minutes, I spotted another face at Johnny's side, a boy was smoking a cigarette, talking to Johnny and watching Alan fuck me.

"God I'm really sorry, I wanted to do it for longer but..."

I smiled at Alan, "It doesn't matter, you've taken my virginity, that's all that I cared about, I didn't want to give that away to old man Dover."

Alan pulled his zipper closed before he stood up, he looked shocked that Johnny had let another boy watch without warning us that someone was coming. I pushed myself up onto my elbows and looked at Johnny, I'd said that it didn't matter to Alan so as not to hurt his feelings but it was very frustrating to have a boy spend himself before giving away his share of pleasure. I smiled at Johnny, he had a massive erection pushing the front of his trousers away from his body.

"You want more Vicky?"

I nodded my head. Johnny looked at the smoker, "You fancy shagging her?"

The boy looked shocked, he hesitated a moment, took another drawer from his cigarette before flicking it towards the bike shed and jumping onto my body. Again, he didn't bother to unfasten his trousers fully, just his zipper and he went off like the energiser bunny bouncing up and down on top of me as fast as he could. I lifted my legs and wrapped my ankles over his buttocks, at first it was just so that I could get a little bit more pleasure from him, hoping that with greater depth I'd get more pleasure but I still wasn't close when I realised that he was about to wash out in me, I clamped down with my feet on his buttocks trying to get him in deeper before he splashed down but his reaction was even better, I'd distracted him enough to take him off the boil, he lost his climb totally and had to start all over again.

I'd discovered a new skill, I could dictate the pace a little with my feet, ease off the pressure and he would speed up, dig down again and he'd slow down. I controlled the boy until I reached a reasonable orgasm. It was enough to dull my sexual frustrations from my action packed morning, I wouldn't say I was totally mellowed out but at least I wouldn't be humping the leg of the desk during my history lesson.

I looked from Johnny to Alan, they both looked happy; they had become friends as they'd watched me fucking another boy. I'd taken pleasure from him and given him pleasure as well but I hadn't cared enough about him to find out his name. As the boy stood up and fastened his zipper I saw Johnny checking his watch.

"Are you going to take a turn?" I asked him.

He tapped his watch, "I don't have time sorry, I've got to sit an exam in ten minutes."

"You should have said something, stopped us sooner so we could have done it."

"No way baby, I was having a great time watching you having fun with the boys, Alan's getting a lift home with us tonight, we'll both have fun with you then."

Johnny bent down and kissed me as I started to get dressed, this time, no rush, this time I could put my bra on as well as my panties before leaving my little void. Once dressed I walked back around to the playground, Johnny and I walked along with our arms around each other with Alan trailing on behind, Johnny was just making small talk to try and calm his nerves down before his exam, I said, "You should have had sex with me, it would have taken your mind off of the exam!"

"I agree but it was so special to watch you having sex with Alan and Paul that I didn't want to stop you and when I fuck you I want to take my time over doing it."

"How long do you have?"

"Just six minutes before the bell."

"I'd be happy to risk a demerit or two for getting caught in school at lunch time without a hall pass, we could go into the boy's toilet and I could give you a quick blowjob, might settle your nerves down a little before your exam!"

Johnny grinned at me, "I knew that there was something special about you when I first saw you in that little yellow halter dress two weeks ago at the disco."

Johnny turned to face Alan, "Say no if you like mate but...how do you fancy risking a few demerits by keeping a look out for me outside the boy's toilet?"

Alan was happy to agree, after all, what was the prospect of a few demerits compared to helping the boy who had just been responsible for you losing your virginity to a girl. Alan would have walked through fire if Johnny had asked him to.

The three of us took one of the rear doors into the upper school, students of mine and Alan's age were never allowed in that part of the campus unless invited by a senior or a teacher. Johnny and I slipped into the ground floor toilet while Alan stood with the door open watching us as well as keeping a look out. Alan looked very impressed when I pulled Johnny's cock out of his trousers and he saw the length and thickness of it. I was about to clean the fluff from Johnny's cockhead but he'd been leaking so much pre-cum during the lunch break that any lint had been washed away in the floods. I knelt in front of Johnny and as I swallowed his cock I let my eyes drift over to Alan in the doorway. As a lookout Alan wasn't very good, he was spending more time looking in at Johnny and me and hardly ever looked out into the passageway.

It was unbelievable but Johnny seemed to have grown a little longer in the four hours since I last sucked his cock, the tip of his cock actually entered my throat, just a fraction of an inch but as I swallowed and tried to get him deeper in my throat he gasped and fired off, it took just a moment for him to lose turgidity and I lost him from my throat. I continued sucking until his cock slipped from my mouth completely and hid in his balls, well, most of his cock hid. When Johnny was flaccid his cock was as small as a baby's cock.

I'd noticed that Alan was once again erect and as it had only taken me a minute or so to get Johnny off I beckoned for Alan to come to me, Johnny took his place at the door and then watched as I did the same for Alan, it took much longer to get Alan off though as it was his third orgasm of the day, well the third that I knew about at any rate.

We were all finished with just enough time for Alan and me to get out of the upper school and most of the way to our own part of the school campus before the bell sounded for the afternoon lessons to start. We sat together during the forty minute history lesson. Alan had a stupid grin across his face for most of the forty minutes, usually he would have been sitting next to Colin Fletcher during history, they'd usually be talking about football instead of taking part in the lesson and when called upon for an answer by the teacher they would sadly show their ignorance and they never seemed to particularly care what answer they gave or how many people laughed when they answered, Sam's group wore their stupidity badge like a medal of honour but today, sitting next to me and actually discussing the topic of the lesson Alan was actually volunteering answers even though he hadn't been called upon to answer.

I'd forgotten all about my IS class until I heard the bell telling us to change to our next lesson, "Well, wish me luck Alan, I'm off to Mr Dover's room!"

I walked with Alan just talking about noting in particular to keep Mr Dover out of my mind for as long as possible, I didn't take my usual seat but Alan did. Colin Fletcher was standing at the teacher's desk ahead of me, he was telling the teacher that he needed to use the library to research his project. I had to stop myself laughing at that, I doubted that Colin even knew where the library was and I doubted that he had any kind of project to work on at all.

I let Colin pass me and then I stepped up to the teacher's side, he was writing in the attendance record so I had to wait a minute for him to look at me and when he did I said, "Do you have any information on the Tea trade in the 1860's please sir?"

"This lesson Miss Clarke is called..."

He was waiting for my answer, "Erm, independent study sir!"

"And what part of independent study do you think means that I will have resources to give you?"

"Sorry sir, I think I will need to go to the library then please sir."

He scribbled out a pink slip for me, permission to be out and about the school during lesson time. It was a bit of a dance but if I'd have followed Colin and said the exact same thing it could have caused suspicion in his mind, using the library during IS was a privilege rather than a right and if too many students asked at the start of IS lesson to go to the library the teacher would smell a rat and stop any of the students going.

I walked to Mr Dover's classroom, it was at the far side of the school and down in the basement. The room was used to teach photography including developing and printing photographs so it could be turned into a darkroom, when I got there the blind was closed over the little window in the door and the red illuminated sign, 'Darkroom - Do Not Enter' was flashing at the side of the door. I breathed a sigh of relief and knocked the door, he must have forgotten that he had a class and he'd probably tell me that I had to go away and come back another day.

I saw the curtain move, Mr Dover looked out of a corner of the window in the door, the blackout curtain was pulled aside and the door opened, the curtain over the door was the only one that was closed in the room, the whole of one side of the room had small windows close to the ceiling that anyone going from the school building and into the staff car park could look down into the classroom but they all had heavy blackout curtains that could be closed but they were all wide open at the moment. Okay, I shouldn't have been surprised but I was, Colin Fletcher was sitting in one of the seats in the front row of desks.

Mr Dover closed the door and he kicked a rubber wedge into the space under the door so that it couldn't be opened by anyone from the outside but Mr Dover could, if need be, kick the wedge out of the way as he opened the curtain covering the door and claim that the door had jammed on the bottom of the curtain but without having to unlock the door and possibly giving the game away.

I looked from Colin to Mr Dover and eventually said, "Well, what am I here for?"

Mr Dover smiled at me, "You may have guessed that I didn't actually see what you got up to this morning but Mr Fletcher here was persuaded to tell me everything and I have to say that I would have loved to have seen your work this morning with four boys but I sadly missed that so I'll just have to settle for seeing you and Mr Fletcher playing together."

I didn't miss the fact that Mr Dover had a camera in his hands or that he'd set up a backcloth at the back of the room, the area that his photography classes would use for a model to sit and be photographed, there were even professional lighting rigs hanging down from the ceiling of the classroom that were already turned on.

"Right Miss Clarke, do your thing please!"

"What exactly do you want me to do?"

"That's up to you but I'd like to see what you did this morning, everything. If you act honestly and in good faith then we'll be all square and I'll never bother you again."

I was a little confused, I felt sure that Mr Dover would want to have sex with me but it looked like he might only want to watch me strip off and possibly, probably, Colin was there for me to suck his cock, I'd started to do that earlier but Mr Dover had disturbed us and prevented Colin having his fun, that was probably why he reported exactly what we were doing to Mr Dover. I also realised that Mr Dover wasn't going to tell me exactly what to do and the reason for that could well be because he was recording everything, just in case there was any future complaint from me.

I wasn't told to go to the back of the room and stand in front of the backcloth but Mr Dover was closing all of the curtains and Colin was turning the classroom lights off so the only light left in the room was the photo-flood lights pointing at the back wall.

I stood in the pool of light and lost sight of both Colin and Mr Dover, I heard a tune in my imagination and my body swayed in time to the music as I slowly undressed, I stripped off totally, even my shoes and socks and I'd left my clothes in a pile on the floor behind me. Colin suddenly stepped into the light, he was also totally naked, the first thing he did was move my clothes out of the light and when he returned to me he turned me to one side and pushed me down onto my knees.

I started sucking Colin's cock, I'd started doing it earlier but had been disturbed half way through. I put every ounce of effort into getting Colin off as quickly as possible, I got the warning shot across my bows as a jet of pre-cum fired into my throat and Colin jumped back away from my mouth. Colin disappeared back into the darkness, I remained kneeling, I was expecting Mr Dover to step up but I was wrong, after a whispered conversation between Colin and the teacher Colin returned carrying one of the double tables that counted as desks in our school. The desk was placed in the middle of the pool of light and then Colin pulled me to my feet and placed me on my back on the table. My legs were dangling down off of one end of the desk and my head was hanging down off of the other end. Colin started fucking me in earnest and as he did a very naked and very hairy teacher stepped into the light and inserted his cock into my mouth, he tried to choke me by ramming his cock as deep as he could with as much force as he could muster. His cock was the longest and the fattest I'd sucked so far but I was ready for him and managed to just swallow three inches of his cock into my throat.

Both Colin and Mr Dover exploded simultaneously into my body and both stepped away. It had seemed like the whole thing had taken just a few minutes because I was actually having so much fun but as Mr Dover got his breath back he said, "The bell will go for the end of the lesson, you two had better get dressed as quickly as you can, I don't want to have to give you both pink permission slips so that you can arrive at your next lesson late!"

Colin was dressed in a flash and Mr Dover let him out of the classroom, I took a little longer and as I reached the door I stopped and looked at Mr Dover in the eye, "So, when do you want me to come back again?"

"I told you that if you came today you wouldn't need to return, I wasn't intending to hold this over your head ever again!"

"I know you did but I'm bound to do something wrong again soon and I only had time to give you oral, surly you want to fuck me as well!"

A smile crossed Mr Dover's mouth, "You really are a wanton little girl aren't you?"

"Not really my fault, I'm a moth and my father kept me in the dark for so long that once I'd been shown the flame I just want as much of it as I can possibly get."

The door closed behind me before the teacher could make a comment. When I got to the humanities wing for citizenship class I was at the back of the queue going through the door, Alan was sitting on the seat next to the one I occupied every week, as I walked through the door I looked over to Sam and Ben, the two seats in front of them were both empty, I knew why one of them was empty and that was because Alan had moved seats to be next to me but Colin's seat should have been occupied because he had left the basement room at least three minutes ahead of me so there was no real excuse for him being behind me. The lesson started with a discussion on the rights and wrongs of various public order laws. We were ten minutes into the lesson when Colin walked into the room.

"You're late Mr Fletcher! Would you care to explain yourself?"

"Sorry sir, I fell down the stairs and had to visit the nurse, I've got a slip from her."

Colin was walking with a limp, he had a bruise forming under his right eye, a fat lip and rings of dried blood around both nostrils, he handed the pink slip to the teacher and took his seat in front of Sam and Ben. 'No way that was done falling down the stairs!' Ran through my head.

Whenever the teacher was focussing on another part of the room Alan's hand slipped up my dress, eventually he got his fingers inside my knickers and into my pussy, I got a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of Alan playing with the semen left behind by Johnny's friend Paul and Colin, Alan seemed fascinated by the strings if semen he pulled between his thumb and the finger that he had pushed up inside my cunt, studying the viscosity as well as the surface tension that allowed him to pull semen strings of more than an inch long.

Johnny was waiting outside our classroom door at the end of our lesson, Colin was just behind me as I went through the door, Johnny gathered me into his arms and thanked me for helping him to calm down before his exam, "I finished twenty minutes early thanks to you baby, just got out, thought I'd come and find you as my dad got here early and he's waiting for us."

Colin looked awkward as he passed me and Johnny, Johnny stopped him, "Hey, you must be Colin Fletcher, My friend Paul sends his apologies, he's sorry you tripped up on the stairs earlier, you should be more careful next time!"

Even though it could have earned both of us a demerit and a detention Johnny kept his arm around my back as we walked through the school, Johnny on my right and Alan on my left.

"How did your meeting with old man Dover go?"

"Colin Fletcher was waiting for me when I got in there, Dover let Colin fuck me while I gave the old bastard oral sex."

"Yes, Paul was keeping a lookout, he saw Colin go in ahead of you and waited at the top of the stairs to talk to him when he came out, they went behind the bike shed for a free and frank exchange of views. Colin didn't seem to think there was anything wrong with telling Mr Dover what you guys got up to, Paul put him straight though, not a mistake Colin will make again in a hurry."

Johnny guided us through the teacher's car park instead of the most direct route to the road and his waiting father which struck me as rather odd. There was a teacher's car in the middle of a row of ten cars that stood out rather, it seemed to be wearing a top hat on its roof, the bonnet and boot were both 'Polar White' and the roof, the front and rear windscreens and the doors all seemed to be black enamel. There was a police car parked across the back of the car, the headmaster and Mr Dover were talking to the policeman taking notes. The car park was covered by CCTV cameras and as we walked past the headmaster was telling the policeman that the video showed a boy in a hooded top walking down the driveway into the school, walk straight to Mr Dover's car and upended the can of paint over the roof of the car before running back down the drive. The headmaster said, "Definitely not a current student, we have a full attendance today, probably the first time this year, the young man that did this was wearing jeans, a hooded top and white trainers."

"Do you think it could be a past student?" The policeman asked of no one in particular, our headmaster looked over at Mr Dover before answering.

"Very possibly, Mr Dover often handles patrols around the school grounds at break times and is well known as being a no-nonsense disciplinarian. He could well have upset a student in the past that would seek revenge."

Johnny smiled at me as we walked past, "Did you do that?" I asked him.

"How could I, I went into my exam at one thirty and didn't get out until ten minutes ago, that paint was thrown over Mr Dover's car about half an hour ago...judging by the paint spread and the way it's setting already so no way it could have been me!"

"So, the paint was being thrown over his car at just about the time I went into his classroom this afternoon!"

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, "Yes, I think it actually happened at about the same time as Mr Dover was closing his curtains, you were walking towards the photographic studio area and Colin was by the classroom door taking his tie off as he turned the lights out too."

The three of us got into the back of Johnny's father's car, Paul greeted me warmly and asked, "And who is this then?"

Johnny jumped in quickly with, "This is Alan, he lives around the corner, Vicky needed to lose her virginity at lunch time so Alan obliged!"

Alan instantly stopped breathing and his head spun in Johnny's direction, his eyes flicked to my face a few times, I could almost feel Alan's confusion, I looked totally comfortable with the statement that Johnny had just made to his father; I obviously should have been mortified that Johnny had told his father something so personal about me.

"And why did you have to lose your virginity at lunch time Vicky?" Paul asked over his shoulder as he was driving along.

"I was being blackmailed by Mr Dover into going to his classroom at ten past two, I thought that he was going to fuck me and I didn't want to give him my virginity."

"Oh, that probably explains why someone put super-glue into his door locks at home and then emptied a five litre can of black pain through his letterbox..."

Johnny jumped in to stop his father, "No one knows that yet, that is just pure speculation at this point!"

"Really, I thought that happened at exactly a quarter past two this afternoon!"

"Well, we don't know for sure, when we left school Mr Dover was trying to get a lift home because, for some reason or other, his car was un-drivable. Probably have to wait until his wife gets home to be sure."

As we drove through the town centre I spotted my mother walking towards a bus stop with a long queue waiting for the bus, Paul spotted her too and pulled into the kerb ahead of her, he wound down the front passenger window and as my mother walked past he called out, "Can I give you a lift home?"

My mother almost jumped out of her skin, she leant forward and looked through the open window, she saw Paul and smiled, then she saw me and two boys in the back of the car and she blushed, "That would be nice Paul, thanks."

My mother slipped into the front seat of the car and put her handbag on the floor between her feet, as soon as she was in the car and we pulled away from the kerb Johnny flicked the front of my dress up and pulled the leg hole of my knickers to one side, he looked at Alan, "You want to play?"

Alan was still struggling to get over the fact that Johnny had told his father that he'd taken my virginity at lunch time and that I was so open about what had happened during the day with a friend's parent and now, tilt on top of tilt, Johnny was asking Alan if he wanted to rummage around inside my panties while I was sitting in a seat that was in full view of Johnny's father's rear view mirror and just a few inches away from my mother.

Alan managed to gain control of his body enough to shake his head before gesturing towards the front seats of the car towards my mother and Johnny's father. Johnny shrugged his shoulder and his hand went into my knickers, he pulled two fingers out of my cunt and sniffed them, "How many loads of spunk have you taken today Vicky?"

I looked towards my mother and then to the reflection of Paul's eyes in the mirror, "There's Alan's, Colin's and your friend Paul's semen, so three in my pussy and seven in my mouth...so far!"

I looked at my mother's shoulders, I saw a shiver of excitement ripple through her body, Paul spotted it too and his left hand slipped off of his steering wheel and onto my mother's lap. She offered no resistance to Paul pushing her, much shorter than usual, skirt up her thighs, I was surprised to see stockings and suspender belt under her skirt as well as the red French, silk, knickers. Paul's hand disappeared from view and Johnny eased my bottom off of my seat, he then slipped under me so that I was sitting on his lap next to Alan.

Johnny whispered in my ear, "The controls for your mother's seat are on the console between your mum and my dad. You could make her more comfortable for her and make it easier for my dad if you wanted too."

I looked at Alan, he couldn't believe his eyes and he could believe it even less when I rolled my mother's seat back slightly and then lowered the backrest until it touched the seat in the back that Johnny had just vacated. My mother's face was now right next to my hips and Johnny had his hand up inside the leg hole of my knickers massaging my cunt from the inside as his father's hand was doing the same thing to my mother. She opened her eyes and looked at what Johnny was doing to me and then she closed them again and started to purr gently under Paul's ministrations.

My mother and I had simultaneous orgasms as we drove through the streets of the estate where we lived, I was in a better position though because of the blacked out rear windows, I was less on show than my mother as we passed our neighbours. I was able to look into my father's eyes though as he drove towards us, he should have been driving in the same direction as us if he was coming home from work but he was driving towards us, it was a good thing that my mother was recumbent in the front passenger seat or my father would have spotted her in the car.

"Where is dad going?"

My mother lifted her head but it was too late, my father was already behind us. Realising that her husband was driving past as she was being masturbated had driven my mother into a higher plane of her orgasm and she said breathlessly, "I suggested that he ask at work if he can switch to permanent nights, they probably agreed."

Paul pulled his fingers out of my mother's cunt, his fingers were glistening with her lubricating juices and the crotch of her French knickers were several shades darker than the rest. "Would you like me to drop you off at home girls or..."

I chirruped up from the back seat, "Your house for me please!"

My mother looked up at me and whispered, "Me too please."

My life really had been turned upside down in the past few weeks. I had gone from being a nun in a convent to being some kind of nymphomaniac but that wasn't the strangest part of my life's transformation, my mother had changed from being stern and repressed through giving me a very sexually provocative little yellow halter dress and now to revelling in being masturbated in front of her own daughter and two school boys!

Susan welcomed us at the front door, she made a big thing of kissing my mother first, then she kissed me and after she let me go Johnny introduced her to Alan, she hugged Alan into her body as she kissed him enthusiastically before telling us all to go through into the TV room. "Vicky can show you the way, she knows where it is, I'll get us some drinks while Paul and Johnny get changed into something more casual!"

As we walked through the doorway into the TV room Alan whispered, "It felt like Johnny's mother was totally naked under that dress?"

"Caftan, it's a Tule caftan and yes, she was totally naked under it, the side seams were totally open too, while she was hugging you I could see her naked body at the side!"

My mother was starting to look nervous; she paced up and down the room hardly daring to look over at me, and Alan. "Victoria, you must never tell your father..."

The door opened and Susan walked in carrying a tray of drinks, Alan was trying hard to catch a look at the open sides of her caftan causing me to smile at his eagerness, I couldn't blame him though, Susan had a very voluptuous body. When she handed me my drink I tugged at her caftan slightly, exposing her body, "I'm sorry Susan but Alan was almost breaking his neck trying to see your body under your caftan!"

Susan looked over at Alan whose face was taking on the appearance of a break-light after the driver stamped on the peddle. "Alan darling, if you want to see me naked all you have to do is say, I'll happily strip off for you..." Susan looked from my mother to me, "...but I'm not going to strip off alone!"

I looked at my mother, she looked a little out of her comfort zone as she bit her lip, I guess that in the throes of an orgasm she had felt less inhibited than she did standing in Paul and Susan's TV room with her daughter and a thirteen year old boy. Susan approached my mother, she started caressing my mother's cheek, she leaned in and kissed her on her lips, "Paul told me that you used to love going naked at parties when you were your daughter's age and up to the date that you two split up!"

Susan was rubbing her hand over the front of my mother's blouse, cupping her breasts beneath and whispering in her ear. I saw my mother shiver as Susan had her private conversation in her ear. Susan was unbuttoning my mother's blouse slowly, almost imperceptibly. Susan's mouth was over my mother's; I could see definite signs of tongue wrestling going on between the pair of them.

Paul and Johnny both walked in just as my mother's bra popped into view, Paul walked up behind my mother and he flicked the catch at the back of her bra as he kissed her on her cheek from behind. Paul took over undressing my mother as Susan gestured to me to get undressed as well. Susan was naked in a flash. The sides of her caftan were only held in place with two press-studs, once they were pulled open the caftan was little more than a colourful oblong ten feet long with a hole in its centre to go over her head.

Johnny looked into my eyes as I stripped off, he said, "Well, I guess your mother is okay with the three of us fucking you, Alan's going first to get you ready, then me and then Paul."

It was my turn to have a violent shiver run through my body at the prospect of having sex with three men right in front of my mother. Johnny led me to one of the couches and he called Alan over to us, "Get undressed Alan, you're up first on Victoria!"

I'd never seen anyone undress as quickly as Alan did, he almost ripped his school uniform off, I stopped him doing his 'Energiser bunny' fuck, making him take a little time over fucking me, he almost got me to my climax, I edged towards it but he fired off before I got there.

Johnny was next up at bat, he too was totally naked, as he entered me very slowly I suddenly felt pain, just a sting before Johnny started fucking me in earnest. I looked over to my mother, Paul and Susan were both making love to my mother, not actually fucking her but there were fingers and tongues in every orifice of her body.

When Susan spotted Alan was free she asked my mother if she wanted to wake Alan up again. Alan wasn't sleepy, not one little bit so the question confused me but not my mother, I saw her face turn red as she crawled on her hands and knees towards Alan, she took his cock in her mouth and worked him valiantly until his cock returned to full strength. Susan had to work a little harder to convince my mother that it was okay to allow Alan to fuck her after she got his cock hard.

It took Alan far longer to cum in my mother than it took him to cum in me but he still beat Johnny to his end game. Susan took Alan to one side and once again Alan was being excited as Susan sucked his cock, Johnny kissed me and he crawled over to my mother forcing his bloody cock into her mouth. 'Bloody cock! How could that have happened?'

I had already been fucked by Alan, twice and by Colin Fletcher and Johnny's friend Paul...I knew that Johnny was bigger than the other boys in the cock area, his cock was fatter as well as longer, much longer...and then it dawned on me, it must have been the positions we were in before, my hymen must have been well inside my vagina and Johnny must have broken through it because of his longer cock and the fact that he had almost folded me in half as he was fucking me so that he could get in deeper as well give me more pleasure.

Paul was next between my legs, he pushed his cock into me and it made me cry out in pain as his massive cockhead tore at my freshly broken hymen and caused even more blood to flow out of my pussy but even through the pain I was orgasming in seconds as I watched Johnny fucking my mother. It took Susan an age to get Alan hard for his third time in an hour and then she pulled him on top of her and all three males were now fucking at the same time.

As soon as Alan fired off for the third time in ninety minutes he had to get dressed and leave, his mother and father would be home any time. My mother and I had no such time constraints, I sat on a towel to catch all of the blood and semen leaking from my body, Johnny was cuddling me as we watched his father and my mother going at it like rabbits. I got a little bored to be honest after my mother went through her millionth orgasm, Paul was holding back his own orgasm for as long as possible. I turned and sucked Johnny's cock until he was hard again and then I looked over to Susan, "Johnny's cock is ready again, I'm a little sore myself, you want to use him?"

Susan and Johnny fucked at my side; in fact her head was on my lap so I got a perfect view of Johnny's cock sawing in and out of his mother's cunt...

My body started shaking, I woke up, at first I thought that there was an earthquake going on in my bedroom. As my eyes opened and I began to focus in properly I spotted Ray's face looming over me, I turned my head towards the alarm clock at the side of my bed, it was two-fifty in the morning and Ray had started fucking me again even though I'd been fast asleep.

I reached up with my arms and wrapped them around Ray's neck, I pulled against him, partly pulling Ray's face down to me and pertly pulling my upper body up so that our mouths met someplace in the middle and we locked lips passionately. Then I lifted my legs, my knees hooking over Ray's hips and my heels dug into his buttocks. I used my heels to pull Ray down into me harder and in the process lifting my hips slightly to increase my own pleasure as well as his.

When our bodies clashed together it sounded like a slow hand clap, slow but increasing in speed as I closed in on my orgasm. At exactly three o'clock in the morning my bedroom door opened and Johnny slipped into the room, "I'm sorry darling, it's turned frosty in the night, I need my thick woollen socks out of my drawer so I can wear my heavy boots to work."

Ray didn't skip a beat, if anything he put more energy and effort into fucking me. I rocketed to a massive orgasm, not because of Ray's increased effort, my climax rose just because Johnny had walked in.

Johnny rummaged around in his sock drawer for a moment and then he raised his thick fisherman's socks, "There, found them..." Johnny turned back to Ray and me fucking away, "...I'll be back around lunch time, can you fix me something nice for lunch please darling and then you can tell me all about your evening."

Something nice for Johnny was usually my special stuffing, whenever I cooked my special stuffing I could guarantee a very special stuffing of my own! I made my special stuffing with two large onions chopped to within an inch of their lives. I started out sweating the onions in a large saucepan while I was chopping up a punnet of mushrooms to add to the pot. I followed that with a pound of sausage meat mixed in with a box of sage and onion stuffing mix. Eight large Cumberland sausages were placed into a baking tray and heated in the oven for twenty minutes while I stirred all of the rest of the ingredients. Once the sausages started to brown I covered them with the rest of the ingredients, pressing down hard with a fork so that the mixture totally surrounded the sausages and I drew the tines of the fork across the top of the stuffing mix to create ridges and furrows that would become crispy in the oven as it all cooked. Johnny would eat the whole thing on his own or we would share the stuffing if I made some kind of potato to go with the meal.

Today I cooked chips to go with Johnny's favourite meal, we ate together and then, suitably refuelled, Johnny took me to bed and as he fucked me slowly I had to recount exactly what Ray and I had done the previous evening and night...