**Looking after Susan**

by J M Neville

**Looking after Susan Part One**

The woman reading at the table looked relaxed as she enjoyed the clean desert air shaded by a large sun umbrella. She was in her early forties but looked younger. She was wearing a white, bikini top and a very brief white tennis skirt, an outfit that made the most of a toned athletic figure. The short skirt revealed long, dancer's legs and her bare midriff showed off the definition of her abdominal muscles. The stretch fabric of her top emphasised the firmness of her small, pointed breasts. She was striking rather than pretty, the strong lines of her face and jaw enhanced by black hair cut in a short, aggressive style.

The hard planes of her face were softened by a wide, easy smile was deliberately disarming, a show of humour and fun that didn't reach her eyes. But people couldn't see that, dark sunglasses are useful in so many ways. Completing the impression of comfortable wealth, the slim gold watch on her left wrist was matched by a simple gold bracelet on the right and equally plain but expensive small gold hoops in each ear. At the peak of each breast where the thin fabric spiked over the hard points of her nipples it was possible to see the outline of the matching gold hoops piercing each one.

On a sun lounger to one side of the table the second woman was lying face up, arms by her side with one leg bent at the knee so the sole of her foot rested flat on the padded cushion. She was nineteen with a figure that many swimwear models would envy. Her Afro-Caribbean heritage showed in her tightly curled black hair, full lips and the deep, glossy chocolate colouring of her skin.

Taking full advantage of the enclosed privacy of the isolated complex she was almost completely naked. The tiny red satin bikini served only to reveal rather than conceal her figure. The tie-side thong bikini bottom seemed designed to emphasise and draw attention to the fullness of her sex; the waist cord riding high on her hips and stretching the bulging vee of material between her legs so taut that even the indented line of her slit was visible.

She was wearing nothing else; the equally brief bikini top lay discarded on the tiles as she lay there soaking up the sun. Unlike her friend her breasts were full, heavy globes, each one capped with the wide, almost black circles of her aureoles. Despite their fullness they were still high and firm, the long, prominent nipples jutting proudly upwards, jiggling gently with each breath.

Her whole body gleamed with oil; the sun reflected by the tiny, unconscious play of her muscles as she relaxed and dozed in the bright, hot desert air. Like her lover in the chair, she showed the signs of wealth and careful grooming. Her curls lustrous with health and attention; skin perfect and finger and toenails immaculately manicured. The deep red polish on fingers, toes and lips gleamed glossy as a new car. She wore no watch or rings but there was a fine gold chain on her left wrist and a single, discreet matching gold stud and chain piercing the indentation of her navel. The small gold and diamond studs in each ear were equally simple but expensive. It was impossible to tell if she was awake or asleep for, like the woman in the chair, her eyes were hidden behind black sunglasses, but every so often the pale pink tip of her tongue showed between the full, red lips.

An opened bottle of red wine, some glasses and a plastic bottle of Pepsi, the latter frosted with condensation, stood on a stainless steel tray in the middle of the table. As she pretended to read, the woman mentally checked back over the last couple of days. Yes, she'd made all the right moves with her usual charming skill, and Mandy had played her role to perfection. Everything was going smoothly and now it was just a case of choosing the moment.

Now everything was right; all the pieces in place and there was nothing to do but wait. The only sign of her tension was the way the fingers of her right hand rocked her wineglass in a fixed rhythm so the ruby liquid swirled round and round.

Five minutes passed before the silence was broken by hurried clacking sound of sandals on the stairs. Both women looked up, exchanged quick, intimate smiles of anticipation then Mandy lay back once more feigning sleep; the older woman smiled in quiet excitement, knowing the careful grooming of the last two days might be over.

She took one more glance towards the stairs before looking down apparently absorbed in her book. Continuing the act she only looked up again when there was thud and metallic squeal of metal on concrete as the young girl threw her bag down on the spare sun lounger next to her chair.

She watched as the blonde thirteen year old kicked off her sandals, let her white shorts fall in a heap then stepped out of them and in the same movement peeled the baggy tee shirt over her head to reveal a tiny, white thong bikini, just as brief and tight as the scarlet one Mandy was wearing. The woman in the chair sighed with pleasure and closed the book, enjoying the chance to stare uninterrupted at the young teenager's near naked figure from behind the concealment of her dark glasses while she was busy rubbing oil onto her skin.

Oh God, she thought, that combination of blue eyes and blonde hair always makes me so fucking wet. She moved in the chair, pressing her legs together as she felt the familiar warm, wetness tingling through her cunt. She rubbed her thighs together, spreading the wetness and enjoying the sensation of arousal unimpeded by the restriction of a pair of panties. She breathed a little harder and tugged at the hem of the abbreviated skirt. Not yet, she chided herself mentally, let's see what happens before you start dreaming about that little blond head between your thighs dipping and nuzzling at your cunt as you watch her tongue lapping away so busily...

The girl was not too tall but just at that wonderful point of ripeness, the skin smooth, honey-gold and flawless. The tiny white bikini was obscenely brief. The girl had pulled the waist of the side-tie thong panties high on her hips so the material was stretched tight over her cunt at the front. Just the brief journey down stairs had allowed the thin cord to ride high between her ass cheeks that the sweet, firm curves of her tight little bottom were completely exposed to her gaze. When the girl turned, the woman could see how the equally abbreviated top was strained taut over the pert, swelling thrust of a pair of already proud breasts now jiggling and bobbing just in front of her with every movement. The girl's tongue peeped between coral pink lips in fierce concentration as she spread oil over her body.

Mandy broke her own entranced gaze, stirred and lifted herself to rest on her elbows, `Hi, Susan, all on your own today? Mum out at work?' She said with a wide, happy smile.

Her voice was low and slightly husky, the Caribbean lilt adding to the soft, pleasant tone; a soothing, reassuring voice that the girl now knew and trusted. The girl didn't notice that the last few words were a little huskier than usual, a bit breathless with excitement as young Mandy also watched every movement of the girl's fingers so casually cupping and fondling those delicious ripening breasts. Both of them stared harder and breathed a little more slowly and deeply when the girl's fingertips slipped under the edges of that minute bikini top to spread the film of oil evenly.

The woman in the chair moistened suddenly dry lips as she saw how hard and erect the girl's nipples had become. They were showing through the thin fabric in two rigid points.

`Oh sorry, Ms Bak... I mean, Mandy,' Susan replied, half turning but continuing to rub oil across her front. `Hope I didn't wake you? No, no not at work, she's away. Bill had to fly north to a convention for three days this morning and since there was a free place, mom decided to go too... there's plenty to eat in the freezer and mom says I'm old enough to look after myself...especially as she knows I'm well away from temptation and everything out here.' She turned to the woman in the chair, `isn't that right Mrs Jones?'

`No...no...not Mrs Jones, please Susan,' she protested, `remember I said to call me Carol now we've got to know each other.' She smiled reassuringly. `I guess you're right though...this place is a little remote and out of the way, especially for three whole days. But I'm sure we can all find something pleasurable to do to fill the time.' Mom's so wrong about the temptations though she thought, watching the girl's fingers stroking her oiled skin. Oh yes darling, you're ripe for some very special games with Mandy and me.

Susan nodded glumly at Carol Jones' agreement and stared round the empty patio. She turned slowly on the spot, studying the dusty blank windows of the half a dozen apartments that ringed the pool area on three sides. The complex was built high on the hillside and the open side of the patio area jutted out from the slope to give a view of empty sky and the crumpled ochre landscape of the desert stretching to the distant horizon. Even though it was barely four years old there were signs of neglect everywhere; weeds between the slabs, peeling and faded paintwork and little accumulations of dust and grit in every corner. Nothing major but the whole place already looked tired and abandoned.

She nodded towards the silent buildings, `Peaceful...no, no it's not. This place is just...just...dead.' One hand waved and her voice rose, `All the apartments, except my mum's and yours are empty. It's five miles into town, over ninety in the sun and no car, besides, if I got there what then? You need money to have fun, right? No car, no money...no fun. What choice do I have?' She looked down and her voice fell to a mumble. `I've got nothing and no choice...no fucking choice at all.' She sighed and looked from one of the women to the other. `Like mum says I'm well away from any temptation so I guess I'll just have to work on my tan this afternoon then watch boring cable all night on my own.'

The woman calling herself Carol Jones nodded sympathetically, deliberately letting Susan talk and lead the conversation for the moment. The two of them knew a lot about Susan and her family from their poolside conversations over the last few days. They were well aware that Susan was often left on her own, something that had made their plans so much easier. Carol also knew her mother had hung onto the then newly built apartment as part of her divorce settlement three years ago.

At thirty-four her mum still had an excellent figure, complete with the boobs and the `fuck me' pink and blonde colouring that her daughter had so obviously inherited. She made no secret of enjoying the party life and intimate male company and sometimes didn't bother to get home of an evening.

It turned out that the apartment had not been the golden asset Mum had hoped for because barely six months later the developer went bust and the rest of the over-hyped and speculative `new desert community' complex had been abandoned. Overnight, their `prestige apartment' became almost unsellable. Only four apartments round this one pool area had been completed. Two had since been repossessed by a finance company, one belonged to Susan's mum and the one Carol and Mandy were in was owned by someone on the West coast who rented it to occasional friends so it usually stood empty for long periods each year.

Apart from Susan and her mum the only other person around was Bill. She'd told them that Bill had come onto the scene about five months ago. Even without meeting him, Carol and Mandy had immediately identified him as a fine example of that flourishing species - the small-town jerk. Always talking about his `deals', but always a sucker for the next get-rich-quick scheme that would allow him to sloth around with the maximum of alcohol and the minimum of effort. He spent a lot of time moaning about his bad luck. Those moans were always linked to his own high regard for his wit and cleverness, oblivious to the fact that he should have had the word `loser' tattooed across his forehead as a daily reminder of his stupidity.

Seeing him had confirmed the initial judgement. Naturally, he'd tried to hit on Mandy but had been wary of Carol from the start. But, discovering that she ran her own film company he'd immediately tried to interest her in a couple of useless schemes as well as trying to wheedle a loan from her within minutes of their first meeting poolside. He'd backed off pretty quickly when he realised that the quietly spoken newcomer was not the easy mark he assumed. A nasty-tempered lout, he was just the latest in a succession of `uncles' to latch onto Susan's mother as an easy lay with added attraction of whole apartment of her own...and a nubile teenage daughter.

It was when Susan turned round again and bent forward to put the oil bottle down, that they both noticed the series of thin red marks running horizontally across the exposed cheeks of her bottom. Mandy gasped with unexpected excitement and leaned to look closer. Concealing her own pleasure and excitement at the discovery, Carol's tone of worry and concern was perfectly done...`Oh dear Susan, did you have an accident and fall and hurt yourself?'

She breathed a little harder as she too leaned closer to study the crisp raised weals lacing each bottom cheek. Her question was quite unnecessary since both of them knew only too well what kind of `accident' caused those particular marks on a girl's bottom...here was the opportunity they wanted...but would she admit it?

Susan twisted, trying to look down at her own bottom, then giggled and rubbed the marks with oily hands. `Well it hurt like fuck...ooops, pardon me...shouldn't have said that...but it was kinda my own fault I guess. Bill gave me a double six with the cane after he caught me in the bathroom using his razor. Stings real bad at first but then makes you feel all hot and prickly.' She craned and peered down at herself then turned so the curve of her bottom was towards the sunlounger. `They don't hurt now though...' she giggled and bent a little more, `...you can feel if you like.'

Mandy needed no second invitation. Her long fingers stroked the soft curve of the girl's left buttock; red nails gently scratching along the raised weals so that Susan shivered and wriggled, and giggled even harder. `Oh, p-please tha...that tickles...aa-aaah.' She wriggled away and turned to the woman in the chair, bending just a fraction from the waist. `Don't you want to touch them too, Mrs Jo...I mean, Ca-Carol?'

Carol Jones wasn't about to refuse such a blatant invitation and turned slightly in the chair to touch the firm, offered curves with both hands. Her left hand continued the soothing caress while the right slid across the girl's slick, oily skin, stroking the sensitive crease in the under curve of her bottom briefly. Her fingers moved up to trace the line of the girl's skimpy thong from the waistband down, the tips just skimming along the cleft of the young teenager's bottom so she shivered and jerked again.

`Oh poor, Susan...,' her hands continued stroking the exposed cheeks `I must say you look fantastic in this...but I'm surprised that mum, or Bill, allows you to wear such a tiny bikini...I mean, don't they think it's a little too... ah... revealing...?'

Susan giggled and wriggled, `Mum does, but it was Bill who got it for me. He said it was a little brief but it was OK for me to wear it in private here where there's no-one else to see. Besides, `she waved at Mandy's near naked body. `I guess its Mandy's fault anyway.'

The young black woman sat up in surprise. `My fault, what do you mean Susan?'

`Sure it is, remember when you first wore that silvery, shiny one a couple of weeks ago and Bill liked it so much he asked you where you got it?' She giggled again, `you must remember...that time he was staring so hard at your ti...I mean your breasts that he poured sun oil all over his shorts?' Both women joined in the laughter. At the time Bill had not been amused...especially as Susan's mother had told him it was his own fault for gawping...

Susan chattered on with her story. `Well, later he couldn't stop talking about how fantastic you looked and when he went to that last convention in L.A. he got me and mom a couple each, I've got a red one too...but I like the white...it shows off my tan better. Bill says it makes him feel real good seeing me in it.' She paused, `and you know what mum's like... she doesn't like to go against what Bill says.'

`Nuh-no I g-guess not...' Carol's voice was suddenly husky as Susan deliberately arched her back and flexed her muscles pressing herself back against her hand. Taken by surprise for a few seconds Carol's oily fingers slipped between the girl's buttocks, their tips just brushing the hot, wet line of the thong where it was pulled tight against the little bud of her anus. The touch was electric and she jerked her fingers free as though burned. Her chair scraped on the concrete as she sat back. A flush coloured her cheek and she was suddenly glad of the concealing blankness of his sunglasses.

`I'm s-sorry Susan,' Carol cleared his throat and started again, `...does he do it often?'

`That...oh yeah, Bill touches me all the time...' Susan said, quite unconcerned, her fingers easing and adjusting the brief white vee of her bikini bottom in the creases of her thighs.

Then she realised what she'd said, stopped and whirled round, hand to mouth blushing scarlet in her turn. `Ooh...Oh God... No...no...no that's not what I meant at all.' She stuttered to a halt then saw the smiles and realised the two women were talking about the marks. `Oh-aaah, I see...Y-you meant the caning?' She sat down facing both of them on the chair between Carol and the sunlounger and covered her hand where it rested on the open book, still gabbling with confusion and embarrassment.

`Oh I'm sorry Mrs Jo... Carol...I didn't mean to...I mean it was me who moved so it wasn't your fault, honest. I didn't mind you touching me...either of you, really I didn't.' She paused then said very softly, `it was kinda nice...real gentle.'

Instantly back on balance and in control, Carol Jones patted Susan's hand and sat back in her chair, again playing the reassuring adult role. `That's quite all right, Susan...no problem...but, did you really say that Bill actually canes you?

Mandy sat up and put a hand on the girl's thigh from the other side. `Oh poor Susan...you don't mean he punishes you like that often?'

Susan nodded earnestly and looked from one new friend to the other. `Oh yes, he canes Mom too if we do something wrong or break house rules, then of course we get punished...' She said matter of factly rubbing her hands on the tanned, oily fronts of her thighs.' `Strict discipline is good for you and the only way to learn a lesson properly,' she pronounced, obviously parroting one of Bill's favourite phrases.

Carol shifted on the chair trying to disguise her flush of excitement and the sudden extra wetness she could feel seeping from between her legs in reaction to Susan's story. Her voice continued to lull the girl with gentle reassurance. `It sounds pretty strict to me. Will you tell me what happens when you've been naughty?' She lowered her voice to a throaty whisper,' and I'm sure Mandy would like to hear all about it too...' She looked round, `we're real private here, Bill and Mom are away so who's to know? It can be our little secret...'

The two of them moved in a little closer from either side with the girl sitting facing them and seeming quite relaxed, although Carol had noticed the growing flush of arousal rising up her neck and shoulders as she talked. Susan looked from one to the other, happy that her two nice, new grown-up friends were paying her so much attention.

`Well, Bill likes to make a real business of it... you know the kind of thing...telling you you've got a punishment coming, how you deserve it and how much it's going to hurt. Then, after all that, making you wait until nearly bedtime so you have time to think about it.'

She wriggled in the chair and Carol noted with pleasure the small signs of the girl's growing sexual excitement; unconsciously squeezing her legs together, the flush on her cheeks, her faster breathing and the way her fingers were playing restlessly with the arms of the plastic chair as she began to react to the thrill of telling someone else the excitement of her secret story. `It's funny but both Mum and me seem to be getting into lots more trouble since Bill moved in...'

`You mean Bill punishes both of you?' Mandy asked, gently moving the story on to the more explicit details they both wanted to hear.

`Oh yes...Bill says it wouldn't be fair otherwise.'

It was Carol's turn to interrupt. `This time, yesterday, did he...I mean was your mum...you know, punished too?'

`Oh yes, she got six too because she'd given me the idea...'

`Sorry, Susan, I don't understand. What idea...?'

Susan's voice fell to a whisper, `t-to sh-shave myself,' she said. She looked down, blushed and touched her fingers against the vee of her bikini panties. `You know...shave myself all smooth.' Her hand moved, fingers pointing to the vee of white at her groin, `you know...down there...just like mom does.'

`You mean your mom shaves all her body hair...not just under her arms but between her legs too?'

Susan nodded, her fingers tracing along the edges of her bikini bottom. `Yes, she says it feels nicer and means she can wear the kind of panties and bikinis she likes without anything showing.' She stretched her legs out and apart and arched her back so Carol could see that the tiny fabric panel was barely big enough to cover her mound and cup the bulge of her sex. The material was so taut that she could see every detail of the plump lips and even the indented line between them.

Carol also saw the little patch of oval transparency showing on the sheer, white fabric. Her tongue wet her lips...just what she'd hoped for...little Susan was getting all wet and excited. Knowing and enjoying the fact that two pairs of hot, adult eyes were watching every movement, Susan traced one finger along the crease of her thigh. `So I used Bill's razor and foam and shaved myself too.' She arched up even more pushing her thighs wide apart against the chair arms. `See, I can wear this and nothing shows at all now.'

`A Cha!...H-aah Beh...' Carol coughed and swallowed so she sounded as though she was croaking; overcome by the sight of the young teen exposing herself in a costume that was pretty much showing them everything anyway. `I mean B-Bill...caught you..?'

`Yes, guess it was my own fault...I'd forgotten to lock the door and he just walked in as I was finishing. Oh boy, was he mad!...Screamed at me, grabbed the razor back then dragged me into the bedroom and forced me to stand there with nothing on but shaving cream while he yelled for mum to get in there and see what she'd made me do.'

As Susan blushed and looked down once again Carol used the opportunity to make a quick, furtive adjustment to her skirt. Oh God this was making her so hot. She could feel the wetness on each thigh and another trickle working into the cleft of her bottom it took all her self control not to reach up under her skirt to relieve her own need. Not too fast, she scolded herself, play this one right and she'll be bouncing up and down on your fingers soon enough, just wait and enjoy, with luck we'll be able to make her cum for the first time right here...

`And you got caned for that, that's all?' Mandy said pretending to be all innocent. `Lots of women...and young ladies like you... take care of themselves in that way.' She pretended to look round as if checking for hidden watchers then lay back and slowly peeled her own bikini bottom down until Susan could see that her mound and cunt lips were smooth and hairless too. Susan stared, her face pink with excitement.

Watching the girl's face intently Mandy eased the front even lower then slowly spread her thighs apart so Susan couldn't help noticing the signs of her obvious arousal. The girl licked her lips, her breathing fast and shallow as she saw the black woman's cunt lips were already swollen with little beads of moisture along the rim of her slit. Between the inner folds were shocking pink, glistening wet with a thin rim of whitish cream along the folds.

Susan leaned closer, eyes intent and her tongue between her teeth as she stared at the blatant exposure of the coloured woman's sex. Carol smiled because she knew the teenager was looking at the vee junction of those inner folds where the prominent little pearl of Mandy's clitoris was now jutting out, already hard and erect with her excitement.

Mandy slid one hand down over her abdomen and used forefinger and thumb to spread the outer lips a little wider revealing more of those shocking pink inner folds to the teenager's gaze. `See, I always make sure I'm nice and smooth down there. Like I said, lots of women do it...' Without giving the girl a chance to protest or resist she took Susan's hand. `Here, feel how smooth it is...' Still holding herself open she brought Susan's hand down and traced the young teenager's fingertips across the smooth swell of her mons. `See...all nice and smooth...just like you are I expect.'

Susan flushed bright red but didn't pull away. Her voice was a bit unsteady, `You mean it? Lots of women do it?'

`Sure, but you need to be real careful down here...' Mandy moved the girl's hand down between her legs. She gasped and shivered with delight as she felt those young fingers, still slick with sun oil touching her wet inner flesh. `Oh-oooh yessss,' she gasped as Susan wriggled her fingers. `S-s-s-see m-makes you all smooth and s-sensitive...aaaah,' she gasped as one inexperienced finger grazed across the swollen tip of her clitoris.

Susan pulled her hand away as Mandy jerked, `Sorry...,' and looked down at the black woman on the lounger and sighed. `Oh Mandy, you're so pretty...' She slid her hands up Mandy's thighs to the edge of her rolled down thong. `Would you like me to pull it up again?' Mandy nodded and shivered with delight, arching her hips just a little as she felt the little wet fingers against her the sensitive rim of her slit as Susan adjusted the thin stretch fabric.

She shared a quick triumphal glance with Carol while Susan was busy with her task. No bad reaction when she'd encouraged the girl to touch her...the opposite in fact, little Susan was taking more time and touching her more than was strictly necessary to adjust her bikini bottom. The glance became a smile of shared pleasure as they saw Susan rubbing her fingertips together... Mandy's cunt was soaking and now the girl's fingers were slippery with both sun and pussy oil too.

Carol led the story on. `Go on Susan, you were saying what happens when you've got a punishment...'

Susan sat back, `Oh, sorry...well, if it's both of us, like the last time, mum has to get the chair and I have to get Mr Cane.' Carol managed to stop herself smiling at the use of such a hackneyed old nickname and just nodded encouragingly. `That what Bill calls his special punishment cane,' she confided in a whispered comment. `It's thin and very bendy,' Susan explained earnestly, `you can bend it round until both ends touch and it won't break. Bill says it's not bamboo but a rat...something.'

`Rattan, it's a kind of vine...it's often used for making canes I think I read somewhere... I mean, not that I know much about things like that,' Carol lied.

`Yeah, that's it, a rattan cane he called it. The chair is an old wooden one; you know the kind with a straight back and no arms? It's got to be put in the special place. That's the middle of the carpet and with the seat toward the patio window.' She gave a quick glance up to the apartment, now totally absorbed in her story. `Usually I go first but Bill likes us to help get each other ready. He sits on the settee and watches us.

`Get ready...what do you mean?' Carol had a damn good idea what Bill's idea of `getting ready' might be, but it was so much more exciting getting the girl to say it out loud.

`Well, Bill says that clothes get in the way and besides being naked is part of the punishment. So, first we take our top clothes off and fold them...then wait for him wearing only bra and panties. That's when Bill decides who's going first.' She looked puzzled and said, `I don't know why he pretends to choose...he always makes me go first.'

Carol Jones bit back her intended comment, that in Bill's place, she would have done the same thing. `I have to stand with my hands on my head while mum take off my bra and then, when Bill tells her, she pulls down my panties. Then I wait until Bills says OK. That's when I have to put my hands behind my back and ask Bill to please punish me.'

`Does he do anything?' Mandy asked, sitting up and putting her feet down on either side of the lounger. She moved closer until her right knee was against Susan's left leg, `You know, touch you...?' As she spoke she ran one hand across the smooth, slick skin between the girl's knee and the top of her thigh.

`No, not then usually...but I really hate that bit...I get all red because he makes me wait for so long while he just sits and looks at me. I always go red...Bill says blushing is a sign of guilt.' She wriggled with pleasure as the black woman's fingers slid to and fro over her skin, her fingertips grazing the edge of the teenager's bikini bottom very delicately with each movement.

Carol Jones edged a little closer from the other side thinking that she'd been wrong about Bill; the bastard was quite an accomplished little sadist in his own way. Nice touch having the mother doing that final undressing, knowing that her turn was still to come. Bet he does it that way round because he likes fucking mom afterwards while she's still bending over. I just wonder whether he's got round to fucking them both yet. She had a sudden thought. I bet the little minx watches them...I'm pretty certain she does, especially this last time and probably masturbates while she watches too.

`Then...?'

`Then I have to take The Position...like this.' She emphasised the capital letters as she scrambled to her feet, turned the chair round and stood close against the back to demonstrate. `Course,' she said over her shoulder, `the one upstairs hasn't got arms but the back's about the same height..., it's like this.' Keeping her feet flat on the ground and her legs straight, she leaned forwards and gripped the front legs where they joined the seat.

Carol and Mandy watched with delight as the firm swell of the girl's bottom tightened into two smooth, taut curves. Bending right over also pulled the thin cord of her thong so it virtually disappeared, riding up obscenely into the cleft between the taut cheeks, exposing her quite beautifully for a punishment caning. Susan arched her back and turned her neck to look back at her two grown-up friends.

`Mum has to stand and watch even if she'd not being punished too.' She bit her lip, `except last time she has to hold my wrists down...but that's because I'd been really bad and Bill was giving me two lots of six as a double punishment. She had to hold me in place for the second six...'

`Oh you poor thing,' Mandy murmured, reaching back to stroke the taut curve of Susan's bottom. `Twelve strokes...that must have hurt soooo much...'

Susan bounced upright, turned the chair back round and threw herself back into it, her face red from bending over. `Yes, yes it did. Funny thing though...it burns real bad at first... like a fire building up so it's real hard to stand still. But then after a bit it starts tingling and I feel really...' She suddenly went bright red as she realised what she had been about to say and looked down at the patio, rapidly changing the subject. `Sorry...I've been going on and on...you don't mind do you...it's not boring all this family stuff is it?'

`Oh no, no not at all, no it's very...interesting...go on, please I want to know the rest now, we both do...you can't stop there.' Susan giggled and wiped her hand across her forehead. Carol Jones took a sip of wine then looked at Susan and put the glass down with profuse apologies. `Oh, now it's me who's being rude. I brought down a bottle of cola just in case... so, can I offer you a drink, Susan? Go on, please...help yourself.'

The young teenager nodded thankfully and picked up the bottle. She was careful undoing it, wary of being covered in a sudden shower of pressurised cola. There was the usual hiss but no fountain and she poured herself a glassful. She didn't notice Carol's tiny exhalation of relief as she opened the bottle...the same bottle she'd chilled and opened an hour ago to tip away just enough cola to allow her to top it up with a couple of slugs of vodka before putting the cap back on then shaking it gently to mix the alcohol in properly.

She knew from experience that, diluted in a bottle that size, the vodka wouldn't get the teenager drunk...but it would lower her guard just that little bit more...make her a little more...well, relaxed and receptive.

She sipped her wine as Susan quickly swigged down one glassful and poured another. While she drank look across at Mandy who had moved back so their legs were again touching. One hand was resting on Susan's thigh. Carol smiled watching her lover's fingers moving on the girl's oiled skin very, very softly as Mandy also enjoyed the erotic mental picture of the scene Susan had been describing.

She squeezed her thighs together imagining the wonderful, obscene sight of the naked, thirteen year old bending over that wooden chair, legs straight, and arms down, her fingers white with tension as she gripped the front legs panting in anticipation of the burning pain to come. The position would mean her firm young breasts would be swinging freely, bobbing and trembling, their tips hard with fear and arousal as she waited for that first stinging cut across her bare bottom.

Oh yes, Carol reminded herself, lost in her erotic reverie, not forgetting those blue eyes...staring wide open and rimmed with tears as she arches her head back to look across at her mother on the settee. The added stimulation of her mother's growing anguish sitting there; forced to see and hear every moment of her daughter's slow, deliberate punishment.

Watching young Susan jerking and bucking with the scalding pain of each stroke; listening to her whimpering gasps, or even her useless pleading for mercy, as her lover stands to one side looking at them both as he skilfully wields the rattan cane. Each stroke zipping through the air before it cuts across her out-thrust bottom with that wonderful, wet `swuck!' noise. Her mother's fears made so much worse by knowing that she is going to be in that same position, bent over the chair in just a few minutes time, naked and trembling, ready for her own punishment to begin.

Mandy wriggled on the lounger, only too aware that her bikini bottom was soaked and she was leaving damp marks of the padded cushion. Her fingers kept up their slow, gently stimulation while she waited until Susan had put the glass down. `What happens next, Susan..., you know when you've had your punishment?'

`I have to wait for permission to get up then I have to stand and say thank you to Bill. That's when I'm allowed to rub my bottom,' she added matter-of-factly, `then, when I'm better, I have to get mum ready for her turn.'

`You mean take off her...'

`Oh yes...Bill says that it's the same for everybody so mum has to put her hands on her head then I undo her bra and take it off.' She laughed, `course like me she has to move her arms to get the straps down.' Susan licked her lips and gave another cheeky grin, `then she stands up straight, legs apart and waits like I have to. When Bill tells me, I take down her panties. I've got to do it real slowly and carefully.'

Her voice became a conspiratorial whisper. `I think watching me gets her all excited because her panties are warm and really wet when I take them down.'

She wriggled in the chair and giggled as she shared another intimate confidence with her friends, `and her nipples are all hard and pointy too.' She paused and went on even more softly so both of them leaned forwards to catch the whispered, unguarded comment, `just like mine get.' Susan's flush deepened spreading from her chest up to her cheeks as she and the two adults looked at the evidence of the hard, jutting points tenting the sheer white fabric of her bikini top

Mandy leaned right forwards putting her free hand comfortingly on the girl's shoulder at the same time she breathed warm air into Susan's ear. `Don't worry Susan, darling that happens to me whenever I get a bit hot and excited...look feel how hard mine are...see' She took Susan's right hand and moved it the girl's fingers touched the jutting swollen tip of her left breast. `See, all hard and aching...just like you.'

`Oh M-Mandy...oh they're so stiff...does it feel all tingly when you touch them?'

`Oh yes... go on it feel sooo nice when you do that,' she breathed into the girl's ear... There was a long silence broken only by Mandy and Susan's heavy breathing. The teenager stroked and rolled the thick, black stub then, without being prompted, brought her other hand up to play with the other nipple too. Mandy arched her back, shivering with pleasure as she stared down at the little white fingers playing so wonderfully with her nipples. Each one was now rock hard and shiny with the oil from Susan's fingers.

`Oh God...p-please,' she moved the teenager's fingers away from the sensitive peaks for a moment so she could recover. `Oh you have such a gentle touch darling...but you were telling us what happened when it was your mom's turn...'

Susan stroked the upper slopes of Mandy's breasts for a few more moments then wriggled in the chair as she settled to continue with the story. `When I've given mum's panties to Bill, she has to bend over the chair...' She glanced from Mandy to Carol and back. `Bill makes her hold the legs right down low so she's really bent double. He tells her things...' She stopped abruptly and looked down at her lap.

`Yes, go on darling...what is it, what does he tell her, Susan?' Mandy leaned closer, putting her hand back on Susan's thigh and resuming that gentle stroking movement from her knee almost into the crease of her groin. `You can whisper it if you want...there's no-one else here; Carol won't tell and I won't say anything either.'

Susan leaned forwards, their three heads almost together sharing the conspiracy. `He usually says "make sure those tits touch honey". Susan patted her chest, that's because she's a lot bigger than me here and he likes to see her breasts swinging so her nipples brush across the seat of the chair.' She stopped abruptly and sat back.

`Then that's when I get sent to bed to think about my lesson, as Bill says.' Carol looked down and smiled in satisfaction. While she'd been talking the little minx had moved her legs apart allowing Mandy's fingers to stroke deeper along the line of her bikini bottom. With each caress Susan was biting her lip and sighing, and even as Carol watched, she eased forward in the chair to push the plump bulge of her mound against those expert fingers as they teased and fondled her sex through the taut white fabric.

She's ready...almost on the boil. Now to take her over the edge...Carol shivered, anticipating the sheer delight of watching the young girl bucking and jerking on the chair as she was made to cum. Oh God the wonderful noises she would make when they continued, those pleading gasps and cries as she realised that it wasn't over...that they were going to make her cum again...and again...and again...right here by the pool.

Keeping her voice very soft and encouraging, Carol Jones leaned over and gently stroked Susan's other arm. Her mouth was close to Susan's ear so she could feel the warmth of her breath too as she whispered, `But you don't always do what Bill tells you, do you Susan? No, no don't tell me, let me guess... you only pretend to go to bed don't you?'

She paused, waiting for the little nod of agreement and complicity. She stroked the length of the young teenager's arm making sure the back of her hand brushed against the curve of the girl's breast with each movement. The seductive whisper went on soft and reassuring as the girl's excitement grew and grew. `But really you sneak back and peek on your mom getting her caning... that's right isn't it?'

Carol gently turned her hand letting her fingers could graze the outer swell of one ripe, young breast. There was no resistance when her hand cupped the firm mound and one fingertip circled the girl's still-covered nipple, hard as rock under the sheer fabric of her bikini. Susan moaned and wriggled in the chair, lost in the pleasure of the twin assaults on her body.

Another conspiratorial pause then Mandy continued; her fingers busy between the panting teenager's legs, `Oh Honey, yes...I know that's what I would do if it was me...'

Susan paused, her breathing heavy and unsteady, before she nodded, wanting to share her story with her new friends now they'd guessed her secret `Go on...tell me what you saw next...' Mandy urged softly her fingers probing deeper between, pressing the fabric up into the groove of her cunt, `you know you can trust us both, Susan.'

`Aaaah...Ohhh...yeeess...yesss...p-pleaase,' the young teenager moaned, writhing slowly with the relentless double stimulation under the hot, desert sun. `I-I-I couldn't see everything but I h-heard the cane hitting mum's bottom...she made a noise each time, not crying, but a sort of gasping sound...like she was breathing out suddenly... and I could hear her panting real hard too...like she was in a race or something...and she was saying things.'

`What kind of...things?' The black fingers moved and Susan gasped and lifted her hips, riding Mandy's hand.

`S-s-s-sort of jumbled up words...s-swearing too...f-funny because she just kept saying the same things like... oh fuck...yes...go on...yes...oh fuck yes....' The teenager stuttered and panted. She wanted to tell her story but was trying to concentrate on what was being done to her by the two women. `Yuh...yuh...you know r-real naughty stuff like that, the k-kinda words she's always goin' on at me about ah-aaaaah!' Her hips bucked harder as Mandy's finger pressed deeper into her cunt. Carol slid her other hand across the girl's shoulders, fingers toying with the string tie of the girl's bikini top. She pulled the knot loose as the girl shuddered with pleasure, caught her breath and continued...

`Then I saw that Bill had got undressed too and his...c-c,' Susan swallowed then deliberately wriggled her shoulders as she felt the top of her bikini come loose making it fall off entirely but then went on rapidly, `his c-cock was all stiff and sticking out. Then he threw the cane down and stood close behind mum and slowly pushed his cock inside her.'

`Did she try and stop him?'

`No, she was crying out real loud telling him to f-fuck her harder and she lifted up so her b-breasts were swinging about. Haaaaah...t-that was when Bill grabbed them and s-s-squeezed them...ah-haaaah...wuh-wuh-while he was fucking her h-h-harder and harder. Yessss...I c-c-c-could see him...naaaah...t-t-t-t-twisting her n-n-nip-nipples too.'

Susan stuttered and gasped with pleasure because Carol was now applying the same kind of tormenting stimulation to her nipples. Pinching each one between finger and thumb, the older woman rolled the hard spikes slowly to and fro while the girl tried to tell her story.

Now they played a duet on the girl's skin; Carol's fingers busy working the aching nipples while Mandy fondled the young girl's wet, swollen cunt lips. The two of them stimulating and coaxing her into their private world of sexual pleasure. Mandy used one fingernail to scratch along the outlined rim of the girl's slit so gently. Carol whispered. `Go tell us Susan...did you get all tingly and excited...watching them like that...excited like you are now?'

There was no answer, just the rising sound of the girl's panting breathing as the slow, deliberate masturbation continued. Then Susan moaned aloud, her hips lifting and thrusting against the black woman's expert fingers. `Aaaah yeeeess, m-my bottom was all burning and throbbing but it's an exciting kind of hurt... it always makes made me wetter and wetter. I t-t-touched myself and my...you know down there... was all hot and slippery and my fingers slid inside... The more I watched the harder I rubbed until....'

While she spoke her free hand stole across her thigh and gently pressed Mandy's fingers against her cunt, moving them up and down as she relived the images of the other night. `Until... mum started crying out that she was cumming...I...I d-did too...all over my fingers,' she pressed harder and Mandy squeezed the engorged lips gently as she felt the girl squirming under her hand. `Like it is in bed sometimes when I make myself cum...only this was so much better.'

`Like now...do you want to cum now, Susan? Would you like Mandy to make you cum?' Carol whispered, watching Mandy circling her fingertips against the wet patch so the material rubbed the delicate inner folds of the girl's cunt

`Aaaaah...y-yes...please....t-t-touch m-me...t-there...' she gasped. `I-I-I nearly shouted out, like mum,' She wriggled more, deliberately riding the expert black fingers, `but I don't think they could hear me cause of all the noise they were making.' Susan rocked her hips, writhing in the chair as the pleasure built up unbearably. `Oh God! I'm soooo w-w-w-wet...'

Carol leaned nearer; watching the play of expression on the young girl's face as she gasped and pleaded in her need. `We know, Susan, we know...listen...listen to me.' She licked Susan's ear, bathing it in warm breath as she whispered, `Mandy's going to make you cum now...that's what you want isn't it?

Her hands cupped and squeezed the sweet young mounds, fingers returning to stroke and flick the hard, pink nipples in harmony with Mandy's skilful masturbation. `Shhhh...that's it...there's no-one here Susan...no-one at all...we're all alone and so private here.' She squeezed and rolled the tips making the girl pant and squirm with each sensation. Carol saw Susan's fingers gripping the plastic arms as she braced herself to ride the waves of pleasure. `You're going to cum for us aren't you?'

`Oh fuck...oh yes...yes please...please...don't...don't stop, please...'

`No no, darling, no we won't stop.' Mandy said, smiling up at Carol in triumph, it was all going to happen right here and right now. `Let's see you properly shall we...'

With two quick movements the black woman undid the side ties of Susan's bikini bottom then slowly and deliberately peeled away the thin material to expose the plump parted outer lips and virginal pink inner folds of the girl's cunt. The outer lips were engorged and wet, the flesh shiny in the sunlight. Mandy licked one finger and traced the tip along the oily rim of the thirteen year old's slit. `Can you feel that, Susan...isn't it nice? Oh, such a wet pussy....so very wet...pussy wants to be stroked doesn't she darling, `cause you're nearly there aren't you?'

Carol Jones stared down then licked the whorl of the girl's ear, breathing softly, enticing her to the very brink. `Where do you want to feel Mandy's finger touching you, Susan? Is there a special place you like to touch...somewhere just along there...?' Following her lover's instructions Mandy slid her finger into the wetness of the girl's slit; teasing and tormenting the teenager's sensitive inner lips.

`Let me play with the pretty pussy,' Mandy joined in using the fingers of her other hand to spread the girl's cunt open. Her finger moved stroking along each side of the inner folds, closer and closer. `Ah...what about this little nub just...here...'

'AAAAAAH...yessssss...p-p-p-pleeese...touch my clit...please...please I'm going to cum...please...'

The young teenager arched up from the chair, legs splayed wide as Mandy used that single finger to stimulate and fret round the stem of of the teenager's clitoris. She smiled up at Carol then leaned forwards so she could let a stream of warn air add to the stimulation. There was no sound but Susan's ragged breathing as minutes passed while the two women took their own private pleasure in working the young girl nearer and near to that magic peak.

Mandy slid one finger of her other hand into the opening of the girl's vagina. She shared a knowing look with Carol as her finger slid up into the girl's body without obstruction. Susan just wailed with pleasure and rocked her hips. `Look at Carol, look at her, Susan, show her how you like it...' Mandy ordered. Mandy slid a second finger into the girl's vagina and Susan obeyed with hoots of pleasure, breath snorting through her nostrils, her body vibrating with the devilish stimulation being applied to her clitoris while fingers fucked her with a woman's skill.

Her hips jerked wildly and Mandy's fingers moved harder and faster, driving the girl into the shuddering throes of her orgasm. She paused, keeping the teenager teetering on the brink `Say it darling,' she teased, `tell Carol how much you want to cum.'

`Gaaaaaaaah...pleeeeeesssse!'

`Oh yes Susan...yes you're cumming for us...that's it....' Susan stared down at the black fingers playing with slippery pink folds of her cunt and her mouth stretched in a wide O as she panted and wailed on the very brink of climaxing.

Mandy could see and feel the girl's spasms beginning. Her left forefinger vibrated Susan's clitoris even harder and she curled the two fingers of her right hand to rub that special spot inside the girl's vagina driving the young teen on to her climax. `Yes, darling yes, that's it...you're nearly there, darling, that's it, cum for me!

`Hah...ha-aaah...oh please...oh...oh...oh God! Please! ...harder...harder...' The girl's cries turned into a gasping chant as she bucked and twisted; lost in the waves of pleasure being created by their hands.

`Yes...yes...YES! Huh...huh...huh...haaaaaah! Yes I'm cumming... I'm cumming! Oh fuck...oh fuck...yes....YESSS I'm there..I'M THERE! HAAH! OOOOH GOD!'

`Now...yes that's it, cum for us darling...go on cum for us, Susan! Yes, darling yes...that's it you're cumming... you're cumming I can feel it...go on cum for me NOW!' Carol urged her on, fingers twisting and pinching Susan's nipples to add extra stimulation as the girl was forced over the crest.

`Oh God...Oh God...Oh fuck...fuck...yes, yesss....please...huh-huh...aaaaah...p-please...h-h-h-harder...p-p-p-pleeee eeese...Gaaaaah! Oh yes...yesss...th-th-that's it...i'm c-c-cumming...yesssss...YES...YESS...OH GOD...! PLEEESE YEEEESSSSSSS! HOOOOO! WHOOOOOO! I'M THERRRRE!'

The young teen screamed and chanted, babbling wildly in the throes of her orgasm. She was jerking so much that the plastic chair skittered and scraped on the patio tiles. The two adults gave her no respite; their skilful fingers tormenting the sensitive points of her nipples and clitoris to keep her riding the peak of her pleasure until it was all but unbearable. Finally, Susan's legs slammed together; she bucked wildly three or four times and doubled up, clenching Mandy's fingers in a wet, velvet vice as the uncontrollable spasms surged through her.

The two women drank in every moment of the young girl's orgasm, their own faces sweating and flushed with lust and excitement as they shared the vicarious sexual pleasure of making a young girl cum.

**Looking After Susan Part Two**

Carol and Mandy's seduction of young Susan continues by the pool. Then Susan's mother, Brenda, returns unexpectedly...and things get even more intense as she is drawn into their sex games back in Carol's apartment...

Gradually Susan's breathing slowed and her muscles relaxed. Carol smoothed the sweat-slick hair away from her face, stroking her cheeks and soothing her down gently. `All right, Susan...sshhhh...it's all right...such a beautiful girl...so wet and lovely...there...just relax...' She kept up the flow of calm, reassuring word as she moved round behind Susan's chair, bending over to breathe into her ear while her hands reached down to continue fondling the teenager's breasts.

She deliberately avoided touching the nipples for the moment, keeping up the stimulation but letting her recover from that first pleasure peak. She knew there would be another one soon enough. `Ssshhh, we haven't finished yet... now just open those legs a bit more darling...Mandy wants to give you a very special kiss...'

As she spoke her black lover slid forwards off the lounger to kneel between the teenager's splayed legs. She put her hands flat on the inner slopes of the Susan's thighs, pressing outwards so the engorged lips and cream-rimmed slit of the young girl's cunt were even more exposed. Carol leaned forward, `Wide apart, darling... show us that sweet little cunt properly..' Mandy bent forwards, pink tongue extended and ran the tip along the rim of Susan's slit.

`Gah--aaaah...aaaah...p-p-please ih-ih-it t-tickles!' she squealed, jerking and writhing at the touch of Mandy's tongue against the extra-sensitive folds of her sex. Mandy licked her again, this time running the flat of her tongue along the inner folds from vagina to clit in one sweeping caress. `Naaaaagh! Pleeese!''

Susan put her hand down to shield her clit but Carol reached over and moved it way. `No, darling...let Mandy lap up all that lovely juice...she's going to give you another lovely cum in a moment...I know it tickles but soon...'

Carol moved behind the chair, bending down and leaning close so she could lick the whorl of Susan's ear. She slid her hands down the slippery curves, cupping the taut young mounds before rolling the hard spikes of the teenager's nipples between finger and thumb while watching the girl's tummy muscles fluttering and twitching with each slippery contact of the black woman's tongue along the swollen folds of her cunt.

`Aaaaaaaah...p-p-please...noooo...p-p-p-pleeeeeese...ha-aaaaah!'

`There, there...no, Susan...still, stay still...stay there darling...ssssh...it's going to be all right...there...can't you feel it...that tingle in that naughty little cunt...Oh Susan...yes...that's right, legs wide open...let Mandy lick you properly.'

`H-h-h-h-huh...Oh p-p-p-please...n-n-n-naaaaaah!'

The girl shuddered and bucked as the slow licking torment went on and on. Gradually the half-hearted protests became something different, the little cries and babbled words taking on the familiar rhythm as young Susan began to respond to the twin stimulation of that clever pink tongue that was lapping and tormenting her cunt and the equally clever fingers playing with her breasts.

Mandy lifted her head and looked up at the flushed face of the girl. Very slowly she pushed one finger into her mouth. Then, holding the young teenager's gaze she slid the wet tip of her middle finger gently into the opening of Susan's vagina. The girl gasped and her hips lifted, knees splaying even wider as she tried to impale herself fully on Mandy's finger. `Oh yes, Susan let it slide right up inside...feel how good it is...that's it...all the way deep inside...' Carol's whispered voice in her ear guided and encouraged the girl as the joint seduction continued. `Now another one...feel it stretching you.'

Susan whimpered with desire as Mandy added a second finger and very slowly slid them both into the teenager's body. She waited, letting the girl adjust to the fullness then pressed deeper until her knuckles where buried in the folds of her cunt. Another pause then she pulled her fingers free and held them up to Susan's lips. They glistened wet and slippery with the girl's juices. `Lick them, Susan,' Carol whispered, `lick them clean.' Obediently Susan closed her lips around the offered fingers and sucked them into her mouth.

They smiled across the girl's sleek, sweat-soaked body. Both women knew the teenager would climax again and again under their hands but, for now, a gentle, slow approach would bring the most reward

So, shaded a little from the blazing sun, the slow, careful masturbation began again. Gradually the brief protests became something different, the little cries and babbled words taking on the familiar rhythm as thirteen year old Susan began to respond once more to the triple stimulation of that long, pink tongue that was lapping and tormenting her cunt, the fingers fucking her so expertly and those gentle hands stroking and fondling her immature breasts.

`Hooooooooooooooooh...'

Susan let out a long hooting cry and bucked her hips when the tip of Mandy's tongue finally circled the little pink nub of her clitoris.

`Oh God pleeeeese...Mummy don't stop now pleeeese! Pleeeese mummy...faster...M-M-Maaaandy...faster...pleeeese!'

Mandy didn't seem to have noticed Susan's little slip but Carol certainly did...and a satisfied smile spread over her face. Just as she'd suspected there'd been more going on than just those so-called `punishment' sessions. Now little Susan had let the secret slip out things would very interesting and enjoyable with mom and daughter together later on.

The hooting cries got louder and more intense as Susan rode the tormenting tongue and probing fingers harder and harder. The chair rocked and scraped on the tiles when the teenager's hips bucked involuntarily as the spasms of pleasure became more and more intense. Her cries stopped suddenly and she made a different kind of noise, a protest of unfulfilled need, when Mandy deliberately stopped once again, sat back and looked up at her; face smeared and shiny with saliva and the girl's sharp-scented juices.

She watched the girl's anguished expression as she continued the slow finger fucking making Susan heave and gasp. The two women smiled at each other over the splayed, panting figure on the chair between them; sharing the pleasure at the sight of the young teen jerking and squealing as they tormented her on the brink of cumming for the second time in less than twenty minutes.

Nineteen year old Mandy Baker licked her own plump lips tasting the girl's coppery tang. She pulled her fingers free and leaned forwards gently pressing Susan's firm young thighs even wider apart. She traced the wet finger across Susan's abdomen and along the rim of the teenager's slit. `So hot and wet...you like having your pussy licked don't you Susan?' She smiled, teasing the girl before continuing the expert tongue and finger fucking that would have her sweet young victim creaming and screaming in a few more delicious minutes.

`Mandeeeeeeee pleeeeese!'

Mandy smiled; sucked the juices off both the index and middle fingers of her right hand, spread the wet lips apart then oh so slowly slid the two finger's back into the slippery opening of Susan's cunt.

`OH...OOOOH FUUUUUUUK!'

`That's right darling...open wide...' Mandy rocked her hand, turning it palm up so the curve of her fingers allowed her to fondle the sensitive inner lining. Each small movement slid her fingers deeper and the gasps and cries of pleasure grew louder.

Carol licked and nibbled Susan's left ear lobe. `Go on darling...ride those fingers... all the way in darling, that's right...'

`Oh God...Oh God...P-p-p-p-pleeeese..Huh-huh...aaaaah...pleeeeese...h-harder...there...A AAAAH...FUUUUUK...There...yes...yes...YES...YESSSS...'

She shuddered and arched up as her cries turned to a single shriek of pleasure, `THERETHERETHERE!'

`That's the place, Mandy,' Carol said taking charge, `keep stroking her there...' Carol moved round to Susan's side and cupped her left hand under the girl's chin, holding her head so the teenager was forced to look up into the older woman's eyes. This was her delight, watching the expression of each young girl as the pleasure took her, controlling the moment as the desire became unbearable and then... `Oh yes, Susan...that's right...you're nearly there aren't you darling...look at me...NO, LOOK AT ME! Now, ask me nicely if you can cum...

`Y-y-y-yesssss, oh pleese, please! P-p-p-p-ppleeeeese! PLEEEESE!'

`Please what, Susan? Go on, do it properly...ask my permission to cum...'

Now it was time to apply that final exquisite torture to her sweet little victim's cunt. She reached down with her right hand and feathered the tip of her forefinger across the swollen tip of Susan's clitoris. The girl wailed and reared up even higher from chair, thighs trembling with tension and strain.

`OH PLEEEEESE...PLEEESE...YEH-HEH-HEH...HAAAH! CAN I CUM! PLEEEESE!'

`Oh yes, darling...of course you can...that's it...go on cum for us both...go on now darling...cum for us again.' As she spoke the two women speeded up their joint, assault on the girl's sodden cunt, Mandy pumping two fingers in and out of her tight little vagina and Carol vibrating the swollen bud of the teenager's clitoris without mercy. Susan surged and jerked, hips thrusting fucking Mandy's fingers, hands clenched knuckle-white on the arms and her muscles shivering as she rode her climax.

`NAAAAAH...HAH...HA-AAAAH...YES...YESSS...THERE...I'M THERRRRRRE! I'M THEEEEERE...OH PLEASE...FUCK-FUCK-FUCK...YES! YESSSSSSS!'

The thirteen year old threw her head back and screamed her pleasure into the hot, desert air as she jerked and threshed in the throes of her second orgasm of the afternoon. Her two seducers didn't let her rest but continued to play with her as she wailed and chanted in delight, their expert fingers keeping her at the peak of ecstasy while they both watched and drank in the sight and sound of that tanned young body squirming and bucking under their attentions.

Finally they let her relax. Mandy pulled her slippery fingers free and stroked them across Susan's lips. `Go on darling... taste your cum.' Susan sucked the tips of the black woman's fingers. Carol stroked the sweat slick skin of the girl's breasts and both of them exchanged looks and smiles in satisfaction. Susan stretched and closed her eyes.

Carol stood up then reached down rolled the erect nipple of Susan's left breast between forefinger and thumb. Susan's eyes jerked open. `Oh no, no darling, don't go to sleep, not yet...What about me? With her free hand she lifted up her skirt so that Susan could see that she wasn't wearing any panties. Susan licked her lips and stared at the carefully trimmed strip of hair on Carol's mound and the plump split bulge of her sex. She reached up with one finger extended and ran it along the rim of the older woman's cunt. Carol shuddered with pleasure then smiled as Susan held up the smear of wet cream on her fingertip then pursed her lips and such her finger clean.

`Mmmmm, you taste nice...can I have some more?'

Carol moved round until she was in front of Susan's chair then stepped across to straddle the teenager's outstretched legs letting the skirt ride up. `Oh yes, course you can, is that better, darli...Oh...aaaaah...oh fuck yessss!' Her knees jerked wide as Susan reached up and wriggled her fingers between the slippery folds.

Mandy laughed and pressed into Carol's back. She didn't undo Carol's bikini top but eased the cups up leaving the material bunched round her chest and her breasts exposed. Carol put her arms behind her until she could brace her hands on Mandy's hips. She quivered and gasped with pleasure as she leaned against her lover feeling the hot points of Mandy's breasts against her bare back. She gasped again when Mandy reached round to cup her breasts and scarlet-tipped fingers began to tweak and torment the hard, jutting nipples.

`God, you're so hot, babe...she's gonna make you cum real soon,' Mandy breathed, adding to Carol's arousal by licking the sensitive lobe of her ear. `I'll make it easy for her shall I?' Without waiting for an answer she slid her hands down the sweat-slick flanks, lifted the brief folds of the skirt up then very gently spread Carol's cunt lips apart. Carol moaned.

`There Susan, now you can tickle her clit properly...let's see how fast you can make her cum...' Susan needed no second invitation. She reached forwards with her left hand and rolled the little hooded stub between forefinger and thumb.

Carol jerked and bucked, breath hissing though clenched teeth as she rode the sensations. `That's it, Susan, but...' she paused and licked Carol's ear again. `I know she'll like it better if you hold the hood back then use your other hand to work the tip,' Mandy said softly. Susan understood instantly, using her finger and thumb to expose the erect bulb of the older woman's clitoris. She giggled, licked her right forefinger...and began to vibrate the wet tip against the little pearl of flesh.

`Aaaaaah...FUUUUUUCK! Oh Yessss, yes....go on you little bitch...that's it!'

Carol arched up onto her toes as Susan increased the vibrating movement of one fingertip against her defenceless clit. `That's right, do it harder and faster now, darling...she's nearly there,' Mandy urged after a minute or so. Susan concentrated hard, fingers blurring as she fingered Carol's clitoris mercilessly.

`Naaaaah! OHFUCKOHFUCKOHFUCK! C-C-C-CUMMMING!'

Carol Jones suddenly tried to bend forwards but Mandy expected that and was to quick for her, her hands darting down to grip her lover's wrists. Carol twisted and heaved but with her legs straddled on either side of the teenager's and Mandy keeping her hands away from protecting her cunt there was nothing she could do to stop the young girl and her black lover continuing to torment her clitoris unmercifully as her orgasm hit her.

`NAAAAAAAAH! YEEEEEES...H-H-HARDER! YESSS! FUUUUUUCK! OH YES, OH YES! EEEEEEEEEEYAAAH! HAH! HAAAAH! I'm there...I'm there, OH YEEEES...I...I...I...MMMM THERE! I'M THEEEERE!'

Mandy and Susan knew she was there but kept her cumming for almost half a minute more, dragging even wilder shouts and pleas from her before Carol managed to twist her body free. She stepped away and collapsed into her chair by the table gasping and panting with the effort and pleasure of cumming so hard and so quickly.

Mandy laughed and bent over Susan. `Oh Susan, that was...wonderful' she leaned down and kissed the teenager on the lips then lifted her head and brushed a wet strand of hair from Susan's flushed and sweaty forehead. `You were fucking great...just look...she's still trying to get her breath back.'

Carol lifted her glass took a long drink of wine then wriggled her bikini top back down over her breasts. `Oh yes, baby...we're are going to have some wonderful games together I can tell.' Mandy, who was standing by Susan's side with one hand resting on her shoulder, licked her lips and smiled. She mouthed `again?' and Carol nodded once smiling back. Susan had leaned against Mandy's hip, her fingertips stroking the oiled skin of her thigh and didn't see the interchange between them.

Carol, very much in control again, got up and moved until she was standing behind Susan's chair. Mandy squatted down at the teenager's side. Carol leaned forward and cupped the thirteen-year-olds' breasts. `Thank you, Susan.' Her lips touched the girl's ear then she licked the delicate inner whorl as she let a stream of warm air caress the folds. My turn again now, Susan,' Her fingers stroked and rolled the tip of Susan's left breast, the nipple slippery with sun-oil and sweat but still swollen and hard with arousal. `I think it's time for you to cum for us again.'

Susan jerked and tried to look round but Carol's other hand moved to cup her chin and hold her head steady `Yes, ssssssh, I know, Susan, I know...Don't worry I can tell what a young girl wants...and right now you want Mandy and me to play with your nipples...' She paused and watched as Mandy feathered her fingertips across Susan's thigh until one scarlet tipped nail traced down the still wet and creamy rim of the girl's slit. Susan whimpered and her hips bucked forwards at the sensation. `...And your naughty little cunt until you cum all over again...don't you?'

`Haaah...no...please wait. I-I-I-I...aaaah! P-p-p-pleeeeese no...not please it-it--it's tooo s-s-s-sooon. Naaaaaaah!'

Her protest ended in a sudden cry when Mandy's finger slid between her cunt lips and into the hot, wet opening of her vagina. Susan tried clamping her knees together but is was too little too late, one long black finger was already buried deep inside her cunt and Mandy's thumb was right over her clitori...

`O-OOOOOH...Oh HAAAAAH! Nah, nah, NAAAAAH! PLEEEEESE!'

Carol kept the teenager's head still and licked her earlobe again. `Legs apart now, Susan...you're going to cum for us in a minute whether you want to or not, so...' Finger and thumb of her other hand pinched the teenager's oily and engorged nipple. `And I think that you've earned yourself another session with that rattan cane you were telling us about...now do as you're told or else...'

`Oh please, please...I'm too s-s-sore...please...AAAAAH! Please I can't, not so sooon, PLEEESE!'

`Really, all this fuss about a finger, I've seen girls of your age cum four or five times in a row...now LEGS APART!'

Mandy hadn't moved while the little confrontation took place. She smiled up at Susan as the girl edged her knees apart and slowly, slowly slid her finger out. `That's a good girl, Susan...wide apart now and it'll all be better soon.' She cupped the swollen cunt lips and pressed them together. Susan shivered. Mandy moved her thumb and forefinger to and fro very gently so the lips rubbed against each other with a wet, tormenting friction that made Susan bite her tongue as the fizzes of pleasure started all over again.

Holding the cunt lips with her left hand Mandy ran her right forefinger along the sealed slit then touched the tight whorl of her anus. Susan jerked and gasped as she felt Mandy's fingertip stroking the sensitive rosette. The gasp was even louder as Mandy twisted her forefinger very gently against the opening and pressed inwards and...

`Aaaaaah...p-p-p-pleeeese...naaah...d-d-d-don't-t-t-t. Aaaah! P-P-Pleeese! Hah...ah...Haaah! WHOOOO...WHOOOOO!'

`See...that's nice too...isn't it? Can you feel it darling...touching you inside your bottom...some girl's like to cum this way too.' She held her finger to the girls' mouth. `Go on...make it slippery and wet for me.' Obediently Susan sucked and licked Mandy's forefinger. This time there was just a sudden, rapid panting and a series of muffled hoots as Mandy wormed one slippery finger deep into Susan's virgin anus.

Carol let Susan's chin go and pressed her hand on the back of Susan's head. `Look, watch what Mandy's doing...slide down in the chair for me.' She waited until the teenager had obeyed. `Now, lift your legs, bend them so I can hold your ankles...'

`WOOO...WHOOO! AAAAH!'

`Oh yes, that's better...now her finger's right up inside your bottom.' Carol let the slow ass-fucking torment go on for long minutes before she moved Susan's ankles even wider apart to open the whole of the thirteen your olds' cunt slit in an obscene splay. Mandy kept the slow piston movement of her finger going as she leaned forwards and began to tease and lick the soft, pink folds with the tip of her tongue.

Carol leaned over too, licking and breathing into the girl's left ear. `Tell her, Susan, tell her where you want to be licked...go on, tell Mandy what you want.'

`P-p-p-please....aaaah....P-p-p-pleeese....I neeeed to...P-Pleese.'

`What do you need, Susan...say it!'

`Play with my clit...pleeese, Mandy...PLEEESE!'

Mandy grinned up at the teenager's desperate expression and then smiled. She used thumb and forefinger to spread the puffy lips apart then leaned close and began to flick the engorged bulb of the girl's clitoris with the point of her tongue.

`WAAAAH...HAH...YES...YES! OH GOD...FUCKK! HA-HA-HA...HARDER!'

Susan jerked and bucked as the sensations built and built. She wanted to arch up, stretching her legs out wide but couldn't. Neither could she protect the over-sensitive inner folds from Mandy's attentions. Pinned between the two women, Susan was being brought to her third screaming orgasm in less that half an hour. It took less than five minutes more.

`OH GOD! OH GOD! WHOO...WHOOO...WHOOO! YESS...YESS...YEEEES!'

Carol and Mandy both recognised the familiar hooting wails signalling the girl's orgasm. Carol stretched Susan's legs even wider while Mandy redoubled the speed of her ass-fucking finger while vibrating the exposed clitoris unmercifully.

`AAAH...OH GOD! WHOO! YUH-YUH-YESSS. HAAAAAAAAAH! OOOH I'M THERE! YESSS...PLEEEESE! I'M THERE...I'M THEEEERE!'

`I know but you can cum a bit more for us, Honey'

`NAH! NAAAAH! OH PLEASE...OH PLEASE...I'M THERE...PLEEEESE! UH! YUH...YUH...HAAAAAH! P-P-P-PLEEE...WHOOOOOOOOOO!'

`That's it...good girl...right over the peak again. That makes four cums this afternoon.' Carol let Susan's ankles go and nuzzled her neck. `That's my special little girl.'

Susan was about to say something when Mandy straightened up abruptly and held up her finger in an unmistakable signal for silence.

`Yeh, shhhh, Honey, quiet just moment,' Carol ordered, also turning to listen to the distant sound.

There was only one road nearby and that was the one across the desert to the isolated group of buildings. All three of them could now hear the growing sound of a car engine

Carol Jones leaned over Susan and handed the teenager her bikini top. `Put your bottoms back on too darling, don't want anyone to get the wrong idea now, would we?'

`Aaaw, Mrs J...I mean Carol...can't we just kinda wait...then go on...I mean, you know...' She wriggled enticingly in the chair, `...kinda play a little more with both of you.' Susan's flushed face took on a mulish look at Carol's shake of the head but she was given no chance to argue. Carol flipped the girl's blonde hair out of the way and quickly retied the strings of Susan's top behind her neck. Mandy sat back on the lounger and put her own bikini back on before using one of the towels to wipe her face.

`Listen and listen hard, Susan,' Carol said, using two fingers to turn the young blonde's head sideways so she could look her straight in eye. Susan stopped sulking and went quiet, suddenly very aware of the snap and command in the older woman's voice. `Fun's fun but even you can hear that car sounds like it's got a split muffler...' Susan nodded. `Not saying it is for sure, but that's the same kind of sound your mum's car was making for the past few days. Now, if you don't want trouble, real trouble...not just a few sissy licks across the butt, then you get those panties on and tied up nicely right now! Do you hear me?'

`Y-yes, yes ma'am...but I don't understand...it can't be her...she's in...she's in R-Reno with B-Bill...she told me to wait in `cause she'd phone from the hotel tonight...'

`Then I guess something went wrong with the plan. You'll find out soon enough' Carol watched as Susan fumbled with the side ties of her bikini bottom. Her voice softened and one hand stroked the girl's shoulder. `Don't worry, it's only a little change of plan, Honey...there'll be plenty of time to play some more... but maybe...' Fingertips caressed Susan's breast, `just maybe, we'll stay in the apartment next time.' Her tongue traced a line round the girl's ear so Susan shuddered with delight. She whispered a stream of warm air across the delicate inner whorl, `you can find out how Mandy tastes when you make her cum...or see if you like riding on a lady's face as well as her fingers...yes?'

`Ooooh yessss,' Susan gasped and sucked Carol's thumb gently in unmistakable pantomime. The sound of the car was suddenly louder as whoever it was turned into the parking lot behind the wall. Susan wriggled and fiddled with the brief panties trying to ease them into place without the effort of standing up. Carol suddenly noticed how obviously the teenager's seeping wetness was showing as a spreading darker patch on the thin white fabric. `Er, Susan, why don't you hop in the pool and cool off for a minute...then, if it is Mum, there's nothing to worry about...is there?'

`Hey, OK, Mandy are you coming in too?' Susan said, bounding across the tiles and launching herself into the water with a splash. Mandy Roberts looked at her lover and then shrugged and smiled when Carol nodded and jerked her head towards the blonde figure now paddling towards the far end of the pool.

`I'll deal with mum, you keep Susan happy and we'll sort something out...' She smiled wickedly. `Never know, but I think we'll get to fuck Mum too if we play this one right!'

`Finger lickin' good idea,' Mandy grinned and jumped in after Susan.

The car noise stopped with a final squeal of badly maintained brakes and a minute or so later the blonde figure of Susan's mother appeared on the walkway outside their apartment staring down at the pool. Carol waved and pointed to the water where Susan and Mandy were chatting and turning lazy circles at one end. She waved back and headed for the stairs.

`Mum's home, Susan,' Carol called out. Mother and daughter arrived at the group of sun-loungers almost together, Susan busy dripping water and trying to rub the excess off with a towel as she moved. Mum trying to smile but obviously hot, harassed and totally pissed off.

Carol Jones licked her lips as she studied the new arrival from behind the helpful shield of her sunglasses. The relationship was obvious. Brenda Lee, Susan's mother, had the same honey blonde, tanned and blue-eyed appearance as her daughter. She was wearing a short, denim skirt and tight, cut-off top that showed her toned, tanned legs and full, firm breasts to best advantage. Bet your nipples are pink...just like your daughter's, Carol thought, as she noticed how they were showing as blunt peaks through the tight, white cotton.

Carol knew from earlier meetings that Brenda Lee Logan was thirty-four but with her hair tied up in a ponytail she looked younger. Her skin was lightly tanned and she had a fresh pretty look that could easily let her pass for late twenties at most. Carol felt herself getting moist again as she studied those long legs, especially now she could imagine, thanks to Susan's little indiscretions, the deliciously naked treasure that lay between those toned thighs.

Her eyes travelled upwards and she squeezed her own thighs together thinking about the way Brenda's breasts would bounce and jiggle so wonderfully as that top was slowly peeled o... That was the moment when Carol's covert inspection was interrupted by an almost dry Susan wrapping her arms around her mother with a barrage of questions.

`We heard the car but I said it couldn't be you `cause you were on a plane...you said you were goin' to call from Reno Did something break on the car? Why are you back here? Where's Bill, I don't see him with you? `Did you have an argument again?'

`Hey, hey, slow down a little, give your mum a chance to sit down and relax a little.' Carol chided, patting the chair next to her. `Looks like you've been having a difficult day, Brenda...sit down and join us. Susan, pour your mum a glass of wine please.'

`Difficult! Jesus, that fucking bastard! Oh sorry, Honey shouldn't have said that...but that...that...' Words failed her and she stopped and took a deep breath, `That two-timing slimy piece of sh...'

`...Hey, here take a drink, grab a seat and tell us what happened...if you don't mind sharing family matters with a couple of concerned neighbours, that is?' Carol said, motioning for Susan to hand her mum the full glass of wine she'd poured before she really got into her stride.

Brenda grabbed the wine glass and flopped down in the chair next to Carol's taking half the glassful in one long swig. `Oh yeah...yeah... Wooooh...yesss... that's just what mama needs,' she put out one hand and stroked her daughter's bottom affectionately. `Thanks Susie, you're a good girl...lookin' after mummy.' Carol and Mandy looked at each other as Brenda took another uninhibited swig of wine. It was becoming obvious that she'd already had more than one or two drinks somewhere and the wine was loosening her tongue and inhibitions nicely.

`So...what happened?'

Mum waved the now empty wine glass at her daughter who looked at Carol for a brief nod of agreement before refilling it. `Bastard promised me a free trip didnnn he..' She took a swig from the refilled glass... `Fl-fl-flight....hotel...sh-shopping...see some shosh...I mean shows...the worksh. Get to the airport...what happens?'

She stopped and peered round at her audience. The other three leaned forwards. There was a long silence while Brenda took another mouthful of wine.

`Nothing! That's what happened, nothing! I stop off at the rest room on the way to check-in. Come back and...there's no-one there. Just my bag and he...he's gone. I ask the check-in where our tickets are...What tickets? she asks and looks at me kinda funny cause there's no ticket for me and never was. Fucking bastard's gone through security with his single, fucking ticket and dumped me.'

`You mean Bill went without you, mum? Was there a mistake or something?'

Brenda took another swig and hugged Susan and laughed. `Guess there was but I was the one who made it, Honey. Fuckin' Bill had it all planned. Never was a trip to Reno...Girl at the desk showed me the booking - Mr William Porter, one single ticket, ...to Atlanta!' She hiccupped and wiped a tear from her cheek. `Fukin' Atlanta...an' guess who paid for the ticket?

`Atlanta? But you said...'

`Yeah I know, I know...like I didn't listen when you told me not to give him my credit card to secure the hotel room booking. There never was a fucking room, just me...paying for Mishter bastard Porter's tish-t-ticket.' She lurched to her feet, swaying from the combination of maudlin anger and alcohol. `C'm on Susie, sorry folks...not a good time...waah-ooops!'

Mandy was quick enough to get to her feet just in time to catch Brenda as she staggered across the tiles and tripped over the end of one of the loungers. Brenda tried to use her left hand to steady herself by holding Mandy's shoulder. But she hadn't calculated on the combination of water and sun oil. Her hand slid downwards and her fingertips hooked into the edge of Mandy's skimpy bikini top and pulled it down with a single quick jerk. The firm, high-riding globes with their black peaks popped into view, the nipples still hard and pointy from the cool water and earlier stimulation.

Brenda fell against the young coloured woman and instinctively wrapped one arm round her back. She blinked and stared down at Mandy's suddenly exposed breasts. `Oh Gawd! I'm so sorry...did I do...I didn't mean...I mean I didn't scratch you anywhere did I?' Mandy jerked in surprise as Susan's mum cupped her right breast and peered at the gleaming upper curve as though searching for any possible blemish.

`No, no...hell no...just one of those things,' Mandy reassured her but Brenda was still gazing entranced at the wide black aureole and jutting nipple from close range.

`Jeees...you've got great tits...and black nips Oh I love black nips...' Her fingers circled the peak then just grazed the erect tip making Mandy shiver with delight. `Oh Gawd, it's soooo black and hard! I could suck it right now...I mean no...you know...oh fuck guess that wine was too much, my head's gone. P-Pardon me,' she said and wrapped both arms round Mandy and nuzzled into the soft vee of her exposed breasts. `S'time for home, Shushee,' she mumbled, her voice muffled by Mandy's cleavage.

Mandy looked over Brenda's head at the other two, spread her hands wide and grinned at them. Both Carol and Susan looked back, eyes wide with surprise and some amusement as Brenda continued to cling to Mandy's near naked figure in an obvious effort to avoid slumping to the tiles. Carol took charge. `Well, Susan, guess we'd better do what mum says...before she falls down completely.'

Susan seemed more worried that mum would upset her new friends than being embarrassed by the sight of her playing with another woman's breasts in front of her daughter. She went pink as she confided to both of them with a smile. `Mum gets real friendly sometimes after a few drinks.' A worried frown appeared as she looked at her mother, `I don't think I'll manage to get her up the stairs on my own.'

She looked at Carol then leaned over and hugged her for reassurance. `Would you and Mandy help her up to the apartment?' She licked her lips and whispered another confidence, `she likes for me to undress her too...like I do for Bill before punishment. Would you like to stay and watch? Then when she's asleep we can...' She looked up and deliberately took Carol's left hand and put it against her bikini top, `have some more fun...'

Carol smiled and nodded then moved her hand so her fingers cupped the girl's breast. She rolled the hard tip very gently. `We'll see...let's help mum first, shall we...'

Just at that moment Brenda recovered enough to stand up on her own, or so she thought. She swayed upright; one high heel hooked in a towel and, totally off balance, she clipped the edge of the lounger took two more tottering steps before vanishing into the pool in a shower of spray.

`Mum!' yelled Susan leaping round. She and Mandy raced over and dived in after her. Carol watched as the two of them guided the spluttering Brenda to the steps at the far end and helped her out. She picked up one of the big towels and walked to meet them.

`Think we'd definitely better get you home, Brenda, put this round you, right?' She caught Brenda's right hand, put her arm round her shoulders and led her towards the stairs. `Mandy, can you look after Susan?' Brenda was trying to apologise and thank everyone but Carol helped her towards the steps only pausing to allow Brenda to grab her purse from the table on the way.

`Yeah, Susan and me'll find something to do while you're busy with mum.' Mandy licked her lips, grinning at Susan as Carol put her arm around Brenda helping her and cuddling her at the same time..

Mandy didn't bother replacing her top but held out a hand to Susan who was now equally naked having also lost her bikini top when she dived in. The two of them hugged and shared a giggle at the thought of mum falling in. Susan glanced to see Mum wasn't looking then pressed her small breasts against Mandy's glistening brown skin. One small hand teased the prominent nipple of Mandy's left breast. `Mmmmm, Mum's right though...they're are pretty and really...really hard,' she said quietly. `When we get upstairs...'

`...we'll see what's happening first and then...' Mandy said with a smile, `well...first we'll need to get out of these wet costumes won't we?' Susan nodded then pulled back a little before bending her head, Mandy gave a little start of pleasure as she felt the thirteen year old's lips close round the tip of her left breast and a warm, wet tongue flick against the aroused nipple. The pleasure turned into a gasp as she felt Susan's hand slip down the front of her bikini bottom and small fingers slipped between the lips of her cunt for a brief moment.

Then the hand was gone. Susan looked up at Mandy, licked her fingers very slowly and giggled as she let go and turned to collect her clothes, `oooh, yes pleeese,' she said and held out her hand as they watched Carol helping Brenda towards the apartment.

Once upstairs, Carol took the key out of Brenda's hand, opened the door and guided the dripping figure of Susan's mum into the apartment. She knew the layout because it was almost exactly the same as her own and so she took Brenda straight into the main bedroom.

`Oh thank you so much, Carol, I feel such a fool...you know tripping like that and catching Mandy's top then falling in...hope she won't be too upset with me?' She suddenly remembered her daughter, `Hey, where's Susan...she's a good girl...she won't take things wrong...must see she's OK too'

`No panic...it's all taken care of Brenda, Susan's got real friendly with Mandy this afternoon and Mandy's looking after her while I get you sorted out, so stop worrying will you...she was all right to leave overnight so a few minutes won't matter...here, lets get that top off first...arms up' Brenda obediently lifted her arms so Carol could pull the wet fabric up and over her head.

Not wanting Brenda to have any excuse to get away, Carol immediately put the towel round the blonde's shoulders and began rubbing her dry vigorously. `See if you can get that wet skirt off while I do your back.' Brenda managed to get the side zip undone but kept losing her balance as she tried to get the stiff, wet denim down over her hips. Carol spun her round, `Here, let me, it's always easier from the front.'

Brenda seemed to be enjoying being fussed over and didn't make any protest when Carol started to pull her skirt down. Still slightly muzzy from the wine she didn't bother that Carol had made sure that her panties came off with the skirt. Carol pulled both garments right down, bent over and briskly tapped Brenda's ankles in turn to make her lift her feet clear. Straightening up she ran her fingers up Brenda's legs then made her shiver as she traced up her flanks until, very gently, she could cradle the blonde's full breasts and caress the dusky pink tips now pointing so excitingly towards her.

Carol moved round until she was behind Brenda. Her arms circled the blonde's body, hands continuing to cup and caress the fullness of her breasts, . `Oh yes...I guess it's not just Mandy who's in great shape is it?' she said softly as the towel fell unnoticed to the carpet. Brenda sighed and leaned back against Carol at first, relaxing under the older woman's expert touch. It was only after a minute or so as the stimulation increased, that she suddenly realised what was happening and tried to break away.

`Aaaaah...please...we shouldn't....haaaaah...what if someone comes!.'

`Oh, Brenda...sssshhh, its all right.'

Her hands moved and stroked the tanned curves more firmly holding her back against her own body. The only one cumming is going to be you, Carol thought as she stroked the woman's body. `Just relax, Honey...don't worry...no one's going to disturb us...' Her fingers played with the hard tips, twisting each one so Brenda moaned with the pleasure and pain of each expert touch.

`Haaaaah... b-b-b-bu....p-p-pleeese!'

Oh yes, that's right...it's soooo good isn't it... and you don't really want me to stop do you?' Carol listened to the little noises the blonde was making with each movement of her fingers. She smiled, recognising the familiar sounds of surrender when she heard them. Her right hand dropped to cup the naked lips of Brenda's cunt, one finger extended along the line of the blonde's slit. `Are you all wet inside too...' she whispered, moving closer and letting warm air blow across Brenda's ear. `I want to make you cum, Brenda...you'd like me to do that wouldn't you?'

`Pleeeeeeeessse!'

Yes! Game, set and match in one word. A little inside knowledge with just the right combination of booze, sun and situation and Brenda was ripe and ready. Carol breathed harder, her own pleasure rising as she continued the double assault on Brenda's nipple and cunt. One forefinger and thumb rolled the hard pink teat to and fro while the crooked forefinger of her other hand slid back and forwards along the line of the panting blonde's slit, teasing and tormenting the delicate tissues more and more as the lips swelled and parted to open the slippery inner folds to that slow, maddening stimulation.

`B-b-but I shou...should see to Susan...I can't Oh please, please Oh G-God!'

Over the noises that Brenda was making, Carol caught some tiny, muffled sounds coming from the other, connecting door between the bedrooms. She smiled as she saw the door was now just a little bit ajar. She smiled happily. Trust Mandy to read the signs right, she thought, and turned Brenda very gently, positioning her so as to give Susan the best view of her mother being slowly and carefully masturbated to a climax by another woman.

`Susan? Why do you want Susan, Brenda?' Carol made sure the whispered words were louder...loud enough for anyone listening at an open door to overhear.' She used her forefinger to stroke Brenda's inner lips. `Is it because this is what you like Susan to do to you?' She wriggled her finger inside, `or do you like to do this to Susan?' Her fingers played with Brenda's cunt, rubbing and stimulating the swollen lips; just waiting for the reaction when she found that one special pla...

`Naaaah...Oh God! Aaaaaaaaaaah oh p-p-p-pleeeese don't! It's not true please' Brenda arched up crying out with pleasure and shouting out her denials at the same time

Carol childed her. `No, no don't tell lies, Brenda I know what you two do together...' Her finger tormented Brenda's clitoris as she played her trump card. `I know what happens.'

Carol felt Brenda stiffen, jerk back and try to break away but she didn't give her a chance. Her left hand gripped Brenda's chin forcing her head back against her shoulder. She licked Brenda's ear, her words breathed into the delicate whorl.

`Oh don't pretend Brenda...I know because Susan told us both...that's why she likes Mandy.' She stopped, holding Brenda pinned back while her fingers whipped at her cunt. She waited for Brenda's moan of pleasure then played her ace. `She told us, Brenda, Mandy was playing with little Susan's clit...just like this...and that when she let it slip out...just as Mandy made her cum. Just think Brenda...Susan's little pink cunt all wet and wide open while those shiny, black fingers...'

`You can't s-she wouldn't I mean she p-p-promised Oh God!

Carol didn't relent knowing the images would only add to the woman's excitement. `Oh yes, Brenda, we know all about Bill...and the chair... and the canings...and you...and Susan...' Her finger moved faster. `Tell me...Is she naked, Brenda...you know, when she makes you cum...naked and all excited so those little tits are hard as rock. Does she fuck you in here, Brenda? Or do you go to her room...?'

`Aaaaaah...p-p-please I didn't mean to but she wanted it...she's a gooood girl...please...pleeesse...'

Carol made Brenda scream with pleasure as she fingered the swollen exposed bud of the woman's clitoris without mercy. `Oh yes, I know she's a good girl `cause she likes making mummy cum doesn't she?' Carol bit the lobe of Brenda's ear. `When you go to her room...does she pretend to be asleep? Then you stand there by her bed... just waiting for the hand to reach inside your robe...Susan's little fingers sliding up your leg.' Brenda shivered and moaned as Carol continued speaking. `Those clever little fingers slipping into that hot wet cunt of yours...wriggling inside...playing with your clit until you can hardly stand it'

`NOOOOOOOO GOD! P-please...it j-just happened...w-what are you going to d-do...please don't say anything...please...I'll do anything...please...I will...anything!'' Brenda was pleading and shivering from a mixture of fear and excitement.

Carol smiled like a cat with the cream. I know you will, she thought, her mind already hot with images of Brenda and Susan doing anything. That single slip by Susan had led to the jackpot...no question now...she was in control.

`Shhhh, stop worrying, Brenda, no one's going to say anything about this...well...' The pause was long enough for Brenda to start shivering with fear `... as long as Mandy and me can join in those naughty games with you and Susan. Oh don't worry about Susan...she's hotter than anyone.' She moved slightly, sliding two fingers into Brenda's vagina, crooking them so she could stroke the most sensitive places with a slow deliberate pumping action while her thumb continued the assault on her clitoris. There was a soft squelching sound with each movement of her fingers and Carol smiled again. `Oooh, Brenda it seems that she gets it from her mother, I guess.'

Without warning, she pulled her wet, coated fingers out and put them against Brenda's lips. Her voice was hard. `Decision time, Honey, do we play or do we tell tales?' Carol moved her fingers gently from side to side letting the woman smell and taste the sharp musk of her own body. `If you want to play all you got to do is open that pretty little mouth and lick them clean, otherwise...'

Brenda-Lee opened her mouth and her lips closed over the full length of Carol's fingers. Carol smiled in triumph. Yesssss the lady wins again! `Oh yes, that's a good girl, Brenda, such a good girl,' she said as she felt the heat and the sensation of the blonde's tongue lapping and swirling round her fingers.

`Let's play then...' She pulled her fingers out and slid them back inside Brenda's cunt, hard enough to make her grunt with surprise and lift up onto her toes at the depth of the penetration.

`Do you want to cum. Brenda...? Do you...? Tell me Brenda...tell me that you want me to make you cum....That's what you want isn't it?' In time with the questions Carol moved her hand in and out, building up a steady, thrusting rhythm with her fingers. Now she left Brenda's breasts alone and pressed into her back using her other hand to continue the stimulation of the wet folds and fleshy hood around Brenda's clit.

`Y-Y-Y-yuh...yaaaaah...oooh yes ah p-pleeese....fuck me...harder...pleeeeese...t-there...harder...there...ohgodohodohgod...yesss . huh-huh- yessss. GAAAAAAAAAAAH! OH YEEEEESSSS.'

Brenda moaned and shuffled her feet apart; bending her knees to increase the penetration as she began to ride Carol's hands in earnest. She clutched at Carols arms leaning against her and throwing her head back as the pleasure feelings built up and she began to whimper and chant in ecstasy. Carol found the right place with her left hand, bringing a fresh cry from the shuddering blonde as she began to flick and rub Brenda's clitoris in time with the driving rhythm of her fingers.

Carol worked Susan's mother to the brink of cumming with expert ease, her fingers playing with the blonde's body like a fine instrument. Not content with masturbating her to a frenzy Carol added to the stimulation as she continued to create obscene images to add to Brenda's excitement.

`Oooh Brenda you're so wet...there...do you like that...' her fingers moved deeper inside in response to Brenda's noises. `Oh you like that...just there that's the place isn't it. Push down...that's it sooo nice...can you feel that...feel me touching you inside...there...' Then she let the pace relax, sliding her fingers out to play with the engorged lips of Brenda's cunt as the blonde whimpered and jerked with need.

`Let's concentrate on this other place you like so much...oooh its soo hard... do you want me to play with it, Brenda...go on...tell me...do you want me to play with your clit for you? Will that make you cum for me? She worked the swollen lips between her fingers, squeezing and rolling the folds so that she stimulated the stem of Brenda's clitoris. She continued whispering, building up the pressure while the young blonde mother arched and rocked with pleasure.

`Gaaaaah...yuh-yuh puh-puh-p-p-please...play with my c-c-c-c-clit... please... pleeeessse!'

Carol shivered with her own rising pleasure as she kept working round the hood, always seeking out the most sensitive places that made Brenda dance and whimper with pleasure. She could tell that Brenda was near, right on the brink of cumming with just one little push needed to bring her to her climax.

`Does Susan play with your clit too Brenda...does she watch as you cum for her...or do you make her cum first? Huh...is it your fingers playing with her little pink slit...? Don't you love the way she gasps as she starts to cum? And the noises... noises just like the ones you making now. Think how she jerks her hips...how the colour rises up her chest and neck...and that look when she cums...oh God that look...'

While she was speaking she spread the swollen lips wide with one hand and vibrated the exposed tip of blonde's clitoris with the forefinger of her other hand. Instantly, Brenda screamed and arched back; jerking and bucking like a mad thing as the first spasms of her orgasm engulfed her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Susan wasted no time. She grabbed her clothes and Mandy's hand and almost pulled the twenty two year old young coloured woman up the stairs to the open door of the apartment. They both paused in the hallway. `They're in Mum's bedroom, come on my room's next door.' She rushed ahead and disappeared through another door. Mandy followed, a smile of anticipation on her face.

The room was just as Mandy had expected, a jumbled mixture of soft toys, clothes, the usual posters of various smirking, airbrushed and dentally enhanced young men, a TV, an iPad and a bookcase crammed with stuff. The vanity unit was a mess of bottles aerosols and pots while clothes peeped out of half open drawers as though seeking to join the pants, tops and shoes already cluttering the floor.

Susan looked round a little shamefaced, `Guess I should have done a bit of tidying first...sorry it's a mess right now...'

`Don't worry, you should have seen my room at college,' Mandy said, trying to put Susan at her ease. `You're lucky to have your own room.' She sat down on the end of the bed, `Nice, not to soft...I don't like a real soft bed, makes my back hurt.' She reached across and took a towel off the chair. `OK Susan, come here and let's get you dry first...come on stand here in front of me.'

`I can't get close `cause your knees are in the way'

`Well then,' Mandy looked up at the grinning thirteen year old. Her voice was quieter with a soft huskiness in it. `I guess you'll have to find a way to manage, won't you if I'm to dry you properly won't you?'

`You mean like this...' Susan giggled as she shuffled her feet astride and inched forwards, straddling Mandy's legs until her tummy was almost touching the peaks of Mandy's naked breasts. `Is that close enough now, Mandy?' She said in a very little girl voice

Mandy used the towel to run across Susan's shoulders. `Oh yes Susan, that's close enough.' The pretence disappeared and the towel fell to the floor but Mandy kept rubbing Susan's still slightly oily skin. `You didn't catch the sun did you...shoulders not sore are they?' Her hands moved down, fingertips tracing round over Susan's arms until they skimmed across the upper slopes of her small pointed breasts.

Susan breathed out with a sigh and wriggled as Mandy's fingers tickled the sensitive skin at the sides of her breasts. `Like that heh...what about if I touch you...here.' Her fingers moved to circle the hard, pink spikes of the young teenager's nipples

Whoooooo...M-Mandy t-that tickles sooo nice...'

`Who's getting all excited again then?' Mandy ducked forwards and licked Susan's left nipple then darted her head across to lick the other in turn. She used forefinger and thumb of each hand to roll the peaks to and from very gently. Susan whimpered softly and leaned forwards resting her fingers on Mandy's shoulders. `Shall we get rid of that wet costume, baby...make you more comfortable?'

The answer was immediate, a whispered, soft, `Oooh please'. Mandy slid her hands down to the ties on either side of Susan's brief bikini bottom and slowly pulled the bows undone. Still taking care to keep her touch as teasing and brief as possible, Mandy carefully pulled the ties completely undone and let them go. As the front vee of material came loose she gently eased it from between Susan's legs and threw the damp panties to one side. Her hands rested on the teenager's hips, thumbs just touching the sloping fold between thigh and the naked swell of Susan's mound.

She pressed her thumbs apart and the naked slit of the girl's cunt gaped a little. One strand of stickiness stretched across the lips for a moment then broke. Mandy could see there was a thin edge of whitish cream along the rim of the inner lips. She was about to slide one finger between those wet lips when they both heard the murmur of voices next door.

Susan giggled and pulled Mandy to her feet. `Shhhhhh...that's mum and Carol...let's see what they're doing.' Holding Mandy's hand she pulled her across to the connecting door. Taking care not to make any sound she turned the handle and eased the door open a few inches. `Ooooh Mandy, look...look at them...' she whispered.

Mandy pressed against the teenager's naked body, her stiff nipples rubbing and sliding against the oil-slick skin of the girl's back. She could feel the wetness in her own cunt as Susan wriggled against her in return.

Through the narrow opening they could see the end of the bed and the area of floor in front of it. `Oh fuck, that's hot,' Mandy whispered. Susan gasped with pleasure as she felt Mandy's fingers touching her nipples and the wet slit of her cunt as they spied on the scene in the bedroom.

Susan's mum was facing them, arms behind her and her legs apart. She was naked apart from the white `fuck me' heels she'd been wearing earlier and her tanned body was gleaming with sweat. Carol, still wearing the brief top and tennis skirt, was half hidden against Brenda's back with her lips almost touching the blonde's left earlobe. But it was what she was doing to Brenda that made Mandy and Susan even wetter with excitement.

Her arms were around the shivering blonde's abdomen. Left thumb and forefinger spreading her cunt lips wide, holding the inner folds open to expose the swollen nub at the top of her slit. With the forefinger of her right hand she was teasing and fretting Brenda's clitoris all the while keeping up an obscene erotic commentary just loudly enough for Mandy and Susan to hear as well.

`Does Susan play with your clit too Brenda...does she watch as you cum for her...or do you make her cum first?

`Is that what it's like, Susan?' Mandy whispered...'when mummy makes you cum for her?' They listened as Carol whispered in Brenda's ear while they watched as Brenda started bucking her hips and crying out as Carol masturbated her to another squirming orgasm.

`Is it your fingers playing with her little pink slit...? Don't you love the way she gasps as she starts to cum? And the noises... noises just like the ones you're making now. Think how she jerks her hips...how the colour rises up her chest and neck...and that look when she cums...oh God that look...'

Mandy knew Carol wanted Susan to hear what she was saying to her mother... She nudged the door so it swung wider then edged Susan forward until they were both standing inside the main bedroom. `Look, look what Carol's doing to Mummy's clit now, just like this...' Mandy copied Carol's actions, reaching her arms round the warm, oily figure so she could spread Susan's cunt open with her left hand then use just one finger of her right hand to feather across the already engorged and sensitive bulb of the thirteen year old girl's clitoris. Susan gasped and pressed back against the black woman's legs, spreading her knees apart and squatting slightly to open herself even more.

`Can you hear her...Carol's making mummy cum...' Her finger whipped at the swollen clit and Susan moaned and panted with her own growing pleasure.

`P-p-pleeese...M-M-Mandy...p-p-please...huh-huh-hah-harrrr-d-d-der...go on, please go on...'

With her eyes fixed on the sight of her mother bucking and squealing in the throes of cumming, Susan took very little stimulation to reach the brink herself. Her fingers reached back to dig into Mandy's thighs while her hips jerked backwards and forwards as though she was fucking some invisible cock.

Mandy could feel the girl's spasms beginning as she started to cum. She smiled and looked across at Carol and Brenda and called out. `Hey, Mummy, seems like your little girl loves cumming too.'

Brenda's eyes flicked open and she gasped and jerked as she saw the erotic scene of her daughter being finger-fucked by a beautiful young black woman. Carol tightened her grip around her body while her fingers vibrated her victim's clitoris even harder. "That's right Brenda...little Susan really loves those long, black fingers playing with her pussy. Mandy's been fucking her all afternoon and she's so hot and wet it's like that little pink slit is melting...'

Brenda cried out and sank downwards until she was kneeling on the carpet with her thighs wide apart. Carol held her, controlling her movements and forcing her to watch what Mandy was doing to her daughter. Carol kept up the relentless masturbation forcing Brenda's over the edge to her second orgasm.

`OH GOD....Baby...gaaaaah...aaah fuck that's hot...yeh...yeh...YEH...Oh yes are you cumming baby...let mummy see you cummin, cos ohfuckohfuckohfuck ...yes...h-h-h-harder...cum baby...cum for mee... AH, AAAAH... YES... YES-YESSSS. I'm there...I'm there...I'M THEEEEERE!'

Brenda screamed out as she climaxed, her own pleasure intensified at the sight of her daughter shaking, panting and crying as black fingers fondled the pink folds of her cunt, especially that one long finger tipped with a scarlet nail strumming the swollen bead of the thirteen year's clitoris.

Susan squealed and clamped her thighs together, jerking violently then bending forwards until she was kneeling on all fours facing her mother. Mandy knelt up beside her and slid her left hand between Susan's thighs from the back. At the same time she reached under the girl's body and cupped one breast. Her fingers moved and Susan gasped and shuddered again.

`Oh God...please...please...oh fuck...t-t-that's...pleeese aaaaaah!'

`Shhhhhh! There's a good girl...that's right...just ride my fingers...can you feel them up inside...that's it...no...no we'll leave your clit for the moment...just relax and look at mummy...'

Carol smiled and pressed her own thighs together watching the erotic contrast of a young black woman playing with a naked, blonde teenager's tits and cunt. Susan was red-faced and sweating from the aftermath of her orgasm, her body shiny and slick with a combination of perspiration and sun oil. Her head was lifted and she was staring with eyes wide and mouth open, at the sight of her mother also being finger fucked to cum in front of her.

Carol kept working Brenda's clitoris until the uncontrolled jerks and desperate cries told her that she'd cum for a third time before she stopped and let Brenda slump forward to bury her face in her arms, exhausted. She stood up and walked across to Mandy and Susan. She kissed Mandy hard on the lips then reached down and gently stroked Susan's other breast so the girl was squirming between them. Neither wanted to make her cum again...for the moment, but it was fun to keep the teenager on the boil...ready for the two of them to enjoy the delights of mother and daughter together.